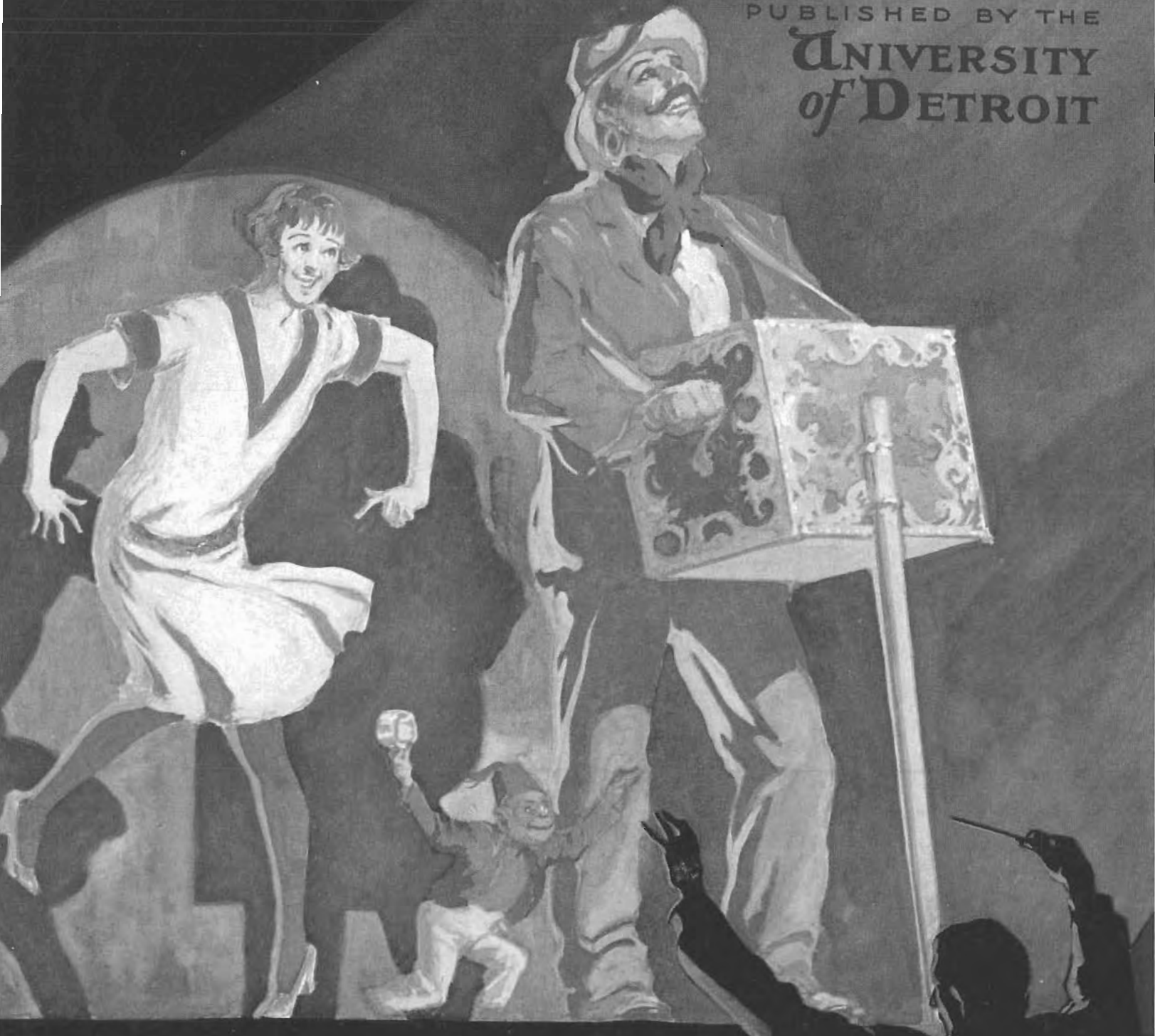


UNIVERSITY NEWS

PUBLISHED BY THE
UNIVERSITY
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MERRY AND



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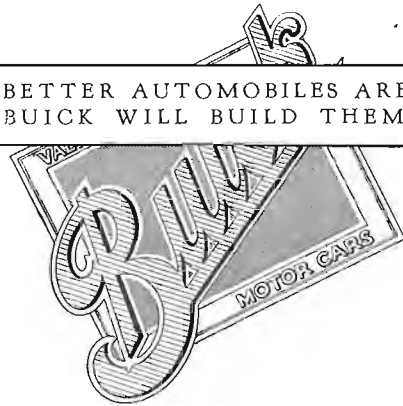


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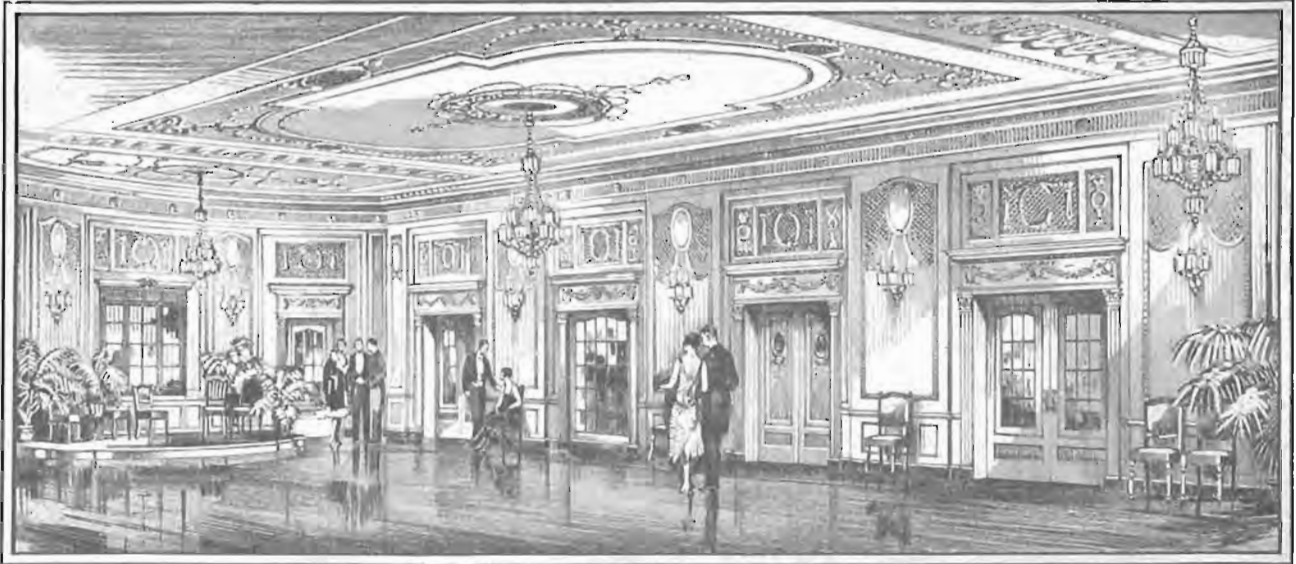
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Merry Christmas*

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THE VARSITY NEWS



"MERRY-ANN" NUMBER

Published by the University of Detroit

JOHN M. CARLISLE
Editor

HILDEGARDE RUTZEN
Associate Editor



The PRINCIPALS

On the stage, Toughie and Merry-Ann, the principals of the comedy "Merry-Ann", look just as much like a "loving couple" as they do here. Would you guess that Merry-Ann is a boy, honest-to-gosh, a boy?

The Champion of Effeminacy

When John Harwood, stage director of "Merry-Ann", looked at the book and found that it called for a petite, winsome and shy little girl to be its heroine, he was ready to give up. He tried 15 students for the part. Then along came Eric Carlson, junior in the college of Arts and Science. Judge for yourself.



Last summer, when "Merry-Ann" was in its formative period as a musical comedy, those who knew told those who were in charge: "Get yourself a male impersonator who looks like a woman. Otherwise you fail." And Eric Carlson, who wears a three and one-half size shoe, is just that! Sweet girl, Eric.



Merry Ann

HERSELF and HIMSELF

And the Song They Sing About Her

"MERRY ANN I LOVE YOU"

Lyrics by James S. Pooler

Music by Paul M. Mertz

Verse

Tales of love are old.
 Many have been told.
 They say each one is different from the rest.
 I wandered all around
 Till a little girl I found.
 I know that she is sweeter than the best.

Chorus

Merry-Ann, I love you.
 I want you for my own.
 Of all the whole world's treasures
 I long for you alone.
 Like a ray of sunshine
 Brighter every day,
 Merry-Ann, I love you
 Truly, Merry-Ann.

Hardboiled? No! Just Artistically TOUGH

By JOHN B. CROWLEY

Sophomore Journalist

HE always wanted to be a football star, this Tommy McLaughlin, but nature preferred that he should be endowed with a voice. When he was little and wanted to play football with the other boys, he couldn't because the dampness and shouting might impair the smoothness of his vocal cords. He dreamed of conquests on the gridiron—that 60 dash for a touchdown—but it was all in the land of "make believe."

At last, however, Tommy IS a football star, the idol of the campus. "Merry-Ann has given him the chance to escape from the thralldom of dreams and put into action his pent up longings.

That's why McLaughlin is Toughie; that's why he strides through the Siwash college of his dreams, the man he wanted to be. And that's why he will make real a figment of his and an author's imagination.

Do you wonder about this playmate of "Merry-Ann", the boy known as Toughie. Who is he, why he is, and all the good Journalistic W's which when answered leave the interviewed trembling in the full glare of publicity? Now we enter into the haze of mystery, for Toughie, himself, can't explain why he is.

Where he's from is easier—"Lil' ole L. A." In Tommy's quaint jargon, "L. A." stands for Los Angeles.

An Elastic Age

Tommy's age is rather elastic—anything from 18 to 60. Sometimes one wonders if even 60 is a sufficient number of years to bridge his many experiences. He has lived much. He is now a Freshman in the College of Arts and Science. Before coming to the U. of D. he was a student at Loyola College. While doing prep work there, Tom, then 16, was given the title of the "golden voiced Loyolan" by his school fellows. For the last two years he has sung for KFI and KPO, two of the largest radio stations on the west coast.

Contrasts

Tommy is one of these shy, modest chaps who are always retreating into the background. If it were not for his wonderful voice and personality one would never know he was around. Yet, when his role is that of the blustering, devil-may-care Toughie, he is capable of biting the heads off nails and rinsing his mouth with aqua fortis. No Don Quixote ever dared a windmill to knock a chip off his shoulder with half the recklessness Tom displays in the scenes in which he appears.

"I have been in a few, frivolous productions, but at last I have found a vehicle to my own taste," he says. "I never had a role I liked as well as that of Toughie. I never sang songs with so much enjoyment as those in 'Merry-Ann'. The play is certain to be a success, not because of the effort I am expending, but because of the general excellence of the book, lyrics and songs, and the fact that all the members of the cast and chorus are going to arrive as nearly at perfection as possible."

Meet the boy who came all the way from California to help make "Merry-Ann" a success.



Tom McLaughlin, young Arts and Science College student who plays the role of Toughie, singing, fighting and winning his way into the heart of fair Merry-Ann. Tom is only 18, but he has all of the stage polish and finesse of a veteran Broadway actor. Like him? Of course.

AND SO THEY SAY IT'S EASY TO REACH THIS PATHWAY TO FAME

(BLAH! BLAH!)

By PEGGY O'NEIL
of the Commercial Art Department

WE have in the English language approximately millions of words with which to express our ideas, pass the time with our friends and write love letters, but who among us will rise to say exactly how many professions a man may master if given the necessary number of weeks? One you think? Nay, nay, scholars, for though at present you may be struggling with trigonometry, psychology and philosophy in an effort to corral your A.B.'s and Ph.D.'s you will find upon perusing the advertisements of any current magazine that your time has been frittered away. You have lacked versatility and you have missed opportunities.

You wonder why I make such bold statements? Well, now and then one tires of reading how daring Danny of the Red Devil ranch won the heart of fair Sara, so I turned to the advertisements for divertimento. Lo and behold! Conclusions began to drop from type.

Why waste years studying law or attending a college of Arts and Science when all you have to do is sign the coupon, mail it and prepare for fame and fortune? Why waste years studying engineering, magic, singing, art, aviation and what not when it can be learned in the same length of time at home?

Why confine yourself to the sphere of one profession when a morning's mail will enroll you for fortune's route in everything from an executive position with the United States Steel Corporation to How to Be Your Own Plumber? Just read your magazine and stop wishing.

Let us turn to a copy of a popular monthly magazine which I have at hand.

I admit I am sold, since on page 88 Rupert Hughes is quoted as saying "genius itself must learn the machinery

of expression." Why not be a writer, I ponder, for my talent, however meager, may be taken and developed until I can write stories that tug at the heart-strings, that grip the imagination—that editors buy! If it were not possible, why is it given the indorsement of an eminent author?

Here! They would have me cultivate my musical "bump," asking if it wouldn't be fun to astonish my friends real soon by playing the latest song hits. The offer is alluring for I am promised popularity, good times, the smile of those whose smile I desire; these will be mine after a week's study. It relates the experience of a man who was actually laughed at as he sat down at the piano, but, when he started to play—Lo! A complete triumph. What more could one ask than such proof?

And boys! Your opportunities! Are you missing them?

Here I find a book containing in its 284 pages the outstanding facts of the world we live in. Imagine! Do you know—"what physical changes in your body are produced by fear?" or "what makes the noise of thunder?" These and thousands of other questions of popular interest are answered for you in this condensed college education.

"Easy to Learn!"

And electrical engineering. Have I heard someone say it takes study, hard work, and years to master. For shame! I see you may learn this profession in 12 happy weeks, including your railroad fare to Chicago, for a very nominal charge. Again, I say, you waste your time.

Would you be an aviator? Why not start at the bottom and build your own flying machine, thereby learning at the same time the principles of aviation? This seems to be a very simple achievement requiring only eight books at a total cost of \$1.50. The machines cost from \$25 up.

The Law "Racket"

And, of course, you have heard of the Skinum Law School? They offer their course to a limited number of stu- (Continued on Page 26)



What will you be?

Still, on down a column, I find an enticing offer to become a cartoonist. The only requisite is that I like to draw. Inside of two weeks I am guaranteed the ability to dash off sidesplitting cartoons. Why not? Ten thousand dollar positions are not so many, but easily acquired if one likes to draw.

Where, oh where, has this book been? I question, as I eagerly scan the pages for various ways and means to fame.

Campus Is Facing a Crises Simply Because... Wanted---NAMES

By JERRY DONOVAN
Freshman Arts and Science

THE University is facing a crisis. Or, to be more exact, the institution is up against five very noisy and active crises. The technical term "crisis" is used for lack of a definite name—and therein lies the tale. The University must give a name to each one of these "crises."

It seems that an admirer of Rev. Fr. John P. McNichols, president of the University, presented him with a thoroughbred Airedale dog. When the news of this got out, another admirer of the president gave him a mate for the dog. The custom seems to be similar to that of sending turkeys to the White House for Thanksgiving, since neither dog came by request.

On the day of the opening football game, Mr. Pearl Reese, dean of the athletic office, reported that ten dogs were blossoming where there had been but two before. This was greeted with no great interest by the football players who resided in the athletic building aside from a cursory inspection of the pups from the further side of the fence. In fact, there was so little interest shown that the dogs were allowed to go unnamed.



