Officers of the Class

C. E. Grubb, President
A. C. Connellee, Vice-President
A. H. Dean, Treasurer
A Salutation

(After R. Kipling)

Of great deeds done for Delaware,
Of mighty vict'rys proudly won
Our class has done its noble share;
'Though ever marching on and on.
In field and class-room's every test
We've done our best—we've done our best.

In spite of failure's phantom, rare,
And blighting circumstance's hold,
With firm unconquerable air,
Like Spartan youths in days of old,
We've braved the storm and stood the test
We've done our best—we've done our best.

On things achieved we look with pride,
And glory in our own fair name;
But our wise leaders, true and tried,
Command a portion of our fame
In recompense let's stand the test,
And do our best—and do our best.

Maker of fortunes, great and small,
Guide of our future work and deed;
On whom in reverence we call
For each desire or worthy need,
Give us the strength in every test
To do our best—to do our best.

Oh, class of 1914, when
Your name in history's engraved,
And your successful, earnest men
Have braved severest storms unscathed;
Oh, let those waning years attest
In things worth while, you've done your best.

CLINTON H. BROWN.
N September 15, 1910, the Class of 1914 with the exception of two or three members, notably Mr. Lind, our last-minute man, formally entered Delaware College by tying up the Sophomores 14 to 0 in the rush. From the time we entered, when some of our number successfully hazed some Sophomores, until the present, when we are trying to initiate a new professor into our manner of thinking, we have been noted for our originality and aggressiveness. (You will pardon the egotism. We are referring to the class only.) According to Mr. Lind, who is "a leader in our class," we numbered um-ty-uh when we entered. "According to Hoyle" we numbered 49.

After we had elected E. W. Loomis president, D. R. McNeal vice-president, E. E. Shallcross secretary, J. W. M'Cafferty treasurer, and C. H. Brown historian, we decided that we were the "whole show" and proceeded to demonstrate it. If any reader has had the "nerve" or tenacity to dig out the gems of interest in the History of the Junior Class found in the 1911 Blue Hen as he is digging them out of this, he has read that the Class of 1912 was responsible for the suppression of hazing at the beginning of our Freshman Year. We take exception to that statement for it was the Class of 1914 which, by demonstrating their superior prowess, suppressed the hazing. Just imagine any upper classmen favoring the suppression of hazing. Why we do not ourselves, now.

Our most vivid impression of the College from the standpoint of lessons in our Freshman Year was that the study of English is "the predeterminate influence in the corrollary of successful concomitants." What we did not get in English Composition we got in English Literature. We’ll have to "hand it to you, Doc.," that certainly was "some" English Course. Some of our number, however, liked it so well that they are still taking it, having contributed several dollars to the library in the meantime. We hope for the sake of the present and future Freshmen classes that it has not "improved" much since.

Things soon began to become monotonous because of the strict suppression of hazing; consequently we desired more than ever to have our Freshman Banquet. Accordingly on the evening of February 10, 1911, we journeyed to Wil-
minster, where everyone of our members except Shalleross, S. M., and Brown had engaged seats for Dock's. We think the show was very good but are not sure because we still continued to think ourselves the whole show. At the Clayton House, after the performance, we listened to Lieutenant Edgar S. Stayer and Arthur Cleveland Huston exchange reminiscences. The toasts which our Toastmaster E. W. Loomis proposed and which were ably responded to by L. C. Haughey, A. H. Dean, A. C. Huston, and D. R. McNeal were mere incidentals in comparison. And the "eats," oh, they were just a matter of "course" anyway. We must not forget to mention that Prof. McVey was also there and spoke when things became dull. We arrived home the next morning rather late for classes (had there been any).

At this time we showed the Sophomores, and the whole student body as well, that we were the superior, athletically, of the two lower classes. In football the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores for the first time in nine years. Score, 18 to 8. In basketball we won, 14 to 10. In the indoor meet the 1914 Class scored 32 points to 1913's 16. In basketball we once more "bumped" the Sophomores.

Summarizing our initial year we can truthfully say we waded in, we waded through, and we waded out. Waded into the Sophomores, through the English, and out of our first year into our second.

This, our Sophomore Year, marked the beginning of our wanderings. We expected defeat in the rush, for many Sophomores always have important business the first few days of the first term. Each day brought its quota of wandering "1914's" until, alas, but 41 survivors returned. We proceeded at once to elect A. C. Huston president, E. K. Hoch vice-president, C. E. Grubb secretary, and R. G. Tippett treasurer. The Freshman-Sophomore football game resulted in a 6 to 6 tie. Why didn't we win? Oh, well, Prof. Short refereed the game. If further explanations are necessary, ask the man who got the ball after the game.

Why was this a period of wandering, you ask? Well, we wandered into what is termed the Sophomore slump and then wondered why we slumped. If our readers will pardon a little explanation we can truthfully say, in the light of future developments, that we slumped because we had too little to do and the faculty knows that students who have too little to do do nothing. In other words the Sophomore Year is too easy and the Freshman and Junior Years too difficult in comparison. Consequently, to those who "dope" out the curriculum, we say, please equalize things.

