

The Review

Library LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE MAR 6 - 1939 NEWARK, DELAWARE

The Undergraduate Weekly of the University of Delaware

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NEWARK, DELAWARE, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1939

PRICE TEN CENTS

Stormiest Session Rocks Council

Student Council Plans Prom Poll For Subsidation

Legislators to Seek Student Opinion by Referendum on School Financing of Dance

Last Monday in one of the longest, stormiest sessions the present Council has yet had, it accomplished four main things:

1. Appointed a referendum committee to tap student sentiment on Council subsidation of Junior Proms.
2. Approved the student social plan that was submitted last night to the faculty Social Committee.
3. Interviewed Mr. Grubb and established better relations with the Business Office.
4. Approved further steps toward acquainting the alumni with student problems on the campus.

Referendum

Mr. Charles E. Grubb accepted the Council's invitation and discussed Council finances with the boys. In the course of his discussion with the body at large he said that he did not approve of the Council's \$500 for tonight's prom, mainly because he felt that not enough students were interested, and because of repercussions that resulted from last year's large deficit.

As a result of his stand, President Tom Ryan appointed a committee (Healy, Chas. Baker, Roe, and Bove) to conduct a referendum to prove that a majority of Delaware men were interested in the Junior Prom. The committee announced this morning that the referendum would be held within the next week or two.

Alumni Relations

A letter to the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association was read by Ryan and heartily approved by the councilmen. Further faculty-student measures were tabled pending the Alumni's reaction.

The Council unanimously voted to appropriate \$156 for this term's combined W. C. D. & Delaware College *Cauldron*. Bill Richardson presented the case for the magazine.

Corresponding secretary Charlie Baker was authorized to invite the president of the Faculty Club to next Monday's meeting.

Social Calendar

Tonight: Swimming, Brooklyn College—Away.
Science Club, W. C., Hilarium, 4.10 p. m.
Junior Prom, Delaware College, du Pont Hotel.
Tomorrow: Swimming, Manhattan—Away.
Physical Ed Demonstration, W. C. Gym., 2.30 p. m.
Monday: English Reading, Hilarium, W. C., 7.00 p. m.
Faculty Club Meets, Faculty Club, 8.30 p. m.
Tuesday: Y.W.C.A. Discussion, Hilarium, 4.15 p. m.
Wednesday: A.I.Ch.E. Meeting, Chem. Bldg., 4.20 p. m.
Forum, open meeting, Hilarium, 4.10 p. m.
Thursday: "It Can't Happen Here," Mitchell, 8.15 p. m.
Friday: W. C. D. Freshman Formal, Old College.

First Pay Period Ends and NYA's Swear Citizenship

The first pay period of the second term ended for the NYA on Friday, March 3. Last Wednesday, March 1, the checks were issued by the business office. On the same day all of the students who work under the NYA at the University reported at Mr. Bush's office to sign an affidavit in front of a notary public, Mr. William J. Monihan, asserting that they were citizens of the United States. Approximately 150 men and women passed before the notary. There will be no NYA work during Spring Vacation.

Directory

Mr. Bush and Mrs. Worth are compiling data which they will use in the formation of a University of Delaware Directory covering every student who ever was a member of the student body since the College was founded.

\$1.00

From all available records to be had, Mrs. Worth has gotten the names of all of the alumni and former students of Delaware College. Questionnaires were sent to all graduates and former students of the Women's College for information to be used in the Directory. The Directory is expected to be in the hands of the printer by April 1, and will be sent out the latter part of May. The copies are expected to be sold for \$1.00.

Blue Hen Preparations Hit Full Speed This Week Say Editors

Photographer Starts on Group Pictures at Library Steps; Staff Meeting on Monday

The BLUE HEN staff of Editors and Assistants went ahead at full speed this week with their plans for the 1939-1940 BLUE HEN.

The photographer was in the Student Council room all week, taking the final portrait pictures for the biography section. Also taken this week were pictures of the various classes and other campus groups.

Sports Pictures

The Editors announced in an exclusive interview with the REVIEW that all sports pictures and any groups not so far included would be taken in about three weeks,

when the photographer would make his final triumphant visit to our campus.

Quotes

Said Harry Stutman, Editor-in-Chief: There will be a meeting of the whole staff in the REVIEW Office Monday evening at 7 p. m. At that time we'll consider the final form of the dummy. Any group or body who wants to be included had better get in touch with the staff before that time.

Said Norman Browning, Managing Editor: "Yes, Mr. Stutman."

Said Gibbo Mann, Assistant Editor: "Please, fellows, send your lists of activities on the proper forms. And be honest—we check them."

Said Matthew Hirshout, Business Manager: "Yes, Mr. Stutman."

Mitchell Hall Under Dictator In Political Drama Thursday

Oh It Can't, Eh?



Time out at rehearsal for Thursday night's play brings part of the cast wearily downstage for picture-posing. In the usual order, back row: Alan Porter, Al Mock, Sol Markowitz. Front row: Leonard Taylor, Jeeter Mock, Virginia Evans, Joe Mendenhall, and Bill Richardson.

Tonight's Prom Night, Corsages Selling Swell Swears Salesman

The Annual University of Delaware Junior Prom, scheduled for Friday evening, March 3, will feature Reggie Childs and his NBC network orchestra. The dance is limited to students, alumni, and faculty of the University of Delaware. The price per couple is to be two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Known nation-wide as "The smiling master of sweet swing," Mr. Childs is well known as a broadcasting artist and a recording feature of Decca records. For the past six months he and his orchestra have been occupied mainly with coast-to-coast NBC broadcasts.

Among the most successful hotel engagements of this orchestra have been those at the Roosevelt in New York, the Rice in Houston, Elitch's Gardens in Denver. Basis of his popularity is the blending of reeds and brasses in an exciting but soothing manner to produce the sweetness for which he is noted. The music is at the same time lulling and danceable.

Reggie Childs himself is a violinist, born in America and reared in England. His musical education he got mainly from the famous conservatories of London and Paris. From the Continent he jumped with his violin to Canada, and thence to New York. After several years of experience playing in the leading orchestras of the country, he took to directing musical shows, the most successful of which was the Broadway smash-hit, "Little Jesse James." It was from the score of that offering that he took his theme song, titled simply, "I Love You."

From Broadway Reggie went to the West Coast and California to play an engagement at the exclu-

sive San Diego Country Club. After outstanding success there, he succeeded to the position in New York's Roosevelt Hotel just vacated by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. His success there marked the greatest growth and constructive musicianship of his career, and he was called back twice in the space of three years to repeat the popular style he had made famous and familiar.

He has an imposing record of college prom successes under his belt, and a nation-wide vaudeville tour including all the key theatres of all the leading cities. The New Essex House of Newark, N. J. and the Sky Club in Pittsburgh came next, with NBC programs from each place. At the Commodore Perry Hotel in Toledo the contract was renewed three times in six months.

