

DONALD PANCOAST HORSEY

President—DONALD PANCOAST HORSEY

Vice-President—HUGH WAGNER DOWNING

Secretary—JOHN HARTZELL ALDERSON

Treasurer—GEORGE ALLEN HUDSON

Historian—MORRIS RANDOLPH MITCHELL



Junior Class History



We were just regulation Freshmen that first year,—only, of course, much, oh, very much, superior to most Freshmen. And in making this assertion we are not without historic backing. For instance, it was in our first year that the annual event which takes place between the Freshmen and the Sophs on the first Wednesday night of each year, was enlarged to theatrical proportions. On the platform of the old Chapel for a stage, our pugilists, wrestlers, and other athletes stepped forth, challenging and vanquishing any venturesome opponents. In the Class rush we won by a score of twenty-two to eight hands. And again we were victorious in the Class football game in spite of the fact that the Sophs had two Varsity men on their team.

But it was not until our Sophomore year that we showed our marked individuality as a Class. As soon as College opened in September, 1915, however, we gave definite evidence that we would go high in life. On the sixteenth of that month our awe-inspiring numerals floated like a pirate's flag from the cross spar of the flag staff. The numerals "19" which in retaliation were placed on the belfry of the "Old Dorm" were quickly torn down in such haste that they had little time in which to mar the memories of that grand old building. But the flag staff did not satisfy us; we wished to climb still higher. Accordingly, two of our Class steeple-jacks ascended the heating plant smoke stack to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and to the top thereof attached our victorious numerals which only wind and weather were to remove. Again in jealous hatred the Freshies hung their ill-fated "19" from the live wires which run across Main street. For this breach of manners they were promptly called down by the Mayor of the town and properly rebuked in Chapel. This year also we were victorious in the Class rush. And we were most successful in all other forms of athletics, being College champions in both baseball and basketball as well as winning many Varsity "D's" in track, baseball, basketball, and football.

And now how shall we describe our sensations of sorrow on returning to College as Juniors and finding "Sehrt" gone, Lintner gone; also gone was that "F.-unny B.-oy" Hills, Robbie, the "Lieut.," and "Shund-wound" Hillegas. Also were gone a few of our Classmates who failed to return with us. The Campus was torn up with much grading; five familiar residences were torn down. Wolf Hall was up to the second story and ground was being broken for a new dormitory. A new and





ugly crew of Freshmen were arriving. Also there were many new "Profs" whom we could scarcely tell from the Freshies. Old homes had been patched up for new recitation rooms. And the old Dorm was but a ghost of its former self.

But we consoled ourselves by thinking that all these things were for the good of the future. With this idea in mind we overlooked obstacles and faced our tasks with that same old determination which has characterized us from the beginning and of which we have before spoken,—to climb high in life.



JUNIORS



JOHN HARTZELL ALDERSON

Arts and Science

Wilmington, Delaware

*Eligible for appointment to Rhodes
Scholarship for Oxford University, En-
gland.*

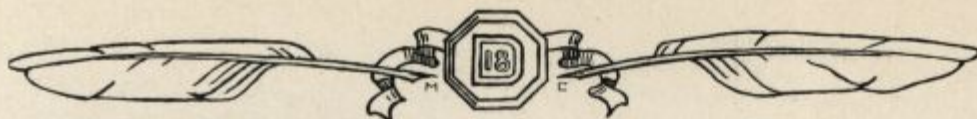
"Hank"

John Hartzell Alderson, known to all people except the members of the Faculty, as Hank, claims Wilmington for a home. Because of his exceptional ability to absorb knowledge his parents decided to send him to College before he had completed his preparatory work at Wilmington High; so he was brought to Newark to make the necessary arrangements for admission. When he was taken before the Committee there was much debating as to whether it would be wise to admit such a peculiar specimen as "Hank." But at the crucial moment Frank Saylor, a similar specimen, entered the room, also to seek admission. The Faculty immediately agreed that the size of the student body would be too greatly diminished if these two were left out. And so Hank got in, after all.

At first we thought that this noble youth would become a minister. Upon closer acquaintance we found the idea preposterous. Some of the kind-hearted upper classmen told Hank that bluffing was the only way to get through College. And he has followed that advice throughout. He even succeeded in getting around Connie and Pohl. Other bad habits which Hank has learned are chewing, smoking, and saying "damn." Yet with all the faults Hank has won a high place in the hearts of the student body through his sociable character and generous good nature.

Away with him; he speaks Latin.





HARRY BRATTON ALEXANDER, K A

Arts and Science

Elkton, Maryland

Delta Phi Literary Society, Varsity track '15 and '16, Delaware Broad Jump Record, Interclass meet, Quarter-master Sergeant Co. C., 1917 Blue Hen Board, Review Staff '16 and '17.

Custom, the monarch of us all,
Hath ruled that in this very place
A comment should be wrote,
And so we write—to fill up space.

Perhaps you read much about this young gentleman in the society column. He is the one who composed the following:

Great pleasures one misses who's ne'er stolen kisses
From girls, girls, girls.
They're better than money, they're sweeter than honey,
From girls, girls, girls.
You tell them to look at a spot on the wall—
Then quickly you kiss them—there's no time to stall,
And they'll pout—but get sore if you make that **one** all—
Oh girls, girls, girls.

Furthermore, he and Dean Robinson got their heads together and made up rules for the government of the Women's College. He is also the author of a neat handbook on Society rules and regulations. Honest, folks, he's the cutest little fusser and flirter at Delaware.

Besides all these good qualities he is the champion rough-houser known. And eat!—phew!—Alec would eat nails if he couldn't get something else.

After all is said and done Harry is all right. We all like him, for he is a very genial fellow. He is an Apollo (we hold this against him for we ain't—Gr.) who has broad-jumped himself into fame. But as we afore-mentioned, we and all the other girls like him muchly.

*All the world loves a lover. * * **





JOHN W. ALEXANDER, K A

Electrical Engineering

Elkton, Maryland

Class football '14-'15 and '15-'16. Engineering Society.

"Monk"

Alex came to us from Elkton, but unlike most of those Maryland guys, he is seldom heard to boast of the fact. Of course, we are not trying to slight Elkton, but when one knows that Bratton comes from that joint, one is sure to look with suspicion upon any other resident of the town. However, thank goodness, we have found out that Elkton is not to be judged by this representative, for John Alexander proves the opposite to be true.

John believes in thinking a lot and talking but little. Of course, we cannot criticise this characteristic but we do surmise that there must be some cause for his quiet nature. We have some inside dope that John keeps a continuous stream of candy and flowers flowing from Elkton to Philadelphia. Well, he is not handling chicken feed for nothing.

In athletics John has shown a lot of spirit. He has won several numerals in track and football. Besides this fact he is always out for basketball and baseball. Keep at it, John, and land a D.

*Noght o word spak he more than was
nede. * * * * **





ALEX BERKMAN

Electrical Engineering
Middletown, Delaware
Engineering Society.

"Berky"

Berky blew into Newark in the Fall of 1914, following in the wake of a tall, thin, yet handsome youth who gave in his name as Catts. They were first brought before the Committee on admission. Professor Short immediately made himself known to them and asked Alec what course of study he intended to pursue. Berky had no idea that any choice was allowed; so he was not prepared to answer this question. Noticing his confusion, Catts purred in his ear, "E. E." In this manner Alec decided upon his life work. In grateful remembrance of this assistance Berky has always remained loyal to his big guardian.

Since his entrance in College Berkman has been noted for his quiet manners and hard work. Besides carrying on his studies, Alec has worked as night telephone operator in Middletown, from which place he daily commutes. With such strong determination as he has shown throughout, we can feel no anxiety for Berky's success.

*Great is he to be; and until then we
hope. * * * * **





KNOWLES RITCHIE BOWEN, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Civil Engineering

Newark, Delaware

Treasurer Freshman Class, Assistant Manager football '16-'17, Class Basketball '15, Scrub Basketball '15, Athenaeum Literary Society, Engineering Society, Business Manager Review, Blue Hen Board, Color Sergeant.

"Bus"

The beautiful blonde whose wavy locks and winning ways have charmed maidens galore is none other than "Bus" Bowen. Girls, in your jealous moods, never dare to say that his hair is of the peroxide type, for it is as an all-wise Providence had planned, and that means it is 100 per cent. C. P.

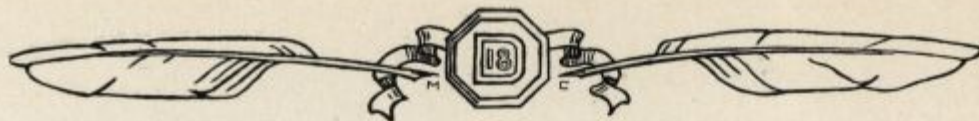
"Bus" is taking civil engineering, so that accounts for his wandering ways during the past year or so. Do not be surprised if you see "Bus," "Ernie" Wilson, "Scutch" Lauritsen and several others roaming around thru back yards and around deserted buildings. They are only surveying for Prof. Preston. "Bus" should wear a pedometer and charge it up to "Molly" at 2½ cents a mile.

"Bus" has taken an interest in all sorts of college activities and especially in basketball. He has played on the scrubs for two years but "there is a good time coming."

Preseverence, amiability, sincerity, and tact are four great keys to success. The portals of the "Land of Accomplished Purpose" must open to "Bus."

*You must not hang a man by his
looks. * * * * **





HOWARD BRATTON, JR., ΣN

Arts and Science

Elkton, Maryland

Pres. Sophomore Class, Varsity Football '15, Varsity Track '16, Scrub Football '14, Scrub Track '15, Indoor Meet '14 and '15, Track '15 and '16, Class football '14.

"Bull"; "Brat"

Bratton was the last president of the historic Elkton Profanity League which formerly met in Buzzard Roost of the Old Dorm. This social center was destroyed with the coming of Purnell House. Brat thinks it was a poor swap. There members could sleep on the chairs, keep on their hats, put their feet on the table, cuss, gamble, chew or smoke. And what's more, not any guy could join. The patient training of Mother Hastings is, however, making of Bratton a diligent Y. M. C. A. worker.

