

VARSITY NEWS

University of Detroit

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NO. 7

Work Is Started On New And Greater University of Detroit; Dean Russell Speaks

Vast Expansion Program Is Launched; Many Present At Elaborate Ceremonies.

The Greater University of Detroit had its formal beginning on Thanksgiving Day when ground was broken at Livernois and Six-Mile road as the first number on the \$8,000,000 expansion program. The elaborate ceremonies preceded the Bucknell game and were attended by many notables. Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, bishop of the Diocese of Detroit, presided and turned the first spade of earth. He was assisted by the Rt. Rev. Joseph C. Plagens, auxiliary bishop of the diocese and an alumnus of the University.

Bishop Plagens extended his congratulations to the Jesuit fathers and the members of the Alumni Association who had made the occasion possible, and offered his good wishes for a successful culmination of the vast educational project.

Notables Present

Others present were John A. Russell, one of the two surviving members of the first graduating class; Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, Vice Provincial of the new Vice Province of Ohio; Rt. Rev. Msgrs. John M. Doyle and Patrick Dunnigan; Rev. Fr. John P. McNichols, S. J., President of the University; John P. Scallen, President of the Alumni Association, and Mayor John W. Smith.

The first units to be completed will be a faculty building and the power house. The faculty building is to be a three-story structure with a Spanish tile roof and an entrance of elaborate design. Sandstone will be employed throughout in the old Spanish mission style, as a tribute to the work of the early missionary fathers in the Southwest.

According to the program, these and two other units will be completed in 1927, at which time the University will move from its present quarters to the spacious 62 acre campus provided for it.

ATTEND GRID GAME

Thirty members of the Titans squad, including the coaches, attended the Michigan-Minnesota game at Ann Arbor on Nov. 21.

DORAIS SEES GAME

Athletic Director Charles E. Dorais left for New York City immediately after the Bucknell-Titans football game. He saw the Army-Navy game Saturday.

Ho! Hum! Politics Is At Work Again

Senior Class Election Is Another "Little Tammany Hall" Affair.

By THE RUBBERNECK

Insidious political influences were revealed when the Senior Arts and Science student held their class elections.

The members of the class gathered at the Union House at an early hour with their parties well organized. Handshaking took up the first 45 minutes. When the nominations were made Louis Edwards was almost immediately swept into the presidency, backed as he was by his large and well oiled machine.

The fight for the vice-presidency was much more hotly contested. The nominations of both Harrigan and Singer split the Singer-Harrigan combine. The nomination of Henderson by the Hayes-Henderson interests added still further complications, and then a dark-horse, James Bogan, was introduced and promptly catapulted into office.

Recess was called to give Hayes an opportunity to pass out more of his abominable stogies. He had an unlimited supply, which showed that he had been over "yessing" the professors again.

In the election for secretary-treasurer, Mr. Carroll entered the field at the head of a carefully organized party. "Tammany Hall" Matgen, also, was nominated, and he immediately nominated five of Carroll's best friends to split the opposition. However, his nefarious plot was uncovered and Carroll got control of the treasury.

Schmitthiel was elected Union representative.

A fierce and bitter contest was waged over the selection of a class flower. It was finally determined that since the Seniors were at last old enough to have whiskers, and since they never shave, the fringed-Gentian would be an appropriate choice and not without a certain tender significance.

The Senior class motto is: "We're here because we're here."

Russell Shows Growth of U. in Last Fifty Years and Sees a Glowing Future.

At the ceremonies attendant upon the formal opening of the University's expansion project, John A. Russell, Dean of the Department of Commerce and Finance, and one of the two surviving members of the first graduating class, spoke at length on the importance of the undertaking. The text of his speech follows:

"If it is granted to those whose earthly courses are run to be cognizant of the things that interested them in life, there is great joy in heaven this day among that little group of educational pioneers who founded the University of Detroit.

"Less than 50 years ago, in a city containing fewer than 100,000 people, with a faculty composed of but five men, with a capital of \$24,000, most of it represented by debt, with a year's income of less than \$4,000, this university was born.

"The men who were the torch-bearers of advanced education — 'Lampades echontes,' the Greeks would have called them—had as their leader a venerable schoolmaster, John Baptist Miede, who having reluctantly accepted episcopal honors, pioneered the west as a missionary from the Red River of Arkansas to the farthest reaches of the Missouri, and then, laying off his miter, came to our city to make an educational foundation.

Founders Were Hardy

"Of his associates, two, Hugo Erley and Joseph Real, were in holy orders, while two others, Joseph Francis Xavier Grimmelman and Augustine M. Effinger, were scholastics of the Society of Jesus. There are traditions of hardship and personal privation in those early days, but there was no complaint on the part of the founders. They seem to have taken their lesson from the texts which they taught, accepting the parable of Anchises, "Haec olim fortasse meminisse juvabit"—the hardships of those days shall

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NEARS WORLD'S RECORD IN REAL ESTATE QUIZ

W. A. Ratigan, head of the Real Estate Division of the University, neared a world's record for perfection in a quiz given by the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges. Mr. Ratigan scored 157 out of 194 points. The world's record is 194 out of 198.

Co-Eds Descend On Coach Dorais

Demand Explanation of "Outrage"; "Did You Say Those Cruel, Cutting Words?"

By JAMES SILAS POOLER

He had been a much envied man; later, he became a still more pitied man, this coach who made the horrid faux pas. Lonely Frosh had envied him the homage paid him by beves of Co-Eds, but the boys who had scrapped on the Marne pitied him when the Amazons descended upon him.

The Co-Eds were roiled, sure enough. It was another case of mere man opening his mouth to put his foot in it. He had said wicked things, and soap would never wash the traces of them away. You may "treat 'em rough," Coach Dorais, but you can't blot them out. Try it and you'll have a Committee of Moes and Jeannes around your neck, and not necking, either.

A Co-Eds Convention

A Friday, and the Athletic stronghold looked like—a Co-Eds' convention or Armageddon. Tongues more keen than swords lashed our gridiron strategist. The shocked troops were handing jolts to Gus in what had theretofore been a bachelor's paradise.

"Did you, or didn't you, say those cruel, cutting things?" was screamed in seven kinds of soprano.