The Rice Hotel of Houston chose the sweet swing of Mr. Childs and his orchestra as their feature attraction during the boom season of the 1937 Texas Centennial. From Elitch's Gardens in Denver, the orchestra was on the air three times a week over NBC.

Featured with Reggie Childs as violinist-director will be Jimmy De Palma, "Pope" Carroll, and "Perky," all veterans with the Childs organization.

English Reading

The next English Department Reading will be given on Monday evening, March 5, at seven o'clock, in the Hilarium of the Women's College. Miss DeArmond will read from the works of "Saki" (H. H. Munro). Everyone is cordially invited.

Can't Happen Here Happens, Reserve Seats Selling Now

Next Thursday in Mitchell E 52 presents *It Can't Happen Here*, which they claim is one of the most timely and remarkable documents of the contemporary theatre.

In this play Sinclair Lewis has with uncanny accuracy foretold the methods of dictatorship, they say. A page from the script reads like a page from today's newspaper reporting current happenings abroad, they say.

Preplot

In a typical New England town storm troopers become unarmed "Corpos" who assist the campaign for the presidency of one Senator Windrup, who promises to replace the inefficiency of democracy with the efficiency of dictatorship. In a period of depression the idea is appealing to the town capitalist, the Vermont farmer, the man in the street. By making use of free speech and all the other privileges of democracy Senator Windrup becomes elected. Soon there are established all kinds of "protective" governmental control. The ways of dictators are pictured in unforgettable scenes whose plausibility needs to be confirmed only by a glance at the latest news story from Europe.

Has Faith

But the point of view is not entirely pessimistic. Sinclair Lewis has complete faith in the eventual triumph of democracy. In the play, as in the book from which it was adapted, he is concerned chiefly with arousing Americans from their lethargy and pointing out not only that democracy is worth fighting for, but also that to preserve it Americans must be willing to fight for it.

19th Production

It Can't Happen Here is being presented by the E 52 Players as their nineteenth production. It is (Continued on Page 6)

Guidance Bureau In Rush Season With Interviews

The business guidance bureau is in the midst of its rush season. Members of the senior class are having interviews with prospective employers. The interviews are arranged by Colonel Ashbridge, the head of the bureau.

Pictures

Five months ago the Colonel asked the members of the senior class to leave their photographs at his office, and some of those men have not as yet turned in the desired pictures. They are warned that it will not help along their prospects of getting a position if they do not attend to this matter.

Interviews

Bethlehem Steel and du Pont have already conducted interviews. Armstrong Cork of Lancaster will interview applicants for positions on March 8, while General Motors will interview on March 9. Macey's will interview both men and women on March 22. Aetna Insurance Company will be here at a later date.

The Review

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MARCH 3, 1939

Open Letter To A Son . . .

Dear Son:

First I must tell you how proud I was of you the other eve. I know that a chaperone must seem a wet blanket to a modern young man especially when she happens to be his mother. But you were most tactful and considerate about it. The corsage was very thoughtful, and the way you opened the car door and took my arm made me feel that, after all, gentility is not doomed to extinction. I felt this all the more on observing your courteous attitude towards Rosemary, who, by the way, is a very sweet girl. Your father was scarcely more courtly when he was escorting me to college dances.

But—and please don't feel that I'm nagging—there is one place where your conduct would bear improvement. That place is behind a steering wheel. It is sad, but true, that a gentleman on his feet often becomes a boor on wheels. A shot of gasoline can convert the flower of knighthood into poison ivy.

No woman can feel secure, or even comfortable, with a man who jerks her out of her seat every time he screeches up to a stoplight, or tosses her on her side every time he turns around a corner, or scares her half to death every time he passes another car. No woman thinks her hair looks well standing on end. Don't believe that a girl's heart is easier to reach because it's in her mouth. The automobile, son, is one place where a girl doesn't like to be rushed. It's the oil of gallantry, not the gallons of oil, that smooths out the highroads of romance.

If I were to tell you that "Mother knows best" you would laugh at me as an old fussy-dussy. But before you laugh, answer this question: Why do the records show that nearly one-third of all fatal automobile accidents are caused by drivers under 24 years of age?

You have the manners of a gentleman, son. Please don't let the automobile rob you of this heritage.

YOUR MOTHER.

Star Rogers Routs Library Files For History Of New Ark Academy



Archives Show Development of Institution from Origin as Private School at New London With Two Members on Faculty; £35 Salary

By Tom Rogers

In 1743 the Presbyterian Synod of Philadelphia commandeered the Reverend Mr. Francis Alison's private school at New London, Pennsylvania, because the Presbytery of Lewes were alarmed at the lack of facilities in and about the Three Lower Counties for educating ministers. Alison stayed on as head of the school at the price of 20 colonial pounds a year, assisted by an "usher" who got 15 pounds, until 1752 when he went to Philadelphia. They gave free instruction in languages, philosophy, and divinity.

Alison was succeeded by Rev. Alexander McDowell, and he moved the school to Cecil County in Maryland. The work got to be much too heavy, so Assistant Matthew Wilson took over after two years, the retiring headmaster continuing from a "sense of the public good" to teach logic, mathematics, and natural and moral philosophy.

Newark
Although not officially headmaster anymore, McDowell seemed to have the authority, for in 1767 he moved it to Newark. Two years later it was chartered by Thomas and Richard Penn, successors to William Penn as proprietors of Pennsylvania, and a movement was started with financial support from Great Britain and parts of the colonies as its aim.

In pursuance of the money, Drs. John Ewing and Hugh Williamson went to England and Scotland in 1773, where they called on Lord Noth, the Prime Minister, and Dr.

Samuel Johnson. They succeeded in getting sufficient funds to erect a substantial building with enough left over to endow the institution.

Revolution

They didn't need the money immediately, because the American Revolution intervened, and "New Ark Academy" became for the duration a shoe-factory to supply Washington's Continentals with footwear.

By 1780 peace was enough in evidence to warrant the reopening of the Academy, although no written record of its new existence goes back earlier than 1783. The school struggled hard under William Thompson and the trials of reorganization until 1794, when some Mr. Johnston took over in time to close it for three years two years later. Francis Hindman tried to revive it, failed, and Andrew H. Russell, in 1811, reestablished the school on a firm foundation, improved the quality of the instruction and enlarged the attendance as much as he could.

Conflict

From then on until 1834 its existence was rather smooth, but during that time the University began as a separate institution and maneuvered the Academy out of existence.

(Now the Academy is the town library on corner of Academy and Main streets. However, it does not run in competition against Mr. Lewis' University library because it is not a convenient meeting place for those making a "date."—Ed.)



