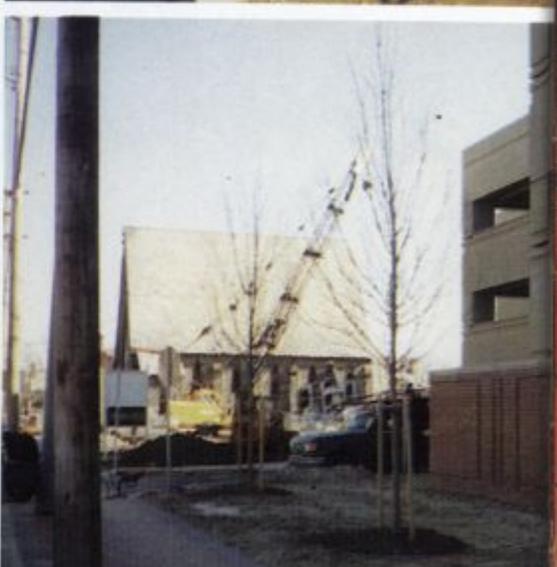
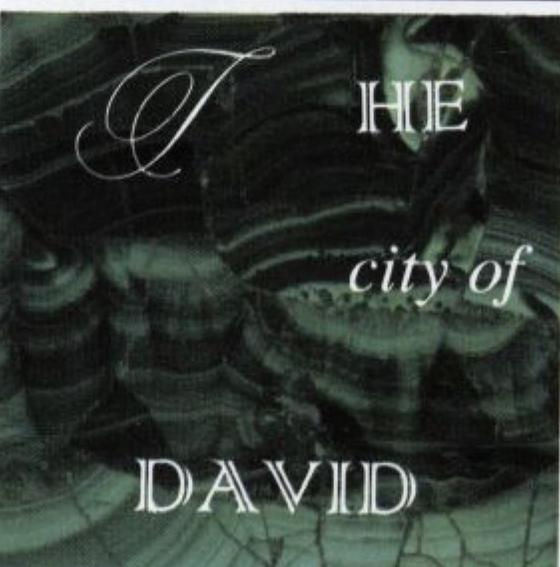
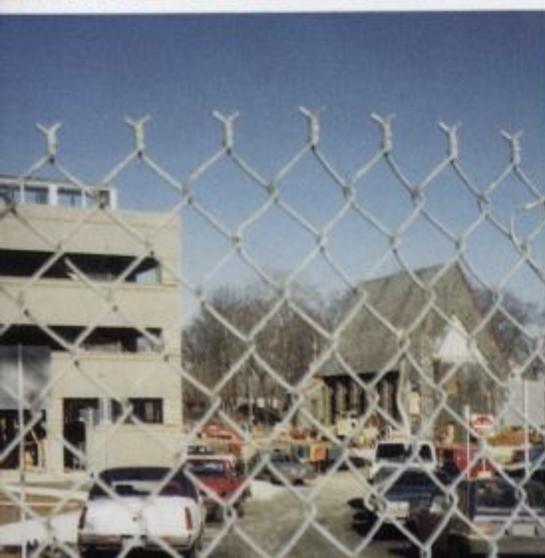


Student Life





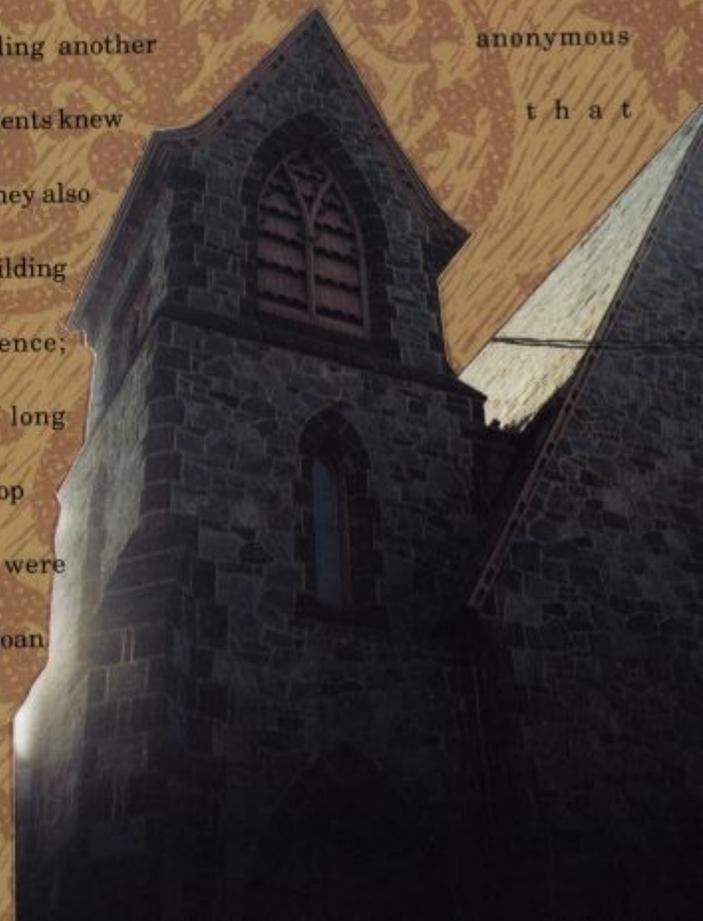
Q. What's the only thing in Newark that makes people wait longer than the lines at the Scrounge?

A. Construction. It seemed like it was everywhere at Delaware this year. If it wasn't holding up traffic on Main Street, a smallish jam could certainly be found on Cleveland Avenue. Just try making a left off of Kershaw Street!

And as one Student Center was holding students up in (at least) one line, another was being built where the Abbey once stood. It was just what students needed — another building with five cashier windows and two cashiers. Surprise!! *This* new facility also came with a parking garage (with fewer spaces than the old parking lot it was built on, no less) which effectively backed up Delaware Avenue! What more could a university student want, besides clean water running in the dormitory system?

On the other side of town, the campus was graced with the beauty of chain-link face surrounding another anonymous brick building. Although students knew that constructing a building wasn't exactly rocket science; three years was certainly long enough to be held up at a stop sign. Maybe the builders were waiting on their student loan checks to be cashed.

t h a t





NO
PLACE 
LIKE
Home

It was late August, and as any university student knew, it was time to cram every precious personal belonging into Mom and Dad's minivan and make the ever-pleasant move back to ever-exciting Delaware. Back to interesting and useful classes. Back to the cramped, cinder-walled blocks of space we called home.

Time again to enjoy spacious living quarters so conveniently located to class locations. To enjoy sumptuous meals of which we were certain of every ingredient. To once again experience the warmth, the companionship, the familiar bond of trust shared only by roommates.

So anyway, after the shock of being penned in like veal wore off, it was time to pick and pry at someone's sick idea of "quiche" with the stranger known to others as your roommate (who was at the moment making vile slurping noises with her drink). This would be the same "close friend" who later borrowed all your clothes, ate everything good in the refrigerator, and hung up those tacky animal posters all over the dorm.

This, my friend, was the pleasurable experience of On-Campus Living. You know, the lifestyle advertised in full-page ads in *The Review* as a convenient, user-friendly way to enjoy the college experience. Sure, if you enjoy cold, brown shower water; tile floors; and questionable thermostats. Or sleeping in the lounge area because no one bothered to stop assigning rooms to freshmen once they ran out. And don't we all consider two a.m. fire alarms the best part of our early years at college?

But before we knew it, fall had frozen into winter, which eventually melted into spring, and it was time to move it all out again. Only we all swore that we'd get an apartment next year.



How many of us remember riding the weekend run on the University shuttles that somehow became synonymous with the words "drunk bus?" Probably not a whole lot of us, but believe me, you've been on it. Really.

The fun started when the friends you were with decided to leave one of countless events on or off campus that particular weekend. Someone in your group was apparently sober enough to have a lucid thought and suggested taking the campus shuttle instead of walking in the Winter Session weather all the way back to Dickinson.

Once aboard the warm and well-lit shuttle, you began to converse with the other riders until mirth broke out all over and fifteen freshman were taking turns belching the alphabet. When that became tiresome, the bus

The
ride
you'll
never
remember

driver was serenaded with such rhapsodic beauty as the theme from "The Love Boat." Then it seemed like there was nothing to do. After all, you were all going to Dickinson, and we all know how long it took to get there from any point on campus.

But wait, didn't the bus schedule explicitly state that no one under the influence of drugs or alcohol would be admitted on the bus? Well, yeah, but then again, all the press regarding the Student Services building explicitly stated that problems with student scheduling would be solved, too.



OUT & ABOUT

When did it all start? For most of us it was Friday, although a few others got an early start on Thursday or even Wednesday night. Time to forget the burgeoning obligations of papers, exams, practicals, and sundry other academic-related burdens that happened to come up during the other four days of the school week. It was time to party.

Where to go, you asked? Those of us who were over 21 (and a few who weren't but had the legal documentation to prove otherwise) preferred the sticky concrete floors of the Stone Balloon, or the sticky carpet of the Down Under, or even the sticky wood covering the floor of Klondike Kate's. The taps flowed generously into frosty mugs and pitchers like Lethe, purging our minds (and hopefully just our minds) of the scourge known as academia.

Others of us not fortunate enough to be of legal drinking age and even less fortunate to be without some type of false identification were left to drink at our own risk at off-campus parties where the looming thought of imbibus interruptus by flashing lights and men in black suits hung over our heads until the first two or three keg-stands went down. After that, God himself could not stop the ensuing madness.

Of course there was always the option of fraternity parties, which weren't usually halted by authorities and were a safe bet during our underclassmen days. This would involve

the hunt for extra invites (usually from somebody's classmate's friend's RA who wasn't in that particular fraternity but knew the girlfriend of the vice-president), scrounging a few dollars to cover "beer tickets," and picking out a pair of shoes that we didn't mind parting with after the festivities ended.

And so we started out the weekend, hoping that our worst fears wouldn't be recognized: that of being stuck in a small room feeling really sick and woozy or, worse yet, being stuck in a small room feeling really sick and woozy and having to post bail in the morning.



Determined to make a goal, this Delaware athlete plans to go home and thoroughly enjoy himself after the game. Athletics was just one commitment Delaware students were obligated to before the weekend started.



She must see the light at the end of the collegiate tunnel. Commencement opened up a new world for graduating seniors. And a fresh bottle of champagne . . .

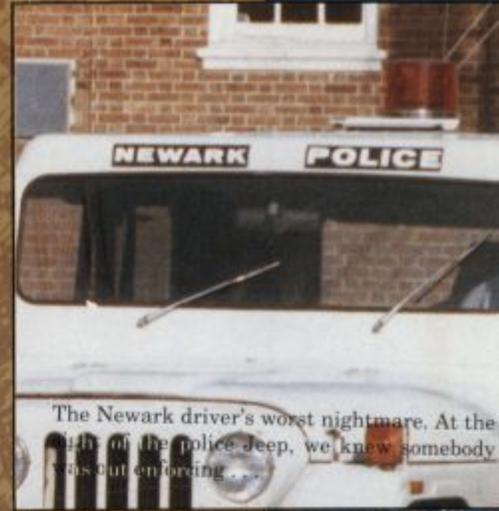


Everybody say 'cheese!!!' Senior Kate Mackrell and friends wind down a weekend function.



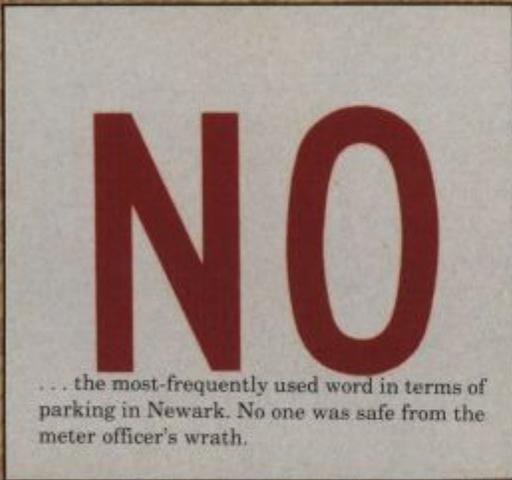


"Hello, sir. I please see some ID?" Those friendly Newark officers were always glad to meet new faces, provided they matched our driver's licenses.



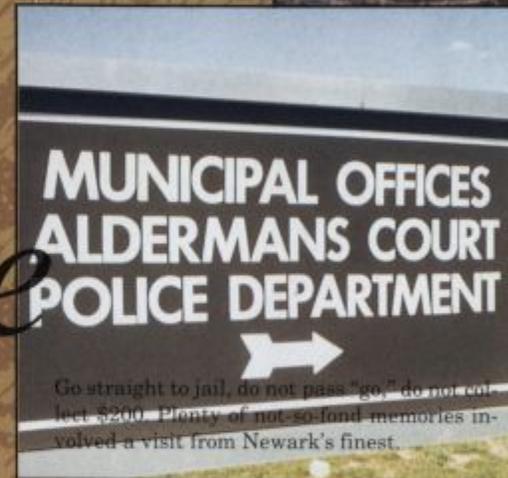
The Newark driver's worst nightmare. At the sight of the police Jeep, we knew somebody was out enforcing...

CAUGHT



... the most-frequently used word in terms of parking in Newark. No one was safe from the meter officer's wrath.

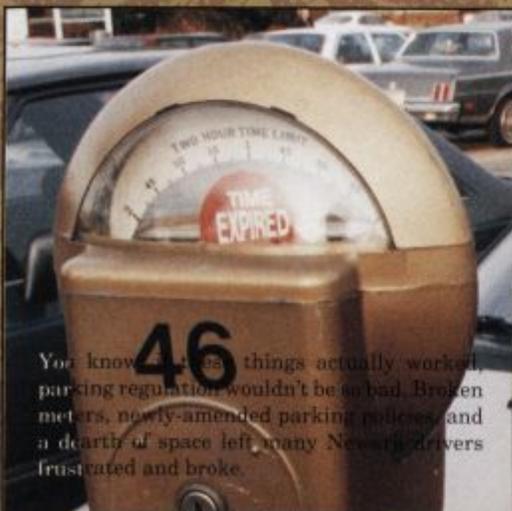
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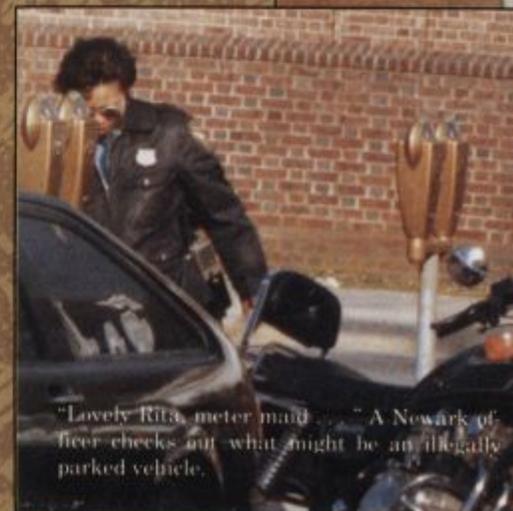
**MUNICIPAL OFFICES
ALDERMANS COURT
POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Go straight to jail, do not pass "go," do not collect \$200. Plenty of not-so-fond memories involved a visit from Newark's finest.