The enigmatic coach smiled.

"But did you, or didn't you?"

"Would you have said it if you had been I?"

"We should say not."

"My, what a pretty dress!"

"You should have looked in the third row, section C one little Saturday ago. You'd have seen it then."

"But I'm interested in football, not millinery."

A dirty laugh impinged upon the coach's eardrums.

"But How?"

"But how could Mr. McLaughlin have got such a horrid idea if you hadn't said it?"

Under his breath Gus murmured: "He must have married a Co-Ed," but aloud: "Do you girls really feel bad because you haven't disrupted the morale of the team, or merely because I didn't credit you with our victories?"

"If it wasn't for us you wouldn't have any football men here!"

Six football men three flights above nodded assent. "And didn't one of your players risk his life to save one of us?"

Gus looked as if he felt like asking, "What for?" but the spasm passed. Instead he crooned:

"Girls, girls! What will the neighbors say?"

Just then the riot squad from police headquarters spoiled it all. And as the Co-Eds whisked out of the room, Gus murmured something under his breath. It wasn't "I Wonder What's Become of Sally."

DORAIS GETS CHAIN

LETTER FROM "ROCK"

Charles E. Dorais, Athletic Director of the University, received a chain letter from Knu'te Rockne, director of athletics of Notre Dame. The letter was started by Coach "Bob" Mathews, of the University of Idaho, and went all over the world. It bears the names of two Japanese admirals, a count, a commander in the navy and many names of men prominent in college athletic and scholastic circles.

MRS. DORAIS IS AGAINST COACH IN CO-ED CASE

Disagrees With Famous Hubby; "It Is All Right for a Football Player to Fall in Love," She Says

By JOHN M. CARLISLE

MRS. CHARLES E. DORAIS exercises her right to differ with her famous husband, "Gus" Dorais, Athletic Director of the University.

Over the morning paper, over the tea cups or over the bridge hands, Mrs. Dorais believes he is wrong, yea, "absolutely wrong" in his stand that Co-Eds are not necessary to the welfare of a football team. Mrs. Dorais does not often differ with her husband, she says, but when it is a case of "us girls must stick together," well, that's different.

When a Wife Differs

"Co-Eds are essential to a football team," she says, "their cheers, their support and, sometimes, their love, help to carry the team to the heights. 'Gus' knows this, but he's too stubborn to admit it. Yes, he is stubborn.

"It is quite alright for a football player to fall in love. He does plenty of falling on the football team for 'Gus,' so he ought to be allowed to do a little falling for himself."

Well, He Did It

Let it be remarked here and now that Athletic Director Dorais wooed and won his wife while he was coaching a football team. In his years of coaching there are none which show the ill effects of the love sickness from which, unquestionably, he suffered for a time, at least.

He'll Retract

Mrs. Dorais, by the way, promises the Co-Eds that their Athletic Director will retract his derogatory statements soon. Otherwise—no breakfasts!

DEAN SEEHOFFER, ANGERED, FINDS 'DARWIN'S RIGHT'

Dean Seehoffer has publicly and solemnly announced his belief that the post-Darwinians are right in their theory of evolution.

His economics class showed signs of restlessness, which was certainly nothing unusual, but which, nevertheless, caused him to break forth in righteous anger. Quoth he:

"The so-called evolutionists would find ample justification for their monkey theory if they witnessed the antics of some members of this class."

"Why slander the ape tribe?" a co-ed murmured.

FROSH TEAM'S FOEMEN WIN M. I. A. A. TITLE

Ypsilanti Normal College, of Ypsilanti, which defeated the Titan Freshmen 8 to 0 this Fall, won the football championship of the M. I. A. A. It is scheduled to play the Frosh at Dinan field next year.

How Come "Gus"? They Ask Dorais

And Coach, Ill At Ease, Adds Fuel to Co-Ed Ire, Attacking Love.

By HILDEGARDE RUTZEN

"College love is not the real thing."

Coach Dorais firmly enunciated this dictum in answer to the many inquiries and protests aroused by the assertion attributed to him in the Detroit News concerning the non-existence of Co-Eds in this University and the detrimental effect of love on football players.

He explained that he feared no dire results should any of the players become involved in college love—that intense emotion experienced by some students which results in loss of appetite, a pallor denoting sleepless hours, pathetically haunting eyes, courses flunked and classes recklessly cut. This, to him, is but a passing trifle. Love, as felt by the average student, is a light and airy as an iridescent and empty bubble, existing for a time only to break into nothingness. A Co-Ed and an athlete standing together in a shadowy corner or more boldly, in a main corridor, present no valid proof of real love to the Coach, nor are they a cause of worry to him. College love was not openly defined by him, but he was heard murmuring under his breath:

"Puppy love!"

Believes in Love

This does not mean that he has no belief in love.

"Some of the most stupendous deeds in history done by man for good or evil have been inspired by love for a woman," the Coach says.

So firmly convinced is he of the power of real love that if it affected or afflicted one of his men, he thinks the victim would be rendered useless for football.

If the University's football team suffered an unexpected and stinging defeat, Coach Dorais, like the great detectives, would immediately, in seeking the cause, be guided by the motto of the French detectives:

"Cherchez la femme!"

Admits the Truth

An interviewer found the Coach in the Athletic Office surrounded by able-bodied protectors who remained as a delighted audience.

"Of course I knew there were Co-Eds here," he said in his explanation that he had been misquoted by the Detroit News.

When asked whether he could implicitly trust his football men to keep at a safe distance from creatures who might inspire love, he refused to answer. He did promise, however, that after due consideration he might divulge startling information on this subject.

DETROIT VIOLINIST TO BE SOLOIST FOR SYMPHONY

Harry Farbman, a gifted violinist who has gained national fame, will be the soloist for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra Dec. 3 and 4. He will play Saint-Saens' Concerto in B. Minor. The orchestra, under Conductor Gabrielowitsch, will play Franckenstein's Variations on a theme by Deyerbeer—the first performance of this work in America—and the first Symphony of Borodin in E-flat major in a first Detroit presentation of this work. The purely orchestral part of the program will end with the "Academic Festival."

