Organizations
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Y. M. C. A. Hand-Book

Edited by W. P. SHAKESPEARE, ’11
H. S. GARRISON, ’11
H. T. ENNIS, ’12
History of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. of our college was formed in December, 1898. There had been attempts to organize an association as early as 1891, but none was permanent before 1898. In this year Dr. Manning of the college faculty, who was especially interested in the moral welfare of the student body, aroused sufficient enthusiasm in the students to organize a Y. M. C. A. The organization was effected just before a large convention in Baltimore for student associations. The association sent four delegates to this convention—Johnson, Morris, Grant, and McCabe. On their return the organization took on additional enthusiasm under the first president, Thomas G. Baxter, and started a Bible class. This class was under the leadership of George Edgar Folk, who has since become a prominent minister. Folk was experienced in Bible teaching and any of the men of his class are glad to describe the lively times the first class in our institution provided.

In the spring of 1899 two delegates were sent to the Northfield Student Conference. This practice has not since been neglected. In 1902 six delegates were sent, but of late years four seems to be the largest number the association can afford. It was under Mitchell, '03, that the highest pitch of enthusiasm for the work has been shown. Mitchell, one of the several good ministers who have attended our classes, is still well remembered by those who were at the college in his time, and his influence in the Y. M. C. A. is shown in its present existence. Under Papperman, '09, also the association came into great favor with the student body. Papperman was not only a good man morally but also physically and mentally. His influence was great in whatever work he took up, so that many who would have been undecided about joining under a weaker leader were drawn into the organization by his strong personality. Papperman, who is now attending Princeton Theological Seminary, promises to be another of our men who develop into good ministers. For the last three years such men as Prouse, '09; J. V. Ennis, '11; H. S. Garrison, '11, and H. T. Ennis, '12, have been at the head of the organization and have proved successful as leaders. J. V. Ennis, '11, who had been especially active in the work for three years, died just after being elected president. His brother, H. T. Ennis, was elected to fill his place.

The Y. M. C. A. has several lines of activity. The most important is the Bible class, but such things as speeches by prominent men of the vicinity and members of our faculty, religious services on several Sunday afternoons of the year, the holding of services in the town churches, and the
sending of delegates to the various conferences for students are very good work.

The Bible class is our basis of organization. Everyone belonging to the association is expected to attend meetings. Different courses are offered and no one attends who does not get a great deal from the meetings. The air of the class is free. It is commonly known that men speak and express themselves in these classes who are never heard anywhere else. And this is not because they are by themselves, for we have in our classes the most influential men as well as the least influential, but because of the air of freedom which exists. Everyone enjoys it and those who cannot be persuaded to join the association are to be pitied for missing it. On all sides we are urged to study the Bible not only for its spiritual meaning but for its literary, historical, and scientific worth. At no place will a man get more from the Bible than in a course in one of the Bible classes with men who think and are willing to express their thoughts for debate. Without attending the classes one can scarcely appreciate the good that they do in this way. But in spiritual work also the classes are strong. Partly from the undenominational standing of the association no regular soul campaigns are held. However, the cases are numerous where men have been drawn into our classes and been checked in misdoings, and still more numerous where others have been held back from an otherwise sure road to ruin.

Speakers, at times, are glad to come to the college and give us a few words of encouragement. It is the only way the association can come into touch with some of the students. We feel that even in this way we can at least do our best. Prof. Short has been most kind to us in the past and is always appreciated by the students in his talks. The religious services on Sunday afternoons and on the morning of the Sunday of Commencement Week are all much appreciated and well attended.

To anyone, whether Christian, infidel, or indifferent, the conferences, and especially the Northfield Conference, cannot fail to be interesting. At Northfield the moral atmosphere of that encampment in the hills is of an Utopian nature hardly to be realized as existing. The association aims to send as many of her members as possible to the Northfield Conference, knowing that no man can live there the two weeks that the conference is in session and come away anything but a true Christian.
THE Athenaeum Literary Society was founded December 18, 1834, through a resolution of the faculty who recommended that the students form literary societies. It is established beyond doubt that the above date is correct by the testimony of Dr. D. H. Agnew, Rev. Thomas D. Bell, James T. McCullough, Judge William G. Whitely and Joseph Patton, witnesses whose names are among the founders of our society.

The constitution of the Athenaeum Literary Society was adopted February 4, 1835, and that of the Delta Phi, according to their catalogue of 1880, was adopted January 12, 1835. In this fact we freely grant them precedence but insist that it is no claim to priority of founding, a fact that is expressly contradicted in an address delivered before the Athenaeum Literary Society by the Rev. Thomas D. Bell in 1838, in which occurs the following: "At the time it was thought best to confine our society to the collegiate classes. The more promising students of the academic department being somewhat piqued, and perhaps justly so, at this arrangement, determined to establish a society for themselves." Thus our worthy rivals founded their illustrious society.

Our society was active until the suspension of the college in 1859. During the interval caused by the suspension the society was kept alive by an association of the old members, and since the reopening of the college in 1867 has been in full operation with the exception of a short interval from March 23, 1901, to March 11, 1903, when by the individual efforts of Prof. C. A. Short the society came forth with renewed strength and vigor.

By an act of the Legislature, dated February 11, 1881, the society was incorporated. This act of incorporation further strengthened the foundations of this our immortal society.

Our society has ever looked more to solid acquirements than to outward show, and is content to rest her claims to distinction upon the results of her numerous victories over her sister society, the Delta Phi. She is proud to name among her members those who have been prominent in State and national affairs, distinguished at the bar, on the bench, renowned as physicians, and eminent as divines. In all this she has nothing to fear by comparison with any rival. A cordial welcome is extended to any of her members who may desire to visit her.
The Delta Phi Literary Society was organized January 14, 1835, several months after the college was first opened. During all the course of the society's existence, from the time of its founding to the present date, it has done excellent work. Since the very first it has never waned, but has ever continued to be a useful and necessary adjunct to the institution.

The college records show that on the 17th of November, 1834, the faculty resolved to recommend to the students the formation of literary societies, and adopted conditions upon which they should be organized. The language of the records implies that in accordance with the general custom in colleges two such societies were contemplated. Consequently the students held meetings for the purpose of discussing the organization of societies, but refused to submit to the conditions which the faculty had imposed.

Two societies, the Delta Phi and the Athenaeum, were organized, however, and began doing work without the approval of the faculty. But these unapproved meetings continued but a short time, when the faculty decided to modify their restrictions. Then the societies were regularly organized and became recognized bodies.

In the beginning, as at the present day, the societies held regular weekly meetings, at some hour of the day appointed by the faculty. But at present meetings are held in the evening, Thursday evening being appointed by each society for its meetings. In former days the meetings were short, allowing no lengthy programs or discussions, but now ample time and opportunity are given for detailed discussion and earnest work. By allowing this change of the meeting periods and the increase of time for sessions, the faculty evinced their attitude towards the importance of a literary training.

During its long and interesting career the Delta Phi Society has had on its rolls men who have since been foremost in State and national affairs, men who have stood highest in their respective professions, men who have been an honor to the society, to the college, and to the State.

In our opinion it is the tendency of the modern college to lay too little stress upon public speaking and literary work, being rather disposed toward technical and engineering work than toward ambition for essays, orations and debates. But these last, be it remembered, must always necessarily hold a significant place among affairs of men.

We believe the benefits of our societies are indispensable, for here we learn the value of speech; here we are taught to think quickly and deeply; here we receive our first lessons in oratory; here is where selfishness of all sorts is set aside and each brother works for his brother's good; here we are taught to love and be loved. Nothing in the college should be held in greater importance, nothing should have a greater claim upon the student's heart than the literary societies, for nothing binds them more closely, nothing makes them so much a unit, and no feature of college life is so gladly looked back upon.
Engineering Society Officers

C. T. McChesney, President
C. H. Heisler, Vice President
Peritz Wainer, Secretary
A. B. Eastman, Treasurer
W. L. Kirby, '11, President
R. C. Wilson, '11, Vice President
M. R. M. Gwilliam, '12, Secretary
A. S. Houchin, Jr., '13, Treasurer

Active Members

H. S. Garrison, '11
W. L. Kirby, '11
R. C. Wilson, '11
M. R. M. Gwilliam, '12
G. E. Chambers, '13
A. S. Houchin, '13
R. G. Hill, '13
E. C. Bennett, '14
L. C. Houghhey, '14
E. E. Shallcross, '14
Ellis, '14
Dawson, '14

E. A. Downs, '14

Honorary Members

Dr. G. A. Harter
Prof. H. Hayward
Dr. C. F. Dawson
Dr. A. S. Houchin

Dr. M. T. Cook
Prof. A. E. Grantham
Prof. C. A. McCue
Prof. C. O. Houghton

Non-Resident Members

E. H. Shallcross, '06
A. Smith, '10
W. O. Kleinstuber, ex '13
History of the Agricultural Club

On Monday evening, December 6, 1909, there met in the east wing of the dormitory a few of the agricultural students. The purpose of the meeting was to organize an Agricultural Club. The purpose of this organization is to bring the agricultural students in closer touch with one another, to bring the professors of agriculture and the agricultural students in closer contact, and to unite practical with theoretical knowledge. At this meeting it was decided to name the organization “The Agricultural Club of Delaware College.” At the time of organization there were ten students in agriculture. Seven of these ten were four year students, two short course men and one post-graduate. All of these students were enrolled active members of the club. The following officers were elected for the remainder of the first semester: President, Eugene Shallcross; Vice President, Harry S. Garrison, ’11; Secretary, Arthur S. Houchin, ’13; Treasurer, Wm. L. Kirby, ’11.

Meetings were held every Monday evening in the east wing, and some topic of agricultural interest was discussed by the members. These topics were often supplemented by speeches by members of the faculty of agriculture.

On January 6, 1910, Mr. Soper addressed the club on “Apple Growing in Delaware.”

On January 31, 1910, the following officers for the second semester were elected: President, H. S. Garrison, ’11; Vice President, W. L. Kirby, ’11; Secretary, R. G. Hill, ’13; Treasurer, A. Smith.

On February 14, 1910, the members of the club were much pleased with the interesting speech by Dr. Houchin on “Milk Hygiene.” March 7, 1910, Dr. Dawson delivered an interesting talk before the club on “The Relation of Animal Experimentation to Agriculture.”

Plans were discussed early in April with the idea of holding a joint meeting with the local Grange. The Grange was invited to meet with the Agricultural Club, and the joint meeting was held in Recitation Hall on April 18th. At this meeting two phases of farming were discussed: Fruit Farming, by W. L. Kirby and M. R. M. Gwilliam, and Grain Farming, by A. S. Houchin and R. G. Hill. After this discussion members of the Grange and the club gave a general discussion on both phases.

During this half year meetings of the club were held regularly every Monday evening. Sometimes one or more members of the agricultural faculty were present and gave talks.
On Monday, May 23rd, at the last meeting of the year, the club held its first annual banquet in the east wing. Mr. Shallcross, who had then left college, was present and gave a short talk on his experiences after leaving college.

The first meeting of the present college year was held on September 26, 1910. At this meeting the present officers were elected, also a number of new members were admitted. The roll of the club is now thirteen active members.