Before we go any further the 1914 Class wishes it distinctly understood that any defeats herein recorded can be readily and truthfully explained and accounted for by any of its members. (This is to save writing excuses for defeats.) Some scores read as follows:

- Basketball ............ Freshmen, 10; We, 9.
- Baseball .............. Freshmen, 4; We, 6.
- Indoor Meet .......... Freshmen, 0; We, 0.
Now let us see what else happened in our Sophomore Year. Oh yes, Prof. Short confirmed the report concerning Dr. Frazer's new athletic field. Connellee immediately became "contagious" and had to be "quarantined." "Some spirit, eh Steve?" "Yep, he's the guy that put the spear in spirit."

Summing up our Sophomore wanderings we wandered in slowly, wandered through our studies carelessly, and wandered out taking the Interclass Field and Track Meet with us. Score, Sophomores, 53; Freshmen, 39; Juniors, 5; Seniors, 28.

Now, here we are, Juniors, Upper Classmen. Our number has dwindled to thirty-one, seven of whom have come into our fold either from the class of 1913 or by entering Delaware College as Juniors. Our reputation is fixed not as a class of kickers but as a class of originators. Did we not put the "bee" in "Timbie?" And have we not in our class a quartet of incomparable "Macks," namely, McNeal, McCafferty, McCall, and McDaniel?

We have reached the point now after two years of irresponsibility when we must "cut the comedy" and "hustle." We have the Junior Prom close before us and have undertaken to make this Blue Hen a success. However, with all of us working together and every one doing his share under the able leadership of our President, C. E. Grubb; our Vice-President, A. C. Connellee, and our Treasurer, A. H. Dean, we are looking forward to success in these ventures both financially and otherwise.

As we look back over our college life our stay here seems to have been very short and no doubt the remaining period will seem even shorter. But with only a little over two years spent here at Delaware we are realizing as never before that what we get out of college lies with ourselves, and that the associations and incidents which have endeared the "old institution" to us place us forever under obligations to her as only such memories can. We steadfastly believe that our Senior Year will only serve to strengthen the realization of our debt and that we will go from Delaware determined to give back to the college, which is making us what we are, part of our future success.

Finally, it is the hope of every member of the Class of 1914 that we have done our full share toward uplifting the standard of Delaware College and that our emblem, the old "Blue and Gold," will wave more proudly and shine more brightly than ever before because we have been here.

Historian.
This five-foot-two resemblance of Richard III in about everything but the humpback is what the east side of Wilmington sent to "Delaware," where he is spending five years because he thought he could go through his Junior Year by spending half his time in Wilmington. We assume that a lady must have been the attraction. However, Buddy is so quiet and everything is so mysterious about him that we've been able to find out but little. He suffers with a strange disease which is neither contagious nor infectious. This malady has been diagnosed by the Juniors and found to be an affliction of the brain, which causes him to like the smell of the Chemical Laboratory, where he daily demonstrates that there are no such things as "unknowns." No medical term can be found to cover this affliction, and up to the present time the Juniors have been unable to think of a strong enough "cuss" word to call it. Here's a little warning to you, Buddy. Be careful how you handle nitric acid, for you are liable to burn that mole off your right cheek.
This fellow tells us very modestly that his home is at Henry Clay. His neighbors, however, inform us that it is “in Squirrel Run.” Pretty damp place, eh? He was born, reared, and Sunday-schooled in or near this run, which, despite the fact that a powder mill explosion periodically “dumps” part of the landscape into it, still “purls” among the rocks and car tracks of this virgin region. He was preliminarily educated and graduated from the A. I. duPont School, which, according to the principal, has been getting along very well ever since. Here at Delaware he spends most of his time planning some way to make the “General Cinch” Course “cinchier” and to catch the first train home. Aside from the fact that he looks as if he needed nourishment, and if you look at him sidewise he is invisible, he is a pretty large fellow, generous, good-natured, and an ardent follower of Drs. Vaughn and Sypherd.
CLINTON HARRIOTT BROWN............. Wilmington, Del.

(DEAC; DEACON)

Delta Phi Literary Society, Corporal, Sergeant, First Prize W. C. T. U. Oratorical Contest, Special Prize offered by Review for writing College Song, Class Historian 1910 and 1912, Associate Editor Blue Hen.

This is the guy that put the "leash" in English. He separated himself from the common herd at the Wilmington High School by his eloquent oratory, taking the prize in that art in his Senior Year. Since "Deac" has been in college the judges have been compelled to give the second and third prizes as consolation prizes, for "Deac" far outclasses his brethren in the ministry, Scott and Paynter, when it comes to the silvery-tongued "stuff" and the deep vibrating chest tones. But "Deacon" has fallen from grace. It started from a few of Jeff's card tricks. "Deacon" became interested, touched the vile, seductive pasteboards, and his ruin was complete. Ruin? No, not ruin, for when "Deacon" rises from the table to catch the 10.40 train his opponents are left in the hole, and he only a beginner. It is now known to a select few that "Deacon" actually corresponds with a girl. Here's looking at you, "Deacon."
This guy comes from Middletown. Thank you, Middletown. Girls, look him over. He's as cute as he looks. In your own language, "He's simply grand." He believes everything any girl ever told him. He's some dancer, too, even though his feet are twice the normal size, and he walks as if he were following a plow. He is an athlete of renown; consequently you girls will have to fall in line. "Is anybody going down for the mail?" is what we hear from Al every time a mail train is due. On December 17th last he was known to receive five letters, from New Jersey, it is thought, and he claimed them all to be from the same girl. Although Al does suffer from Girlitis he has time for his college. His spirit can be equalled only by the Prof. Short brand. Although Connellee was raised in Middletown he was not raised on a farm. We have to tell you this or you would think otherwise. Nevertheless he is proficient in a farmer's art, which is very practically demonstrated in recitations. (All but Robby's.) Go to it, Al. It works with nearly everybody.
Robert Walker Cranston, Ζ Φ Ε. ......................... Stanton, Del.
(Bob; Sunny Jim; Pompadour)