LETTERS OF A FRESHMAN

By JAMES S. POOLER

HELLO MOLLY:—You tolerate a guy like Ivy, so why not cultivate your mind by keeping in touch with me. If you want to have a broad education, get a board-minded guy's pearls of wisdom. I'd never forgive you for the things you write if I didn't have a 20-pound brain and was able to see it's the feminine way of being nice. So forget Ivy (which shouldn't be hard) and enjoy me (which you can't do if you don't write).

You know that blind date I told you about? Well, a man would have to be blind, deaf and particularly dumb to enjoy one. Three girls—pardon the hysterics—three girls who were worse than halitosis! Their idea of a good time is to ruin a guy's suit with tears. If they could take care of themselves as well as we can, chaperones would demand tombstones, not lights. Those girls thought they were elevating the party by attending and believed the only way to impress us was by being bored, disgusted and disappointed by "those people" and their "quaint" ways. If that guy in Dangerous Dan McGrew had known his stuff he'd of shot the "Lady known as Lou" and then they could have lived happily ever after.

Try This One

Some men get drunk and rehearse the troubles of a lifetime. Just take one of those girls out for an antidote, and your past troubles seem like a holiday. I put in such a terrible evening I'd've preferred being with you. The only good thing those girls said all evening was "Good Night." If they had said that when we met they would still have been two hours too late. If they're sociable, I'm big enough to be Joe Cook's bat boy.

I know now where missionaries come from. They're the guys who once took girls out on blind dates. After a guy does that, Africa seems like the Oriole Terrace. Some girls are so fine—well, I can't see them. That's a prayer and a wish, too. They're loud speakers full of static, with no aerial. I tried to talk to them, but more guys than the Rebs fought in "The Lost Cause."

But why write about them? The only thing I'd like to write about them is an obituary. If Eve had only been a man they could have started an Elks Club in the Garden of Eden and Freshmen in college would never wonder if meals were a wish or a reality. It seems like the last time I ate was when Solomon met his first wife. Heaven sent manna

once, but it's a clear day today.

Do you know, you treat me like Dempsey treats his sparring partner. You believe in Santa Claus, all right, but you believe his first name is Hi. I can stand punishment, but you're an executioner.

Well, Then I Could Stop Grange

You tell me about the good times you have up there. Any party with Ivy in it should turn into a Wake. If you can have a good time with him, then I can stop Grange.

I remember the time he went to the movies to see the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and wanted his money back because it wasn't a football picture. If I said Beauty and the Beast it would flatter both of you, so I won't even hint it.

You want me to write about my friends. I haven't any; they both owe me money. And I'll do something to get my name in the paper if I have to be sued for heart balm. Then you can boast to people that I'm the guy that put the dent in the parlor sofa. That's who I am.

Well, it's midnight. My roommate just came home in two taxies—one for his hat. It took his four playmates to put his hat in the taxi. As soon as he gets to bed I'll take our suit and get some groceries.

Really, HI.

P. S. If you can sneak down here I'll show you a real party. I would take you out to dine, but they collect the garbage cans before 5 o'clock. You don't deserve a party, but it will give you the opportunity to say "you came from a good family." Tell your old man I said that and tell him to chain up the dog Dec. 24.

H.

Why Tell Me Your Troubles?

WHY, HELLO, STRANGER: Why tell me your troubles? I'm no sob sistes. If I could feel bad about anything it would be that out of a country of a hundred million people I had to draw you. As it is, I'm worried to death about how I'm going to tell Paw you're back in town. It will be as bad as the day they told Pabst the country had gone dry.

You're as intolerant as the K. K. K. and dumb enough to be twins. You want girls to be clinging vines but find them poison ivy. If you want to find out what's wrong with them, take a look in the mirror. Then you'll know why some girls prefer the lockstep to a bridal march. Whom did you expect to meet on that blind date, Fay Laphier or Miss Minnie Apolis?

Just because Xmas is coming you don't have to be so nasty. "Take back your Xmas jewelry my neck is turning green." The perfume you gave me still keeps the skunks out of the chicken coop. Your

Xmas presents always go a long ways.

You want credit for anything you do. You talk like an I specialist and act like a character from Desire Under the Elms. Just remember you never pat a mosquito on the back until he goes to work. The only claims you have to immortality are:

1. You never saw Abie's Irish Rose.

2. You never worked a crossword puzzle.

3. You have such a nice girl to write to.

You moan about your treatment. When a doctor makes a cure he frequently uses bitter medicine. Your case is so bad you'd have to eat that "lovely" box of chocolates you once brought me. You need a lesson, but at that I wouldn't want to see you killed. It would deprive you of a splendid career with Ringling Brother's freak museum.

And to think you'll be home soon just when we were having such a lovely time. It will be as bad as the whoe town was laid low with the flu. Only, that time six people died. I've a hunch that when this pestilence arrives only one will die. You're as popular here as the German flag in Paris. You may be class jongleur down there, but up here you're only Old Man Perkin's boy. Thank God Xmas only comes once a year.

Don't "High Hat" Me

The way you high hat everybody! You'll come in town like "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford, but you'll go out like the keg at the W. C. T. U. picnic. Education will have to do wonders to make you count for more than one "There's gold in them hills, Stranger, but them hills aint real." I often think of the time you nearly drowned at the class picnic. If Ivy hadn't waded out to you and convinced you there was only 2 feet of water you'd never have been able to write nasty letters to defenseless little girls.

By the way, Hi, they are going to have the Annual Charity Ball at Xmas. I've stalled Ivy so many times he thinks he's a horse. If you want to say you're going with the nicest girl in town—well, what was it Priscilla told John Alden?

But Ill have to end this. I want to go to the movies. After writing to you a girl is entitled to some pleasure.

Just MOLLY.

P. S. It's with the greatest pleasure I refuse your kind invitation. Stick to your blind dates and have your eyes opened. You know you can't turn corners in the middle of the block. So enjoy your city girls. M.

HIS LUCKY STAR FAILS HIM AT LAST MOMENT

John Russell, Maley, of Johnstown, Penn., left end on the Freshman football team, reached Detroit in the condition of a rehabilitated veteran who had charged machine gun nests in Belleau Wood.

