



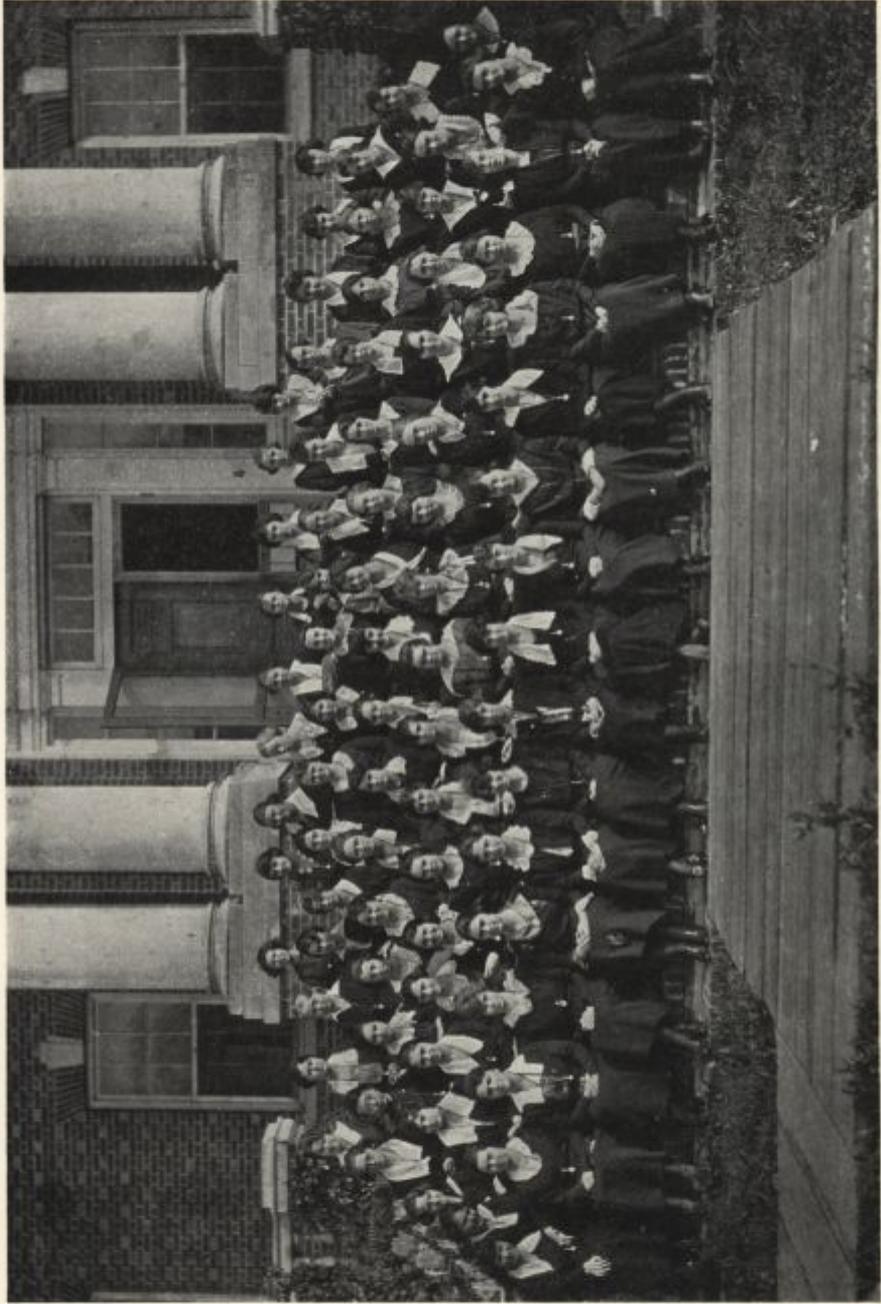
The President

Class Officers

RACHEL KEGERREIS, *President*
ROSE ROBERTS, *Vice-President*
MABEL SMITH, *Secretary*
MILDRED JOHNSON, *Treasurer*

Freshman Class

HAZEL DYER ALEXANDER	MARGARET LEARNED
NATALIE RUTH AYERST	EMILY RUTH LEDENHAM
JEANETTE MILLS BARCLAY	EDITH LEONARD
VIRGINIA McCLEARY BARLOW	LETTIE PATIENCE LONG
MARIA ELIZABETH BENNETT	FRANCES ROMAINE MCCOY
NELLIE DURHAM BLAIR	GLADYS ESTHER McALLISTER
GRACE ELIZABETH DAY BRADY	ELIZABETH REESE McNEAL
GOLDA IRENE BRADLEY	ANNA VIRGINIA MASON
HILDA LORRAYNE BROWN	SARA MILDRED MASSEY
VIRGINIA MARY BROWN	WILLMA FAYE MOORE
ANNE P. CAHALL	BEATRICE JANE NAYLOR
ELEANOR LINDA CLEMO	ALICE PAULINE NEHER
ILDA KATHRYN COLLINS	ANNA PEARSON
EMMA ELIZABETH DAYETTE	LETITIA EVANS POOL
CATHRYNE JONES DENNY	FLORENCE ELIZABETH PHILLIPS
MARTHA BLANCHE DERRICKSON	MIRIAM JOSEPHINE REAGAN
HANNAH MAY DEAKYNE	MARY LYDIA REYNOLDS
MYRA ELLEN EVERETT	ROSE JEFFRIES ROBERTS
MARY EMMA DEEN	EMMA LUCILLE ROE
ELIZABETH GALLAGAR EVANS	SARA SPENCER ROE
VIOLA BERTHA ELTERS	HENRIETTA GERTRUDE ROUSE
MARGARET ALICE FOSTER	RUTH ANNA RUSSELL
MARGUERITE ADELAIDE FOSTER	HELEN DUVAL SHORB
SARA ESTHER FRAZIER	ALICE BERNICE SIMPSON
EDNA ELIZABETH GREEN	FAITH SMITH
MARION CORNELIA GALLAHER	MABEL ELIZABETH SMITH
ESTHER VIVAN GENTIEU	EVELYN LYDIA SPRUANCE
MIRIAM ELIZABETH GORDY	MARION AYDON SPRUANCE
MARY NOBLE HANDY	MARGARET ISABEL TAYLOR
MILDRED KATHRYN HORSEY	MABEL KATHARINE TEBO
ALICE ELIZABETH JAQUETTE	MARIAN ELLA TRUAX
ELSIE MARGARETTA JOHNSON	ALICE MAY TURNER
MILDRED MOSENA JOHNSON	ELIZABETH JESTER WALKER
ETHEL LUELLE JONES	FRANCES ELIZABETH WARDEN
MARY CATHERINE JONES	PAULINE ELIZABETH WALKER
ANNA ELIZABETH KANE	RUTH WEIHE
MARY ELIZABETH KEMP	LILLIAN JANETTE WILLIS
RUTH ELLEGOOD KENNEY	MILDRED HITCH WOLFE
RACHEL BERNICE KEGERREIS	EDNA HUGGINS WOODKEEPER
MARY RUTH KING	CHINDON YUI



Freshman Class

Class History

LIKE many other colleges, The Women's College of Delaware, last September, opened its doors to the largest Freshman Class in its history. In fact, the Freshman Class, which now numbers eighty, constitutes over half the school. Not only the size but also the fame of Delaware is growing. Compare the Freshman Class of '14 with that of '19. Then there were forty-eight girls, most of them from two counties of the state. This year among our number, we have representatives not only from the three counties of Delaware and the neighboring states of Maryland and Pennsylvania, but from New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Virginia, Alabama, and even far away China. Twenty-five of these girls have come here with a definite aim—that of teaching. The rest of us, guided by the inspiration of college Alumnae, hope to find our way, our place in the wheel of life before our college days are over.

