

ACTIVITIES

1	2	3
	10	
15 Square Dance at Student Center 8:00 pm	16	17
22	23	24 Party - Lane Hall 9:00 pm-?



4

Sorority Rush 7:00 pm

5

6



11

12

13

Intramurals Play-off Game
9:00 pm

14



21

28

A Bit Of Medieval Glory



Photos by Mike Mahoney





Arrayed in full medieval battle dress, the Green and Gold squads of Markland warriors squared off against each other over several hotly-contested strategic sites at Blackbird State Forest. Every spring they gather from all over Delaware to show off their armor and try their fighting skills.

Both men and women of the Mark participate in this spectacular event. They enact mock engagements in scenarios like "The Battle Of the Bridge" and "The Fight in the Forest Glade".

The action is always fierce. From the fearful clash of shield-on-shield as the "heavies" (steel plate clad stalwarts) open the fight to the final coups de grace administered by mailed archers, the mock war is carried out under the supervision of Reeves who judge the extent of injury and tally the dead. The padded weapons used in fighting keep real casualties low — this year there were only a few stitches needed for two days of battle.

Afterwards, the combatants relax over a few flagons of ale or mead. The battle done with, they boast about their prowess and proudly exhibit the new dents in their armor.

Dancin' The Night Away



Photos by Robin Goldstein





"They shore do things different these days, Martha."

Homecoming tradition is still a strong one, though the formal becomes less so than the glove-and-taffeta/cummerbund days.

They may dress a little less, and dance a little fast, or a little improvisationally, but the surging crowd that bedecked this year's Homecoming Dance, as all the past years, knows what's a good time.

Champagne, bottles of wine, and beer were sold to make it even more of a special night. For once, the Student Center pin-ball machines were dormant and the dance floor was packed. The top-ten/disco beat of Fancy Colors kept the pace lively, but the interspersed romantic tones of Grover, Margaret and Za Zu Zaz were the most popular. Corsages, champagne and onto the Homecoming Game.



Greek Week is a festival held by liberal arts students to pay homage to the culture and influence of ancient Greece — right?

No — it is a week of fun and competition among all the frats and sororities. Tug-of-war, keg toss, mattress carry, softball throw, and VW rolling are some of the standard contests. This year saw the addition of a night at Bacchus featuring a Fraternity Feud and Gong Show.

This is a good week to forget about trying to study (even if you're not a Greek.)





Greek Week

Photos by Mike Mahoney



Cordon Blue Hen

Did you ever think about where your tray goes? What mysteries lie behind that hole where all conveyor belts meet?

Raspberry jello fights and spaghetti shampoos ain't no mystery. Students making beer and book money working as dining hall workers have to amuse themselves somehow. What would you do with string beans a la mode and other retchmaking dishes that only well fed meal-ticket types can create? The garbage pours into the dish-room and sweat, slime and silliness are high. I mean, what would happen if they took it seriously? Silver-sink 210? Loading 3?

This raises the question of where all this lovely rubbish originates. Well, every dining hall from Pencader to Kent employs full time dietary staff workers, along with sanitary and student workers. Fondly known as dining hall ladies, these white-coated-big-smiling-perpetual scoopers are a persona all their own. They make some amazing cuisine from the, um-ingredients (?) provided by the university. Then again, who can forget peanut pie and big-D burgers? As long as the soda has charges and the ladies whip out those ladles, nobody complains too loudly. Anyway, there's always peanut-butter.

So think of Russell food-fights, Harrington salad bars, and three hour scope sessions when you, years from now, sit to expense account Trader Vics, or Carte Blanche Pied Au Couchon. The aura just can't compare with good clean dining hall fun.



Photos by Robin Goldstein





Or, Where Does Your Tray Go?



Studies: The Scourge Of School

Every once in a while Joe College must inevitably do some studying. Papers must get written, labs must be finished, and final exams must be survived. A certain amount of work has to be accomplished to rationalize the celebrations of the next weekend.