In high school, he had broken his collar bone, dislocated a knee, smashed a shoulder and sustained various other injuries. Accordingly, when he reported for practice last September, as a candidate for the Frosh team, he entertained expectations of getting more than a few hard bumps.

As the weeks of practice went on, he displayed very few marks of his strenuous experiences. All told, there were only a bruise on the shin in September, a cut on the wrist in October, and an abrasion of the nose in November. Meanwhile he had missed only two practice sessions and had participated in three games.

Came the final practice session last Tuesday afternoon. "Jay" was happy. He hadn't received a severe injury in the entire season though he had been in the thick of the fray. He plunged into the showers, joyful and hilarious. He put away his old uniform in its bag. Then he and his mates boarded the bus for home. They sang, told stories and joked with one another. They were a happy lot, and John Maley was one of the happiest.

The bus stopped in front of Reilly Hall. John was singing a tune relative to his being in Virginia in the morning. He stepped off the bus, his ankle gave way, two of his fellows had to assist him into "Doc" Crowley's hospital. There it was discovered that he had a sprained ankle. Now he can move about laboriously with the aid of a cane.

MICHIGAN TEAM PUTS UNION HOUSE AT ZERO

Mr. W. Harold Meade, of Jackson, Pre-Dental, takes care of the furnace at the Union House. Under ordinary conditions Mr. Meade is a good fireman.

But Saturday, Nov. 21 was not a day of ordinary conditions. Michigan played Minnesota. So Mr. Meade went to Ann Arbor.

In Detroit Mr. Meade is a good fireman; in Ann Arbor he is a good roofer.

Saturday and Sunday chorus of the student roomers of the Union: "Turn on the heat!"

And Mr. Meade did—on Monday.

PHILOMATHIC PREPARES FOR DEBATING SEASON

"The Centralization of Government is Undesirable" is the subject that has been chosen by the Philomathic Debating Society for intercollegiate debates. The Society has decided upon dual debates as the means of meeting the opposition.

Michigan State College, East Lansing, St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, have already been signed up to debate the "Philomaths," while Creighton and the University of Dayton have been tentatively signed.

COLLEGE SIDELIGHTS

EDITOR GETS "RAZZBERRY" FROM CO-ED JOURNALIST

THE EDITOR of the Varsity News was delivering a short address on "News' Values at the University" before the Sophomore Journalism class. By way of example he was relating the "discovery" of the story about Rev. President McNichols' dog "Pat."

"I stood looking at the brute," he said, hind a high wire screen. He was unuhind a high wire screen. He was unsuccessfully trying to leap over it."

Voice from bored Co-Ed—"I wish he had."

* * *

COLUMBIA CO-EDS ADOPT TURTLES FOR THEIR PETS

When dogs, cats and canaries were forbidden in the dormitories of Columbia University, New York, the Co-Eds adopted turtles as their pets. There are now 41 turtles in one dormitory.

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE GIRLS GIVEN RIGHT TO SMOKE

The women students of Bryn Mawr College, Philadelphia, have been granted the right to smoke. One room has been set aside in each dormitory as a smoking room.

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PARIS LIVING COSTLY TO AMERICAN STUDENTS

American students in Paris are paying enormously large rents for their lodgings. In the famous Latin Quarter, furnished lodgings which once cost 500 francs a month, have gone up to thrice that amount.

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YALE PROFESSORS USE MOVIES TO TEACH

To discover how motion pictures may best be used as aids in teaching American history, Yale University and the board of education of New Haven have entered into a co-operative arrangement whereby two members of the Yale faculty will devote a share of their time to assisting New Haven high school teachers in the classroom presentation of historical films.

THIRTY-SIX TRYING FOR PARTS IN "BUTTERFLIES"

Eight principals in the cast of "Butterflies" are to be chosen soon by Prof. Bacon, of the Arts and Science school, from 36 who are being tried out for parts.

"Butterflies," by H. C. Carleton, has an excellent plot, having to do with the attempt of a "get-rich quick" millionaire to break into high society and the numerous violations of etiquette committed by him in his desperate try. The play is a real comedy, far above the level of a farce, with a bit of drama included.

Prof. Bacon had several reasons for choosing this particular play, among which are these: Being a society play, it gives excellent training to the members of the cast in handling themselves socially, and hence it is a worthwhile play. Again, the eight principal parts are all strong, and the work is evenly divided among the principals in the cast.

La SEAU DUCKED; TOUGH! NO MORE SLEEP FOR HIM

A swing and a hit mean \$100,000 for Mr. Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of pugilism.

A swing and a miss mean lack of sleep for Mr. La Verne La Seau, Junior Arts and Science student and customs inspector.

Mr. La Seau is an advocate of eight hours of work, eight of play and eight of sleep for the student. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, he had been getting more work, less play and less sleep. He decided between nods and yawns Thursday to catch up on Friday, a school holiday.

"The semester exams are a comin'," thought he, "and one should be prepared. But one must have sleep or one cannot study."

For All Plans Come Upheavals.

But Thursday evening was one of unusual activity for customs' inspectors because a number of travelers between Canada and the United States had decided that Nov. 26 was a day for more than Thanksgiving. Slightly tipsy, very garrulous and a bit irritable about things in general, one objected to Customs Inspector La Seau's questioning.

"What's it to you?" the fellow bellowed. That bellow sent him into the inspection room for more minute examination. Another question brought a swing, aimed for Mr. La Seau's jaw. But Mr. La Seau's jaw is moveable. The blow missed. The patrol wagon came. The drunk went to a police station.

Early the next morning, after less than four hours' sleep, Mr. LaSeau was summoned to appear in court against the inebriate.

"Ten days and \$10," spoke the judge. Mr. La Seau yawned.

CLAY PIPES? NO! THEY'RE NOW BROKEN CLAY PIPES

Messrs. "Ferdie" Fisher, of Miami, Fla., and Jack Drittler, of Hancock, Mich., after attending the pledging ceremony of Theta chapter, Delta Sigma Pi, set out for Woodward avenue to purchase a half dozen clay pipes required by Frat brothers.

Like good Neophytes, Messrs. Fisher and Drittler returned to the campus with the pipes.

They met Messrs. Charlie Schumm, "Bus" Francois and Larry Nagel, bona fide members of the fraternity.