With the advent of this class, many changes were necessary; for instance, the Grill. Who would ever think that that room of birds and flowers, sunshine and happy chatter was ever a coal bin? Because the weighty questions of the Freshmen stumped the upper-classmen who acted as librarians, it was found necessary to get a real one, a librarian who can devote all her time to finding suitable articles for us in *The Review* or *The Atlantic Monthly* for our reading in English.

Not only this, but such a studious class are we that it has been found necessary to open the library at night for our convenience. Studies occupy our time from nine 'till three, and then we join the exodus of upper-classmen off campus, and spend the last three hours of the day in the Post Office, the Drug Store, or on Depot Road. But "never let play interfere with your work" is our motto; so every night from seven 'till nine, one may find scores of Freshmen in the Library industriously taking notes from Klapper's "Teaching Arithmetic" or pouring over such ponderous volumes as "Darwin and After Darwin" or "Newer Knowledge of Nutrition."

We like to study, but we like to be obliging too, so once a month, we take our turn at playing "hello girl." We agreed that each night one of our number should sit in the lower hall to answer the door bell, the telephone, and all foolish questions. And on "open nights" and after dances when the older inmates of this institution have dragged their weary bones to bed, we who are yet young, and therefore never tire, even after five hours of dancing, eagerly aid in putting the rooms to rights again. To re-lay carpets, move davenport, library tables, or pianos is all play for us. We love it. And to show that, though we are young and enjoy rattles, we have a mature mind, the chapel committee allows us to discuss the world problems in chapel each week. And we can tell by the wide awake look that the student body assumes when these are begun that they listen, understand, and benefit thereby.

Now, you may think that this is an extraordinary class, but it isn't. Just like every other class,—we struggle and strive, willing to work so that some day we too may be Alumnae.

R. R.



TRAVELING ON



The President

Class Officers

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, *President*
ELEANOR MARSHALL, *Vice-President*
LOUISE FRANCIS, *Secretary*
ALICE FERGUSON, *Treasurer*

Sophomore Class

ELEANOR HARRIS CANNON

ALICE MABEL FERGUSON

ETHEL FERGUSON

MARGARET LOUISE FINCK

DOROTHY MARY FORD

SARA LOUISE FRANCIS

HELEN GROVES

MARIAN HATFIELD

MILDRED MORGAN HALEY

NELLIE ESTHER HUGHES

MILDRED FAIRLAMB JEFFERIS

ELEANOR HITCHENS MARSHALL

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE MITCHELL

GRACE TURNER MARVIL

ANNA MARGARET MOFFETT

WINIFRED ETHEL PENCE

VIVIEN WINIFRED PORTER

AUGUSTINE LOUISE PHILLIPS

MARIAN RODNEY

MAYME STATNEKOO

ELIZABETH REBECCA TAYLOR

ELSIE LEONORE WOOLEYHAN



Sophomore Class



Class History

THE first thing of note that happened to the class of '22 was its arrival at the W. C. D. The second thing of note was our initiation by the Sophomores. This initiation extended over several weeks, and we were given the usual rules and insignia of little green tags to wear around our necks on red ribbons. We obeyed some rules, and some we did not, but withal we tried mightily to please our Sophomore sisters.

The year passed on wings, as time usually passes for busy people, and in May the first Athletic Meet of The Women's College of Delaware took place. The class of '22 won the meet, with great honor, amid great and enthusiastic cheering by the Freshmen. Needless to say, we were greatly excited and tremendously elated because of our victory, and our good pals and sister classmates, the Juniors, entertained our whole class at Coverdale's for a celebration. We were very hilarious, and we had the time of our young lives. Of course, we had known all along that we would win the Meet, but the fulfillment of our hopes was enough to make any class proud of itself.

When we had class elections, for the following year, we unanimously elected Dr. Foster as our honorary class member. I confess, we had grave doubts as to whether he would consider our invitation, and so his acceptance was all the more welcome.



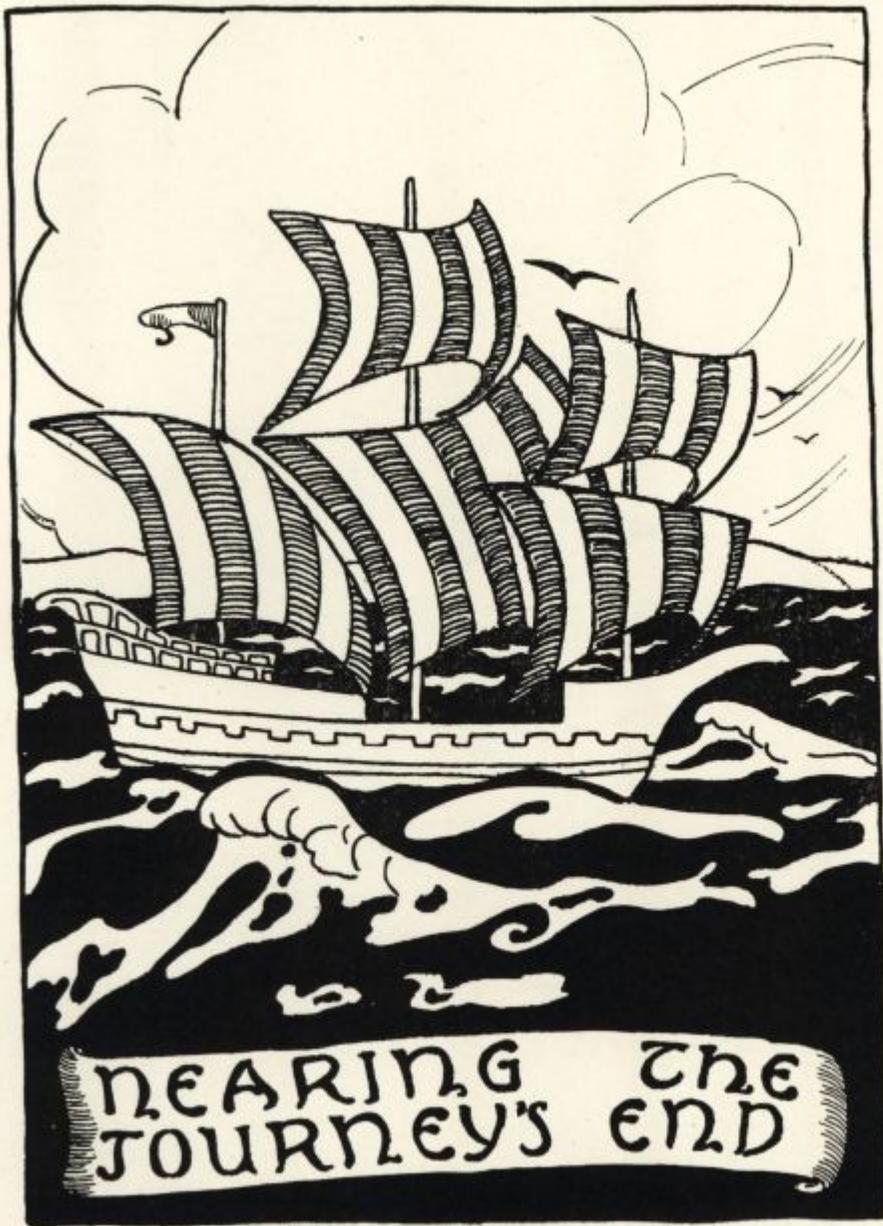
The last party of the Freshman Class was the picnic we gave the Juniors in Red Men's Grove, the day "exams" were over. We had beautiful "eats", and a beautiful time, and it was quite a propitious ending for our first year in college.