A plan is now on foot to send a team of three men to the "Annual Students' Dairy Cattle Judging Contest" at Chicago next year. The candidates for this team are receiving a special course of instruction from Prof. Hayward and Dr. Houchin.

Although the membership of the club may be rather small, it is not to be supposed that it is not doing any good. On the contrary it is doing a world of good to each individual member of the club, and to the agricultural department of the college.
H. S. Garrison, President
W. L. Kirby, Manager

Officers

Ralph G. Davis, President
John Stump, Vice President
Peyton B. Patterson, Secretary
Charles T. McChesney, Treasurer
The Delaware College Rifle Club was formed in the fall of 1909. It is affiliated with the National Rifle Association, which is intended to promote rifle practice by arranging indoor and outdoor matches between the different schools and colleges throughout the United States. This association also provides each year an attractive bronze medal to be awarded to the member making the highest score at 200 and 500 yards in an annual competition. Medals are also given to those who qualify as marksmen both on the indoor and outdoor range.

During the first year the dues were fifty cents but later the college paid the club's dues to the National Association in order that all the students might enjoy the privileges of the club, and now a nominal fee of ten cents is charged to pay for targets and entry fees to matches.

During the year 1909 the club obtained permission to use the outdoor range belonging to the State, situated a short distance from the college. Unfortunately this range had to be removed and there has been put little opportunity to practice since.

Last summer the intercollegiate outdoor match was held on the range of the National Guard of the District of Columbia near Washington. Only
five teams took part in the competition and considering how few men Delaware had to select from in comparison with the other competitors and in view of the fact that the men had practically no previous practice, they did good work in winning fourth place.

The standing of the different teams was as follows:

Massachusetts Agricultural College .......... 782
George Washington University ............... 760
University of Pennsylvania ................. 725
Delaware College ............................ 712
Georgetown University ....................... 682

It is hoped that before next June we will be able to secure a suitable range and that Delaware will be able to send a winning team to compete in the intercollegiate match.
MINSTREL CLUB

Officers
S. N. TAMMANY, '12, President
A. B. RAUGHLEY, '13, Vice President
W. F. O'BRIEN, '13, Business Manager
R. L. JACOBS, '12, Musical Director

Members
1911
R. G. DAVIS
J. H. FISHER
J. S. HAGNER
C. H. HEISLER
C. R. LIND
C. I. VAN ARSDALEN
H. S. GARRISON
R. E. GARRETT
C. C. KIDD
C. T. McCHESNEY

1912
D. B. AYERST
R. B. HARVEY
R. L. JACOBS
S. KNOPF
F. L. MAIER
G. P. MILLINGTON

1913
J. E. GONCE, JR.
C. S. LENDERMAN
A. B. RAUGHLEY
R. C. WILSON
T. J. MCLoughry
W. F. O'BRIEN

G. E. CHAMBERS
N. A. Groves

187
G. P. MILLINGTON, Drum Major.
J. H. FISHER, Cornet.
C. S. LENDERMAN, Baritone.
C. I. VAN ARSDALEN, Bass Drum and Cymbals.
R. F. RAUGHLEY, Trombone.
C. R. LIND, Snare Drum.
D. B. AYERST, Cornet.
R. B. HARVEY, Alto.
R. L. JACOBS, Alto.
A. B. RAUGHLEY, Bass Horn.
N. A. GROVES, Cornet.
Program for Commencement Week
1910

SUNDAY, JUNE 12
11.00 A. M. Sermon before Y. M. C. A.
Rev. Robert Watt, D. D.
8.00 P. M. Baccalaureate Sermon
Rt. Rev. Frederic J. Kinsman, Bishop of Delaware

MONDAY, JUNE 13
2.30 P. M. Class Day Exercises
6.30 P. M. Dress Parade
8.00 P. M. Anniversary of the Athenaean Literary Society

TUESDAY, JUNE 14
11.00 A. M. Meeting of Board of Trustees
2.30 P. M. Track and Field Meet
6.30 P. M. Dress Parade
8.00 P. M. Anniversary of Delta Phi Literary Society

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15
10.30 A. M. Commencement Exercises
2.30 P. M. Meeting of Alumni
3.00 P. M. Exhibition Drill
8.30 P. M. Commencement Dance

Class Day Exercises
College Oratory, June 13
Chairman, L. I. Handy, '11

ORDER OF EXERCISES

Invocation
Music

Class Oration
John W. Alden
Music

Class History
John N. Lyndall
Music

Class Prophecy
A. F. Egmont Horn
Music

Presentation of Gifts
L. I. Handy, '11
Music

Mantle Address
William J. Bratton
Music
Seventy-fifth Anniversary
OF THE
Delta Phi Literary Society
College Oratory, June 14, 1910

Music ................................................. College Orchestra
Society Address ..................................... Benjamin W. Ward, ’12
Music ................................................. College Orchestra
Address, “Some Ethical Tests of the Modern Novel”
Music ................................................. College Orchestra
Farewell Address .................................... A. F. Egmont Horn, ’10
Music .................................................. College Orchestra

COMMITTEE
William L. Kirby, ’11  Harry S. Garrison, ’11
John Van Gasken Postles, ’11

Seventy-sixth Anniversary
OF THE
Athenaeum Literary Society
College Oratory, June 13, 1910

Music .................................................. College Orchestra
Society Oration ...................................... L. I. Handy, ’11
Music .................................................. College Orchestra
Society Address ...................................... Dr. H. W. Kellogg
Music .................................................. College Orchestra
Farewell Address .................................... H. T. Ennis, ’12

COMMITTEE
Frank Gilbert, ’11  R. G. Hill, ’13
B. A. Vandegrift, ’11
Inter-Society Debate

Athenaean

and

Delta Phi

Literary Societies

Tuesday Evening, April 19, 1910

Question: Resolved, That Labor Unions are, on the whole, detrimental to the best interests of the workingman in the United States.

AFFIRMATIVE (Delta Phi)—William Jones Bratton, '10; Samuel N. Tammany, '12; Egmont Horn, '10. Alternate, Benjamin Ward, 12.


Decision in favor of negative.
Temperance Oratorical Contest

In the College Oratory

Saturday Evening, June 11th, 1910, at 8 o'clock.

1. Selection, College Orchestra, Mr. Ralph L. Jacobs, leader.
   Mr. Howard Taylor Ennis
   Mr. Merrill Bonsal Hutchinson
4. Selection ........................................... College Orchestra
5. Oration. Prohibition the Final Solution of the Temperance Question.
   Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Blades
6. Has Local Option Been a Success in Lower Delaware?
   Mr. Horace Evans Spruance
7. Selection ........................................... College Orchestra

Presiding officer, Rev. Wm. J. Rowan, Ph. D.


Judges

Geo. A. Blake, Esq., W. W. Knowles, Esq., James W. Lattomus, Esq.

Decision of judges based on: 1. Originality of subject matter. 2. The style. 3. The delivery.

First prize, Mr. Howard Taylor Ennis.
Second prize, Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Blades.
Third prize, Mr. Horace Evans Spruance.
Junior Promenade
Class of 1912, of Delaware College
February Third, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven
New Gymnasium

DANCES

Introductory Waltz—To the Class of 1912
1 Waltz—Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland
2 Two Step—High Brows
3 Waltz—All That I Ask is Love
4 Two Step—Any Little Girl
5 Waltz—Venus on Earth
6 Two Step—For You, Bright Eyes
7 Waltz—Ciribiribin
8 Two Step—I Won't Be Back Till August
9 Waltz—Seven Days
10 Two Step—Listen to That Jungle Band
11 Waltz—Sena
12 Two Step—What's the Matter With Father?
   Intermission
13 Two Step—Cotton Babes
14 Waltz—My Hero
15 Two Step—Dixie
16 Waltz—My Cavalier
17 Two Step—I'll Make a Ring Around Rosie
18 Waltz—You Are the Ideal of My Dreams
19 Two Step—Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
20 Waltz—Sweet Red Roses
21 Two Step—I'm a Member of the Midnight Crew
22 Waltz—Swing Me High, Swing Me Low
23 Two Step—Sweet Italian Love
24 Waltz—Good Night, Sweetheart

PATRONESSES

Miss Harter
Mrs. F. H. Robinson
Mrs. E. Conover
Mrs. E. L. Smith
Mrs. C. O. Houghten
Mrs. H. Hayward

Mrs. C. F. Dawson
Mrs. C. A. Short
Mrs. M. T. Cook
Mrs. F. Thompson
Mrs. C. Penny
Mrs. I. Taubenhaus
Mrs. R. D. String
Committees

G. P. Millington, Class President

INVITATIONS AND PROGRAMS
W. A. Reynolds, Chairman
R. R. Whittingham, D. L. Sloan

REFRESHMENTS
E. L. Rice, Chairman
H. L. Wilson, G. W. Sawin, E. R. Manning

FLOOR
J. G. Lewis, Chairman
E. E. Todd, R. C. Levis, W. S. Allmond

MUSIC
R. L. Jacobs, Chairman
R. B. Harvey, S. Knopf, S. N. Tammany

DECORATIONS
D. B. Ayerst, Chairman

Music by Stausebach's Orchestra
Sixth Anniversary

of the

Founding of Beta Epsilon Chapter, Kappa Alpha Fraternity

April Twenty-ninth, Nineteen Hundred Ten

Newark Opera House

Dances

Introductory Waltz—Garden of Roses
1 Two Step—Cubanola Glide
2 Waltz—Chocolate Soldier
3 Two Step—Wild Cherries
4 Waltz—The Motor Girl
5 Two Step—Rings on My Fingers
6 Waltz—Hypatia
7 Two Step—Naughty Eyes
8 Waltz—Senora
9 Two Step—Put You foot on the Soft, Soft Pedal
10 Waltz—To the End of the World With You
11 Two step—Come After Breakfast
12 Waltz—Waning Honeymoon

13 Two Step—Dixie
14 Waltz—Algeria
15 Two Step—Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet
16 Waltz—Yankee Prince
17 Two Step—The Billiken Man
18 Waltz—Land of Dreams
19 Two Step—Bright Eyes
20 Waltz—Daisies Won’t Tell
21 Two Step—My Southern Rose
22 Waltz—Iveresse
23 Two Step—We’ll All Go Home
24 Waltz—Good Night, Dear

PATRONESSES

Mrs. E. L. Smith
Mrs. S. J. Wright
Mrs. W. H. Steele
 Mrs. H. R. Tyson
Mrs. S. A. Freudenberger

Mrs. C. O. Houghton
Mrs. C. L. Penny
Mrs. E. Conover
Mrs. C. A. Short
Mrs. C. B. Evans

Music by the First Infantry Orchestra
Third Annual Dance
Delaware Alpha of Sigma Phi Epsilon
January Sixth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven
Newark Opera House

Patronesses

Mrs. E. Conover
Mrs. Delaware Clark
Mrs. C. O. Hougton
Mrs. L. K. Bowen
Mrs. C. A. Short
Mrs. J. H. Hossinger
Mrs. Chas. B. Evans

Music by Riggs' Orchestra

Dances

Introductory Waltz—Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland
1 Two Step—Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet
2 Waltz—Amerous
3 Two Step—Dixie
4 Waltz—When the Daisies Bloom
5 Two Step—Bright Eyes
6 Waltz—Ciribiribin
7 Two Step—Any Little Girl
8 Waltz—Venus on Earth
9 Two Step—Wild Cherries
10 Waltz—Scented Roses
11 Two Step—What's the Matter with Father?
12 Waltz—Il Trovatore
1st Extra—Two Step—Wild Cherries
2d Extra—Waltz—Garden of Roses