Then Messrs. Fisher and Drittler returned to Woodward avenue for six more clay pipes.

MAJOR BUTLER TO ADDRESS STUDENTS

Major William Butler, C. P. A., auditor of the Fisher Body Corporation and former professor of the post-graduate class of the School of Commerce and Finance, has consented to deliver a complimentary lecture on "Trends of Accounting," before the accounting classes of the University Monday evening, Dec. 7, at 8 o'clock. The lecture will be given in the auditorium of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Herb Kline, Engineer, is on the payroll of the D. S. R.

FR. SULLIVAN CONDUCTS PROFESSIONAL SODALITY

Owing to Father Keith's absence, Father Sullivan celebrated Mass last Sunday for the Professional Sodality.

There had appeared on the bulletin boards in the early part of the preceding week, a notice to the effect that there would be no meeting of the Sodality because Father Keith was away. This was unauthorized. This made it necessary to mail cards apprising the members that they would be expected and that the Mass would be for the repose of the soul of Father Keith's father. The misleading bulletin and the Thanksgiving holidays, however, held down the attendance. About 60 were there and two-thirds of these received Holy Communion.

The secretary of the Sodality delivered a brief address after Mass and Father Sullivan spoke on the three chief qualifications of the good student—a clean mind, a clean body and a clean soul.

"Buck" Dominy, Pre-Junior Engineer, is employed at the Chrysler on a wood construction job.

GLEE CLUB—ORCHESTRA TO MEET ON THURSDAY

The Glee Club and orchestra will have their weekly meetings Thursday evening, at 8 and 8:30 o'clock respectively. Last week the meetings were postponed on account of Thanksgiving Day.

Both organizations are starting in good form but they have not yet reached the desired maximum of attendance. Prof. More is working hard to make them so proficient that they will do credit to the University and themselves at the big musicale to be given next spring.

Father McGeary, Faculty Director, says that many more of the students would attend the Thursday evening meetings if they would only put themselves in the way of learning what benefit would accrue to themselves as a result.

TO HOLD BANQUET

The Junior Day Commerce and Finance Class will banquet at Hotel Wolverine, Dec. 9.

Linnehan Takes Over Union Cafe

Eastern Restaurant Man Succeeds Mrs. Jessup; Asks Students to Co-Operate.

J. J. Linnehan has taken over the management of the Detroit Union's cafeteria, succeeding Mrs. Emma Jessup, who has run it since the beginning of the school year. The announcement is made by Alan Devine, president of the Union.

"Mr. Linnehan was given the lease for the cafeteria," Mr. Devine says, "because the students were dissatisfied with the food and service. Mrs. Jessup, on her part, had lost a good deal on the venture and was willing to give up her contract. Mr. Linnehan, under the terms of his lease, will run the place as a private owner."

Asks Co-operation

The new host has had experience in the cafeteria and hotel business in the East. Upon taking charge of the restaurant he made this statement:

"I will run the Union cafeteria in the interest of the student body. Meals and short orders will be served from 7 A. M. until 7 P. M. I have employed a new chef and other new employes. Any student who is dissatisfied at any time with the service or the food is asked to make complaint to me. A little co-operation will help make the cafeteria satisfactory to its patrons."

Mrs. Jessup retains charge of the Union's rooms upstairs.

Apologies

We, the undersigned members of the Sophomore class of the University of Detroit, do hereby make public apology for having violated the spirit of the understanding which is to rule the relations between the Sophomore classes. Realizing the fact that we have been guilty of an act which could lead to severe breaches of discipline, we make this apology and earnestly trust that our example in that case will not be followed by others, realizing as we do that a like violation will be punished much more severely.

Nov. 17, 1925.
Signed:
JAMES G. CROWLEY,
LAWRENCE J. MOLONEY,
RODOLPHE E. ROULIER,
STEPHEN P. BOURKE.
* * *

We, the undersigned, members of the Freshman class of the University of Detroit, do hereby apologize to the student body for violation of the Freshman regulations governing our conduct on the campus, especially that relating to the wearing of the Freshman cap, and we hereby give our pledge of heartiest co-operation in the future enforcement of said rules.

Nov. 17, 1925.
Signed:
WILLIAM H. DAILEY,
TOM CONKLIN.

IRONWOOD HIGH TEAM GUEST OF UNIVERSITY

Twenty members of the Ironwood high school football squad, which defeated Redford Thanksgiving morning, were guests of the University at the Bucknell game Thanksgiving day.

FRESHMEN, SOPHOMORES, JUNIORS, SENIORS, ATHLETES

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University of Detroit

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CONGRATULATIONS, NORTH-WESTERN

THE declining of the Western Conference football championship by Northwestern University in favor of the University of Michigan is an example of fine college spirit given at a time when it was needed. Northwestern had a technical claim to the title, but relinquished it, thus, proving that there are still left universities which are not squabbling over football glory and which may be counted on to restore the damage done by "Red" Grange in putting professional football above his University.

That Reminds Me

By JOHN M. CARLISLE

It is customary to talk of groups of writers in the literary world. There is the New York group, with its Heywood Brown, George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken; the Chicago group with its cryptic Ben Hecht, and the Detroit group with its Lee J. Smits, Len B. Shaw, Leonard Cline, Cyril Arthur Player, Ralph Holmes, Al Weeks, Charles D. Cameron, John Sanford, William Richards and others.

Here in the University there are the Arts and Science group and the Journalism group, the latter composed of members of the Division of Journalism. Eminent in the former group are the satirists, "Larry" Henderson and Cornelius Finley McIntyre; a remarkable athletic analyst, Edward T. Kelley; two good feature writers, Paul C. Morrissey and Paul A. Griffiths, and a great critic and potentially great columnist, P. Ralph Miller.

Prominent in the Journalism group are the two humorists, James Silas Pooler and Hildegard Rutzen, and a feature writer and interviewer of note, Ruth Munson.

All have played their part in what Mr. Claude Heithaus, S. J., faculty moderator of the Varsity News, terms the 1925 renaissance of this publication.

* * *

Mr. Heithaus and myself, by-the-way, were strolling down Jefferson avenue toward Woodward. We chatted of

literature, discussed "America," a great Catholic literary magazine, and divers other things of mutual interest.

