

# SENIOR



*MOTTO:—Loyal en tout.*

*CLASS YELL:—*

*Who are we? Why you see,  
Delaware, Delaware,  
Nineteen three!*

## **Class Officers.**

WILLIAM R. M. WHARTON, *President.*

LUCIEN GREEN, *Vice-President.*

EUGENE REYBOLD, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

CHARLES W. BUSH, *Historian.*

WILLIAM R. M. WHARTON, *Prophet.*







SENIOR CLASS.

### Members.

BEST, BELFORD HENRY.....	Marshallton, Del.
BUSH, CHARLES WHITELEY.....	Wilmington, Del.
CLARK, FREDERICK CURTIS.....	Glasgow, Del.
CONNER, JAMES MOSES.....	Magnolia, Del.
CONSTABLE, WILLIAM PEPPER.....	Elkton, Md.
DAVIS, JAMES THOMAS.....	Wilmington, Del.
DUTTON, GEORGE ELLIOTT.....	Seaford, Del.
FRAZER, JOSEPH HECKART.....	Newark, Del.
GREEN, LUCIEN.....	Middletown, Del.
HARDESTY, EUGENE COCHRAN.....	Wilmington, Del.
HICKMAN, LEROY WHEELER.....	Wilmington, Del.
KYLE, MATTHEW LEVI.....	Wilmington, Del.
KYLE, RALPH BRIGGS.....	Wilmington, Del.
LEACH, THOMAS, JR.....	Henry Clay, Del.
LOCKWOOD, GEORGE IGNATIUS.....	Warwick, Md.
MACKALL, JOHN EVANS.....	Elkton, Md.
MITCHELL, JOHN HENRY.....	Colora, Md.
PARDEE, JOHN EVERLY GROVE.....	Dover, Del.
REYBOLD, EUGENE.....	Delaware City, Del.
SAWIN, SANFORD WALES.....	Wilmington, Del.
SMITH, GUSTAVUS HENDERSON.....	McClellandsville, Del.
WHARTON, WILLIAM RICHARDSON MARTIN.....	Stockton, Md.
WRIGHT, HERMAN LEVIN.....	Harrington, Del.



## History of the Senior Class

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**T**HE class of 1903! We hesitate to undertake the task of writing its history, for the class has done so much that any account of its doings is a stupendous task. We begin it with all reverence.

It was not until the fall of 1899 that we gathered together as a class, but for years before the schools of near and far had been preparing their highest scholars for the supreme moment when they should matriculate at Delaware College. Having matriculated satisfactorily to all, we grasped the fact that there was an actual body called the Freshman Class. If we had not, the Sophomores would have soon impressed it upon us.

Of course, we all came with high ideals of honor and scholarship to live up to, except Lockwood. He says: "Ideals, nothing! I had my eye peeled for the Soph." They say that we should give the devil his due. The Sophomore Class, although smaller in numbers, did not hesitate to attack us, and on the Gym. porch we, unorganized and frightened, "repulsed them with fearful loss." The fact of having won our first fight gave us courage, and urged on by the Seniors, we boldly attacked a class meeting of the Sophomores in the Assembly Room, where they were debating how to annihilate us. This fight resulted satisfactorily to us also, and with this we stopped fighting for the remainder of the year, except for occasional little hazings and skirmishes. We joined all the societies, associations and teams that we could, and displayed an unusual amount of College spirit. Out of the twenty-nine men in our class, we had one on the Varsity foot ball team, one substitute and four on the scrub. We studied hard, and also painted our numerals in all sorts of hitherto impossible places, "just to let people know we were still around."

When we returned for our Sophomore year changes had taken place in our enrollment. Rocky Davis, Charcoal Ponder and Quillen dropped out to enter business life; one dropped back from the class above, in which he showed his great good sense, and one entered the class, making our number twenty-eight. The Freshman Class of that year outnumbered us, but realizing our duty, we conscientiously ducked every Freshman we could find under the shower-bath, which had just been installed. After drill one afternoon we essayed to prevent them from returning to their rooms, and held them back until one member of the Board of Trustees, who always carries weight, helped the Freshmen out. Out of respect for him, we drew back.

A few days later, on the steps of Recitation Hall, we beat both the Freshman and Junior Classes. It was during this fight that "Mary" Prouse, '02, "the co-educational side of College



life," was used as a rag to wipe off the steps by Matt. Kyle. That was the time, also, that Gus Smith tore up "Hux" and threw him all around.

During this year Captain Avis took us flying through Spherical Trig and Calculus, and Doc. Wolf introduced us to Chemistry. "From such as these, good Lord, deliver us!"

It was during the spring of that year that we showed the stuff we were made of. Absolutely inexperienced, and having no precedents, we organized and carried through successfully the first field meet Delaware College had ever held. It was a tremendous work and a great success, and only our skill and perseverance brought it through with credit to both College and the class.