ONE AT A TIME

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Asked at the last minute to do this week's pillar, H. T. Stutman, '39, praises Tuesday's College Hour and wanders off on social reform, the masses, and the TVA. It was written, as is most of The REVIEW, under terrific pressure.

We went down to College Hour last Tuesday—for a change. And we weren't sorry—for a change. It has always been a mystery to us exactly why College Hour has been such a gruesome boring affair. Of course, we know what made them so awful—the speakers—but we couldn't figure why.



HARRY STUTMAN

Well, we take it all back. But we would caution the College Hour Committee to look sharp, because since showing *The River*, they'll have to shoot high to keep up.

You see, Pare Lorentz used to review movies for the old *Life* and *Judge*. After a while, he got fed up—and so would you, if you had to sit through miles of Hollywood-head drivel every day—and, being not only a critic, but also a creative artist—he did something about it.

His first picture *The Plow That Broke the Plains*, which we saw through the machine that ruined the film. *The Plow* was received with near hysteria by all intelligent moviegoers everywhere (if intelligent people do go to the State) in a period marked by a series of pictures chiefly notable because each one became successively worse than its predecessor.

Encouraged by this success, Lorentz went ahead and made *The River*. Now we'd like to clear up a point right here, while there's still some ink in our roommate's pen . . .

The River has been dismissed as "propaganda" by various Republicans and other lost souls. Maybe it is. Maybe it is propaganda. So what? Is there any particular virtue in suppressing the truth about a group of Americans—not "immigrants," but fourth and fifth generation Americans—whose lives are blighted by conditions far worse than those of the most abject European peasant? And his cavil is made even more intolerable by the fact that these people live in the midst of the greatest potential plenty in the world.

This cavil is made even more intolerable by the fact that these wretched people live—or exist—in the midst of the greatest potential plenty and security in the world. We have proved that it is possible for a democracy to improve the lot of its underprivileged classes without resort to despotism. It is this monumental achievement that the hecklers would hide under a bushel of chaff. Is it "propaganda" when we prove that America is still the greatest country in the world? Is it "propaganda" to tell ourselves about it?

TVA has added more real wealth to our national economic scheme in each of the past several years of its active existence than the whole project will ever cost.

Those of us who saw *The River* will never forget the contrast between the animal existence of the pre-TVA family and the clean, new human habitations that were a direct result and part of one of the world's greatest economic, social, and industrial reconstruction projects.

We'd like to see more College Hours like *The River*. We are sick to death of commentators whose principal contribution to our lives is the macabre humor inherent in the phrase "After Munich—What?" If any of them ever come to disturb our slumber in Mitchell Hall again—we have a good mind to cut College Hour. Yes-sir, we'll cut, that's what we'll do. What if we do get a black mark beside our name? After Munich—what's another black mark?

Campus Camera

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

MCNEALY MARION
UNIV. OF MISS.

WENT 111 HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP FOR A PSYCHO-LOGICAL TEST!

"ODD WOMAN"
AT KENT STATE UNIVERSITY IS PATRICIA JAMES. SHE REGISTERED FOUR WEEKS LATE AND BECAME THE 1205TH WOMAN AT THE SCHOOL. SINCE 1204 MEN ARE REGISTERED. SHE SEEMS TO BE MORE OR LESS OUT IN THE COLD!

RALPH LIDGE
HAS 6,500,000 BEES WORKING OVERTIME TO PAY HIS WAY THROUGH NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY!
HE SHOULD WIND UP WITH A "B" AVERAGE.

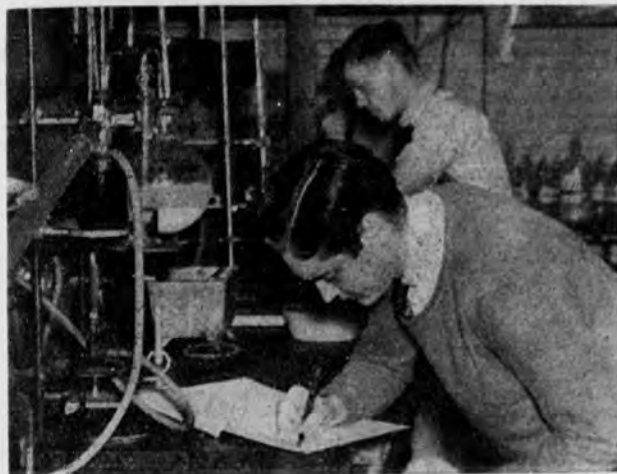
Photo'er Takes A Lab Trip

PHYSICS LAB



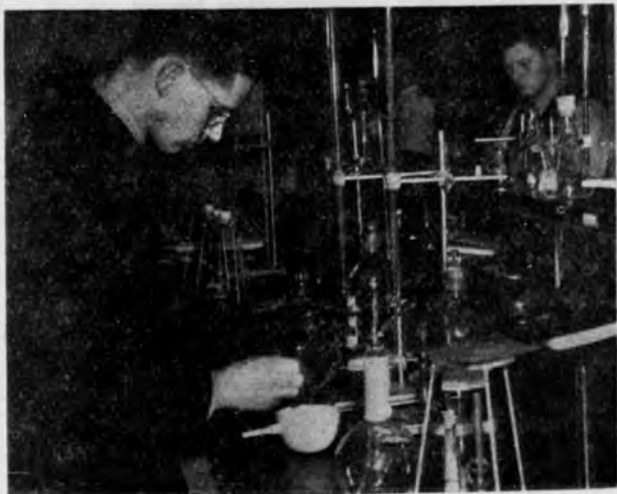
Studying the Mechanics of Solids, Liquids, Gases; Sound; Heat; Electricity and Magnetism; Light.

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Athenaeans Would Like To Invite Refugee To Delaware—Say Nichts

Ozzie Mackie, '39, president of the Athenaeans, has been conducting a one-man battle against a lazy, indifferent, lethargic student body to whip up interest in bringing a scholastically picked refugee student to Delaware next year.

He's mentioned the plan to the Athenaeans, and to some of his friends, and he hasn't yet given up. But unless somebody pitches in and figures out some sort of a constructive plan with him, the idea may have to be dropped.

An intercollegiate non-partisan committee to aid student refugees has been formed, and colleges and universities from coast-to-coast are sponsoring such a plan as Ozzie has in mind. He's been communicating with the committee and has

ideas—swell ideas, but apparently no one will listen.

The news to date, according to Wilson Humphreys, secretary of the Athenaeon Society:

1. The refugee has not been selected.
2. The administration has not been consulted.
3. The money hasn't been raised.
4. How to raise the money is the question.
5. How much it will involve hasn't been figured.
6. The REVIEW has not been consulted.
7. The Student Council knows nothing of the plan.
8. The Athenaeon Society would like to bring a refugee student to Delaware next year.