Within three blocks Mr. Heithaus was stopped four times by panhandlers. All had just arrived in town. Each had a wife and kiddies starving in another city. Going to work tomorrow. Needed "just a little."

Then I became jealous. Until my walk with Mr. Heithaus, I had considered myself the champion magnet for panhandlers. Yet, here was my superior. It irked.

* * *

The youthful Foreign Trade Division of the school of Commerce and Finance has already proved its worth as a trainer of those who wish to become foreign trade experts. Although only three years old, the department has put 30 men into the foreign trade field and is training that many more now.

Among its graduates who have achieved immediate success are Frank Pfannenschmidt, who is in Australia representing the Frederick Stearns Co.; Howard Foey, who is in South America for the Detroit Steel Products Co.; Lee J. Elbert, who handles foreign business for the Packard Motor Car Co., and William Promen, who is chief of the export department of the American Automobile Parts Co.

* * *

My roommate and fellow sufferer at the Union house, which has raised the ante on Alaska this winter, is a philosopher. He took up Economics, so he became an economist; a friend of his took up Philosophy, so my roommate became a philosopher.

Somehow, some way and somewhere, he fell heir to the appellation of "Vera." He weighs 185 and likes to let you know it. His nickname fits him about as well as his shoes, which don't.

But, as we have more than hinted, he became a philosopher. He didn't like to be called "Vera," so he decided that the best way to get rid of the cognomen was to say nothing.

So "Vera" he is for good.

There you have an example of false philosophy.

* * *

There are those who have strongly opposed fraternities on the campus. "This is a school of democrats," they chirp, and "frats are only for aristocrats."

Yet our fraternities are doing good work for their members in many different ways. Let us cite on example.

A good football player was pledged to a good fraternity. A good combination, that. As part of his pledgship trials, the neophyte was told to get a certain book from the public library and read it.

After he had obtained it, the football player confessed to me that it was the first time he had gone to the library in three years.

His fraternity had sent him there.

That is something.

MORNEAU CHOSE ALL-ENGINEER GRID TEAM

Jim Morneau, Engineer, has chosen an All-Engineer football squad from the several teams making up the Engineers' Football League.

His selections are as follows: right end, Bill Warner; right tackle, Weiner Kraushar; right guard, John Dillon; center, Ralph Johnson; left guard, Speed Joyce; left tackle, Andy Kalls; left end, Bill Brown; quarterback, Ralph Heidenreich; full back, Buck Dominy; right half, Ernest Tamplin, and left half, Jim Morneau.

As I See It

"The Gorilla"

By P. RALPH MILLER

There is at most but a hair-breath's distinction between a door-slaming, "who-killed-cock-robin" mystery melodrama and a farce. In the majority of these plays, the situations are for the most part absurd and far-fetched, and the auditor is kept in a state of suspense merely by having the identity of the villain kept more or less a secret until the last minute of play. However, even in the best of the lot, the farcial element crowds close upon the melodramatic, and the slightest twist will turn the action from the sublime into the ridiculous.

In "The Gorilla," playing at the Garrick, Ralph Spence has sensed the possibilities in doing just such a thing with the result that his play is a broad burlesque. He has taken the standard tricks of the mystery school and given them a ludicrous twist; he has crowded laughs close upon choking throats and palpitating hearts; and he has delightfully satirized modern police and newspaper methods of criminal investigation.

Rare Fun.

"The Gorilla" is rare fun. Everything happens that is accustomed to happen in mystery dramas—doors slam, eerie noises emanate from the walls, characters disappear into nothingness, panels slide, walls open, shots are fired, and suspicion is directed toward several of the players. The author in this instance, though, draws out the situations just a bit more than his contemporaries with the result that these same situations become excruciatingly funny.

Of first importance in the piece are Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Garrity, two bungling detectives sent out from headquarters to apprehend a dangerous criminal known as the "gorilla." Garrity is a farce in himself and to hear him repeat his "Mulligan, O Mulligan! Where the hell is Mulligan" is cause enough for visiting the Garrick. His partner is a typical hard-boiled detective delightfully satirized.

A "Hairy Ape."

There is a gorilla too around which most of the action centers, a horrible looking monster with gleaming tusks and vicious claws. In the second act he ambles across a dimly-lit stage bearing in his arms the prostrate and lightly-clad form of a girl and for several breathless seconds the audience is enthralled. Toward the end of the play, he escapes into the audience and the two detectives track him through the darkened auditorium.

The cast is adequate. Jack Daley as Mulligan and Frank Shea as Garrity easily take precedence. The "hairy ape" of W. N. Riano is capably done. The only feminine role is carried by Marion Haslup, a gorgeous blonde. The others are equal to any demands placed upon them.

To conclude, "The Gorilla" is wonderful entertainment at all times. It is funny, and it is the background for two of the best farceurs ever come this way. See it by all means.

Alpha Sigma Tau announces that Fred Kaufman will be chairman of arrangements for their national convention in February.

FOUR GRID MEN PLAY NO MORE

Brett, Bachor, Coyle, and Carlson End Football Careers; All Great Players.

By PAUL C. MORRISSEY

The final curtain was run down last Thursday on a period of notable performance by four great figures in U. of D. athletics. They were Captain William K. Brett, Ludwig Aloysius Bachor, Frank Coyle and Charles Wesley Carlson. For four years, these men had done much toward carrying the Red and White nearer to the goal of the National University football title.

Four years ago, a red-headed youth came to the U. of D. with the intention of playing football and studying Blackstone. That first year, Bill Brett was a star. He made many runs of the 55 and 65-yard variety. In fact, every newspaper report of a U. of D. game carried some news of the activities of "Binker" Brett. In the Tufts game of that year, he scored three touchdowns. The team played Boston College shortly after. They were dazed by the twinkling of Bill Brett's flying feet. In '23, he was one of the mainstays of the backfield and brought about many a victory for the U. of D.

Brett Crosses Goal

The Marquette game of that season was a hard-fought contest. Brett caught a punt from the Marquette kicker and ran 85 yards for a touchdown. It was the longest return of a punt that year. Last year, the flash from Pittsfield was the trump card of the backfield. This year, he was captain of the team and set an example for his men in every contest. Binker will no longer carry the U. of D. colors into battle, but lasting inspiration is left by his spirit.

