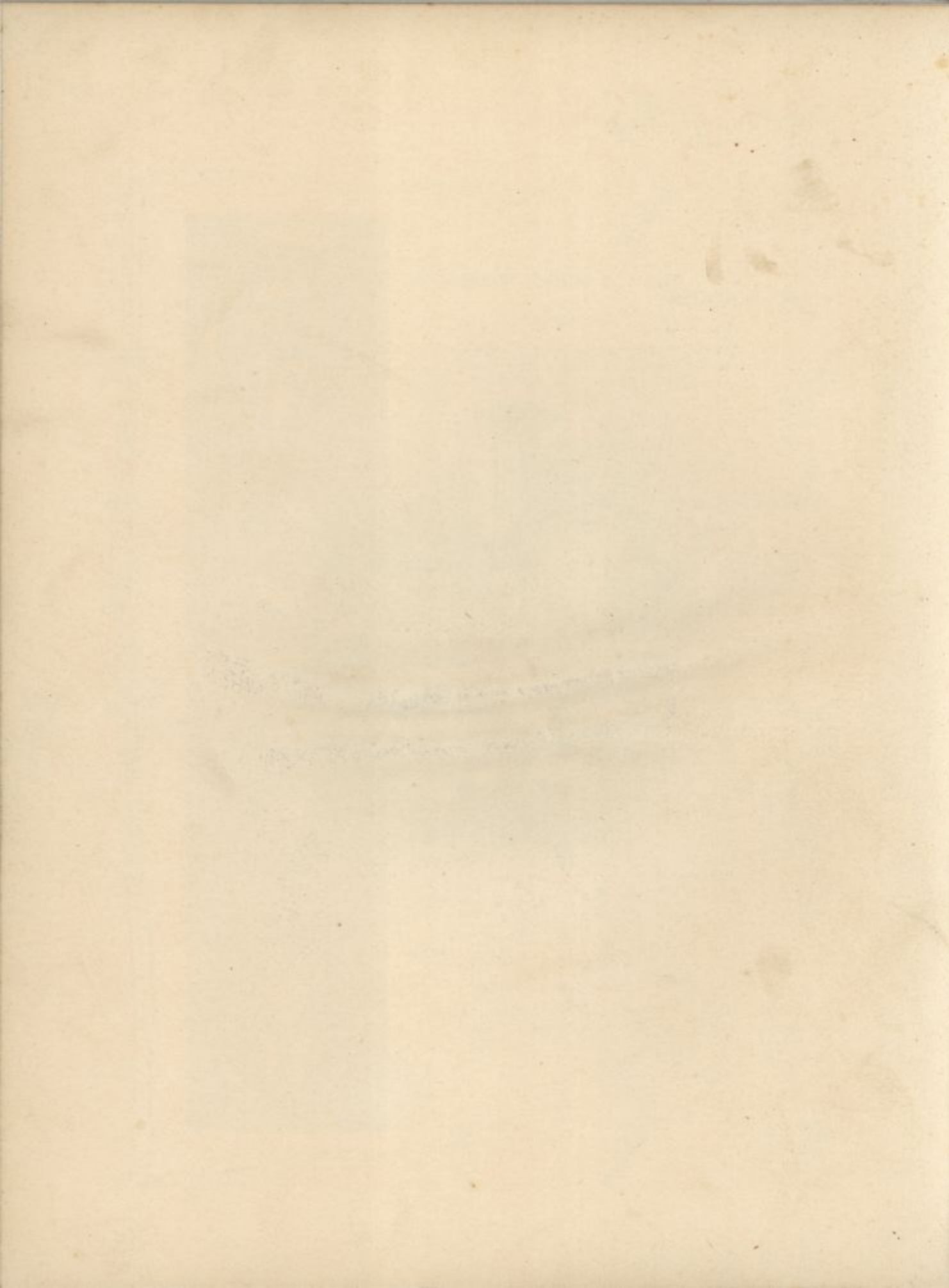




THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





# JUNIORS







CLASS OF 1912



# 1 JUNIORS 2

Sam'l Knopf '12



GEORGE PANCOAST MILLINGTON

## Officers of the Class of 1912

GEORGE PANCOAST MILLINGTON, *President*  
GEORGE WALKER SAWIN, *Vice-President*  
SAMUEL NICHOLS TAMMANY *Secretary and Treasurer*  
JAMES GILPIN LEWIS, *Historian*



# CLASS POEM

*Jan't Knopf '12*

U n 1 9 1 2

Oh! Class of nineteen twelve, we give  
Of strength and mind for thee,  
That thou in future years may live  
And claim our memory.

To thee we drink a joyous cup,  
For thee we have hopes bright;  
Ever to keep thy good name up,  
With rivals we would fight.

But rivals, none of them have you,  
None have you to fear;  
Some approach, but very few  
In anything come near.

In Freshman year you passed the pace  
Set by those gone before;  
In all years since you've led the race  
Since you were Sophomore.

So to thee now we drink, old class,  
May time that's yet to be,  
Find in world's fight your men surpass,  
For then surpass shall we.





## CLASS HISTORY



WELL, Well, Well, Delaware! Delaware! 1912" This slogan, which rang forth on the front campus on the morning of September 10, 1908, was and still is symbolic of a great many things. In the first place, in connection with the class-rush for which it was devised, it stated that we were feeling very well and this statement we proved to the Sophomores to the tune of a 12 to 0 victory. It might also be advisable to state right here that we have been feeling very well ever since that memorable morning and give every promise of continuing to feel well until the day when we sally forth from the all important event and begin to ask ourselves, "What next?" In the second place the "well, well, well" stands for the gasps of the astonished Sophomores to whom we taught the difference between a blink and a wink, and for the ultimate gasps of the Faculty when we were given a chance to demonstrate the way in which we had collected our grey matter. It is true that some few of us were strongly urged by the Faculty to join the outside world's crowded thoroughfares, but this was not discouraging to any of us. Those who remained went at the work with a new vim and a do-or-die spirit, while the majority of those unfortunate few who were urged to depart hence were seen promenading the campus the next September wearing the green, it is true, but still ex-classmates and therefore all the more welcomed as college brothers.

We had heard that there was a custom at Delaware which prohibited the Sophomores from interfering with the taking of the Freshmen's pict-



ure. It was with this custom that we began our crusade of a new order of things, and the revolutionizing of many old traditions which seemed to our august selves to be useless, as well as instituting many better and newer customs. We, "the freshest class that ever entered college," discovered the Sophomores nicely posed beneath the gymnasium windows and forthwith decided to dump the nice clean mats upon their unfortunate heads. For this new custom we receive copious thanks expressed mainly by ice water baths in the famous old tub. We also heard that a Freshman class away back in 1904 had put out a startling poster advertising a public sale of the Sophomores. We decided that custom should be brought to life again and the result was truly startling. Many were the varieties of animals sold by Happy Holliday, our big brawny auctioneer. Right in the front rank of our achievements was the following of an old custom—the painting of numerals. We were very sly and modest in this venture, offering no innovations except that the numerals 1912 were painted at the top of the water tower instead of on the sidewalk where they would have offered a good thing for everybody to polish their shoe leather on. Our officers and ring leaders were: Howard T. Ennis, President; William W. Larrimore, Vice President; George W. Sawin, Secretary; Douglas B. Ayerst, Treasurer; William A. Reynolds, Historian, and Stewart Randall Carswell, chief numeral painter and expounder on the subject of "Brother Rob's Battalion."

Gradually the novelty began to wear off and we began to realize what college life really is. Every member of our class undertook some duty to help the college. Some, it is true, did not take part in athletics at all but they were the exceptions to the rule, and even they were in a way helping the college by trying to raise their own standing and consequently that of the old institution. We drifted along through our Freshman year with here and there an honor won for the class and at the end of the year had a very good assortment. We had 'varsity men on all of the teams and the large majority of the players in most cases belonged to our class. We were the first Freshman class in the history of the college to have a member of its class win the tennis championship, which feat was accomplished by "Bob" Harvey, who incidentally up to present has broken two records in the broad jump and pole vault and has played on every class team we have had. We were the second class in the history of the college to win the annual field and track meet. We had several of the most prominent lights of literary and debating circles. We won the baseball championship and in all ended a most successful Freshman year in athletics and in brain work, too, except for the fact that the Faculty failed to appreciate us in every case. "Right along that line" we were O. K., athletically speaking, but studatively speaking our faculties were as nearly nill as it is possible for an already minus quantity to approach zero. However, this estimate was not the opinion of the whole Faculty, some few of us having acquired a pretty good drag.

In September, 1909, we returned full-fledged—excuse me, Faculty—most of us returned fullfledged Sophomores. Oh that Freshman class. Heaven help them, for we certainly tried to, but failed miserably. At the



beginning of the year we elected Carl A. Taylor, President; Robert B. Harvey, Vice President; Robert C. Lewis, Secretary; Howard T. Ennis, Historian, and Samuel N. Tammany, treasurer. These men served most efficiently and were accorded the hearty support of the class. Our first big innovation was the printing of large Freshmen posters. These posters were neat, nobby and needful for the Freshmen. Incidentally we were the first class in the history of the college to put out Freshman posters. The practice was evidently well thought of as we can judge by the posters displayed the next year by the class of 1913. Then we turned our attention to the gridiron and sprung an innovation there by defeating the Freshmen 22 to 0, the biggest score ever made in a class football game. And, while we are on athletics, we may as well enumerate our victories. The next one was the basketball championship which we won from the Juniors by 18 to 15 and by dint of much good and accurate shooting and wall-leaning. We then annexed the baseball championship by defeating the Freshmen 14 to 2, this being our second offense. The next "well, well, well" from our admirers was occasioned by our winning the inter-class field and track meet for the second time. And, then to cap it all, Harvey went and triumphantly marched away with the tennis championship, this being his second offense.