"Bull" was one of our brave soldier boys who went to the border. But then who does not know the record of Sergeant Bratton in his service to the country? If any one does not, he is both deaf and blind. Speaking of bravery, Bratton was recently called on and found sleeping in class room. After the lecture he apologized to the professor. "Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "I'd been watching you put up a brave fight."

It is a boast of "Bull's" that no member of his family has ever done manual labor for two hundred years back. How about some of those extra drill hours?

Fie, what a spendthrift he is with his tongue. * * * * *





HOWARD ALLEN BROADWATER

Agriculture

Glencoe, Pennsylvania

Treasurer Athenaeon Literary Society.

"Broady"

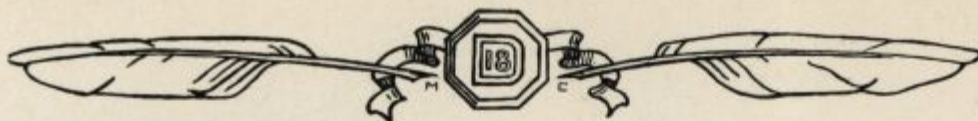
Allen Howard Broadwater hails from Glencoe, Pa. We have spent much valuable time trying to locate this joint, but as yet have not succeeded. Our only conclusion is that it must be some distance up in the mountains, say twenty or thirty miles from a railroad. Nevertheless, Broady got here. As one of our noble classmates expressed it, "Aloeshus came here such a hay seed that the hay actually stuck out between his ribs." However, two years of experience in College have worked wonders.

The first important event in Allen's Freshman year was concerning Freshmen caps. Broady could not imagine that he must wear the prescribed cap, but a little persuasion by an interested upper-classman caused him to change his mind. Consequently, Howard wore his little red cap with the green button and visor, just the same as the rest of us.

In lessons Broady is a bear; always capturing high marks and prizes. Our only regret is that he does not enter more earnestly into the other College activities.

*God bless the man who first invented
sleep. * * * * **





GASSOWAY BOND BROWN

Arts and Science

Newark, Delaware

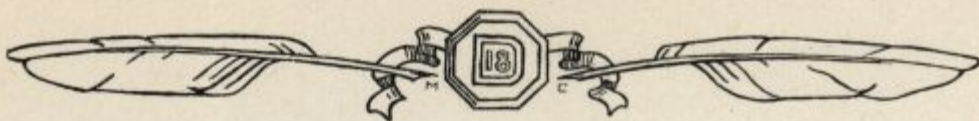
*Athenaeum Literary Society, Arts and
Science Club, Sergeant Co. A.*

"Bon"

Brownie came to Delaware with high ambition to become an Electrical Engineer, but after a half year's experience with the dirt and grease of the machine shop he decided to try his luck in the Arts and Science course. The many good reports of Doc Vaughn's humor led this poor youth to choose History as a major study. It was not long until Brownie caught on to a good trick. Bond always sits on a front seat and almost splits his sides laughing at all of Doc's jokes. By this means he has succeeded in landing a long string of A's. However, we cannot attribute his high marks to this fact alone. Brownie has the reputation of being the greatest grind in College. In truth, we seldom see him excepting in the classroom and at the athletic contests. We would advise Brownie to mix with the fellows a trifle more in order that we may be benefited by the influence of his personality.

*Give thy thoughts no tongue! * **





SAMUEL CANNON
Arts and Science
Wilmington, Delaware

"Sammy"

"Sammy" Cannon drifted to college rather late in life. He is the only "really" married member of our class. Yet is it any wonder? Oh, that long, shiny, black hair! Those patent leather shoes!

This very quiet little man came to college with an earnest desire to make good. Besides carrying on his studies, Sammy is also proprietor of a store in Wilmington. With his time so occupied he has had little opportunity to associate with his fellow students.

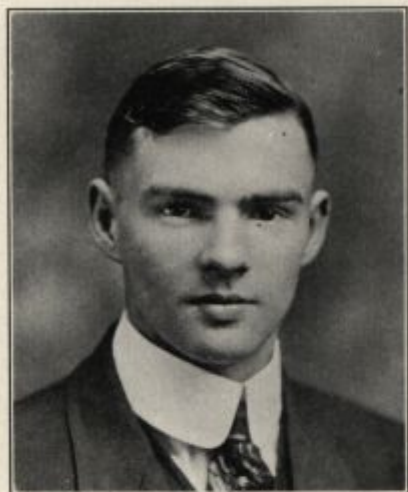
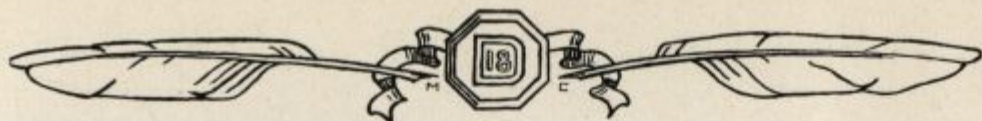
As an athlete, Sammy is Coach McAvoy's favorite. He has been seen to get over the "horse" three or four times in the last two years. We wonder that Coach has not had this heavy-weight (90 lbs.) out for football practice.

We must not leave our little Russian classmate without a word about that smile. When Doc Vaughn tells a joke, you would think that Sammy was going to swallow his own ears.

However, Sammy is here with a purpose and we hope he will make a success.

*Consider his ways and be wise. * **





WILLIAM DAIL CANNON
Electrical Engineering
Bridgeville, Delaware
Engineering Society.

We received the following letter which we, with much hesitancy, take liberty to publish:

February 31, 1916.

Editor-in-Chief, The Blue Hen
Newark, Delaware

Dear Sir:

You write asking me to give you a little dope on William for the Blue Hen write-up. Well, at first I thought that you were a dope fiend, and then that you thought my William was. Later I found out what you wanted, and of course, I want to do it. I have been knowing Bill for some time and we have been calling first names for more than a year and I just think he is a perfect dear. But of course I wouldn't like to write it out for a book. No girl would do that about a fellow she sure enough loved. So suppose I give you a few facts and you do the writing. It seems as though it would sound better coming from you.

Well, my dearest Willie is a fine looking fellow with beee-aaa-uuu-tifulllll brown eyes, oh! just the most beee-aaa-uuu-tifull brown eyes! And he's got the sweetest brown hair just to match his eyes. But whenever I tell him that, he always says mine is a heap the prettier. That's just the sort of a fellow my darling, darling Bill is. Oh, I wish that I could see him. If you see him real soon, please give him my very best love.

Truly yours,

Julia.

P. S.—Please mention about his eyes and hair matching.

A prudent man concealeth knowledge.





THOMAS SMYTH CARSWELL, Ω A

Chemical Engineering

Wilmington, Delaware

Blue Hen Board, Associate Editor of Review, Delta Phi Literary Society, Debating Team to Annapolis, Sergeant Co. B., Engineering Society.

"Tommy"

Tommy, the mental prodigy, came from Wilmington High. He is one of those studious workers who never knows what it is to go into the class room unprepared. In fact, his mind resembles an adding machine. Everything he does is in accord with some mathematical plan. His life is controlled by system. There is no overlapping of work, pleasure and recreation in his scheme of things. Each has its specific amount of time allotted to it. Indeed, his system is so perfect that one seeing the debonair Mr. Carswell indulging in Terpsichorean delights would never suspect him of being the diligent student his classmates know him to be. It is not our desire to create an impression in your minds that our Thomas possesses a dual character such as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. What we are trying to do is to show you that whatever the hand of our hero finds to do, he does it with all his might. It is our opinion that Thomas should write an autobiography. We are certain it would be as entertaining as "Black Beauty" and an excellent text book to educate the people to that high standard of efficiency exemplified by our renowned contemporary, Mr. Carswell.

*Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath formed strange fellows in
her time.*





ELMER PAUL CATTs

Electrical Engineering

Clayton, Delaware

*Engineering Society, Varsity Track '16,
Sergeant in Band.*

"Maltese"

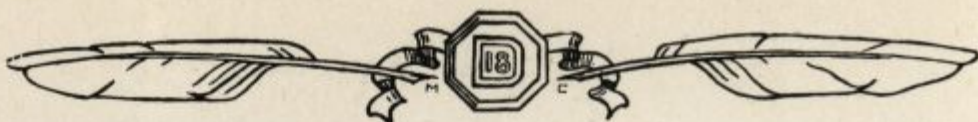
Catts comes from Clayton, that renowned suburb of Smyrna. No, he is not Maltese,—just a plain white kitten, uncommonly long and thin.

From early childhood Catts has been ambitious to become a musician. After many years of hard practice he has succeeded in getting into the College orchestra and band. Although he does not play a Jew's harp in either of these organizations, it is said that his sweetest strains come from this instrument. We have been told that he gave a performance at the Women's College one night. No one knows how it was received. However, Paul, keep at it. "If music be the food of love, play on."

We must not pass by this zoölogical specimen without mentioning his ability to pole-vault. By persistent effort, Catts has developed into a star pole-vaulter. In this event last year he cleared the bar which was at the height of his head, (9 feet, 8 inches), and thus won his coveted "D."

I am sure care's an enemy to life.





HENRY PAUL CLEAVER, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Civil Engineering

Marshallton, Delaware

Blue Hen Board, Delta Phi Literary Society, Sergeant in Signal Corps, Engineering Society.