Intermission

13 Two Step—Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
14 Waltz—Chocolate Soldier
15 Two Step—Honey, I Will Long for You
16 Waltz—Senora
17 Two Step—Silver Bell
18 Waltz—The Moonlight, the Rose, and You
19 Two Step—Cutey, Who Tied Your Tie?
20 Waltz—Sweet Red Roses
21 Two Step—I Won't Be Back Till August
22 Waltz—Daisies Won't Tell
23 Two Step—Cotton Babes
24 Waltz—Good Night, Dear
1st Extra—Two Step—I'll Make a Ring Around Rosie
2d Extra—Waltz—Every Little Movement
Given to the
Class of 1910 by the Class of 1911
of Delaware College
June Fifteen, Nineteen Hundred Ten

ORDER OF DANCES

Introductory Waltz—Garden of Roses
1 Two Step—Cubanola Glide
2 Waltz—Chocolate Soldier
3 Two Step—Wild Cherries
4 Waltz—Yip-i-Addy-i-Ay
5 Two Step—Golden Arrow
6 Waltz—Hypatia
7 Two Step—Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?
8 Waltz—Senora
9 Two Step—Amina
10 Waltz—Blue Danube
11 Two Step—Come After Breakfast
12 Waltz—Waning Honeymoon

Intermission
13 Two Step—Dixie
14 Waltz—Algeria
15 Two Step—Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet
16 Waltz—Yankee Prince
17 Two Step—The Billiken Man
18 Waltz—Land of Dreams
19 Two Step—Bright Eyes
20 Waltz—Daisies Won’t Tell
21 Two Step—My Southern Rose
22 Waltz—Iveresse
23 Two Step—Then We’ll All Go Home
24 Waltz—Good Night, Dear

PATRONESSES

Miss Harter
Mrs. Robinson
Mrs. Conover
Mrs. Smith
Mrs. Houghton
Mrs. Hayward

Mrs. Taubenhaus

Music by the First Infantry Orchestra
Clayton House, Wilmington, Delaware

Friday Evening, February Fifth

Nineteen Hundred Nine

Banquet Committee

Howard T. Ennis, Chairman
Thomas H. Lattimer
Joseph M. Harman, Jr.
Reece L. Darlington
D. Rodney Bice
Toastmaster, Howard T. Ennis
Class Spirit, Joseph N. Harman, Jr.
Class of 1912, W. A. Reynolds
Athletics, William W. Larrimore
Faculty, George W. Sawin
Old Delaware, A. Rae Dubell
Class Prophecy, John C. Phillips

Class Officers

President, Howard T. Ennis
Vice President, Wm. W. Larrimore
Secretary, George W. Sawin
Treasurer, Lewis J. Darrell
Historian, Wm. A. Reynolds
Freshman Banquet
1914

Clayton House, Wilmington, Delaware
February 10, 1911
Toastmaster, E. W. Loomis

College........................................L. C. Haughey
Class of 1914.................................A. H. Dean
Athletics.......................................A. C. Houston
Faculty........................................D. R. McNeal

Banquet Committee

A. H. Dean, Chairman

E. W. Loomis
D. R. McNeal

J. W. McCafferty
E. E. Shallcross
Yells

D-e-l-aware
Sis—Boom—Tiger
Rah—Rah—Rah
Delaware—Delaware—Delaware!

Rah—Rah
Rah—Rah—Rah
Rah—Rah
Rah—Rah—Rah
Rah—Rah
Rah—Rah—Rah
Delaware!

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
There!
Who?

Hoo Rah,
Hoo Rah,
Hoo Rah,
Sis—Boom—Ah!
Delaware!

Wah—Hoo—Wah
Wah—Hoo—Wah
Diddidy Delaware,
Wah—Hoo—Wah!

Carix, Carix, Cariven!
Carix, Carix, Cariven!
Caranamarix, Caranamarix!
Boom, Boom, Filamarix,
Skey hi, Skey hi!
Chi—yi—chi—yi!
Delaware!

We play right well, we do,
We play right well, we do,
When they are strong we play right well,
When they are weak we play like hell!

RAILROAD YELLS

Holdem,
Touchdown!

WE WANT THAT BALL!
THE "BLUE HEN" BOARD AT WORK
When you laugh, think of our three clowns and comic writers, Lewis, Millington, and Maier, and our artist, Knopf. When you peruse the athletic sheet think of Reynolds. When you read some of the other things think of Ayerst, Ward and Sawin. When you admire the binding and general tone of The Book, etc., think of Tammany, Whittingham and Taylor. When you feel like swearing and chucking The Book into the waste basket—well, just think of the editor; he can stand it.

Well, our illustrious adviser with the Ph. D. trailer to him has advised us to get more humorous stuff for our book. He has advised us to get a little variety in our—humorous stuff. He has suggested a sorting out of our material with the purpose of keeping the—humorous stuff. And finally he has come out with this point—a blank assertion—"If you don't get more humorous stuff your book will be a joke." Incongruous, Mr. Sypherd. Very bad, indeed. But we have solved the problem. In the advertising section the reader will find an ad. placed demurely on the front page of the section which sets forth the advantages of married life, especially with a nice (?), young (?), handsome (?), learned college professor. Alongside of this notice Doc—pardon us, we meant to say this anonymous advertiser—has had placed six pictures depicting the different stages of the growth of "that" misplaced eyebrow. And then, it is said, the book is needful of more humorous stuff. Strange; very, very strange. Why were such a thing possible (that is to say were there a chance of there being a lack of humorous stuff) we should merely insert a full-page illustration of Tommie Sturgess as he appeared on the baseball field last June. Some say he can stop a pig in an alley, but others disagree. However, luckily for Tommie, we feel measurably safe in submitting our book to the public without making it too much of a joke. So Tommie is saved and there are others who are sliding by more easily than they deserve. Ah, there Lieut.! How are you, anyway?
APRIL

April 3—Co. E of the Senior class held a banquet, Lieut. Stayer officiating.

April 5—Co. E members almost over effects of banquet.

April 10—Another Co. E banquet.

April 13—Co. E just sobered up. Extra hard session this time.

April 17—More wet goods for Co. E.

April 18—Co. E all sober. Getting used to it.

April 24—Co. E party. No drunks.

April 25—Co. E disbanded. Course complete.

April 29—Tiffany pays a visit to Childs, Md.

April 30—More Childs for Tiff.

MAY

May 1—Spring fever still dominant.

May 15—Students recovering. Baseball becoming popular.

May 16—The class of 1912 won the championship in baseball by defeating the class of 1913 by the score of 15 to 2, and the class of 1910 by default.

May 18—The class of 1912 won the championship in tennis through the victories of Harvey and Butz.

May 21—Circus at college. Faculty-Senior game; Sturges played right field for the Faculty. Nuf sed, eh? Ball rolled through those legs while he was figuring out the drop across the line.

May 22—Carswell got in a telling bone-head question.

May 25—Handy is beginning to take over the college property left him by the late owner, Alden, vice Carswell, resigned.

May 30—Flowers for the honored.
JUNE

June 1—Raughley lectured today on local option. Korngold also delivered himself of his personal experiences along the line of—(but we are afraid to risk it).

June 2—Twelve Sophs were missing after roll-call in chemistry today.

June 3—Mattingly asked Sturges a fool question today.

June 5—Carswell's "papa" paid him a visit today.

June 6—Bill Butz was seen with a girl today. The next thing we hear of will be Robbie's missing a train.

June 7—Scandal about Butz completely unfounded. Rumor was started by Hodgson. However, Jacobs and Wilson were present at the dancing class tonight.

June 8—Announcement of trials for the Faculty-Student Track Meet was made today.

June 9—Faculty are banking on Tiffany and hoping he'll be in condition tomorrow.

June 10—Ye gods! Where's Tiff? Gimpty Smith qualified for the finals today. Gimp will represent Faculty tomorrow and Hearne will run for students. Both men are in great shape.

June 11—The great quarter-mile event between "Gimp" Smith and "Hickory" Hearne was started today promptly at 1.30 P. M. by Referee Srager. "Gimpty" stole a lead and, because of pull with the referee, was not called back. "Gimpty" held lead all the rest of this day, covering 122 yards by actual measurement.

June 12—Hearn creeping up today. Race rather exciting but hard on referee, who has had nothing to eat for two days. "Gimpty" led by 18 inches at end of day.

June 13—"Gimpty" was still 16 inches in lead when today's lap started. Referee nearly all in. Hearne finishing strong. "Gimpty" was exhausted when two feet from finish line and Hearne won by 3½ inches, breaking record by 2 days, 10 hours and 14 minutes. Referee Srager was unconscious for 20 minutes. When revived he ate two hogsheads of sauerkraut.

June 14—The class of 1912 won the track and field championship today by a margin of 22 points.

June 15—We kicked the Seniors out, packed up our duds, and went home.

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 15—College opened today. Many fellows returned with broken hearts. Had a big shipment of the "green stuff" from down the State this year. Majority of Freshies had hayseed in their whiskers and alfalfa under their collars.

Sept. 16—First drill of the year. It's all off; Handy owns the college.

Sept. 21—Shorty gave Juniors a forty minute lecture, other five minutes being occupied with calling roll. Subject was—but that's immaterial.

Sept. 23—Tiffany surprised us by going to Childs.
Sept. 25—Maier bought a new derby. “Mike” Harter had indigestion.
Sept. 26—Todd borrowed (?) a cigarette.
Sept. 27—Had a few of the Lieutenant’s lies today.
Sept. 28—Ayerst asked a fool question today. He is fast losing his skill.
Sept. 29—Tiff again visited Childs. Something in the wind.
Sept. 30—Syph’s misplaced eyebrow is still among us.

OCTOBER


Oct. 3—Juniors started unknowns today. Slogan adopted was, “Hey, Tiff, you deaf beggar, what the h—— is this?”
Oct. 5—Tiff went to Childs today.
Oct. 6—Taylor almost flunked a test in elec. and mag. Harvey got in ahead of him and secured the seat next to Butz.
Oct. 8—Tiff was called away to Childs today.
Oct. 9—Reynolds wrote three dozen love letters today and said he expected answers from all of them in two days.
Oct. 19—Tiff—Childs—Tiff—Childs—(conclusion due to lack of rubber stamp).
Oct. 24—Sawin went into Lippincott’s to purchase a birthday present for a girl. Asked to see ladies’ belts. Girl asked him what size. Sawin asked for a yard stick and immediately measured his coat sleeves.
Oct. 27—Tiff visited Childs today.
Oct. 30—Tiff got back from Childs at 11.00 A. M. Returned to Childs at 2.00 P. M.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 3—Davy was seen taking an out-of-door shower bath this afternoon.
Nov. 5—Dr. Harter mentioned liquid air today to Sophs.
Nov. 6—Tiff went to Childs.
Nov. 8—Junior Annual Board caught doing some work. Ennis fainted.
Nov. 11—Butz forgot his calculus today. To keep him from feeling bad nobody turned any in.
Nov. 12—Tiff journeyed southward on the B. & O.
Nov. 13—The B. & O. train was on time this morning.
Nov. 15—Hazo Barton was seen with his vest on today.
Nov. 18—Maier discovered an oyster in Powell’s stew.
Nov. 19—Childs—Tiff—! ! !
Nov. 22—Childs for Tiff.
Nov. 23—A few Thanksgiving for us.
Nov. 27—Handy announced opening of bids for the sale of Delaware College. He said he was tired of keeping the Faculty out of trouble.
Nov. 30—Childs again ! ! !
December

Dec. 2—Srager held up in Recitation Hall. For information see Ward, '12.
Dec. 4—Sturges is amused in Elec. and Mag. "Tommie, wipe that grin off your face."
Dec. 5—Tiff ran Juniors out of laboratory at 3.00 P. M. Nuf sed, we hope.
Dec. 10—More childish pranks for Tiff.
Dec. 11—McVey took Wade to Baltimore today. Some outing.
Dec. 13—Shrimp Townsend broke date with Doc Syph to play a game of pool.
Dec. 16—Tiff and Childs again.
Dec. 19—Carswell played pinochle with Tiffany.
Dec. 20—Carswell got out eight unknowns this afternoon.
Dec. 21—Tiff at Childs.
Dec. 22—Tiff at Childs.
Dec. 23—Tiff at Childs. We went home for a feed-fest.

