"AH, papa," cried Johnny, as he spread his wrist-watch, wallet, ring, diploma and other high school graduation presents before his admiring sire, "now I can get a pair of corduroys and go to college!"

"Where would you like to go, Sonny?" condescendingly asked his old man.

"Oh, I want to go to Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton," quoth Johnny. And so Johnny went to Delaware!

One week, soon after Johnny became settled to being unsettled in the Dorms, a lot of boys came over and shook hands with him. They were awfully nice—they asked him where he was from, what course he was taking, how he liked Delaware, and many other solicitous things. But Johnny wasn't so dumb; he knew they wanted him to pay fifty dollars and join their club. But Johnny wasn't so dumb; he wanted to join their club. So he waxed floors and polished furniture. But Johnny wasn't an ignoramus; he had seniors write his themes and sophomores do his daily math.

By his sophomore year, Johnny felt like a real collegian. He knew where Frank's was; he familiarly spoke of "Doc," and "Froggy," and "Denny"; he knew the right clothes to wear, (but he never wore them—not Johnny—he wore corduroys and a leather jacket). For hours he sat enthralled listening to the seniors enlarge on their past experiences. Secretly he wished that things happened now like they did in the good old days.

By his junior year, Johnny had developed a complete and satisfied philosophy, which he summed up by confidently informing his startled family that "he knew what it was all about." One particular thing troubled Johnny, however. So far in his college course, he had received no conditions; he began to feel a little "grindy" and "sissyfied." Happily, this inward disquietude was banished when he discovered that none of the football men received conditions either.

Senior year came like a shock. All at once Johnny found his watch chain sagging under the weight of charms, keys, etc., in token of his sincere, steadfast, devoted and untiring services. He became president of a society that had meetings not too often; and all-in-all life assumed a pretty rosey appearance. Eight o'clock classes were an abomination and afternoon classes were tiring, but otherwise the days rolled cheerfully on.

Lo! Suddenly came Commencement—that memorable day, when with a tassel in his eye and a simple solemn expression on his face (which for the life of him he couldn't erase) Johnny was exhorted to gird on the armor of righteousness and the sword of service and go forth to the world! But wait—do not be deceived! This was not our Johnny. Conditions or no, he had flunked Freshman Math and his English themes, it seemed, had not matched the style of Addison and Steele. Our Johnny wasn't so dumb; he had another year yet before he put on the damn armor!
THIS AND THAT
Cather... . .

K Apers

Six alarm clocks on deck, but nobody can seem to get up on time. For Sale: six alarm clocks. . . . Covey, the boy wonder—wonders what the score is. . . . Any of you Juniors or Seniors that haven't turned in your Blue Hen pictures yet see Simmons in a hurry... . . . "Debs Delight" Rogers made the rounds of the coming-out parties in Phila. over the holidays. . . . Time, Tide, and Tweed wait for no man. . . . Flounders and his will power. . . . Mclight is still being cheerful in the morning. . . . March comes in like a lamb, but so does Wiggles. . . . Two Phi Kappa Phi's—Rogers receiving a trophy of a prize fish? . . .

Sigeigpigrams

"Let winter come," says Nais as he cuddles up in a sheet. . . . Scotty becomes broad-minded. . . . Bill Lawrence's desk is literally Pyle-d with recent copies of the Saturday Evening Post. . . . We hope some day to discover why Joe Crowe always put up that sign to wake him at 7.00 a.m., and then sleep through the three periods. . . . "Tis really a pleasant sight to see "twinkle toes" Gouert strut his stuff in the Blue Room. . . . Wish Jack wouldn't leave his love letters lying around. . . . Our Social Register contains the names of such notables as: "Prince" Pearce, "Duke" Hurley, "General" Thompson, "Mountaineer" Greer, and "King" Russo.

P. K. Tease

Biddy Hill off to Wilmington again. . . . Steinle's room is full of exclusive civils. . . . Most women don't care what kind of an engineer you are, though—you'll be civil to them sooner or later. . . . Welch has a Hart-affair in Milford. . . . Learned wants to be left out of this column. We don't blame him. . . . Joe Walsh quite agrees with the critics that the best feminine character Shakespeare created is Viola. . . . "Wild Bill" went home over the week-end, and so we got that rest we have been needing. . . . Questions: Who gets the most telephone calls? and, where did the cat go? . . .

Sigma Tau Philosophy

"Clark Gable" Ableman now in the sixth week of his sleeping marathon—expected to wake up at any moment. . . . Jasper refused to go to the Social unless a certain party asked him—he's not going! . . . House Party next Saturday—sofa, yet so near. . . . Handoff hopped to Washington incognito—however, they recognized him immediately. . . . It's happened! The freshmen finally managed to give "Beezie" a bath. . . . Rosbrow came to classes Monday with his winter underwear dragging. . . . "Pike" is the hotly contested champion in bumming cigarettes—ask the man who owns one! . . .