In literary and social doings we were also far from being a "slouch" class. We had several prominent debaters and orators. Twenty-five per cent. of the class belonged to the literary societies and eight members of the Review Board were of our flock. They were as follows: Howard Ennis, Associate Editor; Samuel N. Tammany, exchange Editor; James G. Lewis, Local Editor; George P. Millington, Assistant Local Editor; William A. Reynolds, Athletic Editor; B. William Ward, Inter-collegiate Editor; Robert C. Lewis, DeAlumnis Editor, and Richard R. Whittingham, Assistant Business Manager. Several members of our class managed to pull prizes out of the bag at commencement day exercises and most of them deserved even more than they received.

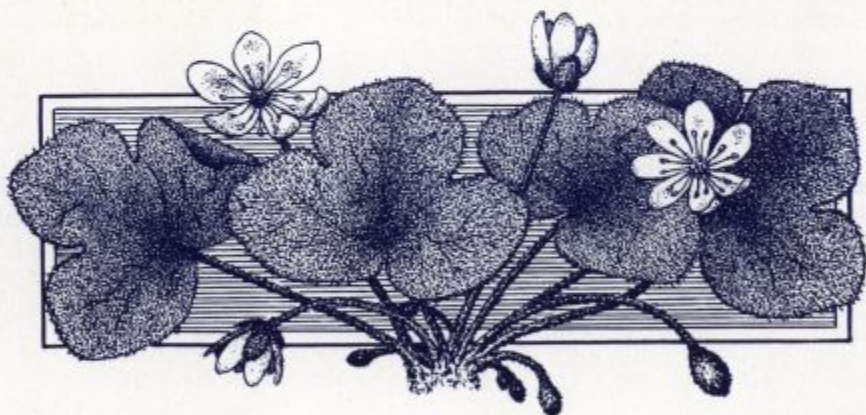
We returned in September, 1910, as Juniors and upper classmen. In this new role our first step, or rather, innovation, was to abolish all promiscuous hazing by members of the college student body. This, a big step in the government of the under-class at Delaware was strongly urged by Prof. C. A. Short and Lieutenant Edgar S. Stayer. It has, thus far, proved of tremendous value; and, when we look ahead we can see no reason why it should not remain a good thing. The present Freshman class has profited by it, and let them see to it that next year's class has an equal advantage. On the last day of September we selected the following officers: George Pancoast Millington, President; George Walker Sawin, Vice President; James Gilpin Lewis, Historian, and Samuel N. Tammany, secretary and treasurer. This was "Sam's" second year at juggling the class funds and as he didn't seem to be getting any richer we decided he should carry the money-bag again. Up to present writing we have acquired for ourselves a surplus amount of 'varsity football and baseball men and a good class team in basketball. In addition to this several new members have been ad-



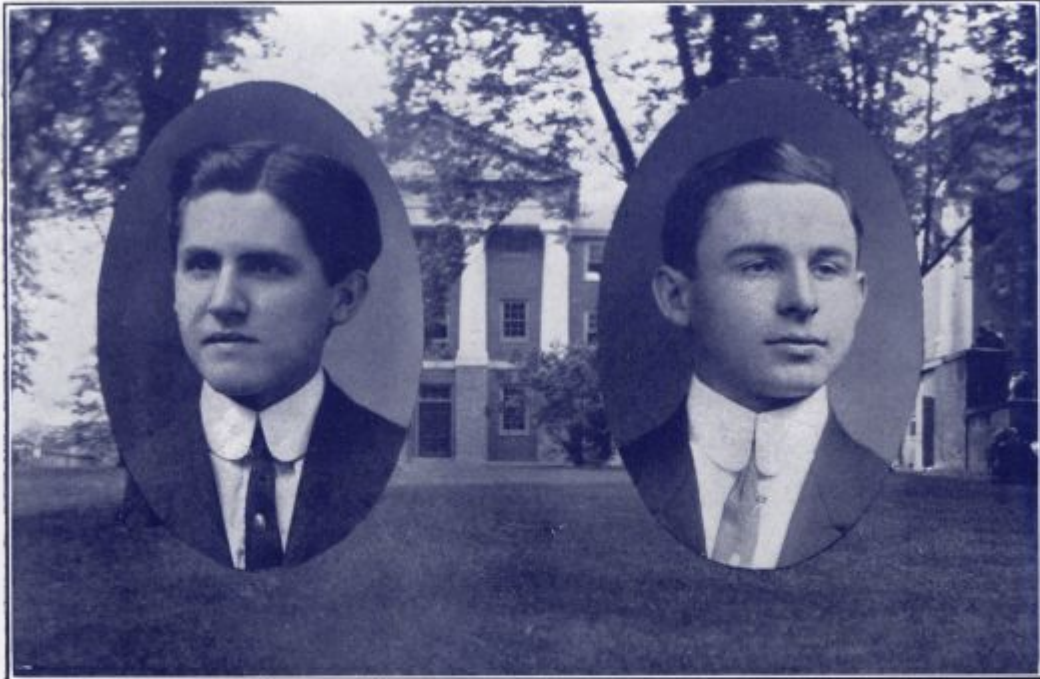
mitted to the literary societies and Y. M. C. A. from our class, and we bid fair to have another successful year like our Sophomore period of existence.

In summing up our record we would like to lay less stress on our class spirit, which is so predominant, than on our great college spirit and the loyalty of the members of our class to our Alma Mater. We have striven, since our advent in the Freshman class, to uphold Old Delaware's principles and customs and we are certainly safe from criticism in saying that we have generally succeeded.

HISTORIAN.







**WILLIAM STEWART ALLMOND, JR.**  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Stew; Willie; Girlie*]

Corporal, First Sergeant, Winner of the Third Curtis Prize in English, Delta Phi Literary Society, Basketball Mgr.

William Stewart Allmond, known far and wide for his belief in the axiom, "all girls look alike to me," was born, raised, and given a chance at education in Wilmington, Del. The stab at learning was made at the Wilmington High School, where Stewart was very fond of the ladies, who were also fond of him. In fact, any old place he could hang his hat was "home, sweet home" to him. Stewart is particularly attractive in a dress suit, and many is the infantile feminine heart which has fluttered at sight of him. When he first came to "Delaware" his surprise at the rude ways of the boys was amusing and delicious to behold. Since being here, however, he has slightly reformed, and has even been heard to say "darn." Stewart may get over his fussing-the-cradle habits and become a good engineer, but the improvement will certainly have to begin very shortly for the vice is already deep-rooted in him, we regret to say. However, he means well, girls, and perhaps he will improve with age.

**JOHN GILBERT ATTIX, Σ Φ Ε**  
Kenton, Del.

[*Jawn; Jeddard; Becky; Plow*]

Corporal, Sergeant, Class Football 1908-09, Class Baseball 1909-10, Scrub Football 1908, 'Varsity Football 1909, Indoor Gym. Meet, Capt. Scrub Baseball 1910, 'Varsity Football 1910.

"Jawn's" moods are as varied as his nicknames, which fact may be testified to by all who, by any sad misfortune, had occasion to taste of Jawn's persuader, the sledge. Attix is very fond of that grand, big city from which he hails—Kenton—and for a while we thought that he would never cease to expound on the subject. "Down on Dad's farm we got two mules, Jinny and Becky, etc." John is particularly sociable at times and he tells us that the girls even think him quite lovable. But that is not for us to say. Jawn prepared for college at the Wilmington Conference Academy. His account of his achievements while at that institute of learning are approached only by Professor Short's glorious '96 stories. Taken as a whole, Attix is a good worker and a likable type of grind, although he has begun to shake off that latter appellation. We are hoping for a bright future for this, our famous "Flow-man" and are sure that if he keeps going at his present rate he will not disappoint us.





DOUGLAS BAYNE AYERST, Σ N  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Canuck; Grafter; B. Ser*]

Band Corporal, Band Sergeant, Class Basketball 1909-10, Capt. 1910, Class Treasurer 1908, Class Football 1909, Orchestra, Rifle Team 1908-09, Manager Class Basketball 1909, Scrub Basketball 1910, Capt. Scrub Football 1909, Associate Editor of The Blue Hen, 'Varsity Football 1910.

This famous member of our noble collection of big noises was born in Canada; hence his name "Canuck." He has lived off and on, having moved from one city to another about a hundred times. However, he got the major part of his "book-larnin'" at the Wilmington High School. From here he entered "Delaware," and at once began to exhale a most beautiful line of hot air. He actually had some of the members of the Faculty bluffed during his Freshman year; but this bluff gradually wore off, and now he is only a poor little insignificant bunch of bluff. However, Bayne has a generous portion of sand in the mixture; and, although all is not gold that glitters, still about one-third of him is generous good-heartedness and good-fellowship. His wall-leaning has always been noticeable in the championship basketball games; but at the same time he was generally there with a good shot when it came to a show-down. He is one of Glimpty's co-eds and bids fair to make a success in his own particular line.