ACT

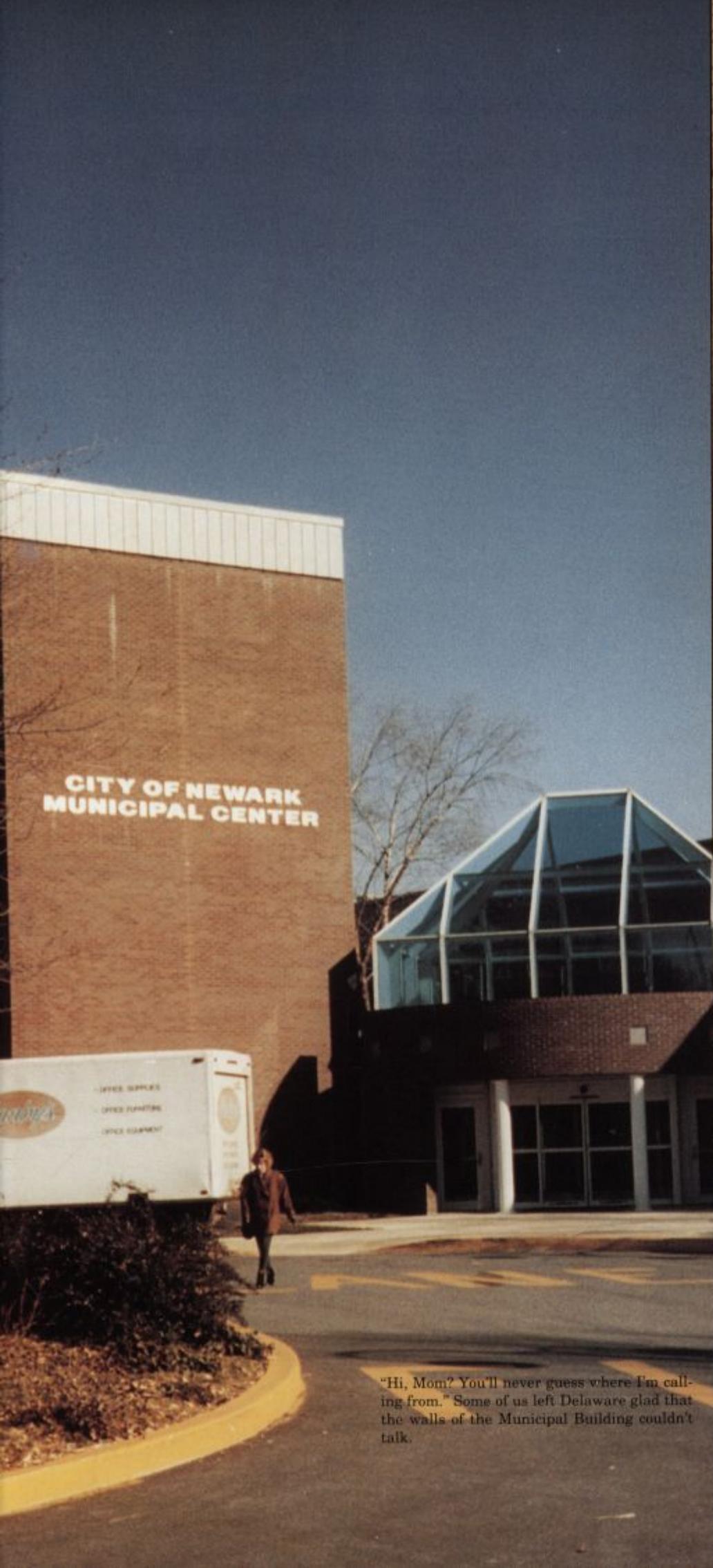


You know, **46** things actually worked, parking regulation wouldn't be so bad. Broken meters, newly-amended parking policies, and a dearth of space left many Newark drivers frustrated and broke.



"Lovely Rita, meter maid..." A Newark officer checks out what might be an illegally parked vehicle.





CITY OF NEWARK
MUNICIPAL CENTER

"Hi, Mom? You'll never guess where I'm calling from." Some of us left Delaware glad that the walls of the Municipal Building couldn't talk.

Ah, Friday night. The perfect time of the week for those wacky college antics. Most university students could be found huddled together in the small apartment or house of somebody else's friend, or any of the myriad fraternity houses on campus, enjoying the first night of the weekend amidst plastic cups and thudding music.

And then it happened. Those friendly Newark police tapped on somebody else's friend's door in an attempt to restore peace and order to the lives of the uninvited guests downstairs. Despite desperate attempts to immediately turn off the stereo and cover up the fact that forty to fifty people weren't really there, the keg(s) were found, and before anybody knew it, Officer Joe and his friends had breathalyzers in one hand and Johnny Unsuspecting Sophomore's "Under 21" ID in the other.

No doubt about it, somebody was getting arrested. And that same somebody was spending a night in a barred cell across from a large man who thought somebody had "pretty eyes."

There are more than a few unfortunate students among us who have had a run-in with the police. Violations run the gamut from underage drinking, which requires a few months of probation, to driving under the influence, with a stiffer penalty of 90 days without a driver's license.

One nameless junior said she was arrested at the summer-time party of a friend along with the hosting parents, who were arrested for serving alcohol to minors. Students related stories about being arrested at parties, on their way into dorms with alcohol, and through that perilous stretch of pavement known as Delaware Avenue.

Although being arrested was one of the scariest things that could happen to a university student during his or her college career. At least it was a *really* valid excuse for Mom and Dad to send some money our way.

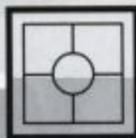


We'd seen the cure for polio, a vaccine for chicken pox, but would there ever be the perfect, sure-thing hangover cure? The question boggled our mind over our (approximately) four-year stay at Chez UD, particularly on those weekend mornings when our heads were splitting, our eyes



were about to pop free from our skulls, and we couldn't feel our legs from under the covers.

When university students came up with answers for the no-fail hangover cure, points had to be given for creativity. There was the "Iced Tea and More Iced Tea" cure, the "Vitamin

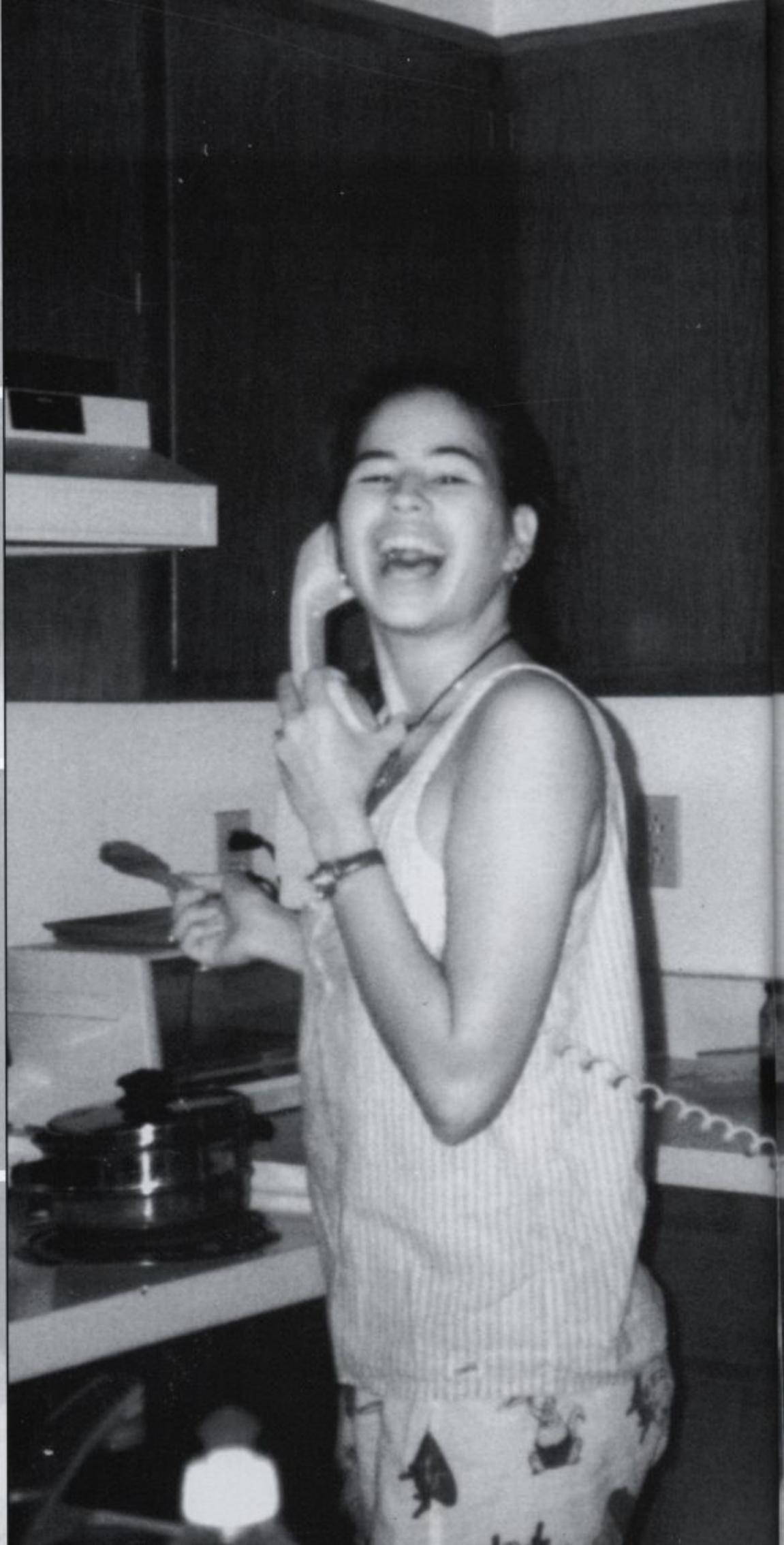


E and Advil Before Bed" cure, and not without merit, the dreaded five mile run (usually from one end of campus to the other after "talking" with a good friend found at any one of the usual Newark hot spots).

Of course, by 2:00 pm on Saturday afternoon, having washed down more than the national RDA of Vitamin E and Advil with



quarts of iced tea, sweaty from our multi-mile runs, we called our attempt at hangover relief futile and suddenly remembered that after the first four or five beers, we would be happily anesthetized from the morning's anguish, again blind to the torture that would ensue sometime Sunday.



Okay, so we went from the Saturday night party or bar excursion that led to the run-in with Officer (not *offsifer*) Smith, a suspended license and a cozy seat in the friendly Newark gulag. What could possibly happen next?

We had to wake up sometime, you know. And when the late morning/early afternoon sun did finally rouse us from our very sound sleep, we realized it was time to pay the piper, or maybe post bail.

The fabled Day After. It was rarely quiet and never dark enough to soothe the headache that had seeped its way into the deepest recesses of the cranium, and there was always a chipper

Photyshit

roommate or friend who could not understand why we would rather not study for the Bio practical that was due on Monday.

Ah, the private agony of the hangover. By two p.m. the next day, we decided that those tasty drinks we were slurping down at a good clip were not worth the cataclysmal after-effects which included empty pockets, constant trips to the bathroom, and (in the worst-case scenario of one nameless Blue Hen), a happy stranger cooking scrambled eggs in your kitchen.

Many Delaware seniors summed up the aftermath of their twenty-first birthday in one oft-uttered phrase: "I will never drink again," stated most often in the home of a good friend who was hospitable enough to show them the door to a much needed bathroom.

One week later, we were once again amongst friends, happily pickled on a barstool at Kate's, oblivious to the impending doom which would await us the next day.

Laura Greene busily recounts the prior evening's festivities while fixing something, *anything*, to eat.



After a year or so of tolerating mint green cinder-block walls, brown shower water, and blue Formica doors, we decided it was time for a change. Upon signing the lease to our new house/apartment/ townhouse, we gleefully passed up the invitations to join other students for another year of campus living and packed up for the relative splendor of off-campus housing.

We persuaded Mom, Dad, and the rest of our family to donate their unused furniture to add to the comfort of our new place. By September we and our roommates had accumulated assorted plastic cups from various fraternity parties, a set of old plastic dishes, an orange plaid sofa, two mismatched end tables, and an old TV set. Add that to the small comforts we had acquired from our dorm days, and before we knew it, we were settled in and ready to host a housewarming party.

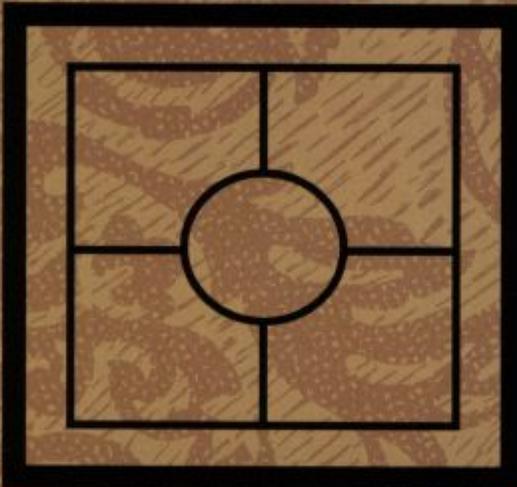
Two or three months later, we realized that off-campus life had just as many inconveniences as living on campus. While one roommate was an utter slob, the other was an anal-retentive, power-hungry neat freak who insisted that the Ansel poster *had* to go right *here* or the duration of her life at Park Place would be an incessant thorn in her side. As if she wasn't a big enough thorn in the first place.

And then there was the question of pets. Dogs, cats, ferrets, and any other form of animate (though non-human) life abounded in some student's apartments. One anonymous student admits to killing his roommate's piranhas by feeding them frozen turkey from the freezer. "How was I supposed to know it would kill them? They looked hungry!"

Dishes piled in the sink, empty kegs remained either on the kitchen floor or the balcony, the TV got no reception because you-know-who forgot to pay the bill, somebody's parents were coming on Saturday, the place was a mess, but what the hell . . . it was ours.

Off-Campus
Living
With
A
Mess





"Quick, put out the fire, it's the landlord!" The ability to throw parties without the spectre of looming RA's was one reason students like Dave Harris and Neil Dahya made the shift to off campus housing.

"I don't invite her, I don't even *know* her . . . do you?" Deck parties were always more fun when the deck was your own.

Ignoring inclement weather, Stu Hughes cooks up dinner for the crew on O'Daniel St.



The Steaks are High



"Do you taste something funny? I do." Mystery has its advantages, but did any one want to associate the words "mystery" and "food?"

First to go was the Grab-N-Go. We could shrug that off. Then The Abbey. Then those bastards known as "they" took away our points, the only insurance we had of eating something we could actually identify as food.

How many of us had to endure the mandatory meal plan program? It was as if all those efforts we had made to keep out of the dining halls just backfired. We were reduced to freshman in the eyes of Dining Services.

In an attempt to allow students to exercise their freedom of choice, the university decided to revoke the popular "all points" choice from the dining plan selection except for those students living in the Christiana Towers.

Mmmm . . . the dining halls. What scrumptious choice will it be tonight? Pasta with your choice of tasty red or white sauce? How about tacos — was it really meat or did it just fall to the face of the earth from a distant star? Best yet, Manager's Choice. Who were these managers, and why couldn't we see them? Did they expect us to believe that managers were really *choosing* to eat this crap??

And for dessert . . . well! What yummy shade of jiggly confection did you prefer — green or red? Maybe you chose those tasty "cookies" — were they baked or just fabricated?

Most students chose to stick to the foods they could most easily recognize in the dining halls, which meant your choice of salad, salad, or salad. "I just usually opt for cereal," said Dan, a junior. At least we had the comfort of knowing that Mom and Dad were at home measuring out bowlfuls of Cap'n Crunch while putting us through school.



"If you don't look, it's really not so bad." While some students faced the Delaware dining process with apprehension, others abetted their fears with a little denial.





THE TOP 10 THINGS YOU'LL NEVER

HEAR AT THE DINING HALL

TOP TEN PHRASES
YOU WILL NEVER
HEAR REGARDING
THE NEW MEAL PLAN:

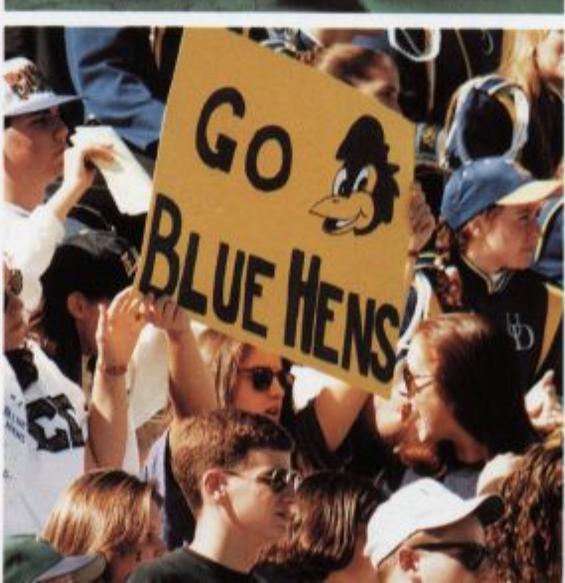
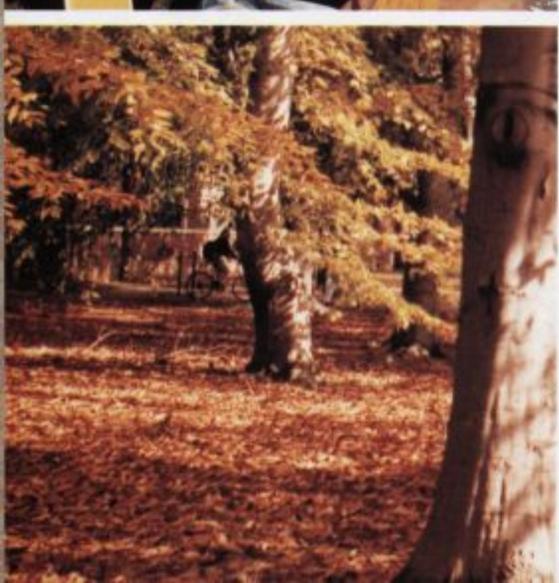
- 1.) "This new meal plan ensures that I get the nutrition I need!"
- 2.) "I can always go to Kent!"
- 3.) "The Dining Services staff is so friendly and patient!"
- 4.) "I don't miss my points at all!"
- 5.) "Manager's Choice Night? I love Manager's Choice!"
- 6.) "Getting up at 7:00 to be ready for breakfast really gets me going in the morning!"
- 7.) "Hey, race ya for seconds!"
- 8.) "Mmmmm . . . What smells so good?"
- 9.) "No, Mom, that's okay. Why waste the extra money on postage when I can get perfectly good cookies in the dining hall?"
- 10.) "I don't remember what I did before they made the meal plan mandatory!"