We cannot enumerate all of the achievements of our Junior year. Let us mention a few: A great improvement in the Delaware College *Review*; a splendid base ball team, brought up by the untiring efforts of "King" Ben; a Mask and Wig Club, which gave a good show, made quite a sum of money, and gave a crowd of twenty-nine fellows a fine trip down State, besides advertising the College well; a—hush! breathe it gently and see if any of the faculty are looking—a *strike*. Hurry up and turn the page over.

This year Bab Housey and Cleo left us for good, and "Del" played base ball so well that he was called to other climes.

In our Senior year numerically we stayed serene. We have kept everything going that we started in our lower classes. This year, largely through the efforts of "Sam" Sawin, we adopted the new and vastly better system of Athletic Association dues, which is now in force. "Buck" Wharton has captained the foot ball team to victories. Dutton manages the base ball team in a very creditable manner. Through the efforts of several of our class the Mask and Wig Club has had another delightful trip down State and to Wilmington. "Bill" Constable runs the *Review*. The battalion is drilling magnificently under the commissioned officers, all of whom are from the Senior Class.

The Y. M. C. A., under the leadership of the "Rev. J. Harry," or "Mitch," as he is sometimes disrespectfully called, has completely revived. Before he took hold it was a disgrace to the College and to the name. Now it is one of the strongest institutions of our College life.

The Delta Phi Literary Society nearly died out at one time, and, without boasting, we may say the Senior Class brought it back to life again, and now it is as strong as ever, and stronger than it has been since we entered here. Especially do we hate to leave this, and in parting we sincerely wish it strength and success in the future—although we hardly see how it can get along without us.

We are now soon to enter the ranks of the Alumni. If we do as much for the College then as we have done during our undergraduate days, the Alumni Association will do more for the College than it ever has done in the past. And future "undergrads" may rest assured that we will do our best in this line.



Let me describe our fellows to you. If some fellow comes up and bums a cigarette off of you, you will know that is Best.

Freddie Clark is a great *maitre-d'armes*; he is president of the Fencing Club, and is the only man that takes to (the) Wood. Jimmie Connor is one of the best engineers in our class; he is really Robby's pet. Bill Constable is the silver-tongued orator from Maryland, or the ranting politician; Bill deserves that prize for the highest standing whether he gets it or not; he has never used a "horse." Jim Davis is the heavy tragedian; he has an engagement next year to play *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*; "The Death Bed of a Traitor" or "The Black Horse and Its Rider" will be introduced during the performance. Dutton is the heavy sleeper, or Rip Van Winkle the second; that boy can play tennis, too. Joe Frazer is "Tramp, the Dog; or, The Mystery of the Office Boy." "Lucy" Green is the dude, the ladies' man and the owner of "Bunny." Hardesty tries to look like Napoleon, and speak like Daniel Webster, and write like Edward Everett Hale; 'nough said. "Hick" is our singer, our actor, our stage director; he missed his calling when he took up engineering under Robby. Matt. Kyle is "Bubble." Ralph is our other singer; you should hear his tenor voice, and also "The Wonder on the Horizontal Bar; or, Who Skinned the Cat." Tom Leach is the living representative of College spirit from Wilmington. Lockwood is pugnacious, and also assistant manager and general hustler of the Mask and Wig. Johnnie Mackall is the strong man from Elkton, and a good shot with rifle or shotgun. Mitchell is engaged, also our preacher. Ben Pardee, or John Everly Grove, is the king. Gene Reybold is our end man and clog dancer, likewise major of the battalion. Sam Sawin is trying to raise a moustache. Gus Smith is such a loud fellow we have to put a gag on him to keep him from talking; but he can pitch a base ball. "Buck" Wharton is our foot ball player, class president and general good fellow. Wright, or "Wrighty," is the quietest man in the class; you can't get him to say a word, even when contradicted.

This completes our class roll. "A magnanimous display of wonderment," surely.

Probably this is our last written communication as a class, and we are glad to take advantage of it. The world has treated us well while we were here, and because of our College training, we think it will in the future. Yet no longer will the helping hand of classmate or society-mate be extended to us in time of trouble or need. As we separate ourselves from the College, so we separate from each other. It is a final good-bye. The companionship, the *camaraderie* has meant much to us, yet it is not the sort of thing we care to talk about. We only silently appreciate it, and in future years we will realize still more what it has meant to us. To the College and its memories and associations, our loving *Alma Mater*, and to our friends we bid farewell. We can say no more. Future classes may do more for the College, but we have done our best. "Angels could do no more."

HISTORIAN.







THE JUNIOR CLASS.



MOTTO:—

"Nil mortalibus ardui est."

