J. GILBERT CRAIG

CLASS OFFICERS

President.........................J. GILBERT CRAIG
Vice-President...............J. WILLARD HUMPHREY
Secretary..........................LOUIS PLAM
Treasurer.........................CHARLES I. SUTFIN

Sixty-one
History of the Class of 1919

Foreword

I am a historian. Yep, just like Bancroft, Gibbon, Macauley and Prescott; but unlike them in the respect that I have to write a history not of wars, nor of events, but a history of men. My task is a hard one, and well I know it, for if I, or any of my distinguished brother historians attempted to chronicle all the achievements, as well as mischievements, of the class of 1919, “Doc” Elliott’s 5-foot shelf would have to be lengthened, and his Harvard Classics would have to be junked. You, who read this, must admit it is a difficult task to condense volumes to paragraphs, but inasmuch as I am a son of ’19, and ’19 never quits, I am tackling the job with the true ’19 spirit.

Chapter I—Our Infancy

It was Thursday, September 16, 1915, when the class of 1919 entered Delaware College, and it took just twenty-four hours for the entire college to know that we had entered, for on the night before, one A. Marconetti proceeded to acquire the boxing championship of the college by cleaning up the best the “Sophs” had, and “Mike” Plam proceeded to smother whatever ambitions the “Sophs” held in the way of wrestling. After this auspicious beginning, class scraps happened one after another, and 1919 came off victor in the majority of them. The climax of the class scrapping was reached when our President, “Herb” Weldin, went without his Freshman cap; a feat no class president before or since has achieved. We started a college precedent our first year by holding a series of class smokers. It was in these class smokers that we decided to make the Blue Hen an annual publication, that we decided to hold a class banquet every year, that we planned our “Prom” and Farewell Hop, and that we came to know each other as classmates.

Chapter II—Athletics

Our contributions to the athletic record of the college have been many. We started off by trimming the “Sophs” in the annual football game by the score of 12-0, and followed up this victory by winning the inter-class track meet. Our class record in athletics was not a brilliant one, but one of which we can be justly proud, for it was when fighting for our class that the “’19 never quits” spirit was developed, and it is that spirit that has led us to the pinnacle we now hold.

Those of our number who carried Delaware’s colors on the football field are Marston, Moore, Plam (both “Mike” and “Louie”), Stewart, Mackie, Longland, Crothers, Weldin, Smart, and Fitzpatrick. To track we gave Captain “Specs” Craig, “Gad” Hearn, Marston and Fitzpatrick. In-
History of the Class of 1919

(continued)

Incidently, “Fitz” holds the college record in the half-mile. We gave to basketball Pierson and “Heinie” Marston. Marston captained the greatest team Delaware ever had on the wooden ways. In baseball we were represented by “Morrie” Pierson, Mitchell, Taggart, and “Bill” Stewart. A record of which we are justly proud is that through the efforts of our class tennis was recognized as a sport. The feeling for tennis was only lukewarm until Humphrey and McMillan got in the game; now due to their efforts tennis has come to stay.

Chapter III—1919 and the War


Of this number, Mackie, Sturgis, Tunnell, Downing, Ewing, Marston and MacMillan have returned to college. Besides those of our own number, our class roll contains the names of three members of previous classes who gave up their college work to get in the big push. These men are L. L. Smart, ’17; J. R. Gum, ’18; and M. R. Mitchell, ’18.

Chapter IV—Conclusion.

I have made an honest endeavor to give the facts as we have lived them. In giving these facts I have committed sins of both omission and commission, but I crave my readers’ pardon. The spirit of ’19 is in me, and you must remember it was the promptings of this spirit that induced me to write this history. And now that we are about to leave these halls, we point with pride to our record as Sons of Delaware. Perhaps at some future date our record will be surpassed. We hope so, for then we will know some other class has done something for Delaware.
MORRIS RANDOLPH MITCHELL, K A
Arts and Science
Newark, Delaware
Editor-Chief Blue Hen '17; Class Football '14; Scrub Football, '14; Class Secretary '14-'15; Class Historian '16-'17; Associate Editor Review; Debating Team; Botany Prize '15; First Alumni Prize, '15; St. John's Debate '17.
"Mitch," "Big Boy"

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JOHN POOL GUM, K A
Arts and Science
Frankford, Delaware
1917 Blue Hen Board; Athenaeon Literary Society; Sergeant Co. A.
"Pierp," "Jack"

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MARVEL WILSON, K A
Agriculture
Milford, Delaware
Class Football (I, II); Class Basketball (II, III, IV); Agriculture Club; Delaware Farmer Board; College Representative to United War Work Council; 1st Sergeant in Command S. A. T. C.; Captain Co. B, R. O. T. C; Scrub Basketball.
"Marv"
DANIEL PADDOCK BARNARD, 4TH, K A
Chemical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware
Mandolin Club (I, II, III, IV); Wolf Chemical Club; Engineering Society; Glee Club; Color Sergeant; Derelicts.
"Dan"

EDWARD SELMAN CANNON
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware
Athenaeum Literary Society; Review Board (I, II, III, IV); Assistant Advertising Manager 1919 Blue Hen; Advisor 1920 Blue Hen; League of Nations Club Organizer and President; Publicity Committee; Business Manager Review (IV); Derelicts.
"Eddie"
GARRETT REED CANTWELL, Σ N  
Chemical Engineering  
Elsmere, Delaware  

Engineering Society; Wolf Chemical Society; Class Secretary (I); Sergeant Co. C (III); Student Publicity Association; 1st Lieut. Co. B (IV); Class Baseball (I, II); Class Football (I, II); Class Track (III); Class Basketball (IV); Scrub Football (II, III, IV); Scrub Baseball (III); Manager Basketball (IV); Business Manager 1919 Blue Hen; Secretary Student Council (IV); Derelicts.  

"Garry"

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JOHN GILBERT CRAIG, Σ N  
Arts and Science  
Wilmington, Delaware  

Captain Freshman Relay, Captain Freshman Track, Class Track (II, III, IV); Class Basketball (I, II, III, IV); Varsity Track (I, II, III), Captain Varsity Track (IV); Review Board (I, II); Assistant Editor Review (III); Representative to Athletic Council (II); Cheer Leader (II); Blue Hen Board (III); Wolf Chemical Club, Student Council (III, IV); Varsity Club, Sergeant-Major Battalion ’19; President Senior Class; ’The Derelicts; Delta Phi; Arts and Science Club; Captain Senior Track.  

“Specs,” “Giley”  

Sixty-six
JOHN LAWSON CROTHERS, Σ N
Agriculture

Scrub Football (II); Varsity Football (IV); Varsity Club, Glee Club, Secretary Agricultural Club (IV); Delaware Farmer Board (IV); Agricultural Club Baseball Team (III); Delta Phi Literary Society.

"J. L. "or "Fil"

RICHARD EARLE DICKEY
Agriculture
Stanton, Delaware
Agricultural Club; Delaware Farmer Board.

Sixty-seven
HUGH WAGNER DOWNING, K A
Mechanical Engineering
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Scrub and Class Basketball (I, II, III, IV); Vice-President Class (II); Assistant Manager Basketball (II); 1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant (II); Cadet Major (IV); H. Clarke Churchman Memorial Prize (IV); Phi Kappa Phi.

"Hughey"

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EARLE ELISHA EWING, Σ N
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware

Class Track (II, III); Scrub Track (II); Manager of Track (IV); Class Baseball (III); Scrub Baseball (III); Class Basketball (III, IV); Captain Class Basketball (III); Scrub Basketball (III); Cheer Leader (II, III); Leader of Glee Club (II, III, IV); Arts and Science Club; Delta Phi Literary Society; Orchestra (I, II, III); College Male Quartette (II).

"Lish"

Sixty-eight
GEORGE WILSON HEARNE, K A
Arts and Science
Georgetown, Delaware

Varsity Track and Relay Team (III); Scrub Track (II); Class Track and Relay Team (I, II, III); Captain Class Track (III); Scrub Football (II); Associate Editor 1918 Blue Hen; Class Treasurer (III); Corporal Co. B. (II); Battalion Supply Sergeant (III); 1st Lieut. Co. C (IV); Assistant Manager Track (III).

"Count-Gad"

EDMUND WOLLASTON HENVIS
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware
"Deacon"

Phi Kappa Phi.

Sixty-nine
JAMES WILLARD HUMPHREY

Chemical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware

Varsity Tennis (II, III, IV); Captain Varsity Tennis (IV); Manager Varsity Tennis (IV); Assistant Manager Tennis (III); Crescendo Club (II, III, IV); Band, Orchestra, Engineering Society, Wolf Chemical Club, Glee Club, Class Baseball (II, IV); Blue Hen Board (III); Mandolin Club (I, II, III, IV); Drum Major and 1st Lieut. Band (IV); Treasurer Class (I); Vice-President Class (IV); Derelicts.

"Hump"

GEORGE MILLARD LANG

Electrical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware

Engineering Society; Member cast Twelfth Night; Orchestra '15-'16; Mandolin Club '16-'17; Band '16-'17; Glee Club '16-'17; Review Staff '18-'19; League of Nations Club.

