F. © M. GAME NEXT WEEK; SWARTHMORE tonight

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

BASEBALL AND track practice STARTS IN TWO WEEKS
VoLUME 43 NUMBER 18
This Hallifor Hire

PLANS FOR ENGLISH 52

Faculty To Publish Edition Of "The Review" On March 18th; Editor Grant Signs Huge Contract Allowing Young Journalists To Learn The Newspaper Game; Takes Place Of Annual Humorous Edition; Amen
DR. SYPHERD, PROFESSORS VAN KEUREN, CODE, LEWI, MAT THEWS AND MISS KEELY WILL COMPRISE STAFF THAT WOULD MAKE THE PUBLISHERS OF THE "NEW YORK TIMES" HIDE THEIR FACES IN SHAME; GOOD JOKES CERTAIN


Nevertheless, information is the one
hing the Aesthete dreads. To be in
hossesion of solid knowledge and vell-digested facts, to have definite
tandards, background and experi-

nee, is of true aestheticism.-Ernest

## Doll-Myrtle Simpler. Hodge-Alvin Wakeland. Bailie-Will Hodge-Alvin Wakeland. Bailie-William Lank. Cocke-Harriet Barkley.

 Scrapethrift-P. L. Timmons.Student Director-Grace Ellison.

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FIRST RIFLE MATCH HELD AT W. C. D

| On February 19 the rife team omen's College shot their firs ams sending in scores were from arnegie Tech, Perdue, Drexel. Du aux, Michigan State, and the Unit the of south Dakota. The <br> been ascertained. The girls hooting on the Delaware team wer nce Wilson, Katherine Holton, Hele Hobson, Lois Simmons, Frances Ad kins, and Nellie Moore. The alter nates were Emma De Huff and Kath rine Gray. The average for the fiv highest scores was 95 . <br> The next match will take placs <br> Vednesday, February 23. Every week <br> oo shoot in the matches according <br> heir practice scores. Thus the tea is constantly being changed. Th <br> method is mach superior to the ote |
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| :---: | :---: |
| $\mathbb{C u}_{\text {n-Eins }}$ | Hens | old top, for that last dance. Another half winds slowly around. And now

we come to that last dance, a dreamy waltz. And "-if we want to get out
thit we come to that last dance, a dreamy waltz. And-"it we want to get out
things before the crowd, we had better go." of course. Oh yes, programme dances are lovely things.
if you are fortunate
If you are fortunate enough to get a dance or two with HER in the
begining, ou find ourself thriled and intrigued with some mysterious
perfume- your perfume- your arm fourselt thrilled and intrigued with somee mysterious
proy around that waist Just $S$ o-your hand
grasps HER'S with security grasps HER'S with security and calmness. And from that dreamland of
contentment and happiness, you are hurled into a whirling conientment and happiness, you are hurled into a whirling maelstrom of con-
fiicting smells, you find your nose almost buried in a mass of hair that all too convincing evidence of reent use of 'Glovers Mange Cure,' you discover an assortment of waists that gowns disguise all too well-sticky
fingers. lifeless hands-mincing steps-labored breathing, etc., etc. far into
"Boys, take a tip from one who thinks he knows-if you want to ap-
preciate your lady ff - nd to her uttermost, go to a PROGRAMME DANCE,
the night. and DANCE itt"

## DELAWARE'S

SIXTH DEFEAT
GOES TO P. M. C.
Locals Have Won Five Games Should Beat Swarthmore

Tonight
Launcelothad," Guinevere, the two Elaines and Galahad. Launcelot was Guin Launcelot, Guinevere, the two Elaines and Galahad. Launcelot was Guine
veres lover but Guinevere was the wife of King attur. During Laumelots
career, two Elaines asked for his love, one in his youth and one when he was career, two Elaines asked for his love, one in his youth and one when he wa
nearing old age. The last Elaine he refused, though he wore her stevee in his helmet to please her. But the other Elaine had been very persistent; she was beautiful and Launcelot was young. Galahad was their sone
The story has come down to us as a beautiful legend. Ever
and loves it for its beauty and purity. Erskine has humanized and modern-
ized these people for us. They talk and act like twentieth century people. It is true that the story makes tiateresting act like twenting. Erieth century people.
and where he is not elevere he is entertaining. But why use ofe the chaverers of the legend? Why not write about a modern man and his paramours?
Why We are swamped with stories that "deal frankly with the experiences of
life." There is plenty of material for such stories in our present-day world. life." There is is lenty of material for such stories in our present-day world.
Why cannot Erkinie use that material instead of dragking out old idealistic
legends and vulgarizing them to appeal to the mob? legends and vulgarizing them to appeal to the mob?
He has made of Guinevere a nagging woman who is always trying to reform somebody; she is weak and disgusting. Launcelo is a man without nobleness of heart; he is good-natured and easy-going and lovable but not
morally strong nor admirable. Our noble Launcelot is no longer a brave, superior Knight but a selfish, narrow-minded lover. Galahad is transformed
from a gallant Knight into a foolish, serious-minded adolescent, filled with false ideals but with no sympathy or understanding. Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, is a mass of uncontrolled emotions. Elaine, the mother of Galahad, is a scheming, passionate woman with no nobinty of heart. In such a fashion is this group of characters presented to us. No dobt Erskine has a purpose; he wants to show that all people, no matter how fine
we believe them to be, are the same at heart; everyone has selfish desires and weak faults. And, too, he has accomplished this purpose. He has made weak fauls. Ande, oo, he has accomplished yis purpose. Hi vas matt
these pootic figures human; they are no longer ideals that give us faith
and optimism; they are ordinary people with ordinary emotions. But, at the same time, we feel that we have lost something, that somenething has been stolen from us. He should let these people alone. In this age of exaggerated
realism when people are eternally craving stories of life as it really exists, tean book instantly became poppular. But there are many of us, even now,
who cherish these romantic untruths; we feel that things perhaps are not as who cherish these eromantit untruuss, we feer that things perhaps are not as
bad as they seem, that there is some greatness and fineness somewhere. We hug our ideals in the midst of sordid unveilings of "truth." Erskine has
tried to rob us of these, but he has siven nothing to replace them except an addition to the flood of books that cannot live. He has won popularity, but

It is an evening in the middle of the week, -a day of classes Just past, a
day of classes on the morrow. The work of preparation is still undone-but
study is sest to the day of elasses on the morrow. The work of preparation is still undone-but
study is next to impossible. With an impatient gesture we push our books
aside and turn to join the conversation of fellow-students. aside and student tosses aside a piece of gossip with the words "Let the dead
One past bury its deas." And that particular bit of slander is disposed of by
these students. We turn the conversation into other channels. Ten, or fifteen, years later we spend an evening at some business or
social gathering. A question arises. Our associates turn to us for our social gathering. A quas of Delaware, what do we think? An agonized
opinion. As gratuates of
moment. What shall we say. Shall we confess that our education at our Alma Mater has not trained us for just sulch practical problems as the
present question? But is the college at faut? "Let the dead past. ."
Is the past really dead? Those wasted evenings of college life play an all

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