

The Review

The Undergraduate Weekly of the University of Delaware

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PRICE TEN CENTS

Engineers' Council Makes Scheduled History With Outlaw Dance Success



Girth of American Girls Declines in Newark Armory as Guests Donate Penny a Pound For Dates; One Gets In For 85 Cents; Highest \$1.35

The Engineer's Council got away with its outlaw dance a couple of Fridays ago and made history as scheduled. Each male paid a penny for each pound of his female, and they both got in.

It was held in the Newark Armory to the tune of John Bennett and his orchestra. The committee in charge, all engineers, consisted of Johnny Healy, Herb Tunnell, Ralph Groves, and John DeWitt Rogers. You didn't have to be an engineer to go. Neither did your date.

What made it an outlaw dance was that it was not on the social calendar, and the engineers defied tradition, the Social Committee, heavy dates, and the Wagner Labor Relations Board by weighing girls in the middle of the night.

Scales Approved

Hanging around the door with an approved set of scales were Merritt Armour, Johnny Healy, and

Bert Tunnell, who showed neither favoritism nor fear in their calculations. (See picture of committee member dragging date and paying for same, elsewhere on the page.)

The decorations were mainly in the form of a big cone, symbol of engineeriana, and a huge slide rule from the classrooms of Evans Hall which was suspended over the orchestra. The scales were also Evans Hall property.

Don't Forget Harv

To make the outlawry official, faculty guests in attendance were Mr. Gerald Doherty, Dean Robert L. Spencer of the Engineering School, Mr. Thomas D. Mylrea, and Mr. William F. Lindell. Harvey was there too. Don't forget Harvey. He helped to weigh the girls.

Smallest date was an 85-pounder, owner unspecified. Biggest contributor was the escort of a 135-pounder. There you have a trend of some sort. The girth of American girls is declining.

Students And Organizations Warned Of Blue Hen Deadline

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The deadline draws nearer and nearer. Soon the mighty presses of America will be rolling off the last copies of the Blue Hen (vintage 1939) and where will you be? In the Blue Hen we hope (we mean pictorially and verbally of course). So ye Juniors, Seniors and whatever else are going to be in this great publication, get movin'.

The photographer will be back in a few days to take pictures of all organizations on the campus. The secretaries of these various clubs, groups or whathaveyou are asked to cooperate with the Blue Hen, in sending in their membership

lists as soon as possible, since the picture taking schedule will be made up from this.

At the same time, all those fellows who have not yet had their portrait taken will have an opportunity to avoid being placed at the far end of the book, under the heading, "Other Juniors and Seniors." Fellows who have not yet returned their proofs will also have an opportunity to do this.

Anybody interested in working on the Blue Hen either as artists, photographers, writers, administrators, ad-men, business men or all-around men, please see Stutzman-the-Editor or Mate Hirschout the money bags.

Dr. Cornelius Weygandt Returns To University Hour on Tuesday, To Speak on "Poets off Parade"

W.C.D. Junior Prom Scheduled Tonight For Gold Ballroom

Tonight the Junior Class of the Women's College will hold their Annual Junior Prom in the Gold Ballroom of the Hotel duPont in Wilmington.

Music will be furnished by Bob Horton and his Orchestra, who, it will be remembered played for the Sigma Nu Formal last spring.

Miss Miriam Hoopes, is the general chairman of the dance, and her committee consists of Pauline Piunti, chairman of the orchestra committee, Ruth McCullough, chaperons, Mary Lee Schuster, publicity, Helen Black, programs and favors, and Elizabeth Scott, chairman of miscellaneous.

Receiving Line

Patrons and patronesses for the affair are, Dean Marjorie Golder, Miss Rena Allen, Miss Emma Ehlers, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Hulihan, Dr. and Mrs. J. Fenton Daugherty, Miss Quacita Drake, Mrs. George Schreppler, Miss Miriam Hoopes, Mr. Gil Carney, Miss Theresa Schreppler and Charles Cadell.

Main features of the dance will be the Junior and Senior Encores the fourth dance of each half. The Grand March will be led by Miss Thelma West and escort.

Officers of the Junior Class are, President, Miss Theresa Schreppler, Vice-President, Miss Thelma West, Secretary, Evelyn Conant, Treasurer, Helen Black.

Smoke Talk

"A Retrospect of 1938" will be the subject under discussion at a smoke talk in the Lounge in Thursday evening next, January 12.

The chief events of the year will be reviewed by Dr. George H. Ryden; the events will be as Dr. Ryden sees them. Mr. Lawrence Willson of the English Department will also talk.

All students not born yesterday, or in the last few days, are welcome. You don't have to drink coffee or smoke, but you can do either or both.

No girls allowed.

Theta Chi Invites All Frat Members To Informal Dance

The Theta Chi Fraternity has invited all fraternity men and pledges to their annual informal on January 14, 1939.