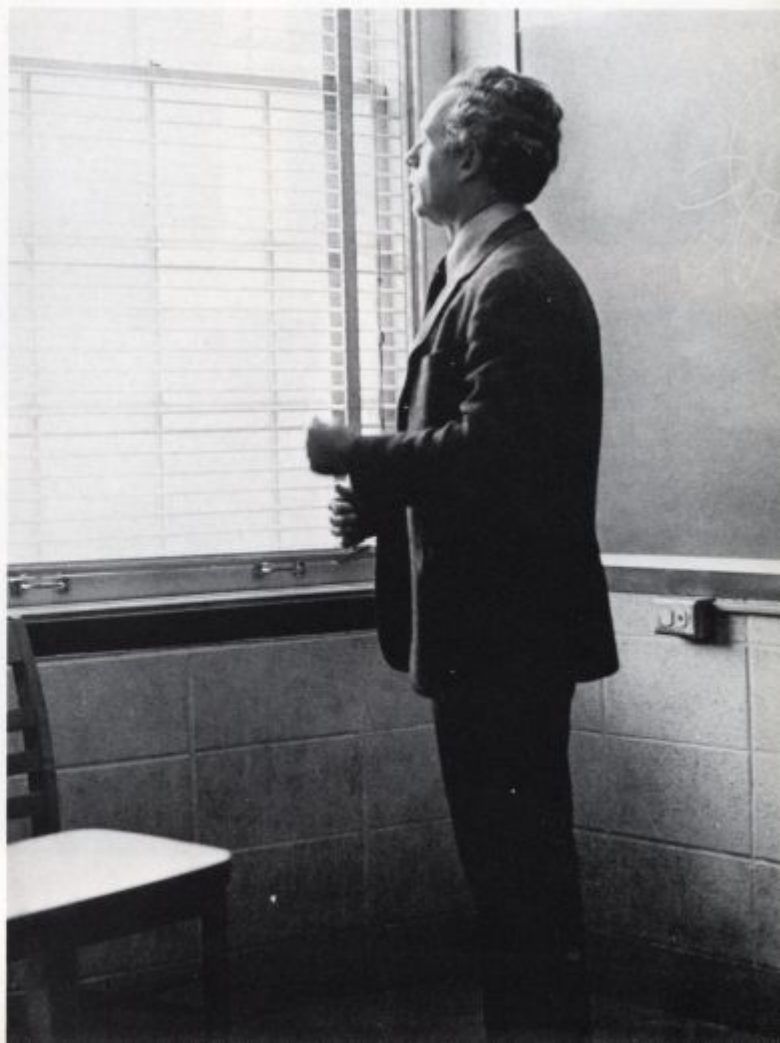
Towards the end of the term, the assignments of the whole semester are reviewed and studied for any hints of what the instructor thinks is most important. Anticipating the questions is the challenge of exam time.

And that's enough to drive anyone completely crazy.





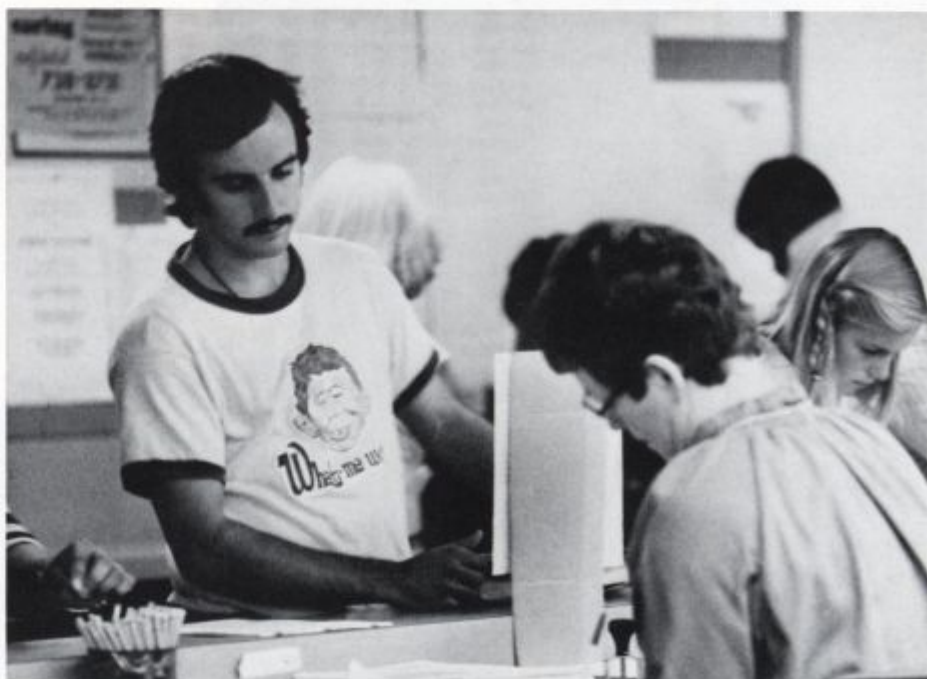
Photos by Daniel Mumford and Mike Mahoney