CLASS YELL:—

*We are the Lion,  
Hear us roar!  
Delaware, Delaware,  
Nineteen four!*

### Officers.

*President—J. STUART GROVES.*

*Vice-President—EVANS H. CROSSAN.*

*Secretary and Treasurer—FREDERICK SCHABINGER.*

*Historian—BASSETT FERGUSON.*



## Members.

- ANDREWS, JOHN TAYLOR, "Jack." Civil Engineer. *Private.*  
*"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."*—SHAKESPEARE.  
 Banjo and Mandolin Club, '02, '03.
- BRIGGS, WILLIE HEPTHORPE, "Willie." Classical. *Private.*  
*"Formed on the good old plan,  
 A true and brave and downright honest man."*—WHITTIER.  
 Class Field Sports, '01; President Delaware Y. M. C. A., '03, '04.
- CARNAGY, LESLIE WARREN, "Les." Electrical Engineer. *Sergeant.*  
*"Bring me no more reports."*—SHAKESPEARE.  
 Class Foot Ball Team, '00; Class Field Sports, '01; Class Base Ball Team, '01.
- CHILLAS, RICHARD BURT, JR., "Dick." Electrical Engineer. *Quartermaster Sergeant.*  
*"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."*—SHAKESPEARE.
- CROSSAN, EVANS HARPUR, "Kid." Mechanical Engineer. *Sergeant.*  
*"A moral and sensible, and well-bred man."*—COWPER.  
 Class Base Ball Team, '01-'02.
- FERGUSON, BASSETT, "Fergy." Civil Engineer. *Sergeant Major.*  
*"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."*—FIELDING.  
 Class Foot Ball Team, '01, '02; Class Base Ball Team, '01; Class Field Sports, '01; Class President, '01, '02; Delaware Foot Ball Team, '01, '02; *Review* Editor, '01, '02, '03; Financial Secretary Delaware A. A., '02, '03; Athletic Council, '03; Stage Director Delaware Dramatic Club, '03; Class Historian; Captain Delaware Foot Ball Team, '03; Editor-in-Chief, THE DERELICT.
- FERGUSON, HOWARD FRANKLIN, "Tody." Electrical Engineer. *Private.*  
*"Strange to the world he wore a bashful look."*—BLOOMFIELD.  
 Class Base Ball Team, '01; Delaware Orchestra, '03; Y. M. C. A., '02 (one week).
- FOLK, CLINTON REESE, "Clint." Civil Engineer. *Private.*  
*"So he, with difficulty and hard labor, moved on."*—MILTON.  
 Class Foot Ball Team, '00.

FRAZER, JAMES STANLEY, "Stan." Civil Engineer. *Color Sergeant.*

*"A lion among the ladies is a most dreadful thing."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Class Foot Ball Team, '00; Class Base Ball Team, '02; Class Field Sports, '01; Delaware Relay Team, '02; Captain Delaware Relay Team, '03; College Orchestra, '02, '03.

GROVES, JOHN STUART, "Flossie." Latin Scientific. *First Sergeant.*

*"My tendency is to philosophize."*—BYRON.

Class Base Ball Team, '01, '02, '03; Captain Class Base Ball Team, '02; Delaware Foot Ball Team, '00; Delaware Base Ball Team, '02; Inter-Class Field Sports, '01; Class President, '03; Banjo and Mandolin Club, '02, '03; Captain Delaware Base Ball Team, '03; Editor THE DERELICT.

KELLY, HARRY TAYLOR. Mechanical Engineer. *Sergeant.*

*"Home keeping youth have ever homely wits."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Delaware Orchestra, '02, '03.

KIMBLE, HENRY EVANS, "Kim." Classical. *Private.*

*"A form, indeed."*—SHAKESPEARE.

LAWTON, WILLIAM, JR., "Bill." Civil Engineer. *Sergeant.*

*"My only books*

*Were women's looks."*—MOORE.

Class Foot Ball Team, '00, '01; Class Base Ball Team, '01, '02, '03; Class President, '01; Delaware Foot Ball Team, '00, '01, '02; Dramatic Club, '03; Manager Delaware Track Team, '03; Business Manager THE DERELICT.

MARSHALL, SAMUEL MATHEWSON DONNELL, "Sambo." Classical. *Color Sergeant.*

*"His only labor was to kill time."*—THOMPSON.

Class Foot Ball Team, '00, '01; Class Base Ball Team, '01; Captain "Scrub" Foot Ball Team, '03.

MCCABE, ASHER JOSEPH, "Goat." Electrical Engineer. *Sergeant.*

*"With various reading stored his empty skull."*—CHURCHILL.

Class Foot Ball Team, '00, '01; Business Manager THE DERELICT.