THE MOTHER

Weeks passed. Months passed, and still the dogs lacked a patronymic. Although their father's name was "Pat" and their mother's name was "Peggy," the eight pups had no official labels. Aside from the names hurled at the pups by the weary Titans as nocturnal howls disturbed their slumber in the dormitory [names that are quite unprintable], matters were allowed to stand as they were.

Now, however, the pups are approaching doghood. Although three of the unnamed dogs have been given away, there yet remain five to be tagged. At present

they are under a heavy handicap. Millions of dogs have gone out into the world to win honor and glory, and each one has had a name. "Give a dog a bad name," said someone, "and you might as well hang him." But nobody has attempted to predict what would happen if a dog had no name. This might be construed as cruel and unusual punishment.

Let's Christen Them

When a report of this state of affairs came to the attention of the VARSITY NEWS, immediate steps were taken to remedy the matter. As the dogs may be considered the proteges of the entire campus, it was deemed best that the whole student body should have a hand in christening them. Consequently a contest has been initiated to bestow appropriate names on the five.

There will be no prizes awarded, but the proposers of the names selected by the judges will have the honor of being established as official canisponsors.

As for the formal ceremony of conferring the names, a football player with a nautical experience and a sore recollection of a rent in his trousers suggests the breaking of an empty champagne bottle on "Pat's" prow.



THESE AIRDALE PUPPIES NEED NAMES

He Wouldn't Be a Farmer

So McIntyre Pro- moted a Musical Comedy

"MY BOY NED will make a good farmer," remarked McIntyre, the elder, himself a man of the soil, when his son received his graduating diploma from the Bad Axe, Mich., school in June, 1923.

He was sure that young Cornelius Finley McIntyre, president of his graduating class, was a born farmer, and he expressed that certainty, the desire of his heart, to his friends.

"He can do anything on the farm," he boasted enthusiastically, "and he's a remarkable organizer. He gets more out of the farm hands than I do, and that's something."

Two months later McIntyre the elder was still sure that McIntyre the younger was a born farmer. But the son was not. Then began a dispute between father and son over the latter's future.

They stood upon a small hill on the McIntyre farm one afternoon in September. Before them stretched the impressive panorama of 160 acres of the McIntyre homestead in all the glory of autumn coloring transferred from nature's inimitable palette. Over in one field lazily grazed two scores of Holstein cows; in another, a like number of thoroughbred horses. Beyond lay huge barns stored with the season's crops and a large silo packed with juicy fodder.

McIntyre the elder spoke in anger and in bitter disappointment.

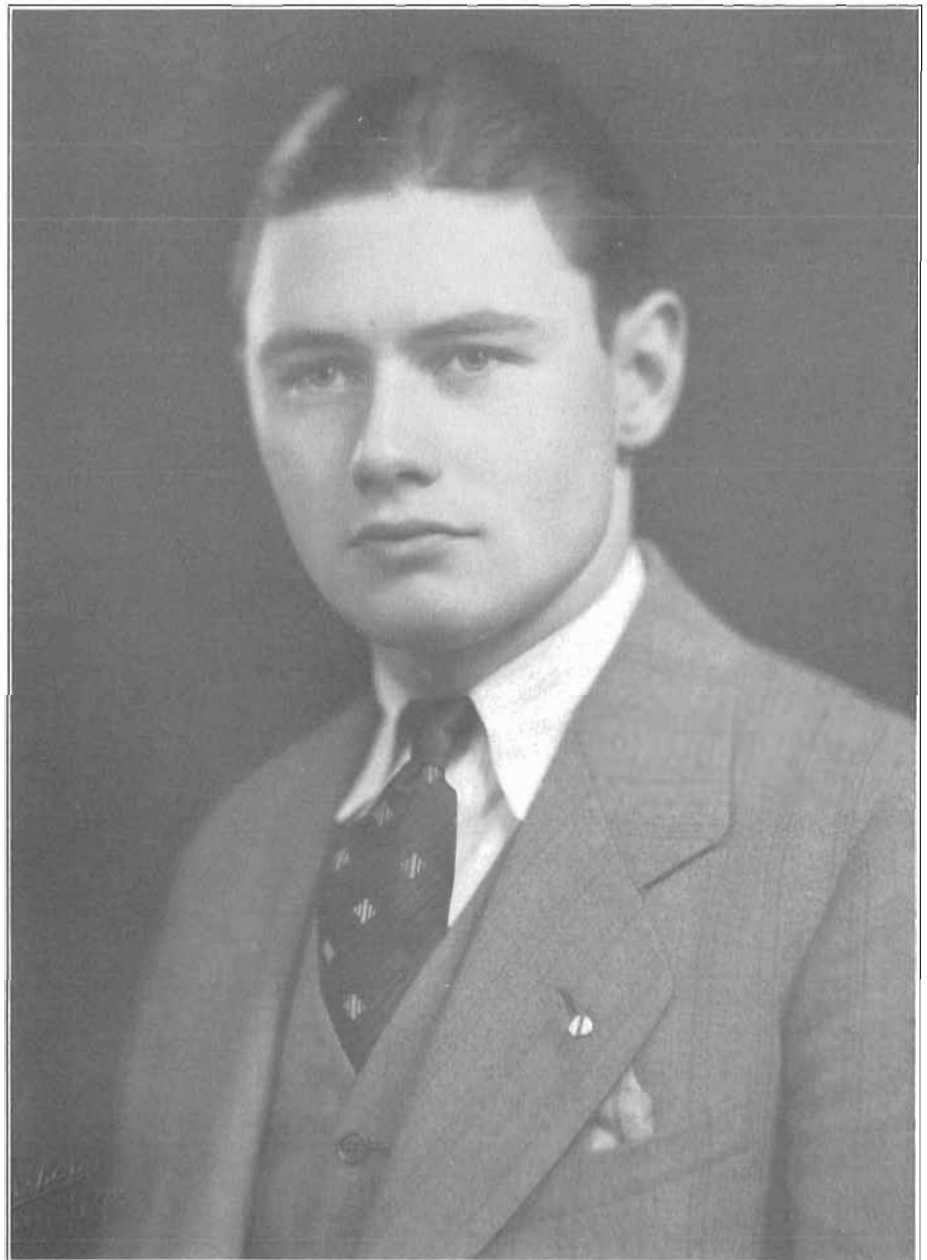
"Yours, Take It"

"Some day all of this will be yours," he said. "All that I have worked for throughout the years. Land, buildings, cattle, machinery. It is your inheritance.

"You can run this farm as you proved you could this summer, and you are going to run it. You will be able to make more out of it than I have because oh, just because. I can see that.

"You are a born farmer, boy, and you know it. Don't let a few momentary and foolish whims influence you. There is 3,000 to be made out there in your first year out of high school. Think that over! And more every year!"

There was silence for a moment. Then came the 17-year old youth's an-



CORNELIUS F. MCINTYRE

An Editor Reveals the "Inside" Best Friends Who By JOHN MAC

swer. It was not the outcome of a moment's longing; it was not accompanied by a pout of indecision. It had a tone of finality.

The Refusal

"I may have all the requirements of a good farmer, Father," the boy said, "but be one I will not. I am tired of the farm and its dull and insecure future. I wish to be a lawyer. I will be one."

Words followed. Hot, angry, tempestuous words of a parent's grief, disappointment and disapproval; concise, courageous words of a youth's determina-

tion and desire. They argued till dusk. Neither gave in. Neither conceded a point.

When the college year began a short time later, McIntyre the young enrolled at the University of Detroit and left his heritage of the soil behind.

That was four years ago.

An Opera's Fate

The achievement of a growing university's desire to produce a college opera rested in young McIntyre's decision back in 1923 on the little hill of his

(Continued on Page 53)



JAMES S. POOLER

of the Work of Two of His Have Become Great

GREGOR CARLISLE

Jim, you little devil, put down that book! Always hidin' your face in a novel and your father askin' you to drive the car now. For shame!"

"Jim, put down that book, I say. And you loafing while poor old Hughie and Mrs. Hughie are waitin'."

"Aw, let 'em wait," drawled Jim as he breathlessly sailed the seven seas with that jovial rover and master story teller, Joseph Conrad.

"Not much! Put down that book, or I'll call your father."

And at that threat Young Jim laid aside his book somewhat angrily.

"Too bad about old Hughie and Mrs. Hughie," he muttered sarcastically. "Who in Sam Hill are they that I can't read in peace?"

"Just a couple of poor old people, Mr. and Mrs. Hughie. They stay at the county poor house and they want to go to Mass. They can't go if we don't take them. Get a move on!"

So young Jim, old Jim and Mrs. Jim drove away to get old Hughie and Mrs. Hughie.

A Pathetic Picture

As the Pooler family rounded a bend in the road, they could see old Hughie

The Song of the Pauper



Pooler Heard It and Wrote a Play

and Mrs. Hughie, a pathetic couple, leaning discontentedly on the white fence of the county poor farm. Old Hughie stood there, a little grim perhaps, a little defiant perhaps, shading his eyes with a gnarled hand as he searched the road with eyes long dim for the car that was to come.

"I thought you weren't coming," he said simply. "So good of you. Me old lady got pretty tired and—" here he rambled off into extreme old age's incoherence of speech. "She's old, you know," he resumed. "Eighty. I could walk to the church—it's only two miles away—but she can't."

Mrs. Hughie nudged Mrs. Jim. "Hear me old man!" she said. "Walk two miles? Me old man's batty. He's 81 he is and he can't do it!"

"Aw, shut up," murmured old Hughie.

And then they came to their church. "No! No! No!" growled old Hughie as young Jim took a seat between the old couple.

"Jim, be careful!" warned his mother. "They always pray together, those two!"

So old Hughie and Mrs. Hughie prayed and cried and prayed and cried some more.

"We allus prayed together," old Hughie explained in that wistful way of his.

As they drove back: "How do I like it here, young 'un?" sharply rejoined old Hughie to young Jim's un-diplomatic query. "Oh, so so. Good food. Good beds. But, say, that manager is a democrat."

Young Jim was not to be put off. He recognized that he had a character before him whose life had been more tragic than any of those in Conrad's great tragedies of unattained aims.

"Yes, I'm here forever, I guess," replied old Hughie a little distantly, "but I pray to God every night and I can hear Him calling me, I can. It won't be long now."

"Hear me old man," remarked Mrs. Hughie to Mrs. Jim, "allus talkin' about 'Him callin' me,' he is. He's batty, me old man."

"But," continued Hughie, "it's my
(Continued on Page 52)



Scene in a Rehearsal of "Merry-Ann"

How to Write a Comedy

IT is too bad that musical comedies, like marriages, are not made in heaven. Still, one does not have to go to the other extreme to write them. That's some consolation. To write one all you need is a joke book published any time before the present crop of the theatre-goers sprouted, and a typewriter. I'm not bragging about my typewriter; it's a family heirloom, nevertheless it has it all over my handwriting. I also knew where I could borrow a book called "Thirty Jokes of Famous Minstrels." Thirty jokes are enough for ten musical comedies. So with the aid of a fellow who knew where he could get the loan of a piano we started "Merry-Ann". If you have a natural aversion to work, and like entertainment, try it.

There is no use going into detail about the advantages of writing musical comedies. Ask any cop. When your friends rush in to say: "Come on, we're going to a dance; it's only three dollars", you can plead that the scene in which the hero drops dead needs some life in it. If they come in to say: "Come

Author of "Merry-Ann" Gives You a Formula, But, Then, He's a Humorist

By JAMES S. POOLER
Senior Commerce and Finance

on, Daly's throwing a party at the Country Club", you can admit it's a fine place to get color, ideas or whatever Country Clubs have. Just put on your hat and a tragic air. You can get a lot of attention, too, on a sofa by being absent-minded. It's a playwright's privilege.

Now to tell you how to write a musical comedy. I haven't completed one yet, so it's easy for me to tell you now. After the critics get through with their jealous digs I'll have nothing to say, and there's no time like the present.

First and most important is to find that antique book of jokes or that book of antique jokes, whichever you prefer. Personally I'd recommend one with at least two inches of dust on it. I was very lucky (I'm referring to the book, not to what happened to Paul Mertz' automobile). The one I'm using was

compiled by a guy named Stradivarius. It belonged to my grandfather, who was a brakeman on the Union Pacific. That shows you what ancestors will do for you.

Be Sure and Get One

Next you hunt up the one native Englishman in your town and invite him over. Read part of the book to him. Every time he laughs draw a circle around the third joke back. It must be pretty good. Afterwards, read the encircled spasms to your mother. If she laughs they're knockouts. The one that my mother laughed at I've built the entire opera around. It begins:

"Once upon a time, there was a fellow . . ."

That's as far as I got when the Englishman broke down and said:

"Haw! Haw! That's a good one."

And I know now that the critics will break down and cry on one another's shoulders when they hear it. That is, if they don't owe one another money.

Being the True Story of When a Professor Was Arrested

By R. A. MUTTOWSKI

Professor of Biology



ALL this happened some years ago. At the time I was connected with the Public Museum of the city of Milwaukee in the capacity of a scientific assistant. In general, my duties were those of a bug-hunter—a menace to the things that creep and crawl and fly.

One of the favorite methods of collecting insects, and particularly moths, was to "sugar" for them at night. For "sugaring" one took stale beer, added plenty of sugar to make a thin syrup and a dash of Jamaica rum—yes, yes, it was sinful waste, but you know how it was in those carefree days! This mess was brushed on the trees just before dark. After an hour's wait one made the promenade with a lantern and cyanide bottles. Many rare and choice specimens were attracted to the sweets and the flickering light would show them quaffing away with all the vigor and earnestness of a present-day flapper.

That was the favorite method of collecting. Another was to go to the bright lights, the more elevated, the better, since they drew insects from wider areas. There, by the skillful use of an agile net, other fine specimens could be captured.

Near my home—in fact, it formed part of my backyard—was Kilbourne Park and Reservoir Hill. The latter contained the basin with the reserve water supply, which meant sufficient water to drown a hundred thousand people in comfort. This, with its lofty lights, overtopping northern Milwaukee by two hundred feet or more, naturally was a favorite collecting place, and many a fine evening was spent around the lights picking up choice specimens or capturing them on the wing. Until one balmy June night—

"Wottell are you doing there, young feller?" demanded a voice.

I turned. It was the voice of the Law. That is, it was a man in the uniform of one of the Park Police. The chap was unknown to me, some new man, no doubt.

He repeated the question.

"Catching moths," I answered.

"Catching—what?"

"Catching—." Just then I spied a rare flier and went after him with my net. A few twists, a sprint or two—I had him.

(Advance advice to U. of D. students: Try this one some time, but not at the U. of D.)

PROF. to student, who has failed in a written test: "On two of these questions you wrote scarcely a word. Why?"

Stude: "I didn't have any notes on that matter."

Prof: "No notes? Why not? Didn't you take any notes in class? Or were you absent?"

Stude: "No, I was there all right."

Prof: "Perhaps you consider yourself superior to taking notes?"

Stude: "Well, no, Prof. You see it's like this. What you said was so fascinating and interesting that I just forgot all about taking notes."

Prof: (trying hard to assimilate that one): "Say—listen, young fellow—er—. No, I've nothing more to say. I'd just love to believe your wonderful alibi,—but—. Never mind; you win—this time!"

"Got him," I remarked with satisfaction.

"You cut that out!" said the officer.