January

Jan. 3—we returned to prison. Found Tiffany was still at Childs.
Jan. 4—Tiff did not show up. Telephoned he had missed six trains trying to say good-bye.
Jan. 5—The class of 1912 qualified for the finals in the basketball championships by defeating the class of 1911 by the score of 17 to 12.
Jan. 6—"Willie" Wingett was seen working today.
Jan. 8—Tiff visited Childs.
Jan. 10—Had tender steak in Boarding Club today. All praise be to Kirby.
Jan. 11—Tiffany again at Childs.
Jan. 12—The class of 1912 won the basketball championship by defeating the class of 1914 by the score of 43 to 16.
Jan. 13—Knopf swearing again.
Jan. 14—Knopf again caught. Was heard to say "damn" this time.
Jan. 17—Debate held in Electricity and Magnetism this morning. Question discussed was, "Could a man with a pair of legs like Tommie Sturges’ stop a pig in an alley?" Ayerst and Brown took the affirmative, Mattingly and Carswell, negative. Decision rendered in favor of negative.
Jan. 21—Tiff gone again. (Oh you Childs!)
Jan. 23—Tiff was absent today. His childish excuse was not accepted.
Jan. 24—We started the misery. Mid-years. Nuf sed.
Jan. 27—Mid-years over. We began saving dollars.
Jan. 29—Library trustees organized. Officers elected were: Jacobs, president; Darlington, vice president; Rice, secretary; Faculty, treasurer. Millington received honorable mention.
**February**

Feb. 2—Coach prohibited the Juniors from taking down the baskets in the gym.

Feb. 3—Baskets mysteriously disappeared at 4 P. M. At 8 P. M. the Junior Promenade started.

Feb. 4—Junior Prom. stopped at 4 A. M. Doctor Harter resumed his natural expression at 4.15 A. M.

Feb. 4—At 8 A. M. the baskets were back in place.

Feb. 4—At 9 P. M. (between the halves) the coach enumerated the gentlemen of the Junior class on the fingers of the left hand of “One-arm” Braun.

Feb. 7—Where’s my wandering Tiffany tonight?

Feb. 8—Childs—Tiff absent. (Nuf sed).

Feb. 9—“Doc” Sypherd and “Gimpy” Smith went to Phila.

Feb. 10—“Syph” and “Gimp” returned.

Feb. 12—Childs called Tiffany away today.

Feb. 14—The long-suffering Juniors had another installment of “Knee-deep in Blood” by Lieut. E. S. Stayer.

Feb. 15—No laboratory today. Tiff was on the B. & O.

Feb. 17—“Mike” Harter lost another section of ear today. “Mike” McGonigal was the consignee this time.

Feb. 18—Tiff missed last train and walked to Childs tonight.

Feb. 20—Hubbard passed off some of his flunks today. Seemed to hate to lose a dollar though.

Feb. 21—Tinney seen at college today.

Feb. 22—Tinney again seen at college. Heard singing “Has Anybody Here Saw Kelly?”

Feb. 23—More Tinney, also more “Kelly.”

Feb. 24—Tinney again.

Feb. 27—Tinney

Feb. 28—Tiff announced his engagement today to a girl in Childs.

**March**

March 1—The Blue Hen went to press. Thank the Lord.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reading No.</th>
<th>What he needs most</th>
<th>What he ought to be</th>
<th>Would he ever make an engineer?</th>
<th>What is he worth?</th>
<th>Is he tight?</th>
<th>Characteristics</th>
<th>Efficiency</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Shorty&quot;</td>
<td>'96 class</td>
<td>Beauty doctor</td>
<td>May be</td>
<td>What he gets</td>
<td>Squeaks</td>
<td>Formule</td>
<td>90%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String*</td>
<td>Common Sense</td>
<td>Ribbon Counter Clerk</td>
<td>No, never</td>
<td>Board</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Too numerous to mention</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sturges</td>
<td>A wife</td>
<td>Wind shield</td>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>$3.00 day</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Little, but O, my!</td>
<td>80%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gimpy*</td>
<td>Hard work</td>
<td>Coal heaver</td>
<td>Shades of Hades No!!!</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>Needs Lubrication</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McVey</td>
<td>Ask him</td>
<td>Y. M. C. A. leader</td>
<td>Hardly</td>
<td>Girl's Wages</td>
<td>Can't be</td>
<td>Good Fellow</td>
<td>70%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*NOTE—These readings thrown out on account of continually running at no load.
The Real Diary of a Real Freshman

Sept. 10.—Well, here I am at college. Pa wanted me to stay home on the farm until corn-cuttin' was over, but I got a letter from the president of this place and he seemed so darned anxious for me to come up to town in time for the grand opening that I begged Pa off and he let me come. Gave me seven dollars to spend while I'm here, too. Seemed awful funny this mornin' when I hit this big town. Why, the president of the college wasn't even at the station to meet me. I thought at first it was the wrong place; but, when I asked the hack driver if there wasn't some sort of a school in this city, he sort of smiled and told me to get in and he'd take me up. Charged me ten cents, though. Gosh, if I'd known that you bet I'd a-walked. I'll get even with him, though. When the time comes around for those graduation exercises, I just won't send him an invitation.

The first thing the president asked me was if I had any condition. I told him I felt pretty fit to trollop any gosh-hanged guy that got fresh with me. He said that wasn't what he meant and then asked me if I was prepared to stand an examination. Then I remembered what ma told me about not taking my shirt off till I was ready to have it washed 'cause it was powerful holey and might rip. So I explained to him all about it and he 'most died laughing. Seems sort of strange a fellow can't wear a shirt that's full of holes when it's clean. Anyhow, he got me off in a room all by myself and gave a bunch of questions to answer. They was all written down in a little old blue book that I hadn't ever seen before. Howsomever, I managed to spell a few good words—spellin' allers was my line—and then I did a few sums and handed in my paper. The man in charge took it and stuck it in a pigeon-hole and told me I was free. So I went off to the big building where they keep the beds and picked myself out a nice big room. I noticed it was about the best looking of the bunch. It was chock full of pillars and flags with Delaware printed on 'em and the walls was all covered with pictures and photographs of good looking girls. Those pictures decided me 'cause ma had said I wanted to keep my eye peeled for a girl with lots of money. The bed looked pretty classy so I crawled down between the blankets and went to sleep.

Sept. 11.—Must a slept some last night. Anyhow it was light when I woke up. The room was full of strange guys. Everyone of them was laughin' fit to kill 'cept one and he was as mad as a hornet. He was talking about how there ought to be immunity from tramps, and I thought to myself if this was a place where tramps came to college I had better be pulling freight for home. The fellows looked pretty much dressed up, so I felt a little better. After a while a feller with a blue and yellow hat with a 1913 on it said something about havin' some fun with the greenie. Course I was in for all the fun.
I could get out of it, so I sang for them and knelt down and showed 'em I could keep quiet long enough to fish a penny out of a basin of water with my nose. Finally they seemed to get tired of my fun-makin', so I got up and walked out. And then you oughter heard the holler. That whole mob came after me on the jump and picked me up and started down the steps with me. I heard one of 'em say something about "it won't hurt those old clothes." That made me mad; so I started and waded into 'em. Pa taught me something about fighting on the farm and I could kick 'most near as hard as Jinny, our old mule. However, when I got through one of the guys was a-spitting teeth, another had a black eye, and the whole mob wa'n't so danged spruced-up looking.

Well, when they had enough I picked up my hat and walked upstairs again and picked myself out another room. This one wa'n't so fine lookin' but it had better pictures in it and I was powerful strong for the pictures. I didn't see any more of that mob until that night, when purty near a thousand of 'em came up and asked me to please come down stairs and do an imitation of Washington crossing the Delaware for them in the bath tub. I wondered at the time how they ever found out I was going to be an actor—I know I never told a soul 'cept Sal Morrow, and I don't think she blabbed—when I grewed up. Well, I can't exactly tell about that imitation, but when they got through I was powerful wet and they was a powerful torn-up lookin' mob.

Sept. 13.—Ain't wrote nothing for two days now, so I've got an awful lot to tell about. This mornin' a crowd of 1914-ers came up to my room when me and the fellow who butted in with me yesterday were both there and asked me to please come on and get in the class fight. I hadn't heard nothing about any class fight so it took me a long time to make up my mind. Finally they persuaded and I went down stairs and got in it. First there was two long lines of fellers and each feller had a rope to tie a feller on the other side with. Then there was a tall, lean, youngish-lookin' guy with a pistol in his hand who looked like he thought he was the whole cheese. Then there was a big fat feller with a jolly face and he looked like he thought the lean feller was the best joke out. Well, pretty soon the lean guy shot his pistol and the two lines of fellers went at each other. I stood and looked on for a minute and laughed at the guys chewing on the ropes in order to get loose. Then I thought I might as well tie up a few fellers myself. So I waded in and tied up about twelve of 'em before the lean guy shot the pistol to make us quit. Then such yelping you never heard. One side says raw, raw, raw, and I wondered whether they meant the beefsteak we had for breakfast that morning.

After a while the fellers got tired of shaking hands with me and I began to wonder what it was all about. I asked a feller with a 1912 on his hat and he said it was about fifteen minutes. So I told him to go to grass and went back to my room and read a few of the books a red-headed fellow who keeps the college store sold me. He must a-stuck me awful bad 'cause some of the books was algebras and geometries and Caesar books, and I
knew they didn’t have no such advanced studies at this place. We had a little rumpus tonight. Nothing much happened—only a Freshman was taken down to the crick and chucked overboard. Gosh, I wonder if all these fellers are as green as he was. Why, he didn’t even know how to swim and I’ve been swimming since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. They pulled him out with a rope. When my turn came I took off my shoes and jumped in and swam across the crick and waited until the crowd left. Then I came back and walked up to the sleeping building. I heard a lot today about hazin’. Wonder when they are goin’ to start it and what it is like.