University
of Delaware
Campus
Stadium



(G)OOD
to be
HOMIE





For some returning Delaware grads, a sunny October Saturday was the perfect opportunity to return to their *alma mater*, a chance to bump into old friends amidst throngs of fellow alumni and future university graduates.

For two certain individuals, October 22nd was a day to shine in front of thousands as votes were counted for this year's Homecoming King and Queen.

As for those of us with more humble social standings, the words "Homecoming Weekend" meant an opportunity to ignore the ever-growing heap of academic turmoil in order to hover around the beer-filled pickup truck of somebody else's friend until the Big Game was over and it was time to move on to somebody else's friend's apartment.



The Homecoming festivities began on Friday, with activities to get any Blue Hen into the Homecoming spirit: face painting, Name That Tune (tell 'em what they've just won, Johnny . . . a brand new goldfish!!), and sumo wrestling sponsored by DUSC. A rousing pep rally followed by a bonfire announced the end of this year's kooky college hi-jinx and students went home to prepare for the next day's Big Game.

The Blue Hens found an easy target in UMass, trouncing the new England team 52-14. "It just reinforces that it doesn't take a whole lot (to win) if you get 11 guys who decide they want to play," Coach Tubby Raymond later said of the game. This year's homecoming victory was significant — Delaware scored over fifty points for a second time that season, and senior full-back Daryl Brown became the first Hen to rush for more than 4000 yards.



Half-time briefly interrupted the Hen's victory to announce this year's Homecoming King and Queen, selected by university students. After the nominees were announced and the ballots counted, Michael Piacente of IFC and Kathryn Emery of Delaware's Pan-Hellenic Council were crowned as 1994's Homecoming King and Queen.

And then it was over. Spectators waded through the layer of streamed streamers and empty plastic cups on the stadium floor and retired to bars, Post-Homecoming activities, anywhere that would relish the memories of the day behind and wait for next year's fall weekend to arrive.



DON'T MIESS



WITH ME

I hab a cold

It was February, the heart of cold season. She was a hurt puppy, caught in the middle of a virus so strong she could barely pull herself to the bathroom to once again take a ride on the magic porcelain bus.

We all know who she is, but we'll call her Jen (are you at all surprised?).

You see, Jen made the foolish mistake of moving in with her boyfriend in the dead of winter when there is little else to do other than watch TV and spread viruses. Now Jen lay in bed, weak and so delirious from her fever that she was composing odes to ginger ale and saltines (Ginger ale, ginger ale/Tingly and sweet/I sure hate these crackers/But they're all I can eat).

It was a bad virus, but Jen felt she should press on and endure the second day of Spring classes. Four layers of clothing and two cups of Medi-Flu later, Jen felt like she could attack her schedule with newfound power. By 9:50, she had practically collapsed in her 8:00 class only to salute her shoes on the way to her Lab.

Later that day, still bedridden and feverish from the mighty grip of this horrendous illness, Jen recommended to her boyfriend that a priest should come to the apartment and administer last rites. That was when her patient, loving beau reminded her that she was in fact protestant but he could hire a drama coach to enhance her powers at the melodrama.

For a petite bedridden girl, Jen sure did pack a hell of a punch on her boyfriend's eye.





For some of us, the Newark atmosphere just didn't do it. We needed something different. Hence, the Halloween celebration in Wilmington known simply as "the Loop."

Every year, Wilmington bars gear up for the event, offering assorted Halloween festivities to the hundreds of local party-seekers making the pilgrimage in cognito. The result is a city-wide block party of sorts.

We donned our costumes, grabbed our ID's and an unspecified amount of cash, and jumped on the bus. Headed for the City that Usually Sleeps, we anticipated walking the streets of Wilmington in our brand-

Loop

de

Loop

new costumes finding every drink special we could until it was time to come back home.

By about midnight, we had seen about 50 black cats, countless vampires, and somebody who had taken the risk of being the bunch of grapes from the Fruit of the Loom commercial. But then, we couldn't have actually relied on our senses, as we saw two of each of our friends on the way home.





A MONSTER

BASH

October 31.

It was the one day of the year that any self-respecting Delaware student would be caught dead wearing low-riding corduroy bell-bottoms and a butterfly collared shirt with a landscape motif.

Halloween had struck campus, and students in myriad forms of costumes ambled the streets of Newark looking for a masquerade party. Of course, there were the obligatory witches, goblins, ghosts, and black cats. Then came the more creative costumes. Judge Lance Ito spent the evening in Newark, as did Jasmine of *Aladdin* fame, and a Keystone Cop was escorting them safely through the streets lest any real cops want to put a damper on the evening's events.

In an effort to minimize the incidence of obligatory Halloween mischief, plenty of Newark's finest could be seen in patrol cars, gazing over the city with a watchful eye. Try as you might to convince them, the cops apparently couldn't see simply by your costume that, of course you were over 21, you had just decided to masquerade as a sophomore in the spirit of the evening.

Although Halloween fell on a traditionally socially-slow Monday night, plenty of Blue Hens were out past their bedtimes roving the streets of Newark, hopping from party to party, oblivious to the fact that those eight-o'clock classes would be held despite the fog of alcoholic stupor that would surely be invading many dorms and apartments in the Newark area by sunrise.

In the face of all the fun and festivities, however, a few university students could be found in their dorms or apartments, ignoring the pleas to come out and play to instead recover from too much fun had on the Loop a few nights before. Were they really recovering from the actual hangover, we wondered, or were they staying in for fear of being recognized as the now-legendary "Puking Ghost" seen by hundreds on the streets of Wilmington?





Is this young man's face red due to exerted strength or because he just ran into someone he hadn't expected? The aftermath of fleeting relationships sometimes set up unexpected results.



Remember the commercial about the stranger and the flowers? This university student is smiling the smile that only flowers from a secret admirer can bring.

HOWS



Surprisingly enough, these two students really are just talking! Co-ed dorms brought the opportunity to explore the benefits of platonic relationships with members of the opposite sex.

ABOUT



Michael Piascente, the University of Delaware's Homecoming King for 1994. Apparently, Piascente was the object of many female student's desires.

we...



"Hi, Bill. Don't you remember me from last Friday?" Hopefully most of us knew when to say "when" when it came to those infamous "beer goggles."



Members of the LGBSU at Student Activities night. The actions of this campus group provides a friendly atmosphere for gay and bisexual students.





Caught in the act! Apparently, quite a lot of this talking is done under blankets. Must be a really big secret.

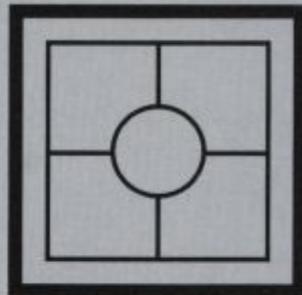
The year was 1991, when many of us members of the senior class were mere freshmen, settling into our brand-new homes for the first time. Who could forget those first few months when we forged ahead into the brave new world of collegiate adventure?

In our new dorms, we made close friends out of people who were mere strangers only hours before. And from these new acquaintances evolved two distinct groups. We had our friends with whom we went to class, ate meals, went out, and studied.

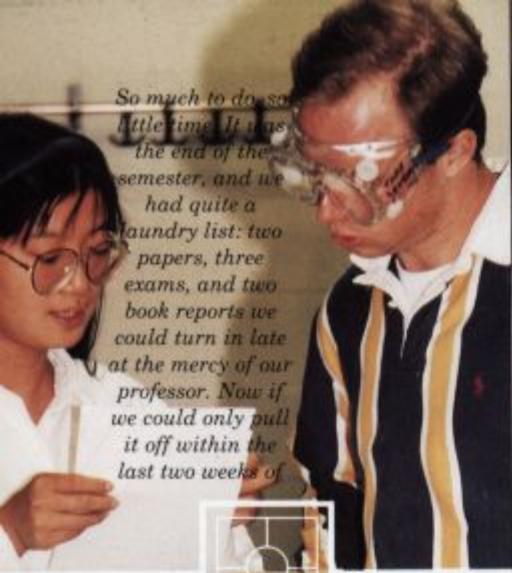
Then we had our *friends*. You know, the special types of friends with whom we preferred to take meals and study behind closed doors. These were the only friends allowed to separate the sacred bond of room-matehood with a sock (or tie, or scarf) looped around the doorknob to indicate said friend's presence.

What was this secret activity taking place in such clandestine surroundings? What one single desire could make one forsake his or her roommate's right to his or her own bed?

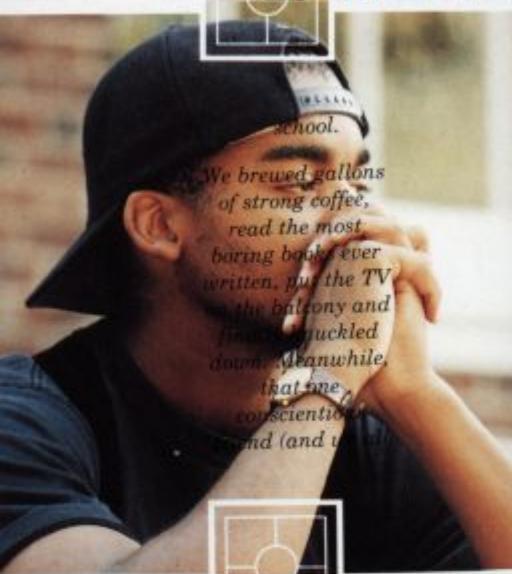
Talking. And apparently, by the middle of fall semester, we had quite a lot to say to each other. Sometimes, we became so involved in our intellectual parley that we would emerge with mussed hair and clothing that was either wrinkled or put on backwards. One Blue Hen senior even recalls someone down the hall who did so much talking with a friend down the hall that the label "Power Room" was applied to that person's door.



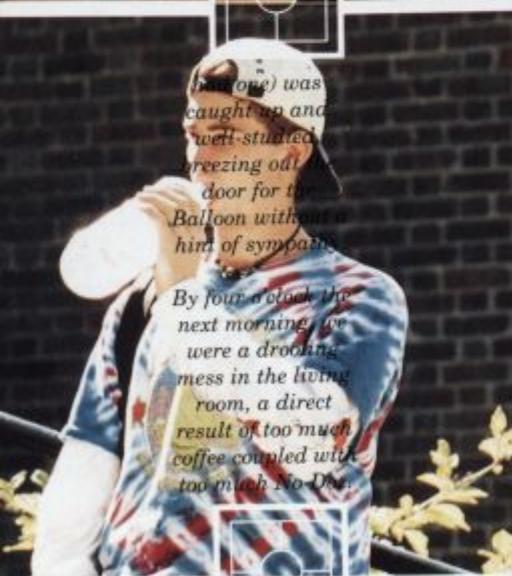
Purely conversational power, we're sure.



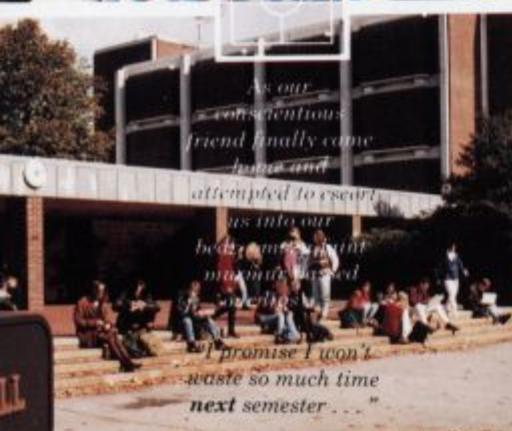
So much to do so little time. It was the end of the semester, and we had quite a laundry list: two papers, three exams, and two book reports we could turn in late at the mercy of our professor. Now if we could only pull it off within the last two weeks of



school. We brewed gallons of strong coffee, read the most boring books ever written, put the TV on the balcony and finally slumped down. Meanwhile, that one conscientious friend (and u



had one) was caught up and well-studied, breezing out the door for the Balloon without a hint of sympathy. By four o'clock the next morning, we were a drooping mess in the living room, a direct result of too much coffee coupled with too much No-Do.



As our conscientious friend finally came home and attempted to escort us into our beds, my friend murmured a few words. "I promise I won't waste so much time next semester..."



Procrastination. Sometimes life at the University of Delaware made us wonder why our mascot was the Blue Hen when the Artful Dodger would be so much more appropriate.

How many times were we diligently studying (really, we were going to sit down for an hour and study this time) when we looked out our window to see blue skies, sunbathers, and our cars just sitting there doing nothing? Why study when Nature's bounty beckoned, when the gentle autumn breezes whispered that summer wasn't over just yet, when the Down Under was having Buck a Beer night?

We skated along for the first six weeks of the semester, lounging at cafe tables when the weather permitted and inside our dorms or apartments when it did not. Then, before we knew it, the end was near. The grim spectres of final exams and term papers were looming within

At the Wire

the last week of the semester, leaving us with one thought to reflect upon . . .

WHERE DID ALL THE TIME GO? Why were we wasting our time in front of 90 East Main, various University hangouts, and places we couldn't even remember when we should have been in classes, the library, anywhere but where we were before we realized the end was coming??

We typed like fiends, flooded the library, pulled all-nighters — anything we could to make up for lost time, hoping and praying to whatever deity would listen to save our grades and keep our GPA's from plummeting any further. We sharpened our #2 pencils, ate a good breakfast and took our finals, only to sit at home and rue the day Mom found the grade mailers interspersed among the tuition bills and loan statements.

With excuses prepared, shameful looks and apologies ready to offer, we heard every fiber of the mailer break as the perforated edges were meticulously torn off. Our shoulders cringed in anticipation of the solemn toll of the "D"s and "C-"s that were surely appearing this semester, only to see a look of satisfaction come across Mom's mouth. We had gotten by on the skin of our teeth once again, and swore it would be much better — the next time.

"Is that Mom and Dad? I'd better get this garbage out quick!" Dumping the evidence of last night's party, this Delaware student shows that waiting until the last minute isn't always a disadvantage.



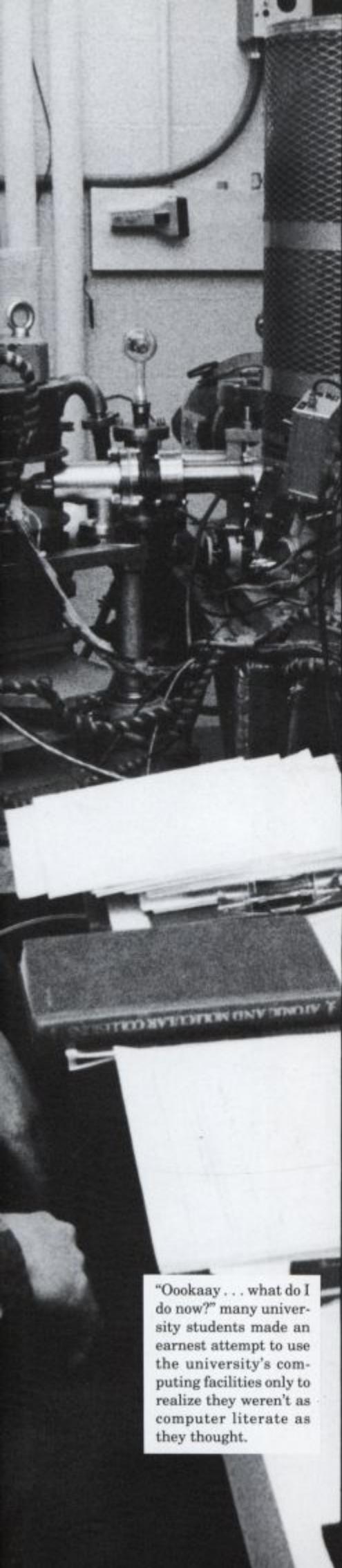
It was the night before a major term paper was due, and there we sat in the bowels of Smith Hall, waiting for someone to give up a computer. Seven thirty came and went. Eight o'clock melted into nine o'clock, and by nine fifteen we were jumpy, restless, and shift. With the first sound of chair legs squeaking against the tile floor, we leaped up in happiness, readying our papers and books for project completion, only to find it was our own chair making the noise, not someone getting up to leave.