Charlie Lewis and his band will provide swing from 8.00 to 12.00.

The fraternity has felt that this would promote a closer feeling of fellowship between the fraternities. The Interfraternity Council has heartily agreed and has offered their sponsorship of the dance.

English Reading

The next English Reading will occur on Monday evening, January 9, in the Hilarium of the Women's College, at seven o'clock. Mr. Lawrence Willson will read from the verse of E. E. White. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

University of Pennsylvania English Professor Scheduled By Committee After His "Rolling 'Em In Aisles" In 1932

As guest of the University Hour Committee, Dr. Cornelius Weygandt, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and outstanding authority on contemporary literature, will speak in Mitchell Hall on Tuesday evening, January 10, at 8 o'clock.

Third Dramatic Conference Meets Early Next Month

On Saturday, February 11, the Third Dramatic Conference, under the University's sponsorship will take place.

The Dramatic Conference is one of the services offered by the University Dramatic Center established last year. The purpose is to encourage and give technical assistance to dramatic groups throughout Delaware and nearby states.

Preliminary plans for the conference have already been formulated by Dr. C. R. Kase in collaboration with the members of the Executive Committee of the Delaware Dramatic Association.

The Delaware Dramatic Association is comprised, at present, of over forty amateur dramatic groups all of which will send delegations to the Conference. All other individuals and groups interested in the various aspects of play production are invited to attend and participate.

Movies and Dinner at Six In Aggie Meeting Next Monday

Sheathing their plowshares, the Sons-Of-The-Soil will dine in the small dining room of Old College next Monday evening at six.

Sound movies and "an important business meeting" will follow the repast.

Delaware Swing Band Will Supply Jazz For Next Independent Hop

Maestro



Andre Malecot is the leader of the college swingsters who have been swinging away in the REVIEW office for the past couple months.

Dr. Weygandt has been with the University of Pennsylvania since 1897, when he gave up newspaper work for the teaching profession. There he has offered some of the first courses in contemporary poetry that have ever been offered in America; his interest in contemporary poetry and fiction has made a strong appeal to the students.

To Discuss Poets

The topic of Dr. Weygandt's talk, "Poets I Have Known," is a particularly apt one because of his intimate association with many contemporary poets and authors.

Among the most well known of the books which he has written are: "Irish Plays and Playwrights," "A Century of the English Novel," "The Red Hills" and "The Time of Yeats."

Everyone is invited to attend the lecture, AND THERE IS NO ADMISSION CHARGE.

Taught Sypherd

When Dr. Weygandt initiated his lectures on Contemporary Poetry, there were no textbooks on the subject, and he frequently distributed mimeographed copies of the poetry under consideration. Dr. Sypherd, head of the English Department, was a student under Dr. Weygandt.

Because the publicity posters say "no admission charge," and because no one has said otherwise, you can assume that no tickets (the usual free tickets that is) will be required.

President Baker Doesn't Know But Thinks Saturday Will Do; Dance Is Unoutlawed

George Baker, president of the Independent Men, and his Independent Men will go from Benny Goodman and others of his ilk, recorded of course, to the music of André Malecot and his Independent Men some time next month for a dance.

George won't say what day is the day. So the Review, with all the arrogance of the Fourth Estate, hereby assigns Saturday the eleventh of February as it. Saturday is O.K. with George. The eleventh we haven't asked him about, but the Independent Men we feel sure would not want to make a fool of the Review, Delaware's only independent newspaper.

Not outlaws like the engineers, the Independent Men will have their dance in the socially approved Lounge of Old College. With no weighing-in ceremony at this dance, there will be flesh without stint.

The Review

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JANUARY 6, 1939

One At A Time

(Continued from Opposite Column)

unhealthy. We recommended that America lower her immigration quota to admit the scholars and most valuable refugees and that the remainder of the peoples be distributed to Columbia (S. America), Alaska, and Tanganyika, in Africa—the health conditions permitting. The discussions in the group were highly informal, sometimes evolving into minor word clashes on Facism vs. Democracy and other crossings of theories. One fellow maintained that the United States had enough trouble at home and that the German question was none of our business.

Each commission made a report at a central meeting and some three hundred students leaned back in their chairs confident that they had solved all the world's ills.

We were given two treats in the addresses of Mr. Hans Simon, a finance minister under the Kaiser and a bitter opponent of present political rule in Germany, who spoke with intense personal feeling but who, nevertheless, took a surprisingly impartial view. Not the least feature of Mr. Simon's address was an epileptic fit by one of the delegates on the second row delaying the remarks for about two minutes. The other speaker was Prof. Claude Eagleton of Yale. Mr. Eagleton advocated a world federation to work for peace and in the next breath predicted a war by spring.