Seventy
WILLIAM SCOTT LEVEY, Σ Φ Ε
Chemical Engineering
Shamokin, Pennsylvania

Intercollegiate Debate (I); Engineering Society; Alumni Prize (II); Battalion Color Sergeant (II, III); Sergeant Signal Corps (II, III, IV); Glee Club; 1919 Blue Hen Board; League of Nations Club; Vice-President Wolf Chemical Club (III); President Wolf Chemical Club (IV); Student Publicity Association; Derelicts; 2d Lieut. Co. B (IV).

"Scoop"

GEORGE MADARA LONGLAND, Σ Ν
Agriculture
Mount Pleasant, Delaware

Secretary Agricultural Club; Assistant Business Manager Delaware Farmer (II); Advertising Manager Delaware Farmer (III); Second State Grange Prize (I); Class Basketball (III, IV); Class Baseball (IV); Scrub Football (II); Varsity Football (IV); Corporal Co. B (II); Phi Kappa Phi; Derelicts.

"Longey"
J. A. Mackie, Σ N
Arts and Science
Kemblesville, Pennsylvania
Class Football (I); Scrub Football (I); Arts and Science Club; Scrub Track (I); Class Baseball (I); Varsity Football (II); Assistant Manager Baseball (III); Manager Baseball (IV); Secretary Athletic Council (IV); Phi Kappa Phi Fraternity; Derelicts; Varsity Club.

"Alf"

Henry White Marston, Σ N
Agriculture
Wilmington, Delaware
Agricultural Club; Glee Club; Assistant Business Manager Delaware Farmer; First Sergeant Co. C; Scrub Football (I); Varsity Football (III); Class Football (I, II); Class Basketball (II); Scrub Basketball (III, IV); Captain Varsity Basketball (IV); Class Track (II, III); Varsity Track (II, V); Class Historian (I); Vice-President Class (III); Student Council (II, III, IV); Assistant Manager Basketball (III); President Varsity Club (IV); Derelicts.

"Heine," "Stump"
Fred Boorman Martenis, Ω A
Agriculture
Wilmington, Delaware
Agricultural Club; Mandolin Club; Chess Club; Footlights Club; Vice-President Agricultural Club (III); Delaware Farmer Board (I, II, III, IV); Editor-in-Chief Delaware Farmer (IV); Dairy Cattle Judging Team (II); Phi Kappa Phi.

"Fritz"

Joseph Pierson Maxwell
Electrical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware
Robert Bayne Wheeler Scholarship (II); Orchestra (I, II); 2d Lieut. of Band (IV); Engineering Society.

"Squirrel"
IRVIN REED McELWEE, Ω A
Chemical Engineering
Engineering Society; Wolf Chemical Club; 1st Sergeant Band; 2d Edward Reynolds Memorial Scholarship; 1st Du Pont Scholarship; Class Baseball (I, IV); Derelicts.
"Irv," "Mac"

WILLIAM MCKINNEY, Ω A
Electrical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware
Engineering Society, Corporal in Band; Captain Class Baseball (I and IV); Scrub Baseball (IV); Derelicts.
"Bill"
JAMES GORDON McMILLAN, Σ N
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware
Varsity Tennis (I, II, III, IV); Captain Tennis (II, III); Class Treasurer (I); Class Baseball (II); Glee Club; Arts and Science Club; Vice-President League of Nations Club; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Blue Hen, Editor-in-Chief Delaware College Review; The Derelicts; 1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant; President Student Council.

JOHN HAZEL MEREDITH
Agriculture
Felton, Delaware
Athenaean Literary Society; Agricultural Club; Circulation Manager of Delaware Farmer (II, III); Scrub Baseball (III, IV); Class Baseball (I, IV); Captain Agriculture Baseball Team; Scrub and Class Basketball; Captain Agriculture Basketball Team.
"Ted," "Jack"
HENRY BURTON MITCHELL, Σ N
Arts and Science
Millsboro, Delaware
Class Baseball (I); Scrub Baseball (II); Varsity Baseball (III, IV); Dereglicit Fraternity; Member Glee Club; Assistant Business Manager 1918 Blue Hen; Athenaeian Literary Society; Arts and Science Club; Varsity Club; League of Nations Club.

"Mitch," "Bee"

WILLARD S. MOORE, Σ Φ E
Electrical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware
Varsity Football (IV); Scrub Football (III); Class Football (II); Dereglicts; Varsity Club; Mathematics Prize, 1916; Captain Co. C; Treasurer Placard Committee; Phi Kappa Phi.

"Dinty"
FRANCIS LEONARD O'ROURKE
Agriculture
Newark, Delaware
Second Francis Cooch Botany Prize; Dairy Judging Team (II); Second State Grange Prize (III); Blue Hen Board (III); Delaware Farmer Board; League Nations Club; President Agricultural Club (IV).

“Baron”

FIRMAN CLARENCE PENUEL
Agriculture
Georgetown, Delaware
Dairy Judging Team (II); Agricultural Club; Delaware Farmer Board, Corporal Co. C.

“Pen”

Seventy-seven
Louis Plam, ΣΦΕ
Arts and Science
Brooklyn, New York

Varsity Football (IV); Manager Varsity Football (IV); Scrub Football (I, II, III); Captain Scrub Basketball Team (IV); Scrub and Class Basketball (I, II, II, IV); Senior Class Secretary; Vice-President Student Publicity Association; Class Historian (III); Scrub Baseball (III, IV); Class Baseball (III, IV); Treasurer Wolf Chemical Club; Class Football (I, II); Class Track (I, II, III, IV); Indoor Meet (I); Captain R. O. T. C. (IV); 1st Lieut. (III); Varsity Club; Derelicts.

“Lou”

Jay Robinson, ΣΦΕ
Chemical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware

Engineering Society; Wolf Chemical Club; Class Baseball (I, II, III); Scrub Baseball (III); Mandolin Club (I, II, III, IV); Leader Mandolin Club (II, III, IV); Wm. D. Clark Mathematics Prize ’17; Du Pont Scholarship ’18; 1st Sergeant Band.; Derelicts; Phi Kappa Phi.

“Diggie”
LAWRENCE LANDON SMART, Σ N
Mechanical Engineering
Baltimore, Maryland
Engineering Society; Varsity Football '14-'15; Varsity Track '15-'16; Class Football '14; Class Basketball '14-'15; Class Baseball '15-'16; Class Track '15-'16; Vice-President Class Junior Year; Varsity Club; Derelicts.

RUSSEL DAVIS STURGIS
Agriculture
Wilmington, Delaware
Agricultural Club; Wolf Chemical Club; Band.
"Slim Jim"

Seventy-nine
ALFRED BAILEY THOMAS, Ω A
Agriculture
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Varsity Basketball ('12-'13); Class Basketball ('13-'14-'15); Scrub Football ('13); Cheer Leader ('14-'15); Associate Editor Delaware Farmer ('14-'15-'16); Y. M. C. A. delegate to Eaglesmere ('15); Treasurer Agricultural Club ('14-'15); League of Nations Club.
"Reds"

ALBERT SLACK WALTON
Electrical Engineering
Newark, Delaware
Engineering Society; Class Track (IV); Scrub Track (II, III, IV); League of Nations Club.
"Whitey"
CHARLES IDE SUTFIN, Σ Ν
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware
Treasurer Class (IV); Derelicts; Treasurer Glee Club; Wolf Chemical Club; Blue Hen Board (III); Y. M. C. A. Committee; Student Publicity Association; League of Nations Club.
“Charlie”

WILLIAM ARTHUR WISE
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware
Review Staff (II, III, IV); Associate Editor Review (IV); Advertising Manager 1918 Blue Hen; Orchestra (II, III); Class Track (I, II); Scrub Track (I); Band (IV); Arts and Science (I, II).
“Art”
NORMAN THOMAS

CLASS OFFICERS

President ......................... NORMAN THOMAS
Vice-President .................... R. PAUL KITE
Secretary ........................ HASSON T. TERRILL
Treasurer ......................... GEORGE S. CULLEN

Eighty-five
Class History

MODESTY FORBIDS.
READ ABOUT US SEPARATELY
JOHN WHITE ANDERSON, 3RD., Ω A
Electrical Engineering
Wilmington, Delaware

Secretary Class (I); Class Baseball (II); Glee Club; Mandolin Club; Corporal (II); Sergeant (III); Blue Hen Board.

"Johnnie," "Jack"

It is usually the custom when talking about our famous contemporaries to compare their work with something done by some prehistoric personage and to tell how much superior is the contemporaries work. But with John White, the third, it's different. He claims, and admits that his claims are justified, too, that Volta, Ampere, Thomas A., and a hundred others far too insignificant to mention, "ain't got nothing on him;" and as for the man who invented graphic statics—Euclid he thinks it was—he just didn't know what he was talking about. That magic word, the "third," tacked on to his name, is the secret of his prowess. The first two didn't know nothing, so he says, but as for him, well, modesty forbids. John the Third's favorite pastime is making love, and it is rumored in high circles that he must be on speaking terms with at least two of the fair sex. When John the Third is not making love he may be seen on Frazer Field dressed as for baseball, with a bat in his hand, of course. Someone tells the story to the effect that once John the Third was seen to appear for the class baseball team, but that the referee did not allow him to play for fear that it would be giving undue advantage to the opposing team. It is also on record that when John the Third was class secretary, he was observed to have taken the minutes at a class meeting twice. But really John the Third is a good old scout and a most efficient worker, so much so that it is reported—on good authority, too—that he has the largest collection of dance programs in the State, having picked them up in miscellaneous quarters. As soon as he gets a roomful John the Third says that he is going to throw them all away.