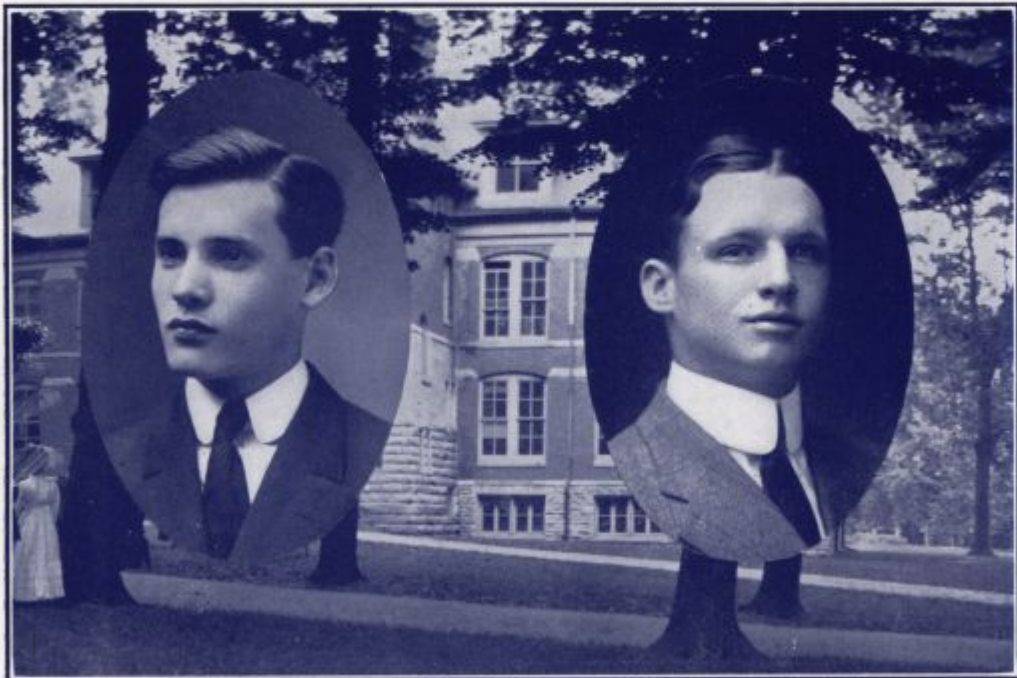
ARTHUR ELLIS BROWN  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Archibald; Agnes; Lucretia*]

Corporal, Delta Phi Literary Society.

This, we believe, is the first of our fair co-eds, and it gives us great pain to introduce Miss Agnes Lucretia Brown, sometimes known as "Willie Boy." Brown has often been a subject of much dispute among our tribe because he is such an unknown quantity. He is right there with the gift of gab during recitations; but, when it comes to examinations he is next to a negative integer. He always gets things done "almost right" and then we hear his plaintive little "Well, professor, that ought to be worth something, should it not?" It is doubtful where he was educated or whether he was educated at all; but certain it is that he has worked—yes, actually worked—for two summers with a large electric plant. Brown, with all his faults and apparent self-complacency, is all wool and true blue at heart. He will always go out of his way to help a friend and has never been known to excel at the art called back-biting. We wish him success.





**WILLIAM BUTZ, Σ Φ Ε . . . Dover, Del.**

*[Bill; Dough Boy; Goat; All-butts]*

Corporal, Sergeant, Garrett Smith Memorial Prize for English 1910, Clark Mathematics Prize 1910, Delta Phi Literary Society.

This specimen of—we suppose that we shall have to call it humanity—was born and educated in Dover, Del. Since being in college he has demonstrated that the education was certainly no joke. The nickname "Goat" refers rather to "Billy" than to Butz's rank in his classes, for he is the proverbial greasy grind, and by that we don't mean that he barely slides through, either. Butz has excelled in working analytics and calculus for three or four of our less fortunate mates, and it is even rumored that some of our fellows have had the gall to copy Bill's themes. As if anyone could ever touch Bill's particular style of pathos or bathos, which shall we say? Bill has now begun to let up on "boning" and has devoted his Thursday eyes to attending the weekly hops. Not long ago Bill was seen with another girl. Well, here's success to Bill and an apology for the way some of us misjudged him when first he came among us, for some of us mistook his religiously studious efforts for a lack of class spirit and criticised him for it. However, we have found that the "Goat" is right there with the effervescence.

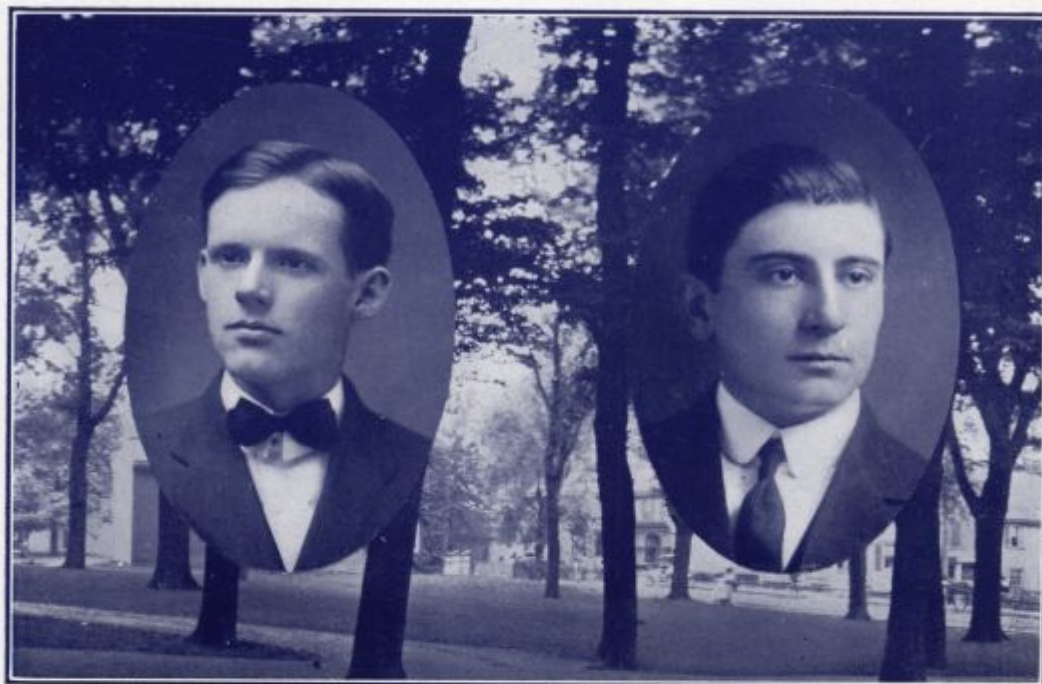
**STEWART RANDALL CARSWELL, Σ Φ Ε  
Elsmere, Del.**

*[Major; Kid; Solid Ivory; Ca Co 3]*

Corporal, Sergeant, Captain, Manager Class Football 1908, Class Football 1909, Scrub Football 1908, 'Varsity Football 1909, Rifle Team 1908-09, 'Varsity Football 1910.

This happy specimen was educated at the Wilmington High School, where, it is said, he was a shining star in his lessons. Something went wrong when he struck 'Delaware,' however, and the light radiating from his brilliancy is not noticeable farther than a mile away. Randall was fortunate in securing a job on the football squad so that he always has an excuse for laxity in his studies. During the season he is too busy to study, and when the season is over he is too far behind to ever think seriously of catching up. We are told—this is a profound secret—that Carswell has to date passed off all but three Freshman studies. Wonder if he'll get those off before he graduates? Carswell has a self-made reputation for being a ladies' man, and many is the tale he has to tell about his conquests. He has always been enthusiastic about himself and his brother Rob's battalion. And speaking of military affairs, there are a few of us who are after the big job, eh, Randall? Having enumerated his many features, we can only say that we hope he will reform.





REECE LEON DARLINGTON  
Middletown, Del.

[Red; Beat; Lady; Salve-spreeder]

Corporal, Sergeant.

Middletown is responsible for this monstrosity and she is rightly ashamed of the product. A fair dame once accused Sawin of looking like this animal, and Sawin has not spoken to her since. Can you blame him? Study the picture carefully, girls, and give us your opinion. Send answer to Puzzle Editor. Reece was educated at the Middletown High School, graduating the only boy in a class of twelve girls. Heavens! it is no wonder he became so contaminated and smitten with a fierce longing to "fuss." Reece has even been accused of writing twice in one week to the same girl. Think of the shame of it. They say he kept a bunch of "their" photographs until they became so numerous that he had to sleep out on the roof so as not to disturb their quarrels over him. Reece is a good fellow—at times. However, as in another cited case he may improve with age, but there certainly is a vast and greatly to be desired improvement due. With all of his faults, though, Reece can teach some of his classmates a few things about "class spirit," and we are mighty glad that he decided to cast his lot with the class of 1912. Good luck to him.

HOWARD TAYLOR ENNIS, Σ N  
Dover, Del.

[Father; Pure; Bishop; Judge]

First Prize for Debating, First Prize Temperance Oratorical Contest, Athenaeum Society, Corporal, Sergeant, President of the Class 1908-09, Scrub Football 1909, Class Football 1908-09, Captain of Class Track, 1910, Editor-in-Chief of The Blue Hen, Intercollegiate Debate 1909, Second Curtis Prize for English, Varsity Track 1910, Indoor Gym. Meet, Associate Editor of Delaware College Review 1910, Editor-in-Chief Delaware College Review 1911, President Y. M. C. A. 1910-11, (Northfield Delegate).