"Biscuit"; "Spike"

Biscuit, the only "big league" mathematician in our midst, dawned upon us one morning with the forlorn tale of wanting to become a Civil Engineer. He at once went to see Dr. Mitchell, who told him that he should enter Delaware and gain all the benefits to be derived therefrom. Here is a little story that will explain to you just how Cleaver attained his first nick-name. Paul traveled back and forth to Wilmington and persisted in carrying a straw suit-case with an umbrella attached. The fellows warned him to take the "Safety First" precautions and leave these relics at any place besides Newark. Alas, he would not obey and hence he received the name of "Biscuit." That may not sound funny, but wait until you have read this one. In his Sophomore year, one of the largest, longest, laziest Freshmen was standing on the Chapel steps without his regulation Freshman cap. "Biscuit" walked up to him and said in a deep, gruff tone of voice, "Take off that hat and put on your Freshman cap, 'cause I'm hard as nails." Naturally we thought "Bisc" was some hard guy so we again nick-named him the honorable title of "Spike." From that time on we turned the Freshies over to "Spike" and were never troubled with them any more.

The only thing we have to say in regard to "Spike's" future is that we all wish him the best of success in his life work.



*A friend loveth at all times. * * **



DAVID LEONARD CROCKETT, Σ N

Agriculture

New York City

College Record Holder for 120 yd. High and 220 yd. Low Hurdles. Varsity Track '15 and '16, Class Track '15, Class Track Capt. '15 and '16, Indoor Meet '14 and '15, Treasurer Agricultural Club '16-'17, Corporal Co. A.

"Davy"

Davy came to old Delaware in 1914 with his New York talk and his New York walk. The Sussex County Club with their "you all" and "How 'bout that" have tried to make him speak English, but it has all been in vain. Dave still uses his East Side slang.

One of Dave's principal occupations is the manufacturing of puns. He springs more puns than the editor of Judge would care to and more than Jess Willard would dare to.

Dave is also a dandy singer. He shows his front teeth so well. He is a member of the same quartette as Hastings, McKay, and Jones.

He gained an athletic fame in his first year when he broke both of the hurdle records. Since then, he has done some fine work for the track team. He was a member of the relay team that ran so well at the Penn relays last year. He holds both the speed and endurance records in going from his fraternity across the street.

He is one of the city sports who have read of the farm life in the "Country Gentleman" and chosen it as a life's profession. Dave will look about as funny on a farm as "Whitey" Walton would look at 42d and Broadway on his first trip away from home. Nevertheless, he has started on his profession; so give him a word of cheer and wish him the best of luck.



*Time, I dare thee to discover,
Such a youth, and such a lover.*



JONATHAN FARR DAVIS

Agriculture

Meshoppen, Pennsylvania

Blue Hen Board, Agriculture Club, Delta Phi Literary Society, First Sergeant Co. C., Business Manager Delaware Farmer, Class Track '15 and '16, Scrub Track '16, Twelfth Night.

"Johnny"

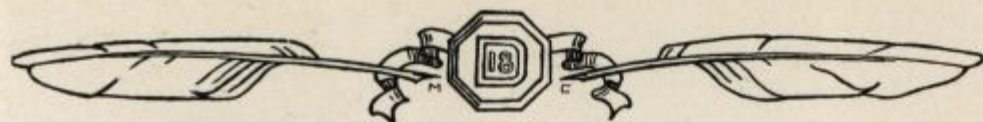
Pugilist Davis comes to us from Meshoppen, Pa., with an interesting story behind him. It had long been his ambition to attend College. By a most fortunate accident (?) he fell from a street car and was slightly injured. The car company gave him the job of mending the pavement where he had fallen. When the job was completed there were some two hundred dollars left over. He pocketed this amount and beat it for Delaware College. On account of this accident he had to have his head shaved. This gave him much the appearance of a convict, and many of us suspected him of being an escape from Sing Sing.

But our suspicions were changed to smiles of admiration at his boxing in the indoor Class meet. His fame was heightened by his corking good speech at the Freshman banquet.

In the three years that we have known him, John has grown a great deal and we have every reason in the future to expect still finer things from him.

*His strength you felt, and saw, and
trusted. * * * * **





HUGH WAGNER DOWNING, K. A.

Civil Engineering

Coatesville, Pennsylvania

Class Basketball '15 and '16, Scrub Basketball '15 and '16, Vice Pres. Sophomore Class, Asst. Mgr. Basketball '16 and '17, Quartermaster Sergeant Co. B.

"Hugh"; "Woman-hater"; "Steeplejack"

Hugh hails from Dover. Sad to relate, we must place him in the class of women-haters. For two years we patiently endeavored to inveigle him into going to the Women's College. But alas, our efforts were vain and we were compelled to give up in despair. On the 28th of November, 1915, Hugh appeared on the campus with big clumps of black soot behind his ears. Everyone wondered what was the trouble. The mystery was revealed when it was found out that at 12.01 a. m. that morning Hugh had ascended the smoke stack of the heating plant and had placed a 1918 banner on the top of it. Sure enough, as we passed by the corner of the Dorms there was the banner waving triumphantly in the air. Hugh has a very quiet and unassuming appearance. But look out for him. He worried more Freshmen in our Sophomore year than all the rest of the class together. When several members of our class were threatened with being fined for hazing, Hugh escaped because no one would believe that a chap with such a meek and innocent look could be capable of doing such things. Hugh has made good in both scholarship and athletics. He is one of the best engineering students that ever entered Delaware and seems to have all of his "Profs" bluffed to a standstill. Hugh is determined to make good in basketball. "Sticktoitiveness" is his motto. That is why we are all glad to know Hugh and to claim him as our friend.

You look wise — pray correct that error. * * * * *





ROBERT PERKINS GOLDEY, Σ N

Agriculture

Wilmington, Delaware

*Delta Phi Literary Society, Agricultural
Club, Class Football '14 and '15.*

"Perkie"

Perkie takes life so easy that we often wonder if he would spend a nickel to see an earthquake. I don't believe he would, but I do know of something that he would spend his last penny on. That something is a trick. Perkie has spent days, and maybe nights, in the Philadelphia and New York stores hunting for some little trick that would fool someone. He never has a penny to buy candy and things, but he always carries about three dollars worth of these tricks around in his pockets.

Another of Perkie's characteristics is that all-innocent air. No matter what happens, Perkie is always innocent. I don't believe that he is any exception to the rule that the most innocent ones bear watching.

He is another one of these "Country Gentleman" farmers. He spends his summers at Asbury Park and his winters in a flat. Won't the farm be surprised to see him? If Perkie ever does go to the farm, he will spend his time sitting on the flour barrels at the country store, joking with the farmers, and fooling them with his city tricks will be his chief occupation.

*He that getteth wisdom loveth his own
soul. * * * * **





JOHN POOLE GUM, K A

Arts and Science

Frankford, Delaware

1917 Blue Hen Board, Athenaeum Literary Society, Sergeant Co. A, '16-'17.

"Pierp"; "Jack"; "Spearmint"

"Pierp" has an almost unnatural failing for the girls. When all fussed up and his hair primped, ready to make a sally on the W. C. D., he would make any of these fake movie heroes look like "Bug" Houghton's "buzz wagon" alongside of a 1917 Packard. Ah! When it comes to looks and plenty of them—John Poole wins the spongecake every time. Honest, girls, he's cute. And just think, he'll soon be able to vote. Now take a squint at the top of the page again—aren't those handsome eyes? The first time he went down Depot road every one of the girls ran over to "Pierp" trying to win him for themselves.

However, albeit, and be that as it may, "Pierp" is an energetic fellow who keeps plugging at things until they are done. He is a very conscientious worker and we predict big things for him. True to his name, he sticks to whatever he attempts.

*Beard was never the true standard of
brains. * * * * **





VAUGHN HASTINGS, Ω A

Arts and Science

Delmar, Delaware

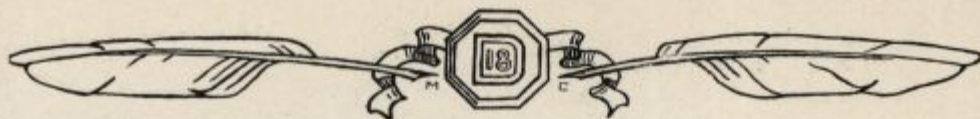
Athenaeum Literary Society.

"Calamity"

This intelligent-looking lad hails from Delmar and fortunately from the Delaware side of the town. Soon after he entered college he earned the sobriquet of Calamity. This pseudonym is the proper word to use when describing Vaughn. During his first few days in college, Vaughn, in his ignorance, assailed the mighty "Vic," Delaware's giant Full-back, and attempted to hurl him down a bank. It was at this time the first calamity befell the youth from Delmar. The real reason for his earning the name of "Calamity" lies in the fact that he did not realize there was anything too big for him to undertake. Even tho he was unsuccessful in many of his lofty endeavors his spirit could never be broken and he was always ready to take another chance. This was made manifest by the fact that after being absent from college a year on account of typhoid fever, he came back to finish his college course. As a student "Calamity" is an efficient worker and he is never at a loss for words in the class room. He is at his best when found in a club of kindred spirits. There is nothing that suits him better than to sit before the fire place and dream of worlds to conquer. As all progress in the world is due to dreamers, it is our sincere wish that our fellow student be able to add some accomplishment to this old world of ours.

*Not Hercules could have knocked out
his brains, for he had none. * * **





ROLAND DELAWARE HERDMAN

Arts and Science

Newark, Delaware

Capt. Class Baseball '14 and '15, Corporal Co. A '15 and '16, Color Sergeant '16-'17.

"Herdy"

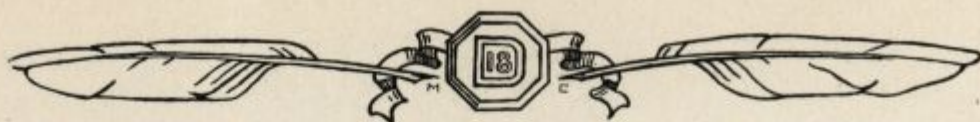
Herdy is from Newark and has been known about these parts for several years, though not as a student until 1914.

After working for five years in the Board of Health laboratory, Roland decided to enter College. Since he had not completed his High School course, however, it was naturally pretty up-hill work. Yet even with this handicap, he has succeeded in maintaining a high standard in College.