"Huh! Why should I?"

"Don't get gay with me! You got no business up here—"

"Of course I have business here. Collecting is my business. Further," I insisted, "I am just as much a city employee as you. I work for the city and keep the bugs from getting the humans, while you work for the city and keep humans from getting buggy."

—"Don't Get Fresh!"—

This very smart explanation was distinctly not appreciated. Too deep for the limb of the law, no doubt.

"Huh! Don't get fresh with me, young feller! Anyway, you stop fooling around these here lights!"

"Nothing doing," was my emphatic answer. "I'm going to get moths here any time and as often as I want—"

Well, perhaps this emphasis was a bit thoughtless and undiplomatic. It won't do to argue with the Law. If I didn't know that before, I learned it right then and there.

"That's enough from you, young feller! You come along with me. See how you feel after a night in jail!"

Arrested! Horrors, shivers, and quivers! Now I was in for it! What an awful invitation! Sad to say it was one that I couldn't refuse. The fact is, the invitation was rather pressing. To tell the truth, the officer had me by the collar and was pushing me toward the pump-house. Also, he was waving a persuasive club and prodding me with it to test the strength of my ribs.

The pump-house was a square structure in which the phone, nets, hooks, implements, boats, etc., and the beds of the watchmen were kept. It was never a cheerful place, but now it seemed more cheerless to me than ever. As we moved toward this structure I felt that I must say something and say it quickly and earnestly.

"Now look here, officer!" I managed to squeeze out. "I have a right to be here and do things. I'm just as much a city employee as you are. Fact is, the Park Superintendent, Mr. Carpenter, is my friend and wants me to do things like catching bugs. You just call him up and see if that isn't true!"

He stopped.

"Mr. Carpenter? Sure you know him?"

"Very sure. Only yesterday we were visiting various parks, planning a crusade against the tussock moths."

"Hm!" Thus the Law cogitated. My appeal must have moved him, for he said: "All right. Get him on the phone."

—Out of Town—

Eagerly I called Mr. Carpenter's number. Alas, Mr. Carpenter was out! Out of town! Gone to Chicago. Would be back tomorrow!

"Out of luck, young fellow. You let me call up the station!"

Horrors! Visions of more of them! Oi's and yoi's! But I had possession of the phone and held it. Oh, for an inspiration! Cudgeling of a stricken brain! Ah!

"What about my calling up Mr. Ward, the Director of the Public Museum?"

The officer shrugged a careless shoulder.

"Go ahead, if it will do you any good."

Mr. Ward's house: "Mr. Ward's gone out for dinner." "Where?" "To some friend's." "What friend?" "Oh, yes; very important!" "Don't know for sure?" (Darn those maids! They never understand when you want them to. And of course, the opposite holds true, also!) — Certainly, important!" (It meant the difference between a peaceful night at home and one in—oh well!) "Mr. Ward left a number? Fine. The

(Continued on Page 45)

BEAUTEOUS face, perfect moulding of delicate physique, grace of movement, the guilelessness of innocent childhood combined with the nascent sophistication of adolescence—all these qualities, it has been decided, must be embodied in Merry-Ann, heroine of the Union Opera.

John Harwood, professional stage director of the musical comedy, and the casting committee headed by Charles Fink, were appointed to find the paragon.

There were many who aspired to be Merry-Anns — stunning brunettes, with dark and melancholy eyes, brown-haired applicants with merry smiles and twinkling eyes; auburn-haired, titian-locked, red-headed firebrands with blue eyes and milky skin, but none of them would do.

Blondes love gentlemen, the corollary of the "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and as this was a characteristic with which the book had endowed Merry-Ann, of a necessity her counterfeit must be a blonde. This and his possession of all the other attrib-



"Step in Closer, Gentlemen!"

—Scene in "Merry-Ann"

Why Merry-Ann

By HILDEGARDE RUTZEN

utes of exquisite femininity narrowed the choice down to Eric Carlson, a Junior in the College of Arts and Science.

Some brunettes protested, especially Co-eds, but when it was learned that Eric wore a No. 3 shoe, a great hush fell.

Besides his physical suitability for the title role, Eric had the advantage of stage experience. While attending the Port Arthur, Ont., Collegiate Institute, he had taken part in such plays as "Snow White" and the "Seven Dwarfs."

"And ever since they've called me 'Tiny'."

In Detroit he has been associated with the Finnish Educational Club, and has played leading parts in its dramatic productions.

Thomas McLaughlin, a special student in the College of Arts and Science, is Merry-Ann's boy friend Toughie, also a blonde, sings to her with laughing eyes and persuasive manner in a thrilling deep, clear voice. Mr. McLaughlin has been with the San Carlos Opera company for two seasons and he broadcast for five years from radio station KFI, Los Angeles.

The role of Wee Willie, staunch friend of Toughie, is taken by Edward Hinckley, a Junior in the Day School of Commerce and Finance, with sparkling brown eyes and a dynamic enthusiasm who gives



MYLES McMILLAN
as "Joe Swindle"



"I'll Give You a Redskin!"

—Scene in "Merry-Ann"

is a Blonde

Senior Commerce and Finance

a witty interpretation of the "tough" boy. He played several leading parts in plays staged by Erie, Pa., high school.

James Bellaimy, a Sophomore in the School of Commerce and Finance, plays Big Bertha. Dark, tall and slender, he gives a most amusing impersonation. Wee Willie and Big Bertha are an ardent student couple, especially when Big Bertha clasps Wee Willie somewhere around the neck and looks down with fiery passion into his eyes while he sings to her "I've Waited for This" in a dulcet tenor.

Buck Ingersoll, the dangerous rival of Toughie, is played by handsome LaVerne LaSeau, of the College of Arts and Science. Polished, sophisticated, fascinating college boy, son of a wealthy philanthropist, Buck is given a brilliant reproduction.

The other principals in the cast are James Monaghan, Ralph Heidenreich, Angus McIntosh, Myles McMillan, Bernard Ackerman, Meredith Rice, Daniel Horgan, Philip Schaefer, William Purvis, Clifford Tyrell, Bernard Monaghan, Leonard Lebarge, Myles Manion, Maurice Kelley, John Shea and Burchard Hungerford.

A chorus of 36, of whom 12 are supposedly girls and 24 veritably men, gives a background to the principals of much color and life, with rollicking songs, exuberant dancing and lovely costumes.

The opera has two acts of ten scenes for which have been composed eighteen songs, the most catchy of which are "Merry-Ann," "Merry-Go-Round," "Delishious Eyes," "Teach Me," "Park Nights" and "I Don't Believe in Wishing."

The costumes are furnished by Brooks, of New York, and Hirschfield of Detroit. Scallen is in charge of the costuming, which require three different changes. Sport clothes are worn in the opening scene, then afternoon clothes, and at the last, evening dress. Merry-Ann appears in a striking, white creation. Many lovely color effects are employed throughout the opera, especially in the beginning of the second act, in which the effect of a hurricane is produced with Paul Mertz playing his original composition "Hurricane."

James Silas Pooler, a Senior in the School of Commerce and Finance, wrote the book and lyrics. He has long enjoyed a reputation as a humorous writer, and he has given of his best in making "Merry-Ann" an exceptionally amusing comedy.



LEVERNE LASEAU
as "Buck"

They Were a Wild Crowd

These Merry Andrews

By JERRY DONOVAN

Freshman Arts and Science

AS I trudged up the fourth flight of stairs, the sounds of a mortal struggle reached my ears—thuds, thumps, scuffling, hoarse breathing, horse laughing and a multitude of other weird noises. A second Civil War was in progress. At least, there was a grim struggle to maintain the Union (Opera, of course). The daily rehearsal of "Merry-Ann" was in full blast.

At a signal from the dancing coach, the chorus men threw off their coats and crowded out to the middle of the stage. Several substitutes, left on the bench, eyed them enviously.

"Well, Jake, I guess we don't get into scrimmage today," said one.

"Nope, I guess not," was the disconsolate reply.

"Are you ready, men?" shouted the coach. "All right, Piano, let's go there."

Thereupon, 60 men, 30 of whom were ladies, dashed through a snappy signal drill. Line buck, quarterback sneak, punt formation, single, double and triple tandem plays followed one another with dazing rapidity. This, I was told, was the "ballet ensemble."

Suddenly a figure in the middle row collapsed with a low moan. Immediately the actors grouped around him (or her, as the case may be) and a water boy dashed out from the side-lines with a pail and sponge.

"What's the matter here? Who's out?" The coach ploughed his way to the center of the crowd, then he emitted a loud yell.

"Good night! Simpkins laid up with a Charley Horse. What luck! Well, drag him over to the bench and I'll get somebody else. Here—Smith, no—Brown, take his place in there. Here's your chance, boy. If you can dance like you say you can, I'll make you a regular."

More Collapse

The dancing practice went on. Again and again somebody collapsed and was dragged off the stage. The line of substitutes on the bench was getting smaller and smaller while the pile of injured regulars over in the corner was growing

larger each moment. In the mighty work of building "Merry-Ann" into a successful opera, men were mere fodder; the weaklings got no chance to redeem themselves.

Finally the whistle blew, and the weary choristers dragged themselves to the bench. Next came the rehearsal of some of the leading roles. "Merry-Ann" was the first to appear. She (he) walked from the right wing into the back fly, and fluttered around.

"Good heavens," moaned the director, "don't walk across the stage as if you had a 75-lb bag of cement on your shoulder. Walk *gracefully*. Do you get me? *GRACEFULLY!* Look at that fellow over there, the one with the gray vest. See how he walks. That boy's a wonder. Call him over here. I want to ask him how he does it."

The victim of the director's wrath gazed enviously upon his fellow thespian, who came forward fairly writhing his whole body and moving arms, legs, shoulders, all simultaneously. In fact, he represented a true-to-life picture of a petite flapper walking across a muddy street in a 16-inch skirt.

"Say, boy," queried the director, "How did you learn to walk like a girl. Show this dub how to do it."

The boy in the gray vest blushed profusely, stammered, then replied:

"It's the cold weather, sir. You see, I put on my winter flannels for the first time today, and the darn things itch like —! I gotta keep scratchin' all the time."

An uproar was heard off stage, and the director wanted to know "what the blankety-blank was all the noise about in there?"

"Hey, Merry-Ann," he yelled, "drown that racket. What the deuce is the matter?"

"Some son-of-a-gun has gone and swiped the cigar I laid on the chair while I was rehearsin'," was the answer in a falsetto voice, "and if I find the guy that did it, I'll knock him for a row of Siamese hardware stores."

"Oh, shut up!" came a deep, masculine growl, "The director is smoking that

piece of Manila himself. He's the one that swiped it."

The next part to be rehearsed was that of the Irish cop.

"All right, now, Schnitzelhoffer," instructed the director. "You are supposed to be an extremely Irish cop. Get me? Come on, now, talk with a thick brogue."

Schnitzelhoffer walked to midstage flat-footed. So far, so good. He opened his mouth.

"Vat do you vant a gop for?" he queried of an imaginary companion, "Somebotty dolt me dod you wanted a cop ub here."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" screamed the despairing director. "Where's that Irish brogue you had last time? You were fine yesterday, but you are horrible today. What's the matter with your tongue?"

"Dot vas no progue, yusterday, Mister Tirector. Dot vas a blug of Peechnud Dobacco I hat in my mouth."

"Well, haven't you got any chewing tobacco today?"

"Ach Himmel! No. It make me sick."

"Well, tear up some scraps of paper and try that."

So the dual-natured cop tore up the Want Ad section of the daily paper and made a suitable plug of it.

"Shure now, sor, and I'm ready to shpake my piece."

"Alright then,—shoot."

"An' phwat did ye be wantin' a cop fur, now? Shure, and some shpalpeen comes to me and sez thot ye wuz needin' th' arrum av th' law in here."

"That was fine, Schnitzelhoffer. If you don't swallow that paper you will make a fine Irishman. Add the Sporting section to those Want Ads and you will be a better Mick than ever came over from the Old Country. That's a good example of the power of the Press for you, boys.—Well, I guess that will be all for today. See you tomorrow at three sharp."



"Ride 'Em Cowboys!" They Said in This Rehearsal

Weighing Yourself Into The Future

By AMELLA FRIEDL
Freshman Commerce and Finance

WOMEN OF THE world over are noted for their originality and ingenuity, yet a recent discovery of the girls of the U. of D. has surpassed by far anything and everything that has ever been or ever will be brought to the public notice by a person of either sex. Despite Prof. Luyckx' belief that women are merely a necessary evil on earth, I am willing to wager that none but a woman would ever have thought of this new and novel way of relieving one's mind of the necessity of worrying about the future.

With the coming and going of the mid-Semesters, more than one student has paused to ask himself: "Just why am I in college? What do I intend to be afterward? Wonder what the future has in store for me."

Many minds will be relieved and much anxiety for the future will be quieted when I tell you that, at last, everyone can have his future decided for him by just stepping on a weight machine in

any five-and-ten cent store. "Us girls" had such a good time with our fortunes that we're passing them on to you, in case you yourself are unable to get a future of your own.

Hildegarde Rutzen was the first to seek the favor of the white enameled seeress. Her card read: "Of wide interests and an observing nature, you are a well rounded type. Keep your personal opinions to yourself." Hildegarde is "well rounded" all right. I might even call her "pleasingly plump" but that she might come back at me by saying that the last sentence of her fortune was meant for me.

Kay Forgey was told that "You can be charming and agreeable when you want to be. This means success in your life work." No, Kay does not intend to be a saleslady or a flirt.

When Anita Schultz's card was read, she was a wee bit disappointed. Here's what it said: "You have a keen mind well adapted to details. Have you ever thought of being a civil engineer?" It wasn't the card so much, but rather what Hildegarde said about it, that made her peeved. Said Hildegarde to Anita: "There are just loads of civil engineers graduating from college. What we need now is not civil engineers but civil conductors." She has a friend who steers a street car.

Elsa Freeman was delighted with "You have traveled much in the past; do likewise in the future." You see, she really has traveled—in imagination, at least. She was in Roumania last year and met Queen Marie. Rather lucky for her, wasn't it, that the queen just happened to be visiting in Roumania the same time she was! Seriously, though, I wonder why Marie travels so much! Did you ever see a picture of the King? I may be wrong now, I may.

Entertainment, Says the Campus Observer, is the SPEEDOMETER of YOUTH

By PAUL A. GRIFFITHS
Senior Arts and Science



HERE is an opinion that what is demanded most by the well-known younger generation is amusement, entertainment, and that this amusement or entertainment must be of the "high-powered" sort. By "high-powered" amusement would appear to be meant activity productive of an intense degree of excitement and involving a deal of nervous stimulation. Those people who insist that this is a marked tendency of the times, are inclined to decry, quite reasonably, such a state of affairs, and loudly bemoan the "good old days" when simple and innocent joys were the order of recreational hours. The cocktail swizzling youth, the speedometer of whose "sport job" never registers less than forty-five miles an hour, and his ilk, have wandered far from the path indicated in the true regimen of life, according to these diagnosticians.

If this tendency were as truly manifest as their assertions tend to show, then, unquestionably their conclusions would likewise be true. But, from experience, the writer is inclined to deny that the taste for simple things has disappeared so entirely from the souls of the modern youth. He sees them daily, and has so seen them for several years, in a place in which they are at their best or their worst. This place is the classroom, where numbers of young people known under the more specific name of student—although why, it must be confessed, is unknown—occasionally flock, nominally in search of knowledge, but really and more ostensibly in quest of entertainment. It must be, they argue, a place of relaxation, for it is seldom that anything more worth-while can be gained there. Of course, one can, and some do make hard work of it, but why bother? It's all there in the book, anyhow, if one has a book.