Computing sites at the University of Delaware ranked right below the numerous student centers in terms of accessibility and efficiency to the average student. How many times did we jet down to Memorial Hall, Morris Library, or Smith Hall only to find all computers were occupied for the next two hours? Oh, forgot your disk? Good luck trying to pry a spare from the friendly staff. Couldn't remember the log-in code to Word Perfect? They had one for you . . . GO HOME.

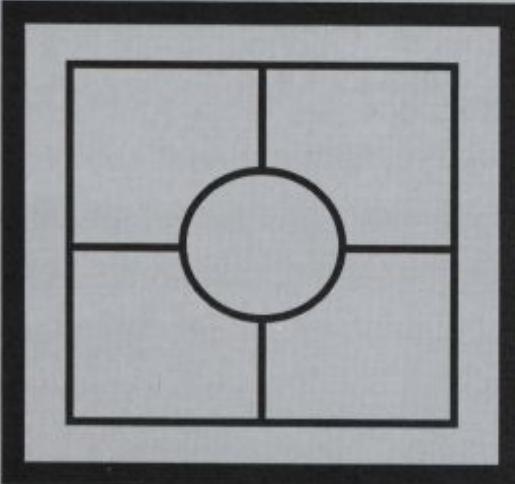
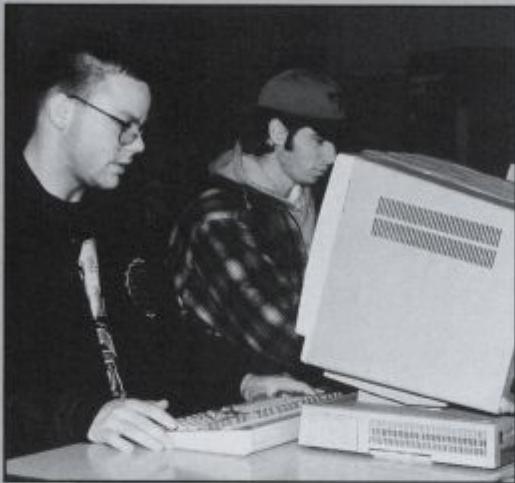
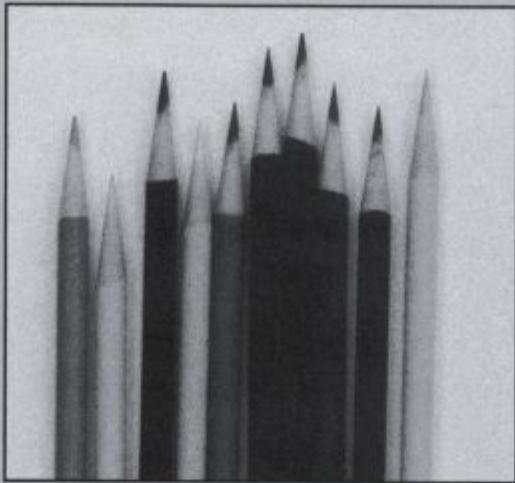
But computing at the university wasn't without its advantages. Delaware recently acquired an e-mail network, making communication with other students and university faculty much easier and less intimidating. Additionally, the Gopher system at Morris Library gave students access to national bulletin boards on thousands of subjects as well as information on area apartments and other housing opportunities.

As the university becomes increasingly computer literate, convenience becomes more and more a part of the average student's vocabulary. Drop/Add has been reduced to entering numbers from the telephone, and unofficial transcripts can be procured from computers in the Student Center. Now if we could only find some way to technologically cut through being "well-rounded."





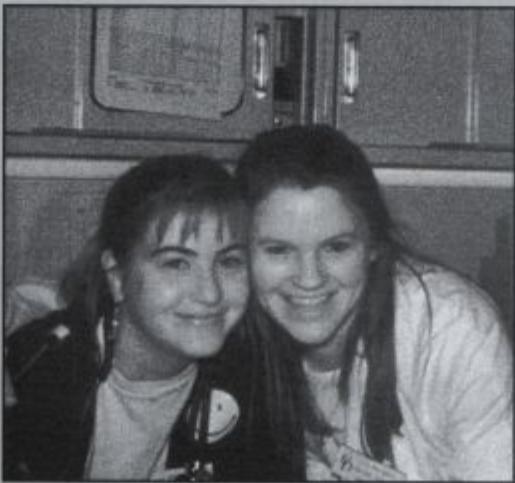
"Oookaay . . . what do I do now?" many university students made an earnest attempt to use the university's computing facilities only to realize they weren't as computer literate as they thought.



Pencils. They don't talk back, and they've never heard of down time. Why do we forsake them?

A typical busy night for the library's many DELCAT stations. The majority of students say they would be lost without the library's computer database.

Wendy Reuter and Lisa Raamot take a break from their duties as student nurses at the Christiana Hospital. Computers have played a major role in the field of medical technology.



Remember giddily sending away for your own application and prospectus for the University of Delaware? Remember how excited you felt on the Campus Tour with Mom and Dad?

As the cool November breezes swept multi-colored leaves across the steps of Memorial Hall, we looked across the vast reaches of the Delaware campus, took a deep breath, and with Dad's hand resting firmly on our shoulders, thought to ourselves, "This is where I want to spend the next four years of my life."

All the excitement, all the giddiness, all the happiness didn't hold a candle to the misery and dejection we all felt once we learned that the pipedream we heard from the Campus Tour guides simply didn't exist.

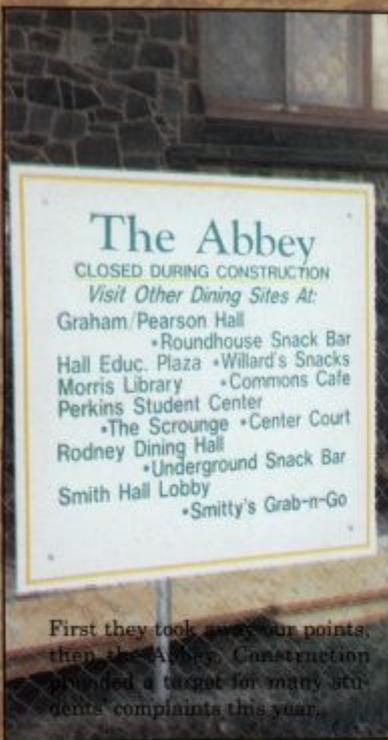
They *promised* us we'd be living in spacious dormitories where just about every comfort we had at home was afforded to us . . . we got a 12x12 room with tile floors and cinder block walls, bunk beds, and bathrooms that were down (way down) the hall. So assuming we all lived in the family garage before moving into our dorms, well, it was sort of like home.

They told us that the dining halls paid strict attention to dietary requirements and nutritional needs . . . we got a choice between red or white sauce on our pasta.

They told us the curriculum here at Delaware offered us a host of choices which would in turn provide us with a state-of-the-art, well-rounded education . . . we sat through such mental cotton candy as Ornamental Horticulture, General Sociology, and (in the most hopeless of cases), Ballad and Folksong.

And this doesn't include the stack of parking violations that will surely keep somebody from graduating, the constant traffic-snarling construction detours, or that asinine piece of multi-colored foam that we fondly call YoU-Dee.

Get Over It



First they took away our points, then the Abbey. Construction provided a target for many students' complaints this year.

"Can I just tell you? Move-In Day complaints run the gamut from "too crowded" to "I just love carrying a 19" television up four flights of stairs."



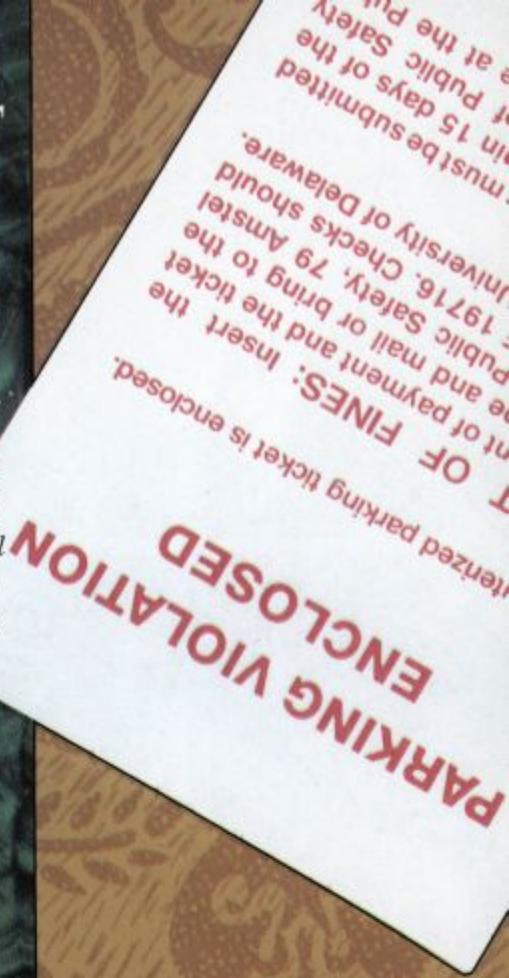
LIKE IT ENDS THERE

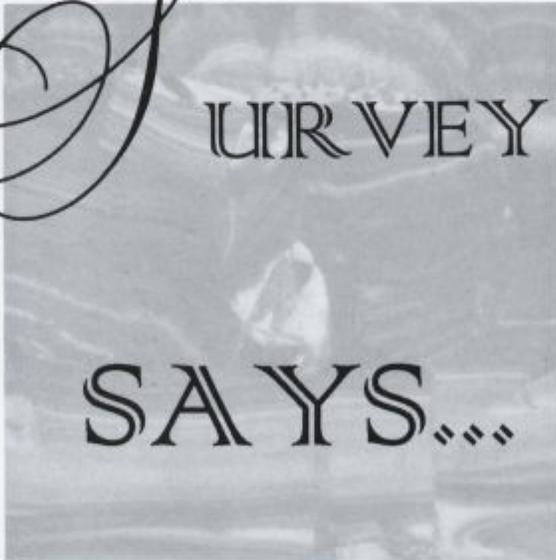
And we thought that was all we had to complain about. Ever try dropping a class past the six-week deadline? Unless a leg fell off or a random synapse in the brain caused us to see giant laughing squirrels around every corner, we considered ourselves stuck.

Oh, here's a good one. The scene: Morris Library, 3:45 p.m. We cheated the time restrictions on the gold lot just once to return a book (to avoid library fines) and instead get a ticket for \$50. Man, that must have been some costly pavement.

Or how about those friendly folks running the bookstore? Always ready to greet us with a smile, we heard in a Marge Simpson-esque type of drone, "Well, you can't just expect to write a check without your student ID." As if our sole intention was to rip the university off for a couple of coma-inducing textbooks.

Come graduation, we had found fault with just about every system the university ran under the false pretenses of "student convenience." So much for customer satisfaction, we just wanted our degrees.







Statistics have shown that approximately 40% of the female students at the University of Delaware are named Jennifer, or more appropriately, Jen. While that may sound somewhat overestimated, think about it for a second . . .

There was Jen our roommate. Jenn our sorority sister. The girl down the hall in Towne Court was named Jen. Who did we meet at Deer Park? Jen. Our study partner for US History? Jenn. Mind you, these people weren't all the same Jen.

We had tons of them at Delaware, as if Admissions had placed a quota on Jents.

Jenn Allen. Jen Brown. Jen Callahan. Jenn Davis.

Jenn Edwards. Sure enough, look in a recent year-

book, class roster, or student directory, and there

was a Jen for every letter of the alphabet. What

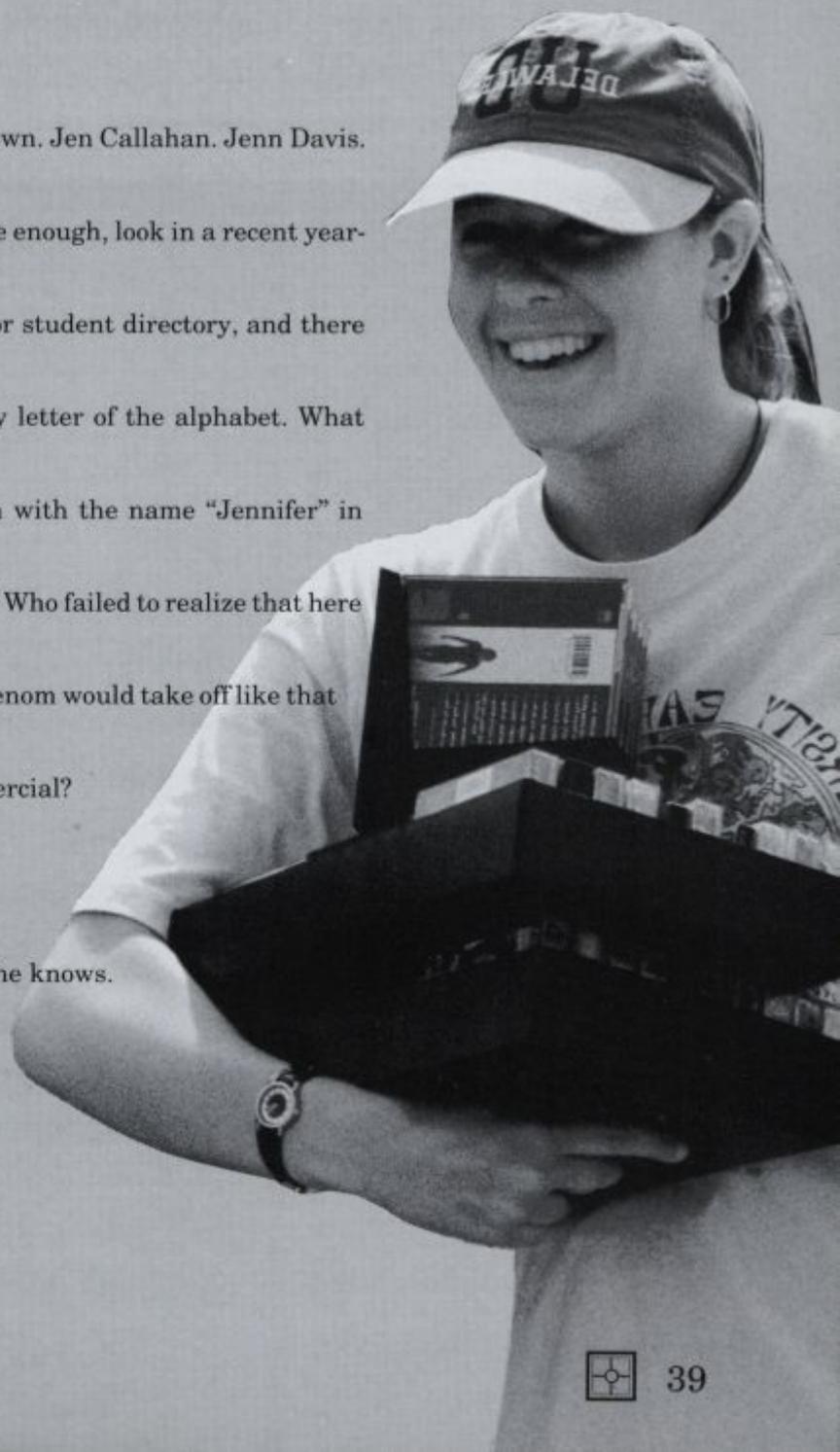
was the fascination with the name "Jennifer" in

the early seventies? Who failed to realize that here

in 1995, the Jen Phenom would take off like that

old shampoo commercial?

Ask Jenn. Maybe she knows.



THE WAY

WIE

were

Not to be outdone by the graduated classes before them, fashion-conscious university students took to Newark's streets with a wealth of different looks this year.