When we returned in September of Nineteen nineteen, W. C. D. seemed a different place. In the first place, the Seniors had forever departed from the daily life, and in the second place, there was a horde of new Freshies to take our place! This swarm of eighty-five children was to be under the tender care of our Sophomore Class of twenty-two people! We rather felt as though we had an elephant on our hands, but we did our very best to show them a good time. They were amazingly good, and we found ourselves liking them right heartily.

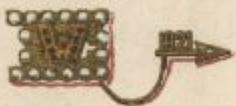
Everything went beautifully, until lo and behold! The Freshies appeared in a body, minus their class insignia, the rattles. Now, we felt hurt and grieved. We had chosen their insignia with care, knowing that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." We had a joint meeting of the two classes, and when the Freshies realized they were poor sports and when we forthwith challenged them to a game of basketball to settle the dispute, they put the rattles back again, like the good children they were. The game came off in due time, and the victors were the Sophomores! Great was our pride! Our sister class again took us to Coverdale's to celebrate in a fitting manner, and the dignified little town of Newark rang with our cheers and yells.

One night in November, the class of '22 presented two plays in Wolf Hall, under the direction of Dr. Moore. This was the crowning achievement of the class of '22. Sleepless

(Continued on Page 8 Ad Section)



NEARING THE
JOURNEY'S END



IN MEMORIAM
ESTHER DODSON
MAY - 1919



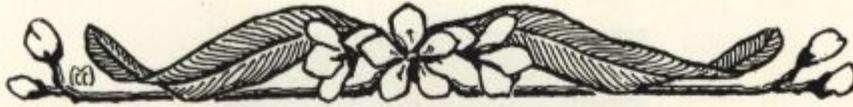


QUAESITA CROMWELL DRAKE, M. A.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man."

Miss Drake came to W. C. D. with the class of 1921, or indeed, a few days before it, and was ready to welcome, as they entered, the girls who were assigned to the "First Annex."

Although the Freshies soon learned that their new friend was a Chemistry Prof. and not a Senior, they surmised that her methods of teaching would rob their most dreaded subject of many of its terrors. Their suspicions were confirmed, when, during the final examination period of one scorching June, she accompanied her nerve-racking questions with iced punch, served in beakers of 250cc capacity!



Hundreds of such instances of good sportmanship and humanity helped to foster in the hearts of all college girls an affection for this most original and lovable woman, but the Freshman class was alone eligible to seek to claim her for its own. Accordingly, at the end of the first year, "21" made open declaration of its love and was accepted. Since that time, our love and admiration have, if possible, increased as we realize the wonderful versatility of mind and spirit possessed by our honorary member, who is never too much absorbed with her countless activities and interests to act as gay companion at parties or to give true help and counsel to her sisters.

For all these things we love her, but we must share her with others, although we maintain our prior claim to her affections. Her proverbial erudition, her ever present optimism, her unshaken faith in humanity when test-tube-breaking humanity loses faith in itself, her unfailing kindness, her reverence for all things beautiful and good, and her unbounded enthusiasm have gained for her a unique place not only in the life of the college, but in the very hearts of all who are privileged to come into contact with her.



The President

Officers

MARIE LE CATES, *President*

ANNE VAN SANT, *Vice-President*

LILLIAN THORNLEY, *Treasurer*

CARDELLE WILLIAMS, *Secretary*



RUTH EMMA BENNETT, "RUTHIE"
Wilmington

"We love her for her wealth of womanhood, her quiet manner, her sweet replies."

A house president must have a quiet manner if she is to follow up the scent of forbidden midnight spreads, and detect uncharted light cuts. Nevertheless, much as her children at times dislike to have her put an end to their lawless revels or intellectual sprints, they realize that she is merely performing her duty. Rather than shirk this, Ruth would lay down her precious young life, even though this might entail the necessity of delaying the publication of the year book. Despite her strong sense of duty, Ruth is far from being above all human weakness and loves the soft things of life, when they are within reason. She loves hot chocolate, chicken salad, fudge, and the incidental good times that accompany them as much as anyone, and she will loaf all morning in bed if an important committee meeting, a theme, Reporter "stuff," or duties connected with her large and rebellious Sussex Family do not urge her to activity. How she finds time to break the heart of a Prof., and develop crushes on the Freshmen on the third floor is a mystery which we will never solve! Ruth's a wise little owl and she'll not tell!



BRITA SARAH OWEN BUCKINGHAM
Newark

"The workings of her mind and heart none can tell."

Brita is going to be a gym teacher, so she says, and we know she will have the best of success, for even now she holds the record for the high jump in college and is a leader in all athletics—but—she calmly persists also in taking a four year Home Economics course. Oh Brita, we fear you are harbouring another cherished idea in your head.

Surely Brita's thoughts all lie in things spiritual and not physical. She would rather eat dinner than Economics any day, and what other girl could say that? The only foods she ever thinks of eating are potatoes, lemon meringue pie, and pounds and pounds of fudge. And speaking of Economics, Brita is the most fortunate girl in that class of all classes. By a mere wish, her voice automatically leaves her just one hour before Dr. G. gives an oral "exam" and returns one hour after—Lucky girl!