His reputation as a ball player led to his election to the captaincy of our Freshman baseball team. In our Sophomore year, from the pitcher's box he won for us the championship of Delaware College in this sport.

The memory of the just is blessed.





ROBERT CLARK HILL, JR., Ω A

Electrical Engineering

Redden, Delaware

*Engineering Society, Athenaeum Literary
Society, Sergeant in Signal Corps.*

From a little town in Sussex, known by the name of Redden, Hill came to College with a great ambition to become an engineer. This ambition has been fostered by the Faculty and they are doing everything in their power to enable him to accomplish his purpose. His features are already those of an engineer. His waist line is most expansive, and his face is round and jovial, but when occasion demands it takes on those grim, determined lines which are so characteristic of an engineer. Furthermore, he wears the regulation felt hat and has a habit of catching his thumbs in his suspenders. To complete the picture he places a cigar in the side of his mouth and behold! we have at least the impersonation of an engineer. He was not taken seriously by his associates and this was a source of vexation to him. In order to establish himself in his afflicted soul, he used to go thru a strenuous period at the Gym every morning. At last satisfied that he was sufficiently acquainted with the manly art of self defense, he again asserted himself and challenged his tormenters. He found this method of procedure to be a failure, so he again changed his policy and became a most congenial fellow. Last year he put a goodly portion of his allowance in his sock each week, and when the month of May came around he purchased a beautiful diamond ring. Placing his purchase in a pocket that is nearest the sentimental again he boarded the Delaware road train for Milford. The young lady of his choice, met him with 'Old Dobbin' hitched to the shay. Hilly was so nervous because of the fateful step he was about to take that he was speechless during the long drive home. After he had stultified his appetite most prodigiously (Hill is not the kind that loses the appetite) his courage returned to him. We must draw the curtain here, but to satisfy our readers we will say that Hill is now engaged to be married.





WILLIAM BIGELOW HOEY, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Electrical Engineering

Frederica, Delaware

*Engineering Society, Delta Phi Literary
Society, Sergeant Signal Corps.*

"Bill"

Bill hailed from the famous Randolph Macon Academy. Somehow he got the idea that he would make an ideal Electrical Engineer; so he came to Delaware. In his Freshman year we could not keep him in Newark over the weekends. Why? I think it was an attraction in Easton or Allentown, Penna. But when midyears' rolled by and he received that report! Well, he got down to work and all one saw of Bill was his coat tail as he flew from one Prof. to another making engagements with the honored members of the faculty. During his Sophomore year Bill worked quite hard. It was in this year that he joined the notorious band known as the "signal corps." He and that side-kick of his, "Hill," did some fine work with those wireless sets. It was during this year that Bill met one of our fair Newark damsels and——? Well, we'll leave the rest of it for the class to fill in.

The outline of work for his Junior year was as follows: Study (awhile); Women (we mean one woman); same thing again; a duplicate of the preceding; and finally he takes up the new study of love. Aside from this he has very little time to spend with the fairer sex.

Congratulations, Bill.

Even a child is known by his doings.





ELWOOD HOFFECKER

Agriculture

Newark, Delaware

Agricultural Club, Athenaeum Literary Society.

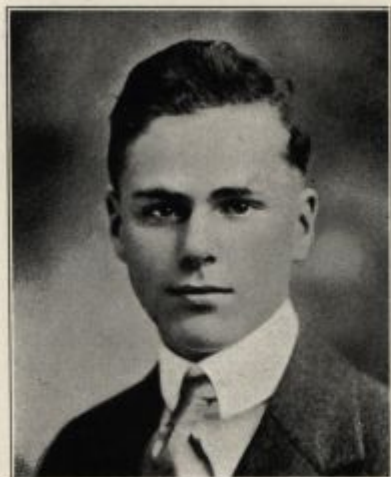
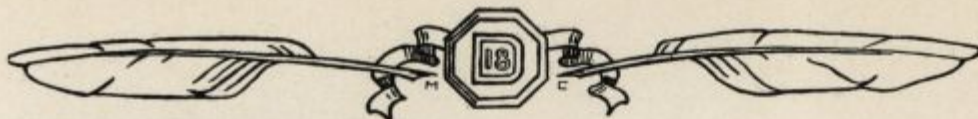
"Hoff"

This beautiful youth has spent much time working out the geometrical problem,—“What is the shortest distance between two points.” After about twenty years of hard work we believe that he has succeeded in mastering it. Our reason for this belief is the fact that his back is a perfect straight line. But by the way, this is not the only stiff proposition Ellie has found in mathematics. Mollie has been a real terror to him. However we feel that Mollie will have mercy on him and let him through after he has completed that shelf of library books which he has been donating to Delaware College through re-exam fees.

“Hoff” has certainly been struck on the idea of an affiliated college. Inspired by this thought he has been a regular Saturday night attendant at the Saturday evening parties at the W. C. D. Keep at it, Ellie; you will be sure to succeed.

*Up! up! my friend, and quit your
books; with study you'll grow double.*





CLYDE SIMPSON HOLLAND, Ω A

Agriculture

Smyrna, Delaware

Athenaeon Literary Society, Scrub Basketball '15 and '16, Class Basketball '15 and '16, Class Football '15, Class Track '15, Agricultural Club, Sergeant Co. A.

This young man's name, as you see, is geographically an error, for we all know that the Clyde is a river in England and not a river in Holland. Even though his name would imply that he hails either from England or Holland, he came from Smyrna, Delaware. Holland's chief asset is his manly beauty. This in conjunction with his debonair ways makes an irresistible appeal to the fair sex. Many are the maids who have succumbed to his ardent wooing only to be cast aside when another beauty crossed his path. Why this youth should bring sadness to so many worshiping maidens has until recently been a great mystery to us. Upon making an investigation into his past life we learned that in his younger days he had bestowed the wealth of his affection upon the "only girl," but alas! she spurned his love and broke his heart. Since that time he has cherished a Vendetta against all feminine charmers and has taken the unique method I have described to avenge himself. It is our earnest desire that the Circe who blighted his life, will smile once more upon him and thus restore him to his natural state. Agriculture is Clyde's field of study and when he can get an audience he will discourse on farming for hours at a time. So well versed is he in Ag. that he was able, during vacation, to take charge of a farm in Connecticut. If we can judge by his report, never did such produce grow, as was grown during his administration. Holland has ever been a hard worker and has taken great interest in all College affairs. It is this ambition of studiousness and good fellowship that has won for him the friendship and respect of his fellow students.

*Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought
a glass
That I may see my shadow as I pass.*





DONALD PANCOAST HORSEY, Σ N

Arts and Science

Dover, Delaware

Arts and Science Club, Pres. Junior Class, Varsity Baseball '15 and '16, Varsity Basketball '16, Capt. Varsity Basketball '17, Capt. Class Basketball '15 and '16, Scrub Basketball '15, Indoor Meet '14, Athenaeum Literary Society, Class Historian '15, Associate Editor Review, Officer Y. M. C. A., Representative in Athletic Council '15-'16, Asst. Editor-in-Chief Blue Hen, Cheer Leader '15 and '16, 2nd Lieutenant Co. B, Chairman of Publicity Committee, Member Student Council ('16-'17).

"Don"

This young Romeo came to us from Dover High School. His first departure from Dover must have been characterized by the weeping of the entire female population. With this sad parting still in his heart, he arrived at Newark early in September. On the Wednesday night before the opening of college, the upper classmen found a fellow in the Sophomore class that was as small as Don. They immediately staged a wrestling bout between these midgets. Two specimens of so small a species are rare.

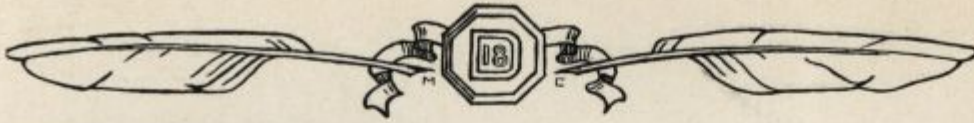
Immediately he became a class hero by defeating the other fellow. After this frolic, Don settled down to the work of writing one letter every night and two letters, if he had anything to say. As soon as Don was settled and had become interested in his work, he compiled some statistics on how much it costs a young married couple to live in Dover, Wilmington, Philadelphia, or Jenkintown, and on the minimum salary that a young man should receive to support happily in marriage one of Dover's society belles.

Anyone in college desiring this information can obtain it from D. P. Horsey who has it filed for future reference.

Outside of ladies, "Don's" principal duty is to his college. He is a leader in everything that he undertakes and he always has plenty of "pep" to give to those things in which he does not take part. He is an earnest worker and we predict and hope him success.

*A manly man, and debonaire of cheere
Wyth wel assured lokyng and manere.*





GEORGE ALLEN HUDSON, Ω A

Arts and Science

Lewes, Delaware

*Athenaeum Literary Society, Treasurer
Class '16-'17.*

"Hucky"

Given a pair of Tortoise-shell glasses and a walk that belongs to no one else, you have George Allen Hudson, Esq. Of course we do not mean to say that there is nothing more to "Hucky." There are many other things. For example, he has two ears on which to hang the spectacles. Then there is a nose on which to rest the glasses, for they are to rest his over-worked eyes. And under the glasses you will usually find several red spikes about a quarter of an inch long. From which fact you may deduce two facts, first, that Hucky also has a chin, and second, that he has a hard time keeping the grass cut.

We dare prophesy that if Hudson would only go out for the debating prizes he would win them all. For he has never been known to be defeated in any argument. We are reminded of the quotation, "In arguing too, the Parson own'd his skill, for e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

Though George may be somewhat "Bull-headed," yet this again is not a complete picture of our fellow student. Nor does it do him justice. He is a good fellow and much liked by all.