Just Being College Students

College students are a different kind of people. They work hard struggling with intangibles, trying to cope with many pressures and very many distractions. They play hard, too.

Sports, parties, fraternity social functions and all the other recreational activities help to ease the occasional loneliness of being an individual surrounded by crowds.



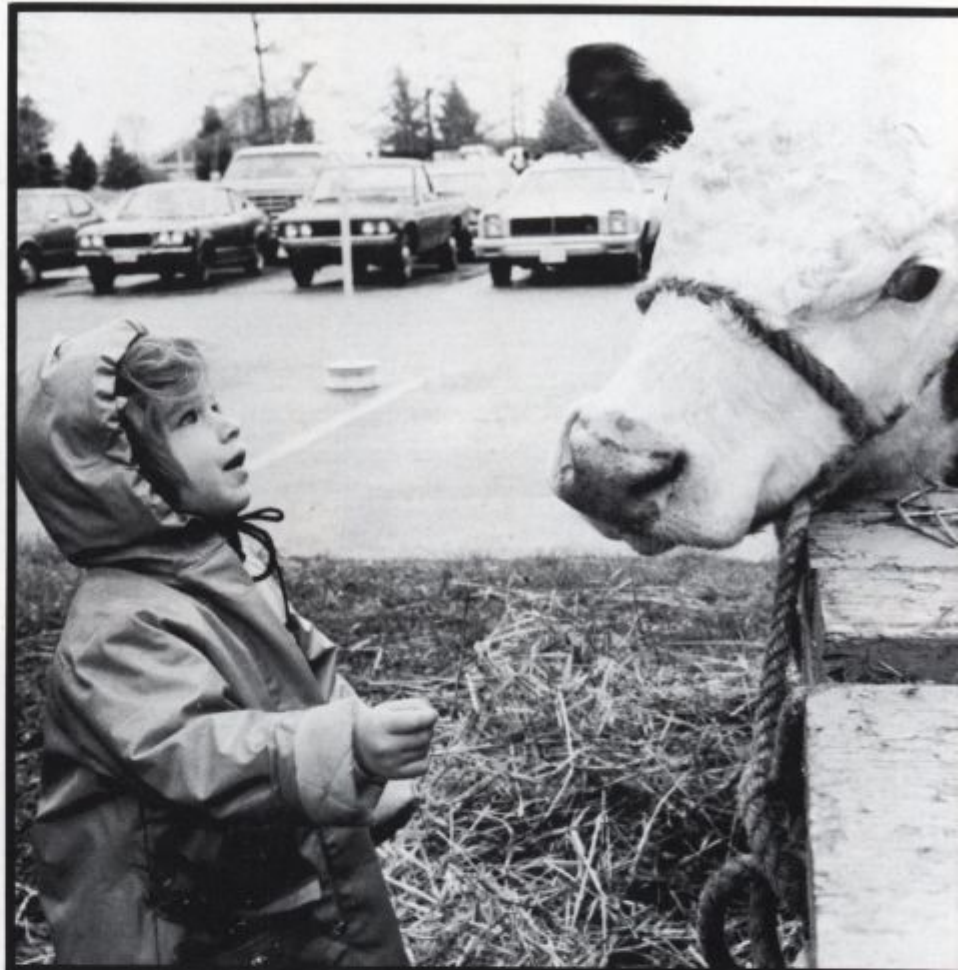


Photos by Robin Goldstein and Mike Mahoney



Despite occasional showers, the annual anarchies of Ag Day went on as scheduled and all who forged through the weather were glad they did.