Here, therefore, the writer has felt, is the ideal place for the study of the subject. And, as above stated, he has, after a thorough study of his specimens and an exhaustive survey of his accumulated data, arrived at a conclusion differing from that of most of the investigators. However, all he wishes to make clear is that under certain circumstances, which the reader may accept or not as pointed out, much as he or she pleases, young men and young women do enjoy simple pleasures.

To list a few examples in a space that

is too small for lengthy discussion, the writer noted especially the case of one youth, of wealthy parentage, who might easily have extended all his desire in one of the complicated pursuits, and instead elected to spend an hour tacking signs on the backs of the students seated in front of him, reaping a huge harvest of merriment. The signs bore quaint little mottoes, indicative of budding talent, such as "Kick me." It was here, as in other instances, noteworthy that not only did the active pleasure seeker derive entertainment, but also, all those about needed only to watch to be immensely delighted. The victims themselves, in the row ahead, were amusing themselves in other ways.

Two girls managed to eke out sixty minutes of their existence pleasantly by tying together the ends of a string, and allowing one to place it in a rather complex fashion on her hands, whence it was deftly removed by the other "student," upon whose hands, in turn, it was shaped in a different pattern. This may sound like a very difficult and puzzling game, but once learned it is very simple, and it involves absolutely no

nervous strain whatsoever. It is the author's regret that he was unable to recall the name of the game, though familiar with it in boyhood.

Sketching the faces of pretty girls was the pastime of a football player. Albeit some may argue that this is no good sign, at least it cannot be denied that it is harmless enough in itself. It is quite a common recreation, by the way, and second in interest only to carving, which is practiced on the walls and all articles of furniture which may be handy by those who are skilled in the art, and by some who aren't.

Another well known means of enjoyment is the one practiced by those who have an extraordinarily smooth and voluminous flow of words. They seize upon some remark passed by the professor, and proceed to dilate upon it, apropos nothing whatever. Usually a gifted student can demolish a half-hour by this method, especially if he has the instructor well under control. It is never in itself amusing to the other hedonists, but they avail themselves of it, all of them, to please their fancy in some other way.

THE PATHWAY TO FAME

(Continued from Page 16)

dents for a short time. Ninety days to the bar.

Are any of you fistically inclined? Here is the astonishing news that weaklings have been made strong and courageous by a nationally known school of the fistic art. Develops champions by mail, it is said. Might be worth a chance.

What could be more thrilling than working as a detective? Experience is absolutely unnecessary, in fact more of a drawback than otherwise. This might be a good thing to look into for someone who cannot decide just exactly what he is fitted for.

On this page, the admonition! "Don't envy the plumber—be one!" There! Have you been looking for a chance to outdo your family plumber? This seems to be it. As a matter of fact anyone making less than \$60 a week is urged to investigate.

What is this? Astonish your friends! Gain that magnetic popularity that makes you the center of any crowd! Business and social success assured the man who can perform mystifying tricks!

Magic! Who will say he does not wish to astonish his friends? Here you have the secret!

Who would be nicer as an employer than your Uncle Sam? You could travel for him as a postal clerk with the assurance of steady work and paid vacations. How many will jump at this chance!

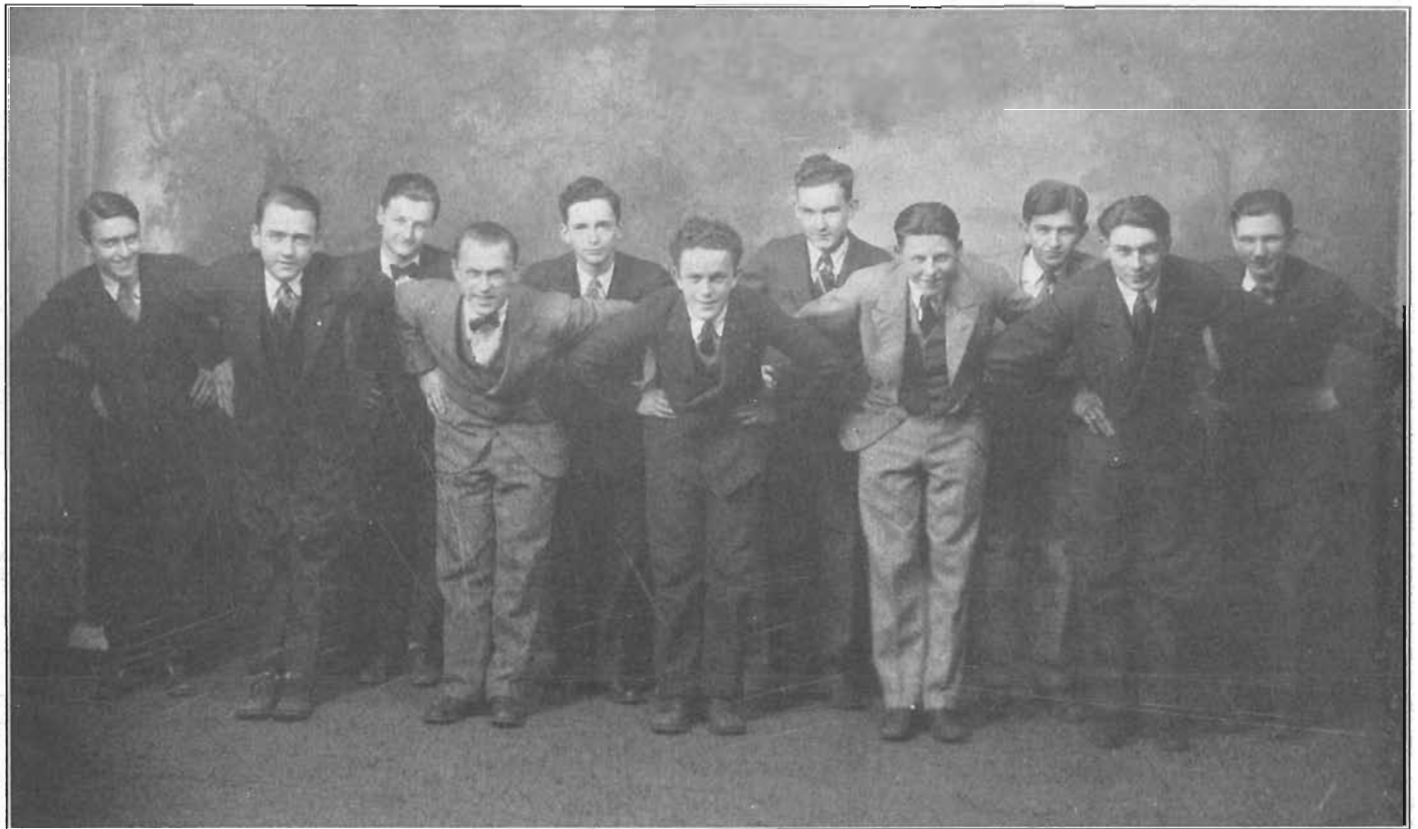
If you ever aspire to earn \$10,000 a year or more I would advise you to send for a current magazine advertised on page 100. If what they say is true, every really great man for the last 50 years has graduated from their school.

I am nearing the end—and find—a musical instrument capable of being mastered in 24 hours! The musical saw! A saw will be loaned you for five days and, if you are not satisfied, return it. Could anything be more fair?

Again, I say, I fear we are not making the most of our opportunities, but I shall not be numbered among the negligent ones very long for I have already written for a salary-raising volume free to every ambitious man, woman and child; a few weeks—then bigger pay.

Yours for success!

A Study in Make-up



The "girls" of the "Merry-Ann" chorus are shown above. In one group they are "as is" in campus life. In the other, they are bona fide girls, and passingly fair at that, of the chorus.

Things Happen "Back Stage" According to The Confessions of a Football Manager

By PAUL C. MORRISSEY

Senior Arts and Science



SEE that little fellow sitting down there on the bench next to the coach? Well? that's the manager. What a snap he's got. Doesn't even have to carry the water bucket out on the field, but makes one of his poor assistants do it. Some soft job! Look! He's writing something in a book. Bet it's the number of dates he has for tonight or maybe "Fifteen Minutes a Day." Too bad Bob got hurt just then. Can you beat it? Old Lazy Bones down there on the bench is taking him to the dressing room. Say, Jim, I'd give anything to take things as easy as he does."

That is a spectator's idea of the position of a Student Manager of Football. That it is inaccurate may be shown by resort to a chronological record of my worries and hardships, my persecutions and threatened assassination.

Early in February of last year, I applied for the position of Assistant Student Manager of Football. Harry "Doc" Crowley told me that I was somewhat small for the work involved and that I would have plenty, yes, plenty to do. The candidates would soon report for the Spring Football workouts, I was told, and I was to be property manager for the ensuing six weeks of practice.

Seventy men came out for the sessions. That meant seventy prayers, entreaties, and demands to be listened to in the space of ten minutes. Imagine this:

"Say, you little piece of dirt, what in the name of all that's good and holy did you do with my shoulder pads? Can't you leave anything in its place. Some manager, you are. When McGowan was here, we didn't have to turn ourselves inside out looking for our stuff."

"Hey, Morrissey, I lost my sock."

Paul, dear, will you see to it that I have two sweat shirts in my uniform hereafter. Its peculiar how the early spring winds chill one so."

"Ho, Mr. Manager, do you have any inner soles?"

"Do you mean to call that a sanitary shirt? Why it wouldn't fit my baby sister."

"Towel for an athlete, please."

"Sew These Pants!"

"Come here, you big boob. I thought I told you to sew up these pants for me. I couldn't go out yesterday because they had a big rip in them, and now you hold up the works today."

"Hey, some soap!" "How in—do you expect me to walk around in these brogans?"

"The next time I have to ask you for an elastic knee pad you'll wish you weren't here."

"Say, Morrissey, don't bother looking for those shoulder pads. I found them in one of the legs of my pants."

"Say, you lazy stiff, why didn't you pound that nail out of my shoe?"

Quiet reigned in the dressing room while the players were out on the field, then a repetition of the orders and questions upon their return.

Six weeks of this and my apprenticeship were nearly completed. Then spring practice game on Codd field. How many times, did I wish I were bigger during that game! I had to be policeman, timekeeper and water boy simultaneously. Frequently spectators threatened to make me look as if I had played in a football game in which only fists and shoes were used.

For three days after the uniforms had been taken in, the Scrub team continued to hold its sessions. I was the Scrub team. I cleaned and oiled shoes, dusted pants, shellacked head-gears and shoulder pads, and reduced an eight inch pencil to a two inch one in making a tag for each piece of equipment so that there would be no confusion in the Fall.

Glorious News

Then, glorious news! I was the new Student Manager. On August 28, I returned to Detroit and began my preparations for a most enjoyable year. I hadn't grown any taller or heavier. My good friend and fellow townsman, William Leitenberger, helped me prepare for the camp sessions of two weeks duration. What a two weeks! Camp Ozanam has fine air, a wonderful view of the lake, excellent meals. Nice quiet place for a good rest, except for one thing. Bedbugs. Sociable ones. I worked all day and sat up and swated all night until I found one good place to rest. The rubbing table was so odorous from the liniment spilled upon it that no bedbug would park on it. I found that the hard table was very fine as long as one laid down; but as soon as one tried to get up—Stiff? It took an hour of Calisthenics to straighten my limbs. The players had contests to see who could kill the most. Mr. Dorais had requested that I take a box of chalk along for the blackboard drills. Four days after our arrival, there was an empty box. I found many pieces beside each player's bed and quite a few marks on the bedsteads. Each mark represented a dead bug. I had to take up a new profession, that of official Bedbug exterminator. I used every spray and powder to be found in the drug stores. Then most of us migrated to the beach. We had peace thence forward.

Then came the Freshmen. Not 50 as I had anticipated, but 85 of them, each shouting at the top of his voice for a uniform and ridiculing the management. Eighty-five former high school seniors who were about to make their entrance into the ranks of college players. Forty-five who were already in the ranks. One hundred and thirty players and

one manager! One hundred and thirty players shouting:

"Hey, get number 7, and don't forget my shoulder pads."

"How about a couple of passes for Saturday's game, huh?"

"Call that a towel. I said towel, that's what I said."

"See here, you may be manager, but that's all."

"Why don't we have a decent manager?"

"I need a sanitary shirt, right now. Do I get it."

"Paul, will you kindly see to it that these towels are washed with more care from now on." Somehow I tried to put a word or two in between these requests. Invariably a towel, very, very wet, or a sock, wetter, ended its journey around my neck or in my face. Then relief, the two squads were cut and two assistants were appointed.

Games came and went. Usually I worked a goodly portion of Friday evening getting things in readiness for next day's game and thus had lost a few pounds before taking up my position on the bench. The water bucket job was and is relegated to assistants. The book referred to contains more valuable information than a volume of history. The playing time of each member of the squad must be recorded after every game, and for such purposes I had to use a stop-watch. In one of the games, I compared my time with that of the timekeeper, and what a difference! The official's watch showed 13 minutes; mine 4. I took his word for it. Luckily there were no substitutions in the interim, otherwise my record would have been very wrong.

Soft Job? Nay!

It's a very soft job, putting the property room in order after a game? Takes only a short time say the wise ones, but many a spectator was enjoying his evening meal before I left the stadium after a game.

Another duty of mine was that of stadium policeman. On Saturday, when there was a big crowd, there were plenty of officers, but on the average week day I had my troubles. If I ever have to perform another duty like this, I believe I shall take a few boxing lessons beforehand. I shall be able to ward off certain slaughter at any rate.

On the final Saturday night in November, I closed the property room door for the last time and took one last longing look at Dinar Field. The moon was well on its way across the heavens. The stands were empty. In my short meditation, the question presented itself, "Would I do it again?" And like Poe's Raven, I managed to whisper, "Nevermore," with the accent on the last syllable.

These Wise Old Owls

By Vivian Mahoney

THE Wise Old Owl settles himself upon the bough of his favorite tree and winks and blinks and occasionally emits a "Hoo! Hoo-oo!"

Wise old owls sit in class blinking solemnly when they are awake and making now and then equally intelligible noises. The other day, the professor called on one of these.

"What are the bases of credit?"

The wise old owl had been day-dreaming. At the sound of his name, he jerked himself into a position of attention, and, to gain time while assembling his wits, exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, Sir!"

Some of these featherless owls specialize in politeness. Maybe it is a natural quality; maybe it is cultivated in the hope that it will cover a multitude of deficiencies.

"What in the world are you always dreaming about?" the professor inquires. "It is very provoking to have to repeat every question." Then, more loudly:

"What are the bases of credit?"

The student wrinkled his brow, twitched his head awry, assumed an expression of preternatural solemnity, and answered:

"Oh, I know! The 'three C's,' yes, just a moment now. Character (that's right. You must be honest if you want to borrow some money;) capital, and—what is the other one? Ogee! I forget."

By this time the professor had called on another, and the Senior (why of course it was a Senior; who else could be so owlsh), readjusted himself for another nap, quite contented with knowing two of the "C's" and quite confident that the third was unimportant.