- MCVEY, JOSEPH MILLER, "Mac." Latin Scientific. *Private.*  
*"Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?"—SHAKESPEARE.*  
 Class Base Ball Team, '02.
- POWELL, ALGER WHEELER, "Doc." Mechanical Engineer. *Quaker.\**  
*"His head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat."—SHAKESPEARE.*  
 Class Base Ball Team, '01, '02, '03; Class Foot Ball Team, '00, '01; Delaware Foot Ball Team, '00, '01, '02; Banjo and Mandolin Club, '02, '03; Delaware Base Ball Team, '02, '03; Editor THE DERELICT.
- SCHABINGER, FREDERICK, "Freddy." Electrical Engineer. *Sergeant.*  
*"Devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast and demure."—MILTON.*  
 Class Foot Ball Team, '00, '01; Inter-Class Field Sports, '01; Class Base Ball Team, '02; Captain Class Base Ball Team, '01, '03; Delaware Foot Ball Team, '01, '02; Delaware Base Ball Team, '02, '03; Delaware Relay Team, '03; Captain Delaware Track Team, '02; Editor THE DERELICT.
- SHALLCROSS, EUGENE HENDRICKSON, "Gene." Mechanical Engineer. *First Sergeant.*  
*"All mankind love a lover."—EMERSON.*  
 Class Foot Ball Team, '00; Secretary and Treasurer Delaware Press Association, '02; Secretary Delaware A. A., '02, '03.
- SHORT, OLIVER CLARK, "Shorty." Classical. *Private.*  
*"Keep me innocent, make others great."—MATILDE.*
- TRUXTON, JOSEPH DAVIS, "Joe." Latin Scientific. *Sergeant.*  
*"All human things  
 Of dearest value hang on slender strings."—WALTER.*  
 Class Foot Ball Team, '00; Class Base Ball Team, '01, '02, '03; Review Staff, '01, '02; Editor THE DERELICT.
- WILLIS, DELAWARE JAMES, "Del." Latin Scientific. *Private.*  
*"Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay."—SHAKESPEARE.*  
 Class Base Ball Team, '02; Captain Delaware Base Ball Team, '02; Business Manager Review, '02, '03.  
 Doesn't drill.



## History of the Junior Class

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*"Lament who will, in fruitless tears,  
The speed with which our moments fly,  
I sigh not over vanished years,  
But watch the years that hasten by."—Bryant.*

YET I cannot help but sigh gently and brush a silent tear drop from my eye as I recall to memory the three most pleasant years of my life, and think at the same time that in the short space of one more year all the joyful times will be past, the friendships so happily formed be torn asunder, and with a tearful farewell we will be cast out upon the cheerless, unfeeling world to begin, as it were, our life's work.

How much has happened since that memorable day, the twelfth of September, nineteen hundred! What great things have been accomplished already by the class of 1904! Though we cannot help but smile to ourselves when we recall the spectacle we presented the first few days of our College life, as awkward Freshmen, it was not long before we outgrew our infant days and assumed the appearance of full-fledged College men.

But the memory of the first few weeks, on account of the vivid contrast which it presented with our former lives, impressed us deeper than has any period since. When we walked into chapel the first morning after our arrival, the Sophomores and upper classmen laughed at us, and yelled out, "Look at the Freshies!" which we thought was a very ungentlemanly thing for them to do. However, we had come to College determined to stay and to stand up for our rights, and, as time has shown, our resolutions were not in vain.

Once out of chapel, the haughty Sophomores, whom we soon learned to detest with a murderous hate, gathered around us and informed us that we would be required to entertain them by dancing, singing, making speeches and other things to cause ourselves to appear ridiculous. The first one they tackled was "Bull" Dennison (his name was admirably chosen, for he would never do anything he thought would please any one else), and they requested him either to sing "Old Folks at Home" or to make a speech on Love. "Bull" declined, remarking that all h—I couldn't make him sing. Hearing this, the Sophomores picked up "Bull" and started for the shower-baths, and we followed, of course, to see what they were going to do with him. When we arrived at the door we found it well guarded, so we waited outside. Pretty soon "Bull" came out thoroughly soaked, and mad in proportion: then they seized another of our



class, intending to repeat the operation until we all should be served alike. That was too much for us: we assaulted the door; and door, Sophomores and ourselves landed against an opposite wall. Then in a little room ten feet square, with all the shower-baths turned on, began a fierce struggle which ended only when all the participants were well drenched and thoroughly exhausted. We had held our own.

We now went to the Gymnasium to hold our first class meeting, and there elected the following officers:

WILLIAM LAWTON, JR., *President.*  
J. STUART GROVES, *Vice-President.*  
BASSETT FERGUSON, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

After the elections Dick Rodney made a stirring speech. In part he said: "Get together after dinner, boys, and give them h—1!"