Delta Phi Literary Society, Corporal, Sergeant, Class Football 1910-11, Scrub Football 1911-12, Track Team (two mile), Indoor Meet 1910 and 1911, Inter-class Field and Track Meet 1911 and 1912, Assistant Business Manager of Annual Board.

This smiling youth, a lion with the ladies, hails from the suburbs of Stanton. He is the inventor and sole owner of the Cranston pompadour which, together with his rosy complexion, the despair of all the girls, undoubtedly gives him a great lead in the fusing line. Here his accomplishments are wonderful; his good looks are backed by a personality which is forceful and winning, making an impression assured and that impression invariably favorable. In letter writing he is right in his element; letters by volumes are his style, as a letter needing but one stamp is to him a mere note. Cleveland, Ohio, especially claims a "Full-ton" letter. As an athlete Bob has done excellent work in football, boxing, and track. At present he is wondering whether the new quarter mile track is being sufficiently banked at the curves for sprinting around on the last lap of the two mile dash.
Archie Homewood Dean, Newark, Del.

(ARCH; GIRL HATER.)

“I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I do believe in taking a second look.”

Athenaean Literary Society, Y. M. C. A. Treasurer 1912-13, Class Treasurer 1912-13, Corporal, First Sergeant, Varsity Track Team 1911, 1912; Scrub Basketball 1912, Scrub Football 1911, Varsity Football 1912, Class Football, Basketball, and Track, Assistant Manager Track 1913, Alumni Editor of Review, Indoor Gym Meet (shot put record), Inter-class Field and Track Meet (College record for 120-yard hurdle), Associate Editor Blue Hen Board.

Archie Homewood Dean, whose favorite occupation is dissecting mad dogs under the supervision of “Doc” Watson, comes from Newark. Arch received his primary education in the Newark High School and after loafing three years decided to enter Delaware College. “If he was a worthy addition to the old institution” it is still an unknown fact; but anyhow, he is here, and we shall have to take care of him. Arch never had much love for the girls, so he says, but it has been reported that he has been seen running around the outskirts of the town during the wee hours of the morning. What his mission was we have never been able to find out. One thing we will “hand” this worthy subject is, that he is somewhat of a chemist. As soon as he hit the college he applied for “Tiff’s” job, but when Tiff informed him that he could not “dictate to a dictator” he decided that he must be content with his “lowly” position. The Class of 1914 expects great things from Arch before he leaves the “Blue and Gold.” Here’s hoping he does not put them off until he reaches the outer, to say nothing of the other, world.
FRANK HOMWOOD DEAN, Σ N............................................. Newark, Del.

(Deanie)

"Thus far can I praise him;
He is of noble strain
Of approved valor,
And confirmed honesty."

Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant, Class Basketball 1911-12, 1912-13; Indoor Gym Meet 1911.

Frank reminds one somewhat of an algebraic equation; but at that he is not such a bad fellow. Before Deanie, who, by the way is a Newark boy, became sidetracked under the watchful eye of Dr. Sypherd, he used to do the theme writing "stunt" for the principal of the Newark High School. He is a quiet sort of a chap, somewhat different from "brother Bill" and strictly observes the motto oftentimes given to small children, "Speak when you are spoken to." Deanie is sort of fickle when it comes to girls. No? Well, then, it must be because he wishes to follow in his big brother Arch's footsteps. Our advice to Frank is to keep away from his brother's track and pick one all for himself. As a side issue we might mention that Frank is an aspirant for military honors. (He will go to sleep on the drill ground.) The Class of 1914 hopes, or, in fact, knows that Deanie will get over his childish ways, and when he leaves the old institution we shall find his name printed in big letters upon the bricks of the dormitory.
PAUL RAYMOND DOUGHERTY, K A.................................Wilmington, Del.

(Doc; Doc Darrty)

Sergeant, Indoor Meet (rooler).
This man marks an epoch.