When we started on the work for the Annual we were informed by our esteemed editor-in-chief that he wished to write up his own life. However, we were as much afraid of his efforts as he was of ours; so we slipped this in on him. Ennis is certainly as broad as he is high; but he is not a "fat-head." In his Freshman year he was our leading literary light, capturing prizes and honors right and left and then looking for more. And all these prizes were not handed to him because of his looks—handsome as he is—but because of good, honest study and thought applied to his several tasks. Howard has ever been popular with us, and we were therefore doubly delighted to see his popularity with the Faculty. That popularity should most certainly "drag" him through college, even were he to stop work tomorrow. Some of our knockers have accused Ennis of being a woman-hater, but those who can speak from experience do not agree with them on that point, for Howard is certainly fond of visiting Father Penn's village. Here's success to him, for he's bound to win it anyhow.





MARK RICHARD MUCKLE GWILLIAM  
Philadelphia, Pa.

[Sport]

Corporal, Sergeant, Class Football 1909, Assistant Tennis Manager, Athenaeum Literary Society, Marksman, Indoor Rifle Team 1910.

Born and raised in New York and Philadelphia respectively, how could you expect anything good of this youth? And yet he has made good in spots. However, the intervals between these spots are what count against him. The term "Sport" was earned by him when he returned to college at the beginning of his Sophomore year in a pair of "take-me-home-for-ninety-eight" pumps. He took the joshing in dead earnest, however, and since then has seriously tried to live up to the "rep." We hear rumors every once in a while that he has passed an agricultural subject, but we don't take much stock in such wild talk. For "can anything good come out of Galilee?" New York queered you, Mark, old scout. However, buck up and maybe you'll pull a "dip" yet. We are with you.

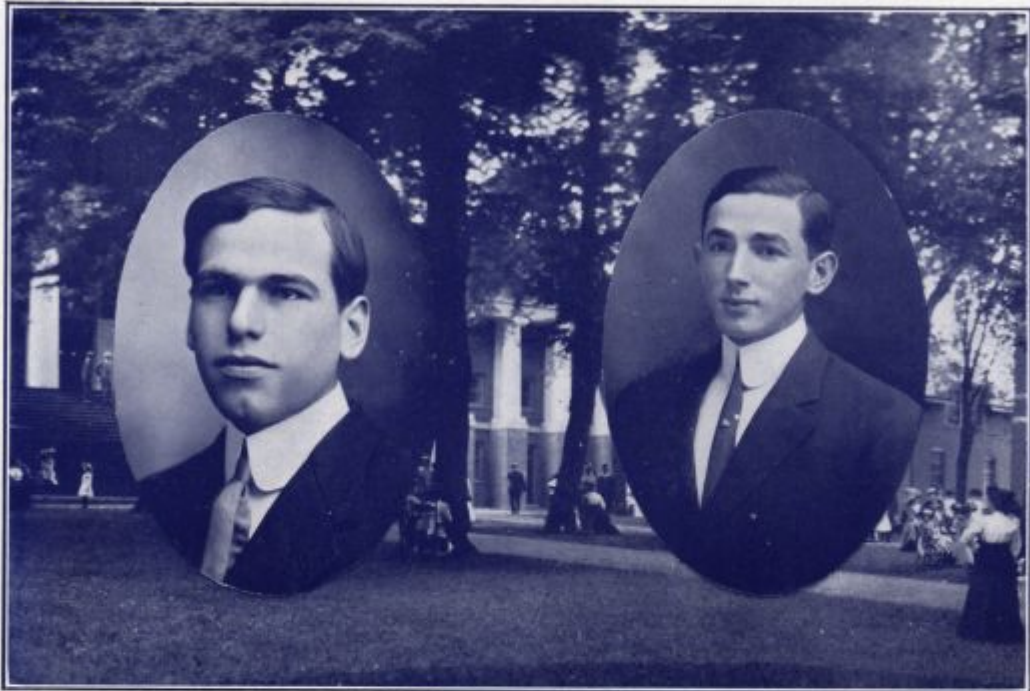
ROBERT BAKER HARVEY, Σ Φ Ε  
Kugler's? No! Childs, Md.

[Bob; Infant; Sparker]

Band Corporal, Band Sergeant, Class Football, Baseball and Basketball 1908-09, Tennis Champion 1909-10, Class Track 1909-10, Vice President of the Class 1909, Scrub Basketball 1910, Broad Jump and Pole Vault Records 1910, 'Varsity Baseball 1910, Captain-elect 'Varsity Baseball 1911, Captain Class Football 1909.

Dennett's—no, we mean Childs claims this youthful prodigy with some degree of boastfulness. The Cecil County High School is indirectly responsible for the present missing condition in his upper story. The term "Infant" is really applicable, although it was first devised in connection with the place from which he hails. He is certainly a very ticklish proposition, but as a whole he is one of our prize shows. Look those curly locks over, ladies, examine his pedigree, and feel of his fetlocks and we think that you will find him to be as staunch a little thoroughbred as ever halted from near Elkton. And, "right along that line" there is only one thing that saves Bob from being a lady-killer, and that is the "rep." Elkton lads have for that habit. Bob has certainly inherited it strong from somewhere; and it is with misgivings that we attempt to enumerate his conquests. First there was—but what's the use? Besides, 'tain't fair to tell tales out of school. Well, here's looking at you, Bobbie.





**RALPH LYMAN JACOBS**  
Wilmington, Del.

[Missing Link; Jakey]

Band Corporal, Band Sergeant, Orchestra  
1909-10, Class Track 1910.

This brand is a Wilmington High School product and often tells us that its face is its fortune. We would suggest that it might be called more appropriately its misfortune. Besides, that would be more applicable to his nickname. Jacobs is very fond of his fiddle, but it is very seldom we hear him condescend to play some ragtime. In his Freshman and Sophomore years Jacobs was happily united to a fair member of the Senior class. But he was, alas, deserted and is now extremely disconsolate. His favorite ballad, "Honest Little Annie, I am Strong for You," has been sadly forgotten since Annie deserted him, and we miss it so much! Hoping that he may get over his passion for music in time to acquire his "dip," we bid him adieu for the present.

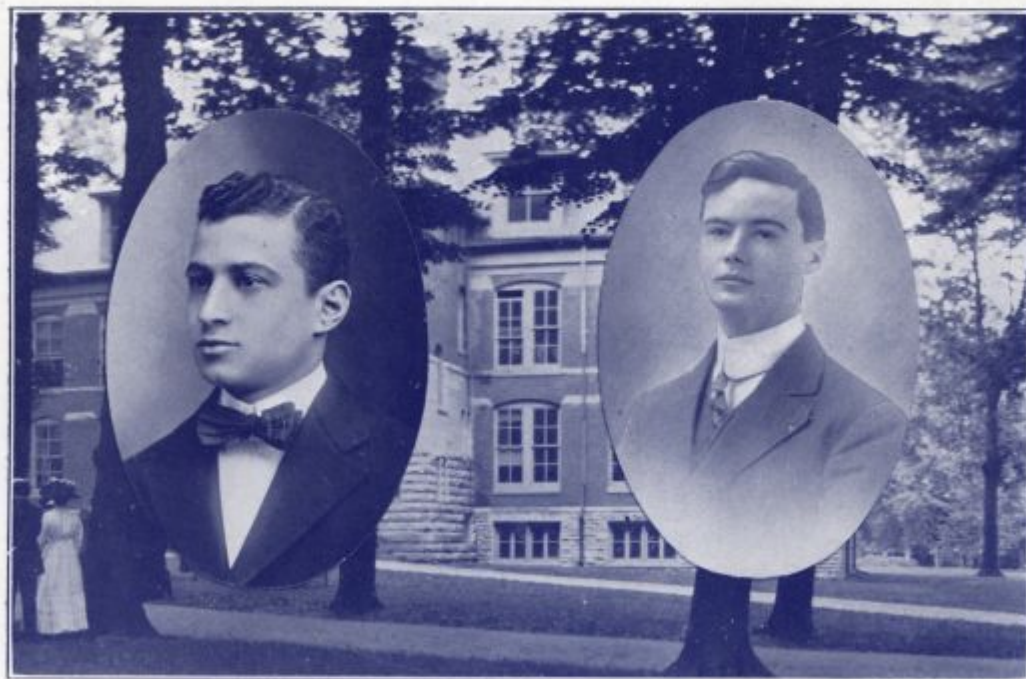
**SAMUEL KNOPF . . . Wilmington, Del.**

[Sammie; Dome-head; Staller]

Class Baseball 1909, Class Basketball 1910,  
Captain Class Baseball 1910, Scrub Base-  
ball 1909-10, Art Editor of The Blue Hen.

Another of Wilmington High School's products. This one, although he graduated with full honors from that institution, has absolutely refused to show graduating form since being among the fold at "Delaware." Sammie's line is drawing pictures and not A's; and as long as he has a pen and can smear on ink he is happy. But, young man, the day is coming when the grand reckoning shall be made, and then the cry will be, "Oh, those Sophomore flunks." Knopf is pretty fair at boning when he is forced to it. He always makes out a "horse" so that he may study the subject better. They say that he put fifteen minutes preparation on a whole year's work in one of his Sophomore subjects. It takes approximately fourteen minutes to write a pony two feet long—Sam's size. However, Sam has never been known to take one of these ponies to examination; so it is certainly not "out of sight, out of mind" with him. At roll call Sam's absence is always explained by a Yiddish holiday."