We followed his advice, and after dinner in the large front hall of the Dormitory the two classes came together in full force. At the end of the combat the hall was strewn with remnants of coats, hats, collars, ties, cuffs, shirts, suspenders, buttons, and other wearing apparel. The honors were about evenly divided, and we were yet unconquered.

After this we were not bothered much, except occasionally a bucket of water would mysteriously fall from the roof or from an upper window and catch us unsuspectingly. But the Sophomores were not content to allow us the freedom we demanded, and, when all other means failed, they sought means to humiliate us by defeating us in foot ball and other athletics. Here, too, we proved our superiority; and the foot ball game which they expected to be so easy was a greater surprise to them than anything we had yet done. Next they sought revenge in base ball, and were confident of an easy victory, but in the first inning we scored 13 runs, and at the end of the game the score stood: Freshmen, 30; Sophomores, 3. We played another game, and were again victorious by a score of 27 to 11.

The Seniors now came to the rescue of the Sophomores and consoled them by promising to give us an overwhelming defeat. It was a great game; the scorekeeper filled his paper after we had made the twenty-fifth run and stopped scoring for us, but we continued making runs just the same. The Seniors scored 10 runs, but we never knew just how many we did make.

The time now passed quickly, and commencement week arrived. It was during this week that our celebrated field meet was held, and again 1904 was victorious, scoring more points than the other two participating classes.

Vacation was a welcome event, and passed all too quickly, and again we found ourselves back to dear old Delaware. During the summer we had outgrown our infancy, and were now SOPHOMORES, whom none dared to disturb or molest. Yet we were not haughty and over-



bearing as Sophomores are wont to be. We looked upon hazing as degrading, and resolved to do no more of it than was necessary to uphold our dignity. At the class meeting, called the day of our return, we elected officers for the year as follows:

BASSETT FERGUSON, *President.*

J. STANLEY FRAZER, *Vice-President.*

JOSEPH D. TRUXTON, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

While discussing the size of the Freshman Class and what we should do to them, "Bill Nye" arose and asked permission to be turned loose among the Freshmen, remarking that he would make the whole bunch look like a well-worn three-cent piece. We declined his proposition, for we wanted some of the fun ourselves.

The Freshman Class outnumbered us two to one, but on the day of their arrival we proved to them in two decisive contests that, although few in numbers, we must be respected. After thoroughly subduing them, we lined them up, made them roll one trousers' leg to the knee, and marched them around town. (There was a beautiful display of hosiery and underwear.) After this we allowed them to rest on probation, and punished only those who became too fresh and forgot their places.

In athletics we again showed our superiority. Some of the Freshmen were heard to boast of their foot ball team, but when they lined up against us we made them look smaller than they really were. They shared the same fate in base ball, when, on the sixth of June, we won a decisive victory.

During our Sophomore year we lost three of our number, and two others joined our class. Bull Dennison was the first to leave our ranks; he learned all that was worth knowing and saw no further advantage of wasting his time here. The next to drop out was Bill Nye, and a deep mystery surrounds his disappearance. One afternoon he was working in Physical Laboratory and was sent out with an aneroid barometer to ascertain the height of the water tower. Neither Bill nor the barometer was ever seen again. Two rational theories were set forth to account for their disappearance; one was that Bill had fallen into the tank and sunk, and for quite a time afterward we were suspicious if the water tasted at all strange. The other theory advanced was that the barometer had suddenly risen and carried Bill with it. This theory must have been correct, for several months later we learned that Bill had been seen in Ohio; and on looking up the weather reports we found that on the day following his disappearance the barometer had fallen in the Ohio valley. The third to leave was "Killarney," and it was with great reluctance that we saw him depart. He was a loyal classmate and a faithful friend, always cheerful, and ever ready and willing to help one in need.

Our second vacation passed even more quickly than the first, and once more we found our-



selves back to old Delaware to assume the title and the cares of Juniors. Our fame by this time had extended over all the territory east of the Mississippi river, and it is now daily extending westward, and will, in time, reach the Pacific. From North Carolina came one student whom we welcomed to our class; he had heard of our fame, and made haste to come North and join our ranks.

The only unpleasant news we received at our reunion as Juniors was that three of our classmates would be unable to return to College. It was with great sorrow that we saw them go, for not one of them could we afford to lose. "Mother" Welch, one of those to leave us, was faithful and loyal; was glad of an opportunity to help any one in distress, and always stood up for his class. "Alex." Jackson, another for whom we grieve, was one we could ill afford to lose; but he saw a bright future awaiting him in the court-room, and he therefore took up the study of law. "Dick" Rodney—well, there seems to be something even in seeing his name to make one smile. Just why he left College we never knew. There was a story circulated that a certain Newark girl, who very much resembled Dick, had rejected him, and he was not willing to stay so close to her when he knew that she was lost to him forever. That story is hardly credible. We miss Dick greatly, and wish he was still with us.