MADELEINE HARRIET DIXON, "MAD"
Wilmington

*"So well to know her own
That what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuest, discreetest, best."*

See that far-away look in her eyes? Well she's thinking about whom she is next going to strike for an ad. "Mad" is Advertising Manager of the Blue and Gold. It was on account of her delicate but effective way of collecting the money that she got the job.

The worst thing we can say about "Mad" is, she is always so polite. If you call her at seven o'clock in the morning (at a time when most people are so sleepy they would either "cuss" you or else not notice you at all) "Mad" will answer in her sweetest, most courtly manner, "Yes, A—, thank you for calling me, I'll get right up."

We don't know whether it is a part of her philosophy or her disposition, or whether she is a sheer diplomat, but "Mad" never says anything about the other girls, unless it is something good; and she always is nice to everybody wherever and whenever she meets them.

Whether or not her mother is right in saying that College has broadened her daughter's outlook, but lowered her uplook, we feel incompetent to say. Only mothers know such intimate things about their daughters. We do know, however, that wherever "Mad" goes after she leaves College, she'll always have a host of friends. And we venture to say that some day, and it may be very soon (at least from present appearances) she will settle down and be very happy in "a cozy little home for two."



HELEN CHASE FISHER
Dover

*"If she will, she will, and you can depend on't
If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."*

Who can write all one would like to about Helen!—A huge social success, a good student, an untiring worker in decorating for dances and in raising money for the French War Orphans, and in fact, an all around college girl. She first stood out from our class as the only girl who expected a man that first Friday night we were in college. How well we remember her as she sat in the hall, dressed in a dainty pink organdie, waiting for him! We knew then she would not be a dead wire in the class of '21.

During Helen's freshman year she played around with at least a dozen and a half Delaware collegians of the male persuasion, and as soon as we were coupling her name with one she was calmly changing to another. When she came back the next September, our great surprise was to see her partially settled, at least, from the picture the girls on the west side of Residence had each evening about 5:55 of a pretty brown haired maid and youthful second lieutenant strolling up the board walk. We fear this is lasting (a fraternity pin should be the evidence.)

In addition to keeping up with so many romances, Helen gives two hours preparation to every lesson, "pulls" A's right and left, and is the general typist of the college, especially when it comes to doing practically all the typing for the year book. In passing we might say she is distinctly an individual; she neither caters to, imitates, nor stoops to flatter anyone. She has her own ideas about everything, from how the Psalms should be written in modern stanzaic form to how pretty colors should be combined in linen handkerchiefs, and we are very careful not to intrude on these ideas.



MARGARET GROVES, "MARG"
Marshallton

*"But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever."*

Everybody loves "Marg." You just can't help loving her. When she looks at you with those irresistible blue eyes, it is impossible to refuse her anything she wants. She's a little mite to have such a powerful control over everyone, but she has it just the same. There's no use thinking you won't yield to Marg's desires because she'll give you one of those characteristic appealing looks and soon you'll find yourself doing the very thing you said you would not do. Her "Bus" follows the general rule. The same "Bus" takes her to and from college at all times. Marg never has her temper tested as some of the rest of us do by having her "Bus" arrive late. Despite her knowledge of mechanics, however, she just can not manage the Practice House stove. It refuses to yield to all her untiring efforts. "The darn thing just won't go."



MARIE HEARNE LECATES
Laurel

*"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."*

Marie's a funny kid, and a very optimistic one too. Her happiness is so natural and spontaneous that it is contagious. Just to look at Marie's happy countenance and to listen to her talk puts you in a good humor. We feel sure she will make a fine missionary. (Marie's going to China, you know. Bet all those little Chinese boys and girls will just love her to death, don't you?)

But the funniest thing about Marie is her stock of tales (sometimes jokes, sometimes experiences, sometimes anything at all). You get yourself all keyed up to the situation she is about to describe, turn a sympathetic and attentive ear to her, and begin to listen. But at the end you find yourself wondering what she has been trying to say. Of course, it wasn't Marie's fault. It was too deep and complicated for you to understand. So you just let it go.

Marie's greatest paradise is her bed. "Oh how she can sleep!" It was her greatest delight to sing "Oh, how I Hate to Get Up in The Morning" when that song was in vogue. But Marie doesn't spend all her time sleeping, oh no! She believes in the motto: "Work when you work, and play when you play." And we'll say this for her—if you give her a job, she'll see that it gets done, and do it the very best she can. She has made a good and snappy class president and we wish her luck in her chosen career.



MARY ADAMS MITCHELL
Newark

*"Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."*

To Mary, we owe our present state of existence, for without her, we should have sadly gone to pieces. It was she, as our president, who lead us safely through the trials which are so hard for every Freshman class.

Mary is from Virginia, as you would readily know if you heard her say "Good Mawning." And often, we are sorry to say, we can hardly understand her; but there is a time when we really appreciate her pretty Southern drawl—when she invites our class to a garden party at "The Knoll" and entertains us with her delightful tales of Uncle Remus. She literally takes us back to the old cabin where Uncle Remus is sitting in his rickety chair before the open fire of pine knots, and we become as anxious to know what happened when Br'er Fox got home as the little boy was.

When Mary came to college, she had never cooked anything in her life and had sewed very little; consequently, she was strongly urged to take the Home Economics Course, which she did. Now, she is making most of her charming dresses and is actually helping to keep a real house at the practice cottage. She is one of the best students in her course, not only in the practical arts of cooking and sewing, but she has reached a real goal in learning the scientific and artistic part of Home Economics.



VIOLET EMILY MORRIS
Centreville, Maryland

“Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.”

To see Violet's serene face and observe her quiet method of work, one would not suspect her of having lived the varied and turbulent career which she confesses. Her pre-college education was obtained in some half dozen schools of this and neighboring states. From the results achieved, however, we are tempted to believe that education wasn't so badly conducted in the dark ages before the institution of the School Code, after all. At any rate, in Violet's case, we're proud of the product! Indeed, her college record and her famous Single Tax essay make her a marked person when the celebrities of the college are on parade before the Trustees and other distinguished guests. If you want to make Violet angry, though, just do as I have done and mention the fact; she will probably wither you with a look just as she is now crumpling this page and will say "That makes me *cross*"—her very worst threat. Much as she hates to have her own virtues or achievements cited, Violet never tires of praising others and never misses an opportunity for showing her appreciation of some thing others have done.



EDNA ELLEN PRATT, "PRATTIE"
Smyrna

*"Every gate is throng'd with suitors,
All the markets overflow."*

Prattie's sunny countenance and independent manner have won for her a host of friends. The Junior Class will always be represented at every dance and party as long as Prattie is in college. She is always sure to have at least three or four invitations to every social affair. You'd never know this fact, however, unless you were one of her most intimate friends, because Prattie has lots of common sense and doesn't advertise her popularity. She is always ready for any kind of mischief—mischief (and a few other things) shine out of her eyes.