Sept. 16.—Wonder if all these fellers are as dumb as some I met today. A big fellow came up to my room to see me and talked for about an hour trying to tell how I had better come out for the football team. I told him I had never played football before, but would play every Saturday in the games if he wanted me to. He said I would have to come out every night and practice, and I told him I was too busy. After a while I promised to come out the next afternoon I had some spare time and see if I could play any. After he left I asked one of the fellers who was in the room who he was, and they said he was the team coach. Now, ain’t that simple? Who ever heard of a man being called a wagon. Besides, I couldn’t find a trace of a horse.

Sept. 17.—Went out for football this afternoon. The coach told me to play center and then showed me how to stoop over the ball and hand it back to the feller who stood just behind me. I did this all right, but the feller who took the ball each time didn’t seem to be able to do anything with it, so after a while I waited until all the fellers on the other side was lined up. Then I picked up the ball and started running at ‘em. Well, about ten or twelve of ’em grabbed me and I know that wa’n’t fair, so I got sort of riled and began throwing ’em away from me. In about a minute I had got rid of ’em and I walked down the field and dropped the ball beneath the goal just like I’d seen the big feller on the other side do. Then I looked at the coach. He was most dying trying not to laugh, and I couldn’t see the joke. Finally, he came up to me and told me to get in there and play fullback on the ’varsity. Now I didn’t know what either of them names meant, but after awhile I got straightened out, and, after one of the fellers told me I was to take the ball down to the other end this time, I understood. Well, I did that for them about six or eight times and then I got tired. So I told the coach I was going to quit for the day and he said as how I had certainly done my share and to be sure to come out tomorrow night. Well, that morning we had gone to a few recitations and one of the professors was a feller with a moustache and a little bit of hair. The fellows called him “Doc,” and seemed to be scared to death of him. He told us a whole lot about not letting the Sophomores haze us too much and then told us to write a composition for next week. He said the title would be “Hazing at Delaware.” Now I ain’t seen any hazin’ and don’t know who the Sophomores are, so I just put on my paper, “Since being at college I ain’t seen nothing of any Sophomores and don’t know what you mean by hazing.” Then he told us that we would
have to read a lot of books, and I wrote on the bottom of my paper all about the books I had read that the red-headed feller had sold me, so I guess I’ve got a pretty good stand in.

Sept. 20.—Got that composition back today marked in blue pencil F, RW. I knew F stood for fine, but couldn’t figure out just what the RW. was for. I asked a feller with a 1913 on his hat and he said he guessed it stood for rotten writing in my case. But that didn’t go with F for fine very well, so I didn’t worry much.

Sept. 24.—Had chemistry today for the first time. A little short guy taught us. The fellers called him “Tiff.” I asked him why he always took his little blue book with him when he went home nights and he said “sulphuric acid.” This certainly is a bug place. We had a lesson to the big, fat feller with the jolly face this morning, and he asked me how I would come to port from an order. I told him pa had said I shouldn’t drink while I was at college unless some other feller paid for it, so I couldn’t order. Found out his name this morning. The fellers call him “Lute.” I always thought that was a musical instrument, and I can’t see the connection ’cause I heard him whistling this morning and it certainly wa’n’t music. He taught us all about a firing squad.

Sept. 30.—Found out some more about the firing squad this morning. It consists of the Lute and a feller named Grantham and some other nice man. I forgot his name but he has something to do with the one that told me “sulphuric acid.” They had me in the office and asked me to explain about some unexcused absence. I didn’t know what they meant and I guess they thought I was pretty dumb. After awhile they explained. It was this way—I had an engagement with a feller the other mornin’ to play a game of pool and I wouldn’t break it for a small thing like a recitation. I explained it to the firing squad and when I got through I said, “Well, if that’s all you chaps want I guess I’ll be going.” Then one of them said, “Yes, you’ll be going on the next train.” And sure enough they weren’t fooling—I thought for a while they were—and one of them even helped me pack up, Wonder if he wanted to swipe anything. I tell you I watched him. Funny part was that he was watching me just as close.

Oct. 2.—Well, here I am at home. Got here last night. Pa says I’ve had my full college course now. Gosh, but I’m glad. I thought it was going to take at least a year, but I am awful glad to get back on the farm. Pa says the pigs have been missing me. Well, I know what he meant, but I ain’t letting on. And that reminds me—I saved three dollars out o’ my money and I ain’t going to give it to pa till he asks for it, either.

Oct. 3.—Pa found my three dollars last night. Gosh, I oughter hid it better ’cause I was counting on taking Sal to the next fair with it. Well, I guess I’ll have to split kindling now until I get enough. Then you bet I’ll hide it O. K.
With Apologies to R. K.

A fool there was and he wrote a theme,
   (Even as you and I!)
He filled it full of poetic gleam;
(We read it and thought it an idiot’s dream),
But the fool considered it art supreme,
   (Even as you and I!)

The fool expected to get a B,
   (Even as you and I!)
Or, at the worst, a well-earned C;
(He never even dreamt of a D!)
So it jarred him much when he pulled an E
   (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the mark we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the man who read the theme,
(We’d like to teach him to read a theme,
For he does not understand!)

He walked with faltering footsteps,
   His face was drawn and hard.
“The second time I’ve ‘busted,’” he muttered,
   Which means another re-examination card.
The life history of "Squirt" Tammany, the only living organism of Newton's 1st Law: "A body remains at rest.

He devoted his entire career to the study of Chemistry. of the following pictures will bear testimony.

When a mere CHE-1-L-D the Squirt became associated with the rudiments of Chemistry. The first property he discovered was that of H2S. When a kind passerby donated him a piece of the gas, he was able to show it to the above picture shows.

Limburger variety. He also knew about the above. But, as the Squirt is very sensitive to small changes, he also knew that the situation was almost impossible.

Year 1976!

"Squirt" Tammany still working on his 1st unknown. The collection started by Prof. Tiffany's microscope is the only known bottle of the Squirt to be found in the position it was found by them.

Still looking up to God.

Tiffany and was kindly posed for by the Squirt.

Note! This photo was one taken by Prof. Tiffany and was kindly posed for by the Squirt.
Comitum Sepulchrum

As I one day with whitened hair,
In nineteen eighty-four, alone,
Sat in my study musing there
Of days and comrades from me gone,
A sudden gloom my mind did pall;
I could not read my books at all.

For o'er my spirit came this thought:
That my last earthly hour was near;
I with this looming dread well fought,
But even then I was all fear.
Not fear of special future pain,
Nor that my deeds in life were vain;
To see my classmates as of old
Was my desire. I was so gray
I feared now them I'd not behold
Before my time to pass away.

So feeling thus what should I do
To soothe my mind and body, too?
I then left musings, books and all
That made me feel so sick at heart,
To go and hark to nature's call,
And view whatever of her art
Before my weary eyes should be;
Just anything to comfort me.

As I beneath the azure sky,
And through the shaded wood did go,
Hearing the birds sing merrily,
Watching the lambs run to and fro.
Filled with rapture was the breeze
Blowing gently through the trees.

I first watched biplanes in the air,
As calmly they were gliding on;
Also were winged creatures there,
Which now were seen and now were gone.
Everything seemed quite in tune;
Then, too, it was the heart of June.

The shade that nature to me lent
Had done my sense a world of good;
Yet in my deeper thought I bent
To dwell on things of graver mood.
A graveyard then came to my view,
So it I thought to wander through.

I passed within the studded wall,
But stopped full quickly near its side,
As on a tomb my eyes did fall—
Well known to me a name I spied—
I rubbed my eyes and pinched my hand
To banish thoughts of dreaming land.

I thought while looking at this name—
Forgetting all my weary pain:
"Earth that nourished thee shall claim
Thy growth resolved to earth again."
Then going nearer to the stone
I saw this written thereupon:

"For him who lies beneath this sod,
Our son and mate, this Elmer Todd,
Our grief is great; we miss him, too;
He left this life in sixty-two.
His work was good throughout this life;
Ah! how I miss him, I his wife."

I recalled college days once more;
A classmate in my days of yore
Lay 'neath my feet; I thought of him,
An athlete who was full of vim.
Then brushing from my eyes a tear,
I read from on the gravestone near:

"James Gilpin Lewis" (to me "Jim").
"It was so hard to part with him
Who lies beneath this sodded spot;
Although to miss him it is not."
I saw Jim died in eighty-one,
And wondered if he'd lived alone.

But then I saw a line below
Which I did read, but read more slow:
"The husband of four wives was he;
He leaves the fourth and children three."
I passed to see if I might know
Another in this long white row.

The very next one at 'Jim's' right
Caught my eye. "This marble white
Is raised that it might be
A fitting mark of charity
For him who now in dust here lies
Beneath, his soul in paradise."
I read “Stew” Allmond’s name thereon.
“My Stewart died in seventy-one.
He was a husband true and kind;
A better father none could find.”
I thought of him in college days;
My thoughts of him were none but praise.

The next in line, a flag it bore;
I thought: “This man has been in war.”
And looking where the sunlight shone
I saw the name of David Sloan.
“This soldier, killed in battle grim,
His bravery won great fame for him.”

Another athlete then I found
Was lying neatly the next green mound.
“To C. A. Taylor this I write;
He has my grief, it is not light.
In life as in the gridiron game,
‘Dick’ worked so hard he won his name.”

“R. L. Jacobs” was the name
On the next to which I came.
“His relatives have placed this stone
To show their love for him lives on.
He went from us in sixty-five;
His memories with us still survive.”

I felt ‘twas good; he was precise
In all his college exercise.
I leaned upon my bamboo cane
And passed along the row again;
Passed to read from stone to stone
These names I tell you one by one.

“No wife did ‘Jakey’ ever wed.”
A stray thought thus passed through my head.
I felt a host of friends, though sighed,
And all were widowed when he died.
I wiped another tearful eye
And slowly passed his tombstone by.

“For William Butz, who’s ‘neath this mound,
We feel a sense of grief profound.
To mark his final place of rest
This slab was raised at our request.
Persevering has its pay;
We know ‘Bill’s’ getting his today.”

“A wife mourned him, but not a child;
In life good fortune on him smiled.
The next inscription caught my eye,
Then smiles dispelled a long-heaved sigh.
“Robert Levis of Maryland
Now lies beneath this heap of sand.”

“A wife mourned him, but not a child;
In life good fortune on him smiled.
The next inscription caught my eye,
Then smiles dispelled a long-heaved sigh.
“Robert Levis of Maryland
Now lies beneath this heap of sand.”

“To me he was a lifemate dear;
To mine he was a father near.”
I read the rest, this was my thought:
“A dear mate to have been he ought,
Also a father near, I ken;
He’d had three wives and children ten.”

The grave of Samuel Knopf appeared.
“To me my Sammy was endeared.
He left me many time before,
But this desertion grieves me more.
For his return to Palestine,
It leaves us all for him to pine.”

A mound I saw that was quite new;
It had fresh flowers on it, too.
I passed to it and there I spied
That another one had died.
“John Gilbert Attix” read I now;
Well known he was to Knopf as “Plough.”
But known as Gilbert, "Plough," or John,
That mattered not since he was gone.
He was a classmate to us all;
Was with us, either stand or fall.
An athlete, too, he was also;
He left a dear wife "filled with woe."

Stuart Randall Carswell, too,
Had ceased this life in eighty-two.
A football man he was of old;
Of football games he'd often told.
The fair ones did not take his eye,
E'en though they tried it coyly.