LOUIS GUGGENHEIMER KORNGOLD  
Wilmington, Del.

[Loeey; Kite; Inky]

This is a veritable type of clean-sleeve and hand-me-down. To be sure, he was stepped down from 1910 to 1912 but was none the less welcome in our ranks. Kornie is somewhat of a kidder and has the proverbial tendency to get sore when he is kidded by someone else. Hence, his famous scrap with a member of the class of 1911 whose stature is just about that of Kornie's. Kornie is fond of telling our new kinematics professor all about the way it was done when he was here at college in a good class. A few more disparaging remarks will cost him the price of another year in college as we are contemplating dropping him to the class below. Korngold should get better with a little seasoning in a good class, so there is yet some hope for him.

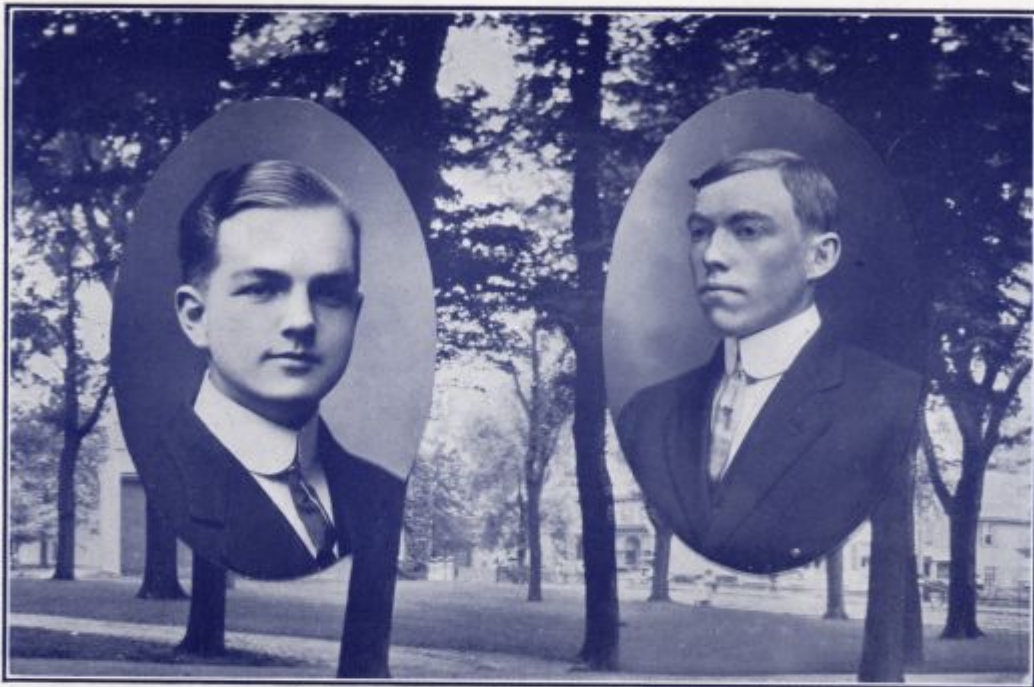
ROBERT CARTER LEVIS, Σ Φ Ε  
Elkton, Md.

[Razor-back; Bob; Legs; Lady Killer]

Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant, Class Secretary 1910, Class Basketball 1910, Alumni Editor of Delaware College Review, Scrub Football 1909, Class Football 1909.

This is another of Elkton's precious pippins. Bob has the same affliction that the rest of the Elktonites are bothered with, and so it is that we find many fair ones raving over his graceful appearance. Note that, please. Bob has been rather successful since being in college, both socially and otherwise—emphasis on the former. He is certainly fond of his antiquated jokes, and, we are told, is about to put another one on the market for the approval of the public. Wonder if it won't be reproof, instead? Bob is never known to fan one flame for more than a week at a time, so we are at a loss just whom to kid him about. However, he is perfectly sincere in all his cases—for ten minutes after he leaves "her." We prophesy all kinds of happiness and success for him in this world and possibly in the world to come. To attain the last named he will have to stop visiting Baltimore. However, we do not wish to walk up and down the "Street" heaping "Coals" of fire on his head.





**JAMES GILPIN LEWIS**  
Wilmington, Del.

[Jim; Camphor; Salve-spreader]

Corporal, Sergeant, Class Basketball 1909-10, Class Baseball 1909-10, Captain Scrub Basketball 1910, Class Track Team 1909, Class Historian 1910-11-12, Associate Editor of The Blue Hen, Local Editor of the Delaware College Review, Joseph E. Perkins Prize for Short Story published in Delaware College Review 1910, Athenaeum Literary Society.

Jimmie, as he is dubbed by a few of his intimates, attended the Wilmington High School before coming to Delaware. He is the proud possessor of the following homes: Washington, Leesburg, and Wilmington. Almost as rich a list as New Castle, Newark, and Delaware City, eh? Since being in college Jamie has attended to his studies often enough to pull through so far without a flunk. But, at the same time, "right along that line, more especially speaking," he has been right wide awake when the fun starts. Jim has a peculiar aversion to the numerals '96 and perhaps that is the long and the "short" of the reason why a certain distinguished member of our Faculty has deemed it proper at times to take him down a notch or two. Lewis was almost entirely responsible for the Freshman poster we put out in our Sophomore year, and that may account for the rich way in which the Freshmen sold him as a trained jackass. If Lewis ever succeeds in shaking off his many "femmes" he will no doubt graduate one of the classiest articles in our 1912 mob. Here's anticipation.

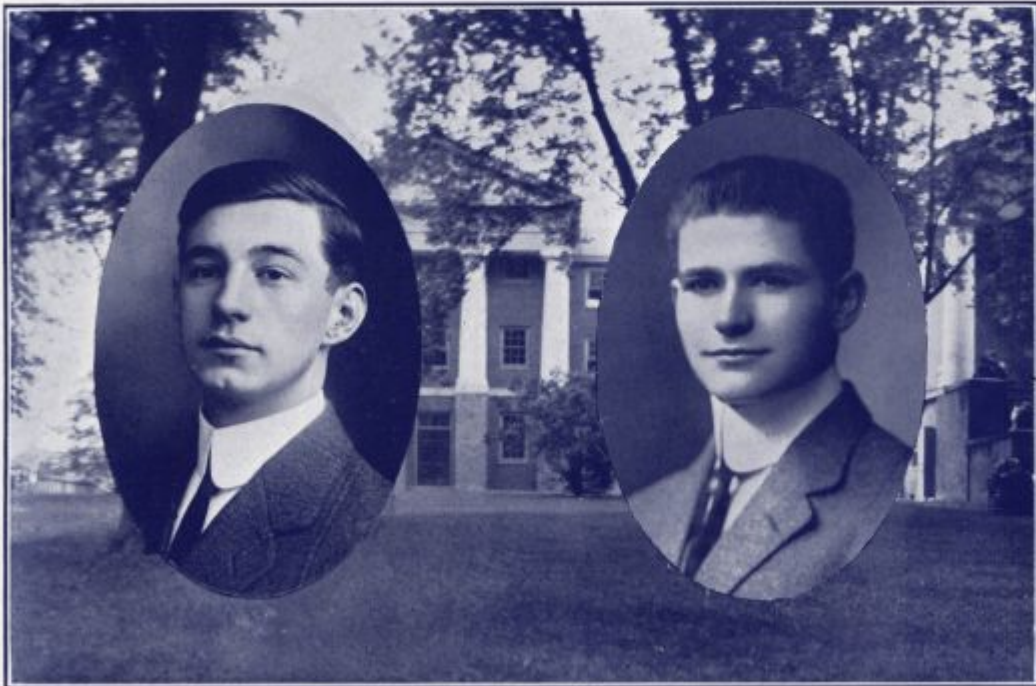
**JOSEPH PATRICK MCCAFFERTY**  
Wilmington, Del.

[Red; Mac; Pat]

Sergeant, 'Varsity Track 1909, Captain Class Track 1909, Assistant Tennis Manager, Delta Phi Literary Society.

We received Mac from the protection of the Wilmington High School's frowning walls. Just barely sneaked him in at that. However, Mac has made good since being "snuck." How could he help it with that face? He often says, "Why I'm so darned ugly I'm handsome." And there is something in that. There is a little something about Mac's eyes which seems to say that he also has the "fusser" habit. Wonder how it happened? They say that "her" fond papa was once forced to expel Mac by means of a number thirteen bunch of cow hide and sole leather. "Irish" is Mac's middle name, but he's proud of it, and we like him all the better for not being ashamed. He may be green but there's certainly no straw under his collar. Mac made things hum on the track in his Freshman year but had hard luck with a New Castle mob and has been nursing his knee ever since. Success to the harp! Don't let 'em string you!





FRED LEONARD MAIER  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Dutch; Fritz; Shanks; Dough Boy*]

Corporal, Sergeant Major, Associate Editor of The Blue Hen, Delta Phi Literary Society.

