

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

In the spring of '46, as demobilization was accelerated, the ranks of athletes began to swell once more and the war era of informal and haphazard campaigns at



Delaware came to an end. Teams were fielded in all sports that the University had supported just before the war and small groups began to campaign for the addition of sailing and gym-

WILLIAM D. MURRAY

The skilled mentor from Duke who lifted Delaware out of the football doldrums and piloted his team through 31

encounters without a defeat including a victory over Rollins in the first bowl game for a Hen eleven. Voted among "The Coaches of the Year" and noted as "the most successful . . . in the nation" by Commentator Bill Sterns, he stoically guided his high-gear squad to unprecedented fame as the country's most widely heralded small-college team.

His formula that gave the Hens the most impressive record in modern collegiate football was no magic recipe of a mystical

nastics. The athletic program as a whole was generally successful, especially in view of the high percentage of student participation; but the minor sports were for the most part unable to match the records compiled by the "big three." Football, of course, overshadowed everything else with the finest team in Delaware history—a team even greater than the great eleven that nearly downed Navy in 1931.

Returning veterans cast a new light on Blue Hen athletic endeavors. They turned out for competition in

unexpected numbers although some had passed their prime and almost all found conditioning a much more unpleasant chore than it had been before. The war, nevertheless, had little appreciable effect on the average performance and the pragmatic sensibleness and maturity that all of them manifested detracted nothing from their spirit.

The crop of outstanding athletes was particularly large and it is difficult to determine who will be best remembered some years hence. Tony Stalloni, football

thaumaturge. Only in high tackling and strong emphasis of defensive play did he make concessions to unorthodox innovations. In other respects his was classical football. His double-wing was no newfangled offensive, his ground game was marked by pile-driving power as much as deception and his aerial attack was hardly more complicated than a game of catch. He was, in short, just a particularly good coach, a coach who knew precisely just how much emphasis to put on each factor of the multitude that win games.

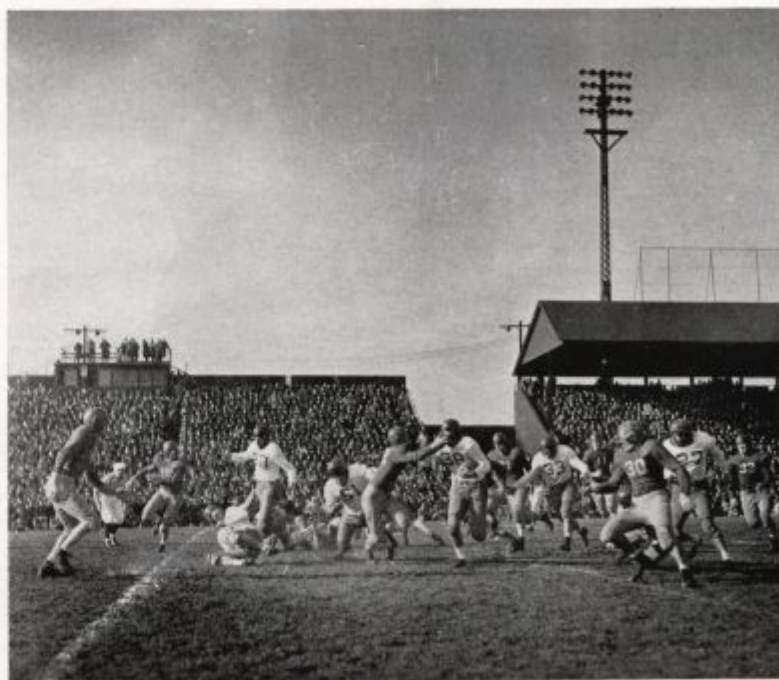
The account of what happened, then, is best told by the man who made it happen—Coach Bill Murray.

captain and Little-All-American tackle, will graduate in June but will not soon be forgotten. Of the class of '47, he is most certainly the "Outstanding Athlete."

The spotlight, however, cannot be focused on him alone. Hart and Doherty, the more spectacular of many capable gridders and diamond men of merit, share many of the plaudits. The lion's share, however, goes to Bill Cole, a sophomore who has spent more time this year playing varsity ball for the Hens than anyone else. He was a star halfback and the squad's leading ground-

MUHLENBERG GAME

Art Millman advancing against the Mules in jam-packed Wilmington Park. Trying to haul him down by the eyelashes is John Sweatlock and coming in to assist is Prentice Beers, No. 30, both of Muhlenberg. Wood, on the ground to the left, has just missed a block on Sweatlock and watches hopefully as Marusa attempts to knock him out of the park. Number 22 is Thompson and 33 is Coady, who had just given the ball to Millman on a reverse. The Hens won, 20-12, to knock the Mules from the undefeated ranks.





Delaware Squad

First Row: Prucino, Mullin, Carrell, Thompson, Papy, Glisson, Coulter, Campbell, Mettenet.

Second Row: R. Hunter, Mgr.; August Seaburg, Trainer; Doherty, Cole, M. Stalloni, Storti, Watkins, Jerominski, Hart, Nash.

Third Row: Coach Martin, Coach Pierson, Geyer, Cataldi, Gallagher, Jarvis, Silk, Weaver, Hauptle.

gainer (12.2 yds. per try) without being on the first team. In both basketball and baseball he was a performer of the highest order.

Murray: Frankly, I'm not so sure about being the best qualified and about some of the games I think the other coaches and perhaps the players could present fairly interesting pictures. We opened the season, at any rate, against P.M.C. and as is usually the case with the first game we felt that we hadn't had anything like the time required to prepare for it. The turnout was gratifyingly large and we had almost thirty men with varying degrees of experience in our system, and, as I remember, thirteen of the group had won letters.

The correct evaluation of all these players was, of course, a tremendous task and we had to make some pretty tough decisions as to who would start in each position. Harold (Buck) Thompson, Captain Tony Stalloni, and Walt Marusa had all been on the first string in '42 and they soon regained their old berths on the line. Carroll Hauptle won the left end position formerly held by the late Wade Pitt and Bob Campbell was our choice for right tackle. Jack Messick, who had played for Penn during the war, took over as center and Gene Carrell stepped in as left guard.

The key man in the backfield was Paul Hart, a fine passer and plunger who had handled the fullback duties in '42, and our selection for the quarterback post was Jim Buchanan, a deadly blocker on the '41 club. The half-back combination of Doherty and Sposato seemed the most formidable and with them we rounded out the starting team that took the field again the Cadets.

Some 10,000 spectators turned out in Wilmington Park to see us open the season and I don't think they were disappointed. Joe Coady, our triple-threat fullback, replaced Paul Hart in the first period and scored on a plunge, and Hart, back in the game again, did the same thing in the second period. Gerald "Doc" Doherty, having accounted for some handsome gains in the first half, finally managed to give the defense the complete slip and galloped over for another touchdown. The final counter was made on a quarterback sneak by Jim Buchanan and the one conversion we made was kicked by center Bill Murray.

It was a decisive 25-0 victory and a fair beginning for a season that we had anticipated with some apprehension. There were some mistakes, of course, some ragged playing here and there, but the important thing was that the team was clicking . . .

Martin: And, if I may add, that everyone had regained his old pre-war zip.

Murray: Agreed, and they were even "zipper" against Randolph-Macon, the team we met the following Saturday. The Yellowjackets had a fast, scrappy club but they were rather light, especially up on the line where it counts most. Hart scored soon after the game started to climax a 60 yd. drive and thereafter we had things pretty much our own way. Storti, Campbell and Millman each scored and Nine Stalloni went over twice. Nine, you know, was only a freshman but he didn't carry that ball like one. As a matter of fact all of our reserves performed creditably and I'm inclined to believe



Delaware Squad

First Row: Murray, Lind, Northwood, Sposato, Messick, A. Stalloni, Marusa, Griffith.

Second Row: Ciesinski, Hearn, Bilski, Miller, Buchanan, Smith, Jones, Wood, Coady, Coach Brunansky.