Plants were sold, hay throwing contests were held and egg throwing contests as well. The egg throwing contest is not how far you can throw it, but from how far away you can catch it (without breaking it!); the trick is for your partner to lob the egg and then you catch it in a smooth swooping manner.



photographs by Robin Goldstein



Always A Good Time . . .



Surprise!



Robin Goldstein



Robin Goldstein



Jeff Otto

Robin Goldstein





Gina Menza

A tradition of bright fall colors and of students' last-thing revels before the grind of the semester. It's a final chance to let one's hair down . . . or out, and to act like children . . . or be children. Dorm parties on Monday, Mischief Night celebrations, after-parties in the Commons . . .

Gina Menza



Robin Goldstein



Michelle Poirier



A Little Rock N' Roll

photographs by Robin Goldstein

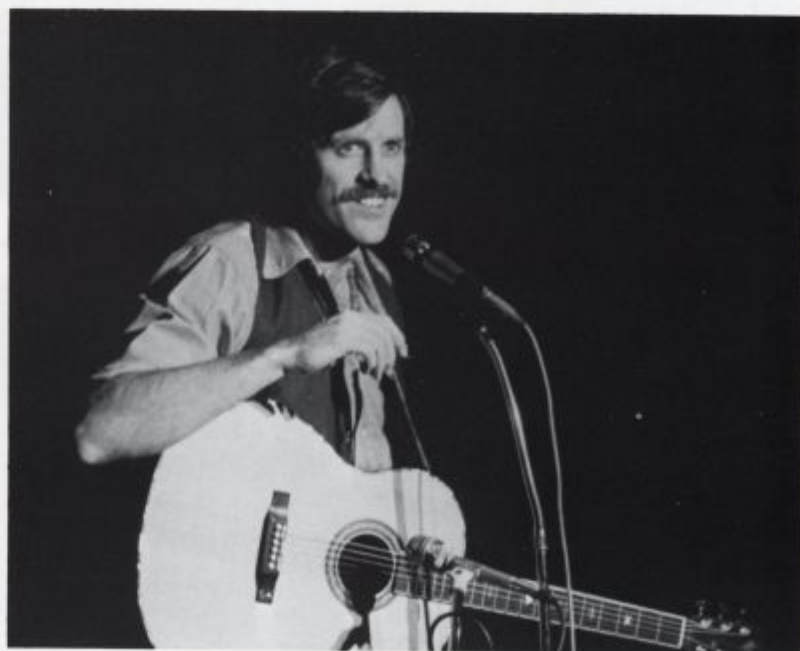
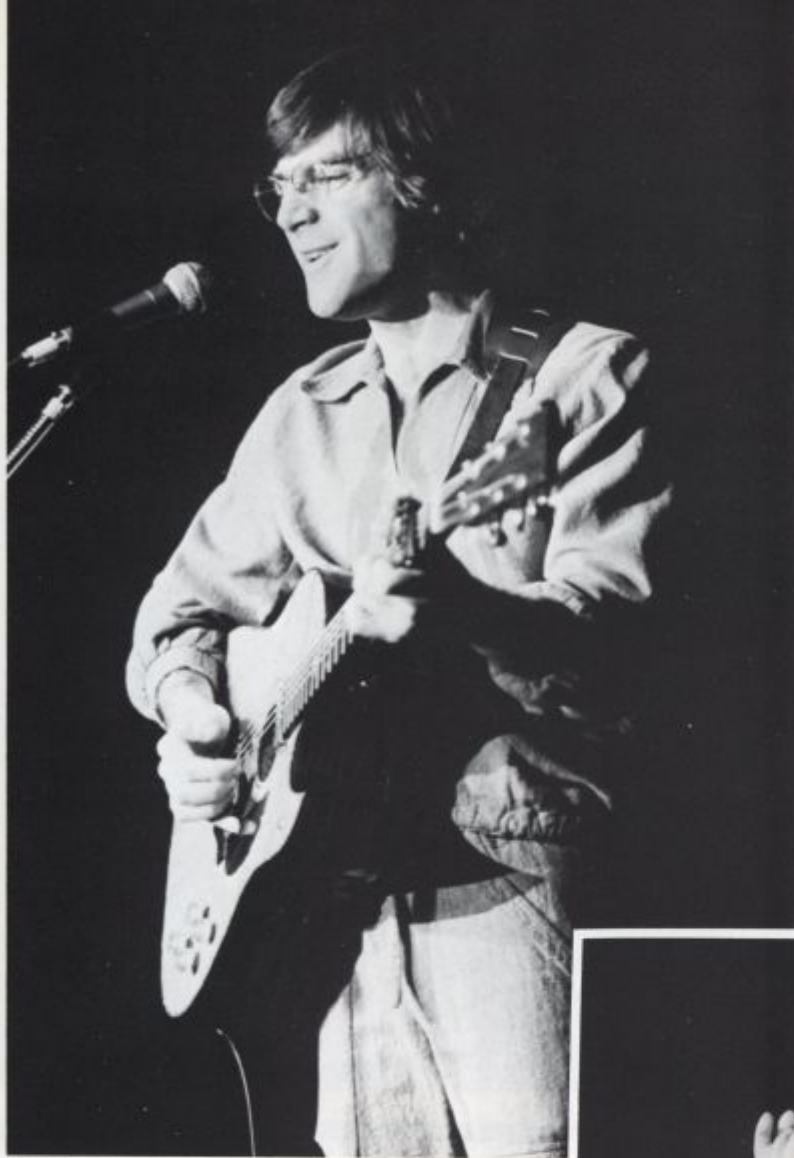