A holdover from last year's biggest trend, the alternative look was still popular, with many students sporting big jeans, big sweaters, and big shorts. Rounding out the look were the requisite Doc Martens and pocket chains.

Flowing shirts, tie-dye tees, Birkenstocks, and wool sweaters were the preferred look for others at the university, who proved that relaxed comfort could also be fashionable.

Of course, the unmistakable casual-prep look of J. crew, Ralph Lauren, and the gap was still going strong, proving that we couldn't go wrong with a blue oxford, khakis, and bass bucks.

But, like millions of other college students across the country, many Delaware students opted for the tried and true look of plain ol' why-get-dressed-up-for-psych 101 jeans and t-shirts (see photo). Why spend hundreds of dollars on clothes that say, "Look at me!" When we were usually found nodding off to sleep in Smith Hall with a just-noticeable pool of Saliva forming on those fold-down desks?





"Did you catch that?"

"No, what did it sound like?"

Probably one of the biggest stumbling blocks on the educational obstacle course is the Foreign Professor. Why is it that as course material becomes more difficult to comprehend, so does the professor's accent?

Math students are probably the ones who bear the brunt of the confusion. Is it any easier to try to comprehend the intricacies of a cost function when your professor has to repeat his sen-

Say What?

tences at least two or three times?

Then there's the foreign professor who teaches, surprise, foreign language! To further complicate the process, the language isn't his native tongue. By the end of the semester, thirty students have become utterly flustered with a man who speaks flawless German, perfect French, but muddles his English so completely that the students now speak French with a German accent.





WHAT

THEY TOLD ME

They told us during Freshman Convocation that we were facing the biggest educational challenge of our lifetime. For the next four years, we would be striving to succeed in becoming an educated, well-rounded adult. There would be little time for socializing, they told us. We were here to work.

That speech frightened us until dinnertime of the same day. Most of us breezed through freshman year, and by the end of sophomore year, we were totally jaded. We signed up for eight o'clock classes, and during finals week counted on one hand the number of times we attended. Classes like World Religions and Philosophies of Life translated into "easy A."

While we know that too much of a social life would put us back at Chez Momanddad, we also knew the phrase about the work and the play and the dull guy. When Thursday night rolled around, the books started collecting dust on the top of our pristine desk (it looked like it had never been touched . . . surprise!!) until the weekend officially ended at 10 p.m. Sunday night.

So after blowing off the majority of our classes and socializing to great excess, what did we really learn in college?

a.) Cliff Notes were just as good as the assigned material. One Delaware student remembers being moved by the Cliff Notes to Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

b.) You can put absolutely any excuse past a lab TA.

c.) The tedious monotony of class attendance is easily avoided by signing up with a few friends and adhering to the rotation schedule.

d.) Never bait a Newark police officer.

By the time these hard lessons of life in college had been learned, we were sitting through the long-awaited Commencement address where they told us how wonderfully we had succeeded in attaining those Delaware degrees. Most of us sat in awe, amazed that we actually *wanted* to attend a lecture for once.



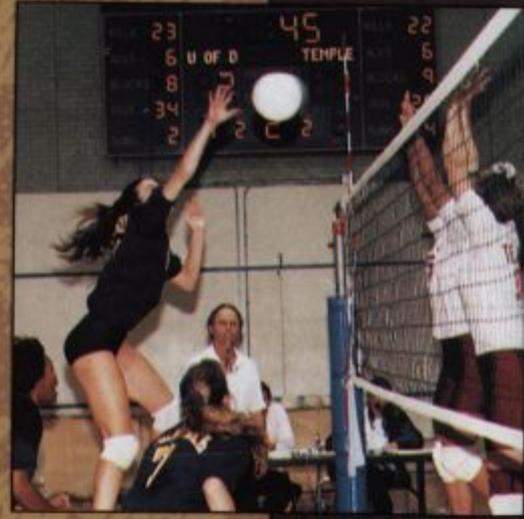
Remember those long weary nights at Morris-Library? Upon commencement, many of us plan never to set foot inside a library again.



"Take out a Number Two pencil . . ." Were all the Number One pencils recalled? Just another mystery at the University of Delaware . . .

Finally at the end of her educational degree, this long-time Blue Hen receives her Ph.D. from the university.





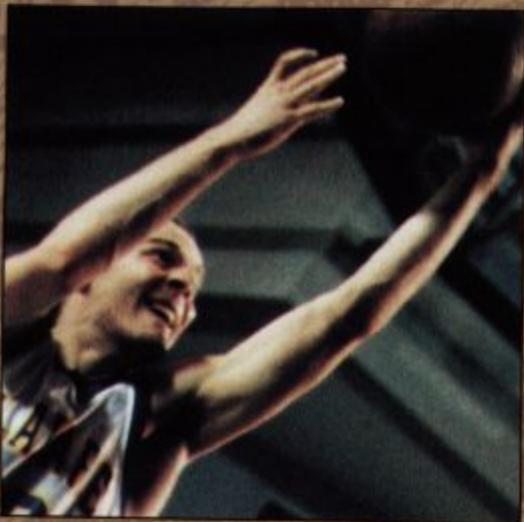
WHAT



||

really

LEARNED





On day one I learned that it was not "my" room.

I learned my social security number, and I know not to wash allergy pills down with beer. Very bad.

I can say with confidence that staying up all night to study doesn't work, and studying all week is just no fun. And, if you try real hard, you can get a free lunch.

Happy Hour at The DU is the best, and only you can make it anything but.

You have to learn it the hard way, but the sun does always come up tomorrow, and when you least expect it your friends are there for you.

The cleanest bathrooms are in Hullahen Hall, and never eat in the library. They don't care how hungry you are.

When you need them, Kinko's is out of transparencies and the folks in Smith don't give a damn.

You can't beat a tailgate, or a Wilburfest. A bottle of vodka, a bottle of rum, and three gallons of fruit punch really help the celebration.

A letter grade doesn't tell the whole story, and only your friends know the truth. No one is the same, and that's the best part.

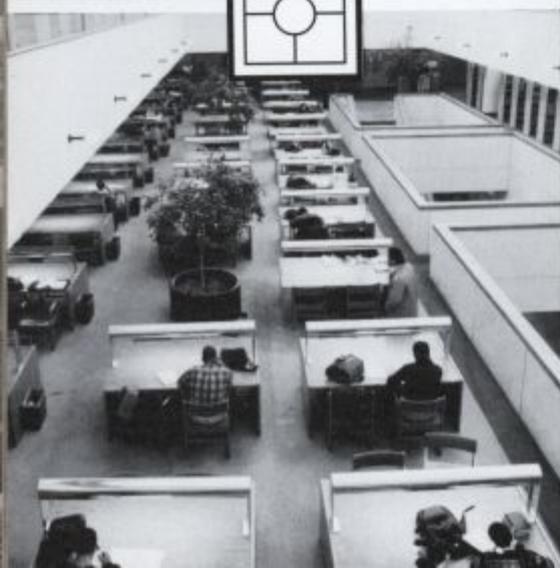
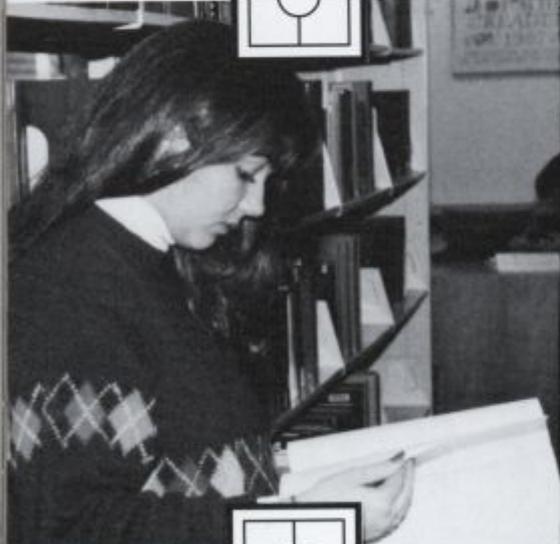
I know my car will get towed across from Kate's, giving me yet another reason to cross the Carpenter Field. Who *hasn't* in the Carpenter Field?

I know that this place has been the best, and I know it's been the worst. And I wouldn't have it any other way.





CIR...TION





The Finals Frontier

Rudolph and the Grinch were on TV, wrapping presents took over study time for finals, and we sent catalogs full of gift ideas to Mom, Dad, and whoever else would listen.

Happy Holidays!! December is always the month of perpetual hope, happiness, and hospitality, and this year's holiday was no exception at the university.

Santa Claus in all his manifestations was on every corner of Main Street, menorahs glowed through frosty windows, and the holiday season spread a thick blanket of cheer throughout the city of Newark.

Even the crowded parking lots of the Christiana Mall couldn't get us down. We shopped frantically for the perfect holiday gifts for our friends and family, decked the halls and lit our candles, anxiously counting down the days before Winter Break.

With all the cheer and holiday spirit flowing freely across the campus, what was the best part of the fall semester's final weeks? Kim Baurer (AS SR) said it was "going home to Chicago" and finally graduating that made this past Christmas one of the best yet.

However, for even more of us, November and December awakened us to a whole new world — the seasonal job. Some of us worked in the hectic atmosphere that is holiday retail, fought off would-be shoppers for the closest parking space, hawked Christmas trees, and wrapped other people's gifts, braving the throngs of holiday shoppers with smiles on our faces and (hopefully) money for gifts in our hands.

Whether we were decorating, caroling, working, or just studying for finals, one thing was certain — in a few weeks it would all be over and we'd finally be back home to enjoy a holly-jolly Winter Break.

Have a Holly Jolly Holiday...





Don't look now, but it's an armed posse of disgruntled six-year-olds with a taste for Santa's blood! Before the rush of the holiday season set in, a few members of the Equestrian Team took a moment to relax during a small tour of rural Delaware.

The table is set, and the Christmas tree twinkles in the festive spirit of the holidays. Decorating was an integral part of the holidays for some university students.

Senior Sandy Mendez (*left*) and friends take a few minutes before the end of the semester to enjoy the spirit of the holidays. Formals and get-togethers helped ease the stress for many students.

Typical holiday traffic at the Christiana Mall. Not only did the Mall offer a wealth of gift ideas, but many Delaware students also found jobs to earn holiday cash.



After unwrapping Christmas and Hanukkah gifts, counting down the last few minutes of 1994, and dismantling another year's worth of decorations, it was time to pack all our warm winter clothes, say goodbye to Mom, and head for the cold winter climate of Delaware.

*Winter
Wonder...
yeah
whatever*



A graduating senior receives her degree from the university. Winter Commencement provided students with a scaled-down version of the usual May ceremony.

For five chilly weeks, we would amble through our course or two, take the exam on Saturday and begin Spring Semester.

But what was there to do in between? Luckily, with the dearth of snow in the area, there was more to do this year than stay inside and listen to the wind blow.

For some students, the stay in Delaware over Winter Session lasted only a brief moment, allowing enough time to sit through a condensed version of commencement and pick up their diplomas. Winter Commencement provided late seniors with a formal ceremony, honoring their achievements as much as those who had graduated the May before them.

For others of us stuck at Delaware for at least one more semester, the 1994-5 basketball season provided a form of athletic entertainment at a more than reasonable price (free). The Blue and Gold ice rinks were open, giving hockey fans something to do as well as recreational ice skaters. And although the decks wouldn't be open for at least three more months, all the bars in Newark still kept the taps flowing, which came in handy on those cold January evenings when walking was the only option.

The first traces of snow begin to cover Delaware's Peacader Campus. Luckily, the weather was not enough to trap students inside dorms for the majority of Winter Session.



NO LINES



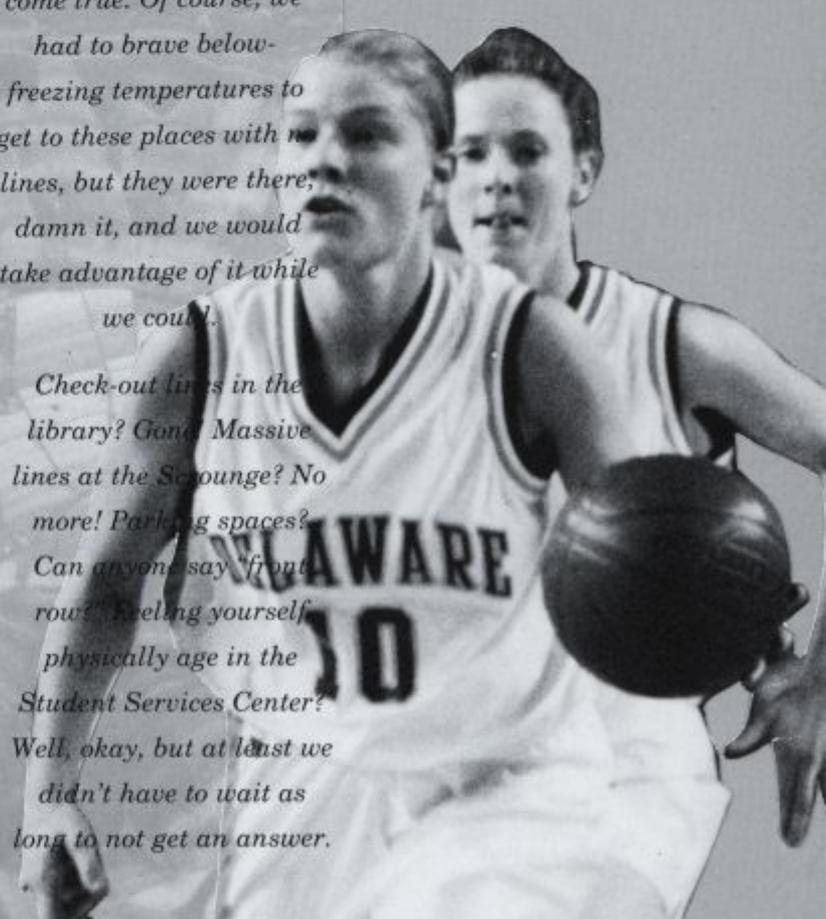
After an entire semester of waiting, waiting, and waiting to wait somewhere else, the loneliness of Winter Session at least brought with it the pleasure of getting what we wanted when we wanted it. Finally, after waiting to sell our last few textbooks only to wait in long holiday-shopping lines for gifts, we would wait no longer for five short weeks on campus.

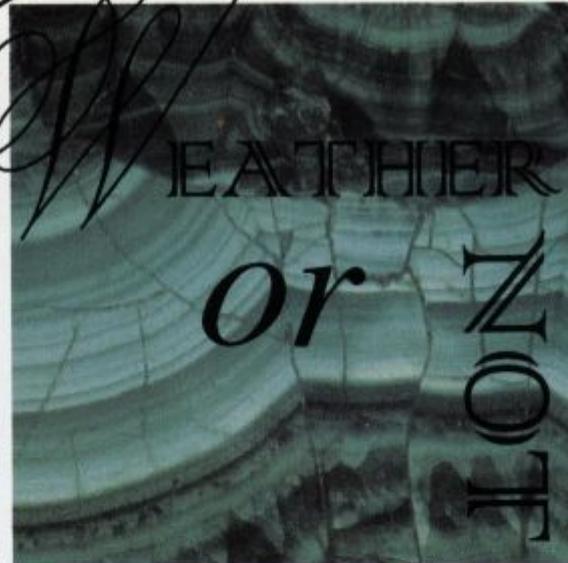
It was a small dream come true. Of course, we had to brave below-freezing temperatures to get to these places with no lines, but they were there, damn it, and we would take advantage of it while we could.

Check-out lines in the library? Gone. Massive lines at the Se lounge? No more! Parking spaces? Can anyone say "front row"? Feeling yourself physically age in the Student Services Center? Well, okay, but at least we didn't have to wait as long to not get an answer.

Can you imagine the Student Center without lines? Just another one of the advantages to Winter Session classes.

Looking to score two points for Delaware, this Blue Hen takes it to the hoop. Girl's Basketball at Delaware provided an exciting alternative to studying.







Worse than exams, term papers, or the requisite college pop quiz, the one thing that could put an absolute damper on our day was the weather.

How many times did we walk into a classroom from a warm, sunny day without a cloud in the sky and suddenly return outside having to prepare for an impromptu thunderstorm? It was an example of typical Delaware weather, which could hardly be classified as typical.

On the other hand, weather could be used as a great excuse. What better way to explain away our absence than "I'm sorry sir, but my car wouldn't make it through the snow on Tuesday." When our professors noted that the storm we referred to was actually only a dusting, we sat down sheepishly, cursing the lack of really good snowstorms in the Delaware Valley.