Third Row: Genthner, Hushebeck, Millman, Bowlus, Otton, Ginn, C. Stalloni, Coach Steers, Coach Murray.

that that was the most important difference between this and the '42 team . . . But we scored more than that, let's see; we registered a safety and three extra points between Bilski and Murray and two touchdowns, one by Hauptle and the other by Bill Otten—no, Jim Otten. Bill scored the following week against Western Maryland.

The outcome of that game—we won it 44-6, you remember—came as somewhat of a surprise to me. We had watched them beat Gettysburg and they had looked very strong, especially when they ran from that single wing. The most memorable part of the game, I suppose, was "Buck" Thompson's 98 yard run for a touchdown. We used to put him back to take kick-offs because he was so fast and could catch just about anything that came near him, and that's just what he did in this case—right down the sideline . . .

Thompson: But I had just about everybody on the team running out in front of me like a lawnmower. It was blocking that did it.

Murray: Yes, the blocking was sharp throughout the game; everything was, although we had some bad luck with our passes and extra points. Thompson managed to score on a pass from Joe Coady, though, and Billy Cole went over to make it 19-6 at the half. That score of theirs was on a pass to Billy Piavis, and they never managed to repeat during the rest of the game. Nine Stalloni, Art Millman, Dan Wood and Bill Otten all went over during the third and fourth quarters and Tony Storti kicked the two points.

That was our 24th game without a loss and I look on

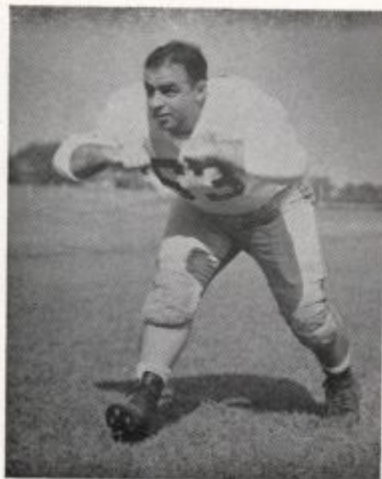
it as one of our better performances of the season—just one of those days when everything goes according to plan . . .

Brunansky: And the next Saturday was *not* one of those days.

Murray: I second the motion, but we ended up on the long end of a 27-6 score and that's what counts. I'll bet that Stalloni and a good many of the others are still nursing aches from that game . . .

Stalloni: Well, it wasn't exactly a May party. That team was out to win a ball game and they might have done it hadn't Doc Doherty felt so frisky. I don't think that it was a matter of over-confidence as much as the fact they were not only "up" but "on"—and they had the wherewithal, too, especially in Cervino and Rambo. Hart's having trouble with his leg didn't help matters any, either. He isn't merely a good plunger and passer; he makes things click in the backfield. He came into the game for just a few minutes, you remember, and Bang!—Wray Hushebeck took his pass and went over for a touchdown.

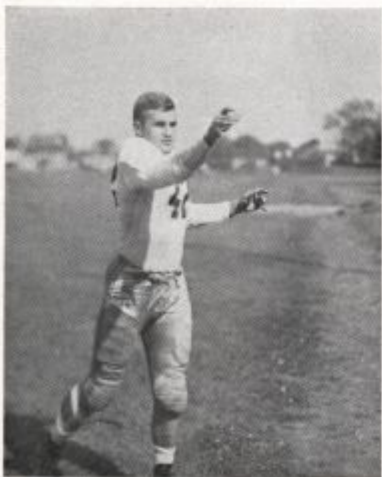
There seemed to be only one thing that they couldn't cope with and that was Doherty's running. In each of the last three periods he broke loose in the open and went 86, 63 and 38 yds. for scores, and Bill Murray converted after each one. Cervino finally managed to punch over their one touchdown in the last period after spending most of the afternoon pushing us around in our own territory . . . those end runs . . . and passes. They made 18 first downs and we made nine; they . . . well, just about all the statistics were in their favor. All



Tony Stalloni, Captain of the undefeated Hens and 220 lbs. of Little All-American tackle. A twice-wounded veteran of the war in the Pacific and of four Delaware grid campaigns, he was a star performer among a score of brilliant linemen. His graduation, however, will not end the Stalloni reign at Delaware, for his two brothers, Carl and Mariano, will remain to carry on the family tradition.

HONORABLE MENTION — LITTLE ALL-AMERICAN

In the usual order, end Harold "Buck" Thompson, fast, deadly pass snagger and defensive giant, and next to him, center Jack Messick. Co-Captain for next season and a rugged line-backer, he has a penchant for chatting with opposing linemen—calls them all "George", often admonishes them for "getting in the way" . . . The other Co-Captain, Walter "Moose" Marusa, hard-boiled guard and the squad's most astute analyzer of other teams' maneuvers . . . recipient last season of the Maxwell Club Award for the Athlete of the Week in eastern competition.



Paul Hart, the big, bruising fullback and sparkplug of the Hen offensive that amassed 357 points against ten opponents. Granted honorable mention on the Little All-American team, he was a terrific plunger, deft ball handler and an especially accurate passer. A letterman for two seasons, Hart will be back again in '47.

Hart's perfect grid foil, Gerald "Doc" Doherty, who averaged 11.9 yds. per try to win a halfback post on the Little All-American third team. He was a fine punter and no slouch on deception, but he was best at fast, deceptive flanking movements that will once again highlight the Hen attack in '47.



but one: the score. We had them by three touchdowns.

We weren't just lucky; we had the better team, but we just couldn't get in high gear. We shook out all our kinks during the following week and beat Drexel, 52-0, in the Homecoming Game on Frazer Field. That's what you might call "bouncing back", I guess.

Martin: I'd say that the Dragons did most of the bouncing. We were a superior club in every respect although Jim Ostendarp and Joe Michaels played their usual fine game. You might recall that it was six years ago to the day that we played Drexel and beat them to start our undefeated streak.

Thompson started things rolling when he took one of Hart's passes and scored standing up and shortly thereafter Doherty shook loose and streaked 35 yds. for another. "Horse" Chase, Drexel's coach, was very much impressed by Doherty—called him "the best 'cutter' he had seen all year in collegiate football". Very fast and shifty. He found things pretty tough toward the end of the season when opposing teams used special defenses against him and that was one of the big reasons why Bill Cole became so effective; he'd just squirt around the other side, you see.

dashed thirty yards for another. Tony, incidentally, had played a fine game. He's a very hard runner and particularly strong on the defensive.

Bob Papy kicked all the extra points to solve a problem that had been bothering us for some time. We hadn't been doing too well in that respect. We'll miss Bob next season because he was a good tackle as well as a booter.

In the next game against Bucknell, he kicked three out of four, and it looked for awhile like extra points were going to make the difference. You remember that Hart plunged over for one touchdown and threw a pass to Thompson for a second to make it 14-0 at the half, a happy state of affairs that didn't last very long, thanks to scores by Yanelli and Siezaga. Then we had on our hands what Herm Reitzes calls "quite a ball game"—all tied up 14-14 in the last quarter.

That was the most severe test we had had and the response was strong enough to pull the game out of the fire by two touchdowns, one by Billy Cole and the other by Wray Hushebeck on a pass from Stalloni. That's the earmark of a good team, you know, coming back strong that way—and despite some fine play by the Bisons,



BUCHANAN



CARRELL



SPOSATO



CAMPBELL



HAUPTLE

Bill scored against the Dragons, too, now that I remember, and so did Charlie Griffith, Nine Stalloni, Gene Carrell and Jack Messick. Hart chalked up a beauty after going 75 yds. through the whole Drexel team and the conversions were made by Mill Murray and Bob Papy.

It was a fine Homecoming and, as far as we were concerned, so was the one held the next week up at Franklin and Marshall. We spoiled that one for the Diplomats by downing them 28-0 for our 27th undefeated game. They had a fine team; an especially aggressive line. I think Joe Brunansky will agree with me on that.