"Say! Did any of you fellas ever study Gaelic?" Of course Paul has. Yes indeed, he's studied everything, even "Practical Psychology." "Well, if you have you will know that my name is pronounced Dockerty and not Darrty; and if you have not I am warning you. So be careful." You see our Paul wishes to make it clearly understood that he is Scotch and not Irish. We don't believe he is either, but we do think he is a hypochondriac. We have often asked him if the "Dock" could be used before instead of at the beginning of his last name. He said he didn't care, providing it came in somewhere. Darrty is a hard worker, nevertheless, for when he had that pipe-fitting job last summer he lasted just three weeks. Wonder what he'll do next summer when he undertakes to fire a Harrisburg freight? "Doc" (there it is) has always had high oratorical aspirations (he looks like it, doesn't he?), but from the "wop-talk" which he frequently "pulls off" in the classroom when he attempts to illustrate via diagram that something "looked the like o' that," and also when he addresses the professors by their nick-names, we conclude that "aspirations" is all there will ever be to it. He would every bit as leave go and see a moving picture show in Wilmington as work in the shop an afternoon. But, nevertheless, we agree, even though he occasionally sneaks away from drill, that he has decidedly improved this last year. Doc, keep it up.
They also serve who only stand and wait.

This "gink" came into the world because the Laurel "heckers" needed a chemist. He knows more chemistry than "Doc" Penny. Why, girls, the first time that he was in the "Chem. Lab," he tried to kill himself with H₂S. Owing to his excellence in Military Science he is excused from reciting in that subject. He is also an athlete of note, having won two D's in English "Lit." Also, ladies and gentlemen, he's some desperate character when he gets loose. He once tried to kill Bennett with a bayonet. He also promises to be "some" bacteriologist, as he can break more glassware and spread more organisms than any other member of the class. They say that he expects to take a post graduate course in loving for a Master's degree as soon as he leaves college. He needs it, but poor girl! We hope for the best.
We first hear of Norman in the latter part of the 18th Century when he is supposed to be attending Marshallton Prep. School. As a youth he was not overly zealous about his brain development; hence I say "supposed to be" attending school. Benny seemed to be stricken with the "wanderlust," that is, as applied to his school life. In 1910 he drifted into Newark, having decided to try college life as a change. In habits he is a lackadaisical sort of a fellow, saying very little. About twice every week "Madge" goes on a rampage and does his best to "blow things up." "Benny" is somewhat of a baseball artist, having played both indoor and outdoor baseball on the class team. Some pitcher, too. Norman was once asked if there were any girls in his city. He replied that there were a whole "townfull." Thus the nickname originated. He is fond of "slinging a foot," as he expresses it. The girls all say he's the "cutest little dancer; he holds you just so." Girls, what do you mean by "so?" "Benny's" favorite study is "library." It is not the architecture which attracts him or the literature. He simply goes there to think of "Her." Norman will undoubtedly leave here in another year if he keeps on plodding as he has been doing in the past. Our best wishes to you, "Benny," and we hope that you will not get "Ball" ed out.
Charles Edmund Grubb. Wilmington, Del.

(Grubbie; Dinner; Eats)

Class Secretary 1911-12, Class President 1912-13, Clark Prize for Mathematics 1911; Editor-in-Chief of The Blue Hen, Assistant Business Manager of Review, Indoor Meet 1910, Inter-class Track 1911-12, Class Football 1910-11, Class Basketball 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13; Scrub Football 1912, Corporal, First Sergeant.

Yes, Charles Edmund Grubb is his name;
He's forever and always the same,
He never gets mad,
Nor looks very glad;
His stolid demeanor's a shame.

His home's near the old Brandywine;
But he's getting along very fine
At Tiff's, where he's "bunking,"
Which keeps him from flunking
In the mineralogical line.

From Newark he's itching to flee,
Each moment when he knows that she,
Returning from college,
O'erflowing with knowledge,
Seeks C———-n's near Kiamensi.

He passes his studies with ease;
In contrast we all should get E's;
But we'll thank him whole lots
From Aurand to Watts,
If he'll cut out his 10% uh-uh-uh-sneeze.
This charming red-head was born in the wonderful town of Delmar, Del., way down there where they stand in a row-boat to pick peaches. Although "Red," as he is commonly known, received his early and limited education in the public schools of Delmar, he has gained a reputation since entering Delaware not only as a student but as an athlete and military man. Why, he has often been heard to remark, "If I only had both of my legs I would show those fellows something." The only complaint that can be made against this scarlet haired beauty is that he is entirely deficient in library work and this is a fatal defect in the eyes of Dr. Sypherd. Now, in view of all these facts, we look forward to the day when Carl, strawberry complexion and all, will leap forward in the race of life and finish his course among the famous alumni of the "Old Institution."

Note: We have no apologies to make for "Red’s" interest in military things, but it might well be added that Red, instead of making the most of his opportunities and going to Dover with us to display his merits before the Governor at his (the Governor's, not Red’s) inauguration, borrowed a ticket and went to Wilmington, where he spent the afternoon—well, we don’t know where. We suffered at Dover.
Elmer Keller Hoch, Σ N.......................... Woodside, Del.

(Y. M. C. A., Vice-President of Class 1911-12, Varsity Baseball 1911-12, Scrub Basketball 1911, Class Baseball and Basketball 1911-12, Captain Baseball 1912 and Captain-elect 1913, Captain Class Basketball 1911.)