Ludwig Aloysius Bachor came to the U. of D. from Western High four years ago. The first year, he played tackle as a relief to Speed Ellis and Gus Sonnenberg. The next two seasons found him transferred to guard, and he played great football both years. This year, he was the greatest U. of D. lineman. West Point, Marines, W. and J., Georgetown, and Bucknell acclaimed him the best forward man they had encountered this year. A renowned newspaper critic has termed him "a sweet football player."

Coyle Versatile

Moline, Illinois, sent one of her favorite sons to the U. of D. four years ago in the person of Frank Coyle. Coyle has been the regular right flanker for three of the four years, and he has made a nice job of it. This year, he paved the way for several touchdowns by his wonderful catches of forward passes. Defensively, Frank was a shining light. He was down under every punt and very

Fr. Keith Loses Parent By Death

D. M. Keith, father of Rev. Father George Keith, Dean of Men, died early Friday morning, Nov. 20, at his home in Burlingame, California. Father Keith had arrived there on the preceding Tuesday, bearing with him the knowledge that the sympathy of faculty and students had gone out to him with the announcement of the tidings which had called him away.

Mr. Keith died a peaceful and beautiful death. It was a fitting close of an exemplary life. He was all the better prepared to welcome his departure for eternity because of injuries he suffered in an accident two years ago which were so serious as to make it evident that he could not recover, owing to his advanced age. Knowing this, he had felt justified in giving his mind more completely to his spiritual welfare, and as the end approached he rejoiced at the prospect of meeting his Maker.

The date of Father Keith's return is not known. He will be detained in California for some time.

JACKSON CLUB PLANS BANQUET IN HOME TOWN

Members of the Jackson Club will commemorate the founding of their organization Dec. 26 with a banquet in Jackson to further carry out the club's aim of fostering good fellowship among the students from Jackson and of promoting the interests of the University in Jackson. Prominent members of the Alumni of the University will be invited to give addresses.

At a recent meeting of the club, Herbert Kline, Pre-Junior Engineer, was elected president; Jerry Conklin, Junior Lad, vice-president; William Brown, secretary, and Phil Kelly, treasurer.

Mr. Kline has announced the committees as follows: Activities, Jerry Conklin; constitution, Albert Carroll; contact, Ernest Tamplin. z

John Cavanaugh Junior Night Law, is a rising young man. He sells yeast cakes for the Red Star Co.

few plays ever made headway around his position.

Wes Carlson is the last-named of the four great players, but not the least. Ole is a great tackle and visiting teams commented time and again upon his skill. The John Carroll game of this year year found him smothering every play in his path. In the Bucknell game he played with an injured side, yet he made many tackles, recovered fumbles twice, and held the line against his far heavier opponents.

FROSH BECOME MOVIE STARS

"Movie stars for a day" is a title that the Frosh squad has to live down.

The yearling football players journeyed from Dinan Field to the Hartford Productions Co.'s location near Lochmoor to make a success of "Then Came the Woman." Far into the night, with Cullen Landis in the role of a hot-headed quarterback, they toiled, sweating under grease paint and a swearing director. And not once could they run a play; theirs was the faint glory of the locker room scene. For six hours they "shook the spear" until Landis finally knocked out the movie coach, to the satisfaction of the director and the Froshr.

Then a delicious luncheon was served. It was necessarily bountiful, and as it went down the cost of the production went up.

The picture will be the first of six to be released by the Detroit company. It will flicker on the screen in February. Already the 16 Frosh have reservations for 32 tickets.

RUSSELL SPEAKS

(continued from page 1)

be the pleasant memories of the future.

"These were the men who planted what Apollo watered and that to which God granted the increase. The history of their institution is illuminated with great names in our educational and civic history, names like those of John Peter Frieden, Micheal Patrick Dowling, Louis Kellinger, William Francis Dooley and William Thomas Doran, just as it is being illustrated today by the action of its present rector. The mustard seed of eight and forty years ago has multiplied more than an hundred fold.

Hopes Realized

"It has been granted me to have the long view of this history, from almost the first day to the present one, and to have had a share in the joys of all the classes that have proceeded from our school to take their places in the activities of the world. For all of them, for those that survive as well as those who have passed I may presume, Reverend President, to give you their congratulations, for this is the day to which they all looked forward to. This is the day that is the realization of all their hopes and all their ambitions. And as from year to year in time to come, the October days come and go, and new troops of laughing boys, and girls with hearts aflutter, come to constitute new classes of Freshmen for our University, may you and your successors find in them, for the University, some presage of that immortality for which those who have gone before you taught us to hope, and in which we do believe as the sequel of our earthly careers."

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PLAN ANOTHER DEBATING CLUB

Junior Day Law Class Petitions Regent For Such a Society; Elects Officers.

If a petition presented by the Junior Day Law class be approved by Rev. Regent George A. McGovern, the Law School will soon have a debating society. The class asked that one hour a week be set aside for debating.

This action follows close on the heels of the formation of a debating society in the School of Engineering.

The Junior class recently elected Ralph Barbier as its president; Ralph Nicholson, vice-president; John McIntosh, secretary, and Clarence Donovan, treasurer. The committees are constituted as follows: Entertainment—Helen Sosnowski, Lawrence Carolin and Eugene Doonan. Publicity—John Buckley and Wilfred Dilworth.

The class plans holding a smoker in the Hotel Wolverine soon and a Junior Law Dance after the Christmas holidays.

KAPPA BETA PI PLANS TO GIVE SORORITY KEY

University of Detroit chapter of Kappa Pi Sorority has established a Sorority key to be awarded to the Co-Ed Law student attaining the highest scholarship standard each year.

At a recent meeting the Sorority elected officers as follows: Catherine D. Doran, dean; Gertrude Clinton, assistant dean; Anne M. Hackett, chancellor; Cecile M. Dacey, historian, and Lulu Radzinski, marshal. It will give a dinner dance in Webster Hall, Dec. 10. The hostesses will be Mrs. Catherine C. Donovan, Gertrude Clinton, Florence Pretty and Lulu Radzinski.