Brunansky: It was one of the better lines that we encountered and in Ralph Mattiola they had one of the best guards we had the misfortune to run up against. They couldn't do much against us offensively with their tricky, ever shifting attack while we managed to score in each period. Cole and Doherty both shook loose in the first half and it was almost always curtains for the other team when either of those two got out in the open. Hart was having some trouble getting his passes off that day—their line was coming in very fast—but he finally spotted Thompson in the open and heaved a bullseye that Buck carried over. Then, with about 25 seconds left in the game, Tony Storti intercepted a pass and

especially their tackle, George Kochins. They used a tricky defensive shift that gave us plenty of trouble, too, but sheer power and heads-up playing on the part of everyone proved too much for them. We intercepted many of their passes and I recall that Coady took three men out of a play with one block and got off a couple of booming punts. It's hard to beat that kind of football and we took our 22nd straight victory by a 27-14 score—and promptly started drills for the 23rd.

Murray: That game was against Washington College, our old Eastern Shore rivals who had given us three hard-earned victories for our undefeated streak in previous years. We were prepared for a rough afternoon despite their rather unimpressive record, but our firepower was too much for them and they went down, 61-0. The nine touchdowns were scored by Doherty, Coady, Nine Stalloni, Hart, Cataldi, Thompson, Mettenet, Storti and Nash and Bob Papy kicked five extra points. We scored a safety, too, when Tony Stalloni tackled Lew Yerkes in his own end zone and one of the touchdowns—the one Mettenet made—was a bit freakish in that Francis Hill kicked off and the ball went into the end zone where it wasn't touched until Ernie fell on it.

With this victory the stage was set for our coming

battle against undefeated Muhlenburg, a game that was being widely heralded as the "Battle of the Little Giants" and the one to decide the "Nation's Small College Champion." We had been preparing for games as they came along and had not been pointing for any particular opponent but we couldn't avoid casting a furtive glance at the Mules as they knocked off one opponent after another. Tension and interest had mounted to an unprecedented degree as a result of a great publicity barrage and on November 23rd the largest crowd ever to witness an athletic contest in the state, 15,000, was on hand in Wilmington Park.

The Mules had a bunch of fine running backs and in Harold Bell the best passer we were to oppose all season. We pinned our hopes of victory on our reserve strength and to some extent on being able to gain through the center of their line where we felt we were comparatively stronger. These hunches proved sound and we took the game, 20-12.

They started out very formidably after the kickoff and would have scored had not Dean been out of the end zone when he took Bell's pass. Paul Hart scored shortly after we took over to climax a sustained drive and plunged over for another in the second period after Hill recovered their fumble on their own four yd. line. Papy made the second of two conversion tries and we led 13-0 at halftime. They began a march soon after the third quarter started which ended when Crider went over on a buck and scored once more in the last quarter on a pass from Bell to Sikorski.

Both of their conversion attempts failed, thanks to Gene Carrell who came roaring in from his guard position to bat down their kicks, and this might have provided the margin of victory had we not scored again. Bill Cole, however, set things up with a long run to the two from where Nine Stalloni bulled over for the last score and Papy's kick was good.

We were elated, of course, to have completed our third undefeated season and to have won over a team

as strong as the Mules. They had been out to win that game from start to finish and we were successful, I think, primarily because we all wanted so much to win and worked together so smoothly toward that end. Individual ability and reserve strength were important factors, but they matter little, you know, if a team doesn't pull together—and that's one thing those Hens did well.

That ended the official season, of course, but we had attracted the attention of a number of bowl authorities and had also been invited to play a post season game in Denver. All of these offers were very tempting but the best one seemed to be the Cigar Bowl in Tampa, Florida, and that's the one we accepted. It offered the prospects of a fine trip, and in being played on New Year's Day it meant that we'd miss a minimum of classes. Then too, the proceeds were to go to crippled children's hospitals which was, to say the least, a most attractive feature.

The opposition was furnished by Rollins College with a fast, heavy team that used a spectacular doublewing offensive. That was the last game for Tony Stalloni, Art Millman, Bob Papy and Dan Wood and any of them could give you a good first hand account . . . how 'bout you, Dan.

Wood: Well, we won, 21-7, the terrific heat notwithstanding. It was Paul Hart's game, though, not ours; his plunges and passes were just too much for the Tars. He threw an aerial to Thompson for the first score, plunged over for the second and threw another pass to Jack Miller for the third and spent most of the intervening time going through their line like a tank. Henry Moody tallied for them on a pass from "Seet" Justice in the final quarter and that made it 21-7 and gave us our first Bowl victory.

The reception we received in Tampa will be surely remembered as long as the game is for they neglected nothing to make our stay enjoyable. I can't imagine any better way to wind up a football career—especially one backed by 31 games without a defeat.



H. Kraemer

CIGAR BOWL



Courtesy Tampa Tribune and Mrs. Jack McDowell

First Annual Cigar Bowl Game, Tampa, Florida. First period action showing Tars in futile sortie against Big Blue.

Rollins College vs. Blue Hens

What looks like a gaping hole to Don Hansen as he carries for the Tars is being closed up by "The Boys from the Frozen North." Art Millman, left foreground, is poised for the *coup de grace* while Buchanan (27), Messick (15) and Carrell (52) all converge to lend a helping hand. Coming in from the other side are Hart (42), the offensive star of the game, Hauptle (64) and Stalloni (53) as Campbell (56) views proceedings with concern and Marusa ponders the situation while draped ungracefully over a Rollins lineman. Hansen, shown cutting inside, picked up 3 yds. before hitting the turf to typify the Tar offensive that netted one touchdown against Delaware's 3.

Rollins, at peak strength for the game, fielded a big,

fast team that the Hens classified somewhere between Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall. Their passing attack, potentially good enough to seriously threaten the Hens, bogged down badly while Murray's aggregation found intense heat an oppressive nuisance . . . Prayers of Tampa Chamber of Commerce were amply answered as mercury hovered around 80 degrees. Picture was taken in first few minutes of game before heat began to take effect, and, incidentally, before Hart began his plunging campaign. His jersey, No. 42, was shortly torn to shreds and so was the one that replaced it.

Whole affair was great success from viewpoint of Yankee invaders who took 31st game without a defeat in winning first bowl game for Delaware.

SOCCER



Front Row, left to right: Stanton, Wenning, Edwards, Povey, Hoffstein, Richards, Patterson.

Back Row: Reynolds, Orr, Cowan, VanSant, Jahn, Heitmiller, Hild, Townsend, Ewing, Groome, Coach Kurman.

A Jonah of some sort or another seemed to have been the 12th man on Delaware's soccer team last season and so great was his spell that the Hen booters took one win in eight starts. Coach Max Kurman, in his first year as the club's mentor, saw bad breaks and injuries drag his eleven down to defeats. From right half Dave Scott, then, some comments on an outfit that just wouldn't quit trying . . .

Scott: We tried all right, but you don't win just because you try. Injuries began to plague us right from the outset, benching Joe Mackey, All-Conference half-back in '45 and a number of other veterans. We tied Salisbury Teachers in a practice game, 2-2, and lost to Washington College and Stevens Tech, 4-1 and 4-0.

Franklin and Marshall's Diplomats provided us with our only victory by a 2-1 count, a score that certainly doesn't indicate our definite superiority. Tommy Riggins scored in the first period after we had threatened on a number of occasions and they eventually rallied to tie the game. We won it in the last minute or so when Vern "Pat" Patterson and Dick Ewing forced their half-back through the goal for the margin of victory. Big Jim Orr and "Robbie" Roberts were strong on defense and thwarted all their downfield thrusts except the fluke play on which they scored.

We never managed to regain the win column after

that and initiated our streak of bad luck by losing to the Green Terrors of Western Maryland, 3-0, despite some fine work by Joe Mackey who had returned to the lineup. Mackey scored our lone counter against the Bullets of Gettysburg but they came roaring back to down us, 3-1, mainly because Orr and Dick Richards were out with injuries for that disastrous second-half.

West Chester, Johns Hopkins and Bucknell all blanked us and scored 3, 4, and 3 counters in that order. Our bad luck seemed to be at an all-time high against Johns Hopkins—we couldn't stop their scoring boots and failed to account for a single one ourselves after spending a large part of the game in the shadow of their goals. That was a weakness that plagued us all season—that lack of punch around the goal. We'd fight the ball down-field and then fail to click where it counted.