There must be something that raises Seniors in their own estimation to a superior plane from which they view with disdain information that the humble members of the lower classes regard as essentials of immeasurable consequence. Let me guess what it may be.

You have seen, perhaps, white rolls a foot or so long and some inches in circumference. A boy who had graduated from High School told me the other day that he was going to get his out and take a look at it. . . . He wanted to be sure that his name was written legibly upon it.

Usually they tie pretty ribbons on these rolls and pack them away in their trunks, though not a few prefer to have frames fitted around them and to hang them on walls in the hope that everybody will look at them and be wonderfully impressed. These objects bear the awesome designation "Diplomas."

Is it not because itching Senior fingers feel these precious rolls almost within their grasp that they have grown contemptuous of their juniors, nay, even of their professors, and they look far wiser than anybody can be?

Have patience, ye Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen! Soon these sapient birds will relinquish their seats of glory, will cease their domineering, and you, in your turn will have your chance to be wise old owls.

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Introducing Messrs. Bellaimy and Hinckley---

Humor's Romping Twins

By WILLIAM P. GODFREY
Junior Arts and Science



ANY and famous are the teams which have capered gaily before the footlights of theatrical houses, and many and notable are the successes scored by them. Performers who would perhaps be dismal failures if working alone habitually "turn them away" when billed together. In the two-a-day," the musical comedy, and even in the legitimate theatre, these comedians and comedienne "strut their stuff" with remarkable harmony and congeniality.

When the brilliant flashing electric sign before the opera house bears the legend that Weber and Fields, Van and Schenk, the Howard Brothers, or Sissle and Blake are coming to town in the near future, every night at the box office there is sure to be a welcoming committee on hand. All this is as it should be, and therefore we should be terribly pained were anyone, after perusing what we shall have to say, to impute to us the intention of derogating in any way from the capabilities of these professional teams.

Nevertheless, we do not fear that we will be accused of overconfidence or superoptimism if we venture the prediction that the collegiate team of Hinckley and Bellaimey, comedy stars par excellence of "Merry-Ann," would make many a footlights favorite grab frantically for his laurels were they persuaded to take the road that leads to Broadway. Such a statement might perhaps cause shouts of indignant protest from the conservative section of the house, but the old "gag," "seein' is believin'," holds good here too. And not only seeing but hearing will confirm the truth of our apparently sensational assertion.

Eddie Hinckley and Jimmy Bellaimey carry the burden of the slapstick, and carry it as befits good comedians. Those who are fortunate enough to witness a performance of "Merry-Ann" will, as the opera unfolds itself before them, follow with side splitting amusement the inimitable adventures of Big Boitha and Wee Willie. The role of Big Boitha, a girl of rather loose ideas of the conventions, is played by Bellaimey, while Wee Willie, a boy of lofty aspirations, is known in polite circles as Eddie Hinckley.

Proportions—Ah!

Boitha's lengthy proportions would of themselves break up a gathering of Quakers, but when she opens her Cupid's bow of a mouth and starts to speak, even an Englishman would explode in loud guffaws. The sweet young thing presents a striking analogy to an animated comic strip. The adjective modifying analogy above carries, as you will observe—if you buy a ticket to the show, a two-fold meaning. But to grasp the significance of the term you must witness the "big gun" in action. Willie has plenty of opportunities to realize its significance during the scenes in which they appear. Suffice it to say that even the etiquette of the Bolshevik would never sanction the way in which Big

Boitha handles Wee Willie. However, being one of these here powerful footballers, Willie is hardened to the kid glove treatment of his playful consort, and absorbs his punishment good naturedly.

Critics with a keen discernment of the comical are undecided as to which of Boitha's antics will provoke the longest cachinnations. One connoisseur who can detect something funny fifty miles away, maintains that her voice, which he likens to the rasp of a hinge or the whine of a Bowery maid, wins the tissue paper fountain pen for sheer ridiculousness.

Another critic, whose nose, through constant scenting for things humorous, has assumed a humorous twist, holds with clamorous insistence that the sight of Boitha and Willie gyrating in the convulsions of the latest fox-trot is sufficient reason to elevate comedy of the horseplay type to a niche among the fine arts.

(Continued on Page 52)



JAMES BELLAIMEY



EDWARD HINCKLEY

A Portrait in Words of Persistent Pat Joachim

WHEN Pat Joachim, now president of the Women's League of the University of Detroit, found it necessary on graduating from the grade school to work for the support of her mother and younger brother, she was perfectly satisfied that some day she would appear before solemn judges in the capacity of a member of the bar. She had the will; she was determined to find the way.

On two evenings of each week, she attended the night classes of the Eastern high school, and on two other evenings of the same week she went to the Central high school, now City College. With outside tutoring which necessitated a trip to Ypsilanti every Saturday morning for one term, she completed her high school course in two and a half years.

With her diploma tucked under her arm, she directed her steps to the University of Detroit, intent on being enrolled in the Law School, only to learn that the classes were held during the hours she must devote to

work. Disappointed, but not discouraged, she betook herself to the Detroit College of Law and won her B.L. degree.

Even this did not satisfy her; the University of Detroit was still her goal. Last year she came back and took the post graduate course in Law. She is here again this year with economics as her subject. She will remain until she has won the Master's degree. Meanwhile, she is a partner in the law firm of Mayer, Ruby & Joachim, in the Detroit Savings Bank Building, for which she has worked for eleven years.

Pat attributes her almost superhuman endurance to her love of sports. She plays basket-ball very well, having been on the champion St. Anthony's team for the last five years. This year she will be on the team which the Sweet Sixteen shop will sponsor. Riding, swimming, tennis and hiking are the other diversions to which she has found it profitable to devote part of her time.

Fraternities Plan a Frat Row

Several fraternities are considering a suggestion that they establish a group of Fraternity houses to be known as "Fraternity Row." The Delta Sigma Phi have purchased a lot and the Sigma Kappa Phi expect to acquire theirs soon. A joint committee is being organized to consider the advantages to be gained by purchasing a large plat of land as a site for all the frat houses instead of each Fraternity's buying a single lot. It is pointed out that if individual lots be bought, the houses will probably be somewhat remote from one another while the aggregate cost would be greater than if a tract large enough for all were acquired.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a reputation for being even tempered.
He was always cross.



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GIRL

Picking the type which one wants for a future wife is either impossible or a dead give away.

By

Wm. B. Harrington

motion picture actress who came nearest to this. Lillian Gish was referred to the most. Then there came Greta Garbo, Vilma Banky, Corrinne Griffith, Dorothy Mackaill, Marion Davies, and Renee Adoree.

But, as the love ridden young gentlemen warned me, they are not "moon-sick over play actresses," but referred to them only as the type which they liked.

Jim is Sad

The most stubborn fellow proved to be Jimmy Richards. I do not know whether any of you have noticed that appearance of perpetual sadness which



LILLIAN GISH



DOROTHY MACKAILL

NOW that the football season is at an end, the gridiron idol's fancy turns to thoughts of Annabelle, Esmerelda, etid genus omne. The seriousness of training, of remembering this and doing that, can be cast aside and the carefree joy of remaining intact and being young can express itself in the various moods adapted to college heroes. And so, while the sport writers and coaches are bickering over the All-American selections, let us lend an ear to the opinions of our own football squad on the All-American girl.

Of course, each and every one of the boys has his own ideal. To a large extent their visionings are hazy. Worse still, 99.44 of them were a bit squeamish about confiding their innermost thoughts to the University at large. In fact, a few of the more obstinate personages of note threatened to break every bone in my head should I continue my pestiferous inquiry into the subject.

In order to give me a true conception of their ideal, most of the boys selected "the type" which he liked. Some of them even went so far as to name the

ALL TEAM Chose the 'LL MARRY

Because it's customary to pick All-American teams at the end of the football season, these warriors of the gridiron went their contemporaries one better.

They chose their All-American girl.

A little shyly, of course, the big tackle and the fleet halfback gave away their heart's secrets of state.

Just for comparison, some of motion picture's most beautiful were selected as "ideal types."



CORRINNE GRIFFITH



RENEE ADOREE



MARION DAVIES



GRETA GARBO

clouds his visage, but rumor has it that both he and "Heck" Learned are greatly interested in a certain Co-ed. Furthermore, Learned seems to have beaten Jimmy's time, and Honorable Jim does give the impression that he is disappointed in love.

Flannery was another who refused to be interviewed. However, if circumstances adjust themselves and I remember correctly, this is Jerry's type. He is one of those gentlemen who prefer blondes, or, rather, one particular blonde. The first three lines of that song "Five Foot Two" might describe her fairly well. Miss So and so has that personality which pleases and—but I had better stop here, or our captain will be inquiring how in this and that I know so much about the girl. And we don't wish to let him know.

But pardon me! This discourse is supposed to contain a glimmer of seriousness, and whither am I going? You can be assured that there was a great deal of joking and joshing, but I was fortunate enough to obtain a bit of common sense material.

The first fellow I approached was a friend who wouldn't take offense. So after I had explained my assignment and asked a few questions, this was the gist of Ray Murphy's answer:

(A) He prefers the brunette—because of his inability to get along with blondes. (I smilingly agreed.)

(B) She must be vivacious, brainy, one of the modern type of women with a dash of domesticity.

(C) She should show a preference for athletics—and one athlete.

Then, the Storm

As Ray made this last demand, Bob Maniere began to lament over the impossibility of Murphy's ever being married. This caused a break in the party for a few moments, and during a lull after the storm Ray, in all his dignity, refused to say more. So I turned to Bob and demanded his view.

"Well," he said with a nonchalant air of sophistication, "you're only writing an article, not a volume, so I'll make it short. My wife must have sense, personality, character and looks. What I don't want is a dumbell."

The next fellow I cornered was Cy Janosky. It's being whispered around the school that he is practically engaged. Since our talk I'm convinced that all he lacks is the money for the first instalment on the ring. Cy was very precise about the qualifications: Height, five feet, five inches; weight, 110 pounds; hair, reddish blonde; eyes, light blue; very fair complexion; small hands and feet; a good dancer, and able to adapt herself to the crowd.

(Continued on Page 39)



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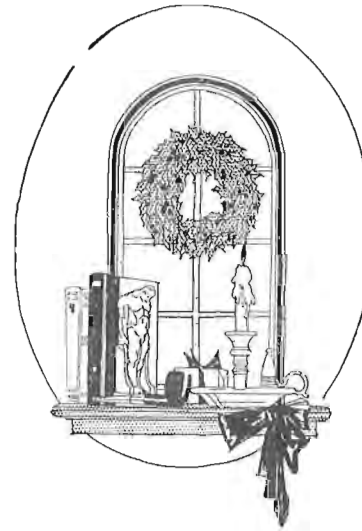
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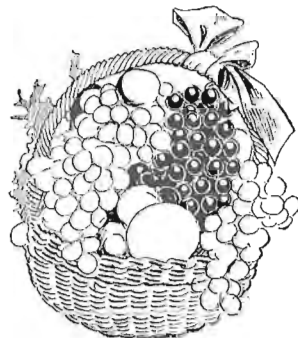
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A Few Doors from the Church

John Harwood, Director of "Merry-Ann" is the

THEATRE'S OLYMPIAN

By WILLIAM F. DORN
of the Day Law School

JOHN HARWOOD, professional director of "Merry-Ann," was only 19 when he became director of the Royal Haymarket Theatre in London, Eng., reputed to be the world's finest playhouse.

Mr. Harwood inherited his desire for a theatrical career. His father, James Harwood, was a world-famous equestrian actor of England and the European continent. When only 14, the elder Harwood abandoned his home in London to engage in work under Ducrow, the famous circus proprietor and horse trainer whose prestige even today surpasses that of either of the Ringling Brothers or Barnum himself. After performing a special equestrian act for some time, he came into possession of "Black Bess," a thoroughbred mare, full sister to "Flying Dutchman," which ran the famous dead heat in the English Derby with "Vultiger." Not long afterward he graduated to the stage, on which he played in "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," "Claude Duval" and "Mazepa." He died at the age of 84.

John was called to service on the stage when he had barely passed his third birthday, and at five he was placed under the supervision of Sir Henry Irving, one of the world's greatest actors and stage managers. With Irving, during 14 years, he had parts in many of the Shakespearean plays, notably "Mac Beth," in which he played the role of Fleance, and "Romeo and Juliet," in which he portrayed the character of Benvolio.

At the end of his fourteenth year with Sir Henry, he was made director of the Haymarket Theatre, in which Frederic Harrison and Cyril Maude were engaged in production. At first he feared that he would encounter in the older men a reluctance to comply with the orders of one so young looking, but he was saved this embarrassment by a severe attack of typhoid fever which left him bald and thus gave him the aspect of one advanced in years. He stayed at the Haymarket for two years, and then, when Harrison and Maude disagreed, he followed Maude to the Playhouse.

Maude, with Harwood, remained at the Playhouse for the ensuing 20 years.

In that time Harwood directed more than 100 plays in which Maude starred, and thrice crossed the Atlantic with him to present the more pronounced successes, including "Grumpy," in which Harwood, besides directing, he took a part.

At the close of his long engagement with Maude he settled in New York and began directing Willie Edouin. Thenceforward, he won complete successes in well over 200 plays which were presented either in New York or London or in both. Numbered amongst his more recent plays are "Whispering Wires," "The Hindu," "The Little Brother," "Scandal," "Love's Laughs," "Parasites," "Tell Me More," "The Hote! Mouse," "Tip Toes," "In Springtime of Youth," and "Fly-by-Knights." Running at present on Broadway are three, "The Ramblers" which is being presented in the Lyric Theatre; "Oh Kay," in the Imperial Theatre, and "Twinkle Twinkle," in the Liberty Theatre. He is the only director who ever had three plays appearing simultaneously on

Broadway. "Twinkle Twinkle" was a failure before he restaged it.

Among the actors and actresses of high repute whose work he has supervised have been Francis White, Taylor Holmes, Walker Whiteside, Tyrone Power, Queenie Smith, Gertrude Lawrence, Clark and McCullough, Oscar Shaw, Francine Lawmore, Olive Tell and Charles Terry. Probably no other director has had so many stage favorites under his direction, and yet he believes the best of his career is before him.

Harwood's directing ability, it may be said, is a complement of his acting ability. Dramatic critics believe that he will display this ability in the future. Already, in addition to what he did with Sir Henry Irving and Cyril Maude, he has acted with William Faversham in "Getting Married" and with Wallace Edinger and Margaret Lawrence in "Wedding Bells."

Schooled in farce, comedy and tragedy, he advances three rules for actors, the validity of which he has verified in his 47 years of experience:

"First, be natural; second, thoroughly get into the skin of the play and know everybody else's part as well as your own; and third, sit down then, and say to yourself: 'Now, if I was really this person under these circumstances, how would I do it?'"

Hitherto the world has known of John Harwood as a director and an actor, but now John Harwood the author is about to make his debut. He is writing a play based on Spiritualism which will be entitled "Hope," and through which he will endeavor to take away the fear of death.

Of his three sons and two daughters, Geoffrey, the eldest, who is 22, is the only one of his children to follow in his footsteps. He took up acting against his father's wishes, but has done well. His best interpretation has been the lead in "Young Woodley," which was in Detroit early this year. James, 20, manages a cotton plantation of 3,000 acres in Africa, with 2,000 blacks under his control. Hugh, 19, was admitted to the English bar this year. He is the youngest solicitor in England. Joyce, 17, is attending school in London with her younger sister Margaret.