This, our craziest article, hails from the coast of Wilmington, that great port where the schooners come fast over the bar. Dutch is good at slinging the oxine. Many a professor has he mulishly stalled. Nay, even more, Jack Dalton, he has checked them to a standstill with his "maiaery" pranks. We are ever mindful of that blessed old derby which Fritz once sported but which Mike Harter took a sudden liking to. Dutch's pet at present is his bag, called by some the fruit bowl. Dutch is coaching for the stage and is always there with the imitations. The key to the whole situation is that Freddy is quite a musician and is in love. Dutch once took his aunt to the basketball game and everybody had the nerve to accuse him of taking his sweetheart. Dutch is the originator and captain of Company D in descriptive. Since he has passed that off everything looks rosy for the future *major*, who as yet holds a *minor* position.

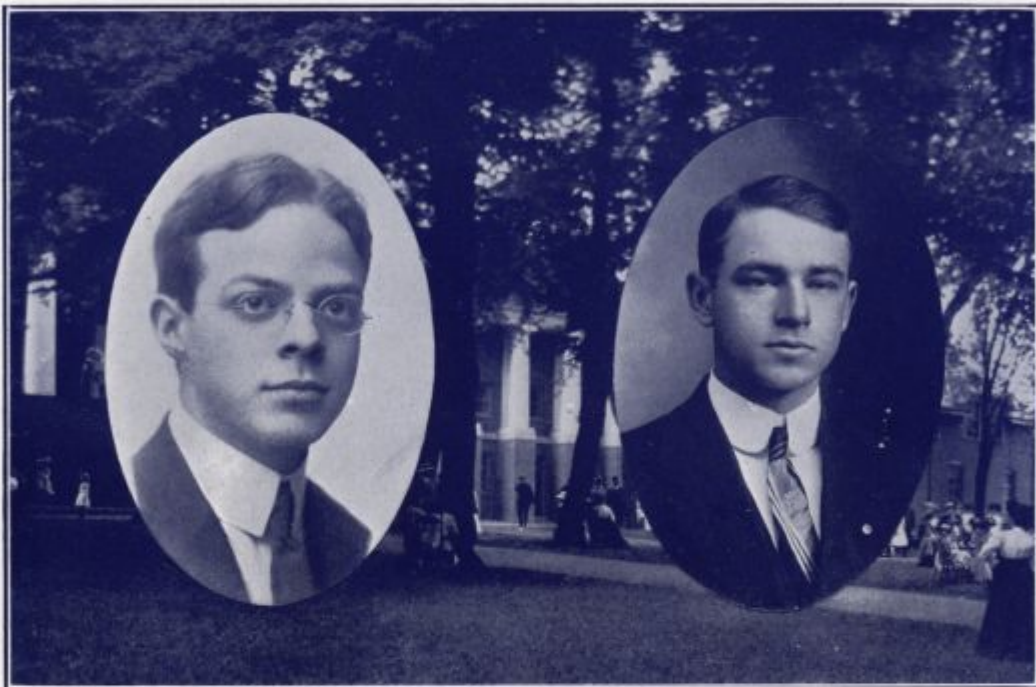
GEORGE PANCOAST MILLINGTON, K. A.  
Dover, Del.

[*Queenie; Millie; Crabby E; Big Man*]

Drum Major, Class Football 1908-09, Scrub Football 1908, Varsity Football 1909, Associate Editor of The Blue Hen, Local Editor of Delaware College Review, President of the Class 1910, Athenaeum Literary Society, Class Track 1910, Indoor Gym Meet.

We can say nothing at all important about the early life of this beautiful, two-hundred-pound specimen of—yes, we suppose we shall have to call it—humanity. However, we cannot say too much about his life since being at Delaware. His career has been very oscillating—or is it oscillating? He has achieved the distinction of carrying more flunks with safety than any man in college. In fact, he is a close second to Sam Tammany when it comes to salving anyone who will listen to him. And we regret to say the number of willing listeners is comparatively few. Millie claims for himself a girl in every town; but this "rep." is decidedly to be questioned. The Big Man was our star in descriptive geometry for he managed to keep plugging at one re-exam. after another long after the rest of the more fortunates had passed it over. "Well, I'll tell you, Gridley, etc., etc." is his favorite expression. However, if he cuts out his promiscuous fussing he ought to pull through O. K. Success to the Hotel Richardson offspring.





**EUGENE REYNOLDS MANNING**  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Brownie; Goggles; Edna; Hash Fighter*]  
President of the Engineering Society.

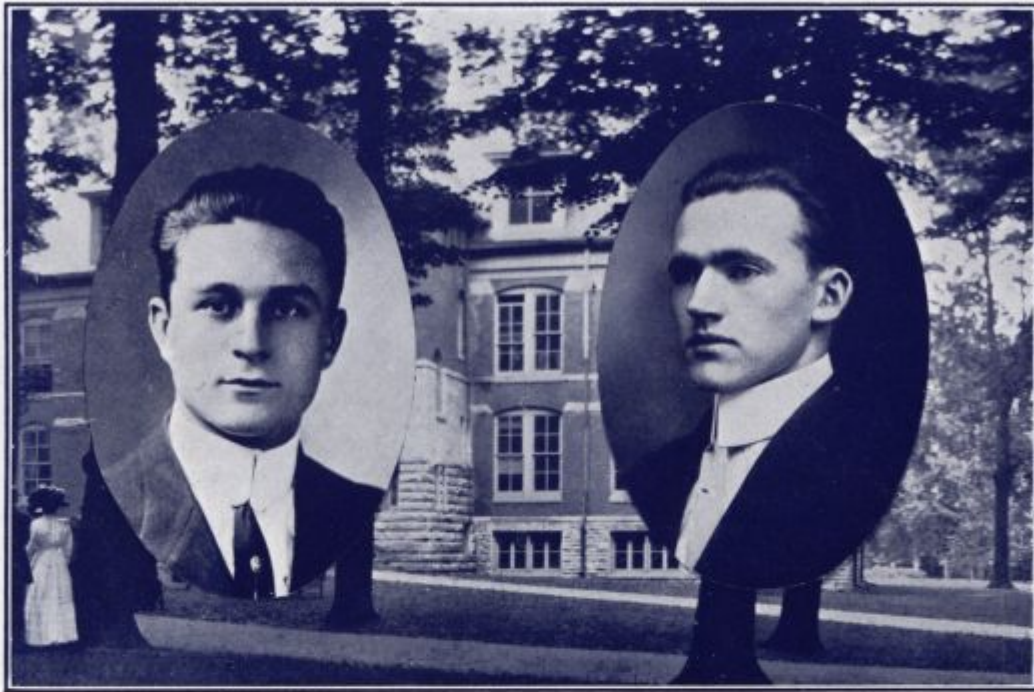
This is a left-over outfit from the class of 1911 which we received in September, 1910. Eugene Reynolds Manning is the name and the specimen is peculiar to Wilmington and Lewes, Delaware. Manning is getting back into harness in great shape and bids fair to make the best of us hustle. Since entering college in September, 1907, he has had a whole year of outside labor and was therefore more than anxious to get back to the crowd again. His dancing ability is supposedly ninety-nine and forty-four hundreds per cent pure, so that Eugene Reynolds is quite a toast with the girls. Won't he shine in this his Junior year, though? He should capture quite a few honors before June, 1912, and here's to his best efforts—may they be unceasing and entirely praiseworthy.

**WILLIAM SCHMALTZ MATTINGLY**  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Mat; Bill*]

A former member of the class of 1910 and a consort of Korngold's. Almost enough said, eh? However, we can afford a little more space to Bill's eulogy, providing we can find something to say. "Mat" has displayed every tendency to form an alliance with Guggenheimer Korngold which will be seconded only by that famous Armstrong-Jacobs combination. We are, however, still hoping for the best. Bill's favorite occupation is sleeping, as may be seen by a close examination of the above. We cannot say anything in regard to Bill's success or future in his profession, but we hope he will keep up the good work he began so many years ago when he began with that class already submerged in ancient history—the class of 1910. And so we are waiting for a demonstration.





**WILLIAM ALEXANDER REYNOLDS, K A.**  
Akron, Ohio.

[Snake-charmer; War; Prince; Groucho]

Corporal, First Sergeant, Class Historian 1908, Class Football, Baseball 1908-09, Athletic Editor of Delaware College Review, Indoor Rifle Team 1909, Associate Editor of The Blue Hen.

He was graduated from the Wilmington High School with the honor of being the handsomest of mortals—an ideal type of a Harrison Fisher girl. His two main ambitions have been to scalp women of all ages and to make a free lunch counter of all the prizes. However, in military matters he is quite a Stayer. At times Bill suffers from an ingrowing grouch. The causes of said disease are as yet unknown, but the bacteriologists are working on the case. They said that it may be from the results of too much study or too frequent dreaming of Akron, Ohio. Bill's smile, when he meets a new victim of the feminine sex, is only equalled by the smile he puts on when he approaches with the expression, "Well, you flunked again, old chap." If you approach Kiljoy in the right way you will find no better helper or truer friend.