Elmer, as he is better known, first attended the school at Woodside, Del. Proving that he was capable of absorbing more of the "stuff" he entered the Keystone State Normal School, from which he was graduated in 1908. While at the Normal School, much to our regret, Elmer developed a remarkable taste for the ladies, which taste he has retained to a considerable degree. An almost disastrous occurrence happened at the beginning of this year when one of the fair ones with whom he had been corresponding for over a year informed him that it would be unnecessary for him to write to her any longer as she was married. With all his faults Elmer is not such a bad fellow after all. In baseball he is a most powerful man, also being quite a "shark" at the tennis game. Elmer is known to many of us as "Insulting Engineer Hoch" for his stronghold is kinematics. He and Prof. Srager are each in turn the instantaneous centers of our class, for what one does not know the other does. We wish Elmer success in his chosen vocation, but we hope that he will never attempt to teach anything except baseball.
Arthur Cleveland Huston, S N. .................................. Seaford, Del.

(Jim; "Pretty Man")

Athenaeon Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., Class President 1911-12, Sergeant, Scrub Football 1910-11, 'Varsity Football and 'Varsity Baseball 1911-12, Class Football 1910-11, Class Baseball 1911-12, Indoor Gym Meet, Captain of Football Team 1912.

Arthur Cleveland Huston, better known as 'Jim,' was born on the midnight express between the towns of Laurel and Seaford. Jim says, "Down from where I come the people ain't never seen none o' these tuxeder suits or fried egg shirts, so I won't stand for havin' my pitcher took in 'em." He prepared for college in Seaford High School, and while attending that institution won the esteem of both teachers and directors. We have several beautiful specimens of humanity among us, but Jim is the only "Prettyman" in our class. He is our best all around D man, having been awarded D's in Football, Baseball, English Lit., Analytics, Steam Engines, German, etc. If Jim is ever hard up he can "Hock" that gold collar button which he displays when he smiles. Here's hoping he never has to "Hock" it.

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It is not necessary to see the speaker in order to recognize him. You know at once who hasn't got a match. He "blew in" from Baltimore and is late from Maryland Agricultural College. Ah! How it must mourn its loss. Ever since 1892, when he was a Christmas present to his father, he has been seeking an institution of learning to suit his fastidious tastes. At last he has become a fixture in the Class of 1914 of Delaware College. Like all the rest of us he has his shortcomings but on the whole he is a right good sport. Although he claims to be deaf, the music of the meat whistle never fails to reach him (if someone is close enough to yell, "Hey! Jeff, wake up"). His favorite expression is "Don't bother me; I'm asleep." His favorite pastime is—but that would be telling, and he's a right sociable fellow—when you can find him at home. His highest ambition is to be an instructor in Kinematics, like Prof. Srager. We all hope some time to read his name as Lawrence Henry Jeff, M. E.
Wilbur Earl Lind, Σ N.......................................................... Wilmington, Del.

(LINNY; DICK)

Corporal, Signal Corps; Sergeant, Signal Corps; Class and Scrub Baseball 1911, Captain Class Baseball 1912, 'Varsity Baseball 1912, Assistant Manager Football 1912, Manager Football 1913, Associate Local Editor of Review 1912, Local Editor of Review 1912-13.

Earl Lind is the name of this guy;
He hails from the Wilmington High;
And Earl is the "gink,"
Everyone says, I think,
Who into Doc Sypherd put "sigh."

He's short, plump, and stocky. 'Twould seem
His charming blue eyes are a dream.
But he's never been able
To explain to Mabel
How he got his nonsensical "bean."

After all he is not such a "bloke."
For he has "mighty" power to "loc."
Yes, his locals are rife
With quotations from "Life,"
And sometimes they read like a joke.

In baseball he's steady and cool;
He's some "classy" player in pool;
But we'll give him the crown
From "Timbie" on down,
When he pulls out his little slide rule.
Emery Wight Loomis, Meshoppen, Pa.

(Chief of Short Circuit Squad)

President of Class 1910-11, President of Delta Phi Literary Society 1912-13, Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. 1912-13 and Northfield Delegate, Manager of Boarding Club 1911-12-13, Associate Editor of Review, 'Varsity Football 1911-12, Class Football 1910-11, Class Baseball 1911-12, Corporal, First Sergeant, Indoor Meet 1910 and 1911, Wrestling, Heavyweight Champion.

This specimen of humanity was born in Meshoppen, Pa. Since coming to our beloved state he has gained the reputation of being the biggest noise ever seen at Delaware College and somehow or other he has been able to get away with it, but we don't know how. The Profs. idolize him, and don't they have cause to? Didn't he turn state's evidence for Timbie? As things are now he promises to be the most successful bluff slinger ever graduated at Delaware. Loomis is one of the "cadets" who cannot understand how standing out for one hour in the cold and on the damp ground at Dover while waiting for the Governor to get ready to be inaugurated is giving the State of Delaware anything in return for the $64 (plus or minus) which the United States Government pays every year per capita to the students at Delaware College over and above what the students themselves pay. Loomis is not "solid ivory," however, and we hope all these things will be made clear. Here's success to you, Loomis.
Wallace Todd McCall.................. Wilmington, Del.

(Wally)

Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant again, Delta Phi Literary Society.