The lineup as I remember it had Vern Patterson at left wing, Dick Ewing at left inside, and Jules Hoffstein of basketball fame at center. Captain Jack Povey, a fast aggressive player with a highly talented foot, held down inside right and Dick Richards had the right wing. Joe Mackey, Tom Riggins and Harry Huxford filled in at left, center and right halfback respectively. Fullbacks were VanSant and Scott and "Robbie" Roberts rounded out the team as goalie.

BASKETBALL



Front row, left to right: Hunter, manager; Pauls, N. Duncan, McFadden, R. Duncan, Cole, Hoffstein, Sammons, asst. manager.

Back row: Seaburg, trainer; Branner, asst. manager; Nash, Wright, Wood, Levis, Zink, Walsh, asst. manager; Onley, asst. manager; Coach Joe Brunansky. Absent: Jarvis and Short.

With the return of many veterans and a reconversion to pre-war standards of play, a complete reorganization was the order of the day when basketball practice began this winter. Not only were new faces and new methods to be introduced to the Field House, but a new coach, Joseph Brunansky, was to guide the Blue and Gold cagers. Having molded an indestructible forward wall as football line coach, Brunansky was by this time no stranger on the campus, and needs no further introduction here.

Brunansky: Having arrived at Delaware only this fall, I knew little or nothing about the individual merits of the candidates on hand at the opening of practice. Several holdovers from last year's team were back, but never having seen them perform I decided to start from scratch and disregard previous records. Our varsity five of Jules Hoffstein, Bill Cole, Bill Nash, Jim McFadden and Jerry Bowlus is the result of much deliberation and experimentation and I'm sure that with a little more experience as a unit they'll develop into one of the best teams ever to represent the school. I've commented at some length on football and I'd prefer to relinquish any further narration to you.

So here we go, and incidentally, what Coach Brunansky didn't mention is that his is the smallest team ever to play for Delaware and possibly the shortest collegiate team in the country. Averaging only 5 feet nine inches in height, the squad has to resort to a style of basketball

seldom seen in collegiate ranks today. Utilizing the speed of Hoffstein and Cole, Brunansky has been using the "fast break" built around a four and five man weave. On the defense the Blue and Gold cagers feature a close man to man system, playing for interceptions and "held balls". Most of the points scored against the Hens this year have been from under the basket where no defensive tactics can offset their lack of height. Their record to date of seven wins and five losses reflects their ability to play hard, scrappy, unsensational basketball down to the final gun.

Opening the season against the Garnet of Swarthmore, the Hens were no match for the efficient and experienced Quakers and were smothered, 56-20. The addition of Bill Cole and Bill Nash after the post-season grid tussle in Tampa was a shot in the arm for the Hens. In the first game of the new year they overcame a first period deficit to outlast the "Sho'men" of Washington College, 55-49. Jerry Bowlus and Jim McFadden were the big guns for the Blue and Gold, peppering the boards for 16 and 15 points respectively. The Drexel Dragons furnished the next opposition for the Hens and became victim number two in one of the most exciting games of the season. Little Billy Cole was the hero of the evening, depositing a foul shot in the last 25 seconds to break a 37-37 tie and give the home club its second victory. It proved an expensive triumph, however, as Jerry Bowlus, sharpshooting forward, suffered a recur-

rence of an old ankle injury and was lost for the next six games.

"Reds" McFadden led the Hens to their third straight victory in the following contest at Haverford with a personal barrage of twenty points. The Delawareans jumped off to an early lead and stayed in front till the finish despite a last minute flare-up by the Main-Liners. Johns Hopkins was the next victim of the Blue Hens, falling, 31-29, in a slow defensive tussle. Cole's five foul goals and the work of Bill Nash under the basket were big factors in the victory. In a return match with Swarthmore the vastly improved Delaware quintet almost turned the tables on the Garnet. With Nash setting the pace with 14 counters, the Hens almost caught the Quakers with a last period flurry but lost, 51-43.

Journeying to the Chestertown Armory for a return tiff with the Washington College, Coach Brunansky's cagers again disposed of the Sho'men. This time, however, the Blue and Gold won out only after a desperate last period rally, 47-45. "Ace" Hoffstein, diminutive forward, now measuring up to pre-season expectations, found the range for 13 points, while Nash contributed 10—plus some sterling work under the net.

A fast, rangy West Chester combine next dealt the Delaware cagers their third set-back, 66-49. After holding their own through the first period, the Hens were left at the post and the Teachers breezed in for an easy win. In the only overtime game of the season to date, the Blue and Gold took a thriller from an under-dog P.M.C. quintet in the next contest on the latter's court. Behind at the half, the Hens fought back to tie things up at 59 all as the gun sounded. Jim McFadden topped the scorers with 17 points, but "Ace" Hoffstein and Billy Cole teamed up in the extra period to put the Hens over the top. Hoffstein's two sensational fielders matched the best efforts of the Cadets, while Cole's foul decided the issue.

The Ursinus Bears next invaded the Field House, highly rated and scheduled to give the Delaware cagers a basketball lesson. They did just that for three periods

of a slow moving game, but Coach Brunansky's quintet erupted in the final period and almost pulled a major upset. Field goals by Hoffstein and Glenn Wright tied the game in a knot but a foul goal with seconds remaining gave the Bears the edge. The Drexel Dragons entertained the locals in the 11th game of the season and avenged their earlier loss to the Hens with an 85-56 drubbing. Ten members of the team saw action and all contributed to the scoring, but with the Dragons peppering the hoop from all angles, the visitors were finally and emphatically smothered.

In the last game of the season to date, the Blue and Gold repeated their earlier season win over the Scarlet and Black of Haverford, 61-44. Jumping off to a 17-6 lead in the first period, and playing one of their best games of the season, the Hens had no trouble mastering the Main Liners. Jules Hoffstein, taking advantage of some sharp passing by Cole and McFadden, led the Delaware cagers with twelve points, followed closely by Jerry Bowlus with eleven.

The outlook for next year is anything but gloomy. All five members of the first team will be on hand again next season. Jules Hoffstein and Jim McFadden have both performed remarkably for freshmen and if their performances this year are any criterion, they should develop into two of the finest players ever to perform for Delaware. Brunansky is basing a lot of his hopes for next year on the two "Bills", Cole and Nash. Both have two more years of competition left and their ability to play and think "team basketball" stamps them as assets to any squad. Jerry Bowlus is in his third year of varsity ball and should reach his zenith next season. A deadly shot from around the foul circle, Bowlus' offensive punch should provide plenty of excitement in '48.

Of the second team, Newell Duncan is the only senior among a promising group of ball players. Ted Zink and towering Vic Wood will be fighting for varsity berths along with Glenn Wright, a very promising freshman, and Bob Paules and Allan Loomis.



HOFFSTEIN



COLE



McFADDEN



NASH



DUNCAN



BOWLUS

WRESTLING



Front row, left to right: Carter, Scott, Tawes, Coady, Geyer, Murray, Paris, Clower, Bazela.
 Second row: Hamilton, Campagna, Runk, Sarmousakis, Snyder, Dallum, Ladd, Coach Bill "Shack" Martin.
 Back row: Pirnie, Thompson, Hild. Absent: Mullin, Walls, Bass, and Rittenhouse.

Coach Bill "Shack" Martin, strategist extraordinary in the grunt and groan game, and Bill Laurelli, the artist who could have probably pinned an octopus, were responsible for the inauguration of wrestling at Delaware shortly before the war. It was an instant success and was well supported in its revival this year.

The team was paced by Captain Bob Carter, a rough, skillful matman in the 136 lb. class. YMCA experience and a superabundance of brains, balance and brawn had given him 6 out of 6 matches when this was written and appeared likely to assure him the Mason Dixon Conference crown in his weight. To the champ, then, goes the floor.