Beautiful Babies

Not the least feature of the convention was its girls, all of whom were beautiful (not excepting our own contingent). To promote sociability two dances were given. Paul Jones and grab lines were utilized to exchange partners and incidentally economic ideas (although at this time the ideas were pretty well abandoned). It was great fun locating the colleges, (we all wore name cards), but there were also very aggravating animals present—faculty advisors. Every time I began to talk to a nice young lady (and I have another young lady's permission to say this) up would pop a faculty advisor. After the dances we would go down town (sometimes without our stockings) to the Swarthmore Rhodes'. I was told the town has no movies and no taverns (they go to Chester, Heaven forbid) and had the girls back by twelve-thirty or soon after.

All in all it was a grand way to meet and sit; sup and think with representative specimens of young America.

CAULDRON REVIEW

It's traditional for a campus newspaper to sink its teeth into the campus literary magazine and take it apart (and vice versa). We (and they) shall attend to that directly. But, because we sincerely hope that The Cauldron doesn't perish of stillbirth, we've sought an honest critic. Mr. Lawrence Willson (of the English Department) has, with the admirable courtesy that has made him so popular at Delaware, accepted our last-minute invitation. And what is more, he has beat the deadline.

THE CAULDRON

By Lawrence Willson

The editors of *The Cauldron* are to be commended for their very real achievement in preparing what is surely the best undergraduate literary publication to appear on this campus, at least since 1935 when I first saw the light of Delaware. They were not restricted as heretofore, of course, by a consideration of the sex of their contributors; that perhaps has something to do with the excellence of their magazine, but it does not explain it all. They have chosen their material wisely; they have presented it attractively. Nobody could wish for a reversion to the days of *The Humanist* and *Pambo*.

At least six of the stories which appear could stand comparison with any undergraduate stories I have seen, and, indeed, with many magazine stories by professional writers. Those six, in the order of my preference are: Mr. Swenchart's "American Fable," Mr. Rogers' "On a Dead Man's Chest," Mr. Stutman's "Queer Doings at Delaware," Mr. Mather's "Previews," Mr. Dannenberg's "Mid-Week Beer," and Miss Thomson's "Experience." Mr. Neeson's "Blue Shadows" is a close seventh. And I hasten to add that they all, even in my preference, tread sharply on another's heels. I place "American Fable" first because I like the artistry of its satire. But Mr. Rogers has written a story that Ring Lardner would not have been ashamed to own—perhaps I like it best, after all. Mr. Stutman's story shows how an old but always interesting plot can be given new life in new surroundings. He has penned some neat campus satire, too. *The Cauldron* can use more stories like "Queer Doings," "Previews" is admirably plotted; in some ways it is the best of these six stories. "Mid-Week Beer" is an interesting treatment of a story which might have become, in less capable hands, an airy, fairy "Prince Charming" sort of thing. "Experience," of course, is horrible, but artistically horrible. I congratulate Miss Thomson especially for her re-

straint. The authors of "Hung Heaven" and "Strange Morning Interlude" could learn much from her about the art of literary repression.

Two "Psychological" Mss.

It is interesting to note in passing that of *The Cauldron's* fourteen short stories, only two—"Experience" and "Blue Shadows"—are of the "psychological" sort which littered the pages of "Cauldrons" as late as five years ago. They are better than average, too.

As a matter of fact, only four of *The Cauldron's* stories are what I should call typically "undergraduate" in flavor. Those four, which deal in true undergraduate fashion with squalor, sordid death and its sordid aftermath, adolescent heartbreak and "yearnings after beauty," and middle-aged disillusion in the homes of the poor and ignorant, are: "The Heart of the Wop," "Roman Holiday," "Hung Heaven" (which makes up in part for its sentimentality by its excellent flashes of description and its convincing conversation), and "Strange Morning Interlude." Any one of these stories could be turned at a moment's notice into a Grade B movie—which is a reasonably fair indication of bad plotting. I advise the four authors to look around home for their material. Skill in writing is not enough.

The Verse

Perhaps I should say a word about the verse—I could, I think, call it poetry if I were not exercising academic caution. Mr. Dannenberg has written the most poetical lines; they are the last four of his "Twilight." (Lest he feel too pleased with himself, however, I feel it necessary to say that his "Lines" represents a sentimental hangover from the delicate days and the dainty lays of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.) The best whole poem is the anonymous "Translation from Appollodorus." This is splendid; I quarrel only with "rag-picker." "Rag-man" is what you mean, Anonymous. Miss Hellen's "And Dawn" suffers by comparison because she has fallen into the common error of free-verse writing. (Continued on Page 3)

ONE AT A TIME



EDITOR'S NOTE:—Each year the Athenaeon Society (from da norf) and the Forum Society (from da sowf) send delegates to International Relations Conferences at some eastern college. This year's conference was at Swarthmore College, December the 16th and 17th. Robert T. Wilson, '39, here tells what happened. Take it, Bob!