*When There's
Something Wrong
With You and I!!*
By JOHN MALEY

*When you can't absorb your lessons,
When you can't make all the sessions,
When you can't recall a song,
When the world all seems gone wrong,
When your books are things of terror,
When you can't locate your error;
When you feel so doggone blue
That you don't know what to do;
When you want to pick a fight,
And you snarl at all in sight;
When you wouldn't give a dash
If creation went to smash,
THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU!
When you say our team is bad,
Though no better we've e'er had;
When you're too inane to see
That it's on a winning spree;
When you can't find all the good
In our battles that you should;
When you won't believe the vow,
Which I'm making to you now,
That we'll surely do our best
And walk off with all the rest,
THEN THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH
YOU!!!*

This Toque Fashion

By MARGUERITE KEHOE
Sophomore Journalist

HALL Freshman Co-eds wear the regulation toque that the first year men are obliged to wear on the campus?

That was the question which was raised when Fred Allyn, president of the Freshman class decreed that the girls also be obliged to don the bright green woolen toque, a warm substitute for the famous "pot."

If the girls had simply ignored the decree, everything would probably have gone on smoothly enough, but it seems that several of them tried on the fuzzy, bright-hued headgear (which in grandma's day were known merely as "stocking caps") and finding them becoming decided at once to accede to the men's ruling and adopt them as their own without consulting the Sophomores about it.

This independent action enraged the second year Co-ed's, who loudly complained that "the Babies" were just too anxious to bow to man-made rules. They denied that the men had any right to make rules for the women students, and objected strenuously to anything smacking of slavish submission by superior creatures who were avowedly preparing themselves for an economic independence which would forever free them from the dominance of possessive man.

"And to think," they exclaimed bitterly and with great display of outraged Sophomoric dignity, "to think that they would so readily subject themselves to a rule which demands the wearer of the green-as-grass headgear must subserviently doff the silly thing to any mere male's cry of 'Pots!'"

Nevertheless, the Infants continue wearing the toques, and the fashion threatens to spread.

Sagacious Beatrice
Aunt Ethel: "Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?"
Beatrice: "Yes, Auntie, I was."
Aunt Ethel: "Then there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."
Beatrice: "He pulled out two of brother Willie's teeth!"


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'Great Musician and Orchestra Organizer, That's This Fellow Mertz

By JAMES M. COLLINS
Sophomore Commerce and Finance

PAUL MERTZ, special student in the Arts and Science College and composer of the musical numbers of "Merry-Ann," has had a wide range of experiences in the musical world where he had the opportunity of displaying his marked talent to such an extent that he is playing in Jean Goldkette's Orchestra at the Book-Cadillac Hotel, whose musicians are the envy of all Michigan and who have recorded numerous numbers for the Victor Recording Company.

Paul has had a wide and various career, starting some years ago in Reading, Pa., where he was the assistant leader of the high school orchestra. It was during his junior year in high school that he started playing professionally. After his graduation he received an offer from the Broadway Entertainers who were then playing the Keith Circuit. No doubt Detroiters remember the Broadway Entertainers as they have passed through here several times. After being connected with them for over a year, Paul left to join a prominent band in Philadelphia with the intention of entering the University of Pennsylvania. The Broadway Entertainers having finished their contract with the Keith people made a contract with the Shubert interests and are still playing in Shubert's successes. Meanwhile the Addison Hotel was organizing an orchestra that would fit in with a clientele that demanded the best in popular music. Hearing of Mr. Mertz' contract with the Broadway Entertainers being completed they immediately sought to get in touch with him and made such an influential offer that he asked to be released from the Philadelphia band, withdrew from the University of Pennsylvania and came to Detroit, where he immediately entered the University of Detroit, in the Arts and Science College where he will finish his schooling this year.

Not long after his Detroit debut Mertz joined the Jean Goldkette Victor Recording Orchestra and has traveled throughout the country with them. He has done several recordings for the Victor Company while with Jean Goldkette's Orchestra.

"Hurricane," the opening number of "Merry-Ann," which is to be released

The scores of these pieces were composed by Paul Mertz and the lyrics by James Pooler.

"Merry-Ann," the key song to the musical comedy, was scored by Paul Mertz and the lyrics were written by Charles Schumn, the director of the Varsity Band last year.

The collaboration of the music and lyric of "Fickle Girl" is by Howard Quicksell.

The melody theme of "You Remind Me of Someone" is by Steward Henner and the lyrics are by James Pooler.

"I Don't Believe in Wishing" is a number by Ange Lorenzo, the composer of "Sleepy Time Gal," the hit of the past season. Besides this one, Lorenzo, assisted by Whiting, has composed another one of the hits of "Merry-Ann" called "I've Waited for This."

Mr. Mertz has charge of the orchestra which will be organized from the student body to play at the Shubert-Detroit and take the trip East with "Merry-Ann."

This orchestra is composed of 18 students, all of whom have won local fame with orchestras and all of whom are engaged at present with some of the city's best. The nucleus of this "little symphony" is shown in the picture accompanying this article.

Early in the first semester, the orchestra helped sell "Merry-Ann" to the student body when it gave a concert at a mass meeting of more than 2000 students. Rendering the song hits of the production, it did more than any other thing to stimulate campus spirit and coordinate it behind the University's first opera.

Anyway, they say there's charm to music!



very shortly by the Victor Recording Company, stands out as the sole work of Paul Mertz and promises to be the deciding hit of the show.

Following are a list of the musical numbers which will be played, sung and danced to in "Merry-Ann":

- "Goodbye Blues Howdy Black Bottom."
- "Parklights."
- "Boike's Dance."
- "Catching the Train."
- "So Long Toughie."
- "Merry-Go-Round."
- "School Songs to the Alma Mater."
- "Teach Us."

Around the World with the "G. F." in Seeking A Gift for Him



HADES of Saint Nicholas! Christmas but a few days distant, and a gift for the boy friend still a matter of conjecture, puzzlement, hesitancy.

"Something different" is my slogan, and with this in mind I began my search with a high heart, anticipating the delight of the recipient of this "unusual" gift. I say, "began my search," for I am still hopefully watching for the gift supreme.

Enlisting the aid of a dozen papers I discovered that "he" would appreciate kerchiefs, ties, gloves, scarfs, etc. "Oh! so ordinary," I moaned, and decided to seek the service of one who knows.

Visiting a boulevard shop whose name I thought would look well on a box, I inquired of a very obliging person just what he would like for Christmas. He suggested a lounging robe, and proceeded to show me some ranging from red to green in color and from \$50 to \$150 in price. I have no doubt that the B. F. would "like" one of these but—well, I could not decide what color he would prefer. So died the lounging robe hunt.

My bridge club! Surely here one would find a multitude of ideas. But somehow my problem was shared by all those present.

Of course there is always one "original" girl in every group, and ours being no exception, we looked to "her" for help. She had solved the problem with a police dog. **Of course hers was a unique idea**, but dogs are so hard to tie up in tissue paper, and then, to place them under the tree! Impossible!

I appealed to Dad. He supposed a tie would be nice. So much help from that source; I really did not blame Father, though, for to him Christmas means just one tie after another; still, I thought he might have a rational suggestion hidden away.

I wandered through the treasure trove of books, and after spending a good hour reading prefaces, comparing bindings, authors and prices, bothering innumerable people, and trying to decide between Shelley and Cobb, I betook my befuddled brain to the jeweler.

At Last

"A flask!" said the man.

"A flask!" I cried. "That will be 'different'."

Home I hurried to consult Mother upon what I considered a "find," for although the B. F. might not use it, he would at least give me credit for considering him modern.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "I can get the duckiest flasks anywhere from \$25 up to \$100! How much do you think would be reasonable to pay?"

"Young lady!" replied Mother.

I decided that I was not the type that would give a flask.

At my wits end, I asked the boy himself. Naming everything from golf balls to socks, I was given to understand that he didn't need a thing. Now, I know very well that I must have named something he wanted, but would he give me an inkling of it? Of course not!

Monogrammed kerchiefs! Although I had begun to weaken and resort to "common things," I considered that a beautiful monogram might lift an ordinary handkerchief from the commonplace. These may be purchased for \$12 to \$15 a dozen. I managed to work up a considerable amount of enthusiasm for what last October I would have thought quite unworthy of consideration. My monogram selected, my money in hand—too late! Not enough time for the monogram. With tears in my eyes, I resumed my travel, thinking the while of the Wise Men who at least had a star to guide them.

Through the blur of my tears I caught a glimpse of "Give Him a Hat for Christmas." But who, who, would dare give her very best B. F. a hat? However, probably you are interested in knowing that they may be purchased from \$5 and "up."

Now, one may find watch chains, studs, cuff links, match cases and divers other contraptions of like nature obtainable for \$5 or less, but, they are so small and one runs the risk of "him" getting another just like it from Pauline.

In the Hardware

It occurred to me that the most congenial Santas, late of Kringle Valley, might be ensconced in hardware stores. In one I found a jolly fellow who named for my approval golf balls, ice skates, sweaters, boxing gloves, tennis rackets, skis, automobile parts, fishing tackle, and so on and on. But "my boy friend" either has the articles mentioned or doesn't use them. So much for that.

Another very helpful person informed me that a man never owned too many shirts. What a relief! But wait! The size of his shoes does not indicate the size of the neck band, and rather than ask him I tossed the shirt idea far, far away.

Feeling very willing to take anything thrust in my direction, I have visions of myself entering a shop, gazing at a table topped by a sign, "sure to please him," described by the merchant as new and stunning, and saying reluctantly:

"Yes, a gift box, please."

I hesitate to say that this table, in my vision, seems to be covered with scarfs.

What a consolation that quip: "It's not the gift but the giver."—Peggy O'Neil.

Christmas and Man's Helplessness

By IONE DUANE



ONCE more the Co-ed has come into her own, and for the time being, at least, is view by the male student as an asset.

With the advent of Christmas, mere man's helplessness is very apparent, and though loath to do so, he must turn once more to his enemy, the Co-ed, for help. Battles may be waged and won, cities may be built, presidents may be elected, without the help of the eternal feminine, but never can a man go Christmas shopping alone without regretting it all the rest of his life.

Thus has the Co-ed found a new responsibility. She is confronted hourly with the problem of choosing appropriate gifts for her male classmates to bestow upon the fair ladies of their choice on Christmas morning. Timid whispers reach her above the din of a history lecture.

"What can I get my girl for Christmas?"

She has visions of things she would enjoy seeing in her own stocking.

"How about a nice perfume atomizer with some imported perfume in it?"

"The perplexed gentleman makes a grimace of disgust.

"Now, she has some perfume now. Can't you think of something original?"

"All girls like Spanish shawls," says the accommodating Co-ed. Indeed they do. How she would like one herself!

"Her Dad has piles of money; he can buy her that. Think again."

"Well, why don't you get a fitted suit case? They are very lovely, and I'm sure she would have worlds of use for it."

At this the gentleman becomes very indignant.

"Say, do you think I'm going to marry the girl? My gosh, you're a big help!"

Still undaunted, the Co-ed makes another try, a desperate one:

"Beaded bags are all the rage, and there are so many exquisite ones in the shops. I just know she would be delighted. If you like, I'll go and help you choose one?"

"Say, she has a dozen of 'em now. Any way I want to get her something really nice."

This almost proves almost the last straw, but still she struggles on, vainly hoping to find something that will meet with his approval.

"I know just the thing. Has she a picture of you? No? Well, have some made and give her one in a silver frame. What nicer gift could she ask?"

A loud burst of raucous laughter is enough to prove to the Co-ed that she has made another blunder. By this time her endurance is at an end, and with a note of bitter tragedy in her voice she makes one last suggestion:

"Buy her a box of candy, that should please her."

A smile spreads over the youth's face, a smile of supreme satisfaction, and he departs, with a last backward remark:

"That's what I've been thinking of all the time, Thanks. I will."

The Co-ed follows him out of the classroom in a daze, only to overhear him say to one of his cronies:

"Gee, you'd think some of these women around here would know what to get a girl for Christmas, but I just asked one and she didn't have a single idea."

PATRICIA JOACHIN, the new president of the Women's League, assumed the chair for the first time at the December monthly meeting.

The re-drafted by-laws were adopted with few changes.

It was decided that since the organization intended to buy property it would be necessary to be incorporated, and the necessary steps to this end were authorized.

Action on a suggestion that those who wished to be charter members should contribute \$10 each toward the purchase of a site for the League's clubhouse was deferred until the next meeting, which will be held on the first Friday of January in the Law library at 8 P. M.

SOUTH Dakota State's undefeated football team, champion of the Mid-West Conference and conqueror of the University of Detroit eleven by 3-0, will play two games in Hawaii, one of them with the University of Hawaii at Honolulu on Christmas day.

ANALGESIE medicants were in great demand while the "Merry-Ann" chorus worked on the "Merry-Go-Round" dance. Occasionally a too enthusiastic rider misses his horse and lands on the unimpressable planking of the stage, but then all riders are expected to fall since 'Is Royal 'Ighness set the fashion. The horses are really the sufferers. They have to stand by patiently while their riders make running starts to recover their seats. Some of the horse-men are above weight, and steps are being taken to make them reduce before the opening night.

The Girl I'll Marry

(Continued from Page 33)

Now, any man who can give offhand such an exact description must have someone in mind.

Nathan Brookes Goodnow contributed his share to the article. He has a fancy for long tresses and the athletic type of girl. There is a Co-ed in the University who measures up to his ideals quite nicely. She is possibly five feet eight or nine inches tall, has brown hair, and blue eyes, and is a very demure person

with a pleasant personality and a pretty smile. I consider the young lady lucky, indeed to hold the secret admiration of our tall, handsome, dashing end.

Shortly afterward I encountered Louie Becker, familiarly known as "Weezie." He is, I believe, an idealist with an inferiority complex. "Weezie" yearns for a tall, dark and stately sort of person to fill the aching void in his heart. She must possess a sense of humor, (he says that she'll need one to put up with him) must dress well and have the ability to maintain a well established home. Lou longs for a wife who will be a kind, understanding companion. You know, he is so easily misunderstood.

Harvey's Confidence

During a class the next morning I persuaded Harvey Long to share his confidence with me. He drew forth a miniature of a young lady, and, with a soulful sigh told me to describe her. So here goes. She has dark hair, fair skin, large bright eyes, cheeks dimpled with a cute smile—in fact she is the essence of sweetness. Harvey said she was well educated, had a fine personality, was easy to get along with, and "awfully nice!"

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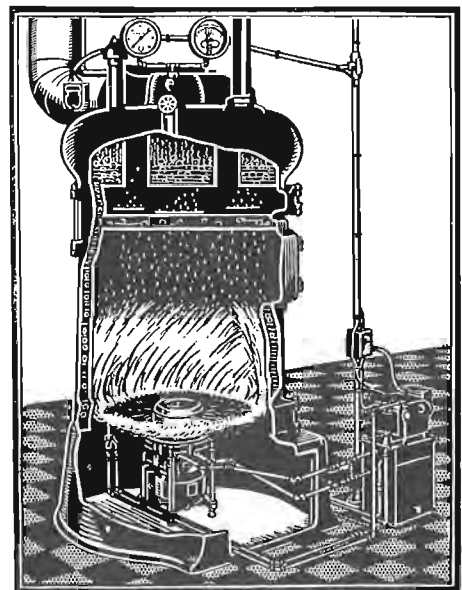
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A Dramatic Scene in Rehearsal.