"Good gosh, I'm sleepy!" The handsome mortal that is continually heard to exclaim this was consigned to "Delaware" by the Wilmington High School, where, 'tis rumored, he had strong aspirations for the track team. However, in his sojourn here he has changed, indulging in only such athletic sports as playing the piano and chewing gum. He can be found at any time in the oratory giving a "correct" imitation of the "movies." This imitation, however, is not sanctioned by Dr. Penny. Wally is credited with being the president and only Junior member of the Delaware College Anti-Swearing League, but nevertheless his adjectives when describing the Chem. Lab. and the B. & O. trains make you stand aghast. He shows a strong affinity for a T-square and a set of instruments, but no such for the ladies? Hard luck, Wally! His favorite amusement is walking along the street and announcing the "makes" of all approaching automobiles by interpreting the sound of their exhaust. Wally landed with the "13" aggregation but was liked so much by the faculty that they encored him for another year. Hoping that Wallace will always retain the courage of his convictions, we will pass to the next.
JOSEPH WARREN M'CAFFERTY, Σ Φ E. ......................... Wilmington, Del.  
(STEINMETZ; MACK; ANDREW CARNEGIE)  
Class Treasurer 1910-11, Corporal, Sergeant, Scrub Basketball 1910-11,  
Scrub Baseball 1910-11, All Class Teams, Indoor Gym Meet, Inter-class Field and 
Track Meet, Art Editor of Blue Hen, Assistant Basketball Manager 1912-13.  

We call him "Mack," "Babe," "Warren;" 'most anything at all. If you  
are not acquainted with this gentleman (some question about the gentleman, be- 
cause he was once overheard telling the waiter to fill them up again—the other 
fellow paid the bill) look for the fashion plate of the "Old Institution." Mack 
knows all the small towns around college and as far south as Havre de Grace. 
This same man has been seen in Elkton once or twice. It is almost needless to 
say that these small towns (excuse me, Elkton) know Mack. He has never 
been to London but he knows more about London styles than any other man in 
---------- Wilmington. Last summer Mack had a wonderful experience. He took 
a real long trip to New York, where, you won't believe it, he met a most won- 
derful "girlie." He is now taking a very stiff course in correspondence. The 
following was overhead in a park one night while our little "Babe" was in the 
large city:  

Babe: "Say, you don't care much about me, do you?"  
Wonderful Girl: "Oh, yes I do."  
Babe: "No you don't. You don't say it right."  
W. G.: "Well, what do you want me to say?"  
Babe: "You should say you would go through h— for me."  

Warren is not much for the "skirts," but when it comes to handling the 
"mitts" he's there.
NORMAN JOSEPH McDaniel, Σ N. .................................................. Wilmington, Del.

(Mac; "McDougall;" MacDuff)

Delta Phi Literary Society, Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant, Scrub Football 1911-12, Class Football 1910-11, Associate Editor of Blue Hen.

"She's a bonny wee thing,
She's a winsome wee thing
This sweet child of ours."

"Mac" says he was born in Wilmington. We have no evidence to prove he wasn't; so we shall have to take his word for it. She—"beg pardon"—He put in a few years at the Wilmington schools and then went to work for the DuPont Company. It is rumored that he helped put the dew in DuPont, but the police records don't corroborate this statement. While working at "Dupy's" he attended the night school at the Y. M. C. A. and learned how to play crokinole and casino. He was born very young and began life as a baby. If he lives till his next birthday he will just—just—yes—just be one year older. Marvelous. Well, I should sneeze.
Daniel Raymond McNeal, Σ Ν. ............................................. Newark, Del.

(Another Mack; "Old Curiosity")

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Delta Phi Literary Society, Vice-President of Class 1912-13, Corporal, First Sergeant, Scrub Basketball 1911-12, Class Indoor Baseball 1911-12, Class Basketball 1910-11 and 1911-12, Business Manager of Blue Hen, Member of Athletic Council, Manager of Class Basketball Team 1910-11.

Here is a real genuine lady-charmer. When we first heard of "Mac" he was the captive of six beautiful girls in the class of 1910, N. H. S. We rescued him from these maidens and proceeded to reform him. At the present time he requires only two boxes at the P. O. to contain his incoming mail. "Mac's" slogan is, "God bless the ladies; I love them every one." He usually has four or five high school or college girls' pins decorating his vest. Recently he has become an ardent reader of Mormonism, which he feels is his only hope for remaining true to them all. He intends buying the "Old Mill" property down on the Eastern Shore, where he will establish a colony of that sect. "Been to Black lately, Mac?" "No, Helen." But Mac, however, must be excused for a lot of these faults, for he is a Junior, a member of the Annual Board, and first sergeant of Co. D, which is not his fault. These connections alone are enough to drive him to drink (even though he don't need driving—"Beg pardon"). With a good "hoss" Mac will ride, with diploma in hand, triumphantly from the old "Institution." He has already written his thesis, entitled, "Why girls love ME." In this volume he has carefully worked out the exact stress and strain of a 180 pound girl sitting on his trouser creases without the aid of a slide rule, but with the aid of one of "Robbie's" formulae.
Sergeant.