The Junior Promenade is an important event in the history of the Junior Class; but when the class of 1904 takes hold of anything success is already in sight. Of all the brilliant dances that have been given at Delaware College—and she is noted for such affairs—the Junior Promenade, given the thirteenth of February, nineteen hundred and three, surpassed anything of the kind yet recorded in history. Everything to the slightest detail was perfect, and, together with the beautiful faces of our partners beaming in the mellow light of the hall, it reminded one of a sojourn in fairyland.

Many important changes have occurred and improvements been made since we entered College, the origins of which can be traced to the class of 1904. It was in our Freshman year that the famous Outing Club was organized. This year, too, the standard of the College was raised. Field meets were initiated; relay teams were sent to Franklin Field; new Dormitories were erected; the workshops enlarged; more land purchased, and general improvements on all sides and increasing prosperity are monuments to immortalize the name of our class.

The space allotted me in the Derelict is filled, or I might continue indefinitely enumerating the great achievements we have won by superior merits and determined perseverance.

As we peer into the near future we can see only success portrayed, and the days of hard toil and care, which we know must come before we shall be cast out into the world, are made to glow like the sunshine of May, when we but think that we are yet united to a class of which we are proud to be members.

HISTORIAN.







SOPHOMORE CLASS.



# SOPHOMORE



MOTTO :—*Mēus sāna in cōpore sāno.*

CLASS YELL:—

*Of all the boys  
That are alive,  
There's none to beat  
The nineteen-five.*

## Class Officers.

*President*—RALPH WALDO EMERSON BOWLER.

*Vice-President*—THOMAS MARVEL GOODEN, JR.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—LINFRED LINDALL COOPER.

*Historian*—PERCY RUDOLF ROBERTS.



## Members

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BELL, JEROME BONAPARTE, JR.....	Wilmington, Del.
BERRY, THOMAS HOWARD KING.....	Wyoming, Del.
BEVAN, WILLIAM THOMAS.....	Wilmington, Del.
BOWLER, RALPH WALDO EMERSON.....	Washington, D. C.
CARRICK, JOHN FREDERICK CARTER.....	New Castle, Del.
COLLINS, CHARLES WALTER.....	Harrington, Del.
COOPER, LINFRED LINDALL.....	Camden, Del.
CROSSGROVE, WARREN ELLSWORTH.....	Wilmington, Del.
CRUMBAUGH, JOHN JAMES.....	Wilmington, Del.
DAVIS, EDWARD CHARLES.....	Laurel, Del.
DOWNES, SEWELL CAVENDER.....	Summit Bridge, Del.
ELLIOTT, LEA CAULK.....	Newark, Del.
EVANS, FRANK BARTON.....	Elkton, Md.
FISHER, GEORGE MIFFLIN, JR.....	Wyoming, Del.
FRAZER, ROBERT BELVILLE, JR.....	Elkton, Md.
GOODEN, THOMAS MARVEL, JR.....	Dover, Del.
HESSLER, GEORGE WASHINGTON.....	Wilmington, Del.
HICKMAN, HARVEY HAZEL.....	Wilmington, Del.
JONES, HERBERT MARK.....	Dover, Del.
JONES, IRVING PAUL.....	Georgetown, Del.
KENNEDY, WILLIAM STINTSON, JR.....	Landenberg, Pa.
LYNDALL, HENRY WARD.....	Wyoming, Del.
MARSHALL, GEORGE CHESTER.....	Milford, Del.
PIE, LEO CLAIR.....	Newark, Del.
PIE, PAUL FLEMING.....	Newark, Del.
ROBERTS, PERCY RUDOLF.....	Washingtonboro, Pa.
SOPER, JACOB LEONARD.....	Magnolia, Del.
THOMPSON, JOSEPH PARROTT.....	Wilmington, Del.
VERNON, HARRY HUTCHINSON.....	Wilmington, Del.
WARRINGTON, ERNEST WILLIAM.....	Georgetown, Del.
WELLS, WEBSTER.....	Elkton, Md.
WILSON, MANLOVE HAYES.....	Dover, Del.



## History of the Sophomore Class.

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ACCORDING to mythology, everything was accounted for, everything had an origin somewhere, and we to-day do not believe that something can spring from nothing; but it has always been said of us: "From whence came they, and whither are they going?"

We, as a class, came from all parts of Delaware and its surrounding country. As the gentle breezes stirred the lofty pines of Sussex, and as the ox-carts tread the sands of the same county, there stirred five fellows, and they tread the silica to their respective stations. A little later we find others wending their way to the depot to join the five. These are from Kent county. They leave home and its environment, leave "fair forms and hoary sires," to go to College. When these all arrive in Newark, they meet others, until the number grows to thirty-eight.