Kitty Brood Makes Great Hit As "Nora"

(Continued from Page 1.)

and was imploring and then threatening Nora.

Dot Deiser performed in a realistic, though somewhat strained and forced manner at times.

The costuming was very good. All the characters were made up especially well. Great credit should be given to those who procured the necessary costumes and furniture as they added immensely to the atmosphere of the play.

All in all, it was a good play. Undoubtedly, plays have been given here that have been more enjoyed by the audience. But "A Doll's House" was a better than average production. The things that will be remembered about this play are Maguigan's acting in the final scene and Miss Broad's splendid acting and carrying of the play throughout its entire length.

There are a few bad-mannered men who are successful, but only a few.—Newton D. Baker.
Believe It Or Else

Rudy Williams - 151/2" taller than Eve Mansberger &
(when standing on a 3' box)

Bud Tweed and Adair Rogers once both arrived at class on time!!!
(report unsubstantiated)

Jack Naisby - did not cruise up to Riverton, N.J. one week-end
(vy should've know?)

Stretch Pohl - famous all-around Delaware athlete,
pole-vaulted - 22' 6"
high-jumped - 8' 2"
rare the 22.0 - 16.5 sec.
chosen all-American end 5 consecutive years. He threw ed
"Strangler" Lewis in 2 min, 26 seconds -
"was you dere, Charley?"
AROUND THE CAMPUS

Short Short-Storys
by
Famous Initials

"Write Me a Letter"! ......G. E. D.
"One-Six-Two. Please" .........D. C.
"Go to the Board".............H. K. P.
"You Are Hereby Notified"....D. O.
"No"! ..........................W. C. D.
"Name and Date in Lower Right Hand Corner" ........G. A. K.
"Hold and Squeeze"! .........F. M.
"Where'd We Leave Off?"....J. F. D.
"That's the Way to Do It"....C. S. R.
"First Sergeant"! ............B. C.

Then there is the greatest short-story of them all; have you heard it—you know, the one about the "Shaggy Dog"?

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

At last the editor has found an inconspicuous little corner all his own. Ah, ha!

With a great deal of malicious pleasure, the editor condemns to everlasting "fire and brimstone" those individuals (who shall remain nameless here, but does the ed know them?—just ask him!) who neglected, failed, or "forgot" to turn in their pictures, write-ups, reports, et cetera!! Now I feel better.

Much credit for the financial possibility of this volume of the Blue Hen is justly due to President Clarence H. Rice and Treasurer Sidney Kaufman, of the Student Council, for their perseverance in the advocacy and collection of the student activities fee.

We wish to doff our hat to a man who—though you will not find his name on the Senior Roll—entered Delaware with our class and now "graduates" with it. A man whose active, sincere interest in the University has made him one of the outstanding faculty members; a man whose capable, interesting instruction has made him one of the best liked professors—a man whose sterling personality has made him respected and admired by all—Captain Charles M. Myers.

Both the "dead line" and the bottom of our allotted space are drawing near. This job has involved a lot of planning, time, work, and spoiled week-ends; but all-in-all we have enjoyed the privilege entrusted to us. In laying out this book, we have attempted to be as original, tactful, and artistic as our ability and finances would permit. In our efforts of epitomization of campus life and activities, we have attempted to be as comprehensive, thorough, and impartial as practicable. In designing this as a record book, we have used utmost care that all material presented is accurate and obtained from authoritative sources. When the "middle of May" rolls around, the editor will find a nice comfortable, shell-proof, sound-proof hole in anticipation of that avalanche of criticism, which is perhaps justified, but, in any case, inevitable. Borrowing that good old motto from the corner grocery store: "If you are satisfied, tell others; if not, tell . . . . well, just try and find us"!
ALUMNI NEWS

TWO years hence the seniors will colorfully narrate to enraptured freshmen the story of that gay night in their freshman year when Mr. Mitchell's "pet" automobile rose to prominence. This faithful enigma, it seems, moved from its accustomed place at the curb to the porch of Purnell Hall, there to wait patiently for its master who was working inside. Of course, anyone knows that the car couldn't have moved itself, but, despite the presence of on-lookers, camera-man and cops, nobody seemed to have seen anyone move it—so how did it get there?

Perchance an old alumnus will drop into our gathering and, with characteristic delight and exaggeration, match our seniors' story with the tale about the cow being pastured overnight in Old College. . . . And then it seems, that although the animal had amiably walked up the steps, she positively refused to venture down that self-same stairway!