photo by Mike Mahoney



STEVE FORBERT walks out on the small Bacchus stage smoking a butt. Brown curls frame dimples and a grin; he looks like your little brother.

He picks up his guitar, straps on his harmonica, and, at a wise 24, sings of shattered ideals . . .

I'll give you the world for a two-dollar bill . . .

Two sellout crowds go wild - it's six-hundred college kids cheering a hero. He sings about them, about the struggles of youth, protest songs, love songs.

His words are bitter and his cherubic face contorts earnestly and squints and sweats beneath the lights.

You've travelled so far, the wind in your face . . . The audience cheered for three encores, clapping and singing along. The guy next to me even brought out his harmonica. There aren't too many heroes left.



Popular TOM CHAPIN was back with his brand of good clean fun in Bacchus. His wide, white smile shone all night while he strummed and sang his folk songs.

Chapin's songs are original, his voice matches up to his 6 foot plus frame — full and strong. His audiences always enjoy him and this year they sang and clapped along happily.



Lights. KARLA BONOFF at the piano. A sad smile, a strong voice; she sings the blues to the 400+ crowd at Mitchell Hall.

Karla Bonoff became known for the songs she writes and Linda Rondstadt, Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Brown sing. Now, with two albums and two tours, she is known for her own singing and her guitar and piano.

Her songs are quiet, sad and beautiful; her voice is a blending one that takes charge of harmonies rather than an outstanding solo. She is an acoustic artist who plays acoustic guitar in concert. There is no pretentious rock-star style with her - no clutching of air, cracking of voice - just straightforward singing, playing and an occasional smile.

00815
SEC ROW SEAT
GEN. ADM.
APR. 15, 1980
ADMIT ONE THIS DATE ONLY

SPA
Presents
WARREN ZEVON

DELAWARE FIELDHOUSE
A 15 1
P 9
R 8
0
NEWARK, DELAWARE
TUESDAY
8:00 P.M.

NO REFUND PRICE NO EXCHANGE
\$6.00
STUDENT
SEC ROW SEAT
GEN. ADM.
00815

photographs by Jeff Otto



Saw a werewolf drinking a Pina Colada at Trader Vics . . .