Carter: Our season to date has been, I think, pretty good. We've won four, you know and dropped two. Our first meet against Washington College went to Delaware, 20-8 and we dropped the second to a powerful F. and M. club, 33-3. The Diplomats have always been

noted for wrestling strength and the team they fielded this year was no exception.

Gallaudet lost the next meet to us, 31-3, and in that case I feel that it was our superior conditioning that paid off. And it was Bill Murray who "paid off" against Lafayette, I guess. That was a thriller—the meet depended, you see, on the final match, and Bill, who had never wrestled before, came through to give us the meet, 17-15. Then next week the very same thing happened. Murray was paired against Trimmer in the final and deciding match and Trimmer prevailed, and we lost just as the Leopards had, 21-18.

We bounced back to down Haverford, 26-6, and that's the way things stand at present.

Our lineup has been changing from week to week since to wrestle in a meet a man must defeat everyone else on the team in his weight division. Starting with the 121 lb. group, I'd say Stanley Bozela is the best

we have. He's an exceptionally clever wrestler, and so is Clower in the 128 lb. class. He's very steady, has fine balance, and his record to date is especially good. Bill "Red" Tawes and Dave Scott have been handling the 145 and 155 lb. class respectively—both are strong and have exceptional endurance. Tawes, as you know if you've seen him work, is the steady, methodical type. John Geyer's been filling in at 165 and John "Hank" Paris, another mountain of endurance and strength, has wrestled at 175. Heavyweight chores have been handled by a number of aspirants and just at present Leo "Moon" Mullins is holding down the berth.

In my opinion one of the most outstanding aspects of this season was the way inexperienced men wrestled. The sport is seldom supported in the secondary schools from which Delaware draws students and most of us have had to start from scratch. With this season under our belts and most of the team back again, I feel that we'll be able to do a rather good job on the mat next year.



YACHTING

Yachting, a sport generally reserved for more heavily endowed institutions with many varied student activities, made its appearance on the campus this year as a result of the efforts of Morgan Homewood and a cadre of fellow boating enthusiasts and naval veterans. Official recognition of the organization was granted by the Faculty Committee on Student Activities in February after an industrious tub-thumping campaign by the "old salts."

The future status of the club depends pretty much on the availability of personally owned craft—dinghies, snipes, comets, stars and what have you. Unlike other sports that can be conducted with little more than a ball and a pair of shoes, yachting demands so high an initial outlay and heavy maintenance expenses that the university is not likely to view supporting the project with much enthusiasm. The campus sailors apparently don't care. They seem bent on piloting their little windjammers

under Blue and Gold colors come anything but a flat calm. To Commodore-elect Homewood, then, for pertinent comments on his foundling:

Homewood: We got the club rolling—or "underway" in this case—in December with about 80 members and a great many ideas and plans. Having received recognition from the University we've been interested in raising funds to provide boats—preferably dinghies, which are best for intercollegiate competition. We are making arrangements with the Northeast Yacht Club to use their facilities as a base and we hope to be making sail as soon as the weather breaks.

The other officers of the club include Lee Sparks, Marjorie Fothergill, Mary Ann Shipherd, Harold Burt, Bill Allmond, Judy Black, Harcourt Burns, Aubrey Smoot, Mary Jane Kincaid and Judd Stewart.

SWIMMING



Left to right, top row: Erdle, manager; H. Dougherty, Campbell, Macadam, Van Boer, Lewis, Smith, Ward, Grier, Coach Harry Rawstrom. Bottom row: H. Cofer, Bishop, R. Cofer, Tracy, J. Dougherty, Crumlish, Kelleher, Baird and Burt. Scoreboard in left background shows results of one-sided meet against powerful LaSalle, a team that broke four pool records in sinking the Hens. Absent: Heyd.

With a new coach and many new faces, the tank team suffered a fair season at best, but their prospects of placing high in Mason-Dixon Conference standing seemed rather bright toward the end of the season since teams of other members seemed a bit less speedy than those on the schedule. Harry Rawstrom, one-time Springfield great and All-American distance ace, took over as coach from Joe Shields and here's the season as he sees it.

Rawstrom: A couple of tough breaks, some very strong opposition and weaknesses in a number of departments within the squad gave us a poor record in respect to dual meets. We lost two heartbreakers, one to West Chester in the opener and another to Swarthmore later in the season, both by a 38-37 score. LaSalle, with one of the finest teams in the east and a world's champion in Joe Verdeur, downed us 55-20, Bainbridge outswam us 51-24 and Temple won, 53-22. But we managed to take seven first places against Franklin and Marshall to win, 51-24, and in an invasion of the New York area we literally drowned the Brooklyn Polytechnic mermen, 66-9. We took every first place and all but one second and our ace diver, Baudy Grier, established a new University diving record with 86 points.

We had several experienced performers on hand when the season started but only four stayed with us, and the worst loss in this respect was Bob Bush, our best back-stroker, who left school after the first term. Bob Cofer, currently our leading scorer, was the best swimmer we

had and he handled middle distance as well as sprints in a commendable fashion.

Cofer: But the speed expert was John Bishop who excelled in the 50. He's one of a great many promising freshmen like Grier, Baird, Campbell, Crumlish who should make things click in future seasons. Grier and Burt handled the diving—and well, and Murray Campbell, who also doubled in freestyle, took over the back-stroke chores along with Bob Kelleher, Lowell Ward and Jack Smith.

Among the freestylers who performed well and should be on hand for the next season are Baird, Macadam, Tracy, Heyd and Lewis, most of whom have been working in distance events this season. Of the breaststrokes, only Jim Crumlish will be back for the next campaign.

We had to start from scratch in every respect this season since there had been no team during the war and Coach Rawstrom was the fourth mentor to take the reins since 1941. Now, with conditions a bit more normal, I think we can look forward to some pretty fair Hen tank teams.

Worthy of note, I think, was the strength of some of the opposition. The combined efforts of Temple and LaSalle obliterated seven pool records that had stood for a number of years, a greater number by far than had ever been established in a single season since the pool was new.

BASEBALL



Front row, left to right: Philip Doherty, Charles Griffith, Philip Neff, George Schaen, Clarence Shirk, Gerald Doherty, Raymond (Scotty) Duncan.
 Middle row, left to right: William Cole, Richard Wolf, Harold Lambert, Frank Mathewson, Gene Gallagher, William Roy.
 Top row, left to right: Alvin Bellak, manager; Coach Shack Martin, James Kingsberg, Paul Hart, Robert DeFiore, Roman Ciesinski, Allan MacDonald, Newell Duncan.

Delaware's Blue Hens swarmed out on the diamond last season for the first time since '43 and walked off with the Middle Atlantic States Collegiate Athletic Conference Championship to climax a season that was particularly successful even in comparison to the fine campaigns of the pre-war years. In winning the league title, Martin's proteges took nine of twelve conferences games and ended the season with ten victories, three losses and two ties.

The factors largely responsible for this were heavy hitting, good pitching and plenty of base pilfering, all by ball players a cut or two above the average. One of them was Bill Cole, diminutive second sacker, whose recount of the season goes thusly:

Cole: We opened against the Nutmeggers of the University of Connecticut and settled for a 5-5 stalemate when the game was called at the end of seven innings on account of rain, and had yet to hit our stride when Lehigh downed us 5-3 in our first League contest, a veritable comedy of errors in which both teams accounted for 13 blunders.

We broke into the win column the following Saturday

with a strong display of power and walloped Washington College, 11-3, largely as a result of the fine play of Bill Shirk and "Doc" Doherty. Shirk was the standout in the next game against Johns-Hopkins, driving in five runs with two four-baggers and a single, and we downed the Blue Jays, 11-4. Mathewson was the winning pitcher . . . and Griffith played well, too. He's a hot outfielder—played some high-caliber ball in the service, and he might as well take over from here.

Griffith: Our next game, as I recall, was played on Frazer Field, the first of two against Haverford. We took in, 5-3, mainly on the pitching of Phil Neff, who was, in turn, well supported by the keystone combination of Cole and Lambert. Neff has since lost his life in an air crash—a regrettable loss for all of us who knew him. We really rolled in the return engagement, Shirk's big bat leading the way to a 14-3 triumph. Selby's power at the plate and Lambert's speed on the base paths didn't help Haverford much, either.