With this number we opened College days. We were then the "Freshies" of Delaware College. We were received, as is the custom, by the "Sophs," the class of '04, and, to say the least, the reception was informal. They had decided to acquaint us with certain things, but we had our own opinions and were not influenced by fair speech, nor even by their commands. The result was, we were unruly in the fullest sense of the word, and they agreed to it that we were stronger physically than they.

Since then they have tried to outdo us. They played us foot ball, but the score was a tie. They played us base ball, but honors were divided.

Our Freshman year was rather eventful. We saw revolution follow, which was thought to be injustice, and we were the cause of it. We are noted for causing all noises and disturbances, and we justly claim the title. But, with it, we claim the highest honors elsewhere. We have been a troublesome child to the faculty, our parent, but nevertheless they think there is none so good, mentally, morally, spiritually.

When the class of '06 assembled on the campus we met them. We proceeded to instruct them in the ways of College life. We taught them "that they who would command, must first obey; they who would govern, must first be governed." We have thoroughly instilled this into their minds, and they followed it out admirably.

We met them on the gridiron, and we were successful, as in all the rushes. We saw their



courage fail them, and when we met them in basket ball we let them win. He is a cruel master who never encourages his slave.

The prominent places in athletics are filled by our men. We had six in the foot ball field. In base ball four. When Delaware was invited to join the University of Pennsylvania relay races we came forward and sent three out of five; this year we sent three also.

The Y. M. C. A. has received a goodly number to swell its ranks. The Mask and Wig found us very useful and beneficial. We are musically inclined, not only with our trained voices, but with an instrument of five, eight or ten strings. The Banjo and Mandolin Club has four of our number. The Orchestra has five. The leader is among that number.

We cannot say as a certainty how this year's field meet will end, but we do prophesy that the class of '05 will carry off the most points. And in the series of base ball games there is no reason why we can't be the first to have inscribed upon the large cup our numerals.

Thus, one can see how we have developed in two years. Dare any one say where it will stop? To the class of '03, our friend, we say, *May peace and happiness* your path attend. To the class of '04, our Senior rival, we say, *May success attend your best efforts.* To the class of '06, our Junior rival, we say, *Study to make the best of all your opportunities, and may you be a faithful son of "old Delaware."*

HISTORIAN.









THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

# FRESHMAN



*MOTTO:—εις το προδδθεν*

*CLASS YELL:—*

*Zip, zap, Kalamazoo,  
We can beat e'm black and blue.  
Skin a ma rack, skin a ma rix,  
Delaware, Delaware, 1906.*

## **Officers.**

*President—EDWARD D. NEILL, JR.*

*Vice-President—WILLIAM T. MOORE.*

*Secretary—DE CLIFFORD POFFENBERGER.*

*Treasurer—CHARLES W. CLASH.*

*Historian—GEORGE FARNAN.*



## Members.

CLASH, CHARLES WRIGHT .....	Wilmington, Del.
CRAMER, HARRY ALYN.....	Farnhurst, Del.
CROSSAN, HOWARD WALTER.....	Newark, Del.
DERBY, WILLIAM VAUGHAN.....	Woodside, Del.
EDWARDS, JOSEPH EARLE.....	Wilmington, Del.
FADER, ANDREW FRANKLIN.....	Newark, Del.
FARNAN, GEORGE BERNARD.....	Wilmington, Del.
FOSTER, JOSEPH BUCK, JR.....	Wilmington, Del.
FULTON, CECIL CLEMENT.....	Dover, Del.
GRIFFITH, MAYNARD THOMPSON.....	Smyrna, Del.
HARKNESS, WILMER EDWIN.....	Newark, Del.
HAUBER, ARTHUR.....	Wilmington, Del.
HEWES, OLIVER PERRY.....	Wilmington, Del.
JAMES, EDMUND.....	Ocean View, Del.
LAWSON, HARRY GARFIELD.....	Wilmington, Del.
LENDERMAN, EDWIN HARVEY.....	Wilmington, Del.
LOVETT, GEORGE LEONARD.....	Newark, Del.
MOORE, WILLIAM THOMAS.....	Cherry Hill, Md.
MURPHY, GEORGE DU BOIS.....	Glyndon, Md.
MURRAY, GEORGE WILSON.....	Choate, Del.
NEILL, EDWARD DUFFIELD, JR.....	Helena, Mont.
PARVIS, ROBERT ALVIN.....	Wilmington, Del.
POFFENBERGER, DAVID DE CLIFFORD.....	Newark, Del.
SHAFFER, CARLTON BROWN.....	Wilmington, Del.
STEPHENS, HAMILTON MORTON.....	Darby, Pa.
STEWART, HUGH LESLIE.....	Bank, Md.
TAGGART, WILLIAM JOHN.....	Wilmington, Del.
VANDEGRIFT, BAYARD ALRICH.....	McDonough, Del.
VANNERSON, LEONARD KITTINGER.....	Wilmington, Del.
WARD, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER.....	Cherry Hill, Md.
WYATT, CLARENCE ARTHUR.....	Wilmington, Del.