California rocker/song-writer WARREN ZEVON is not concerned with issues, or poetry, or The Street. He has a monotone bass voice and a tendency towards theatrics. But more energy generated from the mid-week crowd that almost filled the cavernous Field House than could be thought possible. They loved him.

The audience went wild when he sang his hits, "Werewolf of London," (especially when he injected a line about George Thorogood") "Excitable Boy," and "Johnny Strikes up the Band." They loved his Russian splits, his strip show, his mock-battle. Because Warren Zevon is fun.

But he has a reputation as the musicians' musician, circulating with the likes of Jackson Browne, Linda Rondstadt, Bruce Springsteen. And his music lived up to that reputation whenever he sat still at the Steinway. The concert ended on a fourth encore and Zevon, alone on stage, playing "Hasten Down the Wind," with a purity of sound and emotion that keeps his name at the top.





Fear And Loathing At The Student Center



photographs by Robin Goldstein



All the tootsie-rolls you could handle and a view of all the crazies running rampant in the Student Center were a good deal for the \$1.98 w/ID. The amusements went from 7 pm to 7 am non-stop.

Sensationally erotic Nan Mancini of Johnny's Dance Band was there; the Lisa Jack Band played along with endless local talent, including Andy King and The Talking Head.

There were movies for those who were tired of all that light. Lots of good ones for giggling, like "Reefer Madness" and the Frankie and Annette repertoire, the "Grateful Dead," Mel Brooks and cartoon classics.

There was a challenging obstacle course, unless you were sober, which didn't happen too often. There was a massage clinic, belly dancing and the quintessential college antic of a Goldfish Eating Contest. The winner slipped 50 little fishies down and screamed for more. But there were none left and he was crowned king.

There was medieval fighting (with padded spears, of course) and the ancient grappling for the 10-pound Hershey Bar and slices of the eight-foot sub.

But the best entertainment were the zombies who bounced off the walls and concentrated on the flight patterns of the many balloons. In daylight hours on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, they pass for students. But on Student Center Night, the cerebellums go on vacation and everyone has a good time.



Study Abroad



Buckingham Palace/Memorial Hall, Sherlock Holmes's Pub/Deer Park, London Bridge/Smith Overpass . . . London has some obvious advantages over Newark. Spring of '79 was the first annual London Semester, part of the rejuvenated study abroad programs to take advantage of the new things to be learned on foreign soil.

UD was the first in the country to establish a semester abroad, back in 1922. World Wars and dwindling benefactors passed the much-copied program on. But since the early 1970's and substantial Unidel Foundation grants, there are now semesters offered in London and Vienna and a permanent European center is being looked into. Now, for the same tuition and relative room cost, students have a choice of continents to study in.

"We stayed in flats, like most of the people in London, and had classes in the building, at the theater, on the bus around the countryside," said Sue Broadhurst, '81. "Our classroom roof caved in, but the location was great." The 1980 English/art history program used the same two buildings in the South Kensington area. Though room cost was higher, it was still cheaper than some East Campus dorm rooms.

Students on the Vienna semester (in its 6th year) stay in a pensionne, meals served by the concierge. Classes are held at the near-by Austro-American Center.

Some students go abroad through other universities' programs, and some create their own. Last year, 286 domestic professors and students studied abroad and 758 foreign students and professors came here, all under the auspices of the International Center and the advisement of Dr. Dean Lomis.

- Lisa Petrillo

photographs by Robin Goldstein





There are shorter trips abroad during winter and summer sessions. The winter term programs are popular, though the students must absorb all costs above tuition, which runs high. The College of Business and Economics, with political science, offers a trip to Geneva that they don't even have to advertise. This past winter more than 15 international programs were offered, varying from nursing students living in an English Hospice to plant study in Hawaii. The list of courses read like a travel agent's ad: Israel, Denmark, Jamaica, Brazil, Peru, London, Belgium, Costa Rica, Greece, Turkey.

Trabant and the administration say internationalism is the key to the future. I say English history makes an impact when you live it. Both ways, it's education.