This specimen of—we suppose that we shall have to call it humanity—was born and given a chance at an education in Wilmington, Del. "Mess," as he is properly called, was a very poor "slinger of oxine" in his first two years of college, but since entering the Class of 1914 he has been actually caught "boning" and is now gradually rising to be somewhat of a "Mexican athlete." Once in a while he has been missed on Thursday evenings from his study room and it has been rumored about that he is attending the weekly hops. Maybe he has some object in view because he was recently heard to say, "I am tired of sewing buttons on my clothes." His favorite expression is, "Got any tobacco?" We must bid him adieu for the present and wish him luck for the future.
If you ask "Tobe" a question and he wants to answer "yes" he draws in a great long breath and his ears stand erect. If, however, he intends to say "no" he lets all the air escape from his lungs and his gills drop accordingly. Some relation to a mule, eh! Prof. Houghton classified him as an ear-wig. He might have been a wag if his jokes had not been so stale. Tobe is also some "hot" football player. Somebody asked if he was fast on his feet and the coach sung out, "Exceedingly fast—to the ground." The point of the joke mentioned never penetrated Tobe's marble dome. If it had been started from his feet and sent up we might have had some hope, because those old number 12 brogans give him a rather large foundation for his knowledge. By the way he is a particular pet of the coach, who told him that he hadn't as much football spirit as Dr. Harter's dog. We always knew that the coach was a bonehead but he proved it for fair when he picked Tobe for center on the Varsity Team. When Tobe first came over to college he wanted to take a shower bath one evening. He turned on the boiling water and started to jump under with part of his clothes on, when some kind friend rescued him and saved our class the expense of a bunch of flowers. He also had one "slipped over on him" up at Haverford. As there are no swimming pools in Elkton he did not know what the tankful of water in the Haverford Gym was for. But when the others told him he, dove in and liked it so well that they had to drag him out. Once in a while we hear an awful racket on the campus and begin to think that they are butchering hogs down at the college farm, but it is only Tobe trying to sing. Barring these few defects, however, he is as good as new and would be a good investment for some beautiful g-i-rl (emphasis on the i a la Doc Sypherd) who wanted to get stung.
Alfred Preston Scott, Ω A. Elkton, Md.

(Scotty)

Athenaean Literary Society, Y. M. C. A. (Northfield Conference Delegate), Sergeant, Third Prize W. C. T. U. Oratorical Contest 1912.

This "guy" comes from Barksdale, Md. (some pup, I guess), where he was raised by the mechanical energy of his dad's boot. His preparatory education was received at the Elkton High School, where he showed a marked proclivity for assimilating large portions of the Scriptures. Since then his development in this department of knowledge has been prodigious, and although he was backward in other branches of study, he has, by the aid of the Timbie brand of "persistency," developed into a theological monstrosity. Since entering college as a B. S. student in the class of 1914, "Scotty" has become very closely associated with two different classes of society; one, that "flamnergomerated class of bone-heads commonly known as flunkers," and the other "feminisim." Although Scotty is chaplain of the Maryland Club and somewhat of a hypocrite, we bid him adieu and wish him the best of success as a "hi-pe-kokuana brand of an oblong squab" minister.
Samuel Miller Shallcross, K A....................... Wilmington, Del.

(Sam; First Assistant Chief of Short Circuit Squad)

Delta Phi Literary Society, Ex-Member of Y. M. C. A., Corporal, Sergeant, Assistant Business Manager of Blue Hen.

Samuel Miller's large, luminous eyes first saw the light of day in Wilmington. We have been wondering ever since we knew him how Wilmington ever stood the shock. It has produced one great man, at least; a deep thinker with a great mind. He got his start in life by selling aluminum ware. Many's the day he trudged his weary way from door to door displaying and demonstrating the merits of his wonderful utensils. At one house in particular he left a lasting impression. A kindly old lady answered his persistent knock. He at once proceeded to show her an aluminum griddle which needed no grease to keep those delicious cakes from sticking and burning. The old lady refused to listen to his eloquent address until he modestly informed her that he was studying for the ministry, and selling this ware to help pay his expenses through college. This tale aroused her sympathy and she purchased the griddle. Sam went on his way rejoicing. The old lady tried the griddle, burnt up her cakes, and said, "Just to think; that beautiful young man and him a-studying fer the ministry, too." Aside from his ministerial labors he does a little electrical work. Whenever the call comes to repair electric lamps or circuits, he and Loomis with pliers and screw drivers rush forth regardless of dangers, such as falling off a ladder or freezing to death, and think only of the comfort and safety of the faculty and fellow students. Truly he is a noble assistant in the Short Circuit Squad.
William Frank Silver.................................................. Red Lion, Del.
(Silver; Sterling)

Sergeant, Agriculture Club.

Silver is one of the so-called "aggies." Prof. Hayward calls them agricultural students. He was born, reared, and disciplined in the town of Red Lion. Delaware, which consists of, say, three houses, one cross-roads, and one store. Silver lives at the store and therefore he is a part of the center of things in Red Lion. He entered Delaware College with the intention of devoting only two precious years of his immature life to the study of "Bugology" and various other unpronounceable "logies." Indeed, the names were so long and numerous that Silver decided to sacrifice another year with us, having spent the first year in mastering the pronunciation of the names. Upon last inquiry Silver tells us that "Old Man Crap" is well, and that he raised a fine large "crap o' pertaters" last year. Some day in later years we expect to hear from Silver, who will undoubtedly develop a seedless cabbage or a horseless radish; yes, a veritable Burbank.
ELLWOOD HAMILTON STIVER

(STIVE; SILVER DOME)

“Some for chicken rave, for they would lowly stoop, But for myself I crave a can of Campbell’s soup.”