When it comes to playing the piano, Prattie just can't be beaten. Whether chapel hymns, rag-time songs, jazz music, or grand marches for Alumnae banquets be called for, she is always on the job.



ANNA LOIS RITZ
Newark

*“Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.”*

All who know Anna have learned to love and appreciate her wonderful music. We deem it an honor to listen to her piano solos in Chapel and no one ever cuts when they know she is going to play. If the town gives a cantata or operetta, Anna usually takes the part of the heroine, for her singing equals her playing, as anyone will tell you. She is planning to study interior decorating in New York after she is graduated from college, for Anna is also very talented in art.

She is the girl who is looking out for a good time. Just ask her a few questions and she will entertain you for hours about the night *we* went to the dance and when *I* was visiting—and what these Methodist preachers think of me. Probably keeping up with her music, college work, and her good times, accounts for her never being on time at classes. But one can't do all things in life and always be on time.



KATHRINE STEVENS, "STEVE"
Seaford

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Kathrine's enthusiasm is the only thing about her which has remained unchanged during her three years' sojourn in college. Her coiffure, her hobbies, and her mental outlook have all been the subject of variation; but at all times, whether as a Freshman, intent on achieving an all A report and an enormous pompadour; as a Sophomore, devoted to the "Uke," and sewing; or as a high-browed, ear bobbed Junior intent on becoming an authority on Economic questions and a literary personage of note,—she has ever shown the same zest and intensity of interest.

She plunges into a strict regime of cold baths and coffee-less meals with the same ardour which she devotes to learning an intricate dance step, a Beethoven sonata, a witty poem, or the Eighth Psalm! Moreover, she takes up the task of exacting prodigious amounts of work from her lazy associates on the "Staff" as relentlessly as if she were mapping out her own program. She does not realize that ordinary mortals have not her own wonderful vitality and "go," but insists upon carrying everyone along with her in accomplishing things which they considered impossible. Surely if the year book be a brilliant success, we shall owe it all to Kathrine's vim and pep and dogged perseverance.



LILLIAN LEWIS THORNLEY
Smyrna

*"She is a winsome wee thing
She is a handsome wee thing
She is a bonny wee thing."*

At times, we think Lillian is spoiled and at other times, we know she spoils us. The truth of the matter is that she can coax you into doing what she wants without your knowing that anything is in the air. But if she knows of your slightest whim, you will find that she'll act as a pampering big sister even though you overtop her by a head or a foot. She will make you think she considers it just fun to do your errand or fix your rebellious locks, as only Lillian's artistic fingers can fix them. Perhaps this play way of going through life is her secret of success. At any rate, it works in her case, and we hope she may never abandon it. Oh, Lillian! Qualitative analysis to you is sport and Quantitative, a game, but nevertheless, we think you should have taken a little Household Chemistry, for we know you'll find it useful. Here's good luck to you, little one; we know you'll play the game of life and come out a winner!



ANNE VANSANT
Galena, Md.

“O woman! Lovely woman! Nature made you to temper man.”

Anne came to the college as Anna, from all appearances a demure little home-sick girl, very lonesome and miserable in the college world. That all wore off during the first week, however. In fact, when a short attack of hay fever had subsided, our classmate was found to be a very independent and peppy youngster,— a leader in class athletics and a regular attendant at all the dances. Her play did not interfere with her work, however, and she became famous as a Latin student. When she vamped dear old “Conny,” we just naturally began to call her “Ann,” and then learned of her past records and began to witness her successive conquests. Men in all walks of life fell victims to Ann’s smile, or Ann’s way, or whatever it was about Ann which worked the Cleopatra charm. But the faculty members were her specialty. When all of the available Profs had been disposed of to Ann’s satisfaction, she begun on the younger generation of an academic family. She carried on an “Ann” imated flirtation with two sons in turn, until finally a third vamped the vamp and Ann developed a “Terry” ble case of old fashioned love sickness which threatens to become chronic unless cured by “home” epathic treatment.



BERTHA LATOUR WELCOME
Milford

"Never busy, but always accomplishing something."

Bertha can accomplish more real work than anybody else in the Junior Class. She is, however, a most modest and self-depreciating soul. Ask her to do something, and she is sure to look at you with a most forlorn and distressed expression and say, "Why, I'll try, but I wish you wouldn't give me such things to do. You know I can't do anything well. Anybody could do this better than I can." This reply doesn't worry you in the least because you know from former experiences that the work will be done in time and done in a clever and unusual manner. In spite of the fact that she accomplishes so much, Bertha always has time to be hospitable. Go into her room and she is sure to make you sit down and chat with her over a cup of tea. She even has time for such useless frivolities as fortune-telling. She can make your blood run cold from fear or your heart leap with joy as she pronounces your fate.

Individuality is the keynote of Bertha's character. Bertha never does things like other people. Oh, no! Everything she does is done in a manner distinctly her own. The Annual, the college paper, the Red Cross Society, and a number of other things around college would be sadly lacking were it not for Bertha.



MARY CARDELLE WILLIAMS
Crescent City, Florida

*“Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.”*

Although Cardelle is branded with the good old English name of “Williams,” she scornfully denies English ancestry and even refuses to study English courses, except those that Dr. Sypherd says must be taken. She makes the poor English majors shrink under her exclamations of “The Bible Course! Thank goodness, I had sense enough to keep out of that! And isn’t Pendennis a bore?”

The only time we really dislike cold weather is when we see Cardelle shivering in the halls and wishing she were “down home” where the roses bloom in January and where her father’s orange grove is fragrant with orange blossoms. But we feel fortunate to have kept her all of this time, for, there have been numerous occasions when other things than studies were beckoning to her. Who can forget “Captain, my Captain,” or the visit to Fortress Monroe? We are sure that Cardelle’s bright and sunny smile will ever be remembered in the class of twenty-one, and when she finishes college and again returns to sunny Florida, may that not be the last time we see her waving hair and dancing brown eyes.