Our winning streak came to an abrupt end the next Saturday when the Drexel Dragons gave us our second league defeat by a 7-4 count. Joe Michaels, their catcher,

was the star of the game, delivering four hits in as many attempts. Shirk, as I remember, homered over the right field wall of Frazer Field.

We bounced back against the Shoremen again, beating them, 6-1, behind Shirk's pitching, and took one away from Swarthmore in five innings, 7-2. The game was called on account of darkness, but not before Shirk and Bill Roy had gotten in enough splendid pitching to make the difference. Bill, as I remember, fanned nine men during his tenure on the mound. The next game was called, too, this time due to rain, and we had to stop at five innings to settle for a 3-3 tie with Johns-Hopkins.

Our brand of ball against F. and M. was particularly good; we outplayed them 8-5 with Neff pitching until the 7th and Roy coming in for the kill. "Doc" Doherty went wild in that game—drew a walk and then pilfered second, third and home. He's a terror on the bases.

Temple gave us a rough afternoon, but we beat them, too; went scoreless for three innings, though, and then exploded for five in the fourth. Shirk held them to two runs and Billy Cole produced the hits that counted. The City of Brotherly Love wasn't so brotherly in the next game and Drexel smothered us 11-4 with their excellent pitching. The Dragons seemed to be our jinx for some reason or other.

F. and M. took the count again, this time by an 8-4 score. That was Shirk's last pitching session and Billy Roy stepped in against Ursinus to tame the Bears, 14-4 in the season's finale. But that's all history, and now the big issue is the '47 season which at this writing has yet to begin. Wrestling and spring football notwithstanding, I suppose that Coach Martin has an idea or two about our prospects.

Martin: Well, I had hopes for an outstanding season but due to the loss of Bill Shirk, Bill Roy and Bill Lambert, I'll consider us lucky if we win half our games. Our opposition will be very stiff and our pitching staff—and that's 75% of the defense, you know—is of un-

certain quality at this stage. All our positions are wide open, but I'm sure that Bill Cole and Charlie Griffith in center field will be awfully hard to beat out. Glenn Wright, Wray Hushebeck and Tom Scripps should give Luke Selby stiff competition for the first base spot and Captain Phil Doherty and Barney Runcie are listed as contenders for the hot corner.

We're going to miss Lambert at short—maybe Jim Gillson will develop enough to fill in there.

Griffith is the best of the outfield candidates that I know of and "Doc" Doherty and "Scotty" Duncan will be out to regain their old positions. I surmise that there will be some stiff competition for those positions.

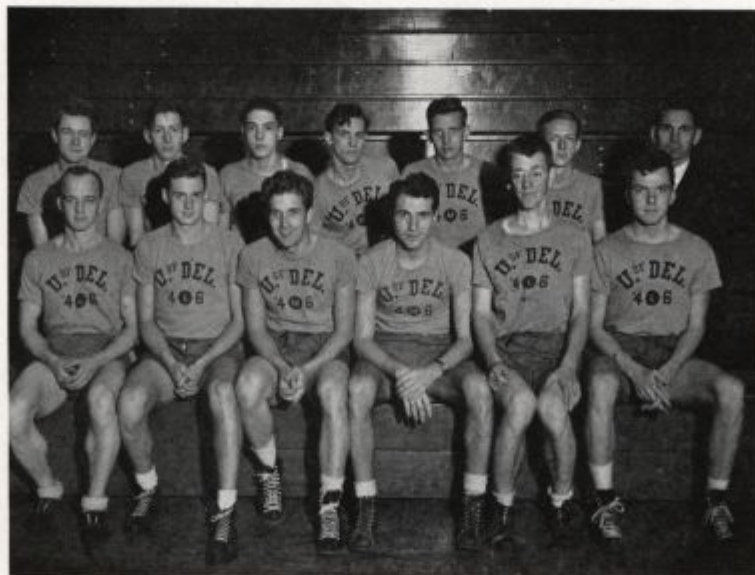
The situation in respect to catchers looks rather good—we have Paul Hart and George Shaen back, both regulars last season, and they'll be pressed by Bill Murray, Jack Messick and Gene Gallagher. But I'm doubtful about the other end of the battery. We have just two pitchers back, Len Dougherty and Frank Mathewson, and they'll be the nucleus.

We're certainly going to miss Bill Shirk. He was certainly one of the best players who ever swung a bat for the Hens—one of the very best; look at his record:

Pitched 5 victories, no losses	
Batting average327
Runs batted in	21
Doubles	6
Triples	2
Home Runs	3
Stolen Bases	12

That, of course, was the best record on the team, although both Hart and Lambert headed Shirk in hitting with a .348 and .340 respectively, and Selby and Cole averaged up .326 and .305. Our team average was .291 and we scored 110 runs to 62 for the opposition—and stole 73 bases. All in all, it wasn't bad—pretty fair season.

CROSS COUNTRY



Top row, left to right: Thorpe, Stabler, Waski, Fielder, Everett, Webb, Coach Ken Steers.
Bottom row: Schaeffer, Lynam, Buckworth, DeShan, Bergman, Galley.

TRACK



Front row, left to right: Carl Lasker, William Buckworth, Robert Cofer, Charles J. Levis, John N. Simmons, William Piper, Raymond B. Duncan.
 Middle row, left to right: William Colona, James Riley, John Povey, Donald Keister, Richard Wolf, Kurt Seligman.
 Top row, left to right: Coach Ken Steers, William Bergman, James Otton, William Otton, James Holden, Oscar Roberts, Henry Taylor, manager.

The '46 track season was, in view of conditions then prevalent, fairly successful, and prospects for '47 appeared to be anything but dim. The harriers were less fortunate, running into (and behind) a succession of particularly capable teams. Both clubs were coached by Ken Steers, a well known molder of fine teams at Middletown before taking over at Delaware—and to him we turn for the tale of what happened.

Steers: When the season opened I doubted very much that we could win a single meet since our list of hopefuls was very small and many events drew complete blanks. In fact I didn't visualize even a decent showing. But we made a rather impressive record and, in view of the size of the team, it was a pretty fine season.

I was pleasantly surprised when we took a triangular meet away from St. Joseph's and La Salle and even more so when, in the Penn Relays, we took a second place in Mason-Dixon Division of the College-Mile Relay. Our mile team was composed of what I would call four "average" runners—Jack Simons, Bill Piper, Carl Lasker and

Jack Levis, and they turned in performances somewhat better than "average."

That second place seemed to determine our place in the Mason-Dixon Conference Meet. We took a second; and that was some meet, come to think of it. The entire meet was run in a pouring rain and Johns Hopkins' Homewood Field was soon under three inches of water.

We ran into fine weather at the Middle Atlantic States Conference Meet and F. and M. and also into lots of keen competition. Buckworth placed in the two-mile event and Simons in the 220 and that gave us 12th place. We took another triangular meet, this time against F. and M. and Haverford who scored 38 1/3 and 38 points respectively while we managed to amass 49 2/3. In our dual meets we weren't so lucky. Swarthmore outran us 66 2/3 to 59 2/3 and Johns Hopkins edged us out by a 69-57 count.

I can't say much about the '47 season at this date—we have about 100 men out—but with the lettermen we have back and some promising newcomers I think we'll make out pretty well.

GYMNASTICS



Top row, left to right: August Bellanca, Bob Cooper, Jack Bredin, Cipriano Firmani.
Bottom row: Dan Tynan, Gordon Bierman, George Schaen, Dick Joyeusaz, Bob Downing, Sigfried Wurster, Jim Magee, Leon Hart. Center: Coach Roy Rylander.

The group of lithe, muscular gents shown above represents Delaware's first venture into the realm of gymnastics. Instigator of the project is Roy Rylander, team coach and a crack performer in all aspects of the sport. He is priming his outfit on a year-round basis in the hope of fielding a team in intercollegiate competition next

season, because of the enthusiasm shown by the school.