*He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god. * * * * **





ALLEN LOUIS LAURITSEN, Σ N

Civil Engineering

Lewes, Delaware

Varsity Football '16, Assistant Baseball Manager '17, Varsity Tennis Team '15 and '16, Scrub Football '14 and '15, Varsity Football '16, Scrub Baseball '16, Indoor Meet '14 and '15, Class Football '14 and '15, Class Baseball '15 and '16, College Band, Orchestra '15 and '16, Engineering Society, Member Student Council '16-'17, Blue Hen Board.

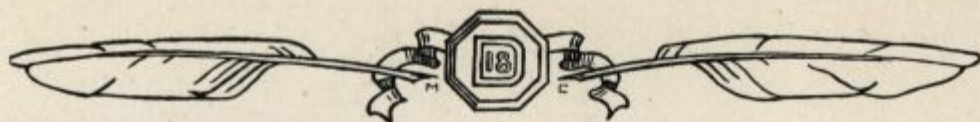
(Skutch)

This blonde-haired Swede admits that he came from Lewes. He has a good face and one could hardly believe this outrageous fact, but after close investigation the editorial staff is forced to accept the statement as true. We have tried to make him forget it but just when we think our patient is cured, he yells out at the top of his voice some unexplainable something that even he himself does not understand. Another serious defect in this Swede's anatomy is that he talks in his sleep.

A contagious grin and happy-go-lucky spirit have made "Skutch" one of the most popular men on the campus. He is one of the type of fellows who, when they are happy, everyone knows it and is glad with them, but when they are sad they get sympathy from everyone. We hope that personality, good nature, and big heartedness will bring this college mate success.

*Come not within the measure of my
wrath. . * * * * **





JAMES HERMAN LITTLE

Electrical Engineering

Newark, Delaware

Engineering Society.

"Red"

We hardly know how to describe this fellow. His name signifies a lot. But his nickname tells much more. "Red" as we always call him has—hair! What word can we use to describe it? Auburn, sandy, brick-colored? No. It is just simply fiery. Now it is true that he will not take much kidding, but no one could call "Red" quick-tempered.

"Red" is one of those fellows who do not use bluffing to get along in classes or anything else. He just studies hard and prepares every lesson thoroughly. In other words "Red" is not a "buller." His only stumbling block thus far has been English 2. In this study he has had to submit to a "D."

"Red" is O. K. and his prospects for the future are brilliant. Of this much we may be assured. He will always be (B) right on top.

*He seeks
The light that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies.*





PAUL DEWITT LOVETT

Arts and Science

Newark, Delaware

Arts and Science Club, Athenaeon Literary Society, Review Board, Blue Hen Board, Vice-Pres. Class Junior Year, Vice-Pres. Athenaeon Society, Rutherford Prize in Military, 1st Sergeant Co. B, Class Baseball '15-'16, Secretary Athenaeon Literary Society '15-'16.

"Hap"; "Sergeant"; "Paul"

Here he comes now. And with that same smile on. "Hap," old man, if you want that name of yours changed you'll have to wipe that smile off and for once become serious.

"Hap" was the star product of Newark High School. And when we remember that that school has graduated three signers of the Declaration of Independence, this is no small honor. On arriving at college, however, he refused to rest on his oars but has proceeded with his accustomed studiousness to lead his classes at Delaware.

Aside from studies, Sergeant Lovett has taken a live interest in many of the student movements. He is an associate editor on both the Review and Blue Hen boards; has held several offices in the Athenaeon Literary Society, won the medals for excellence in drill and for not missing a single roll call in his first two years. He is "Top" Sergeant of Company B, won the Purnell Prize in German, and played in the class baseball games.

Keep at it, "Hap"; we'll follow you as long as you are in sight.

*Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd
brow Nature had written—Gentleman.*





ERNEST MELSON MARKS, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Chemical Engineering

Wilmington, Delaware

Sergeant College Band, College Orchestra, Delta Phi Literary Society, Engineering Society.

"Ernie"

"Ernie" made the mistake of his life last summer when he took the job of playing down at the Henlopen Hotel, Rehoboth Beach. Aside from his salary as cornetist, he should have received a heavy sum from the proprietor on account of his drawing trade. The news of "Ernie's" arrival at the hotel spread like wild fire and within a week's time the Pennsylvania railroad was running excursions from Wilmington and other points in the State to take care of the heavy traffic between said points and Rehoboth.

Of course "Ernie" is one of our best students, and he and Tommy Carswell are going to set the world on fire by some of their wonderful discoveries in the chemical line. They have already shown that they know so much about chemistry, that "Tiff" has hired them to take charge of the chemistry course in order that he may have more time to study up on some of their theories.

There is a silver loving cup waiting to be given to either Tommy or "Ernie," depending on which one is married first. At this writing "Ernie" has 2 points and Tommy $1\frac{3}{4}$ points. "Better be safe than Sorry," "Ernie."

My only books are women's looks





CHARLES FULMER MEYERS, K A

Chemical Engineering

Middletown, Delaware

Pres. Delta Phi Literary Society '16-'17, Varsity Football '16, Scrub Football '14 and '15, Class Football '14 and '15, Scrub Track '16, Engineering Society, Indoor Meet '15.

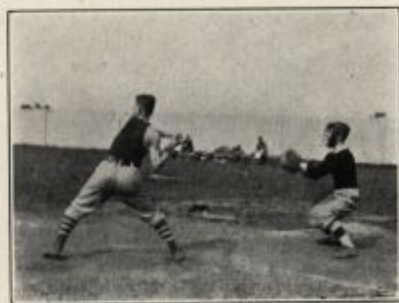
"Buzz"

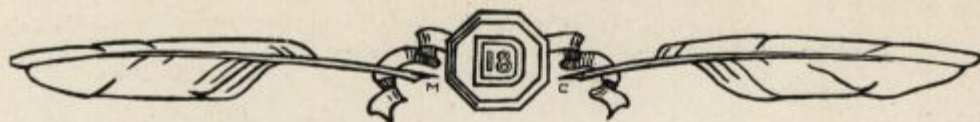
"Buzz" is one of the most boisterous, energetic, gritty, and ambitious men of our class. He studies quite industriously, but his chief diversion is football. Meyers has, until recently, been a scrub man. The Varsity has "scrubbed" the field with him time after time. To make good in football was "Buzz's" greatest ambition. He tackled the dummy relentlessly, he dove head-first into stone walls, and he would jump into the air and fall, in a thousand different ways, on cement walks. All this in order to become tough and hard enough to play. We are glad that his method of training was successful and that he has become a Varsity man.

Meyers hates to get his hair cut. Why? Because it is necessary to have his ears set back when he does. The well-known species, the donkey, has to surrender his laurels to "Buzz" when it comes to ears.

But Meyers' interest is not limited to his ears, and to his football. He has taken an active part in literary work. His reward for this interest is the Presidency of the Delta Phi Literary Society. "Buzz" is one of the best-hearted men in our class. The whole college admires him for his grit in sticking to football till he made good. He sticks to everything he tries and does not believe in failure. We feel sure that he will accomplish great things in the future and be an honor to our class.

*As well be out o' the world as
not o' the fashion. * * * **





MORRIS RANDOLPH MITCHELL, K A

Arts and Science

Newark, Delaware

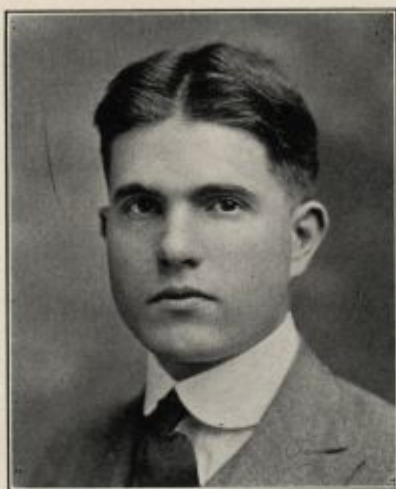
Editor-in-Chief Blue Hen, Pres. Athenaeon Literary Society, Class Football '14, Scrub Football '14, Class Secretary '14-'15, Class Historian '16-'17, Sergeant Co. C., Associate Editor of Review, Debating Team against St. John's, Cooch Botany Prize '15, 1st Alumni Prize '15, St. John's Debating Team '17.

"Mitch"; "Big Boy," etc., etc.

Here we present to you our distinguished editor. How do you like him? "Mitch" is a Southerner thru and thru. Walking down the street back of him one is struck with the volubility of the gigantic form in front. But on overtaking that same person one meets an excellent example of southern aristocracy. "Mitch" has the honor of being the largest man in our class and in the College. He is over six feet tall and his coal black hair, prominent cheek bones, and dark complexion strongly resemble paintings of the Aborigines of America. A few years ago "Mitch's" parents had to make frantic efforts all over the United States to find shoes large enough to fit him. At the present time such efforts are vain. It is now necessary to slaughter a herd of beeves and send for a couple of expert shoemakers. Even this expensive process fails at times because shoemakers cannot always build gunboats. "Mitch" is great for telling tales of the South. His best is about "de goose what ain't had bout one laig." His joke repertoire is world wide and we recommend him to you for an evening's entertainment. Regardless of feet size, and fame as a raconteur, "Mitch" has made himself one of the most prominent men in College. He is "there" in everything he attempts—except German. His ability as an orator has been proven again and again even after suffering from overwork in that regard in his Freshman year. Were all the members of our Class and of the Blue Hen Board of "Mitch's" material we could turn out countless Blue Hens and establish such high records as no future class could even hope to equal.

*How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour.*





WILLIAM TERRY MITCHELL, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$

Mechanical Engineering

Newark, Delaware

Engineering Society, Athenaeon Literary Society, First Alumni Debating Prize, '16, Debating Team against St. John's '16, Purnell Prize for French, Class Football '15, Orchestra '16-'17, Quartermaster Sergeant Co. A, Blue Hen Board, St. John's Debating Team '17.