**EDWARD LUFF RICE, K A**  
Holly Oak, Del.

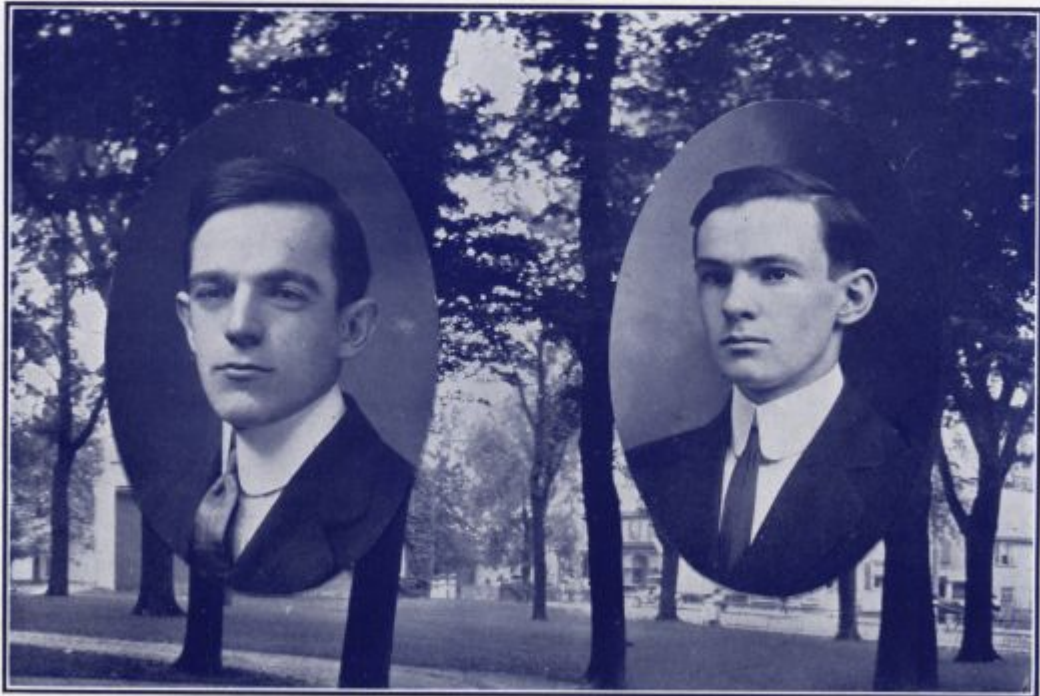
[Tell it to Sweeney; Lover; "Miss Hughesed"]

Favorite expression 4293D

Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant, Class Football 1908, Class Track 1910, Assistant Manager Baseball.

This blew in from the Wilmington High School after graduating from the Holly Oak Industrial School for Feeble Minded Children. Since entering he has tried to take a night course in loving from a correspondence school somewhere near Fourteenth and Clayton streets, Wilmington. One night after waiting two weeks for his next lesson, he received a letter enclosed in a beautiful pink envelope scented with scrub-oak. By some accident the letter must have been Miss Hughesed and it has been a case of puffed rice ever since. Recently two painters have been employed removing from the dormitories beautifully shaped hearts with the letters E. L. R. and A. T. H. in them. He tells a few stories, this being his best: "One day when I was but a year old I got a whisky bottle in mistake for a medicine bottle and drank the contents. Later on my mother, seeing me rise to my feet and fall again, screamed. She thought my legs were broken." If his mother had been with us on several other occasions she might have thought his legs were again broken. Success to you, Ed, in your matrimonial ventures.





LEO ANTHONY ROSSELL, Σ N  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Injun-killer; Fire-eater; Bugs; Stump*]

Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant.

This specimen of Iroquois Indian, amateur cow-puncher, and volunteer fireman entered Delaware along with the other mutts from the Wilmington High School. His chief accomplishments are lynching negroes, stabbing and roping steers, throwing the bull, imagining he can kid the ladies, and springing a new joke once every four months, regularly. Stump has conceived an idea that he is vastly superior to our other fair Hibernian member, Mr. Joseph Red McCafferty, and it is particularly pathetic to see his apparently good natured contempt of Mac's powers. Just as though Mac is not doing calculus for our whole class and gives promise of becoming a second Doctor Harter! Absurd, entirely. However, Rossell is the subject,—not McCafferty. But, come to think of it, Stump is not such an all-fired big subject for a man of our small brain capacity to write upon. So let's pass him by and say, "Miracles may happen."

GEORGE WALKER SAWIN, K A  
Wilmington, Del.

[*Gwiss; Deordie; Married Man*]

Corporal, Sergeant, Class Secretary 1908, Class Basketball 1909-10, Class Baseball 1910, Captain Class Basketball 1910, Manager Class Baseball 1909, Assistant Track Manager, Vice President of the Class 1910, Varsity Basketball 1910, The Blue Hen Board.

Sawin, not unlike Ed. Rice, is taking a course in loving. However, Ed's course is a correspondence one, while Sawin's is the real thing. We are told that Sawin has often been caught carrying a looking-glass, a comb and a tooth pick. Perish the thought. Sawin himself acknowledged that he often Burrows into old and musty collections of love stories in order to find a suitable proposal for his sweet affection. And just let someone say something about her! Um-m-m! From the way things look now we would suggest that the married man will lose his highly prized title if he doesn't hump himself. You had better take advice from someone older at the game, George, old boy. Otherwise she may become discouraged and you will lose her altogether. But we haven't said anything about George's standing in college. Our kind readers will please excuse us from that misery, as we are already bored to death with the subject of Sawin and would fa'n throw him to the discard. Here's glancing into the future for brighter things for Deordie.





DAVID LIVINGSTON SLOAN,  $\Sigma \Phi E$   
Elkton, Md.

[Todd; Fusser; Pretty Boy]

Corporal, First Sergeant, Delta Phi Literary Society.

Todd Sloan is the name of this freak. Don't you think that's the right word by which to express it, girls? Elkton, Maryland, hangs her head in shame for the responsibility of this monstrosity, and we can hardly blame her. Toddy is a product of Cecil County High School, and looks it, every inch of him. However, we are very fond of the old scout, and in fact we love every bone in his head. None has ever accused Sloan of being a grouch; but, we are sorry to say the Faculty are getting "hep" to his quiet little loaf, and Toddy dear will have to hump himself. He is a particularly strong favorite with our friend of the great avoirdupois, commonly termed the Lieut., and is running a close race in the boot-lick be'ing practised by the first sergeants. And we do hope that he will shine! If Todd is successful in his boot-lick venture we most certainly intend to beat a few notions into his head so that we will not have thrust upon us a L. I. H. the second. Get busy, Todd, and see if you can't bone up as good a drag with the rest of the Faculty as you have with the Lieut.

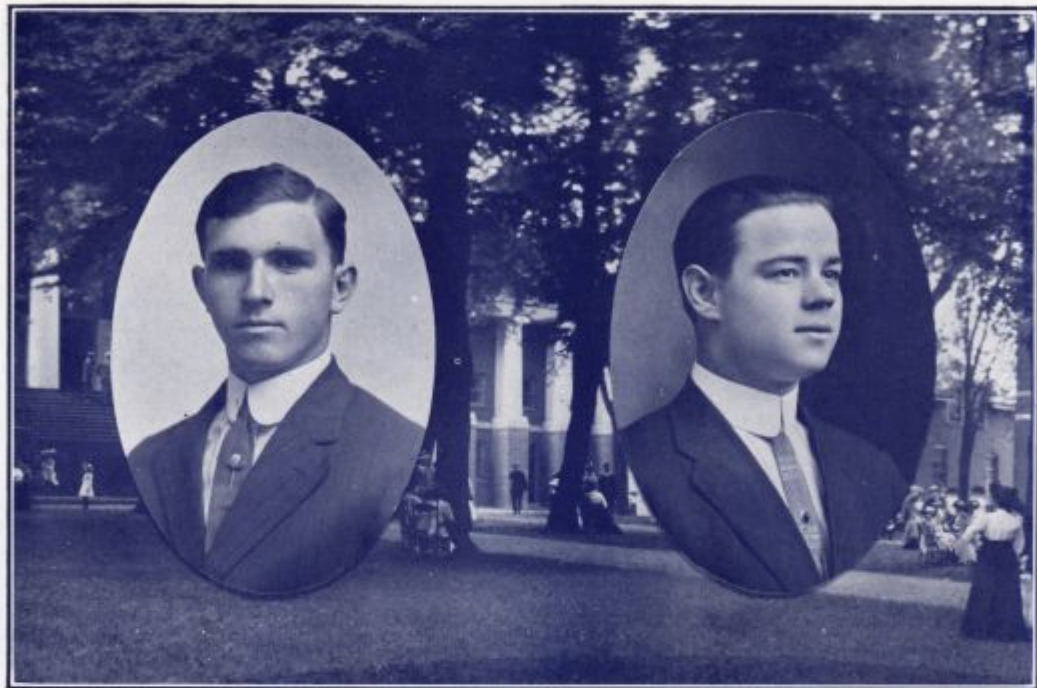
SAMUEL NICHOLS TAMMANY,  $\Sigma N$   
Lewes, Del.

[Sam; Tam; Squire]

Class Baseball 1909-10, Scrub Baseball 1910, Class Treasurer 1909-10, Delta Phi Literary Society, Exchange Editor of Delaware College Review, Business Manager of The Blue Hen, Assistant Football Manager.