We didn't have that much room to complain, however. A small February snowstorm postponed Winter Session exams but turned out to be the only storm of the season, making the winter of '95 pale in comparison to the year before, when Delaware didn't see pavement and earth reappear until early March.





W A L K I N G

everywhere





Do you need jelly beans? Christmas lights? A tropical plant? How about a last minute Halloween costume? Then there was only one place to go.

With all the small town ambiance that K-Mart lacks, The National 5 & 10 on Main Street is a busy student's best friend. When you need dumb stuff, where else are you going to go? Really now, this place has vase marbles, leather whips, tupperware, and

treasure trove

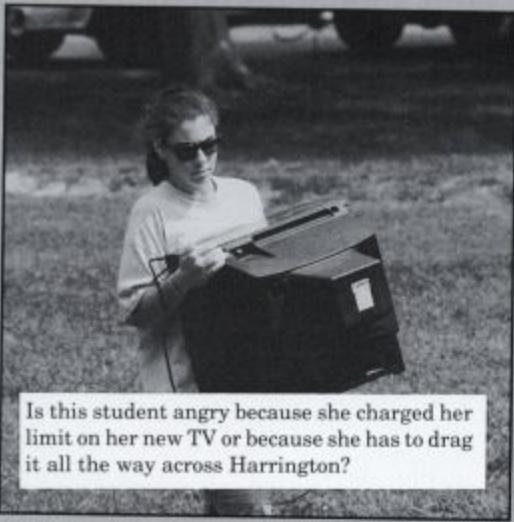
children's toys. Not to mention the wide array of UD couture.

It's open when you need it and closed when you don't. It's in the middle of everything and it's got everything. Hell, it's the 5 & 10, we'd be lost without it.



WHO NEEDS
5th AVENUE





Is this student angry because she charged her limit on her new TV or because she has to drag it all the way across Harrington?



With a new credit card, angst caused by broken bike chains or flat tires were a thing of the past.

FOR

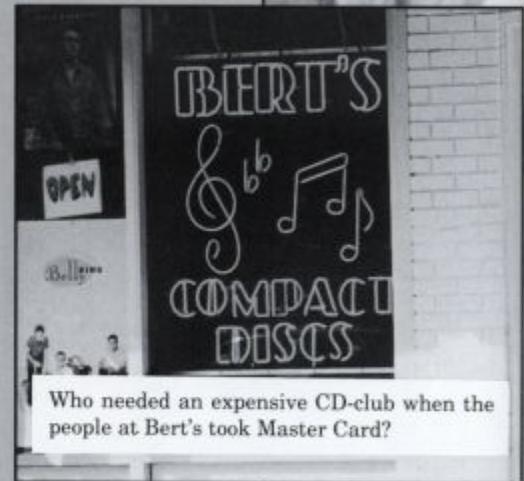
everywhere



A day at the mall would no longer be spent wishing for what could be now that the kind folks at Visa know our names.

YOU

WANT



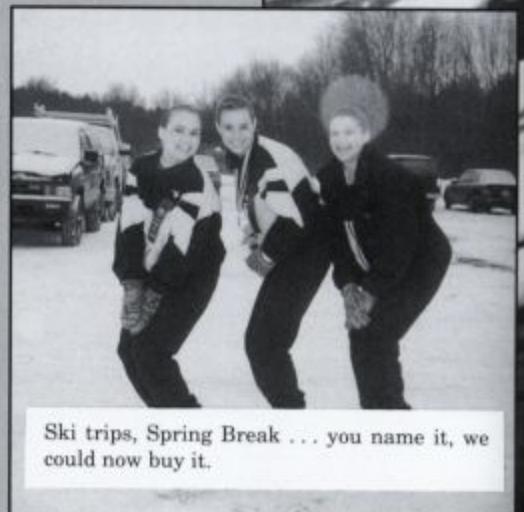
Who needed an expensive CD-club when the people at Bert's took Master Card?

TO

BIE



The most expensive gown you will ever own.



Ski trips, Spring Break . . . you name it, we could now buy it.





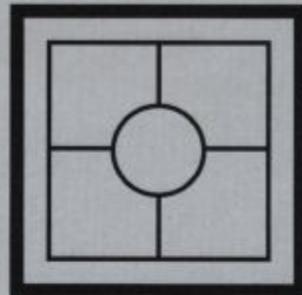
Throughout our four year tenure at the university, we had to endure them everywhere. They set up tables in the Student Center. They assaulted us on Main Street. Mailers came every other week to let us know that we college students were going to have to find some way to obtain the credit we would surely need upon graduation.

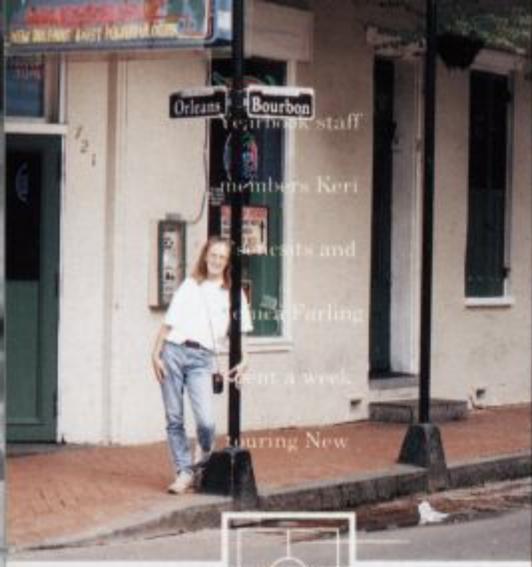
Visa, MasterCard, Discover . . . you name it, they peddled it. Credit cards, they explained, don't deserve the bad rap they get from heavies like your parents. We needed clothes, trips, books, CD's, anything that would entertain us and supply us with much-needed credit at the same time! What a concept!!

We filled out our name, address, and mother's maiden name and hurriedly sent out our credit applications. We waited and waited, checking our little mailbox every day. Four to six weeks later, we had a shiny new credit card with our name stamped out on a neat line. It said "I'm important, I'm an adult!" and we rushed out to the mall in an even bigger hurry to establish the credit that would be so vital to our post-college years.

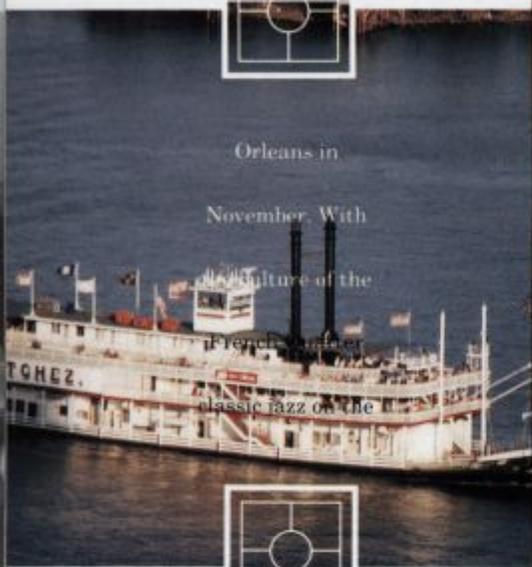
Then the statement came, and we learned that the nice guy outside of Purnell Hall wasn't the same guy dunning our monthly minimum payments out of us. Okay, so we *did* buy a new dress for next week's semi-formal, and then we saw the *cutest* shoes and then . . . We were now caught up in the very adult maelstrom of debt, and the ten hours we worked on campus weren't going to cut it. Who to call now but Mom and Dad?

With a little white lie, the \$250 we needed for "the big ski trip" was on its way to us, and our first experience with the little plastic demons known as credit cards was solved, at least until the next Macy's One Day Sale.

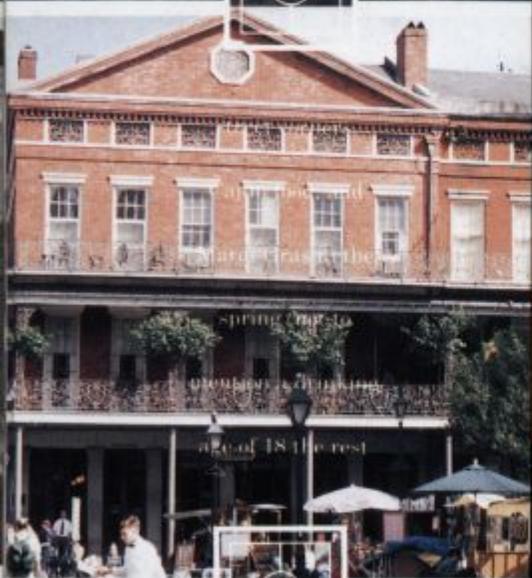




staff
members Keri
ests and
Furling
ent a week
ouring New



Orleans in
November. With
culture of the
French Quarter
classic jazz on the

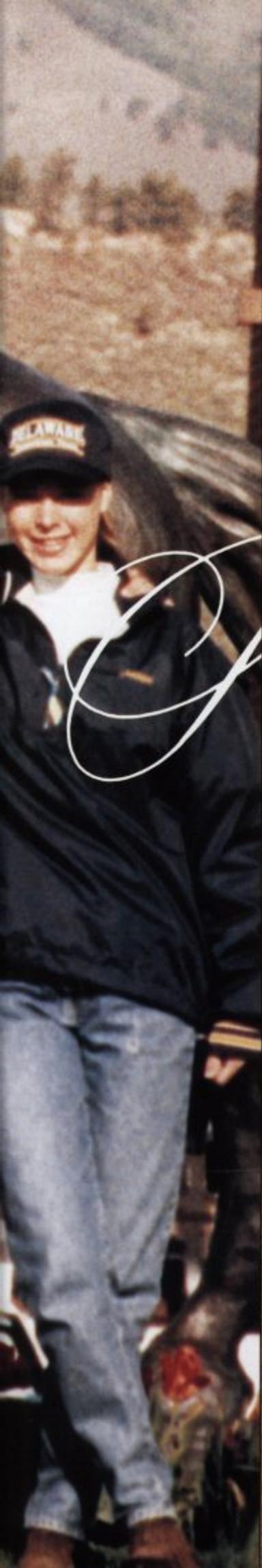


spring time to
age of 18 the rest



of the year, the
city is always a
popular vacation
spo





For those of us who weren't able to bag a quick flight out of Delaware during the last week or so of March, there didn't seem to be that much to do here in the second smallest state in the Union during spring break. After exhausting the Newark bar scene (which was more like an outtake), watching every episode of *The Real World* and *Melrose Place* twice, and in extreme moments of ennui, *studying*, it was time for something new. But what?

Perhaps in our black state of melancholy, we failed to remember the sales techniques those

Roadtrip!

crafty university recruiters used to get us here in the first place. Didn't anyone remember that, although Newark itself may not exactly be on the verge of metropolitan worldliness, most of the East Coast's major cities were only two hours away?

Philadelphia. New York City. The Inner Harbor. Georgetown. You know, places where the night life consisted of a little more than walking down Main Street to the Deer Park. Cities that actually warranted the use of public transportation. Cities that reserved the right to call themselves cities. With train prices ranging from seven (to Philadelphia) to sixty dollars (New York and the Washington, D.C.), spring travel was made a little easier for the university's homebound, offering a day or two away for about \$200.



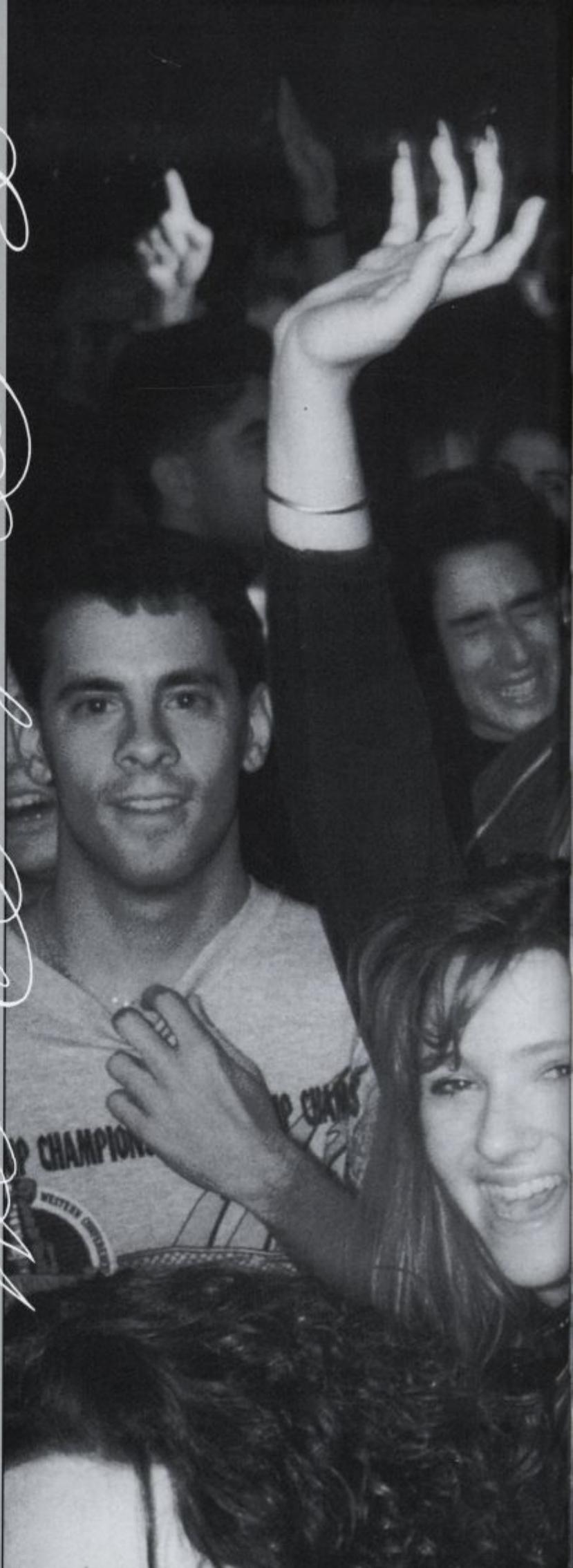
The Stone Balloon. Kate's. The Down Under. Deer Park. Remember those college nights of yore? What better way to relax and unwind than with a plastic cup of beer and letting our feet stick to the floor?

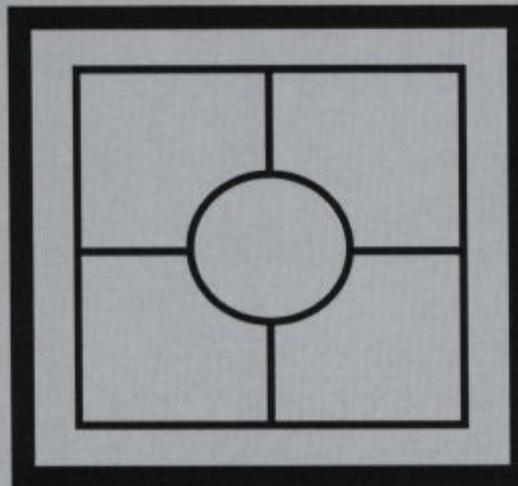
The wildest, if not fondest memories of our collegiate years were usually formed here. Bands played, taps flowed, and we socialized our nights away until last call. Happy Hour, Buck-a-Beer Night, Mug Night, and special events like Cinco de Mayo and fraternity events were always adding to the list of things to do over the weekend.

When the warmer autumn nights gave way to winter chill, the decks closed at Deer Park, the Balloon, and Kate's, forcing us indoors to enjoy the warmth of the crowd. Eventually that warmth became heat, which led to that all-too-familiar stench that says "You're in a bar," and someone we'd never met before decided to share his or her warmth with us.

By one-thirty in the morning, last call had been signaled, we paid our tabs and headed home. We had had enough of the local scene for one night; now it was time to rest up for tomorrow's episode of Adventures on Main Street.

Get Drunk & Be Merry





Remember when parking across from Kate's was free?

The Stone Balloon, home of beer, bands, and on occasion, barf.

Probably Newark's most popular bar, the Deer Park provided more space than the Balloon and cheaper food than Kate's.