Hm, So You Want To Be A Photographer, Eh? Well Take It From Mr. Baliban, It's Not Easy

(Talk with any college yearbook photographer and you'll hear something like this. This year's gentleman-at-hand is Mr. Harry Baliban shooting for the "Blue-Hen.")

So you want to be a photographer, eh?

And travel all over the country, taking pictures of all the pretty babies in all the big schools, eh?

That's what you think. If you'll just turn your head a little more this way please, that's right . . . let me tell you what happened at the last school I shot.

Monday morning I got up at four a. m. and rushed over to the college at about seventy miles an hour, because my first appointment was at 9.00 o'clock. I tore in at about 8.30, to give me plenty of time to set my camera and lights. Smile, please.

Start

Then I started to look for the editor. I finally found him, and by the time he got up and came over, it was 9.30. Well, I said, let's see the schedule. What do we do today?

What schedule? he said. Smile. Softer, just a little softer. That's right.

What schedule, I said, the whole world goin' black before my eyes, what schedule? The schedule of what we're supposed to do today, the pictures we're supposed to take, what groups, where, when. My god, didn't you even plan for this? Doesn't the school know I'm going to be here taking pictures all this week? I said.

Don't Worry

Well, the staff knows, the editor said. Don't worry, Mr. Baliban, the word will get around. Hold it: one-

two-three-four-five-six-seven, thank you. Now we'll take another.

Well, so then I sat down and made out a schedule. Meanwhile, it was lunch time. Half the day was gone already and I still hadn't taken any pictures. So we went to lunch—and the editor took me to a place where lunch was \$1.00 and \$1.25, even though he's not in the habit of eating lunch, and he looked as if he had just finished working on your new administration building in the rain. After I paid the check, we went back to the office where my camera was set-up. Hold your chin a little higher, please, ah-hah.

Sit Around

We sat around until two o'clock before any body showed up for a sitting. It was a girl. A drape job.

I got her into the chair and then it started.

Do I look all right? she said, giggling like a tray of glasses falling down stairs.

It's a pleasure to shoot a girl who looks like you, I said, and believe me, I meant it. (Oh, come on, smile, don't look so hungry.)

How do you like this little curl, she said. I just put it on this morning, pointing to a bunch of spinach on her forehead.

Lovely, I said, charming. It gives a nice effect. Could you-ah-unbutton that sweater, please? I asked.

What! she screeched. Why the very idea! And she shrunk back in mortal terror as if I were some kind of a sex maniac, and looking as if she expected to be violently violated on the spot.

Oh, no, I said, it's nothing really. Ha, ha. I do this with all the girls.

Oh! a fiend! she gasped.

No-no-no-no-no, I said. This is

just going to be a drape-picture, see? You just unbutton your sweater, and then slip this drape around your shoulders, and then I take the picture. See?

Oh, she said, blushing, why didn't you say so? and she started to disrobe. Wait-a-minute, I said. Not so fast. Just slip it off your shoulders and put this velvet over you, that'll be enough.

Enough! it was too much! My mother wants me in profile she said, and juttled.

Yeah, sure, I said. We'll take two profile and two full . . . full-face.

Well, I took the four shots, and if I put a hundred-dollar-a-week retouch man on the plates, she'll look human.

No Integrity

I took four sittings all afternoon, and in the meanwhile, I had to sit up there and try to be nice to the editor, you know, talk to him, listen to him -hootin' off, make him think he was as smart as he thought he was. In the south I got to be a Southern Democrat. In Pennsylvania, I got to be an Economic Royalist, and in New York I got to be a communist. You know what I mean? (Just a little softer, little softer, softer . . . ahhhh, hold it, now.)

Then at five p. m., I set up an impromptu dark room in what must have been originally meant for a hot-house, and stayed in there twenty-minutes, marking up the negatives and changing plates in the holders. Then it took me half an hour to take down the dark-room. Then I drove back to the main office in cold, rain, and fog, and in the office I had four hours of routine work to do. (Hold it now, one-two-three-four-five-six, thank you, that will be all, whose next?)



By J. D. . . . S.

Three Button . . .

The Bulletin Board has a note reading to effect that:

Pictures Taken 1:30
Student Council Room
Wear Coat and Tie

Below reads another:

Lost One Suit Coat. Three Button Grey Herring-bone Liberal Reward If Returned To Box 196

Also we have looked at Box 196, and we doubt much if the suit coat as described will fit into it. If it does the finder will deserve very much his liberal reward. A vest would fit fine we find, but he says nothing about losing a vest.

Incidentally, we have found a vest. We'll return it to any given box number. Liberal reward? Alright then, we'll keep it. They'll come into style again.

Mary, Myrtle, and Marge . . .

A Jr. Tues. night called up for a date to the Prom. He wanted to take some girl called Myrtle who is a cute trick, and has two sisters. Hanging up it occurred to . . . Jr. that he wasn't sure just which sister he'd been talking to.

It could have been:

Mary—age 22. Blonde.
Myrtle—age 20, burnette.
Marge—age 14, Brunette.

Says the Jr. with apprehension: "I hope like hell it was Myrtle, but I suspect like hell it was Marge."

Just Marge . . .

Another girl named Marge from WCD came out of the Library on Wed. and found a bunch of organizations getting their pictures taken. Marge felt just in the mood to have her picture taken at that moment. They were taking the Cauldron staff at the moment. Now

WITH THE BLUE AND GOLD

(Continued from Page 5)

Ed Bardo, track coach, has set Wednesday afternoon as the day for the beginning of practice sessions. Though he has not the wealth of material Doc Doherty is counting on, Ed still has a few good cinder-paths around whom to build a representative team. Veterans upon whom he is depending are: Captain Gene Vernon, Reds Hatcherson, Wils Humphries, Marty Vaughn, and Johnny Johnston. In addition there are a fair number of subs available. If any aid is forthcoming from the Frosh, Delaware might go places—

Steve Grenda ended his second coaching attempt last night minus the usual fanfare which ushers a man out when he has done a good job—his Hens lost to a fast Baltimore University by the score of 52-28. This Baltimore club was plenty hot, and the Blue and Gold could only stand the pace in the first period. After the beginning of the second half the Monumental City lads stepped out in front easily and came out on the long end of the final count.

As we said before, Coach Grenda has turned in a neat record. Despite the predictions of many of our well-known prognosticators, especially one about 11 miles north of here, Delaware turned in 9 victories as against 7 defeats. This is quite a gain over last season's record of 6 wins and 10 losses, and speaks well for Coach Grenda and the courtmen. In passing might we also put in a plug for the brilliant leadership and playing of Captain Bruce Lindsay . . . to date we'd say Delaware's "Captain of the Year"!

Marge is on the Cauldron staff. You'll see her in the "Blue Hen," back row, extreme left, very next to Jake of REVIEW fame.

Says Marge: "I never wrote anything in my life, and I hope my hair looked combed in the picture."