Lost, Strayed or Stolen from the Class of 1921

ALPHONSA MCCONNOR ALDERSON
MYRA LILLIAN ARMOR
ANNA BELL BECKETT
DOROTHY GIBSON CARLEY (Mrs. Richard Seaman)
MARGARET MARSHALL CHRISTIAN
CHARLOTTE EASBY
MARY COTTINGHAM EVANS
ANNA ELIZABETH FALLS
CALYSTA EMMA FEEHLEY
AGNES FOWLER
BEATRICE MABEL HOUGH (Mrs. Bartine Coady)
ANNA ELIZABETH KNOWLES
MARGARET LAWS LAYTON
PAULINE HASTINGS MARVIL
MARGARET LOUISE McDOWELL
CAROLINE ELIZABETH RAY (Mrs. Arthur E. Mickelson)
EDITH REYNOLDS
LAURA EMILY RODNEY
EMILY FULTON SCOTT
OLGA CAROLINE SEIFERT
MARY GABRIELLE SHAW
LYLA TOWNSEND
GERTRUDE WILLIS



Class Song

TUNE: *Marie LeCates*

WORDS: *Bertha Welcome*

Pride of the college
Our class will always prove
We, to Alma Mater
Pledge anew our trust and love.
As first we did so long ago
As Freshmen shy but all aglow
With hope and vim and fun
That means class of '21.

Years ne'er will tarnish
The lustre of our name;
We've kept bright the Blue and Gold
And fair old Delaware's fame
As first we pledged so long ago.
As Freshmen shy but all aglow
With zest the race to run—
Dear old class of '21!

Fragments from By-gone Days

Freshman Song

TUNE: *Melody Land*

WORDS: *Charlotte Easby*

Freshmen are coming to cheer for Delaware,
For Women's College, we'll cheer for ever.
Our loyalty, Alma Mater, to thee,
Thru all the years will ever faithful be.
W. C. D. may we ever hold
True to our colors, the Blue and Gold;
W. C. D. we are singing to thee
Class of '21.

Freshman Song

TUNE: *China Town*

WORDS: *Kathrine Stevens*

Freshmen, oh merry Freshmen,
We're the queens of our own town,
Freshmen, oh merry Freshmen,
We're the best that can be found.
Seniors, just give us more room
And we'll make those Sophomores run,
Freshmen, oh merry Freshmen
Hurrah for 1921.

Sophomore Song

TUNE: *Beautiful Ohio*

WORDS: *Kathrine Stevens*

Delaware, oh Delaware, we sing to thee,
Class of 1921 of W. C. D.



For our Alma Mater so fair
May we every joy and burden bear.
Blue and Gold, dear Blue and Gold
We'll always be
Faithful to the colors of our W. C. D.
Delaware, oh Delaware,
We're in the race to run
Class of 1921.

Junior Songs

SONG TO THE FRESHMEN

(Borrowed)

Oh '23 come along with us and play
Come bring your dollies three,
Come climb our apple tree.
Shout down our rain barrel,
Slide down our cellar door
And be just jolly friends
For evermore.

We want to go back to Delaware,
To Delaware we do;
Back to all the girls we knew
Back to the boys and the faculty too.
We want to go back to Delaware,
To Delaware we do;
We want to go back, we must go back
To Delaware.



Song to 1919

TUNE: *Santa Lucia*

WORDS: *Marie LeCates, Ruth Bennett*

Here's to 1919
Pride of our college
You helped the Pioneers
To form traditions dear
Here's to our sister class
Always a friend to us
You gave us our ideals
You started us aright
Oh, may we always be
Loyal and true to thee
Class of 1919
Class of 1919
The green is for '19
The best that has e'er been seen
1921's for you
Dear old '19.

Marching Song

TUNE: *University of Michigan Varsity Song*

WORDS: *Kathrine Stevens*

Twenty One
Down the field, never yield,
Raise high your shield.
March on to victory for Delaware,
And the Blue and Gold.
Oh twenty-one
We're for you,
Here's for you to cheer for you,
We have no fear for you,
Oh, twenty-one.



TUNE: *Carolina Sun*
WORDS: *Kathrine Stevens*

Delaware, my voice will always
Sing a song of love to you;
Delaware my heart will always be
Faithful, strong and true.
Makes no difference where I wander,
Any place I chance to be;
Memories will always bring me back
To dear old W. C. D.

TUNE: *Patches*
WORDS: *Alice Ferguson*

College, College
Your happy days at college
No memory will be as sweet as
That of the fun you had
You'll not forget the hours you spent
As o'er the tiresome work you bent
To get through college, college
At the W. C. D.

TUNE: *I've Got My Captain Working For Me Now''*
WORDS: *Alice Ferguson*

I've got the Jane, who used to be my teacher,
Working for me
She wanted dough, cause it came, Oh, so slow
At the famous W. C. D.
And bye and bye, I'm gonna have her wrapped in work
Up to her brow
And every week or so, I guess she'll take an exam
That is the kind of a girl that I am
Heavenly bliss, not sweeter than this
I've got my teacher working for me now.

Freshman History

THERE were three strong features of our Freshman year. The first of these was the little green bow, which we wore by order of the Sophomore class. On looking back, we believe that the intentions of the Sophomores were more kindly than we then considered them, and that their real reason in bestowing these bows upon us was a wise one. We were too young to have real "beaux" and these little green bows would serve as substitutes until we arrived at the proper age. What this really did was to serve as a "starter". Beaux began to spring up everywhere. Now, in our Junior year, they are scattered all over the country. One is at the Kansas Agricultural College, another at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, another at Kennett Square, and many are at Delaware College. We hope and have faith to believe that theirs will be a much happier fate than that of their little green brothers who were soon discarded and thought of no more.

The second of these features was a song which one member of the class brought to college. This was adopted as the tragic song of the Freshman class, to be sung at all feeds and other mournful occasions, when it was invariably accompanied by the famous "uke" orchestra.

"There may be a change in the weather
And there may be a change in the sea;
There may be a change in everything
But there'll never be a change in me.



“They say true love is a blessing
It’s a blessing I never could see
For the only man I ever loved
Has just gone back on me.

“He has gone, let him go, God bless him
He is mine where’er he may be.
He may search this wide world over
But he’ll never find a fool like me.”

The third and most important feature of our Freshman year, since it represents our own effort and attainment as a class, was a pageant given on the lawn of the Red Men’s Home.

This pageant, called “The Fete of the Allied Nations” consisted in the crowning of the May Queen by the United States, Mary Mitchell representing the May Queen, and Esther Dodson and Helen Fisher the United States. Then a series of songs and dances, typical of the allied nations, was rendered by different members of the class, as follows:—

- England—Song—Nancy Lee—Ann Ritz, Helen Fisher, and Olga Seifert
Dance—Hornpipe—Lillian Thornley and Edna Pratt
- Scotland—Song—Comin’ Thru the Rye
Dance—The Reel—Margaret Groves
- Ireland—Song—When Irish Eyes are Smiling
Dance—Jig—Kathrine Stevens and Mary Shaw
- France—Song—Joan of Arc
Dance Minuet—Cardelle Williams and Ann Van Sant
- Italy—Dance—Tarantelle—Charlotte Easby
- Belgium—Dance—Gotlands—Calysta Feehly and Dorothy Carley
- Japan—Song—Beware of Chin Chin Chow
Dance—Ann Ritz and Marie LeCates
- America—Song—America, I Love You
Dance—Esther Dodson and Helen Fisher

Sophomore History

TRUE to the name and fame of Sophomores, the class of '21, during its second year in college, conducted itself in a manner wisely foolish.