"Slide-rule Terry"

Although at present Terry claims Delaware to be his home, Virginia seems to have many more attractions for him. At least, he is everlastingly saying, "I am going down to Virginia next summer, bo." We have not yet been able to dope out whether he means the state of Virginia or the girl's name. Probably it is both in this case. He is always telling us, "There are sure some pretty girls down there in Virginia. You all had better go down with me some time."

In College activities Terry has certainly taken his full share of the work. He has made all of the debating teams in both intercollegiate and intersociety debates. As a result of his efforts Terry captured the prize in oratory. Besides this honor he also pulled down the Purnell prize in French; so you see he has the stuff in his lessons too.

Terry is working hard on the violin now and has a fine chance to make the Orchestra this year.

*Who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the
string.*





JAMES ALLISON O'DANIEL

Agriculture

Newark, Delaware

Sergeant Major Battalion, Scrub Football '15, Scrub Baseball '15, Class Football '14 and '15, Class Baseball '15 and '16.

"Al"

In dealing here with our fellow-classmate J. A. O'Daniel, we have thought it more modest to give the following excerpt from the Encyclopedia Britannica, rather than eulogise one with whom we are so intimately connected:

"O'DANIEL, JAMES ALLISON. Agriculturist, b. Newark, Delaware, 1828, and still going strong. At an early stage he showed his undying love for the science of Agriculture. At the age of four (1832), when asked if on reaching college age he intended to take the cultural course, he replied, 'Yes, Agricultural.' As a Freshman at Delaware College he did his real farm work when he ploughed up the athletic field in the Class football game. He won further distinction by winning his Class numerals in baseball. These were but the beginnings of a great and still promising career."

We are tempted to mention many more of his achievements which have occurred since the above-quoted authority went to press. Yet through modesty alone we refrain from so doing.

*For nature made him what he is
And ne'er made sich anither.*





WILLIAM PRICE, JR., Ω A

Agriculture

Middletown, Delaware

Agricultural Club, Athenaeum Literary Society.

"Bill"

"Bill" arrived in Newark on that memorable day, September 15th, 1914. When "Bill" came to us he was a diamond in the rough, and, like a very excellent diamond, he was hard to cut. This was made evident by the fact that he has resurrected the Cavalier style of allowing his hair to grow very long, and when his friends would suggest a barber shop he would exhibit much uneasiness. However, as the time passed by "Bill" gradually acquired the habits of his contemporaries. Today, Mr. Price is a college man in every sense of the word. Not only is he a diligent seeker after the wisdom of the soil, but he is active in all College affairs. As a humorist he is without a peer. Whenever conversation lags or things get dull, the "Old Reliable" comes across with an appropriate remark that will produce mirth where erstwhile gloom did reign supreme. Our hero's favorite pastime when not engaged in College affairs is to sleep. When wrapped in the embrace of Morpheus, an angelic smile pervades his countenance, thus forming a picture that seems to permeate the atmosphere with contentment. On one occasion when "Bill" had been out (somewhere) the night before, we were awakened the next morning by hearing someone talking in a manner that reminded us of Hamlet's soliloquy. The beginning of it was as follows: "To sleep or not to sleep, that is the question; whether it is better here to rest, or rise to work." Upon investigating the source of the sentiments we found "Bill" perched on the side of his bed, orating as described. To do him justice we must say that he resolved to work, and has ever exhibited such pertinacity in his pursuit of knowledge that we are certain of his success in life.

*Silence is as deep as eternity, speech
is shallow as time. * * * * **





IRVING REYNOLDS, K A

Arts and Science

New York City

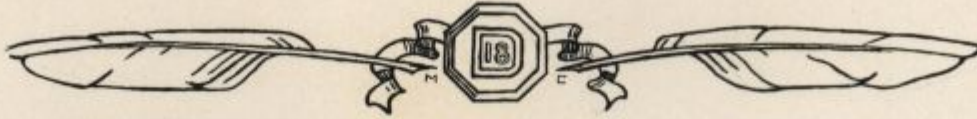
Arts and Science Club, Delta Phi Literary Society, Blue Hen Board, Assistant Editor of Review '16-'17, First Sergeant Co. A, Scrub Football '14, Class Football '15, Class Baseball '16, Sir Toby in "Twelfth Night," Inter-Society Debating Team '16, Assistant Cheer Leader '15 and '16, Pres. Arts and Science Club.

"Irv"; "Reynolds"; "Sir Toby"

Feeling that no one knew "Irv" as well as himself we prevailed upon him to write the following: "I am a resident of Akron, Ohio, but my present home is in New York City. I am Marshall boy of Company A. I hate women, all kinds, forms, and descriptions. I enjoy myself only with men. My ambitions are to become Major of the battalion and to graduate from Delaware in three years. I should like to play football and baseball and see absolutely no reason why the Coach does not recognize my extraordinary ability in those lines. I am quite brilliant and have helped Delaware College immensely, but I have not received credit for my work. In conclusion I should like to quote a few lines which seem to sum up my character in a few words. They are, 'I am the Great, I am, I am. I am the mighty, I am, I am.'" "Irv" is really a very hard worker and has made himself prominent in all phases of College activities. His ability as an orator is hard to beat and anyone who saw "Twelfth Night" will always remember Sir Toby. He is a chap that we all feel will make good and we are proud to have him as a member of the Class.

Silence has become his mother tongue.





WILLIAM HOMER SAVIN Ω A

Agriculture

Cheswold, Delaware

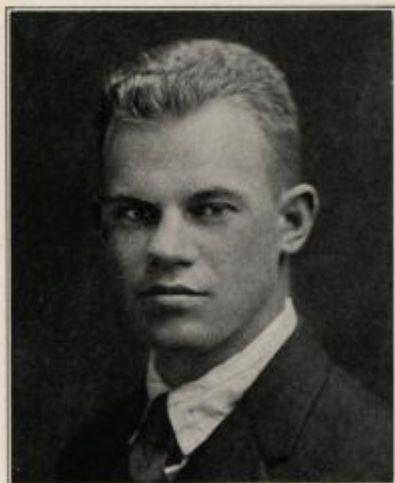
Athenaeon Literary Society, Y. M. C. A. Board, Agricultural Club, Business Manager Review '16-'17, Circulation Manager Delaware Farmer '15-'16, Advertising Manager Delaware Farmer '16-'17, Second Botany Prize '15, Second W. C. T. U. Prize '15, First Agricultural Prize '16, Horse Judging Team '16, Cow Judging Team '16, Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," Blue Hen Board.

"Cheswold"

We feel that "Doc" in selecting the Agriculture course made a great mistake. Any person gifted with such eloquence and dramatic ability as this handsome youth is, should have taken the Arts and Science course instead of hiding, as it were, his light under a bushel. How this fellow who can don the costume of Malvolio and acting the part hold an audience spell-bound throughout the entire performance, can descend to the lowly-scienced agriculture is beyond our scope of reasoning. But such is the case, for we have witnessed this transition on more than one occasion. "Doc" is always on the run. Not only is he trying to complete his course in three years, but he is connected with the Review and the Delaware Farmer. In addition to this, he is generally rehearsing for a play. It is our opinion that this bustling about from place to place has deceived the Faculty into the supposition that he never has an idle moment, but is ever on the job. "Doc's" hobby is judging shoats and to gratify this hobby he will forsake all else. As busy as "Doc" is, he manages to spend most of his week-ends at Cheswold. We have never been able to ascertain the nature of the "lode-stone" that draws him there. However, various rumors have come to us and we feel justified in concluding that he has a deep and personal interest in a certain young lady who dwells near Cheswold, Del. To "Doc" we inscribe our best wishes that he may be a successful tiller of the soil.

*A prophet is not without honor save
in his own country and among his
own people. * * * * **





FRANK SAYLOR Ω A

Arts and Science

Wilmington, Delaware

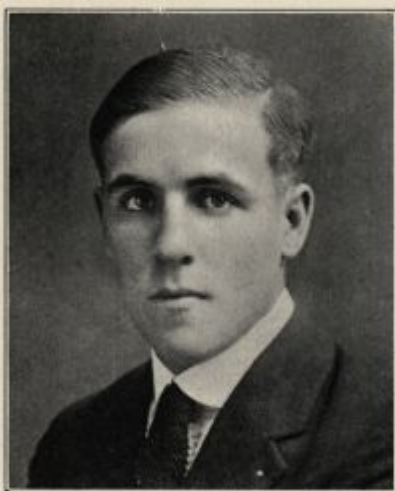
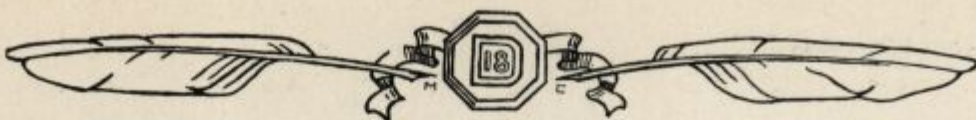
Athenaeon Literary Society.

"Seal Saylor"

"Dutch," the human frog, crawled from his lair on the Christiana, to take up the Kultur course (Arts and Science), at Delaware College. While here he has struck up a lasting acquaintance with Laurence Witsil and now the two are inseparable. Almost any afternoon they may be found in the College swimming pool, where they splash and gurgle for hours at a time. "Dutch" is a member of the Gym Quartette and when his melodious voice is heard a crowd of admiring listeners gather about him. His favorite song is entitled, "On The Right Side Of Temperance We'll Now Take Our Stand." If he ever hits the road we devoutly believe that the winning power of his wonderful voice will make Billy Sunday a back number. As a diplomat, "Dutch" is supreme. This was shown by the fact that he was able to convince the Lieut. that he was not able to drill. Nevertheless, he is able to play basketball, jump, and pole-vault. He has often proven his prowess in the above-mentioned sports by defeating "Hank" Alderson and "Perkie" Goldy in their famous triangular field meets of last May. "Dutch's" winning ways have not only won for him an enviable position in the student body, but with the Faculty as well. His ability in absorbing knowledge is extraordinary. Even to this day he can spiel off yards of Chaucer, Stevenson and Browning. When "Dutch" is not at College he may be found warming a bench in 10th St. Park. We are not certain of the reason for his spending so much time in this park, but when we consider his esthetic temperament we derive the fact that his true love lives thereabout. Frank has not told us, but we have reason to believe that he intends to go on a Chautauqua circuit when he leaves College.