Eighty-seven
“Arbie” hails from Cherry Hill, though he is in no wise related to George Washington. In his native realm “Arbie” occupies a social apex, and is looked upon by the Hill-dwellers as the ace among Beau Brummels, but the joker takes the trick. When first exhibited at Delaware he presented the appearance of a diluted drink of water, but after two years at the Commons he has developed a physique much akin to that of a match. During his first few years in school “Arbie’s” grinning map was ever to be found peering across a checkerboard in Purnell Hall. Due to this sedentary existence Otzgo’s eyes were the cause of his voluntary (?) retirement from our midst. Upon his return, however, track superceded checkers, and “Arbie” has built for himself an enviable reputation on the cinder path. Today he is the proud wearer of the varsity “D,” and also of the interclass track medal given to the best all-around track and field man in college. As a high jumper “Arbie” holds the college record. Just as he overcame all the rough spots in his first two years at Delaware, so will “Arbie” revolutionize Cherry Hill when, upon graduation, he returns to the haunts of the Arbuckle forefathers.
WILLIAM ELLISON BARNARD, A.A.
Arts and Science
Camden, Delaware
Inter-class Basketball Champions (I); Varsity Basketball (II, III); Scrub Basketball (II); Class Football (II); Class Track (II); Sergeant Co. B; Student Publicity Committee; President Sophomore Class; Student Council (II); Derelicts; Varsity Club; Vice-President Varsity Club (IV).

"Big Dick," "Buddy"

Big Dick, ex-shave-tail and promoter of Freshmen-Sophomore scraps, claims little Camden as his domocile. During his Freshman year he was a material aid in squelching certain unruly Sophs. In fact such was his prowess along pugnacious lines that he was elected to the exalted office of Sophomore president, and led the class victoriously in several mix-ups. While pursuing his studies in the Arts course, Dick has plenty of time for mangling the ivories to the immortal tune of Chop-sticks, to the great distress of his spell-bound audience. On the basketball floor he could, by his giraffic reach, pluck the ball from mid-air, and because of this asset was invaluable to Delaware's cage performers. He is one of the live wires of the class and always willing to have a fracas or a party. As a member of the class track, football and baseball teams, Dick has worked as faithfully for 1920 as he has done for the college by his varsity basketball playing, his services to the Student Council, and his general interests and activities. In later years every member of the class of 1920 will remember "Big Dick" as a real man and a real friend worthy to represent Delaware in the world.
Dame Nature is a queer old bird with an acute sense of humor, and we imagine she must have grinned broadly when she first saw Alex as a most puzzling specimen of her handiwork. We are really keen about complicated things and the more complicated they are, the better we like them. We like them because it amuses us to try to find out how they work. This is why we like Alex. Never yet have we been able to discover just how he works his diverse occupations, and keeps everything going so well at the same time. His foremost occupation is drawing pictures—if you don't believe us, just examine this book—and he is most temperamental about this hobby. In fact, rumor has it that he is totally unable to do any work unless he is robed in a lavender silk dressing gown lined with lemon yellow and tied with a rose colored rope. When he is not daubing souls on canvas, and in need of exercise, he takes a few turns around the campus, shooting up the place—with a camera, of course. We are glad to be able to announce that the campus has now recovered from its initial embarrassment, and is now accustomed to seeing his attenuated structure meandering over its greensward. When Alex is not indulging in any of the aforementioned occupations he may be found in the Green Room directing the would-be aspirants to histrionic fame and relating his experience while “treading the boards.” Occasionally, when he wishes to curb his temperament, Alex doffs his robes and sojourns to the classroom where Greek and English eleven are his favorite sports.

Alex says that he comes from Wilmington, and he tells many strange tales of the natives of that curious place. We have a suspicion, however, from his curious vernacular, that at some earlier date he must have taken a journey from Old Caledonia. Like most Scotsmen, Alex is a steadfast and willing worker, and we have him to thank for the Footlights Club at Delaware today. We all have learned to like this tall son of Scotia and when we say “all” we mean all. A gentleman, a scholar, a lover of the beautiful; and the peculiar thing is that he draws entirely by ear, never took a lesson in his life.

Ninety
Charlie, peering through several thicknesses of achromatic pane, may be seen frantically scurrying thither and hence, hunting for his pet slide rule, perhaps to compute the extent of his damage to the physics laboratory (Sandy McGougan and Dinty Koeber will furnish full reference on this subject at request). But the cause of his hurry might be either a prospective dollar for the Lightfoots Club, or a hurry call for another ad. for The Blue Hen. Most often the hurry is all in an effort to get some advance copy for The Review for the week after next. But Charlieworth being the only animated log table in existence, is a valuable asset to Doc McGougan in figuring how long it would take a man to walk off a slippery pond, disregarding friction. Neverthewhole, in spite of the fact that his college work absorbs much of his time, he still pays some attention to the pekingese poodle and the Chess Club.

Charlie has distinguished himself as a scholar, and by his ever-evident smile and willingness to help a classmate, he has won a place in the heart of every Delaware student. As a member of The Blue Hen Board, and as editor of The Review, he has rendered valuable service to his Alma Mater. Interested in all college activities and with plenty of surplus energy to give to each of his interests, we predict further triumphs for him next year. He is sincere and above board in his work and in his friendships, and we wish him every success in his future endeavors.
Francis Bayard Carter, Σ Φ Ε
Arts and Science
Newark, Delaware

Varsity Football (I, II); Varsity Baseball (I, II, III); Captain Varsity Baseball (II); Varsity Basketball (II, III); Captain Varsity Basketball (IV); Scrub Basketball (I); Interclass Basketball Champions (I); President Freshman Class; Review Board (I, II, III, IV); Student Council (I, IV); Delegate Athletic Council (III); Varsity Club; Vice-President Varsity Club (III); President Varsity Club (IV); Derelicts; Editor-in-Chief Blue Hen; President Student Council (IV); President Senior Class; Trustees' Prize.

"Big Carter," "Bess," "Ted"

"What's that? Blue Hen. All right! I'll attend to that. Hey, Charlie! that Review article is in the box there. Yeh, I wrote some rust up, too. Oh, Norm! I fixed that up for the dance. Say, Charlie, did you get that ad. for the Blue Hen? Oh! What, you did? Good! C'mon Phil; let's go to practice. Somebody calling me? What? Yea! I got five A's and one B on that last report. I'll tell you about the B, d—- 'er. Pardon me, Doctor, what did you say? Oh, yes, the Student Council will meet tomorrow. Yes, sir, I certainly shall. Thank ya'. What's that? Dean Smith wants me? Wait a minute, Phil, I'll be back. Hey, Eddie, wait till I come down. (Two minutes intermission.) Phil, you go on to practice and tell coach I'll be there as soon as I get rid of this junk. Eddie, we gotta collect for those ads. All right! All right! What? Sure we're going to hold a smoker on Friday night before the game. What's that? I'm wanted on the phone? Oh X—- ? ! ? X Z. Excuse me a minute. Want me to go to a dance in football season? Small chance! Now listen, we gotta get busy. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, that Senior affair. Well, I'll see you later. Gee whiz! 4.30! Coach'll kill me. I gotta get those new formations. Yes, Miss Stuart, I hear you. Wanted on the phone? I'm going to practice. Tell them to wait. What's that? What am I doing tonight? Why, studying, of course. I'm going to have all A's this time or die trying. Aw! Miss Stuart, tell 'em anything; tell 'em I'm dead!"

"How this 190-pound prize package stands the strain we don't know. Athletics is his hobby and he rides it in varsity football, basketball, and baseball. As a matter of fact, we would feel embarrassed if his big, graceful form did not trot out with the teams. Besides playing all these sports this Apollo has time to edit the Blue Hen, write for the Review, be elected president of the Senior class and of the Student Council, to captain a varsity baseball and a varsity basketball team, and to win the Trustee prize. We won't say how he does it, but he does. Taking New York and a few more places into account, his actions are almost explainable, but still we can't go very far into the mystery. But at that he is just the fellow to have beside you whether at a party or at a fight. Ladies, he's distinctly individual.

Ninety-two
Great was the sorrow in Mt. Pleasant when Bob entered college, for the population decreased thirty-three per cent. Once with a rush of brains and speed (more speed than brains) he taxed the constructive ability of the county highway engineer to full capacity by riding head on into Cooch's Bridge with a forty-dollar motorcycle. No serious damage resulted (to the bridge). "Shrimp" is afflicted with the sleeping sickness, especially in the north room, but on certain occasions succeeds in "jazzing the blues away" at the Frau College. His enormous appetite for candy has been the cause of the advance in the cost of wares at the book foundry; but no doubt this appetite is due to the strenuous exertions of cheer leading, for Bob is a cheer leader of no mean ability, and always has the crowd on its feet when anything is happening.

Ninety-three
George Steele Cullen

Agriculture

Elkview, Pennsylvania

Treasurer Class (III); Treasurer Agricultural Club (III); Advertising Manager Delaware Farmer (II); Business Manager Delaware Farmer (III); League of Nations Club; Assistant Advertising Manager Blue Hen; Agriculture Baseball Team (III).