Our most serious thoughts were devoted to formulating and enforcing the necessary Freshman rules. Aside from this, our chief idea seemed to be to have as good a time as possible. "Spreads" and "feeds" were our strong point, and when boxes were received from home or when goodies were brought back with us after vacations we all piled into Room 33. There, with our voices high and our ukes strumming—for the uke was still popular—we thought only of the present and the slogan "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die."

In order to counteract a dangerous tendency to **embonpoint**, we found it advisable to go in strongly for athletics. During the spring of 1919, nearly all of us won our "D's", and Brita Buckingham did honor to the class by coming out first in the running broad jump.

The chief dramatic effort of our second year was a little sketch "The Man Outside," which served as a spring tonic of laughter to both audience and actors.

Toward the end of the year, we sought the companionship of our Senior sisters as much as possible, in view of their approaching departure. On May-day, we, as gypsies, invited



them to join us in an out of door frolic in the Grove. Despite the fact that storms prevented us from giving our Al Fresco party, a happy time was spent indoors with fortune telling, gypsy dances, and a picnic lunch as features. The Seniors returned the compliment by giving us a jolly party, and thruout Field Day and Commencement activities, a beautiful spirit of fellowship existed. This culminated in the joyful events of the closing year, when as sole makers and as bearers of the daisy chain, the Sophomores experienced something of the thrill of graduation.



Junior Year



Soon after the return from the summer vacation, " '21", now the Junior class, discovered that it had assumed, not only new privileges, but also new duties and obligations from which it had previously been exempt. Most of the latter were of a social nature and were enjoyed by the Juniors as much as by anyone concerned.

Our first attempt at sociability was the traditional Junior Bonfire with its pickles, rolls, hot dogs, and jollity;—October 4th the time, the tennis court the place, and the girl—there were one hundred and thirty of her!

Founders' Day came soon after this, with its usual Sophomore tree planting exercises. Because the "flu vacation" of the year before had prevented our planting a tree at the regular time we felt proud and happy to be allowed to plant one as Juniors. To be sure the trees, like the babies in "H. M. S. Pinafore" got mixed, and Marie LeCates, our class president, delivered her beautiful Elm tree speech while standing beside Mrs. Warner's "Federation Oak". Only a few botanists present detected the error, however, and the matter was adjusted later.

The great event of the year occurred on December 13th,



when we gave the annual Junior Prom in honor of the Seniors. As hostesses we cannot speak at length of the glories of this affair—the wonderful decorations, refreshments, music, gowns, and all the rest, but will merely quote the Seniors who pronounced it “the loveliest Prom that had ever been given at W. C. D.”

With all of these responsibilities and the additional one of playing big sister to the Freshman class of eighty lusty infants, we have always managed to find time for a genuine enjoyment of all the simple joys and intimate friendships of college life. Carefree moonlight picnics, class parties, spreads and cross country tramps;—all at their best when Miss Drake our honorary member shared in the fun—have been '21's specialties.

Even that most terrifying ordeal of compiling a year book could not daunt our spirits, or shadow our love of life. Stimulated by the prospect of a gay bonfire frolic when we might cremate the “Dummy” we plunged desperately into the task, heart and soul and—We refrain from adding “mind” lest you, ungentle reader retort:—“A book's a book altho there's nothing in't.”



The Elm

WE, the class of 1921 of the Women's College of Delaware, have chosen the White Elm as our class tree, because of what it symbolizes. Through it, we can express in part just what The Women's College of Delaware has meant to us.

The White Elm goes through the cold dark winter, but it shows a great response to the first few warm days that come in February by the swelling of the little flower buds. When the warm days of March come, the swollen buds throw off their brown scales of winter. After this, their course is very quiet, so quiet that most people look at the elm and say, "The elm never blossoms". But a few weeks later, the side walks or ground beneath are covered with blossoms.

In other words, the cold dark winter symbolizes the big world problems of our day; the response in the first few warm days means that we would respond to these problems upon the slightest stimulus, that we would work seriously but very quietly; and at the end of a short period of time, the results themselves would be the convincing facts of our strength.

A peculiar characteristic of the wood of the elm is the wonderful twisting and interlacing of its fibres. This gives it its gigantic strength. This means that the strong fibres of the executive force of The Women's College of Delaware have been carefully twisted and interlaced with the weak spindling fibres of the class of 1921 in such a way that only strength could result.

M. H. L.

An "IF" for Girls

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight:
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
Play without giving play too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;
If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
And not acquire, as well a priggish mien;
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
Without despising calico and jean;
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;
If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust;
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must,
If sometime you should meet and love another
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
And you its soul,—a loyal wife and mother,—
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
The plan that's been developed through the ages,
And win the best that life can have in store.
You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,—
A woman whom the world will bow before.

Elizabeth Lincoln Otis.



THE JOURNEY'S END



RUTH MESSICK
Bridgeville

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure,
and wisdom with mirth."*

Secretary of Y. W. C. A. 1917-'18; Information Committee 1918-'19; Captain War Council Campaign 1918-'19; President of Dramatic Club 1918-19; President of Class 1919-'20.

Class Officers

RUTH MESSICK, *President*
BERNICE HASTINGS, *Vice-President*
ELIZABETH HOWELL, *Secretary*
ALICE ROOP, *Treasurer*

Class History

THE class of 1920 entered the Women's College of Delaware in the fall of 1916 with a membership of over forty. We romped thru our Freshman year unhampered by the ignominy of class tags or rattles. The crowning event of our Freshman year was the "Great County Fair" at which we entertained the college. No one who was there will ever forget the baby-show with its squalling prize infants, or the dancing dolls, or the band that played gayly on tin pans and combs, while the crowd applauded and thrilled over airship and auto races in the hall. Who will ever forget the pink lemonade, the peanuts, the popcorn, the ice-cream cones, handed out as freely as the samples of soap and breakfast food? Just as memorable was the side show with its choice collection of "red bats," snake charmers, wild women, and other freaks. If you want to hear a lengthy monologue, just ask any Senior about her Freshman party.

During our Sophomore year we basked in the reflected glory of our sister class. Indeed, we thought ourselves as important as the Seniors as we carried the daisy chain on the first Class Day at W. C. D. It was another proud moment for the class of 1920 when it acted as guard of honor to the graduating class and heard Dr. Anna Howard Shaw speak at our first Commencement.

Toward the end of our Freshman year the United States had declared war and for two years all our conversation was punctuated with the click of knitting needles and all our activities were overshadowed by war. The party we gave the



Seniors was a hostess house dinner at which we dressed as sailors and entertained our fair guests. Another star in our Sophomore year was the winning of the first field day at W. C. D.