*His heart was a mint, where the owner
ne'er knew half the good that was in't.*



CHESTER RICHLAND SMITH, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Agriculture

Narberth, Pennsylvania

Scrub Football '14-'15-'16, Capt. Class Football '14 and '15, Class Basketball '14 and '15, Class Baseball '14 and '15, Delta Phi Literary Society, Agricultural Club, Vice-Pres. Class Freshman Year, Manager Orchestra '16-'17, Sergeant Co. A.

"Chet"

The town of Kane, Pennsylvania, awoke one morning about twenty years ago and found itself the place selected by a light-haired, blue-eyed baby for his debut into this vale of tears. This youngster was none other than Chester R. Smith. Thinking that the air to the southward would prove more beneficial to their son's health, everyone concerned moved from Kane to Narberth. As a result "Chet" hails from Narberth.

In college affairs, "Chet" has always played an important part. He has gone out for every sport the college supports, and we feel sure that he will land his "D" before he leaves. In football, he is one of the fastest men in the squad and whenever he has been put in the game he has shown the punch that is required of a football player.

"Chet" is taking Agriculture and we predict that shortly after he has graduated he will be "settled" on a big farm "Somewhere in Pennsylvania" near the old home town of Narberth. Here's luck to you, "Chet."

*It is decreed by heaven above
That soon or late we all must love.*





LEON BUSICK STAYTON, Σ Φ Ε

Arts and Science

Wilmington, Delaware

Secretary and Treasurer Arts and Science Club, Class Baseball '15 and '16, Capt. Class Baseball '16, Sergeant Co. B, Assistant Manager Mandolin Club.

"Bench"; "Stayt"

Stayton, the father of our class, just naturally dropped in on us from Wilmington High School. We have not the slightest idea why he was sent to College but we have heard rumors that it was Neisser for him. Be that as it may, we speak merely of his three years at college.

"Bench" has shown real pep every spring and has gone out for football. A "Varsity" berth has not been his lot yet, but, you know, boys, there would be no "Varsity" without the scrubs.

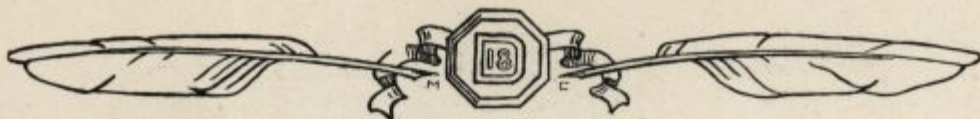
During the fall and winter "Stayt" makes a conspicuous figure in the gymnasium, and many a time and oft have the Newark mounted police been called out to keep back the crowds around the "gym" while he was in action.

"Bench" has always worked hard for the betterment of "The Class" and "The College." As evidence of his scholarship we point to his membership in the Arts and Science Club and to the record books in Dean Smith's office.

Quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly,—"Stayt," Delaware needs more men like you.

*Is this the man—Is't you, sir, that
knows things? * * * * **





ROBERT LLEWELLYN SUMWALT. Σ N

Civil Engineering

Lewes, Delaware

Engineering Society, Orchestra '14-'15-'16, Director Band and Orchestra '16-'17, Band '14-'15-'16, Varsity Tennis '15 and '16, Capt. Freshman Tennis Team, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Scholarship '15-'16-'17.

"Louis"; "Ikey"; "Bob"

This young man is without doubt one of the most courageous members of the class. He has reputation far and wide for the fearless investigation of ghosts in graveyards and other petty jobs. His best qualification for this kind of work is his ability to run. One night a large crowd of Freshmen were having a celebration on the college campus. Suddenly some Sophomores appeared. As "Bob" was a Freshman he decided almost immediately that he should be home studying. He started down the path on high gear. Dean Smith says that "Bob" was going so fast that he had to run into the Library wall in order to turn himself down Main Street. But once started on that long straightaway, he fairly flew. The next morning "Bob" said, "There were a couple of fellows ahead of me, but it wasn't long before I passed them."

"Bob" is a man of wonderful musical ability. He always seeks a bathtub to act as a sounding board for his music. You will agree with me that it is sweet harmony that is reflected from the bathtub. Despite these handicaps "Ikey" is the illustrious leader of the band and orchestra. These two organizations under the leadership of Sumwalt manage to keep our chapel exercises and smokers in a complete uproar!

"Bob" is a hard, earnest worker. If he sets out to accomplish something he usually does it. He seldom falls short of his mark in College life, and we sincerely hope that he will have the same success in the greater life.

Ye immortal gods, what have we here?





PAUL GILBERT SWAYNE, Ω A

Agriculture

Wilmington, Delaware

*Agricultural Club, Band, '14-'15-'16,
Orchestra '14-'15-'16, Class Football, Class
Track.*

"Trombone"

Paul is a finished 'product of the W. H. S. He has about him that air of cocksureness which is so characteristic of the Wilmington students. Fortunately he was able to suppress this air in his Freshman days or the chances are that he would have never survived to become a Junior. He is one of our city agricultural men—the kind that can quote learnedly from any text book but lose the power of application when it comes to a regular farm instead of an audience. This, however, is taken care of by the College because, the faculty require two summers' experience on a farm before one can be graduated in Ag. Paul is one of our most versatile youths; his many accomplishments range from the art of selecting seed corn to executing music on the trombone, but he is at his best when he renders the compositions of the old masters on his violin. As a student Paul is a consistent worker and has always been one of the leaders in the class room. We believe that there is a great future in store for this many-sided young man and he may be assured that he has the hearty support of his classmates.

A man who is eternally asking questions will ultimately know something.





DAVID THOMPSON SWING, $\Sigma \Phi E$

Mechanical Engineering

Ridgely, Maryland

Delta Phi Literary Society, Engineering Society, Review Board '15-'16. Corporal Signal Corps.

"Tom"

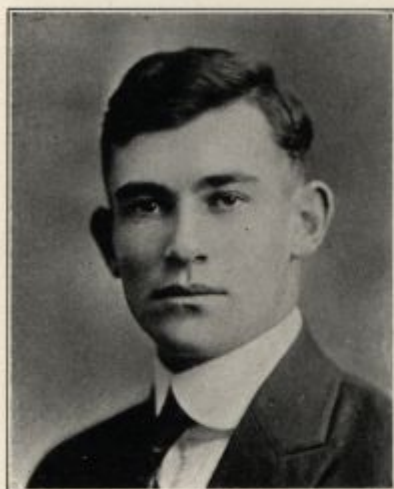
No one is aware of the fact that we have one of the most notorious spokesmen in our midst in the person of D. Thompson Swing. Stop, girls, and give this young man your most careful consideration. He is the only man in the Junior Class who has that divine worshiper of the "class of '96" buffaloed. There is never a day that Prof. S—— and Carswell do not have to call on him to straighten them out on bridge trusses, and still some of you girls are letting him slip right through your fingers, when you have had the chance of your life to land the only rival of the "class of '96."

Never fear, girls, "Tom" is also an athlete. He is a wonder on the "horse" and on the track. It is said he appeared in football uniform one afternoon and as soon as Coach spied this young Goliath, he immediately signed him up; but on account of his studies, "Tom" had to withdraw.

Between the combined efforts of Srager and "Doc" Harter, we feel sure that "Tom" is going to make a first-class mechanical engineer, and he has the hearty support of the whole Junior class in regard to his success.

*A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
and confident tomorrows. * * * **





NATHANIEL WATKINS TAYLOR, Ω A

Agriculture

Dover, Delaware

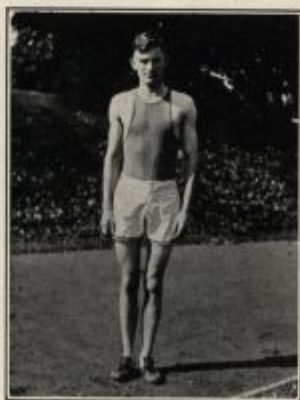
Business Manager Blue Hen, Secretary Agricultural Club, Athenaeum Literary Society, Class Treasurer '15-'16, Class Track '15 and '16, Scrub Track '15 and '16, Horse Judging Team at Devon '16, Cattle Judging Team at National Dairy Show, Winner Cross Country Run '15, Delaware Farmer Board, Assistant Manager Track '16-'17, Sergeant Co. C.

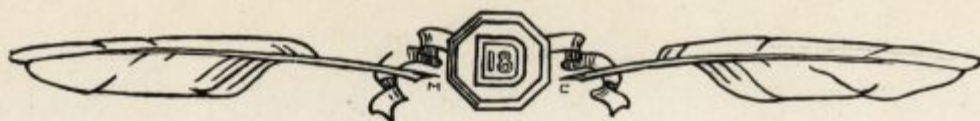
"Nat"

Nat was on his way to Michigan, but his guardian angel prompted him to stop at Newark before continuing his journey to the institution of the Wolverines. He was so favorably impressed by the spirit of Old Delaware that he redeemed his ticket and settled in Newark to take the Agricultural course. The first association with which "Nat" identified himself was the "R. N. G." The members of this pugnacious crew were ever on duty when there was any misunderstanding between the Sophomore and Freshman classes. "Nat" also takes great interest in athletics, especially in track. His first appearance on the cinder path was an imitation of a cow running at breakneck speed. Under the supervision of the Coach he gradually acquired a graceful and systematic stride, and now he is a dependable mile man. "Nat" gives his address as Dover, Delaware, but when we consider that he spends most of the week-ends at Elwyn, Pa., we are inclined to believe that he is contemplating a change of address soon. As a student, "Nat" is a hard worker and has made good in his course. The belligerent attitude that is so characteristic of "Nat" is the most outstanding trait in his character. This has won for him not only a prominent position in the student body, but it has impressed the Faculty that he is determined to master his course.