Uninterviewed . . .

This week we out of sympathy interviewed the man who did not get interviewed on last Sat.'s REVIEW broadcast.

"Come over here, Bud Wilson. Now Bud, lay down that ax for a minute. We want to talk to you."

"Where's Kreshtool? Where's Stutman?"

"There, there. Now tell us Bud, were you scared as you stood up before that cold hostile microphone?"

"Where's Kreshtool? Where's Stutman?"

"We agree with you, Bud. Anybody that'd make me come all the way up to Wilm. at supper time to boot, to be interviewed, and then cut me off suddenly like that, I'd . . ."

(Ed: Sorry to interrupt but this guy is just stalling for space with this drivel.)

Farmers Trust Company

NEWARK, DELAWARE

SERVING THIS COMMUNITY
SINCE 1856

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Dr. Hullihen Goes Aeronautical; Attends Aviation Forum In D. C.

Dr. Hullihen attended the National Aviation Forum meeting for two days in Washington last week. This meeting involved all those interested in aviation in any way—whether production, training, or flying. The conference was to determine and enlighten the delegates of America's needs for air preparation and defense. Dr. Hullihen attended as the chairman of the committee on the Military Policy and Affairs of the Land Grant Colleges and Universities of the United States.

Plan
A tentative plan is now under consideration of the Civil Aviation Commission for the establishing of a two year course in flying in thirteen geographically differentiated colleges and universities in the U. S.

The first year of this course will consist of the study of the basic principles of aviation and the second year will consist of practical flying under civil instruction at flying fields closely located to the educational institution.

Delaware is not included. The nearest are MIT and North Carolina.

Arsenal
Dr. Hullihen also conferred with the Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army on the proposal of his committee (i. e. Committee on Military Affairs and Policy, etc.) to secure armories for state universities which will be used as ROTC buildings to contain offices, classrooms, drill halls, etc. Dr. Hullihen said that he had the passive assent of the War Department but not the active. This is because Congress always attempts to tack any recommendations for expenditures by the War Department into the War Department's budget if the expenditure has not been included on the actual grant.

Mr. William Stanier, of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., discussed problems relating to Power Transmission at the regular ASME meeting last night in 308 Evans. John D. Rogers, '39, presided.

THE GENTLE READER

By Arvid Roach

Man In the Material Universe by Michael Street.

Man in the Material Universe has been out of print for twelve years. It was originally privately printed in Canada, but circulated only for a short while before the anti-vice leagues found out about it and put it on the taboo lists. Why it should have offended the "pure-minded" is hard to understand. It is neither obscene nor libelous, it is merely a profound document of inquiry and scepticism.

Not much is known of Michael Street except that he was a student at the University of Quebec and graduated in 1924. After leaving college, he took the pseudonym of Michael Street and privately published two volumes of verse.

There was nothing particularly striking about Street's verse either in matter or manner, but neither was it particularly bad. So, for a short while, he was considered a promising young poet.

Meanwhile he went abroad, and from then on the stories of his life

become legendary. While in England he was supposed to have been introduced to Bernard Shaw. Shaw, if the story runs true, acknowledged his presence by murmuring, "Oh, yes, Mr. Street, I've heard of him before, I believe,—considered a poet in America." Street replied, "I think I've heard of Mr. Shaw before too. Wrote a book once, didn't he?"

Street finished his tour abroad, visiting Ireland, England, France, Germany and Italy. He traveled the accepted tourist's routes, never branching off or straying from the beaten track. In 1925, while he was in Italy, he contracted tuberculosis. He returned to America. And five weeks after his return he had a relapse and was told he had not long to live. Rather than die the painful death of a tubercular man, he committed suicide.

Among his literary effects were two unpublished books of verse and the essay *Man in the Material Universe*. Street's will provided that these works be destroyed after his death; but his executors, acting on the advice of his friends, were persuaded to publish privately *Man in the Material Universe*. Consequently two hundred copies appeared for private circulation early in 1926. Today only seven copies of *Man in the Material Universe* are known to exist, and only one of these is complete. The remainder were destroyed by Street's executors who later regretted having printed it.

Man in the Material Universe is a profound testament of one man's scepticism. It is divided into three parts: the first dealing with the nature of God, the second with the nature of man, and the last with the nature of things.

Street's concept of God was one of complete materialism. He said, "God exists; He exists not as a benevolent deity, lover and beloved of the faithful, but as a material force, as impersonal and detached as the laws of physics." He explains man's concept of a personal God as an outgrowth of a subconscious analogy of God with himself. Man, he points out, likes to worship a god whose laws are in accord with his ideals. *Man* wants a god whom he can love and reason with. Hence man's concept of a personal god. The reason man refuses to accept the concept of a material god is not because of the historical continuity of his god-intoxication, but because he wants a god who is concerned and interested in him. But God, if we accept Street's postulate that the nature of God is best revealed in physical nature, is interested in species rather than individuals.

More important than the nature of God is the nature of man. And with increased importance, Street finds increased complexity. "Man,"

says he, "is the great enigma. Where as the nature of God was a relatively simple matter, since the concepts of God were but man's primary attempts to rationalize explanations for the forces in nature that bewildered him, man becomes increasingly complex as he ceases to be a functional animal and becomes a personality." Physiology has been able to tell us nothing of the nature of the forces that produce the phenomena of life. They have no analogy in physics. But they can be explained in terms of universal urges which, surprising as it seems, are not urges motivated by the desires of the individual but by the necessities of the species. These urges are our old friends self-preservation and the urge to replenish the species. Beyond these two urges, Street declares, material reality ceases to exist, for there is nothing in life that does not tend toward the fulfillment of them.

The final section of *Man in the Material Universe* is devoted to the nature of things. Here Street ceases to be a creator of ideas, and occupies himself with a re-inquiry into the states of time and matter. He concludes that man's notion of the material universe is hazy because he is burdened with the impedimenta of past imperceptions, which he continues to accept unquestionably. It is because of this, he believes, that the new science has surpassed the traditional arts in its relation to the material universe and man's place in it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"I wholly disagree with everything you say, but will defend to death your right to say it."—VOLTAIRE

Well, Why Not?
Dear Ed:

How often do we hear ye olde platitude concurrent on campus "There's nothing to do socially at Delaware." We of Harter Hall have a suggestion for an evening's diversion at W. C. D.

Why not a mixed swimming party with a few recordings after, huh?

The Boys in 301.

Down With Gossip
Dear Ed:

What in the name of Mephistopheles is the big idea? What do you mean? Do you know what you're doing?

I'm talking about Torchy McCoy's W.C.Dabbling column. Look Ed, you've been putting out a respectable paper for almost a year—not good, but at least respectable—and now you waste 12 inches per issue on a cheap gossip column which would be a disgrace even to the Goldey College Gist.