"Cullie"

George comes from the Pennsylvania town of Elkview, in the wilds of Chester County. Though from a wild country George is no wild man, but a quiet, earnest worker. The worst fault George has is his habit of asking when you are going to pay your class dues, a most embarrassing habit. "Cully" is wedded to the Delaware Farmer, and it is through his indefatigable efforts that so many good issues of that paper have been published. George, besides being a conscientious worker is also inclined to be a shining spot at which many fair maidens in Delaware and Pennsylvania aim their shafts. Forgetting for awhile his finances, he steps into his roadster (and it's a "wiz") and starts out to see his lady fair. His fame as an entertainer has spread far and near, and whenever we want George we have the operator page George at about thirty homes and we finally get him to tell him to do this and that for the class. And he can do a whole lot of things worth while. He is modest and unassuming and as one prof. says, "If he'd wake up a little oftener than twice a year he'd make a fine lad."

Ninety-four
CHARLES GRUBB EDWARDS, Σ Φ Ε
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware
Chess Club; Class Baseball (III); Class Track; Footlights Club; Glee Club; League of Nations Club; Assistant Advertising Manager Blue Hen.
“Charlie”

Charlie is a blushing youth who claims Wilmington as his home town. He is such a quiet lad that we really don’t know much about him, but if he hails from Wilmington, why that settles it; he’s all right. We do know that Charlie is a Beau Brummel of the first degree, for many are the stories that come to our unbelieving ears of his conquests among the fair sex, especially at the W. C. D. Just at the beginning of his Freshman year, Charlie met with a serious accident which kept him out of college for a full term, but he came back strong and now stands high in all his classes. We have heard very little from him, but yet we all like him because he has been plugging away developing into a fine student and a true man. As assistant advertising manager of The Blue Hen, Charlie proved to be a wizard at grabbing ads. from the T. B. M. of Wilmington. If any athletic event went by without Charlie being present it would break his heart, we imagine. He is a sport enthusiast, and as a swimmer he has few equals in college. Quiet, yet forceful; serious, yet with a hidden sense of humor; we have become used to seeing Charlie get what he goes after.
George Amos Ely  
*Agriculture*  
Winterthur, Delaware  
*Agricultural Club; Glee Club; Footlights Club; Delaware Farmer Board, Class Baseball.*  
“Eli,” “George,” “Eby”  

George comes from Winterthur. Winterthur, known only to Aggies, is a town north of Wilmington, consisting of the railroad station and all the farms within a five-mile radius. George became famous and justly so when at the last mid-years he contributed (we won't say how many) books to the library. George is also chief source of worriment to the county road builders, for he has worn no less than three paths down Depot Road to the college farm in his three years here. As an old maid in “I Hope You Like It,” George made such a hit that “Hazo” fell in love with him. George and “Baron” are also a constant worry to “Doc” Palmer. When George isn't eating the bacteria in the lab, “Baron” is running in to take George on a testing trip, a moonlight, or a straw ride. His one ambition is to make an “A” in one subject. Our advice is a course in astronomy as a last hope.

He is full of fun and in on everything. A plugger who has gotten there by his own efforts is George Amos Ely. He'll stick and make good because he has a lot of fighting spirit and a lot of good, hard, common sense.
When Harvey Lewis Fell came to college he was a fairly reasonable sort of boy. But in those days he didn’t know the women very well. Then the trouble was done before any of us realized it in time to save the poor boy, and the ladies ruined him. With tears streaming from his eyes he came to us one day in that first year of our college life and confided to us his terrible worry lest the sophs keep him down that night and make him miss his “date.” We knew then that he was done for and ever after we have gazed upon him with sorrowful eyes as an example of “what might have been,” but isn’t. Harvey is a dyed-in-the-wool ag. He is one of those ags who take the course with the real intention of one day becoming a farmer,—a rare thing these days. His greatest delight is to climb upon the back of some old nag (being a shrimp he generally requires a step-ladder to accomplish this feat) and work until the perspiration streams from his body, seeking to make said nag move. When he finally descends after his “thrilling” ride, Harvey may be heard to exclaim, “Oh, boy, that’s some sport,” and then we know within ourselves that he has a real live story of peril to tell some one of the many fair admirers who cling to him. Outside of the girls, Harvey’s only other fatal habit is smoking, (prohibition came in time to prevent anything worse developing). His solace in any and all cares or troubles is his pipe, and whenever and wherever seen, he is generally chewing on the stem of his favorite and exhaling the noxious weed.
Hank is a Wilmington product. However, that is nothing against Wilmington. It is understood in inner circles that Hank, upon graduation, will be given an A. P. degree instead of the regular B. S. Just what A. P. might mean is a secret, but we have it on good authority that it is Ambition Petrified. But who can tell? We'll have to wait and see. "Scoop" has distinguished himself these three years by winning for himself laurels as the champion joke artist of the Junior class. In fact "Judge" and "Life" haven't a thing on Gordy. Ask Doc McGougan. For instance: "Doctor, a battleship is painted gray; how long will it take it to cross the ocean?" However, despite the fact that Gordy's love of fun sometimes causes him inconvenience, he is a good fellow and one of the most popular men in college.
Marietta, Pa., is "Gravey’s" home-land. Marietta is an unknown quantity with us, for we don’t even know where it is. But if all Mariettaites are as good as this blooming product, the town must be all right. Much as we hate to say it, though the truth must be told, "Gravey" has an insuperable aversion to obeying the summons of the alarm clock, thus missing his breakfast, and oft-times what is more important (?), the meat of Calculus and the nectar of Electricity, those satisfying viands which are served so appetizingly in the 9 A.M. class. But in the afternoons when the long day’s toil is o’er, one would scarcely recognize the sleepy youth of the morning, for now “Gravey” is stretching his sturdy legs around the cinder path, winning for himself a place on Delaware’s track team. “Gravey” is an excellent track man, and bids fair to win even more honors for himself before his graduation. As a football player he has won his “D.” In interclass basketball, baseball, and track “Gravey” has done his part in a fine way. Here’s luck to his future efforts when he passes on from Delaware.
George Henry, Jr., is the victim of a fatal ambition to become a civil engineer. He is never so happy as when, with a huge transit wrapped about his neck and a thick, ponderous volume of notes held lovingly beneath his arm, he strikes off with that characteristic stride of his that all the efforts of the Plattsburg officers couldn’t alter. George’s present work takes the form of “checking” on his imaginary railroad through Frazer Field, but when he leaves these halls of learning, he expects to set off for the “Wild West,” there to pursue his ambition undisturbed by any worry over checks. A really exciting event occurred in George’s young life last year. Having nothing to do during his summer vacation, George signed up for the Plattsburg camp. But upon returning home at the end of four weeks, Huck felt a strong yearning to return to camp and so, after smoking a few dozen of Dad’s best cigars, he again put on his uniform. And at the close of this second camp, George received a terrible surprise. He was offered a commission! Not knowing what to do, he retired to the solitude of his bunk, smoked two boxes of cigars and then, knowing of nothing else to do, he accepted the commission. George was promptly sent to the University of Buffalo, there to instruct the innocent S. A. T. C. boys in the rudiments of warfare. When he returned to college in January, Mr. Burleson found it necessary to run a special mail coach from Buffalo to Newark, for the sole purpose of carrying to our young hero the sweetly scented longings for his return. And this from one whom we had formerly thought of as a woman-hater! Verily the army has wrought mighty changes! But aside from his fatal ambition as an engineer and his equally fatal charm for the ladies, Huck is a good scout. He is always ready to do something for a friend, and he has a stock of original humor which has done much to lighten the moments as well as add to the worries of “Sandy” McGougan in the latter’s classes.
Having some slight propeller trouble the other day I alighted upon a road just below me. When I climbed out of the machine I saw that I stood before a pretty white gate above which, in brilliant gold letters were the words, J. I. Jefferis, Stanton's Scientific Soil Specialist. The sign impressed me strangely and, turning away, I accosted a native who was passing, “Who is this Jefferis?” “Oh, Jeff,” said he, “why Jeff’s a great boy. Lived here all his life. Why stranger, he went to Delaware College, graduated back in 1920. That’s what gave him his start in this here soil stuff.” “So this is the Jefferis that studied ag with the class of ’20, eh?” I queried. “Yes, that’s him all right,” replied the man. “Here he comes, now,” he added, turning away. I looked about me. The only person in sight was a rather important looking individual, coming out of the gate. As this man turned toward me he called out, “Why, hello there, whoever thought of seeing you here?” And my amazed eyes realized that Jeff stood before me. As I climbed into my machine a few hours later, after having gone through the well-appointed labs of Stanton’s most prominent citizen, I mused, “Some transformation, that. Why Jeff used hardly ever to be seen when he went to college. Who’d a ever thought that he would have become one of her famous sons and such a soil specialist and citizen of Stanton?”
"Mr. Kennedy will see you now, Sir." And I stepped into the private laboratory at Wolf Hall, congratulating myself on my good fortune at being able to see the distinguished chemist.

"Tell you of my college days. Well,"—and here he commenced to pour acid into a test tube—"life at Delaware College in my younger days used to be so insufferably unintellectual that I used to"—here the test tube was swung up on a level with his eyes—"go right home and stamp my feet in rage."