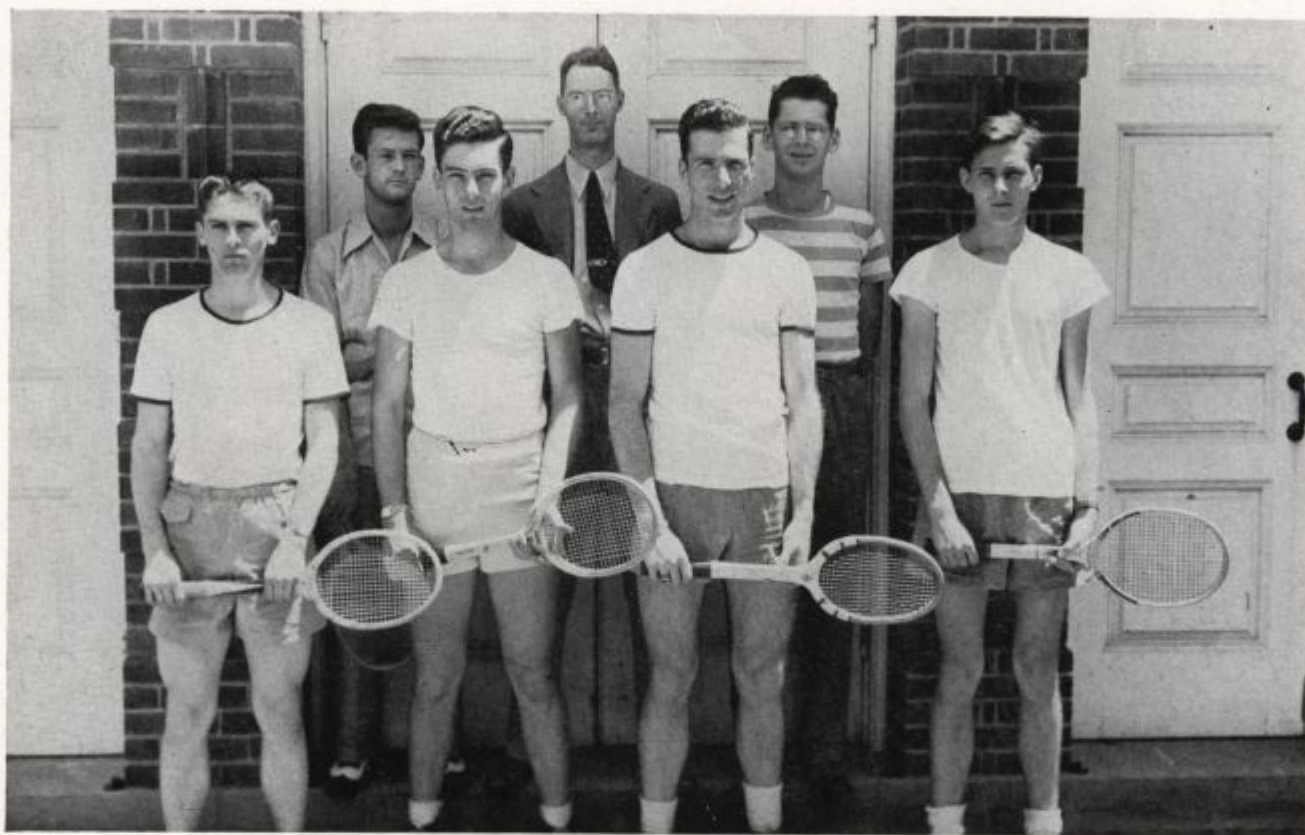
Spectators at basketball games were treated at half-times to a number of dazzling performances on the parallel bars, mats and horses, and their well-received exhibitions portend a lively future for another up-and-coming Hen sport.

CHEER LEADERS

The time-honored cheer leader's problem of extracting raucous noises from several thousand chilled larynxes was unique this year in that the larynxes were owned by a comparatively older, more mature and decorous student body. Confronted by the mighty Hen grid machine, however, they let the years melt away and howled themselves hoarse at the slightest provocation. They were well encouraged, too, by a large, spirited cheering squad and further stimulated in a few cases by frequent sacrifices at the shrine of Bacchus.

A bit of color was added to the squad this year by the addition of a number of co-eds, and especially colorful was Dorothy Catts, who teamed with Bauduy Grier in supplementing the usual routine with some daring acrobatics. Backboning the group were a number of old hands like Roland Reed, Jim Quinn, and Bill Pool, who graduate this year, and Bruce Ayars who co-captained the squad along with Anne Wise. Also out in front of the stands were Sally Heinal, Jane Gordon, Mary Ann Shipperd, Jean Hemphill, Janet Myers, Shirley Taylor, Marte Yerkes and Armel Nutter.

TENNIS

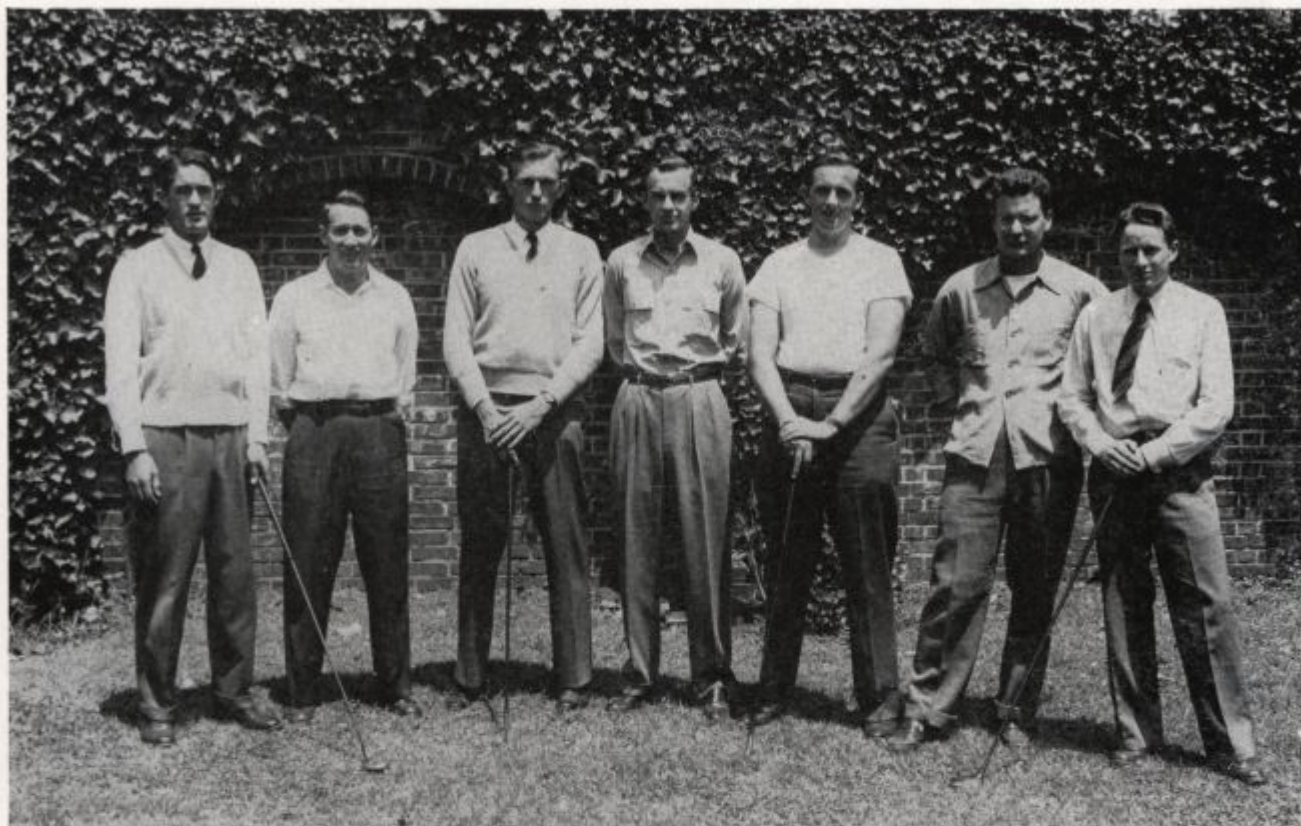


Front row, left to right: Richard Edwards, Donald Hoffercker, Robert Kirkland, Richard Ryan.
Back row, left to right: Isaac Cubbage, Coach Ralph Jones, Alan Lieb.