[Editor's Note—Since going to press, we have received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Ida May Viguers, of Media, Pa., to N. W. Taylor.]

*Upright and downright. * * * **





DEWITT CLINTON DAVIS TODD, Ω A

Civil Engineering

Wilmington, Delaware

Engineering Society, Sergeant Band.

"Toddy"

The greatest burden "Toddy" has ever had or will ever have to bear is his name. Think of it, gentle readers, and U know that your hearts will go out in sympathy to this much-named lad. The preoccupied air that is so characteristic of Todd was for a long time a source of speculation to us, but one day he became confidential and told us his name. Ever ready to help and sympathize, we advised him to read Pilgrim's Progress and see if he could find something in it that would bring solace to his tortured soul. To look at Todd, you would think that a puff of wind would bear him away; but this is a case where looks are deceiving, for when he gets next to an alto horn and blows in it, all quiet is dispersed and noise pervades the place. This power of producing sound has won for him a place in our wonderful band. Conscious of his wonderful talent, Todd can be depended upon to toot his best whenever occasion demands. One of Todd's favorite pastimes is the reading of popular novels. He has made a study of all heroines and has concocted from them an ideal which he carries in his mind. It is his avowed purpose in life to find a girl who will resemble this ideal. Of course we wish him success in his venture, but, candidly, we don't believe it possible. As a student "Toddy" is a hard worker and ever applies himself to what he sets his hand to do, whether it be playing a horn, in quest of his ideal, or his College work.



*Rare compound of energy, brains,
and fun. * * * * **



ALBERT SLACK WALTON

Electrical Engineering

Newark, Delaware

Engineering Society, Athenaeum Literary Society.

"Whitey"

On the first day of College in 1914, this tall, graceless, lean, lanky, tow-headed, long-legged boy rode up in front of Recitation Hall in regular cow-boy style. He was immediately surrounded by a group of curious students. To the question "Where do you live," Whitey answered, as he descended from a nag as long and lanky as himself, "From the wilds of Iron Hill."

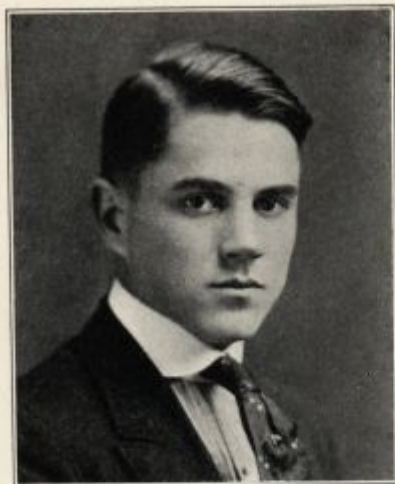
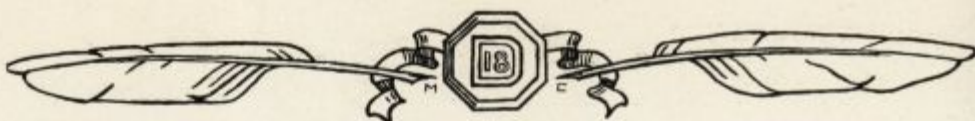
He was somewhat rowdy at first and his frequent misdemeanors caused much anxiety to the Faculty. He is gradually quieting down, however, and it seems probable that he will be fully civilized by June, 1918.

"Ichabod" is still a terror to us all. For though we have little fear of his cow-boy pistols and lassoes, there is much fear lest he some time trample on some of his classmates by mistake.

Whitey finds it difficult to get time enough for sleep. Between studies at night and twelve cows to be milked in the morning, besides his daily chores, there is little time left. However, Walton makes up most of this lost sleep by sleeping through his classes. Sometimes we fear for his health. But "Molly's" the doctor, eh, Whitey?

He was the very genius of famine.





MARVEL WILSON, K A

Agriculture

Milford, Delaware

Agricultural Club, Delaware Farmer Staff, Class Football '15, Delta Phi Literary Society, Corporal Co. A, "Twelfth Night."

"Marv"; "Gimpty"; "Stoney"

Marvel is an "Aggie." He comes from Milford, Ellendale, and the region known as Prime Hook Neck, "way down thar in Sokum." He seems to enjoy his work immensely, and he has a failing for English and girls. There is a report lurking around this venerable College that "Marv" is the real lady killer of Delaware College. In his Freshman year this unsophisticated youth littered the Newark streets with the broken hearts of the fair "Women Collegers" that he enraptured.

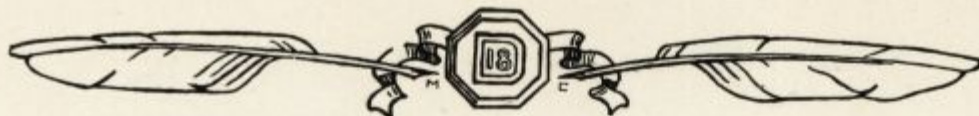
Wilson is the "champeen" water thrower of our class. For four successive days he spilled water upon the heads of unsuspecting Freshmen issuing from the chapel door. And when the Freshmen had their picture taken, Whew! but they did get wet. "Marv" ran out on the chapel steps with a bucket of water and drenched the whole bunch. Where he hid himself on that occasion, no one can discover. After great effort we found that the stove in the kitchen had been pushed away from the wall. Marvel had hidden himself behind the stove at all such times.

However, with all his faults and flunks "Marv" is a mighty reliable sort of a chap. He possesses a splendid personality and is liked by every one in College. We hope that he will be as successful in his future profession as he was in throwing water and in breaking hearts.

Sometimes he works, sometimes he plays,

But loveth much always.





ROBERT BAYNE WHEELER, JR., $\Sigma \Phi E$

Arts and Science

Wilmington, Delaware

Blue Hen Board, Delta Phi Literary Society, Class Football '15, Sergeant Co. C, "Twelfth Night."

"Bob"

"Bob" hails from Wilmington. Graduated (?) from W. H. S. in 1914, he decided to take a higher education. Modern languages claimed his attention for awhile until, after a trip to Delaware City, he decided to change his major. He now majors in rapid transit management and we have his word that he already owns two of the cars which run between New Castle and Delaware City. "Bob" has bright prospects before him. What his future vocation will be we do not know, but we venture to predict that he will be a college president some day. He has most of the necessary requirements. Just now "Bob" is the envy of the college. He is the proud possessor of a sweater which is distinctly individual. (Apologies to Liggett and Meyers.)

*I had rather be wiser than I look, than
look wiser than I am. * * * **





EARNEST STATON WILSON, Σ N

Civil Engineering

Wilmington, Delaware

Vice-Pres. Engineering Society, Blue Hen Board, Pres. Class Freshman Year, Varsity Football '14-'15-'16, Class Football '14, Indoor Meet '14-'15, Scrub Basketball '15 and '16, Class Basketball '15 and '16, Class Baseball '15 and '16, Corporal Co. A, Athletic Council '16-'17.

"Slim"

"Ernie," the modest, unassuming "child" from Wilmington High School came into prominence in our first friendly engagement with the "Sophs," when he upheld the heavy-weight honors of the stars in a wrestling bout. His success as a leader at once gained the good will of his classmates, who elected him to pilot the destinies of the class during the dreaded and fateful first year. We are afraid, however, that the great responsibility thrust upon this blond-haired "baby" has had a demoralizing effect on him. He did so much work during his first year that it appears as tho the "Hook worm" has suddenly got a firm grasp on what promised to be a very energetic youth.

Probably the strongest trait of this good-natured young man is his athletic ability. "Slim" has always been prominent in athletics, football being his specialty. He has played three years on the Varsity and each season he seems to be better than the preceding one. Next year we expect even greater things of him. But we cannot leave "Ernie" without saying that he is President of the Bachelors Club and thoroughly a "Woman Hater."

*Broad the shoulders, deep chested,
with muscles and sinews of iron.*





CHARLES LELAND WEIGLE

Arts and Science

Wilmington, Delaware

*Arts and Science Club, Review Staff,
Athenaeum Literary Society, Mandolin
Club, "Twelfth Night."*

"Nancy"

"Nancy," as this blushing little fellow is called, came to us with a vast amount of earthly knowledge. The said knowledge was gained during two years of experience as a school teacher. Although his work greatly affected him, he will probably recover. He is now able to walk around with the aid of a cane—excuse me, I mean a Pohl.

Weigle deserves a lot of credit for the interest he took in the Shakspeare Festival. In the performance of "Twelfth Night," he played the difficult part of "Feste" very successfully.

Although his nickname is somewhat significant, Weigle is a good jolly scout with a high collegiate standing. We see no reason why our classmate should not succeed. Here are our best wishes.

*Learning maketh a man fit company
for himself. * * * * **





LAWRENCE RAYMOND WITSIL

Electrical Engineering

Wilmington, Delaware

Blue Hen Board, Engineering Society, Delta Phi Literary Society, Orchestra '14-'15-'16, Freshman English Prize, "Twelfth Night," Sergeant Co. A, Inter-Society Debating Team.

"Knowledge"

Lawrence was pushed into Delaware from Wilmington High when he had exhausted its supply of knowledge. This wisdom showed so plainly on his face that it was noticed immediately by all his fellow students, especially the Sophomores. Accordingly on the annual class posters he was dubbed "Knowledge." And the name has stuck.

At almost any time of day this wise young man may be seen around the Campus with hands in pockets, usually whistling. This "don't give a d——" appearance would give one a rather false impression at first. However, he is not so bad as we have made him out to be. In English, Witsil has only one rival, all others having been vanquished. This fellow is Tommy Carswell. We have not decided whether "Knowledge" or Tommy will get Dr. Sypherd's job upon graduation. The chances now stand about even. Here are our best wishes for Witsil.

*I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my
lips, let no dog bark. * * * * **