"Outside of the laboratory, and when I was not attending classes, I indulged in basketball, and in fact I appeared on the floor in full regalia, let me see—twice. And then my favorite indoor sport"—here the liquid in the test tube turned a blush pink—"was parlor bolshevism. Really, among the ladies, I was a fearful sensation, entirely different from anything that they had ever before seen. At home—and by the way, I was a native of the village of Newark, now such a large city—I was considered a very precocious child." Here the liquid in the test tube bubbled over and he dropped the test tube and said, "Oh, darn!"

I saw that the interview was at an end, and so I took my leave while the taking was good. But I remembered that somewhere I had heard it said that Gene was a genuine all round man at college, trying to do his very best for everybody, never forgetting the first person singular.

One hundred two
RALPH PICKERING KENNEDY,
Chemical Engineering
Marshallton, Delaware.
Engineering Society; Wolf Chemical Club; Reynold's Chemical Prize (II);
Du Pont Scholarship in Chemistry (IV).
“Sphinx,” “Mary Pickford.”

Ralph is the noisiest sphinx in the class of 1920. Back in High School times at Wilmington he was noted for his likeness to the great watchman of the desert of Sahara; and so it has followed him to Delaware. Because of his dainty complexion and beautiful curly hair, Ralph has also been likened to Mary Pickford. For any further comparisons see “Venus” Colpitts.

Ralph has one big aim in college, and that is to study and then study some more. His favorite haunts are Wolf Hall and Mechanical Hall. At the latter he has been known to work for hours at one time on a problem which he might have gotten from his namesake “Gene”. Useless work, Ralph. His great specialty is chemistry; and during the past year he was credited with the startling discovery—how to regulate a Bunsen Burner. He also made a record in “Doc” Penny’s class by being the only one without a cut during the year. To show that Ralph’s studious efforts have not been in vain we refer you to the Du Pont chemistry scholarship, which is held jointly by the two Kennedy boys. There’s but one phase of Ralph’s college life which we should like to criticise. He seems to nurture a deep-seated grudge against college activities. So far he has held aloof from most student meetings and was rarely seen on Frazer Field. We suggest that he stay over to some of the games during his Senior year and by so doing set a good example to the Freshmen. By virtue of his four years of study, we wish Ralph success in his line of work and will remember him as one who is seen but seldom heard.
“Kitey” belies his name, for though he is up in the air, somewhat, he is so much down with us that you’d like him from the first moment you see him. Once you’ve seen him you’ll never forget him. He has a walk all of his own and he sure uses it in going to and from the post-office for those letters which always have the postmark of a city the first letter of the name of which begins with a “B,” and the last letter is “O.” There are two “f’s” in the middle of it, too. (B-ff-o). After he receives a letter he may be seen ambling aimlessly up to the campus, where he reclines on the greensward in an ecstasy of day-dreams. After throwing a spasm or two in the shade, he shuffles toward the gym and, strange to relate, dons a track suit. He steps gingerly on the track, and under the eye of the coach starts on the half-mile. Then they say, “Look at that stride,” as Kitey ambles along with an apparent ten-foot step. It was this stride that won for him his place on the Varsity Relay Team and also his “D” for track, after two years of plugging.

Contented to listen rather than talk, we find him holding his peace until the time comes for him to say something. Cool and reserved he says his little piece and resolves to back into his natural appealing self. His bursts of enthusiasm are spontaneous and contagious and he goes in for everything.

One hundred four
There is a town in Delaware consisting of one street, with houses on both sides, which is noted for two things. The first one is the great number of good looking girls who infest this particular place. By far the greatest reason for the prominence of this small town, however, is its one male inhabitant, under the age of twenty-one—Winfield Wilson Lattomus, the lion of Townsend's younger set.

In the fall of 1916 amidst the stirring strains of the Townsend band mingled with the cheers of the Townsend High School, and the sobs of the buxom country lasses, our hero swung nonchalantly aboard the train to start on the big adventure of his life. Once at college, Wilson began in the right way by entering into everything from class fights to Student Council dances. His delightful little stutter caused a sensation among the girls, but despite this fact we must confess that Wilson is not a "regular" with the ladies. He likes them all and they all like him and there it stops.

In his Freshman year this Townsend strong man decided that football was a game worth knowing and he started to come out regularly for practice. Despite the fact that he had never played before, he gained knowledge enough of the game to play on the class team. In his second year he showed great improvement and early in that year he was elected assistant football manager. He held this position until the end of his Junior year when he was elected manager. Last year he landed a varsity berth and he has developed into a promising tackle.

In college work, "Latty" is Charlie Carswell's understudy in civil engineering and he entertains hopes of being as good as Charlie himself someday. He is far from being a grind, but he studies to "get away with it" and so stands well in his classes.

Wilson's determination and straightforwardness, have won him many admirers and among his friends he is known as a "good fellow," always ready equally for a frolic or a fight and always ready to help the other fellow to the best of his ability.
Here we have another fellow who has accomplished much in his own quiet way. It takes quite a while to learn to know him unless you are a natural frequenter of Mechanical Hall. Although seldom heard from we are quite used to seeing him at all the games and all the “doings” around the college. He comes and goes with the days. As a matter of fact he’s like the brook, he goes on forever, pulling down his marks which place him near the head of our very short list of real students. Whenever there was a class fight we always found this chap right in the midst of it, but afterwards when we were telling each other in those famous “old leagues” just how we threw this one or that one, we never heard from this quiet classmate of ours. As a matter of fact his modesty is misunderstood for lack of interest by those who do not know him. His academic work occupies the chief place in his interests and he is attaining success along his E. E. course. He is able to set up any kind of an electrical apparatus in existence. You may find him anytime at all in the electrical lab fussing around the motors and dynamos. Some day he’ll be famous. With us he is a quite unassuming chap who takes a deep interest in college affairs but who prefers to watch and not to talk. Some day he’ll break out and astound us with a long speech before the Engineering Society. Success is bound to come to this classmate who is plugging along with a definite purpose clearly in view. That sparkle in his quiet eyes shows us that “still water runs deep.” How deep we don’t know but with another year to go we’ll watch and find out.
HARRY WALTER LOOSE, K A
Mechanical Engineering.
Wilmington, Delaware.

Corporal Co. A (I); 1st Sergeant Co. A (II); Captain Co. A (III); Major (IV); Class Basketball; Varsity Track (I, II, III); Captain Track (IV); Holder Discus Record (I, II, III); Holder Javelin Record (III); Class Track (I, II, III); Varsity Football (I, II, III); Captain Football (III); Scrub Basketball (III); Class Basketball (II, III); Varsity Club; Engineering Society; Mandolin Club; Glee Club; Athletic Council (II, III); Review Board (I, II, III); Business Manager Blue Hen; Vice-President Class (IV); Derelicts.

“Larry,” “Harry.”

“Hello! Is Mr. Harry Loose there?” (Pause) “Is this Loose? This is Major commandant of Fort Du Pont. Mr. Loose, I have a very important favor to ask of you. Tomorrow we have an inspection and we have to give a demonstration of gun-fire. Now all our cannon are out of order. They shoot 12-pound and 16-pound shot, and I understand that your experience and success with shot-putting has been very considerable while you have been at college. Do you follow me? Well, now, can I count on you to put those shot at the target in the river tomorrow? Very well, then my problem is solved. We'll expect you tomorrow. Thank you, Mr. Loose. Good-by.”

This conversation was heard over the phone in Old College Hall one day. Now Hercules, Jr., for such is this youth, can surely fit the part. This young giant holds the college record for the discus throw and the javelin throw. In shot-putting, Harry always has been the most consistent point winner for the Varsity team in any meet. His activities are wide and varied. The same arm which heaves the three weapons in such a formidable way, also straight-arms those tacklers who try to stop its owner's passage down the football field. And as a class mate, Harry is O. K.

Ladies, if you want a cave man or a Hercules, here is your man. He is a fine, gentle creature until he sees "blue," and then you have to watch out. What Harry wants, he generally gets and after he has got it, his determination and modesty make us give him our immediate regard. He has a characteristic grin that won't come off, and we like to hear his, "Aw now C'mon."
Ladies, this handsome young man who masquerades under the pseudonym of Bob—Robert is his real name—comes from, somewhere in Virginia; the place has a name but it is beyond us with our limited vocabulary to spell it. It is interesting to note that Bob is a distinct blonde type, and it is mainly on this account that he is so popular at a certain institution of learning located about a quarter of a mile from the College. But we believe that it is not alone the color of his hair that accounts for Bob's popularity, for he possesses a disposition which is excelled by none in the college. And his disposition does not amount to mere words, for he is always willing to aid in every way possible, whenever there is work to be done. This may read like an advertisement, but it isn't for Bob is the genuine article. So here's your man, Ladies. One time Bob took the part of a motherly-looking person with red hair in one of the Footlights Club productions at the Women's College, and a professoress was heard to ask why Mrs. Whosit was assisting that evening. We say that Bob is some little deceiver. Bob came to us from the class of nineteen-nineteen, in whose ranks he had won fame, but as he saw that there was more opportunity for him in the ranks of "Twenty" he joined us. We are glad that he did this for he has enriched our class by the force of his personality.