Sam is a Lewes, Delaware, product and is vastly proud of it. Sammy is—or thinks he is—a very good salve-spreader and a dispenser of Doc Sypherd's exactness of expression. We are still hoping—somewhat vainly, it is true,—for a change in his ways. Really, if Sam's head would only decrease a trifle in size he would be an almost acceptable member. However, Sammie's heart is as large as his head, and he has made quite a record for being a friend of the fatherless. All that Sam needs is a pair of spectacles of the McCafferty type to make him a regular dyed-in-the-wool foxy grandpa. However, Sam has managed to work up a decidedly positive drag with Connie by reason of a few applications of his famous brand of salve and should graduate far above the goats.





CARL ADDISON TAYLOR, Σ Φ Ε  
Kenton, Del.

[Dick; Gimpty; Dutch]

Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant, Captain Class Baseball 1909, Class Baseball, Football and Basketball 1909-10, Assistant Business Manager of The Blue Hen, Captain 'Varsity Football 1910, Class Track 1910, Indoor Gym. Meet, 'Varsity Football, Baseball, Basketball 1909-10, President of Class 1909.

Old Dick Taylor! Why, here is our famous old Kenton correspondent. Girls, attention! Dick is a genuine canucker and is proud of the fact. The Wilmington Conference Academy is indirectly responsible for his bone-head-Barry condition, having turned him out at a very unripe age. He was sent to us for development, but what could we do against the minus quantities which he already possessed? He is notoriously known for his connection with Butz, of Dover. Had he not formed that tie in h's Freshman year we should have been half-way proud of him; but as it is—nixaweeny—no. Dick is very popular with the ladies. In fact he visits Cecilton so often that he is thinking of putting before the next Congress a plea for a rebate on all railroad tickets. Dick may be one of our honor men. Here's expecting.

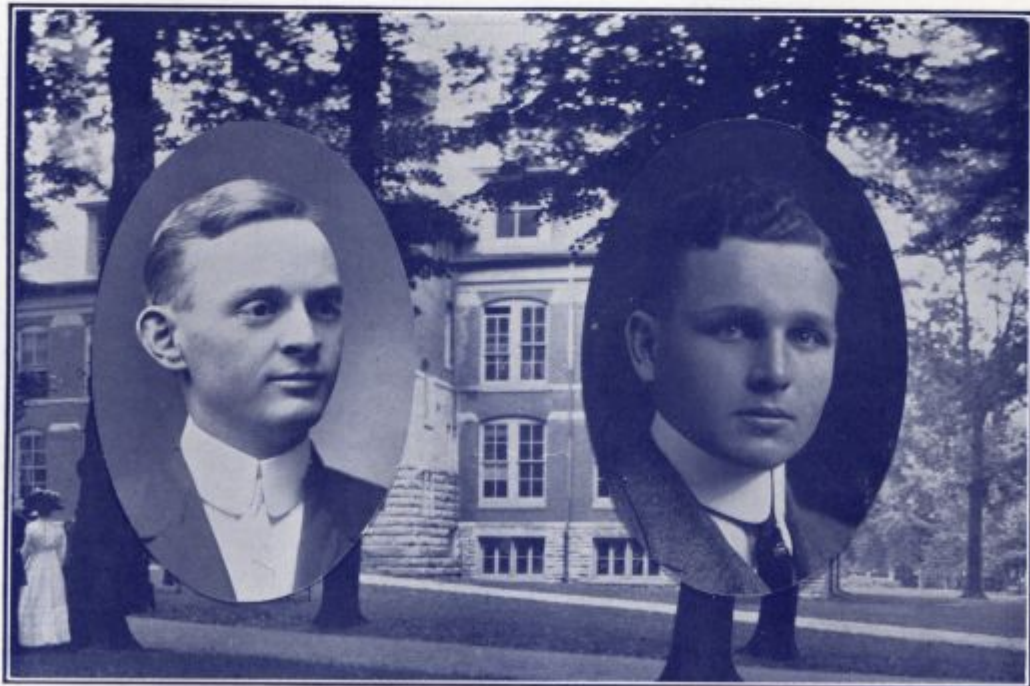
ELMER EVERETT TODD, Σ Ν  
Camden, N. J.

[Toddy; Elmer]

'Varsity Football 1909, Class Football 1909, Class Track 1909-10, Class Baseball 1910, Indoor Gym. Meet, 'Varsity Football 1910.

Irish is this boy's middle name. In fact he has Ireland stamped on his face, on his neckties, on his manners, and even on his suit of clothes. "Toddy" for a nickname would remind one of a booze-heister, but Elmer, dear lad, is strictly temperance. Had he but been born in a decent burg he might have had some hope of success, but what can you expect from Camden or New Castle? And speaking of Camden, when he gets aboard the ferry at Philadelphia he immediately goes below deck in order that no one will see him get in Jersey. Moreover, we thank our lucky stars that we have nobody from New Castle—Delaware City is bad enough. Todd has succeeded at last in landing with both feet into our midst. For a while we were doubtful as to whether we would get him or whether he would go with that maudlin crowd—the class of 1911. But fortune smiled on him and he gives promise of graduating with the best class that ever entered Old Delaware. No, Professor S—, we don't mean that of '96.





**BENJAMIN WILLIAM WARD**  
Delmar, Del.

[*Bennie; Hubby; Ladies' Man*]

Corporal, Sergeant, Class Baseball 1909-10, Varsity Baseball 1910, First Curtis English Prize, The Blue Hen Board, Intercollegiate Editor of Delaware College Review; Class Track 1910, Football Manager.

Ward—reminds one somewhat of a Winchester repeater on election day, does it not? This particular Ward hails from Delmar, Delaware, in the county which is submerged at high tide. Bennie is a beautiful golden-haired blond with a great dislike (?) for girls in general. Ward tried a few years of teaching before coming to Delaware; but, from his modest bearing and lack of domineering instinct you would never guess it. Since being at the old institution Bennie has made quite a record, and bids fair to leave with many honors to his credit. Bennie's class spirit is O. K., but that's as far as he will go in the liquor line—another good point in his favor. Ward has tried a little bit of everything since being in college and has succeeded in spots. His drag with Connie and Syph. is unquestionable and this should enable him to pull through with bells on. We heard, at the beginning of our Junior year, that Bennie had succumbed to the ravages of Dan Cupid's disease, but we are still undecided as to just how great a stress should be laid on this. Bennie says "no," and his friends say "yes;" so which are we to believe? We hope, however, that Bennie will be slow in taking any rash steps.

**RICHARD RUTHERFORD WHITTINGHAM**  
Newark, Del.

[*Muscular Feet; West Point*]

Corporal, First Sergeant, Assistant Business Manager of The Blue Hen, Assistant Treasurer A. A. 1909, Assistant Business Manager of Review, Delta Phi Literary Society, Vice President Rifle Club 1910.

Richard Rutherford Whittingham came to us from the Newark High School. He says he lives at Linden Hall and we are in doubt as to where that seminary is located. Muscular—feet is the only name we could scrape up for this creature, but we are hoping that the appellation will be received in good part by any friends he may possess. Dick is very seclusive—or at least imagines himself to be—and the seclusion has placed him in a false light. He is really not as pig-headed as he appears, girls, and would make a first-class husband. Look him over, but first examine his record. Three spurnings and a busted engagement are what is claimed for him, but you may be able to improve on him. Dick has at present a decidedly negative drag but there is plenty of time for the correction of that, and he may yet graduate—who knows? We heard at one time a rumor that he was considering West Point, but evidently West Point didn't consider him, as he is still with us.





**HAROLD LEE WILSON**  
Middletown, Del.

[*Horsey; Dud*]

Corporal.

Here we are stuck—not on the picture, but for something good to say about this beautiful creature. Harold Lee Wilson is the name, and he claims Middletown as his home. Whether Middletown is overjoyed at claiming him has never been determined. Wilson is an "Aggie" and so we are hoping to sneak him through with us. Not much show for that at present, but maybe the future may develop startling changes—who knows? Wilson managed to pick up several unsavory nicknames when he entered but he is now a Junior and scorns to answer to them. In his Freshman year he committed a most hideous crime, that of not wearing an ink spot to the Junior Prom, and was accordingly "showered" with congratulations (?) by the upper class men. It is too painful to think of his Freshman freshness, so we skip that over in great glee. We also have to omit a certain little drama enacted on the bottom step of the dormitories in his Freshman year, entitled "Please hear my plea, oh beautiful Bellinda!" Dud is a classy scrapper and is consequently much respected—by Monk Hodgson. Here's to his ultimate success in side-stepping what the world has in store for him. P. S.—On Wednesday, January 4, 1911, Harold was seen with another girl.

**ROBERT G. HILL** . . . . Chicopee, Mass.

(*Bar-room; Slope; Rube; Fusser; Fares, Please*)

Bush Literary Prize, First Prize Freshman English, Secretary and Vice-President Agricultural Club, Y. M. C. A., Literary Editor Review, Corporal, Member of Prudential Committee.

This beautiful creature, insect or beast,—whatever you like—hails from Chicopee, wherever that is. Before coming to "Delaware" he received some instruction at Mt. Hermon, which fact accounts for his angele (?) countenance, but during his stay at "Delaware" he has changed, until in some respects he resembles a cow, especially in the matter of teeth. Hill is an "Aggie." He landed here with the 1913 bunch, but please, dear reader, do not get the impression that he caught up with the 1912 class. He was always with us, but it required two years for him to discover it. However he is right in our midst now, on a pretty solid footing, too, and if he keeps going at his present clip he will pull through in June, 1912, with bells on. Here's luck, old boy.