The Shoes That Made A Million Dollars

By E. J. CORBETT
Freshman Arts and Science

A PAIR of shoes that made a million dollars—that may seem an absurdity or at least an exaggeration—but that very pair of shoes really slid, twisted, pivoted and side-stepped over the floor of the University's gymnasium every day during the six weeks of rehearsals for "Merry-Ann."

It is a tradition of the theatre that every dramatic and chorus director has a pet superstition, one in which he places the greatest faith and which is called into play in all his undertakings. In the case of Max Scheck, noted dancing master who directs the chorus and incidental dancing of "Merry-Ann", the superstition surrounds the pair of "shoes that made a million dollars."

When Scheck was directing the famous male chorus of the "Student Prince", his greatest success and in fact, one of the greatest successes in the field of light opera in a century, he wore

these dancing shoes. The show went forth a finished production and won an instantaneous triumph throughout the country and abroad. The shekels, which theatrical magnates do not disdain, poured in upon the producers in a torrent.

Since that time Max Scheck has lent his directorial genius to many musical productions, including "Princess Flavia", recently seen in Detroit. In none of these productions, however, were the "million dollar shoes" worn unless their owner felt assured that it would command the unrestrained approval of the public. This has become his obsession.

Last week, after a fortnight of instructing the cast and chorus of "Merry-Ann" in the intricacies of the various dance numbers to be used, Scheck put

on the "shoes that made a million dollars." The moment those shoes began grating and pivoting over the gymnasium floor, the chorus of collegians undertook the most difficult of dance formations with an ease that would have done justice to seasoned professionals.

A sharp clap of the hands and the stamping of agile feet are efficacious means relied on by Max Scheck in directing the chorus of the Detroit Union Opera "Merry-Ann". The order for starting, a dance or a song, the notice to check because of some little mistake on the part of the third "young lady" from the end, the signal denoting rest periods—and these are few and far between—or summoning a budding chorus man for individual attention in some particularly intricate step are all given by means of a resounding clap of the hands.

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A Snapshot of the Brilliant Story of "MERRY-ANN"

By MARGUERITE GAHAGAN
Sophomore Journalist



MERRY-ANN, the daughter of an Irish police lieutenant and a child of the Bowery, is the instrument used in this unique experiment. College is always something of an experiment and in the case of Merry-Ann it is the workshop for a theory. A philanthropist whose son is an admirer of Merry-Ann and a student in a college in old Siwash, decides to give the girl a higher education. He and an old crony, who is a professor in the school, follow the girl's reactions with interest.

Toughie McSwat, the son of a police sergeant, and a childhood friend of Merry-Ann, goes to the college as a football coach. In the new environment the two young people find themselves gradually changing in their views toward life. Affairs are not running smoothly for Toughie. He sees Buck, the "crooning collegian," stealing Merry-Ann's affections, and thus we have "the eternal triangle." College has brought about a change, and Toughie and Merry-Ann have grown apart. The boy cannot find himself in the new life, but shows his yearning for the things that had been in "The Days of Yesterday," an appealing melody.

A night club in a nearby city is a chance meeting place for the old sweethearts. Toughie, unaware of Merry-Ann's presence, is attracted by a cabaret dancer who resembles her. He sings that haunting, tantalizing song "You Remind me of Someone" to the dancer, while the real someone looks on disgusted and angry. The unfortunate incident parts the couple again.

In the last scene are seen Merry-Ann and Toughie meeting in the park, the same park in which they had met the professor and the philanthropist and started on the big adventure. Endings should never be told, so we shall turn our backs on the pair and leave them alone. As we walk away we hear them sing "I've Waited for This," a song which gladdens our hearts and tells us what we do not see with our eyes.

Local Order

One of the most interesting things about "Merry-Ann" is its local color. The opera opens with the Bowery park scene, the spirit of which is caught in the syncopated rhythm of "Good-bye Blues, Howdy Black-Bottom" and "Park Lights." The colorful Bowery is again

brought before the audience in Boitha's dance and in the wealth of humor furnished by Toughie's family, the McSwats, genuine old New Yorkers.

The Bowery is not the only place of interest. The college enters with its share, as well. A delightful burlesque on colleges in general is introduced, and in "Paul Revere, The Night before the Ride," a collegians idea of how history should be taught. Another side of school life is shown in that wistful thing, "I Don't Believe in Wishing," "Alma Mater," "The Prom," the typically collegian "We're the Boys of the Merry-Go-Round," and the lilting waltz "Merry-Ann" which runs throughout the opera.

"Merry-Ann is a vital, breathing piece of work. The plot, the music, and the actors make it real—as real as the college life that goes on about us; as beautiful as colorful settings and tuneful voices can make it; as interesting as any of the best musical comedies produced.

John Harwood, the professional director, is enthusiastic over the production.

"The company will be good," he says. "They boys are working hard, they enjoy acting, and they have all possible encouragement. Some critics may say that they are amateurs, but I say that they are better than many professional companies with which I have worked in New York."

CAMPUS CROONINGS

ONE Monday morning two Freshmen were discussing the adventures of the week end.

"After I took Mollie home the other night," said one, "it was about two P. X. when I finally reached my house, and as I carefully unlocked the front door, and just as carefully removed my shoes before going up those squeaky stairs; I heard a noise in the living room. Well, anybody would get sort of shaky in the knees, but I bravely tiptoed over to the portiers, and, with all my hair standing up like a fretful porcupine's quills, I peeped into the room. There I saw

CARLSON and McLaughlin, the Merry-Ann and the Tougie of the U. of D. musical got word the other day from the Detroit News that everything was in readiness for taking photographs of those playing leading roles. That seemed a simple task, so they hied themselves to the photographer's during a ten o'clock class period quite light heartedly. The photographers, however, required them to pose in costume, an effect which had not yet been attempted in rehearsal. Several hours elapsed before they were garbed and made up, and given the sitting. They emerged from the studio ravenous with hunger, only to find they were late for rehearsal, which was almost inexcusable.

Followed then a mad dash for East Jefferson Avenue and the "gym." Ardently did McLaughlin plead for a few moments in which to get a bite of luncheon, but to no avail: the directors were adamant. Rehearsals were the only important things.

McLaughlin murmured pathetically: "We haven't had a thing to eat since breakfast" At this, Mr. Schenck, the human dynamo, calmly uttered the unsympathetic retort:

"I haven't had a thing to eat since I hit Detroit."

Nor was that all. After practicing until 5 o'clock they met the cold announcement that they must return at seven to complete an unsatisfactory scene!

a shadowy form down on all fours, very deliberately searching every inch of the carpet with a wicked looking flashlight. What did I do? Why, I did just what any other fearless young fellow would do. I made a Titan tackle, and as we both hit the floor, the burglar let out the most terrible female screech, and—"

(Other frosh, very excited): "Gee, a girl bandit!"

(Story Teller): "Naw, you're all wrong. It was my kid sister looking for her rhinestone bracelet. She didn't want the family to know that she'd lost it."

(Other frosh): "Gee."

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Maybe You Didn't Know It, But We Have---

Our Chair of Soupology

By WILLIAM P. GODFREY
Junior Arts and Science

THE kitchen is always an appetizing topic of conversation. Likewise as a topic for the writer, the institution for the promotion of abdominal cheer is never out of season. The refectory and kitchen in the administration building are, in consequence, subjects of interest, none the less because of the unique individuals who have presided over them.

Since the central figure in the annals of the University's commissariat is Sir Amonetti, the famous chef of color, we will consider only those soup-scientists who immediately preceded and succeeded him.

Immediately prior to the advent of the prophet-cook, the scepter was wielded with an iron fist by a native of India. Early in life he had been converted to Christianity, and had changed his Hindustanee cognomen for an English one. He then became known as Mr. Christian. Banished from India by the British Government, he wandered through Europe, continually urged on by a restless disposition. England, Italy, Spain and France, all harbored him for a time, but they were unable to retain him long enough to sound the profounder depths of his culinary abilities. Finally grown tired of purveying to the European palate, he took ship for America, and ultimately he found himself in Detroit. Gravitating to the University, he entered upon the duties of chef and caterer to His Majesty the Professorial Palate. He remained but a year in this capacity, and then pulled up stakes and left for parts unknown.

Though a Caucasian by blood, Christian's complexion was of a decidedly dark tint. To offset this, he married an Irish girl.

There is a pathetic side to Christian's story. He had endeavored repeatedly to procure a passport to his beloved Hindustan, but was just as repeatedly refused by the governmental authorities.

And now for the great Sir Amonetti.

A year ago or thereabouts, the big Mogul of the Faculty kitchen was a colored person who called himself Sir Amonetti, and who professed to be a direct descendant of the Prophet Ezekiel.

He, too, remained but a year in the capacity of food king, but during that time the fame of his presence spread far beyond the confines of the University since his renown as a cook was well overshadowed by his reputation as a philosopher.

—His Brochure—

A little booklet of some thirty pages contains the substance of his philosophical system. This brochure had the unique distinction of appearing on the news stands enveloped in a smart linen wrapper. Its title is "Three Threads of King Solomon's Wisdom." These are the opening sentences:

"I had a vision, which is now visionary, to be expulated from wisdom and knowledge, evolving my eternal you. Through infinite space Feb. 23, 1919, at 3:30 A. M. on Thursday at my residence—in the spirit thru some medium light, I was led to King Solomon's Heavenly Heaven, which appeared to be about five million miles away from earth in the spirit."

Follows a detailed description of the Queen of Sheba. King Solomon, also, is carefully described. In another section, headed "Sans-Scriptural Teaching," this appears: "I, Sir Amonetti, after many sleepless nights with faith, I lay with spirit ruling, which penetrated thru a medium sound, evolving inspirations, a realization and proof of the three pieces of tissue paper, in which I received a most gracious gift. So this is in record as follows: Three sunflowers which bloomed by my door. I remember in the house where I was born three planets I passed in a vision. Three Sans-Scriptural teachings—Conscious Evolution (33), Subtle (23), Astrology (21). Three Jack Roses, the three clasps in gold to King Solomon's robe, round his neck. The Holy Bible, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, is the secret of the three times seven, three times nine, and the three times three. We possess but three things in this life—Time, Thought and Action!"

The following excerpt shows the astounding profundity of our chef's knowledge. "The author and writer of this sandscript has for fourteen years studied astrology, subtle, conscious evolution,

conscious energy, motives, aims, etc., evolutionary actions, cells, organs, blood protoplasm, medicine guide (from such a personality as Hippocrates, the great Greek physician, the founder of all medicine and one of the first authorities of astrology, who claimed no doctor should be allowed to practice medicine without some knowledge of the planetary influence).

"So now I, Sir Amonetti, have opened up what will be called a sandscriptable parlor with the teaching of Gofer Board Evolution, 33; Conscious Evolution, 70; Astrology, seven times seven, or 7 reels; past and future outcasts; spiritual readings; nature's constructional and disconstructional line, as it is the arbiter of what nature for you is to be."

—Final Observation—

Here is his final observation: "Notice—To whomsoever this will concern or to whomsoever it will disconcert. The writer has been endowed with a most gracious gift through a medium sound, which inspiration I have realized and defined from the Holy Spirit, three threads of King Solomon's wisdom and this is a partial inner vision of the words."

These are but a few of the many excellent passages in Sir Amonetti's book, a book which cannot fail to provide its reader with unalloyed entertainment of an extremely philosophical nature. His little volume is our only means of refreshing our memory of the prophet-cook, for he has departed to concoct stomach medicine in other sections of the land.

And that brings us to the present incumbent in the Chair of Soupology in the University of Detroit. On that glorious morning, the fourth of October, 1904, little did the good residents of Jerseyville, Ill., think that the latest arrival in that town would grow up to be a big "butter the egg" man at the University of Detroit. That addition to the Illinois town was A. L. Feyerabend, and he is now at home to visitors in the University kitchen. A. L. is a pleasant appearing young chap, whose good nature has not been diminished in the slightest by the vicissitudes of a checkered career. Being a modest young man, and one,

(Continued on Page 51)

In Their All-Opponent '11, The Titans Pay Homage to the Foe

By LOUIS R. H. ZECMAN
Day School of Law

THOUGH the 1926 football season was a lean one for the Red and White warriors compared with others, as a good loser the University of Detroit pays homage to the foe. This All-opponent team will indicate what men shone at their positions when playing against the Titans. To many a critic, these selections will prove a surprise, for who is this Moore, that he is named captain of the mythical team? And who is this Drouilhet, that he is picked over Sprague or Saunders? And who is this Kelly?

The selection of the man for the position was, in many instances, difficult, for there were so many good players to be considered. Especially was this true of the centers and backs. For instance, Grigsby, of Georgetown, though hailed as a great lineman by Eastern critics, was, with one exception, the poorest center U. of D. had seen this year. Among the backs, such men as Hewitt and Trapnell are given only honorable mention. The teams we have selected would probably be able to beat any college team in the country.

Frank McGrath, of Georgetown, and Charles Mefort, of Carnegie Tech, get the end positions. Both were fast in getting down under punts; they were capable pass receivers and could not be boxed in. Mefort also shone in carrying the ball on the "end around plays" and the "statute of liberty." Harbold, Army, stood out over the rest of the flankmen because of his aggressiveness, and he gets the call for a second-team berth. Kahle, St. Louis, was as good as any of the other ends.

Drouilhet, of Loyola, Yoder, of Carnegie Tech, and Sprague and Saunders, of Army, stood out in a field of first class tackles. Any of these men could be named on an All-American team. The first two, however, looked best to the writer and his correspondents. Drouilhet is a tall, lanky, aggressive, fast man. U. of D. players who came in contact with him at New Orleans proclaim him the best lineman they met in 1926. He was an ideal tackle, playing hard, but clean. Captain Yoder, of Carnegie's team, showed true greatness on Dinan field and was the best tackle seen at the U. of D. stadium during the season. He was fast under punts, broke through repeatedly, and stopped runners behind the line. Sprague, who has received mention on several "All" teams, justly deserves it. He is an aggressive, fast and capable lineman. Saunders was just a step behind his illustrious team mate.

"Babe" Connaughton, of Georgetown, with his 285 pounds, is the greatest guard we have seen this year. He is amazingly fast for his size, gets down under punts like an end, and comes out of the line as interference for pass receivers after getting his man on the line. Two or three men can hit him and he still retains his feet. He's the biggest player in collegiate football, and the best guard. Schmidt, Army's veteran lineman, was another great guard. The playing of Seeley, of South Dakota State, deserves mention. Carnegie Tech also possessed two good

choices of every Titan as the best back U. of D. has had the pleasure of meeting. Being a Sophomore, he has two years of competition left. He was born 20 years ago in McComb, Miss. Coach Dorais says:

"Moore is one of the finest backs I have ever seen. He has phenomenal speed, a good cutback, is rugged, can skirt the ends or hit the line with equal effectiveness, and is a good passer and a good place kicker. A truly great back."

This is the opinion of Messrs. Martin and Stromp, Detroit's Singing backs:

"Moore is the greatest back we have ever seen. He has brains, speed, courage, plus natural ability seldom found in any man. He is the cyclone within the Maroon cyclone, sweeping the ends, knocking everything over as he goes through the line. On a major team he would beat Benny Friedman for honors as the greatest field general in the United States."