One hundred eight
PHILLIP HENRY MARVEL, Ω A  
Mechanical Engineering  
Houston, Delaware.  
Class Baseball (I); Varsity Baseball (II, III); Captain Varsity Baseball (IV); Scrub Baseball (I); Scrub Basketball (I, II, III); Class Basketball (I, II, III); Captain Inter-class Basketball (III); Inter-class Basketball Champions (I); Inter-class Football (I, II); Scrub Football (I, II, III); Engineering Society; League of Nations Club; Varsity Club.  
"Phil."

Time: September. Scene: In region of Queen de Danse.  
The stillness of the Wilmington streets is broken by the sound of swift footsteps heading for the P. R. R. Station and incidentally for the 12:02. In the glare of the lurid street light we catch the first glimpse of our hero, Phil. Immaculately clad in a full dress suit with a light top overcoat we watch him as his "bespattered" feet move with relentless precision. Suddenly a second form emerges from the shadows and, approaching Phil, mumbles, "Say, Bo, what time is it?" With the same speed and dash he shows on the dance floor, our hero made a mad dash for the nearest mail box before the "thug" could gather his senses. Quickly Phil dropped his watch, chain, and silver basketball into the slot. Meantime the terrified "thug" fled, knowing that his attempted robbery had been foiled by Phil's quick wit. By standing guard until the postman appeared at 5.30 A. M., Phil was able to recover Holt's watch and to return triumphant to Newark.

This is but one episode in Phil's life since entering Delaware. But by his determination and fighting spirit Phil has laid a great foundation upon which is built up the respect and friendship of his classmates. Everybody likes Phil because he is a good athlete, a good friend, a good classmate, and an all around "regular fella." His efforts in varsity baseball were rewarded by his being elected varsity captain for 1920. As a class football and basketball player "Phil" has proved his claim to the name of an all-around athlete. Above everything, Phil is sincere in everything that he does. If more men should show the willing and eager spirit of Phil to be of service to his college and his friends, the college would indeed be an ideal place for the forming of worthwhile friendships. With a big laugh, a ready smile, and loads of "pep," he is well-known to us all, because he has done things worthwhile and done them in a clean and unassuming way.

When he laughs we look for the mule—Haw! Haw!
FRANK PAUL McCARDELL, Σ N

Agriculture
Wilmington, Delaware.

Class Basketball (II, III); Class Football (II); Varsity Baseball (I, II, III); Captain Varsity Baseball (III); Athletic Council (II); Agricultural Club; Delaware Farmer Board; Review Board; Blue Hen Board; Student Publicity Committee; Student Council (IV); Varsity Club; Derelicts.

"Gudgie," "Frank."

At one time "Gudgie" had the cutest little mustache, which never did any harm to anyone—so why poke fun at it? At college, though, its career was short. On clear days, it could be seen distinctly, but when the air became hazy, there wasn't the slightest trace. However, his little difficulties with the mustache set aside, Frank is a fine, likable fellow as any number of girls will tell. But even at that he does not "run" the girls as much as he does the road to the college farm. Frank will no doubt be a "gentleman farmer," because, even though he is an "ag" and familiar with every one of Doc. Palmer's cows, "Gudgie" is always neat and snappy in appearance. In his Freshman year, Frank went out for baseball, and he soon landed a varsity berth. His playing around second has been of such high-class that in his Junior year he was chosen to captain the varsity. When class basketball time comes around, "Gudgie" starts training promptly and in these games he has displayed with wonderful skill the K.O., the Rabbit, and other punches, guaranteed to "keep 'em down." Despite his frail build "Gudgie" is always there when the whistle ends the game. We seriously doubt if you'll be able to keep this youth "down on the farm," but we shall see. We're watching Frank carefully because he claims to be an idealist. What that is we don't know. Anyway, Frank has worked hard for our class and he is one of the best-liked fellows in the "bunch." As he leaves we may wish him luck, but what's the use? He'll get it anyway.

One hundred ten
Ladies and Gentlemen (especially ladies) let your glance linger for a moment upon this smiling child of Middletown, which is noted for two things, “Al” and “Mac.” “Mac” of course is the more important of the two. Now “Mac” is a charter member of the Paddlefoot Club. His feet are especially adapted for accompanying his sad, melodious strumming on the banjo. His favorite songs are: “The Wild, Wild Women,” and “Oh! How I love Her.” We wonder who this “her” can be? “Mac” has had so many accompanying him (and also his spats) to our “jazz” fests that we are all up in the air. Whenever “Mac” starts strumming on the banjo we prepare for the sight of a new one at the next hop or prom. His fame lies in his musical and social ability. As a class football player “Mac” has shown wonderful skill in surviving with his short, stocky person the attacks of the opponents. As a wrestler he can make a great many of the big fellows around college say “Uncle.” Anybody who can survive the terrors of Aunt Nellie’s when Mike, Fitz and Lou were kings, as have “Mac” and “Laddie,” deserve great credit, and we give it to “Mac” unreservedly.

A good friend and a good sport characterizes “Mac” and we know he won’t feel insulted if we call him our “Little Giant.”
GEORGE MERLE NELSON, Ω A
Electrical Engineering
Delmar, Delaware.

Assistant Manager Baseball (III); Manager Baseball (IV); Class Baseball (II, III); Captain Class Baseball (III); Engineering Society; Blue Hen Board; Class Football (I, II); Derelicts.

"Copper," "Plute."

Not many years ago, Delmar, Delaware, was the scene of the largest celebration that section of the country had ever known. There were parades, speech-making and general hilarity everywhere. The papers far and wide gave the event great publicity, and in a miraculously short time the town was overrun with visitors. Many slept in barns, glad of the opportunity to be near and to see what was the cause of so great a disturbance. No one seemed to find out the exact cause, however, until about a year later when it was discovered that on that memorable occasion one, "Copper" Nelson had first seen the light of day. In due time the boy waxed strong and after passing millions of those "down hum" exams, he decided that Delaware College was the only place left for him to conquer before he was prepared to turn the world upside down. As a Freshman Copper was true to type, having a noble coat of verdigris cultivated in his home town high school in his senior year there, but like a good freshie he soon persuaded the sophs to rub it all off. In fact Copper became acclimated to Newark ways in a remarkably short time. Since coming to college, George has entered into activities in general with spirit and enthusiasm. As manager of baseball team in his senior year, Copper expects to make the 1920 team the best ever. Incidentally, he is going to show Dinty just what a good Senior Electrical Engineer should be.

One hundred twelve
This big farmer hails from Middletown—don't let that prejudice you too much for he's a pretty decent chap in his way. Professor Ruhl would add "when he is asleep," but that is the only condition in which Bob is ever found when in Hort. 9, and so you can't blame "Pete" for his remark. It is a long and infrequent jaunt to East Orange, though no doubt Bob believes in resting up from the last and preparing for the next while he is in Newark. Bob is really a good worker, however, despite his sleepiness. His interest in the "Delaware Farmer" has earned him the position of editor-in-chief of that paper. It means a lot of work for Bob next year, but he is capable of that and we feel sure that he will succeed in making the paper the success that it ought to be. Bob has showed some skill, too, in class football and in class track, and in each of these sports, he has made points for 1920. Above all else, Bob is likable because his interests and his ways are as big as his body.
Try to stretch your imagination to the extent of picturing a sawed-off New Englander with the build of an athlete on an underslung chassis, a face like unto the hills of Massachusetts, and a smile as open as Doc. Rhodes’ “bar.” Well the picture is complete, and it’s Walt Ritz, the New England “lad” who has won renown with us as an all-round athlete, a social bear, and a musical genius. Athletics is Walt’s hobby, for all sports are alike to him if they require nothing more than strength, speed, judgment, skill and nerve. In varsity and class football, baseball and basketball, we have in Walt one of the few three-letter varsity men in our midst. Then, too, we have gotten so used to seeing this chap walking around the campus with his golf club and solitary ball, supposedly practicing golf, that when he is not there we miss him. “Obie” was heard to remark that he would make a splendid substitute for a scarecrow, and would serve to keep the crows from the grass seed when it is planted next spring. When strenuous sports fail, Walt sings for exercise. His whiskey-tenor accompanied by the doleful strumming of a mandolin or “uke” has been the bane of our college course. When we won’t let him sing Walt objects vigorously. Just to show that he is versatile he has attained a great “rep” with the ladies as a master of intricate “jazz” steps.

Walt promises that next year lessons will claim a greater share of his time, and we hope they do, for with more study Walt would be better off. A good fellow, with a quick temper and ready smile, backed up with two good fists to fight his own or his class battles, Walt is in on everything.
"My natural modesty, dear reader, forbids me from speaking too much about myself as you will glean from this article which I was inspired to write by the fact that we know so little about ourselves—until we start to talk.