Just at this point I stopped again
To rest my weary self, and then
While standing there I thought full long
To know if what I'd seen was wrong.
"How many were of classmates old
At present in the living fold?"

And pushing forward on the way
I saw a name that made me stay.
"To Richard Whittingham this stone
Is raised by one he left alone.
I'm sure he's found the "Better Life."
But oh! his absence grieves his wife."

"To me this life is all awhirl;
To me, who was his 'Gibson Girl.'"
I wondered if, since Dick had gone,
The printing world the same went on.
Old memories of Dick came to me;
I saw he died in seventy-three.

"Beneath the spot marked by this stone
Lies one whose loss we do bemoan."
"H. L. Wilson" with "M. D."
That was the name confronting me.
"Spouse of Mary, Ann and Sue,
And his last wife was Betty Lew."

In history Wilson answered well;
Of most important things he'd tell.
When "Doc" would on reformers quiz,
On crusades Wilson was a "wiz."
I passed me on and soon espied
That Wilson's townmate, too, had died.

"For R. L. Darlington, my Reece,
I moan full much; I know that peace
Is with him now in land beyond;
On earth of me he was so fond."
Of children dear none he had left;
'Twas only wife he had bereft.

"Robert Harvey's clay here lies,
But his soul's up in the skies.
His wife was I, his widow now;
I miss him so I think I'll vow
I'll never, never wed another,
Nor even have again a lover."

I thought of "Bob," how he could win
In all contests he entered in;
But soon a slight smile to me came,
For seeing on the next a name
I recognized, I drew me near,
To find it was a wifey dear,

A wifey two times, now forsooth.
She'd been Ma'am Harvey in her youth;
When from her grief she was quite well,
She bore the name "Mrs. Rossell."
So I'd not laughed, now, there to find
The name of one I'd left behind.

But how some soon forget their dears
Who've lived with them for many years.
The feelings true in human race
Are not aye found in outer face;
Nor are tongue's words a good index
To predict for the "weaker" sex.

Then Leo Rossell's grave I found;
It was a nicely sodded mound.
I read he died in seventy-nine,
And that his life career was fine.
He'd been a county engineer;
To mourn him he'd no widow dear,

Because she had before him died,
And now lay there next to his side.
I wandered on, others to seek;
My thoughts were of my mates in Greek.
Another name then caught my eye,
It was the name of McCafferty.

"Joseph McCafferty lies here;
A host of friends were at his bier.
Of wedding ties Joseph was wary,
So only five wives did he marry."
There musing what five wives might bring,
I thought, "O death, where is thy sting?"

By me McCafferty, though dead,
Was even now thought of as "Red."
I passed him by and found a stone
That marked a grave well off alone.
I went to it; on it I read
George Sawin's name. George also dead!
George liked the girls in college days,
Also the girls liked George's ways.
He liked too many, that is why
No wife or children rested by.
Not feeling sure what choice to make,
At last he had no choice to take.

"Bill Mattingly," the next stone told,
And then on one I saw "Korngold."
In college these had been good friends;
'Twould seem they were till their lives ends.
From nineteen ten class these two came;
We welcomed them; gave them our name.

"Bill" was a student and a scholar.
Exams would cost Kornie a dollar.
Again pushed onward by my will
I saw "Gene" Manning's near a Hill.
An elevation of the land
This Hill was not, now understand.

That he did rise there is no doubt,
And maybe also spread about.
At least he spread some of his knowledge,
Garnered at old Delaware College.
By scanning then a lower line
I read this, cut in letters fine:

"Of studie took he care and hede,
And spake no word more than was nede."  
He time and money never lent,
But them on "bokes and lerning spent."
We took him in from class '13;
No better classmate had we seen.

Manning, whose name I just now wrote,
Did college work worthy of note.
On his gravestone this verse, I read:  
"My own Eugene now is dead.
He died in nineteen sixty-three,
And left all household cares to me."

Then Edward Rice—I saw his grave,
So old it had become concave.
A merchant he had been, I read;
At Holly Oak was his homestead.
At college he was known by all
To join the club at married men's Hall.

But of classmates 'twas not just he
Who spurned college celibacy.
I'll name them: Knopf, Sawin, and Rice,
And Whittingham I must count twice.
'Twas coming night; I passed around,
And neared Mark Richard Gwilliam's mound.

One would not judge just by Mark's looks,
He loved to study without books.
No fear of them, though, did he keep,
For o'er them he was known to sleep.
Scientific farming was his aim;
Success in "aggie" to him came.

Howard T. Ennis, found at last;
I feared his resting place I'd passed.
For now somehow it seemed to me,
In there my old classmate must be,
Since in this yard I found so many,
Death, I thought, had not left any.

A stone was raised to him quite high,
That all might see who passed it by.
"His work in life was world-wide known;
For year his name shall still live on.
In country's cause strength he did give,
That she might honored ever live."

I then sat down and summed them o'er,
To know if there were any more.
I first summed engineering men;
They were all there, I found, and then
I counted "Aggies" and Latin Sci's,
Then my own course—it made me rise.

Of classicals I'd found but one.
To find the rest I hurried on.
This classic course it had but three:
Ennis and I, and—Tammany.
Yes, Tammany; I must find him.
I saw a tomb 'way off, quite dim.

I went to it and read thereon:
"My dearest Sam from me has gone."
But then I gazed point blank in air;
Naught but an empty tomb was there.
What could this mean! 'twas strange to me,
Stones to an empty grave to see.

I read again and this I saw:
"He was a master mind in law.
He gave decisions none but just;
All classes held his word in trust."

I heard some words and turned to see
What persons near me there could be.
When I looked far o'er toward the end,
I did Sam's void grave comprehend.
A hearse that came in through the gate
Told me that Tammany was—late.
A thought came to me on the spot:
While here on earth 'twas not Sam's lot
To be in time for anything;
So late in death they did him bring.

Then towards my home I wandered on,
To muse some more of comrades gone.
In life they all had had success;
It was a winning class, I guess.
I felt so proud I dreamed that night
I was with them and all was right.

B. W. W., '12.
To the Authors of My Books

To the Author of my Chemistry

It is treason to read,
   It's a sin to believe
In this book. We're agreed
   'Twas but made to deceive;
It describes \( \text{H}_2\text{O} \) —
   This means water 'twould seem.
Where its author will go
   \( \text{H}_2\text{O} \) will be steam,
Tipped with sulphur; his hand
   In an oxygen jar
Will illume the land
   Like a bright shooting star;
And he'll sit on these same
   Bunsen burners and fry,
While a hydrogen flame
   Sings a sweet lullaby.
To the Author of my Calculus

The second derivative of tepid vales
Where Milton's heroes still yet reign,
Is this book. It never fails
To integrate the studious sane.
As I poured over this (loved?) book,
Poured over its sines and cursed cosines.
At the end of the year a flash
Then caused a light that blinds.
For as I had pored it glanced—
A match had fallen unseen
By its side. What I had chanced
To pour was gasoline.

To the author of my El. and Mag.
This the groans of grinding studies.
The base invention of a tyrannic mind
Is this book. It alludes
To magnetism and current loss of lines,
And motors and problems and more
Problems and change in degrees.
When Gabriel beckons its author to the door
He too will percolate from change in degrees,
And on seeing the errors of his ways
Will atone to the martyrs above,
By shoveling to the blaze just for love.
MOTTOES
Oft in the stilly night—
The midnight oil (paregoric)

HONORARY OFFICERS
Sultan of Turkey
Henry VIII
King Solomon
Dr. Sypherd
T. L. Sturges, Jr.

The Not Yet But Soons

OFFICERS
George Walker Sawin, President
George W. Sawin, Vice President
G. Walker Sawin, Treasurer
G. W. Sawin, Secretary

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Edward Luff Rice*
Edward L. Rice*
E. Luff Rice*
E. L. Rice*

*It is rather singular or perhaps the irony of fate but it is true that this
gentleman’s last name is the real article that is often associated with the most unfortunate mistake in a married man’s life.

**CANDIDATES FOR THE NOT YETs BUT SOONS**

“Stew” Allmond  
“Scandalous” Wilson  
“Joe” McCafferty  
“Jawn” Attix  
“Dick” Taylor  
“Reesie” Darlington  
“Stump” Rossell  
“Bob” Levis  
“Bob” Harvey  
“Scrap” Carswell  
“Ralphy” Jacobs  
“Barnum” Ward

**THE NEVER WILL BE’s**

“Camphor” Lewis  
“Queenie” Millington  
Howard Ennis  
“Gene” Manning  

**COLD DUST TWINS**

“Smaltz” Mattingly  
“Rudolph” Korngold

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**The Origin of Chem. Lab.**

Being merely a student’s conception of the manner in which that hated hell kitchen was founded.

The devil in hell, we are told was chained  
For one thousand years, and there he remained;  
Though he didn’t complain, nor yet did he groan,  
He determined to start a small hell of his own,  
Where he might torment all the poor Junior men  
Without being chained in a dark prison pen.

He next asked the Lord if there were not on hand  
Anything not in use when He made this fair land.  
The Lord answered “yes;” He had plenty to give,  
Where (He said to himself) only Satan can live.  
“In fact,” He continued, “it’s really so bad  
That it might be used for a chemical lab.”

Well, the devil then went for a peep at the truck,  
And said with a whistle that he sure was stuck.  
But in order to get the thing free from His lands,  
The Lord made a promise to dirty the hands  
Of all those poor Juniors who had for their lots  
The mixing and testing in chemical pots.  
So the trade was then made, and the deed was there given;  
The Lord going back to His home high in Heaven.  
The devil then said he had all that was needed  
To make a great hell, and b’gosh he succeeded!
He dirtied the windows; he stopped up the sink; 
And got into Tiffie's unknown book (we think!) 
He mixed up an ill-smelling nauseous mess, ............
And said with a sneer he'd call that H2S. 
He mixed up the bottles all over the shelf, 
So that not even Tiffie or Bunsen himself 
Could decipher which one was just plain HCl. 
From the bottles adjoining, which read "Scraps of Hell." 
He took litmus paper and aprons and glass 
And piled it together in one reeking mass. 
He slopped up the floor and he dirtied the wall 
So that Freshmen and Sophs the scene might appal. 
He built an addition, and then placed therein 
A red-headed chemist to increase the din.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Oh the roaches run wild in this beautiful dell; 
'Tis a hell of a place which we have for a hell. 
And when we are dead, then we have but one prayer— 
That the Lord may release us from this hellish lair. 
The hours are long and the work there is stiff, 
And we look for no pity from cranky old Tiff. 
For it's work like a Turk till your eyes ache like hell, 
Without any let up till the four thirty bell. 
Oh the heat there in summer is two hundred and ten— 
Too hot for the devil and for us Junior men. 
But always we're working our poor weary bones 
To find our allotted half hundred unknowns.
(Meetings held when Hazo Barton learns a good joke.)