*It's
a
Sunshine
Day*



Students enjoy a warm day on Harrington Beach





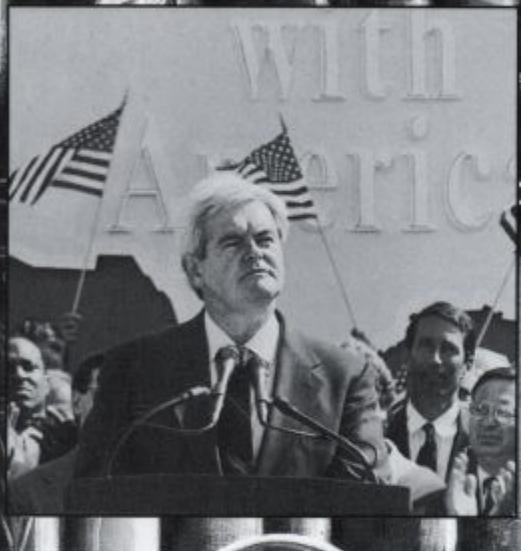
DAY ON THE BEACH



One of the most popular attractions at Delaware Day was velero jumping.



1994



Newt Gingrich, a conservative congressman from Georgia, was elected as the Speaker of the House of Representatives. As the leader of the new Republican-controlled Congress, Gingrich set forth his "Contract With America" that included welfare reform, middle-class tax cuts, Congressional term limits and legal reform. When Congress convened on January 4, 1995, Gingrich promised that "we're going to do marvelous things in '95."

1995



President Bill Clinton entered 1995 with hope for a better year. Although he won a significant political battle with the crime bill, he lost the health care proposal he battled for all year.

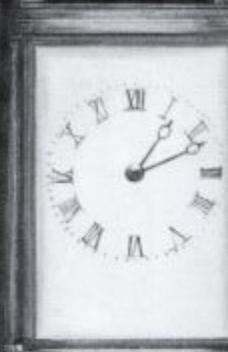


Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan sought his fourth term in 1994. As chairman of the enormously powerful Senate Finance Committee, the 67-year-old New York Senator was one of the most powerful senators in Congress.





*Thinking
(?)
and
Doing*



Nelson Mandela was elected to govern the violent country of South Africa. He won the country's first all-race election, ending white minority rule.



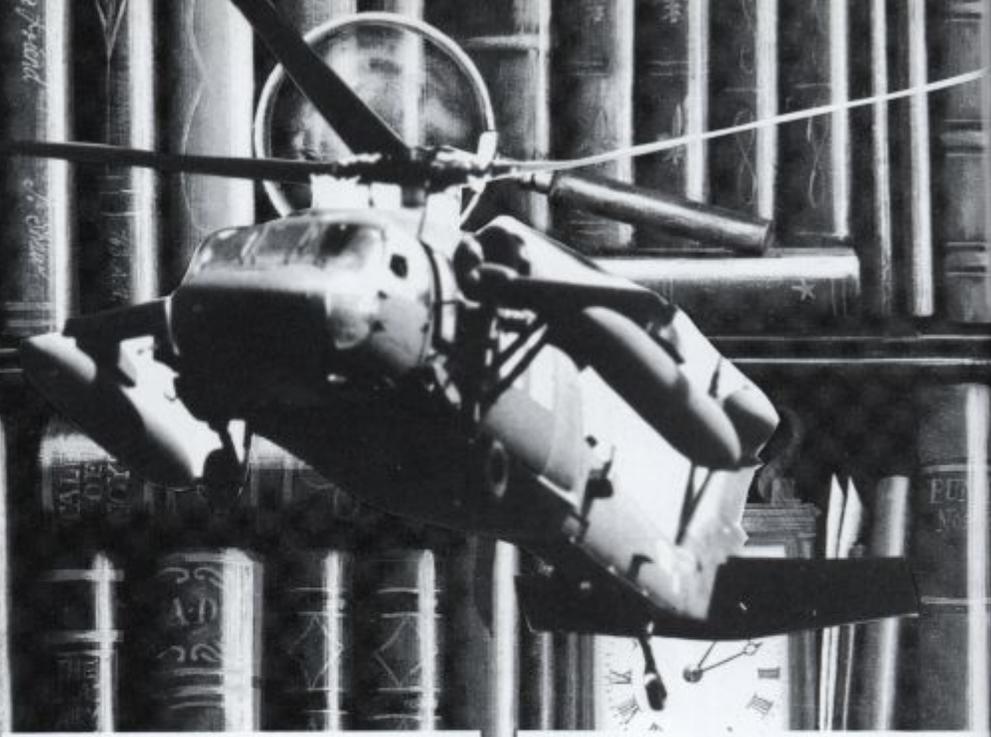
Russian leader Boris Yeltsin visited Washington, D.C., to meet with President Clinton. Yeltsin's government has become more centrist and is more acceptable to the majority of Russians, but is not without its detractors.

After 46 years as enemies, Israel and Jordan made peace and all but ended the threat of another war between the Jewish state and its Arab neighbor. As President Clinton presided, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and King Hussein of Jordan met in public for the first time and signed the "Washington Declaration."





Frank Corder, 38, died on September 15, 1994, after stealing a small plane in Baltimore and crashing it on the White House lawn. Neither President Clinton nor his wife and daughter were home at the time. Though Corder suffered from depression and had a history of drug and alcohol abuse, no one can explain his actions in the incident.



Although the civil war officially ended in 1993, more than a million refugees were still forced to flee from Rwanda.

The stiff resistance by the Chechens', even while outmanned and outgunned has stunned and humiliated the Russian army which attempted to prevent their secession.



1994

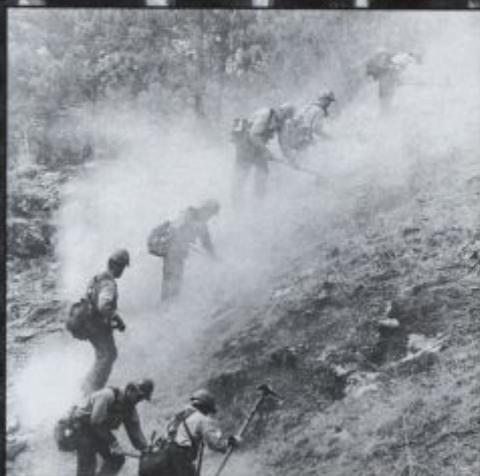


Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the ousted ruler of Haiti, was reinstated after reluctant threats of invasion by the U.S.

*Doom
&
Gloom
Consume*



The United States went to the brink of invading Haiti, but at the last minute Haiti's military leaders bowed to the United Nations and agreed to cede power to the duly elected president.



Forest fires swept across more than a dozen western states. More than 3 million acres were blackened after an 8-year drought. Thousands of firefighters from all over the country were mobilized to keep the fires under control.

War and desperation continued to be part of life in Bosnia-Herzegovina. Despite a referendum for independence passed in 1992 and continued U.N. sanctions, ethnic disputes never ceased.

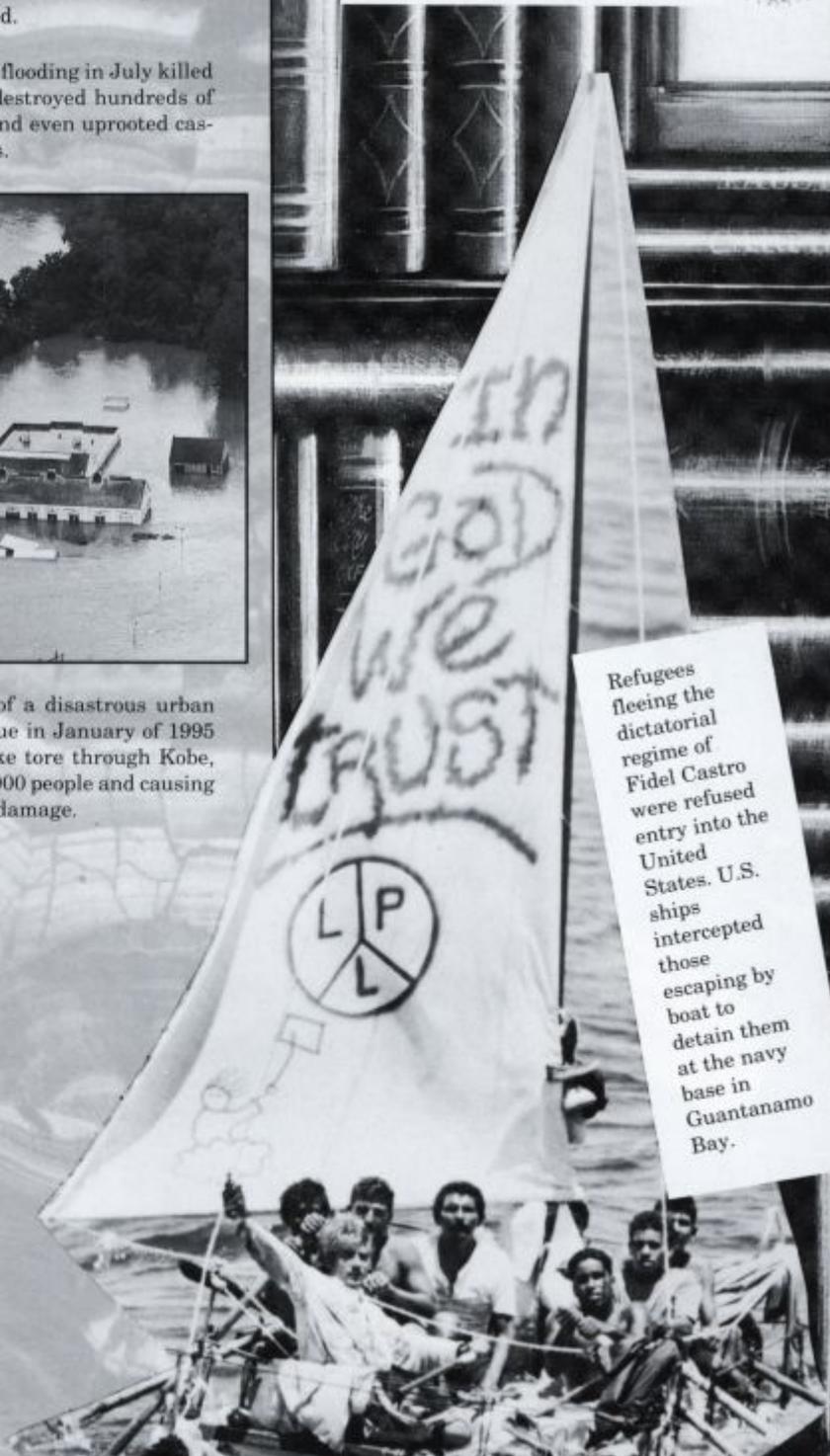
Two weeks of record flooding in July killed 31 Georgia people, destroyed hundreds of bridges and roads, and even uprooted caskets from cemeteries.



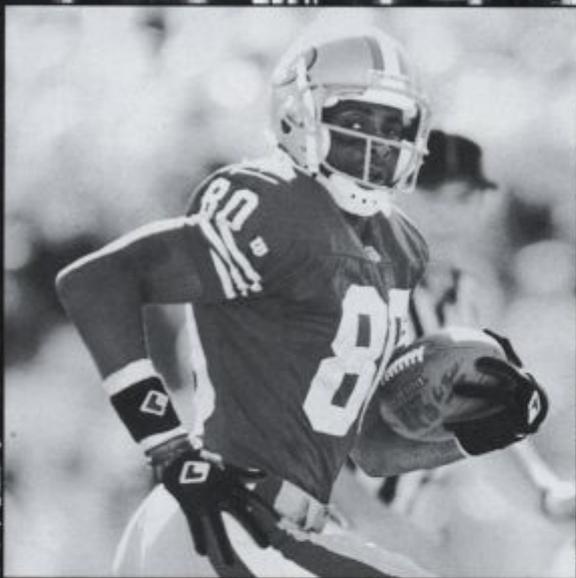
Japan's nightmare of a disastrous urban earthquake came true in January of 1995 when a violent quake tore through Kobe, killing more than 5,000 people and causing over \$100 billion in damage.



1995



Refugees fleeing the dictatorial regime of Fidel Castro were refused entry into the United States. U.S. ships intercepted those escaping by boat to detain them at the navy base in Guantanamo Bay.



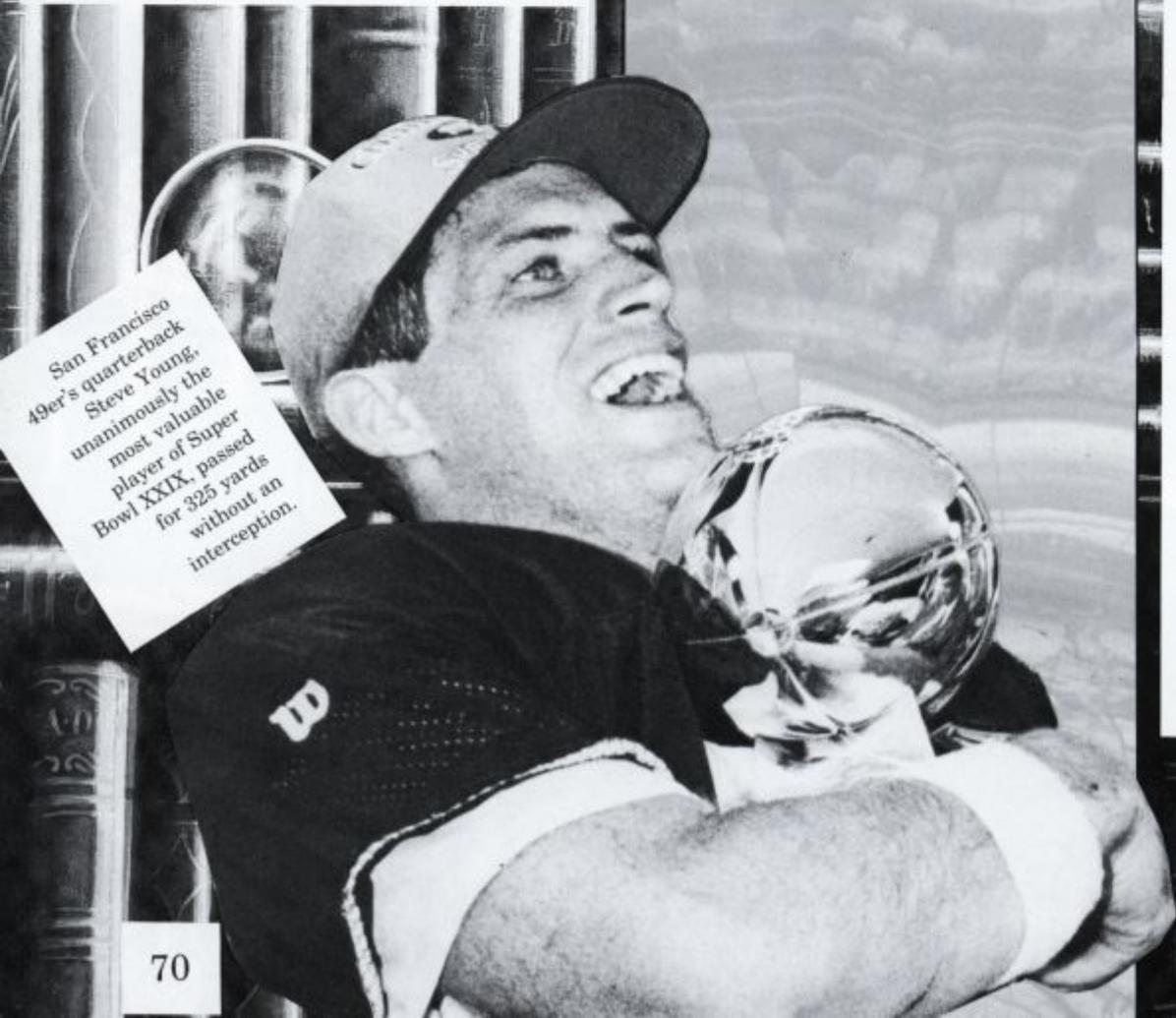
San Francisco 49er Jerry Rice became the NFL's all-time touchdown scoring leader with a career total of 127.



Andre Agassi won the U.S. Open with an easy defeat of German player Michael Stich. Agassi, 24, became the first unseeded player to win the crown since 1966.