I'm agin it. Do we have to cater to the socially-ambitious Training House and frat boys, and sex-starved movie fans from New Castle, Sussex, and Residence. Do we have to? No. Then why waste money on it—it's expensive to be cheap, that way.

Respectably yours,
D. A. R.

Best friend Won't tell
dear ed;

they tell me theres going to be a junior prom and everybodys asking every body whom they know to go with them to it. i asked a couple girls myself. they wouldnt commit themselves. they said to me ask me next week. next week there wont be any prom. there wont be any prom.
edger allan smith.

Where our Deficiency lies

To the Editor:
It seems to me that on a campus as big as this one, that there should be some students who can write a decent intelligible news-story. If we wanted a humor magazine, or paper we could get a good one for ten cents at any newsstand; But we don't. We want a newspaper, we want news. Just news, not

humor, not satire, and particularly not little jibes at other members of the REVIEW staff.

It also seems to me that there should be, in the first place, some decent, virile news on the campus. How can you write about nothing, the REVIEW notwithstanding.

I don't propose to do anything about either condition. I only think that some intelligent person should show the REVIEW just wherein its deficiency lies.

Yours sincerely,
Cholly.

Too much Levity

To the Editor:
I haven't been reading the REVIEW for several weeks. As soon as I get it out of the mailbox, I throw it in that handy wastebasket.

I don't believe I ever saw a paper quite as dead. It is not a living paper at all. All you ever have in it are about five-week old stories, and two pages of ads.

Doesn't any of the writers have any personality, real conception of the function of a newspaper? I say no. No.

Can't you get a little humor into the columns, especially the humor columns? The outlook is too serious. A little levity will raise the tone. Let us have balance.

Yours truly,
Tom Crossan.

P.S. Kindly inform Swenehart, Neeson, Rogers, and Roach that the things that they write (so-called columns) stink—confidentially. See above.

Apropos of Tribulations

Dear Ed:
An excited Bostonian called on Dr. Edward Everett to ask advice. One of the local papers had published an article about this man, an article which was untrue and misleading. What should the man do? Should he write an irate rejoinder . . . or should he institute legal proceedings immediately? Dr. Everett listened patiently, and then made this reply. "My dear sir, do nothing. Half the people who buy that paper never saw the article about you. Half the people who did see it failed to read it. Half of those who read it failed to understand it. Half of those who understood it knew you and refused to believe it. Half of those who believe it were people of no consequence, anyway."

—J. G. Gilkey, Managing One's Self.

Macmillan, 1933 p. 207

Yours,
C. C. C.

We Ah! Tell Tawchy

Plantation Acres
Hawg-Patch Holler
1 March 1939

Review

Gemp-muns:—

Ah beg permission, suh, to welcome y'all back to these heah parts, an' extend the felicitations of a sho' nuff south'n cannul. Howsom-ever, Ah reckon Ah'd bettah get to the pint of this heah epistle.

Their's a couple poseys due y'all. Fust on account o' the stand of the Review as regards the Student-Faculty Pow-Wow over shin-digs an' socials. Ah doan give a tinker's damn one way or 'nother, but Ah shore like to see y'all consider both sides.

The second is on account o' W. C. D. DABBLINGS. This heah "Torchy," suh, has wat Ah calls the proper touch; an' that's the kind o' column yo' rag has been a-needin' fo' a long time. Ah ain't enjoyed anything so much since the time Aunt Tessybele put that yankee in his place, up in Memphis. Let's hope she keeps it that-a-way—not too pusionel, but still pusionel.

Thankin' yo', suh, Ah beg to remain

Very tru. yrs.

Col. Abner Q. Flackinfield.

P. S. Anytime yo' or Miss Torchy happens down mah way, Ah'd deem it a pleasure indeed if y'all would stop in foah a julp or some cawn squeeziins.

Si.

Si!

La Habana, Cuba
Febrero 17, 1939

Muy señores nuestros:

Existiendo probabilidades-de que podamos en este pais, impulsar la venta-de algunas de sus obras, nos permitimos suplicarles, muy atentamente, nos envíen SEIS EJEM-PLARES DE CADA UNO DE LOS CATALOGOS, editados-por ustedes.

Favor de informarnos sus mejores precios y descuentos especiales para li breros mayoristas.

Anticipándoles las gracias, nos es muy agradable ofrecernos.

Suyos Attos. Afmos. Sa. Ss.

Editorial Gonzales Porto
José Gonzáles, Porto.

Nota.—Ragamos a ustedes, registrar nuestra direccion para cuando aparezcan nuevos catalogoso folletos de sus obras, tengan la amabilidadde remitirnoslos.

Classified Ad

Expert typing: Themes, letters, notebooks, outlines, etc. done quickly and accurately. See Roy Wall, Box No. 218, or Harter Hall, Room 401, Section B.

Sigma Nu Formal Brings Outdoors Inside Commons

The annual Sigma Nu Formal, Friday last, was declared by all who attended to be the most unusual of several seasons previous.

Before entering the dance floor the guests had to pass by a fountain spouting water several feet high, and on which blue lights were constantly playing. In one of the southern corners sat the receiving line and in the other had been built a realistic rockery. This was complete with ferns, grass, rocks, flowers, and garden reflectors. The orchestra was seated on a grass covered elevated, plot and surrounded by flower-filled urns, with a gold curtain for a backdrop. On either side of the orchestra were two small gardens, complete with bird-baths and sun dials.

Surrounded
Heading the receiving line and surrounded by palms were Bill Zabel and Jane Stavings. Also receiving were Miss Estabrooks, Dr. and Mrs. Squire, and Ed Manchester and Lilian Marshall.

Homecomers Hear Talks Galore; Ryan, Sheats Get Scholarships

Last Saturday was Alumni Day, and while that was a week ago, the news is still hot. Here's what ye alumni learned.

Dr. Ailan Colburn announced that graduate work will be made available for chemistry.

The Chemistry Department now also has a Haveg absorption tower. The tower is located in the Chemistry Building and is used in studying the absorption of gases.

Ryan, Sheats Awarded

The George A. Harter alumni scholarships were awarded to athletes Thomas Ryan (the Council President) and Earl Sheats. These men are Senior and Junior respectively. The Alumni chairman of the scholarship committee is Joseph McVey.

Speeches galore rang throughout the quiet corners of Old College as Representative George H. Rhodes, Col. Donald Ashbridge (of the Business Guidance Bureau) Mayor Frank Collins of Newark, Gerald P. Doherty, graduate manager of

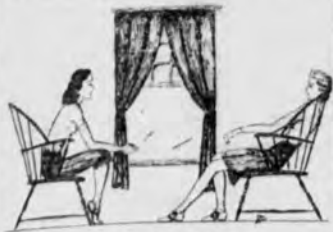
athletics, and Charles Rutledge, Editor of the Newark Post, each had the floor in turn.