Back on the courts again after the war years, the racket swingers found it hard to regain their form and won only one in five starts. The first encounter against Western Maryland saw the Hens go down, $6\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$, and they stayed on the short end against Swarthmore and Drexel, 9-0 and 6-3 respectively. The Rams of West Chester provided the one bright note of the Blue and Gold season in dropping the match, 5-4, and the club wound up the season by falling before a powerful Bainbridge club, 9-0. Coach Ralph Jones, who every spring takes time out from the intricacies of mechanics to tutor tennis hopefuls, has this to say of performances, past and hoped for:

Jones: Our number one man was Bob Kirkland, a fine player with a particularly good serve, and the rest of the berths were filled by Dick Ryan, Verdell Short, Don Hoffercker, Dick Edwards and Isaac Cubbage. This group will be supplemented by Bud Haines, Dick Reed and Bob Dunlap in the coming season, and from them and some other aspirants I hope we can form a fairly capable team. Dunlap has played some hard tennis in his time and I hope that he hasn't lost his form. A good retriever, he was Boys' and Junior State Champion some years ago and teamed with Kirkland, Reed and Short on a Davis Junior Cup combine awhile back. It's a little early in the season to get much of an idea of our strength, but with a bit of luck we should make a fair showing.

GOLF



Left to right: John Stilwell, Frank Boys, Robert Price, John Craig, Edward Wilson, Robert Stewart, Robert Butler.

Prospects for as fine a golf team as Delaware boasted in pre-war years were evident in the spring as Coach Joe Brunansky awaited warm weather to muster his club on the greens. The '46 squad, under the leadership of dynamic, diminutive Bob "Chick" Butler, dropped 4, tied 1 and won 1.

Butler: A duffer can crack 80 when he's on; let's get to the meat of things. I think that we'll have everybody

back but Bob Price and I think that Ed Wilson and Bob Stewart, our new captain, will go great guns this season. Of course I don't know much about the newcomers. Milne Schmidt, Alby Strikol, Miles Powell and Jim Goldey, Bob's younger brother who led the team before the war, are all expected to be on hand when we get started. We hope to be teeing off pretty soon and it's my hunch that we'll have a pretty fair campaign.

WOMEN'S SPORTS



Focal point of all things athletic for the weaker sex is the large, well-equipped Women's Gym, headquarters for the Women's Athletic Association or what is commonly known as the W.A.A., and the ringmaster of this complicated circus is Miss Beatrice Hartshorn, our guest speaker on this occasion. First of all, though, a few screeds of enlightenment on this W.A.A., just now rearing up on a pair of shapely legs after a meager war-time existence. It was organized to promote health, good sportsmanship, and athletic accomplishment among women interested enough to turn out for activities other than those imposed by the curricula, and it's made up of class and dormitory teams. Those who participate in the minimum number of practices eligible for the play-offs at the end of the season in each sport. Heretofore a banquet was held at the end of the year for all members and those who had compiled enough points were given awards. Betty Gam, Jean Murdock, Jean Cameron and Shirley Taylor, the current officers of the W.A.A., are hoping to have another banquet this year and have been rather successful so far in their energetic efforts to get the organization rolling once more.

The athletic program on the lower campus has always been rather local in scope as a matter of policy and this is as good a point as any to let Miss Hartshorn step in

and take the helm before we bog down in some long-winded sermon.

Hartshorn: We're not entirely local, you know; we did schedule some competition on an inter-collegiate basis. Generally speaking, however, we've found it a better plan to confine our activities to the campus since severe competition for positions would discourage those who don't have a great deal of ability, but who come out anyway just for the love of the game.

I suppose that hockey is our predominant sport and we swung into action last fall with as much vigor as our nationally known football counterparts on the other end of the campus. Coach Betty Hudson ran the program on an inter-class basis in which the Freshman and Sophomore teams made by far the best showing, and, as I remember, Janet Hearn and Jean Cameron captained the teams in that order.

Cameron: We spent Tuesdays and Thursdays practicing skills and scrimmaging and toward the end of the season the two teams were ready for battle. The Sophomores took the field hoping to repeat their victory of last year when they, as Freshmen, beat the upper-classmen. Both teams, however, were very evenly matched and the game ended a 1-1 tie.

Houston: I think the two games against Wesley Jr. College were particularly exciting and as soon as they had been officially scheduled, the Freshmen and Sophomores got together and elected "Scotty" Murdock captain of our composite "varsity" team. The first game was played at Dover and anticipated with more than a little tension since we had no idea of their strength. We started off at a very fast pace and our strong offensive gave their goalie a rather bad afternoon. She thwarted countless scoring attempts, but two set-ups by Jean Cameron were sent into the net by Joan Tatnall and Janet Hearn. They managed to cross our center line only four times and we took the game, 2-0.

We played the second game up here and Shirley Taylor might tell you about that.

Taylor: Wesley had sandwiched in some competition with other schools before meeting us again and, although

we felt that we could win again, it seemed likely that it would be a rather close game. We scrambled the team up to lend more aggressiveness to the forward line, supplementing the Cameron-Hearn-Tatnall trio with Marty Yerkes and Judy Koller. This proved a brilliant disposition of talent, especially in Judy's case. She had never played left inner, having always held down backfield posts, but she performed like a veteran and scored five times by virtue of excellent stick work and speed.

Houston: The backfield is worthy of note, too. Janet Myers, Nan Fouracre, "Mike" Phillips, Scotty Murdock, Shirley Temple and Laura Lang all played a fine defensive game and were instrumental in the 9-0 victory that ended the season. And a good season it was, from both the inter-class and inter-collegiate standpoint.

SWIMMING

Swimming, for some reason or other, enjoyed one of its better years, attracting a large number of aspirants, a water pageant, and inter-class meets that were still in the planning stage at this writing. Eleanor Robie, Betty Loose and Bev Deiderick had been the standouts during

the last campaign and had retained their interest through the year. With them in the limelight this season were Inge Jahn, Shirley Taylor and Sybil Levenson, the latter an especially fine diver and probably as capable as many male performers in Taylor Pool.



BASKETBALL



Basketball came into its own toward the end of the winter with inter-class competition, dominated by Freshmen and Sophomores and to a lesser degree Juniors, and with two games against Wesley. With a composite team elected by the women themselves, the Hens took the first, 31-21, after fighting off a desperate second-half rally by the Dover combine. Dot Davis, an exceptionally fine shot, spearheaded the Hen scoring spree in the early part of the game to take the honors with nine points. Wesley

avenged this defeat in a later contest, however, bouncing back to nose out the Blue and Gold in a 37-34 thriller.

Davis, as noted, was rather outstanding although Jean Cameron might well be considered as the best all-round player among the women. Also particularly noteworthy under the hoop were Sally Wooleyhan, M'Liz Petit, Pat Thompson, Mary Francis Gordy, "Bobby" Mitchell, Nan Fouracre, and Shirley Taylor.

OTHER SPORTS

Performances in the minor sports varied in proportion to the numbers and interest of participants. Tennis, handball, softball, table tennis, badminton, quoits and shuffleboard all came in for their share of attention. Some were patronized only because they were included in the Physical Education Curriculum and others proved popular enough to warrant a formal program of competition. The fortunes of golf and the Outing Club seemed

at a low ebb and both now await resurrection by some energetic soul. Archery targets took a beating, however, mostly from Betty Gam and Jane Reed and soccer proved another forte of such stalwarts as Jean Cameron, Sally Wooleyhan, Betty Gam and "Scotty" Murdock. Murdock, who had waged an intense campaign in her *Review* column for more interest in women's sports, noted rather late in the year that "things were looking up."