11994~

*Win
Place
or
Show*



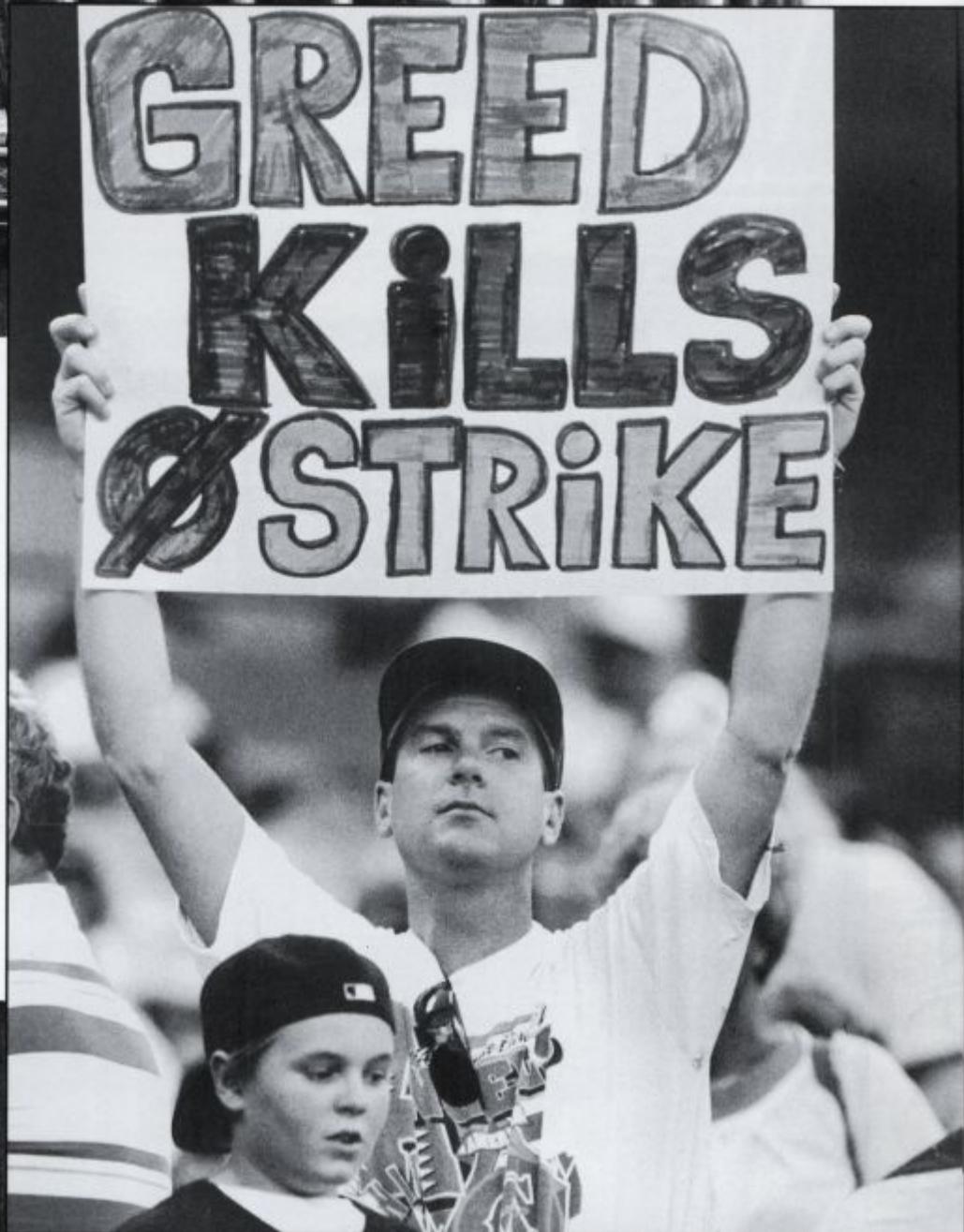
San Francisco 49er's quarterback Steve Young, unanimously the most valuable player of Super Bowl XXIX, passed for 325 yards without an interception.

An estimated 2 billion people world-wide watched Brazil battle Italy in the World Cup Soccer finals held in the U.S. The U.S. team played Brazil in the second round but lost 1-0, allowing the eventual champions to advance.



1995

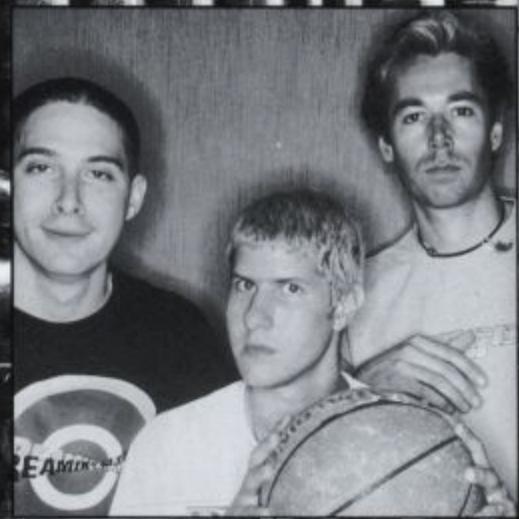
The baseball season ended early in 1994 when players went on strike and owners voted to cancel the remainder of the season, including the playoffs and World Series. The dispute centered on the players' refusals to accept the salary caps demanded by owners.



The Beastie Boys matured from brats to pop stars, making their way through hip-hop, punk rock, jazz, and 70's style funk. Their current hit album, "Ill Communications" is their fourth and, according to many critics, their best.

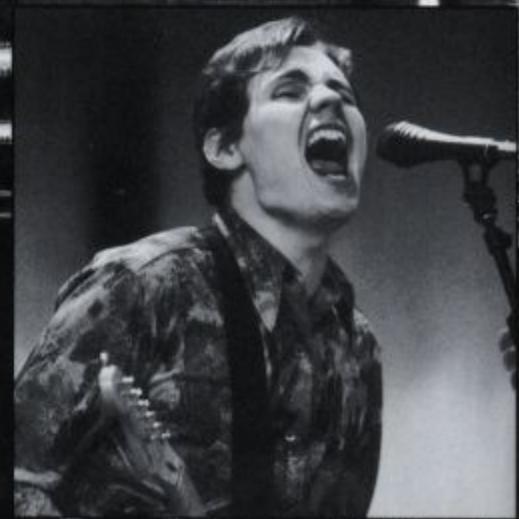


It rained. Thousands crashed the gates. People with tickets couldn't get in. Portable toilets overflowed, food ran short, and drugs were everywhere. Woodstock '94 looked a lot like the original 1969 rock festival, right down to the fans, who wouldn't have missed it for the world.



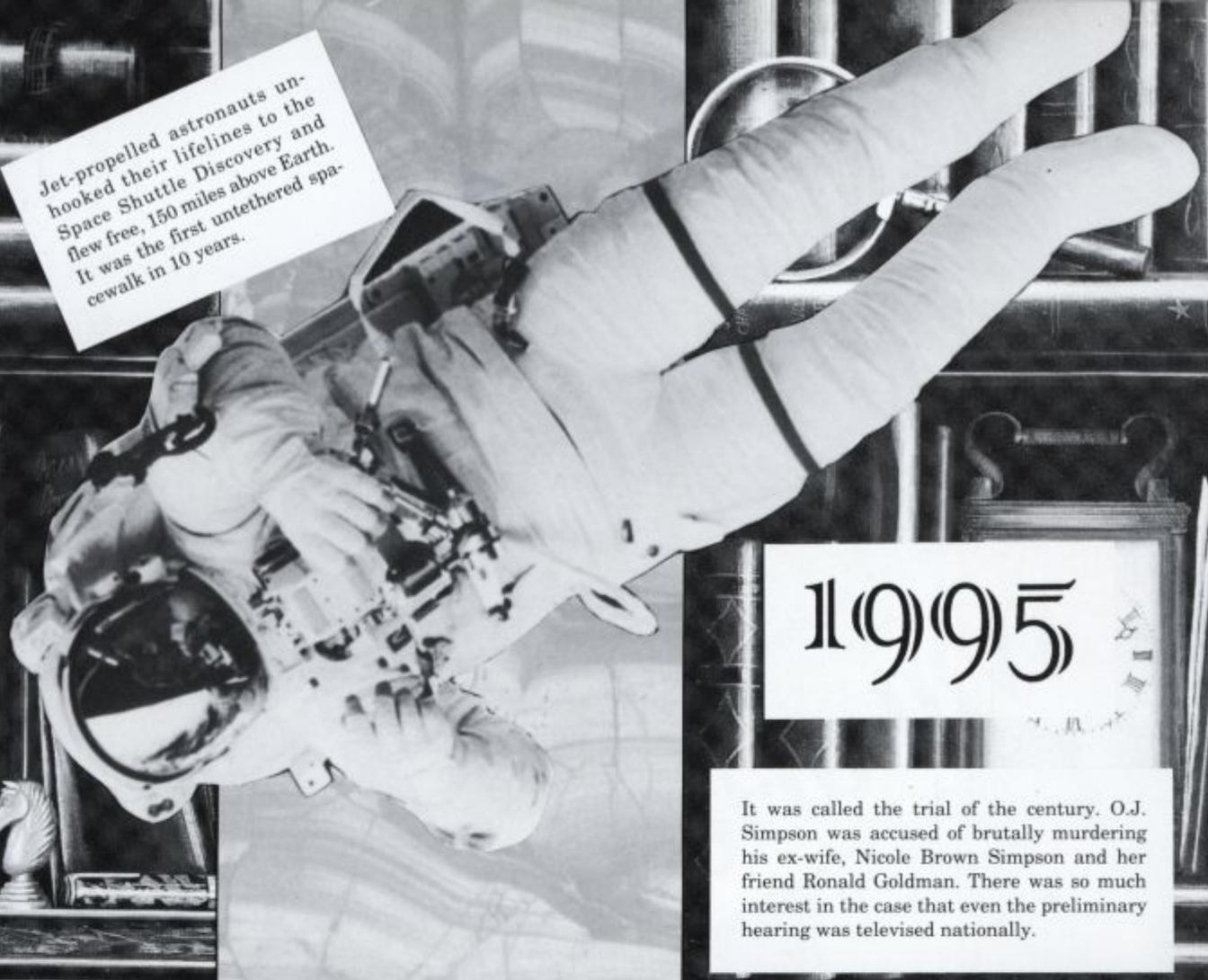
The Stone Temple Pilots were everywhere in 1994. Even while previous album "Core" was still on the charts, they made it to the Top Ten with "Purple".

It was a match made in tabloid heaven: Lisa Marie Presley, Elvis' only child, married the other biggest star in rock history, the reclusive Michael Jackson.



The latest album by Smashing Pumpkins was panned by critics, but that didn't stop "Siamese Dream" from climbing to the Top 10.

119(9)4



Jet-propelled astronauts unhooked their lifelines to the Space Shuttle Discovery and flew free, 150 miles above Earth. It was the first untethered spacewalk in 10 years.

1995



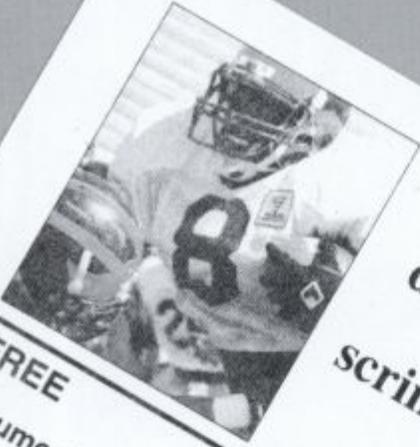
It was called the trial of the century. O.J. Simpson was accused of brutally murdering his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman. There was so much interest in the case that even the preliminary hearing was televised nationally.



Aerosmith, the one-time bad boys of Boston, just keep going and going.



A deaf woman from Alabama became the first contestant with a disability to win the Miss America Pageant. After receiving the crown, 21-year-old Heather Whitestone signed "I love you" amidst thunderous applause.



In Sports
**It's all
 defense in
 Hens'
 scrimmage**

FREE
 Volume 121, Number 52

page B5

An Associated Collegiate
 Four-Star All-American Newspaper

THE REVIEW

Student Center B-1, University of Delaware, Newark

Wilburfest canceled for first time



BY JARET M. LYONS
 Staff Reporter

There will not be a Wilburfest '95, according to Wilburfest Committee head Angela Storkman. Storkman said the decision to cancel Wilburfest was made Monday night. If 1,500 buttons, which must be purchased for admission to the end of the day, the annual music fest would be canceled for the first time since it started in 1973, she said.

"Unless the university students prove us wrong, Wilburfest will probably be canceled," Storkman said.

Charisah Nasrallah, another committee member, said those who did buy buttons should not worry that it was a wasted purchase. A "back-up plan," which they would not comment on late Monday, may be in the works, Nasrallah said.

Storkman said the university students always accounted for a large portion of the attendance each year.

Storkman cited two major factors in the decline of button sales: The location of the fest on Wilbur Street and the decline of the event's location.

Britain To Storkman calls proximity to campus five miles from the beginning of April the event is to be dry, which now be prohibited because students are more hesitant to begin with Storkman's member, agreed there is no alcohol, "Everyone I know of is incredibly disappointed that the students are boycotting Wilburfest is doing that lame."

Proceeds from Wilburfest go to the Emmaus House for the homeless in Newark. In 1994, Wilburfest raised a record \$24,000 for shelter, according to Storkman. This year's fest is expected to will lose the event.

Employee of Rainbow Records on East Main Street, shows a store has two boxes filled with unsold pins.

After Student
 ies for a

THE REVIEW / Kelly Bennett

THE WILBUR THAT WASN'T

W

In Section 2
**Taking a
dive out of a
moving
airplane**

page B1



TUESDAY
May 2, 1995

Non-profit Org.
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W

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since 1973

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because of its
The land is
sity.
in the
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event.
ear's
ity
my worries," she said.
Buttons were being sold for \$10.
up from \$6 last year, at various
locations such as Wonderland
Records, Rainbow Records, and
Bert's Compact Discs.
Nasrallah does not understand
why only a little over one hundred
buttons had been sold as of Sunday
morning.
"Even if you don't want to go,
why can't you just buy a button?
say you supported the cause?"
asked. "Just to say that you
e homeless and she
l music.
ur heart
he





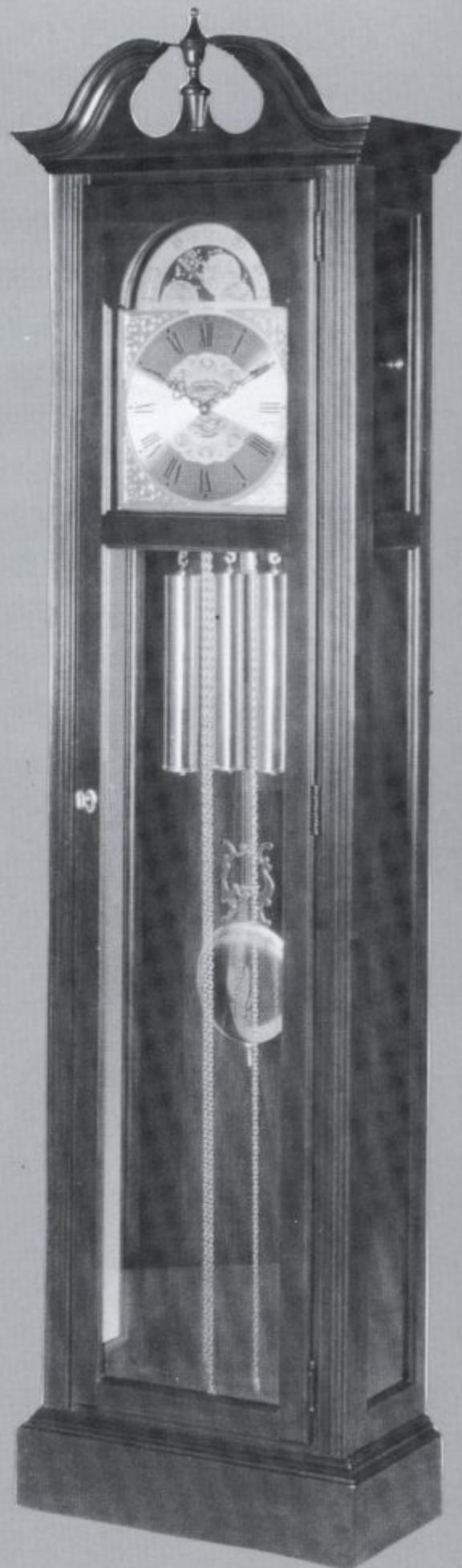
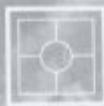
*L*ET THOSE WHO



FOLLOW ME

*... continue to build with the
plumb of Honor, the level of
Truth, and the square of
Integrity, Education, Courtesy
and Mutuality."*

John Hamanaka



1995