Of course, I am from Wilmington—all "geniuses" come from there—and in my early youth I aspired to be a rival of Volta. I was not so very successful when "on my own"—to use the vulgar parlance—and so I came to Delaware College with a thirst to obtain knowledge. Thanks to Dinty and Gimpty I have been fairly successful, but even now I have passed beyond their sphere of knowledge and am now grappling with the larger problems of the universe, such as "How to be Successful Though a College Graduate." The lesser problems are of the past (parenthetical note by the Editor—he means Dinty and Gimpty.) I don't care to discuss my new theory of Electro-Chromatics, but I am at liberty to say this much, that it will entirely revolutionize the art of House Painting. And as for my new machine for harnessing the electric energy of the sun I—but excuse me, the telephone is ringing, and I must answer it."
Merv is one of the many strange products who have come to Delaware from the wilds of Wilmington. He first entered the college with the class of 1919, but finding the environment altogether distasteful to his sensitive nature, and the call of the working world strong upon him, he left his classmates to their fate and went in search of big money. Hearing of the character and strength of the class of '20, however, Merv returned to college a year later and joined that distinguished group. His life ambition is to become an electrical engineer. In his desire to reach this end he has nobly acquiesced in all the statements of Dinty Koeber's, even going so far as to claim acquaintance with "Polly" Phase. The fact that he really does not know the young lady was clearly shown however, when upon being rudely awakened from his dreams of home by a slight variation in Dinty's monotone, he muttered something about seeing if Carrie knew her. Despite his ambition, though, Merv has bright prospects for success in his chosen field, and we foresee that he will one day become a true successor to Ampere. Indeed, for such a frank, generous nature as characterizes Merv, such a position is inevitable.
Magnificent hair, rosy cheeks, dreamy eyes, dimples, and the build of Adonis—what more could any man wish? "Drape" possesses all of these qualities and to top off his good looks, he has the winning ways which have gained for him a position of the first water at W. C. D. When Drape left Wilmington for Plattsburg on the first lap of his journey to a commission, twenty-three beautiful admirers waved him a tearful farewell, and shed tears of regret at having the idol of their lives thus harshly taken from them. This tender farewell is authenticated by the woman-haters, Mackie, Carter, and Barnard. While stationed at Camp Grant in the service of his country, "Drape" added to the number of his fair admirers, and he now has one thousand and one feminine idolizers.

 Normally, "Drape" is a well-behaved young man, perhaps due to the fact that his father is the police commissioner. He has a fondness for swimming and at this sport, he is equalled by few in the college pool. His best friend perhaps, is the old pipe which is always in action soothing "Drape's" ruffled nerves. In studies, he always gets away with good marks without being too devoted to his books. A genial personality, coupled with an active interest in all college activities, makes "Drape" what we would have him—a true son of Delaware. No, honest he's not too tough. Just right you know for the gentleman's part or for the part of a college student.
HASSON TAYLOR TERRELL, K A  
Chemical Engineering  
Elkton, Maryland.  

Wolf Chemical Club; Engineering Society; Footlights Club; Glee Club;  
Y. M. C. A. Committee (I); Secretary Class (III); Corporal Co. A (I); Sergeant Co. C (III); 1st Lieut. Co. C (IV).  

"Hasson," "Terrible Terrell."  

Look him over, ladies, but show not your envy. He can not help those pink cheeks, nor can he help those endearing manners. The former are nature's own; the latter were developed in his native town of Elkton, Md., and so you see both were inevitable and the damage was done before poor Hass realized it. But despite this fact, the two together do make some combination. The W. C. D. thinks that he is a "dear" and is simply "sweet" and we'll all have to admit that you've got to "hand it to him"—he knocks 'em cold. Still, despite Hasson's conquering way with the ladies (none of them can resist him), he is a good all-round fellow and he is well-liked by his classmates. Hass is studying chemical engineering. He don't know just why himself, however, and so of course we won't try to say for him. Just the same, though, he spends a lot of his time down in the labs of Wolf Hall trying to emulate Doc. Penny. It has even been rumored that Hass hopes to develop the same precise motion of the little finger of his left hand as is made by Doc. Hasson's real ambition, however, is to become a military man. During his first two years we did not realize this desire in the heart of our hero, but in the days of the S. A. T. C., it came to light in its full force and Hasson proved to be one of the best and most popular leaders among the student non-coms. In fact, those days earned for Hass his title of "Terrible Terrell," and we rather imagine that for him at least, the days of the S. A. T. C. will always be the "good old days." Hasson is a good sport though, and is deservedly popular in his class. He is always ready for sports or scraps and in the first two years, he was always on hand whenever anything of the latter nature occurred. It is with all best wishes for future luck that the Blue Hen publishes these few memoirs of "Hasson, the Terrible."
NORMAN THOMAS, Ω A
Mechanical Engineering
Canterbury, Delaware.

Class Track (I, II, III); Class Football (II); Vice-President Sophomore Class; President Junior Class; Review Board (I); Student Council (III); Sergeant (III); Engineering Society; Blue Hen Board; Derelicts.

"Canterbury," "Norm."

They named a town down-State after Canterbury; at least that's what he claims and we never heard of the other three people who live there denying it. When the fair blonde drifted into Delaware from the Wesley Collegiate Institute, where he had gained enough knowledge to satisfy "Froggy" that he could make a fair showing even in Molly's trig class, he sure was "fresh" from the rural districts. It is even said that he early exhibited his astuteness by purchasing in advance and at a VERY special rate, a seat in chapel. His reformation began-a few weeks later, however, with a "chicken hunt." Canterbury returned from this affair a chastened and more sophisticated youth. Once started, his progress was rapid, however. His winning manners, together with his beautiful blonde hair, give to Canterbury a peculiar and irresistable charm for the women, and many a fair heart both on Depot Road and in the nearby environs of Wilmington, has been laid low by the ruthless youth. We say ruthless, because Canterbury, like a born woman-hater, has resisted the advances of all his fair admirers.

All in all, however, Canterbury is a pretty decent sort of a fellow. For three years he has plugged along as a consistent winner of points for 1920 in every track meet. He also is a member of the scrub football team; in fact, he has showed a great deal of genuine interest in the athletic side of his college life. Canterbury possesses a genial personality that has made him one of the most popular fellows in the class. In his Sophomore year, he was elected vice-president of the class, and next year he held the enviable position of Junior president. A "hail fellow well met," this representative of '20 is bound to form a host of friends wherever he may wander.
CHARLES RODNEY TUNNELL
Agriculture
Georgetown, Delaware.
Agricultural Club; League of Nations Club.
“Rod.”

It has long been the custom for the celebrated magazines, which we are forced to read when we take English, one such as The Atlantic Monthly, The World’s Work, The Nation, Life, or Judge, to devote a chatty little column in among the school advertisements to a disclosure of certain pertinent facts about certain celebrities. They tell us that Henry Cabot Lodge is the senior senator from Massachusetts or that Amy Lowell needs no introduction to readers of the Atlantic. Well, to start on our story, and to use the hackneyed term, Rod Tunnell needs no introduction to readers of the Blue Hen. If you should, by any misfortune in your sweet young life, happen not to know Rod, you’ve missed an awful lot. He’s an awfully cute young man, and he wears the darndest and the choicest little uniform when he is disguised as a shavetail—pardon the slip—Second Lieutenant; for, the war broke in, dear reader, and ruined his career, forcing him to become a second lieutenant. But you cannot keep a good man down, so ’tis said, and Rod joined the class of “Twenty”; of course, you could easily calculate that he started with “nineteen.” We forgot to mention that Rod came from—let us see, some obscure place in Delaware, O, yes—Georgetown, and Dame Rumor has it that “A lady fair with golden hair,” you know the rest, and so with love we close our story.

One hundred twenty
This classmate of ours has a great history. From the dozy and balmy quiet of his native Egypt, he came at once to Philadelphia—the danger zone of America. There, after “preping” at Exeter, Jake entered the University of Pennsylvania. Being choicy and particular about where he spent his last two years of college life, however, Jake decided to finish up at Delaware. Accordingly, after having spent a short time in giving the Du Pont Company a few pointers on efficient work, “Egypt” joined the class of 1920, in the second semester of the Soph year. Jake fitted in like a brick and his deep interest in the college has gained him a host of friends. Jake is taking mechanical engineering and is consequently an ardent disciple of Gimpty Smith. In fact it is rumored that Jake hopes to become as good as Gimpty himself some day.

Jake is one of the best-liked fellows in the class of 1920. A deep thinker, a follower of high ideals, and above all, a true gentleman, his personality is such that it has gained him a wide circle of friends. He is always ready to do something to help a classmate or to further the interests of Delaware College.
Whitey and this little college are great little pals; they began their acquaintance some years ago. We can't blame you for that, though, Whitey, if we had the money and enough cigars we might do the same. The lad threatens to pull out with the class of 1920, however, never to return from his distant home in Delaware City. This likable and good-looking chap is studying “ag” and in the summer he farms with great diligence in his own little back yard. Whitey's quiet and staid-looking exterior is somewhat misleading for underneath he is a man of many moods. At times he is perfectly content to put in his days back of his favorite fireplace; again, his blood aroused, he slips up to Wilmington and indulges in a mad riot of soda waters and moving pictures; or again, on a balmy afternoon, the spirit of wanderlust pervades him and, quite casual-like, he will dive neatly out of the window of “Pussyfoot's” lab. Taken all in all, Whitey sure is an eccentric farmer and we shall watch with great interest his future rural activities.
Irish is this boy's middle name. In fact he has Ireland stamped on his face, his neckties, and last but not least his pipe. "Spitz" is a good nickname for this Son of Erin who is cruelly addicted to the tobacco habit. With a chew in his jaw, a pipe in one corner of his mouth, a pack of cigarettes in his coat pocket, and two or three cigars in another, we see "Spitz" day after day going around the campus towards Wolf Hall to dabble with chemistry and smoke in peace. Another feature of this creature is the lovely crop of whiskers which he can raise in three hours' time. At inspections we have become used to hearing the following: "O'Neill, why don't you shave?" "I did, sir." "When?" "Three hours ago, sir." "Sgt., dismiss that man from further duty, he's wasting his time here." Spitz is also a crack checker and chess player. He is a member of the varsity chess team and has been a leading factor in causing interest in chess to grow. He is generous and willing to do any favor for a friend. He was always with us but it required two years for us to discover him. However he is in our midst now, on a pretty solid footing, too, and if he keeps on going at his present clip he will pull through in June, 1920, with bells and his green tie, and clay pipe "on." For graduation he wants tobacco wrapped in green ribbon.
Harold the Skipper, is a great believer in the adage “any old port in a storm,” and oft-times he may be seen plowing through the blistering December sun to that haven, strangely church-like in appearance, Rhodes’, where he may be heard uttering in a hoarse whisper, “Coca Cola.”