Our Junior year found us few in numbers, but with certain well-marked characteristics. We claimed to be different and tried to do everything in an original manner. We also established a tradition for our singing and because of the unmerciful ridicule directed at our pitiful attempts to sing, we burlesqued a silent musical comedy at a Saint Patrick's Day party. We also discovered that our greatest successes came when we planned an event at the last moment and rushed it thru. This policy we have followed consistently thruout our college career. The crowning glory of our Junior year was "The Blue and Gold," the year book which our class triumphantly published.

Now we are half-way thru our Senior year, and the thirteen of us look into the future with half-fearful, half-eager eyes. Thirteen is a lucky number—just consider the thirteen colonies. Here's hoping that 1920 will be worthy of its glorious future.



HELEN BANCROFT
Camden

"Go forth under the open sky, and list

To Nature's teachings."

Chairman of Social Service 1918-'19; Assistant Advertising Manager of "The Blue and Gold" 1918-'19; Chairman of Chapel Committee 1919-'20; Social Committee 1919-'20.



ANNA BEEBE
Lewes

"Courteous tho coy, and gentle tho retired."

Secretary of Y. W. C. A. 1918-'19; Secretary of Student Government 1918-'19; Assistant Business Manager of "The Blue and Gold" 1918-'19; Assistant Business Manager of Reporter Staff 1919-'20.



HELEN BISHOP
Huntington, Pennsylvania

"Of soul sincere

In action faithful and in honor clear."

Chairman of Religious Meetings 1916-'17; Social Committee 1916-'17; Delegate to Eaglesmere 1916-'17; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. 1917-'18; President of Y. W. C. A. 1919-'20; Assistant Circulation Manager of Reporter 1919-'20.



LILLIAN BUTZ
Dover

"A light to guide,

To check the erring, and reprove."

Representative on Student Council 1917-'18; Associate Editor of "The Blue and Gold" Board 1918-'19; Secretary of Class 1918-'19; Vice-President of Dramatic Club 1919-'20; President of Student Government 1919-'20; Y. W. C. A.



NELLIE CAMPBELL
Marshallton

*"Ready to do battle for an egg, or
die for an ideal."*

Class Treasurer 1917-'18; Associate Editor of "The Blue and Gold" 1918-'19; Business Manager of Reporter 1919-'20; Delegate to Eaglesmere 1919; Class Representative on Student Council; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.



BERNICE HASTINGS
Laurel

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free
Why aren't they all contented
like me?"*

Delegate to Eaglesmere 1918-'19; Treasurer of Class 1918-'19; Vice President of Class 1919-'20; Chairman of Social Service Committee 1919-'20; Reporter Staff 1919-'20; Y. W. C. A.; Dramatic Club; Glee Club.



VIRGINIA HARRINGTON
Harrington

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race
ensnare
And beauty draws us with a
single hair."*

Assistant Art Editor of "The Blue and Gold" 1918-'19; Y. W. C. A. Glee Club; Dramatic Club.



ELIZABETH HOWELL
Camden

*"My love in her attire doth show
her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she has dress-
ings fit."*

Secretary of Class 1919-'20; Chairman Social Committee 1919-'20; Dramatic Club.



HELEN MILLIKIN
Wilmington

*"Strong hearted, whole hearted,
loyal and true."*

Mandolin Club Leader 1916-'20; Class Representative on Student Council 1918-'19; Advertising Manager of "The Blue and Gold" 1918-'19; Vice President of Student Government 1919-'20; Y. W. C. A.; Dramatic Club; Glee Club.



LOUISE NELSON
Harrington

*"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst
find."*

Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.; Mandolin Club; Ukelele Club; Glee Club.



ALICE LINCOLN ROOF
Wilmington

*"I am a part of all that I have
met."*

Vice President of Class 1917-'18; Chairman of Missions 1917-'18; Delegate to Eaglesmere 1918; Dramatic Club 1918-'20; Vice President of Red Cross 1917-'20; Assistant Editor of "The Blue and Gold" 1919; Associate Editor of Reporter 1918-'19; Editor of Reporter 1919-'20; Treasurer of Senior Class 1919-'20; Chairman of Religious Meetings of Y. W. C. A. 1919-'20; Glee Club.



WINIFRED HANCHETT
New York City

(To be Graduated February 1921.)

*"Oh saw ye the lass wi the bonnie
blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever
was seen."*

Rollins College, Florida. Reporter on "Sandspur" Staff 1916-'17; Secretary Freshman Class 1916-'17; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1917-'18; Secretary Sophomore Class 1917-'18; Manager of Basketball Team 1917-'18; Chairman Information Committee Y. W. C. A. 1918-'19; President Delphic Literary Society 1918-'19; Secretary and Treasurer of Glee Club 1918-'19; Junior Reporter of Student Board 1918-'19; Chapel and Community Choir 1918-'19; Vice President Y. W. C. A. 1918-'19; The Women's College Glee Club 1919-'20; Dramatic Club 1919-'20.



MARY DAVIS
Cecilton, Maryland

*"She looketh well to the ways of
her household."*

Treasurer of Student Government 1917-'18; Class President 1918-'19; Vice President of Home Economics Club 1918-'19; President of Athletic Association 1919-'20; President of Home Economics Club 1919-'20; Social Committee 1919-'20.



Class Poem of 1920

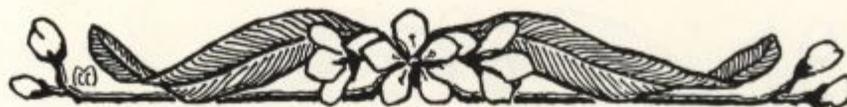
We who love life so sincerely,
Cherish its laughter and tears—
What will fate give for our portion
In the coming and doubt-misted years?

We who made laughter our goddess,
We who did homage to mirth—
Will we forsake all our gladness
When we meet the grim sorrows of earth.

We who fought bravely and boldly
And flinched not, tho battle was long—
When later the world's evils challenge,
Will we whine out a peace-making song?

Future all shrouded in vagueness,
Life which we now go to meet—
With love and with laughter and courage
We fling down our glove at your feet!

Alice L. Roop.



Senior Class Song

TUNE: *Sweet Genevieve*

WORDS: *A. Roop*

O Delaware we pledge our hearts
To thee our Alma Mater dear
We thank thee for the friends we've met
The happy times which we've had here
Thou'll see thy training in our lives
All our success be due to thee
Thy love shall make us sweet and strong
The truth thou taught will make us free.

CHORUS

O Delaware we pledge our faith
Our Alma Mater dear to you
Our hearts enfold
The Blue and Gold
Old 1920 will be true.

Tribute of '21 to '20

TO a class of enthusiastic participants
in all that goes to make up college
life---here's success to you.