## History of the Freshman Class.

AT ABOUT half-past eight o'clock, on the morning of Thursday, September 11th, 1902, thirty-two young geniuses, full of high hopes and fervent ambitions, conglomerrated at Delaware College. They represented all parts of Delaware, and many of the neighboring States. There were fourteen from Wilmington, Del.; five from Newark, Del.; seven from outlying towns of Delaware, four from Maryland, one from Pennsylvania, and one from Montana. When this heterogeneous crowd had arrived at the College their modesty was given a severe shock by the reverential curiosity and respectful admiration with which the upper classmen regarded them, but this they soon recovered from, and their bump of combativeness was fully developed by the warm welcome offered them by one particular set of husky-looking nondescripts, who were styled Sophomores. This peculiar species seemed to think that its one duty and mission in life was to act as a moral, mental and physical guide and instructor to the Freshman Class. But after a few encounters this erroneous idea disappeared, and the class of '06 began to become accustomed, by degrees, to the new state into which it had fallen.

In the first place, the class resolved itself into four Classics, four Latin Scientifics, one Agricultural, eleven Civil Engineers, four Mechanical Engineers and eight Electrical Engineers, making a total of thirty-two students. This number has been decreased by one, a Mechanical, who resigned before the end of the year. The present number of students in the class is, therefore, thirty-one.

In spite of the efforts of the Sophomores, the first class meeting was held in Gymnasium Hall, and the President of the class for the Freshman year was elected, and the class policy, unyielding opposition and defiance toward the Sophomore Class, was adopted. At later meetings the other officers of the class were elected, and the class yell and motto formed.

The next event of any importance was the formation of the Freshman Hot Air Club, of which A. Franklin Fader was elected President and George Farnan Vice-President. The object of the society is the propagation and spread of the hot air for which the members are noted, and so far its efforts have been crowned with unqualified success. The club holds weekly meetings in Professor Harold W. Brown's Drawing Rooms, and has a large and efficient membership.

The Freshman-Sophomore foot ball game was one of the most talked-of events of the season, as the Freshmen, fearing to be thought grasping, gracefully handed over the victory to the Sophs.

But the organization to which the class of '06 points with most pride is the Freshman



basket ball team, which was the first basket ball team worthy of mention in the College history. The credit of introducing the game is due entirely to C. B. Shaffer, '06, who, by strenuous efforts, interested the members of the class in the game, and organized a team which did credit to the Freshman Class. In all, the team played twelve games, one in Philadelphia, one in Conshohocken, seven in Wilmington and three in the Delaware College Gymnasium. Although the number of games won was small, the general record of the team was good, when it is considered that most of the players had never played the game before, and that they were not supported by the Athletic Association of the College, but had to depend upon their own resources. The team was composed of the following:

*Captain*—Carlton Brown Shaffer.

*Manager*—Harry G. Lawson.

*Players*—De C. Poffenberger and George Farnan, centers; C. B. Shaffer and W. J. Taggart, forwards; C. A. Wyatt, A. Hauber and R. A. Parvis, defense; H. L. Stuart, E. D. Neill, Jr., and H. A. Cramer, substitutes.

On Monday, January 12th, 1903, the Sophomore basket ball team was overwhelmingly defeated by the Freshmen in the Gymnasium, by a score of 46 to 27.

The class of 1906 has a right to be proud of itself for its progressiveness, its versatility, and for its interest in athletics. It has responded loyally to the requests of the Athletic Association for encouragement, both financial and personal. A class foot ball team and a class basket ball team have been established, and a Freshman base ball team has been organized, which expects to be able to give practice to the first team, as well as play outside teams. A tennis team is also in sight. The separate members of the class have entered heartily into everything that would advance the interests of the College. Three of them have won their D by playing on the College foot ball team, season of 1902. One has already made the first base ball team, and several more are on probation. Three are contributors to the College paper, the *Review*, and nearly all subscribe to it. A goodly number have joined the College Y. M. C. A., and one of them has been elected Treasurer. Two have joined the Mask and Wig Club, and have taken part in the show. One is a member of the College Banjo and Mandolin Club, and another a member of the College Orchestra. The Athenæan and Delta Phi have received members from this class. One of us has been appointed Assistant Librarian of the College. Strenuous efforts are being made to gain the admittance of the Freshmen to the field games and relay races, held by the Wilmington High School of Wilmington, Del., or failing in that, to organize a meet at the College.

The class of '06 is loyal, heart and soul, to "Old Delaware."

HISTORIAN.