You ask why the appellation “skipper?” It happened this way. ’Way back in the days of the great war, when the young debutantes of that time deemed it fashionable to do something for their country, Harold aspired to be an Admiral. He had never seen the sea, but what odds? The youth had sailed toy boats on the creek of his native village at Milford, yea, and had read blood-curdling tales of the days of the buccaneers. The gatekeeper at the Annapolis health resort was finally persuaded to let him in. But alas, the war could not keep on forever, and so he was forced to come back and be a landsman at Newark again. Now the Skipper is wearing out his old gob’s clothes at college. Skipper is a great stepper, with his feet, of course. And speaking of feet, Skipper got his full share, and he takes particular pride in them.

He is a noted personage, now that he has donned “civies” again, in Newark; noted for his choice of footwear and vests. Never what might be termed “racy,” they embody a combination of emotional feeling and a desire to play chess. In fact, some day Harold claims that he will write a book entitled, “The Erotic Motive in Footwear and Vests,” which will contain a number of color plates in the appendix, with tables showing the estimated effect in calories of rose-pink vests combined with apple-green spats and russet shoes, or alice-blue and lavendar, or old gold and purple, or any of the thousand and one other chromatic combinations in which he delights. But we all admit that the Skipper is all right and a darn good chap, in spite of the fact that he studies English eleven and Steam Engines.
SOPHMORE
Sophomore Class History

When the class of 1921 entered Delaware College, it was the largest class that had entered up to that time. And now, as we look back over the two years that have passed, we can proudly point out that we are also the class with the largest number of victories to our credit. Naturally we are good in scholastics, and very few are the ones who “fell by the wayside.”

In our Freshman year we set up an enviable record for all following classes to meet. With grim joy we squelched the Sophs in our first fight. Not a man of 1921 was defeated and then came the mighty football game. The Sophs were so sure they could trounce us; but once more we showed our superior ability and came through with one of the highest scores ever made in a class game. We defeated them 20 to 0. Of course the Sophs declared it was luck, that we had a horseshoe around our necks, but we promptly proceeded to prove that it was skill, not brute strength such as they depended upon, and went through the basketball season without a loss. But while all these class games were going on, it must be remembered that we supplied a goodly number of brilliant varsity material, such as Alexander, McCaughan and Tonkin. Joe Wilson, in his first appearance in track for 1921, broke the mile and two-mile records. So, on the whole, we set the highest standard of any Freshmen class that had ever been at Delaware College.

But it seems that the men of the class of 1921 were only finding their stride in their Freshman year, for as Sophomores, we simply accelerated our pace and came through “clean as a dog’s tooth.” It was well for the Freshies that the S. A. T. C. put a stop to class troubles, or they would have been so cowed right from the first of their college course that we would not have been able to have any fun with them later on. But we did hold a few individual athletic contests in the gym, and in these we were always victorious. I do not think the wrestling bout between Aikens, 1921, vs. Cobb, 1922, will ever be forgotten.

As soon as the S. A. T. C. was over, things resumed their natural course. In fact, things seemed so natural to us that we went right through the basketball season, winning the class championship for the second time. This sets up a new record for classes at Delaware College to meet. It is well for the Freshies that the football game did not come off. The results would have been sad for them, very sad.
T. Wilmer Holland

CLASS OFFICERS

President ......................... T. Wilmer Holland
Vice-President .................... Joseph S. Wilson
Secretary ......................... Joseph H. Fairbanks
Treasurer ......................... George Sipple
But the dear little Freshies seemed so anaemic that we decided to stir up their livers, and so one bright morning the inhabitants of Wilmington, Newark, Elkton and Milford sat up with gasps of admiration at the magnificent posters displayed in prominent places about their beautiful cities. Then, as eggs are also good for run-down conditions, we helped the Freshies by “egging” on a meeting in Reception Hall. We also livened them up with several free-for-alls until we thought they showed life enough to fight, and then we smothered them in the bag rush. By way of comment, it seems strange but all the classes that have contended against us so far, have predicted their fate. The Sophs last year foretold the score of their defeat in football, while the Freshies this year, announced a Sophomore Circus. It was surely a circus for the Sophs, and “Irish Sank” made the rats perform most beautifully.

We have the “Freshies” so afraid of us that when they went to the theatre this year they were supplied with a protection of twelve policemen. But some day, when they become mighty Sophomores, they may learn how to protect themselves. When we went to the theatre, as Freshmen, we brought home with us the remnants of a fallen Sophomore banner and the picture of the crestfallen faces of our enemies.

The war has taken toll of our class, but our spirit has remained true. During the influenza epidemic we were most heartbroken to lose Lee Roach. He was a true friend and loyal supporter of Delaware College.

We look forward with joy to the return of our men from the war, and the future seems even brighter than the past for us, and we truly believe that it is the spirit of the class of 1921 which is combined with the loyalty which makes us fight for “Old Delaware,” first, last and all the time.
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Attending Location</th>
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CLASS HISTORY OF 1922

As the sun rose on the opening day of college, there could be seen on the steps of Old College 140 "sprouts of green wheat." As the day wore away and darkness came on, these "sprouts" gathered and waited for the Sophs, who tried to find amusement for themselves at the "Dorms,"—but failed.

The "sprouts" grew to know each other better and were just beginning to organize when influenza sent them all home for a short vacation.

On October 15 the "sprouts" were temporarily recalled and inducted into the mill of the S. A. T. C., where they were to be ground into dough-boys. They were then sent home again. On October 28 they returned to "camp."

On December 13, the College was put back on its original basis. The whole organization of the S. A. T. C. was disbanded. We were then registered as Freshmen and obliged to act accordingly. After the mustering out had been completed and everything settled, we were surprised to learn that only 66 of the original 140 "sprouts" were staying to finish the year.

Things went along smoothly until March 10, when the Sophs pasted posters all over town. The Freshmen tore them down and then the fight was on. Class fights continued until a final rush on Frazer Field on March 24, brought the campaign to a close.

The class of '22 has furnished Delaware with a large number of athletes for baseball, basketball and football. Stewart, DeLuca and G. Carter were the varsity football men. G. Carter made a fast forward on the varsity basketball team. Rothrock and G. Carter constituted a star battery. Carll, Wilson and Dantz also received the varsity insignia.

Thus has '22 started her college career. Despite the handicaps of the S. A. T. C. we have tried to live up to the traditions of "Old Delaware." In the future watch our smoke.

THE HISTORIAN.
CLASS OFFICERS

President: G. Gray Carter
Vice-President: Franklin K. Wells
Secretary: Norman E. Lemmon
Treasurer: Robert Stewart
FRESHMAN CLASS

Alexander, Thomas Clement
Allen, Alvan
Allmond, David Robinson, Jr.
Ayerst, Albert Douglas
Baumgardt, William Christian
Brooks, Abe
Brown, John Wilmot
Bunten, William Henry
Burbage, Arthur Vernon
Carll, Robert Heath
Carter, George Gray
Carter, Maynard Harper
Challenger, Barclay Roberts
Chambers, Gilbert Dickey
Chavin, Simon
Christfield, John Gilbert
Dantz, Theodore Roosevelt
De Luca, John James
Dixon, Eric Stanton
Downes, John Schoch
Draper, Wilton Lowber
Fisher, Lindale Carson
Fletcher, Robert Paulson, Jr.
Foulk, Robert North
Gela, William
Geoghegan, Henry
Goffigon, Oliver Winfield
Hallett, William Emerson
Harper, Joseph Howard
Hayes, John James, Jr.
Hollett, Joseph Lawrence
Hopkins, Melvin
Hunt, Thomas Edgar
Hurff, Leland

A. Claymont
Ch. E. Wilmington
C. E. Wilmington
Ch. E. Elkton, Md.
A. & S. Richardson Park
C. E. Dover
Ch. E. Berlin, Md.
A. Camden, N. J.
Ch. E. Newark
Ch. E. Wilmington
M. E. Claymont
A. & S. Newark
E. Wilmington
M. E. Wilmington
Ch. E. Woodbury, N. J.
A. & S. Wilmington
A. & S. Salem, N. J.
A. & S. Dover
Ch. E. Wyoming
A. & S. Wyoming
E. E. Wilmington
A. & S. Wilmington
Ch. E. Newark, Md.
M. E. Marionville, Va.
E. E. Melford
A. Still Pond, Md.
C. E. Wilmington
Ch. E. New Castle
A. & S. Dover
A. & S. Wilmington
A. Elmer, N. J.

One Hundred Thirty-six
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