And, as one of the other Titans says: "When he blocks you, you are blocked."

Elliott Barron speaks of him as "an excellent defensive man."

Harding of the Army, a great field general, gets the berth on the second team.

—Three Great Backs—
At halves are three outstanding performers, Harry Wilson, Army;

Frank Kelly, South Dakota State, and "Little Bill" Donohue, Carnegie Tech. Wilson was a great man in going around the ends and had a splendid cutback. He is a wizard at going through an open field. Frank Kelly, star of South Dakota State's unbeaten team, was a triple threat man in every sense of the word. He was the best back on Dinan field in 1926. He could run the ends, plunge through the line, pass 40 or 50 yards with ease, and his punts were placed and possessed height and distance. He was an excellent drop kicker as is evidenced by his 35-yd. score from a difficult angle. Donohue's main forte was his speed in getting around ends and his ability to advance through an open field. He was an excellent pass receiver. For the other position, is picked Marrie, John Carroll's stellar back.

For fullback there is no outstanding candidate. No team had a man who could plunge through the line for gains consistently. Letzelter of Carnegie was the best of the field, while Coulter, of Lombard, was only a step behind him. Both were good line smashers, but could do nothing else offensively. Both were, however, good on defense.

(Continued on Page 49)

All Opponent Eleven

FIRST TEAM

McGrath (Georgetown).....	L.E.....	Harbold (Army)
Drouilhet (Loyola).....	L.T.....	Sprague (Army)
Connaughton (Georgetown).....	L.G.....	Seeley (S. Dakota State)
Daly (Army).....	C.....	Storey (John Carroll)
Schmidt (Army).....	R.G.....	Cowan (Carnegie Tech.)
Yoder (Carnegie Tech.).....	R.T.....	Saunders (Army)
Mefort (Carnegie Tech.).....	R.E.....	Kahle (St. Louis)
Moore (Loyola), Capt.....	Q.B.....	Harding (Army)
Wilson (Army).....	L.H.....	Donohue (Carnegie Tech.)
Kelly (S. Dak. State).....	R.H.....	Marrie (John Carroll)
Letzelter (Carnegie Tech.).....	F.B.....	Coulter (Lombard)

SECOND TEAM

Honorable Mention: Ends—Waite, Georgetown; Eggers, South Dakota State. Tackles—Burton, Alma; Burgher, Marines; Saur, Georgetown. Guards—Anderson, Carnegie; Butler, St. Louis; Zuber and Hough, Marines. Centers—Smith, Loyola; Starbeck, South Dakota State; Mamby, Carnegie; Bailey, Marines. Backs—Karpp, Alma; Chatman, Alma; Gilmore, Maitland, and Weddle, Loyola; Trapnell, Hewitt, and Murrell, Army; Buckoway, Marines.

guards in Cowan and Anderson. Cowan gets the call over his team-mate for the other place on the second team as he proved himself the better "nudden" in the U. of D. Tech battle.

As observed, the choosing of a center is the most difficult job. Daly, of the Army, gets the call over such stellar pivotmen as Storey, Smith, Starbeck, Mamby and Bailey. The Cadets' center has had the experience of first class competition, whereas, if Smith, Storey, or Starbeck were in his place and had his experience there is no doubt in the writer's mind that they would be vastly superior to our choice. Daly was an excellent passer, quick to diagnose a play and a hard man to gain through. Captain Storey, of John Carroll, gets the second team berth over Captain Smith of Loyola. Storey was fast, alert and played back of the line on defense. His playing was the major factor in holding the Titans to a 7-7 tie.

—"Bucky" Moore—

To pick a backfield we must first put down the name of "Bucky" Moore, Loyola University's quarterback. First of all, the writer wishes it known that Mr. Moore is the unani-

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Professor Arrested

(Continued from Page 21)

number, please? Thank you! Ugh!"

Now for the number and Mr. Ward's host!

"Please call Mr. Ward to the phone. Very important. One of his men from the Museum."

Mr. Ward at last!

"Mr. Ward, this is Muttkowski. I'm in trouble and am trying to get out of it. I was arrested here on the city reservoir for trying to capture moths with my net."

"Arrested for what?"

"For catching moths."

"Moths?!—Stop fooling."

"I'm serious, Mr. Ward. The officer's got me here in the pump-house and wants to call up the station for the wagon. And I'm trying to get somebody to vouch for me so that he will let me go. I tried to get Mr. Carpenter to talk to him; but he's out of town. But if you will talk to the officer, please, it ought to do the trick."

"All right. Put him on the wire."

"Here you are, officer," I said politely.

Since I stood beside the phone I could hear both ends of the conversation. And here's the way it went:

"This Mr. Ward, director of the er-museum?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Ward."

"Do you know this guy-er-man-with the name of-er-fellow with the name, you know?"

"Muttkowski, you mean?"

"Yeh. You know him?"

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"Of course I do. He's one of the regular employees of the Public Museum."

"Oh!" Disappointment filled the officer's voice.

"What's the trouble, officer?"

"He—aw, well, he was fooling around the lights with a long-handled net and I thought he was trying to smash the lights, I guess, or that he was crazy or something."

—"He's Harmless!"—

"Not that, officer. He's only out after insects—moths chiefly. And when he's running after bugs, well, officer, you should see him in the daytime. He can tie himself in knots in the air—" Mr. Ward's voice held a chuckle—"and turn a triple somersault. But he gets his bug, all right. Did he bother you tonight?"

"N-n-o-o! Only I thought I'd play safe."

"Well, you better let him go. He's harmless."

"Huh! Well, maybe I ought to hold him for getting sassy."

"Oh, have a heart, officer. He's perfectly innocuous—"

"He's—what?"

"I mean, he inoffensive. Really, he's a very nice young chap. Works hard, has brains, too, if you look for them. No sense of dignity, however. Just now he's pretty frisky. Later on some sweet young thing will get him and wear off that coltishness. So you just let him run around and gather the bugs to his heart's content. It's all perfectly fair, when you come right down to it. Now he's after the bugs; by and by the bugs will get him." (Friends sure can say such nice things in their eulogies, can't they?)

"Very well, I'll let him go, Mr. Ward."

"Thanks, Mr. Ward!" I yelled past the officer's ear into the mouthpiece.

The officer turned slowly.

"Well, I'll let you go this time, I guess. Nothing else I can do about it, I suppose."

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Now was the time for ahs and ohs. So I said them.
 "Hooray! Thanks be, officer!"
 But the officer speared me with one of those professionally penetrating glances you read about in detective stories, and remarked, "young fellow, how old did you say you was?"
 "I didn't say," I murmured modestly,
 "But if you must know, its—"
 He wave an impressive hand.
 "Doesn't matter. Anyway, you're old enough to know better."
 "Know what?" I asked.
 He nodded his head, slowly and repeatedly.

"Yes, sir! All I can say is that anyone who spends his time catching bugs and acts like a damn fool about it—I— Well, I got my opinion of him! If you—if you—if you—awgwan, get out of here! I can't say it!"
 Well, I went. Anyway, who cares for a cop's opinion?
 So I managed to keep out of jail that time. But the various members—ah, ye of little faith!—of my family assure me that I'll get there yet!

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 "Yes, father," said the young man.
 "And by the way," added the gray-beard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

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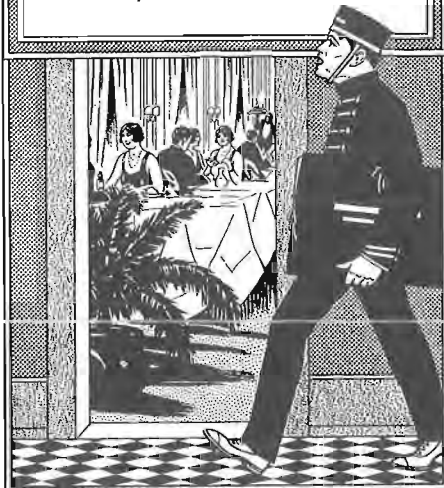
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The Song of the Pauper
(Continued from Page 19)

own fault. Always do what you want to do when you're young. I didn't. So here I am. My own fault, I guess." Young Jim thought he saw a mist forming in those old eyes.

"Say! Where's me old woman?"
And then the Pooler family drove away.

Mrs. Pooler wanted to know what old Jim and young Jim wanted for dinner.

Old Jim wanted anything but roast beef.

Young Jim said nothing. He was thinking.

MY BOY'S gone to college," old Jim told his first mate as they began to put the tug Sidonia into action for the day's fishing. "Left me; that's what.

"What! Young Jim gone!" exclaimed the first mate. "He's the best fisherman around here. Can clear more hooks than anyone."

"I know it," slowly returned old Jim with disappointment showing in his eyes. "But he would go. Says he's going to be what he wants to be while he's young. He's been a year out of high school now. He ought to know what he's about. Says he wants to be a write. A playwright, that's it. Funny, what ideas these kids get. But I let him go. You know, my only kid."

"Sure, I know," agreed the first mate, who didn't know because he was the father of nine.

IT WAS upwards of four years ago that young James S. Pooler, of Alpena, Mich., the city's champion fisherman, left the nets and came to the University of Detroit. He wanted to write plays, he told Miss Florence Donohue, the registrar. She was perplexed for a moment, then she enrolled him in the Division of Journalism. Jim has been here ever since, studying to write and aiming for Broadway.

He had to wait four years to write a play, however. Then he wrote the book for "Merry-Ann."

Old Hughie wrote its prologue.

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He Wouldn't Be a Homage to the Foe Farmer

(Continued from Page 18)

father's farm. His determination to be a lawyer was the same determination that made the success of the musical comedy "Merry-Ann" possible. He had a conversation on the subject with Alan Devine, president of the Detroit Union.

"So you believe you can promote an opera?" queried President Devine. "We have wanted one for a long time, and I am willing that we should finance it if there is any chance of success."

"I can promote it," said McIntyre.

"Can You?"—"Yes!"

"But can you get the students to support it? They are lax this year. They won't support anything. Can you get aides? Can you arouse student interest?"

"I can do that," calmly responded McIntyre.

"But can you get directors together for the show? Can you get enough material from the school? Can you get songs composed? Can you get a play written? Can you make this a University production and not a 'ringer' affair? All these things must be considered. Can you?"

"I can."

There were more such discussions, more such challenges, and more such rapid answers in the affirmative.

"Can you?" Devine fired at him, and "I can!" McIntyre shot back.

No Hurry

The man who had pulled the Union out of a financial hole was not to be hurried.

"Let me go ahead," begged McIntyre.

But Devine tarried. He made inquiries about the embryo lawyer from Bad Axe. He found him a go-getter. He asked about other college operas. He received encouraging information. Then he left on a tennis trip with the University's team, for which he was player and coach. A day later, he wired back to the editor of the VARSITY NEWS, his friend and confidant:

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(Continued from Page 42)

With the exception of the last position we have a team that would compare favorably with any All-American team selected. The line would be practically impregnable, while Drouilhet, Yoder and Connaughton would open holes for Letzelter and Kelly. Wilson and Moore would run wild around the ends and outside the tackles. Kelly would do the punting, while Wilson, Moore or Kelly could score from the field on place or drop kicks. The line would give Moore plenty of time to send his passes to Kelly, McGrath or Mefort.

(The writer thanks those who made this All-Opponent eleven a possibility by their valuable criticisms.

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He worked on the opera idea all one summer when there were many who scoffed, and he alone made it a reality by the opening of the school year. He trusted many and many failed, but he discovered those who would give him all the effort, good will and time that a real leader deserved.

He took an idea, a faint one at that, and put it on the stage, this McIntyre who was a good farmer and who became a great deal more besides.

* * *

Canine Wisdom

A physician was driving through a village when he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said, "My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick."

The man glanced up with a simple rustic look and replied: "Well, you see, it's this way: you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothin'."

* * *

An Irish P'int O' View

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland and the guide had pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak, and the Devil's Leap to him.

"Pat," he said, "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district!"

"He has sir," replied the guide, "but sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England."

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Oil King and Caddie

John D. Rockefeller tells this story on himself:

"Golfing one bright winter day I had for caddie a boy who didn't know me. An unfortunate stroke landed me in a clump of high grass."

"My, my," I said, "what am I to do now?"

"See that there tree?" said the boy, "pointing to a tall tree a mile away; well drive straight for that."

I lofted vigorously, and fortunately, my ball soared up into the air, it landed, and it rolled right onto the putting green.

"How's that, my boy?" I cried.
The caddie stared at me with envious eyes.

"Gee, boss," he said, "If I had your strength and you had my brains, what a pair we'd make."

* * *

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(Continued from Page 41)

therefore, averse to self assertion, our chef divulged only the highlights of his life history.

Upon the completion of his grammar and high-school education, in his native town, Cookie spent two years in the Commerce and Finance school of the University of Illinois. He then began to roam about hither and yon, working at odd jobs, and thus acquiring valuable experience in many lucrative undertakings, such as inspecting bottles and buying produce. The selling game has occupied his attention since his arrival in Detroit fourteen months ago.

Chef Feyerabend says that he never worked in a kitchen before August of this year, and that, therefore, he knew nothing of the culinary art until he matriculated at the U. of D. However he likes his work, and his environments, and that augurs well for a successful future.

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Humors Romping Twins

(Continued from Page 26)

As our winsome Boitha butterflies daintily along in the fondly-enfolding arms of Wee William, she makes us feel that she possesses that indefinable something which raises her above her partner and which lowers the latter in the same proportion. After seeing this particular performance, let no one doubt the ability of small men to handle big situations. And this is true even though William resembles something of the hen-pecked variety struggling manfully with an armful of clothes poles.

Weakness of Headgear

In another scene, the girl friend waxes rapturous over the virtues of a chapeau she has espied. A very torrent of eloquence pours from her, and she dominates the situation until she is forcibly restrained from further demonstration of her weakness for headgear.

We could cite instance after instance of the comicality of these two irrepressibles as they dance their hilarious way through "Merry-Ann" and into the risibilities of the beholders, but that would be to mar the effect of unexpected pleasure and delight experienced when one sees and hears Wee Willie and Big Boitha for the first time. Furthermore we must not overlook the fact that the splendid acting of our Weber and Fields is made at least partly possible by the excellent work of the other principals and the supporting chorus.

There is little doubt that "Merry-Ann" will owe its inevitable success in

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great measure to the element of comedy pervading the entire opera, and the conclusion is manifest when it is known who are to shoulder the burden of humor. Eddie Hinckley and Jimmy Bellaimey are, by reason of their congeniality of disposition, peculiarly fit to portray to perfection the roles of Wee Willie and Big Boitha, and this is amply evident to the most incredulous in the rythmical co-ordination of their performance. If we wish these two students to continue their college education, we must see to it that the Messrs. Shubert are denied admittance to any showing of "Merry-Ann."

* * *

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A group of University of Detroit students—chauffering for the American Express Co.—has made a name for itself. To the other employes, the gang is known as "The Big Parade."

Daily from 2 till 6 this troop clears away accumulated freight, empties cars and loads motor trucks. Two of its members are Brown and White. These are not descriptions of their complexion, but the names they go by. Grand Rapids and Erie, Pa., are their respective homes. Another, a black mustached French pirate, is Leo Beau-doin.

* * *

Not Inoculated

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor, "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

* * *

The Gleaming Front Rows

"O, Mother, why are the men in the front row baldheaded?"

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