Once started our alumnus is not to be stopped. There was one prank that smacked of a miracle. One morning the college was startled to see an immense, complete hay wagon peacefully parked on the top of Old College. It had been carried up piece by piece and reassembled on the roof.

Perhaps our alumnus' stock of personal experiences is running low and he must draw from legends handed down to him from the "Gay Nineties." A dizzy time was had one night when, with expert engineering, one of those old-fashioned, hand-operated merry-go-rounds was swiped from under the nose of the proprietor of a nearby carnival and set up on the campus. Late into the night free rides were enjoyed by all. One report has it that the town cop turned the operating crank.

Doubt as to the moderation of their previous evening's revelry must have entered the minds of both faculty and students one fair morning when they viewed the campus turned into a veritable graveyard. Tombstones from a nearby stone cutter's had been artistically placed about the campus and then appropriately dedicated to various pros.

And so, far into the night. . . .

IMPERTINENCE FROM THE CLASS OF 1904

(From the 1904 Derelict, the Delaware College Senior Class Annual published that year)

I thought I heard a mighty noise,
Of whistling winds tremendous,
Of steam from gushing geysers hurled
To altitudes stupendous.
And babbling voices filled the air,
And spread confusion everywhere
(But it turned out to be nothing but a faculty meeting.)

HOW TIMES CHANGE (?)

(From the 1911 Blue Hen)

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there!"
Voice: "A friend with a bottle."
Sentry: "Halt, friend. Advance, bottle!"

166
INTRODUCING

Miss Blue and Miss Gold
MISS CATHERINE E. BROAD
SOCIAL HIGHLIGHTS

Opening Dance
The Scotch Highlanders sounded modern and smooth... a good trio with
harmony... amplification added... a pleasant time for all... a mighty good
opening.

Organ Recitals
With the beginning of Mr. Firmin Swinnen's Monday evening recitals began the
weekly associations with good music... friends were not lacking during these
enjoyable hours.

Theta Chi Informal
George Kelley's music... Theta Chi hospitality, a well-known institution... 
alumni back... "cuttin' up" and a merry time for the fraternity and guests.

Junior Prom
"The Grand March"... rhythm and syncopation by Felix Ferdinando and his
orchestra... tuxedoes and evening gowns... favors, key-container and card-case
combination... the receiving line... color... formality and then informality... 
the really "swell" social affair.

Sigma Nu Formal
"Snake's Den," night club effect... favors for sweethearts and wives... alumni
and faculty at their own tables... Wesley "Freckles" Barry and his orchestra... 
decorations in gold, black and white, even to the tablecloths and lamp shades...
Crawford at the piano in the Lounge... sandwiches, tea and coffee.

Phi Kappa Tau Formal
George Kelley back on the stand... friends and alumni numerous... congenial
atmosphere... decorations few but unnecessary... tricky programs.

Sigma Tau Phi Formal
Old College dressed in blue and gold cut-outs of the fraternity insignia...
Charlie Bryan and his musicians... alumni and brothers from Penn, Temple, Dickinson, 
N. Y. U. and Penn State... lots of fun.

Theta Chi Formal
"Ye Olde Bar" with all accessories... the Colonial Serenaders and "hot" music... 
almost too many alumni and guests... swinging doors... soft lights in the
Lounge... leather programs, cherry and white... great time.

Sigma Phi Epsilon Formal
"The Casino" in the chapter house... Caruso's orchestra with amplification to
the upper deck as a roof garden effect... desk lamps as favors... a real bar with
appropriate bottles... beach cafe effect in the meeting room... balloons above the
dance floor... a crowd and all happy.

Kappa Alpha Formal
Were you ever at "The Bottom of the Sea"?? walls done in submarine effect
(below the surface)... cellophane ceiling... best decorated of all the formals... 
George Madden and his Lads furnishing the sound effects... a K A Formal.

Spring Frolic
Blue and gold streamers... balloons and then some... sport attire for all, linen
predominating... Tommy Christian and his boys playing... "whoopie" and C. H.
takes his annual spill... down come the decorations... everybody tired but happy.

The Plays
"Death Takes a Holiday" with the Puppets directing... E 52 produces "The
Cradle Song"... Inter-fraternities and the S. P. E.'s win with "Things is That-a-Way"
... The Footlights turn to the radio in "Remote Control"... and finally E 52 pro-
duces "A Doll's House."

Not the Least
House parties... University Hours... N. S. F. A. Convention... Banquets...
Smokers... Class Functions... "Dates"... and most important in time consumed,
the "bull sessions."