Stive is a product of Lafayette. He migrated to Delaware last fall, where he had unauthoritatively heard they had a soft course in English. His first experiences in acquiring enough knowledge to buy a happy home were in Nazareth, Pa. After that he successively, but not always successfully, attended Nazareth Hall, Military Hall, 1906; Lerch’s Prep. in 1907, Bethlehem Prep., 1908, and Lafayette 1909. We received him in 1912, and incidentally still have him. “Stive” is a chemistry “bug” and hopes to be an English “bug.” His one ambition while in college is to pull a C in English “Comp.” After he has done this, all other toils and hardships will be “nichts.” For fear of causing laughter we add at the end that “Stive” was born in Camden, N. J. He never tells any one and it is a family secret.
Robert George Tippett, ΔΦΕ

Sparrow's Point, Md.

(TIP; FIN; LADY KILLER; WHITE HOPE)

Delta Phi Literary Society, Class Treasurer 1911-12, Corporal, Sergeant Major, Class Football 1910-11, Class Baseball 1911-12, Inter-class Field and Track Meet.

This lad and Sparrow’s Point are all we need to know concerning the doings of the outside world; for what Robert George does not know, takes place in S. P. Tip received his start in life at the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, but not finding the environments suitable, thought he liked the colors of “Delaware” better, hence his matriculation with the wonderful class of—let me see—1914. Since being with us he has had a successful career. He is a good sport outside the fact that he has a “falling” for the weaker sex, and a marked weakness for informing certain professors “just where they get off.” Tippet has two golden dreams of the future, the first is to “clean up” a certain professor who has recently become “non est,” the other is, some day, to take the place of Prof. M. Smith and conduct the Seniors down to “old Sparrer’s Pint.” Here’s wishing you success, at any rate.
JOHN HAROLD VEALE.................. Edge Moor, Del.
(DUTCH; DUTCHIE)

Sergeant, Track Squad, Muhlenburg 1911; Indoor Meet 1911-12, Inter-class Track and Field Meet 1911-12, Record in Hammer Throw 1911.

This fellow first saw the daylight on July 26, 1890, in a secluded spot not far from the world-renowned village of Arden, New Castle County, Delaware. "Dutch" often claims that girls are not his hobbies, but things look rather suspicious when he cannot be found in Newark on Saturdays and Sundays. It was "Old Dutch" who responded to the call for a 1914 boxer, and although it was his first appearance within the ropes, he held his own nobly. This battle caused him to realize that there was something in him, and later he went after some medals and a championship. His highest ambition is to become ruler of some unknown island yet to be discovered, and the whole class wishes him success. Veale's favorite studies are English, Building Construction, and Graphic Statics, and if he does not kill himself with a rifle or a bicycle before he is through college we may expect to hear of him some time ably filling either Dr. Sypherd's or Prof. Robinson's place at Delaware College.
JOSEPH EDWARD WATTS, Ω A. ......................... Principio Furnace, Md.

(WATSO; SHORTY)

Athenaean Literary Society, Corporal, Sergeant, Scrub Football 1910, Class Football 1910-11, Circulating Editor of Review 1911, Exchange Editor of Review 1912, Maryland Club, Associate Editor of Blue Hen, Prudential Committee 1910-11.

Watts is not an ordinary fellow, but, then, he is a little common in some ways. He is short of stature and rather fat. Not long has Edward been able to boast of his size. It looks suspicious, too. He usually wore a belt around his waist and almost always kept his coat buttoned, but now it is impossible to button his coat and he no longer needs a belt to suspend his trousers. We have often asked him how many nickels it took. With his little short legs he waddles along like a duck; his arms dangling half-way to his knees. The face that was once furrowed is now round and smooth like an apple. Already his neck has cost him a new set of collars. Although his breadth is constantly increasing, his height has remained the same. His nickname, "Shorty," is well applied.

Joseph is an important youth. He hails from the town of Principio in Maryland, where he is mayor, town council, dog-catcher, and all. We shall never forget when he first put in his appearance at college. He came walking up the path with his homespun suit, which would have dazzled the rainbow. His majesty was as straight as an arrow and made of glass, it seemed. Now he may be seen walking across the campus with his hands jammed into the pockets of his latest style pants. He is no longer straight but rounded. A great change has been wrought. However, his importance is still felt and college could not go on without him.
Look who is here before us. Yes, he is good looking, but you should see his real eyes. They are loving, brown eyes with a dark lustre which makes this youth the idol of the girls. His greatest habit is falling in love. He has a wife in every town in which he has visited. When Ned is not trying to count the upper teeth of a cow he is busily engaged in introducing his charms to some feminine beauty. In short we may say that he is a lover of the old school, although he uses up-to-date methods. We almost forgot to mention that Errickson received his early education at the Middletown High School and Wilmington Friends School. He is the only four year "Aggie" in our class. We may well be proud of him. He is a fellow who stands for right and justice and is a true friend of whom any one might well be proud.