ULL, here they are—not talked of as much as the 'varsity faculty, we'll frankly admit. But who can say one word against any one of them, from Hazo Barton, the "grand old man" of the faculty reserves, to good old Maria, the stenographer for the scrub faculty? And speaking of Hazo, have you heard the latest? We have understood from sundry (good word, hm?) sources that Professor Barton, who has long held the wand over the lower faculty, is about to have his authority wrested away by George James, the "dark horse" of the scrub faculty. There has been for months a sly movement on foot whereby there is to be a meeting of all the members, to have Hazo dethroned and to form a triumvirate composed of "Pop" Lovett, "Shorty" Watson, and George James as the Julius Caesar of the alliance. Be that as it may, we are rather dubious about any such movement; for even if Hazo did post a sign with "I ain't no path" thereon, does that for one moment signify, gentle reader, that he is incapable of ruling the under faculty? Nay, nix and no, come the answers from every source. Now suppose, for instance, that the venerable Hazo were to lose the presidency; and further suppose that he, in a fit of rage and shame might resign. We are at a loss
to know how we could ever manage to pass through the buildings, for the piles of paper which in spite of the student body’s (careful?) efforts towards cleanliness, would accumulate. Ah, perish the thought! And let us always see good old Hazo’s shirtsleeves fluttering in the breeze. Yes, our scrub faculty is invaluable. Think of the condition of the buildings were it not for the eagle eye of “Pop” Lovett, who is always willing and anxious to put on a hinge, to fix a door, or window, or to put in a screen at a month’s (we almost wrote moment’s) notice. Professor Lovett occupies a chair in carpentry and baseball. And by all means, gentle reader, do not overlook “Pop” in the baseball bet, for when it comes to coaching a team, batting them out, chasing fouls, or umpiring, Professor Lovett has Hans Wagner looking about as useful as an airtight stove in an ice plant.

And speaking of stoves reminds us of warm things, which in turn reminds us of furnaces, which does, but should not remind us of George Washington Watson, colored, complexion dark, hair dark, eyes dark, and reputation for keeping the rooms in the dorms warm, also dark. But withal “Shorty,” as we lovingly term him, does his best, together with the ’varsity faculty, to make it warm for us. Ah, many is the time that one, walking up our beautiful linden shaded paths, may at first sight plead guilty to “having them” again; and at closer inspection still find that he is a coworker with Carrie Nation. For the sight which greets one’s eyes at almost all times is “Shorty” behind a huge wheelbarrow, which wheelbarrow, at first glance, appears to be moving over the campus without guiding hands. The facts are simply these: That the wheelbarrow is unmercifully large, even for a big man, and that “Shorty” is, oh, most ungodly short, even for a little man. Everyone, however, has his or her faults, and poor old “Shorty’s” main one is that he is of very little consequence when snow is deep, owing to the fact that he is unable to wear hip boots. (Consult puzzle editor.)

Then along with “Shorty” comes George James, who, when it comes to general inertia, has “Biddy” Laws or an Egyptian mummy looking as busy as a Methodist preacher at a chicken dinner. George is noted for two things: first, that he is the only man either in the ’varsity or scrub faculty who does not possess a nickname; and second, that he is the only member of either faculty who has not been inside all the rooms in the “dorms.” Perhaps this latter statement sounds a bit odd, hm? But scratch your heads a moment, 0 ye old grads and members of the dormitory knights. Oft while in bed on a delightful Saturday morn, have you not drowsily opened your eyes to his cheerful greeting of “Good mornin’ mistah ‘umpfa’” (for George only knows the names of two men—John Rothrock and Texas Bacon). And have you not watched him open the door of your room at exactly forty-five degrees and sweep out a beautiful triangle of cleanliness! And further, good reader, if you will but bear with us, have you not heard the old basket drop beside the next door, and listened to his broom slide gratingly down the wall, hitting the door, and finally land against the floor with just enough force to wake you from those last forty winks? Now
whether George was a trifle bashful at being in the presence of one who was in a state of dishabille, or whether he possessed a hazy idea that all the rooms were contaminated with leprosy or some such kindred disease, will probably never be definitely ascertained; but certain it is that George has never in his collegiate life (sounds rich, hm?) been in any one room longer than two minutes at a time. But there! there! aren’t we the saucy devils with a pen! Why old George has many fine points; and were it not for his watchful eye over the late sleepers the firing squad would have a great many excuses for the first period over which to ponder. Withal, George is a pretty good and honest old top, and is one of the landmarks of the “Old Institution.” (A la 1896).

Then as a representative of the agricultural department we have as a later arrival Jacobitski Gnorotodaralewski (or at least that is what it sounded like when he pronounced it to us). Now about Jakie we can say very little, only that as dean of the agricultural scrubs he must have his hands full keeping Chambers and Wilson from playing in the phosphate. Of course, in addition to Jakie we have a host of helpers out at the experimental station; but they are not really ranked as scrub professors. Oh no! They are merely helpers of the Faculty reserves.

Now it is customary, we believe, for good writers to save the best until last; and for this reason we reserve the last place for the scrub stenographer, Maria Pennington (fat, fair, and age unknown). For twenty years Maria has held her position as stenographer with the scrub faculty, with offices in the kitchen. And it is in the kitchen that she receives most of the dictations of George James, the secretary, who, by the way, dines while he dictates. (The former operation, we are pained to say, takes up a large part of the time.) But Maria is always on the job to do anything for “dem fat boys,” as she fondly terms the student body; and will go out of her way to press a pair of trousers or to concoct some particularly palatable dessert for a sick boy, if she is allowed to pass her “church book ‘round ‘mongst the white folks once in a while.” Maria’s church book does double duty. It aids the Christian work, and it relieves the boys of many dimes which would otherwise be spent at pool or some other voluptuous pastime. Ah, never will we forget one of their meetings when Maria, being incensed at a remark concerning her cooking, rewarded the deliverer of the remark with a leg of mutton over his ear. But Maria appears to be the life of the meetings; and so long as she continues to be the scrub stenographer we predict a happy and successful scrub faculty.
Some College Activities

“Oft in the still night.”

HELLO WHISKERS!

SOME POLICE FORCE!

CH'FELLERS!

STOP IT!

GOL' DARN' YE?

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

THE BARREL RACE.

The Boat Race.
Ananias and the Baron, (sadly): "And we thought our reputations were safe for all time."
The following is an extract of one of the various vivid prevarications to which we all have been subjected during our friendly visits to his classroom. In fact he can rattle it off nowadays so as to deceive Ananias himself; therefore we have deemed it advisable to use the above title to his series of episodes.

“Now to begin”—
“A little soft music please, professor!”

When I was stationed in the wilds of the Philippines, about six days’ march from Manila, my regiment and I were suddenly attacked by 1,706,497,239 Moros, (of course you all know what Moros are). Well, as I was saying, we were attacked, and it was up to me to save the day. These particular Moros—perhaps because of their close proximity to China,—had acquired their manners and habits, and in their mode of attack came up like a string of Chinamen (you all know how Chinamen walk, duck-like, you know). My men pleaded for me to surrender, but would I surrender? No! not I! for a brilliant idea had blossomed in my head* and knowing my trusty rifle would not desert me in my dire need, and knowing I also was a sharpshooter (you all notice that piece of bronze on my chest) I took aim at the groove between the eyes of the first man and fired. Needless to say my aim was unerring, and when the smoke had cleared away there lay the poor Moros stretched out like a long trail, and just for fun I started to count them. Well, it took me so many weeks to count them that I wore out 200 pairs of shoes, and from authentic figures the above number tallies. In fact it took me so long that before I came back I was so aged that my men did not recognize me, and but for their failure to do so I would now have been general of the United States Army instead of teaching here in Delaware College and running the faculty.

*We regret we have used the wrong word; it should have been nose, as that is the only thing that blossoms the morning after the night before.

“Money is your best friend.” If that’s the case, many of us lose our best friend during the months of February and June.
"Taking it right along these lines and on this basis the class of..."
That Wonderful Class of 100--4—?

Often in class when Mechanics was slow,
About athletics our thoughts would turn,
Then "Calcium" Cars—would begin to crow,
Till professor's ears would start to burn.
"Taking it right along these lines—"
And then he'd show his tricks.
Professor would then impress on our minds
About the wonderful athletes of class '96.

"Why in our class we had a man
Who could play football to beat the band;
And row a boat, swim a race,
And talk about running a Marathon race.
Built for an athlete, just six feet six.
Why he—ah—ah—
Mr. Knopf, take number 7 on '96."

Other mornings, too, the same old scene,
When over Mechanics we'd mope,
Athletics again would be our theme,
Just to get the professor's "goat."
"Now right on this basis," would begin his spiel,
And his tongue would begin to mix,
And over us softly his talk would steal
About the wonderful class of '96.

"Why in our class we had a man
With muscles like a bunch of 'banans.'
And hit the line, and ride a 'horse,'
Shoot the ball and run the course;
Play baseball, and pole vault, too.
Say, he was the only oyster in the stew.
You should have seen him swing the sticks,
Why he—ah—ah—
Mr. Sawin, take 8 on '96."

“A dollar saved is a dollar earned,” quoth the grind.
Delaware Cavalry Song

Sung to tune of "Pony Boy" and "Toreador Song"
Apologies to R. Kipling.

Shades of night which fall so fast,
The curfew of the "studes" that toil,
'Tis then when starts the joyful repast,
With burning of the "midnight oil."

Horses of a hundred rides,
Be with us yet
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

The exams draw nigh, the time is short,
Few hours are left our lessons to court...
The stable doors are open wide,
Horses are "curried" for the ride.

Oh horses of a hundred rides
Be with us yet
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

A flunker and his money are soon parted.
PROLOGUE

Light of my life, he called her;
Guide me till port is reached.
She said she would, but the time soon came
When her light had failed and wasn't the same,
For he found out that it was bleached.
—From Ode to a Mangled Doughnut.

CHAPTER I.

Harry Currycomb was in love. (Let me mention that kind of love with big red capitals). Of course he had a perfect right to be in love. Who wouldn't? Was not Mar(e)y Pacer the only daughter of old man Pacer, who kept a tripe foundry in Kenton? Truly she was a prize to be sought for and oft he had wished to have her as his own. But to win her he must have nerve, and he felt certain at the critical moment when he proposed this essential constituent would fail him. Suddenly an idea struck him (not hard enough to inflict bodily injury). The next morning every grocer in town had sold out his supply of Grape Nuts, Force, Kellogg's Toasted Flakes, Shredded Whisk Brooms, etc.

CHAPTER II.

[To understand the following and to throw light on the reason for giving the title to this pathetic narrative, one must have at least conversed with some member of the class of 1912.]

The night was clear and cool. Such a night did Harry Currycomb select for his proposal night. The effect of the nerve food was evident. Long before evening he had rigged himself up in his best harness, had oiled his best pacing shoes, curried his mane, and checkreined his collar. As I had said before the night was clear, so the track was fast and the running good. Placing his headgear on his hat rack he took one more gulp of the nerve

Absence makes the faculty ponder.
How beautiful she looked this evening. How the yearning of love quickly seized him. She was alone and the time had come to act. As he approached she lifted her head and whinnied a glad appreciation. Right here and then he would have bolted and galloped a retreat, but oh you nerve food! It was his benefactor, his preserver. Drawing near to her he neighed and began to splutter forth: "Mar(e)y, I love you. Ever since you and I used to pasture in the meadows in days gone by you have been my true love." His voice then broke into popular song. "Think it over Mar(e)y;" "Mar(e)y, you're a big girl now," came forth in melodious warblings. Then he changed to prose again. "You know, Mar(e)y, how I care for you. I want you to be my brid(al) partner—well you know what I mean—trot in double harness—a little oil stove, a little flat 4 x 4, and then his voice grew ho(a)rse perhaps on account of a col(d) he had contracted or perhaps the nerve food was beginning to fail him—well, anyhow it became horse. He tried to continue but Mar(e)y interrupted him: "Harry," she said, "I like you, you've got a pretty good record, and no one as yet has beat your time, but you only make $3.50 a week salary as bookkeeper on an ice wagon, and that couldn't keep me in chewing gum."