Dr. Hullihen Speaks

President Walter Hullihen asked for information on the History of Delaware College. He also praised Mr. Jack McDowell for his work as Alumni Secretary.

D. Raymond McNeal, chairman of the nominating committee, announced that present president Milton L. Draper has been renominated as president. Other nominees include W. Sherman Corkran, '10, vice-president; Horace E. Spruance, '11, secretary; and C. E. Taylor, '11, treasurer. The nominating committee for 1938-39 included D. Raymond McNeal, chairman, Howard T. Ennis, George Records, Dr. Chas. P. Messick, John J. Murphy.

W.C.D. DABBLING



By "Torchy" McCoy

We're fastly becoming raving bridge maniacs on this campus. When the St. Anthony's club and the Training House take up the game, we can be sure that it has been properly and absolutely launched; and you can take it from us that the boys belonging to the aforementioned groups have seriously gone in for it. Down W. C. D. way, Sussex Hall is seemably the leader in playing the game. Somehow bridge has personally not interested us, but then we haven't read "Gone With the Wind," either.

Things They Say

That Johnny Healy is the best looking man in Delaware College . . . that Ruth Elliot is the best dancer in the Women's College . . . that Harry Stutman is the best actor in Delaware College . . . that Lunk Apsley has a beautiful black eye . . . that Joan Davis has perfect facial features . . . that Bob Bishop has fascinating eyes . . . that Peg Ewing has a swell telephone voice . . . that Anne Hamilton talks continually . . . that R. H. Vandegrift is the slowest-taking man in Delaware College.

Sussex Leads

We've been dashing around compiling figures this past week trying to find out which dorm the hall-dutty girls think is the most popular one on the W. C. D. campus. According to them, Sussex Hall is the present leader in dates, telephone calls, and stuff like that. We don't know what this is supposed to show, but we do know that there is a grand spirit of good fellowship in Sussex Hall that no other dorm can boast of. The girls there use the common room as a social meeting place more frequently than do others. Before and after every lunch and dinner hour the room is filled with girls dancing, joking, and watching and should prove an incentive to the other dorms for putting their common rooms to greater use. It's the old idea, you know, of being able to mix well with each other and having fun at any time with anyone.

We've Found Out

That Artie Shaw's recording of "What Is This Thing Called Love" is the best hopping piece to date . . . that girls in general don't like bow ties on men . . . that boys dislike girls wearing bow-ribbons in their hair . . . that there's nothing anyone can do about the "around the door" situation on date nights at closing hours down W. C. D. way . . . that Harold Maul didn't really stop a bullet the other evening . . . that writing English themes in criminology class isn't such a good idea . . .

"Note:—Please, Gibbo, leave the "Torchy" off this week.

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BLUE AND GOLD

By Mike Poppiti

Shades of Frank Merriwell—Bob Monihan's exhibitions of the past few days in the home tank . . . a new record for the 440 plus a spectacular piece of anchoring the relay team against Carnegie Tech . . . work well worthy of mention and praise!

Last Friday night, Ed Bardo launched a none too strong team against Carnegie Tech and came out on the long end of a 43-32 count through the efforts of Monihan. Though they were ahead by the margin of four points, 36-32, the Hens had to cop the final relay to win the meet; the winning relay crew gets 7 points for this event so that we might easily have lost. Consequently, though he had already swum the 220 and 440, the latter immediately preceding the final event, Bob was called upon to anchor the quartet. Both teams were granted a five minute recess, and the race was on—

Frank Holt led off for the Blue and Gold and finished almost even with his man. Ray Hecht swam the second leg but lost a little. Seth Eberhardt took up from here but also lost some ground—he finished about 30 feet behind his opponent . . . from here on it was a Hollywood Finish.

Monihan dived in and started out on what appeared to be an impossible task: Catch and pass their anchor man . . . a fast one at that. Shurning steadily in the turbulent waters he seemed to be making only slight progress in the first two lengths. In the third lap he zipped the length of the pool and came out of his turn within striking distance of the Techman. Within 10 feet of the finish mark the swimmers were matching stroke for stroke. But when they were within touching distance of the mark, Bob suddenly lunged forward and the race and meet were won!

On Tuesday night in the home pool, Monihan turned in another beautiful performance which overshadowed the previous anchor job only by the fact that on this occasion the swimming was legal; that is, in so far as the time is concerned. Bob set a new pool and Delaware record for the 440 by negotiating the distance in 5:11.2. To further prove his versatility he swam the final relay after a rest period of only five minutes. Add to all these facts, that earlier in the season Bob shattered the Delaware record for the 220 and draw your own conclusions about Monihan's ability—nice going, Bob!

Like the basketball team, the swimmers also make a week-end trip to New Yawk. Tonight and tomorrow night the Bardonians will engage in League competition with Manhattan College and Brooklyn College, respectively. Like the basketball team the swimmers should bring home the bacon from both encounters. Though the Freshmen will be missed this trip, as they were against Carnegie despite the victory, the Hens should experience little trouble from either outfit. Unless we're wrong again, Delaware's mermen should end their season with a total of six wins against three setbacks.

With Ed Anderson and Spike McCord stepping out in front of the brood, Steve Grenda's cagers did a neat job on an over-confident P. M. C. quintet. Rex Gardecki showed himself to still be master of the pivot and gave the Hens no little trouble in the first period. Gardecki's performance was overshadowed by Anderson's brilliant game, and a hotly-contested first period ended in a 17-17 deadlock.

When play was resumed the Hens were really at their best. And with only a few minutes to play a basket barrage by Mitchell and McCord removed all doubt as to whom victory belonged. From this point on Ziddy Trautwein's boys were in a fog so that Coach Grenda spared them from a worse shellacking by yanking his regulars—a considerate gesture considering the opponents.

With indoor sports ending tomorrow night, Doc Doherty, baseball coach, is losing little time in starting diamond practice. The initial drill is slated for Monday afternoon so that we're convinced Doc means business. As it looks from this corner, "Genial Gerald" is stepping into a pretty comfortable spot as far as material is concerned. Available veterans are plentiful—Captain Phil Reed, Spike McCord, Jack Daly, Earl Sheats, Ernie George, Howie Viden, "Tiny" Deaver, Fred Mitchell, Lunk Apsley, Pop Wharton, and a host of junior varsity talent. Promising Freshmen who should break into the starting nine are: Bob Duffey, an outfielder; Bill Tibbett, and J. Daly, pitchers. This aggregation of talent should produce a damn good ball club—keep your eye on the baseball team . . . it should make you forget football . . . oh yeah!

(Continued on Page 3)

HEDGEROW THEATRE
 MOYLAN - ROSE VALLEY, PA.