HENRY WHOLIHAN'S FATHER DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Daniel T. Wholihan, father of Henry G. Wholihan, Senior Arts and Science student and member of the Varsity News' staff, died Monday evening, Nov. 23, after an illness of many months.

Henry Wholihan is a member of the Magi and Delta Pi Kappa fraternities, the College Sodality, and the Philomathic Society. He has participated in public debates and oratorical contests. As a result of his participation in these and other college activities he enjoys a wide acquaintance, and virtually all the students have joined in extending sympathy to him.

HALF OF U. OF D. HIGH SENIORS TO ENROLL HERE

Fifty-five of the 110 members of the University of Detroit High School's Senior class will enroll at the University next year, a survey shows.

It has become traditional of graduating classes of the high school to send as large a number as possible of their members "across the street."

At a recent meeting the members of the Delta Theta Phi, national Law fraternity, pledged John Edward McEvay, Fred Billing, Reginald Atkins, Frank McLean, Vincent Murphy and Stephen Coughlin. The fraternity held smokers Nov. 16 and 21.

Aerial Offense Defeats Titans

Bucknell, Frustrating Detroit's Passes, Tosses a Few That Bring Virtory.

University of Detroit's football team finished its season on Thanksgiving day by losing to the team representing Bucknell University by the score of 7 to 0. The lone touchdown was made in the first half on two successive forward passes which brought the ball from the 40 yard line.

In holding Bucknell to what was considered a low score, the Titans lived up to the hopes of their followers and recorded a worthy accomplishment. The most sanguine of Red and White-rooters however, especially those who witnessed the game, believe that a little more heady play would have wrested a scoreless tie game from the hand of Fate. On the particular play which gave Bucknell its margin, the player who received the ball by the aerial route seemed to be effectively covered or at least it seemed as if he was in such position that he could have been covered with a little effort. It was not only on this occasion but throughout the game that the Titans were deficient in blocking the pass attack of the visitors. Undoubtedly had not some unkind imp, or kind, as you may view it, greased the fingers of End Earl Goodwin and other receivers of the opposition several more passes would have been completed and perhaps a touchdown or two added to Bucknell's total. Diehl, the gold-jerseyed heaver, displayed one of the cleverest arms ever seen at Dinan Field; he threw beautiful passes, long and accurate.

Aerial Attack Stopped

On the contrary Detroit's aerial was frustrated pretty often by the charges of Bucknell's heavy forwards. When Phillipart could get a pass away, he usually found his eligible men well covered. But as Detroit's passing attack was weaker than anticipated, her running attack supposedly less dependable, proved the stronger. Murphy, Stromp and Janoskey clipped off considerable yardage especially late in the fray.

In holding Bucknell to a low score, the Titans displayed no new virtue in spite of the fact that they played for the first time in many days on a comparatively dry gridiron. The Titans have developed from early season weakness into a worthy opponent for any foe and there have been two outstanding factors in that development: Her line play and courage. Both, Detroit displayed on Thanksgiving day, as she has for weeks past.

Bachor Gives Good

Pre-eminent even amid the excellent effort of his fellow forwards, was Ludwig Bachor, the Chevalier of the Gridiron. A veritable wild man, an irresistible crashing force coupled with ready craft and great celerity, this was Bachor in one of the greatest games he has played for Detroit. During the entire first half, he was literally everywhere, doing the work of an Atlas. The second period found the whole line playing an excellent game, with Carlson, Coyle, Brennan in particular, doing tremendous work.

Dorothy Look, Junior Night Law, entertained Co-Ed friends at bridge recently.

LET 'EM SING! AND THEY DO

"Harmonious Harps" — Our Singing Frosh — Can Stop Anything, Yea, Anything — Vocally.

There are Praying Colonels, Purple Hurricanes, Golden Bears, Battling Bishops, so why not Harmonious Harps? Those Freshmen boys have sung their way into the spotlight. Yes, the word is "sung." These embryo McCormacks and even pseudo Galli Gurci are listed on Frosh lineups as right tackle, fullback, etc. But on buses traveling to and from practice, and in their closed quarters (praise be to the thick walls of former Jefferson mansions) they are Agony Quartets, Sextets from Oshkosh, The Anvil Chorus or Steward Princes.

They pay tribute to "Cecelia" and disturb traffic cops as they whiz by. Their "Drink" song has sent many inebriate on East Jefferson scurrying to the Receiving hospital. They'll sing, and all the Heavens, Hells and tear gas won't stop them when they're "Knee Deep in Daisies and Head over Heels in Love."

A Formula

Take a good bass, sprinkle well with a few tenors, throw in a couple of baritone for flavor, and finally stir in a soprano (who weighs 200 pounds and who gained fame by stopping a 2-ton truck) and the result is—well, they shot Dangerous Dan McGrew.

But coaches praise singing warriors. By such mighty sounds as they emit were the walls of Jericho toppled.

"Let 'em sing," says Gus. "Interference is all right on the gridiron, but interference won't stop 'Big Bad Bill.'"

So the Freshmen sing. And between rests they murmur: "If Marquette had its Singing Hilltoppers, why can't we be Harmonious Harps?"—J. S. P.

QUARTERBACK IS AFTER "INCHES" NOT YARDAGE

Frank Mc Namara, of Pontiac is a quarterback for the Titans. As one of the team's pilots he has been taught the value of yardage—"of one yard" to quote Coach Dorais.

"Get the yards out there," warned Mr. Dorais' times innumerable during the football season. "Watch the chalk lines. Every time you fall, fall for a gain, fall for a yard. Always forward. Make yardage."

Mr. Mc Namara is one who always obeys orders. Throughout the football season, he though, spoke and dreamed in terms of yards. Yards. Yards. Yards. The yard assumed in his vision the importance and glory of the Goddess of Victory.

Recently he obtained employment as an advertising solicitor for the Michigan Councilor. The advertising manager gave him this advice: "You have one goal here; one aim. Inches are your goal, your aim. Every inch of advertising space means money for you, money for the firm, money for me."

"Get inches! Think inches, dream inches, talk inches! Remember—inches."

Mr. Mc Namara fainted.

Bill Brown, Engineer, is working for the Bell Telephone Company.