"But I will some day become rich; I will open a moving picture show in Newark; I will make my fortune; I will be worth $700,000,000,000."

"Come around and see me then," whinnied Mar(e)y.

Harry Currycomb gave one snort, picked up his headgear and left the stable.
A Snap Shot of Hades

Whenever we reach that destined land
Where sultry breezes blow,
Old Nick will await us with his band
And take us to the main side show.
We'll walk around the fiery paths,
And we'll see our authors fry,
And cheerfully we'll pour on more coal
So the blaze shall never die.
And when we do this little stunt
We'll look for our teachers dear;
In old Nick's book we'll take a look
To find how many are here (?)
Just one we'll take for old time's sake
From the stove hole down below,
And we'll bring him up upon the cliffs
On the edge of the fiery glow.
Then "Jake's" fiddle will play "The Judgment Day,"
And our eyes with tears (?) will damp,
And we'll all hold trump when he takes the jump
From the end of a stinging plank.

A Poet's Difficulties

I can't imagine why it is,
I surely cannot tell,
But every time I try to rhyme
It really sounds like —
No, that won't do!
And when again in rhythmic strain
I try to spin a yarn,
The people that are listening
Don’t seem to give a —
No, that won't do!
So now I guess I'll give it up,
I'm not in my right class.
I'll hie me back to simple prose
Before I'm called an —
No, that won't do!
Another thing I can't explain,
As clever as I am,
Whate'er I try in rhyming verse
Don't prosper worth a —
No, that won't do!

W. E., '10.
"FUSSER" GEORGE

I can well remember the crowd
That would gather at noon and spout
Of this and that, and girls and things
And hint and throw and cast some flings,
Till George like a genius from a vase
Up would spring from his place,
And without a notice or three days' grace,
Exclaim: "I'll punch someone in the face."

At other times with "Mac" and the crowd
I would whisper little secrets not aloud,
And though he was nowhere to be found,
He would "BURROW" on till he came around,
And galloping up with an awful pace,
Like a winner in a Marathon race,
He would strike a pose like old Jem Mace,
And exclaim: "I'll punch someone in the face."

In "Jake's" room, too, we would gather
And chew our cuds like old kine,
And nothing would make Georgie madder
When one mentioned "about beating his time."
Up he would jump from his place,
And the nearest line he would trace
Over to settle some one's case,
And exclaim: "I'll punch someone in the face."

ABOU BEN "LIEUT."

A military "Lieut." (may his avoirdupois increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his rooms,
A row of devils in columns of platoons,
Each writing in a book of gold.
Many thrilling experiences had made the "Lieut." bold,
And to the devils in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" Each one raised its head,
And, with a smile that looked h—ll,
Answered, "The names of those who lie so well."
"And is mine one?" said the "Lieut." "Nay, not so,"
Replied each devil. The "Lieut." spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who can beat all men."
The devils wrote, and vanished.
The next night
They came again with great delight
And showed the names who lied the best,
And lo! the "Lieut's" name led all the rest.
College Activities

The Molasses Fight.

SW-E-E-T- A-D-E-L-I-N-E-

"The College Glee Club."

Agony
In Spite of 'Em
Oh, hobble gown,
Peach basket hats,
And high-heeled shoes,
And heaps of rats.
We write these few
Short lines to you
To keep the record
Straight, we do.
We long to have
You understand
We love the girls
To beat the band.
Not because they
Wear things like you,
But in spite of
That fact, we do.

He who courts and runs away
May live to court another day.
But he who courts and does not wed
May find himself in court instead.

Often the mind plays on bygone days.
Alas! We can't sing it louder.
When we could kiss a sweet country miss
Without eating sachet powder.

TESTIMONY OF CARSWELL'S SOLID IVORY
Notice—Found—a book with Wm. Butz's name in it. Owner may have same by applying to me and proving property.
S. R. Carswell, 1912.

Ennis (discussing the name of this book)—“Well, fellows, how does 'The Blue Hen' strike you?”
Maier—“Very fowl, Howard, very fowl.” (foul)

Farmer—“Young feller, be there a man around here with one leg named Smith?”
Ayerst—“Dunno. What be the name of his other leg?”

Stump, '11—“There is a bridge over the Mississippi where the rails creep five feet a day.”
Ennis, '12. “I should think it would be cheaper to ride on the rails than on the cars out there, John.”
"And the Last Shall Be First"

When Gabriel blows the final trumpet,
And all the dead arise,
And gather into happy homes
Awaiting in the skies.

When all the blest are gathered in,
And Peter's shut the gate;
At Heaven's door as here at Connie's
Will Tammany come in late?

A ROMANCE IN "BRIEF."

Sir—Dear Sir—My Dear Sir—Dear Edward—My Dearest Edward—
My Little Lump of Sugar—My Dear—Dear Edward—Dear Friend—Dear
Mr. Edward—Dear Sir—Sir.

Definition found in the dictionary under the word "Question." To pop
the question.—See Pop.

Sweet Creature—“You don’t know how delighted I am to see you
again.”
Tammany (with usual display of timidity)—“I don’t know how glad
you are to see me, but I do know how glad you ought to be.”

Visitor at College—“Doctor, how many men do you have studying
here?”
Doctor Harter—“Oh, about one-third.”

Laws and Morrow were going up the dormitory steps one day while
“Silver Threads Among the Gold” Hearne, '14, and Ward, '12, were coming
down.
Chorus—“Hullo, Red!”
Echo from the college book store—“Hullo.”

A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush;
No saying could be better.
Likewise one kiss in the parlor's worth
Ten thousand in a letter.

Down on the corner you may see him,
Easily you’ll find him there;
Boasting that he’s still hanging on
To his summer underwear.

Pub. December, 19—
**A Bull**

Scene: Chemistry Class. Characters—Prof. Penny and Sam Knopf.

Dialogue.

Prof. Penny—“Mister Knopf, how do you get gold?”

Knopf—“By—by—by—by—just by—

Prof. Penny—“Well, yes, if you are rich enough.”

And still some wonder why Carswell is called “the rock of Gibraltar.”

Mr. Maxfield, in discoursing on early drama explained that many of the actors, in order to make a more realistic act, inflicted wounds, some few even committing suicide. Carswell breathlessly interrupted—“Did the ones who committed suicide do it for a living?”

A feeble murmur, faint though it seemed, was audibly heard by a number of the “studies” just at mid-year examinations. The murmur was in the form of a suggestion to the effect that the Alma Mater be revised into a version as near to “Pony Boy” as would be practicable.

A few days ago, Kirby, the new commissary, while in the kitchen, discovered an egg with the following chirography thereon—“Myrtle Wharton, Grand Rapids, Michigan, age 16, please write. Will exchange postals.”

Kirby, imagining that some romance might spring up, immediately wrote to the above address, inserting his usual amount of “bull.” Imagine his surprise, then, and that of the members of the Boarding Club, when he received in reply in a crabbed handwriting, the proposal of marriage of an old lady of eighty-five summers!

“Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.”

He was a stout, red-faced, excited citizen in the uniform of a first lieutenant. He had led them into the thinnest of the fray, where the powder and bullets were the thickest (just behind the ammunition wagon.) Halting his men for an instant, he addressed them:

“You see, men,” said he, “I am a very brave fighter, and I am afraid if I go into this battle I will receive all the glory. Besides, I have a very sore knee from eating too much salmon; therefore, I will urge you on from behind. Now, men, you are to depend on me, your brave chieftain. When I cease giving commands you are to cease firing, and you will know that the battle is won.”

With that, he crouched in the shelter of a blade of grass the thickness of his finger, and began bawling out orders. His men rushed to the charge and all would have gone well (notice the amateur author of this uses that primitive form of climax) but—(see?) the brave leader’s foot slipped from beneath, and he fell on his stomach and rocked himself to sleep before he could regain his feet.

*The Blue Hen Board deny that the above story pertains to our beloved (?) instructor in military tactics.*
Scene at Prom

Whittingham dancing with his girl. Muscular feet remarks: "Dearest, I could just waltz to heaven with you."
Fair One—"But I don’t want to go to heaven."
Dick—"Well, then, let's reverse."

Oh, for a thousand hands to write
The words of Tiffy's lecture.
The rapid outpour from his mouth
Gives cause for much conjecture.

Hey diddle diddle my "maths" all a riddle;
I'll flunk my H'S very soon.
The Freshmen may laugh while they're in the first half,
But they'll dance to the very same tune.

Prof. Short—You follow that, do you not?
Maier—Yes, I have followed many things which I never caught.

Prof. Tiffany (in mineralogy)—"Why gentlemen, do you know that they are making roads out of molasses at the present time?"
"Pretty sweet idea! eh, Tiff," spouted Sloan.
"I'd be willing to 'bite the dust' now," chimed in Maier.
These two jokes could not filter through Tiff's head and therefore remained as a pp't because as he says, "they were too obscurer-r-r-r!"

Gentlemen: I used your Element of Mechanics in my Junior year at college and since then I have used no other. I find that it improves with age.
Very truly yours,
C. A. Short,
Delaware College.

Dear Pop: I am at the house sick in bed. Please send my headgear and noseguard at once.
Your affectionate son,
John Plow Attix.

Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to take an examination.
He who flunks every day will live to flunk examination day.
A faculty meeting is a devil's workshop.
Carswell, seriously, in Elec. and Mag.—“Professor, if you started both motors in a car in opposite directions where would the car go?”
The above is only a little “chip” from his marble dome.

Prof. Smith (explaining CO₂ gas in German lesson)—Do you know, gentlemen, that a famous chemist was found dead one morning, being overcome by its fumes.
Knopf—Must have been a very ghastly death! eh?

Prof. G. Smith—Knopf, where is the manhole on a Galloway boiler?
Knopf—Near the top (yes-s-s) on the side (ye-s-s-s) around the end (yes-s-s-s) towards the bottom (ye-s-s-s) near the middle (ye-s-s-s-s) half way up from the bottom.
Prof. Smith—Nope!

Tammany, in Grecian history—“Why, Doctor, did the phrase “Gosh o’ Hemlock” originate when Socrates drank from the cup?

Prof. Short (in physics)—Carswell, what does heat do to solids?
* Carswell—Why, in case of ice, melts it.
* After this, we knew he was solid ivory from his neck up.

Prof. Short (in surveying)—Darlington, how do you take the cross section of a river?
Darlington—With cross section paper.

Howard Ennis, in year 1925, on returning to college for a visit. Prof. Tiffany in chem. lab.
“Professor, where is that boy Tammany I used to work with when I took chemistry?”
Tiff.: “Why! Tammany! Yes, I know. Pretty good chap but careless in the use of chemicals. See that spot over there on the ceiling? Notice it!”
“Why, yes.”
“Well, that’s Tammany.”

He who flunks must pay the fiddler (faculty).

Reading maketh a “fool” man.
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