Tonight: "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen, adapted by Jasper Deeter. Hedgerow's ninth performance (of Ghosts).
 Tomorrow: "Juno and The Paycock." Sean O'Casey's play is taking its place as the 7th Irish play in their repertory.
 Thurs., March 9: "The Froth" by L. D. Kennedy again points the way to peace. Cast of 17.
 Fri., March 10: "The Romantic Age" by A. A. Milne. Harry and Mabel Sheppard as Mr. and Mrs. Knowle.
 Sat., March 11: "The Nuremberg Egg" by Walter Harlan. Hedgerow's second performance of this story of creation. Student tickets (for regular \$1.10 and \$1.65 seats) are 25 cents upon identification. Call Media 35 for reservations, or call the Review Office for further enlightenment. U. hush, curtain's at 8.30.

Grand Starts Mon.—"Tough Kid" with Frankie Darro, Judith Allen and Dick Purcell Starts Thurs.—"Carson Ride Again" Mon., Tues., Wed. "Lincoln in the White House"

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CINEMA ATTRACTIONS

Rialto—Starting Sat.—An all star cast in a thrilling story of the city, "Tail Spin," with Constance Bennett and Ginger Rogers.
 Aldine—Starting Sat. for one week—He's here again, Charley McCarthy, W. C. Fields, and Ed Berger in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." Stage Show on Sat.
 Loew's—A whirlwind story of love, adventure, and a detective who always gets his woman

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Can't Happen

(Continued from Page 1)
under the direction of Dr. C. R. Kase. Reserved seat tickets are on sale at the box office in Mitchell Hall. The box office is open daily, Monday to Friday, from 4 to 5:30 p. m.

Cast

Doremus Jessup, Walter Mock; Fowler Greenhill, Robert Rowe; Mary Greenhill, Virginia Evans; Lorinda Pike, Jane Trent; Francis Tasbraugh, Joe Mendenhall; Mrs. Veeder, Martha Ziebutski; Clarence Tubbs, Al Mock; Julian Falck, Leonard Taylor; Mr. Dimmick, Harry Stutman; Shad Ledue, Bill K. Richardson; Swan, Sol Markowitz; Jim Nickerson, Alan Porter; Mr. Veeder, R. T. Wilson; Corpo Brown, Jack Neeson; other Corps, Edward Cooch, Ralph Margolin, and Samuel Grayson; Dan Wilgus, William M. Richardson; and David Greenhill, Frankie Ball.

Staff

Production manager, Blanche Lee; assistant director, Jane Trent; co-stage managers, Sidney Silverman and Reynolds Knotts; make-up chairmen, Thelma West and assistant Mildred Watt; scenery chairmen, Janet Grubb and assistant Ellen Simon; property chairman, Mary Armour; publicity, Sylvia Phelps; costumes, Phyllis McClain and Kay Rosenthal, assistant; lighting, Frank Tugend; business manager, Edith Holden; scene designers, Russell Willard assisted by Edith Counahan and Alex Boyer.

Rifle Team

Leading the field with a margin of three points, Seth Eberhardt, sophomore shooting ace, heads the list of Delaware Rifle scores for the current season, according to the averages lately released by Captain Waters, rifle team coach. The averages computed include all matches to and including Feb. 25.

Dave Taxter, another sophomore sharp-shooter, is in second place and team captain, Phil Derickson, has closed up to third position. These rifle-men are the leading candidates for the three marksmanship medals offered by the Delaware Chapter of the Reserve Officers Association for the advancement of rifle marksmanship at the University of Delaware.

The dark horse for place in this competition is Warren Snow, freshman rifleman and Army boy, whose recent shooting is fast building up a high average. With four more contests still to be fired Snow may yet place amongst the first three high men.

Drexel Tech Here Saturday

The Drexel rifle team will visit Newark on Saturday to engage the Blue Hens in a shoulder to shoulder match. The Dragons are a greatly improved team since Delaware knocked them off in their match in Philadelphia in January. The local shooters will find them a hard team to beat.

Scoring Averages:

Name	Prize	Setting	Knocking	Shooting	Total
Eberhardt	98.10	96.40	89.50	79.90	363.90
Taxter	95.56	94.50	92.50	78.14	360.70
Derickson	96.33	96.40	92.20	74.00	358.93
Snow	97.00	93.14	88.57	77.82	356.53
Klotz	97.45	94.14	87.00	75.63	354.22
Shorter	96.78	93.00	88.78	66.50	345.06
Thornton	94.69	91.25	85.37	71.43	342.74
Scott	94.60	94.00	84.50	64.55	337.65
Ross	94.85	87.80	82.00	71.36	336.21

Doherty Talks To Baltimore Alumni

The University of Delaware Alumni Club of Baltimore held a regular meeting at the Longfellow Hotel, Charles Street and Mr. Vernon Place, last night.

The alumni group gathered at 6:00 p. m. for dinner. This was followed by a short business meeting at 7:00 p. m., presided over by Allan S. Barton, chairman of the club, who resides at 1712 East-33d Street, Baltimore. The principal guest speaker at the meeting was Gerald P. Doherty, graduate manager of athletics at the University of Delaware.

Malecot Swingsters Century Club Saturday Eve

Extra—dance at the Newark Century Club, Saturday night, March 11 at 8 o'clock. The music is to be by Andre Malecot and his orchestra. Andre's aggregation of hot-lick and jive men is made up entirely of freshmen. The outfit includes trumpet, guitar, piano,

drums, and Andre on sax and clarinet. Also the guitarist doubles on trombone in specialty numbers. Added attractions are vocal trio and several original numbers written by leader Malecot. The theme song "Blonde" was presented for the first time in public at the Wilmington Fashion Show on Monday

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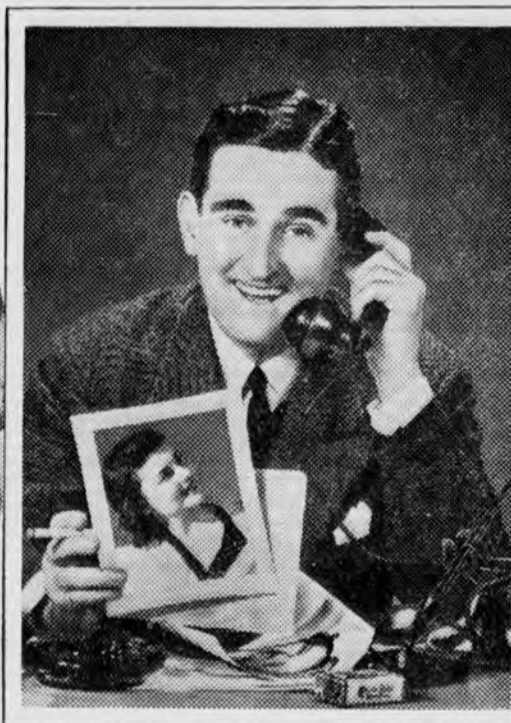
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