When I was elected Vice President of the Athenaeon Society I had an inkling that I might be in line to go to "The Convention."



R. T. Wilson

It wasn't until President Osborne Mackie informed me one December morning that I was sure. When I was asked to drive I became a bit suspicious, not being sure whether I was wanted for my scant knowledge of international affairs or because my father always had a ready supply of used cars, being in the business.

My enthusiasm had been aroused a year previous upon hearing the marvelous tales that George Baker brought back from St. Lawrence University, just this side of Canada. I had great expectations of exceeding my Northern limit (Williamsport, Pa.) when, imagine my disappointment, I found we were going to Swarthmore, a "great" distance of about 50 miles.

No play is complete without a setting. The discussion of World Problems took place in this neighboring college of Quaker founding (but like most Protestant founded colleges, paying no attention to the classification). Swarthmore seems to be in an architectural struggle. Originally started out to be Victorian with an immense Parish Hall, corresponding to our Old College; then it went into the conglomerate of muddled brick, through a magnificent Gothic chapel, and wound up with a modern Field House. In its hospitality it belongs South of the Mason-Dixon Line (but being a Pennsylvanian I'm a little partial to the Keystone hospitality also).

Thus far it may seem that I went on the intellectual expedition alone—not so. With me were the aforementioned Mr. Mackie, stage-designing Russell Willard and the effervescent Mr. Wilson Humphries. Also present were a cross section of the always-charming Women's College (the circulation manager tells me he needs subscriptions on the Southern End). We were taken care of in grand style, being given the regular dormitories as living quarters. I was amazed at the trustfulness of the former occupants of our rooms, for everything was left in the bureau drawers. (They evidently thought we were a more honest lot than the foreign diplomats we came to discuss.)

Have No Fear, E. J.

For fear Mr. E. J. Wilson will gather the opinion that the Council money was misused, perhaps I had best get to the actual discussion of the convention. The delegate had his selection of five "round tables." These circular affairs treated the Far East, The Internal Security of Europe, The Pan-American Unity of the Americas, (of which Mr. Humphries was chairman) and the Future of the German Jews. I, with Mr. Willard and Miss Fern Wilson of the Women's College, attended the latter. In our conference we divided the causes of German prejudice into economic, political and the fault of the Jews themselves. We decided there was some prejudice in our own country and that it was (Continued in Editorial Column)

Campus Camera

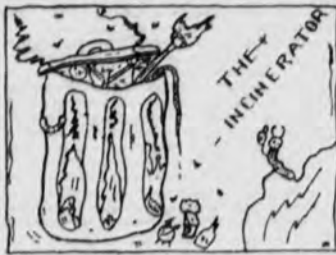


JEAN-YVES GOSSELIN

20-YEAR OLD QUEBEC STUDENT, IS PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE-LEGGED SKIER IN THE WORLD. HE ONCE MADE A JUMP OF 50 FEET!

ROBERT H. BISHOP WAS THE FIRST OF SEVEN CONSECUTIVE MINISTER-PRESIDENTS AT MIAMI U.

TRY A GELANDESPRUNG WITH TWO LEGS SOMETIME!



Mail for the Male . . .
 For three hours this fellow walked with this girl along White Clay Creek. He got pretty serious talking with her. He told her about his ambition, his plans for the future . . . all that. She listened with sympathy. Afterward he found a magazine called the *Cauldron* in his mail box. Just glancing through he found a poetry:

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a he
 A he who boasts and brags all day
 Who tells us all he has to say . . .
 The author . . . the girl.

Out of the Pot . . .

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 at the penny-a-pound Engineers' ball.

My formula for happiness
Is chiefly this:

A good cigar
A Packard car

Arrow collars
A million dollars

A yacht or two
And briefly . . . you.
Real test . . .

Once upon a time there was a boy who always studied his lessons the night before he had them. He had done it since he was small. He is already in college and

when he has a test, he always studies for it the night before. Now he even leaves his outside reading go until the night before it is due. He isn't procrastinating tho, he can remember things better that way.

Well he is taking a course now that requires that he read Thomas Moore's Utopia. So he sent away for the book. When it came, he put it in a prominent place on his desk, and arranged that the evening before the test would be free

so that he could read it.

Time has passed . . . It is the evening before the test. Our eccentric friend is just coming in from dinner. He sits at his desk, unwraps his book and opens to read. For a moment all is calm, then slowly a puzzled look grows on his face. He turns leaves rapidly. Dismay is taking the place of puzzlement. He clutches the book for a

moment, looks wildly around, then slips nervelessly to the floor in a faint. The damn thing is written in Old English.

Just put an add under this Jake—I got a test tomorrow, not to mention a date tonight.

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