UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE
ANCESTORS, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

I
THE TOWN BEFORE THE ACADEMY

The present work is based on a series of talks given in the autumn and winter of 1960-61, under the auspices of the Extension Division of the University of Delaware. To the most casual reader it will be apparent that it is not the definitive history of the institution, though much of the material for that history is in hand.

When that great and good book appears it will differ in several ways. It will not be personal and informal excursions into history and reminiscence. It will not use printed sources when a manuscript original may be turned up; it will cover in greater detail the lives and contributions of men and women who are here meeting with very short shrift; it will sift oral tradition to its source or relegate it to an appendix; it will not read between the lines, or, if it does, will present that interlinear reading in a less conspicuously unauthorized fashion; it will not spend as much space on the affairs of the town; it will treat amply the literary societies, fraternities, religious and social organizations; it will cover sports, alumni activities and interests, student union, research, graduate studies, extension, scholarships, fellowships, gifts, prizes and awards, lecture and artists series, drama, music, surveys, visiting scholars and the summer session; it will take up coherently the schools of arts and science, agriculture, engineering, education and home economics, libraries, laboratories, placement bureau, health, maintenance and psychological services; it will discuss the problems and the success of racial integration; it will refrain from the indignity of laughing at the town, the college, its trustees and its faculty; it will go into details of which the present writer knows too little, and with greater safety venture upon ground about which he knows too much.

By this I do not mean that we have more skeletons in our closets than most of our neighbors, but that they are our skeletons and, like the old ones, will be more interesting when they are far enough away to be exhibited without injury to the persons concerned or to the first generation of their descendants. Few of us mind having
our grandfather laughed at, and great-grandfather is as far away as Noah, and his social shortcomings as unoffending.

You may remember the occasion on which Uncle Remus was telling the small boy the story of Br'er Rabbit's fine bushy tail. The youngster interrupted, "But Uncle Remus, Br'er Rabbit doesn't have a fine bushy tail." To which the story-teller replied, "If you don't like this story as I tells it, you can tell it yourself. I'm givin' it to you as it was guv' to me."

How old is Newark? We know a great deal about the immediate vicinity long before we hear anything about the town. An historically unfounded legend has it that there was a Minqua fort on Iron Hill at the beginning of the 1660's and that in '63 it was attacked and taken by the Senecas. Four years earlier the hill had been chosen as the place for a conference between Resolved Waldron and Augustine Herman who came as representatives from the Dutch government in New Amsterdam to meet boundary commissioners from Maryland.

In 1682 William Penn came to America and took possession not only of the colony which Charles II had named in his father's honor, but of the three lower counties on the Delaware; and two years later he granted to the Ogle family a deed covering a part of what was later to be the Meteer paper mill property which was to pass to the Curtis family in the middle of the 19th century and which we still know as the Curtis paper mill. An untrustworthy modern document dates the earliest settlement in the town itself at about 1694, but fails of documentation.

In 1701 Penn gave to the Welsh settlers 30,000 acres of land south and west of Newark, and in 1706 the earliest log church was erected on the Welsh Tract at the foot of Iron Hill.

In 1708 the congregation at Head of Christiana followed with their first building, and in 1721 the church at White Clay Creek was established. Two years later the Rev. Robert Laing came to grief for post-sermon bathing in the creek. There was great difference of opinion locally and in the synod as to the nearness of this type of cleanliness to godliness, and the details as reported in Handy and Vallandigham's Newark, Delaware, Past and Present are worth the attention of the curious.

This little book, which appeared in 1882, has long been out of print and ought to be republished. It contains not only the Laing story and an account of the meetings in the churchyard and its
adjacent meadows to which the preachers, George Whitefield and Charles Tennent, drew vast congregations of the sinful, but the flavor of the early town, and you will be fortunate indeed if, in your auction visitations, you can come by a copy. It is, like Milton's good book, "precious life blood . . . embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

I have stressed the surrounding churches partly because they are interesting in themselves, and played a considerable part in the life of the Academy and the early College, but largely because they were so important a part of the life of the village that for many years it was not found necessary to establish a church within the town. There is a half-mythical Presbyterian meeting house and burial ground on or near the site of Old College, which brings us to the question of where the earliest buildings stood. And that, in turn, raises the more important question as to why there was any settlement here at all. The year 1702 is the first established date for property transactions in the town; the earliest organized effort to mine iron in the hills just to the south of us dates from 1725; and the paper mill, though we do not know when it began operation, makes no claim to so early an origin. They were in business in 1789 and might settle for a slightly earlier date.

It has been customary to say that Newark lies at the intersection of two great roads, and so it may have been; but where have they gone? What we now call the Capitol Trail, though, river-like, it has shifted its course both before and within the memory of present citizens of the town (and you will permit me to call it a town, though the Newark Council now sets it down as a city, and can hardly do otherwise with its population well into the thousands), the Capitol Trail, I say, has always connected more or less directly with Wilmington and the north. But where does it go from here? At its other end neither the Nottingham Road which lay just to the south of West Main Street and so accounts for the location of Belmont, and for the fact that the plans of at least a part of the older houses on the south side of the present street work out more logically if the back door is looked at as the front—neither the Nottingham Road nor the New London Road which branches from it a mile west of the "center" could be considered great roads.

The Elkton Road was not opened until nearly 1820; South College, or Depot Road as it was called for many years, was a private lane in the early 1840's and was opened as a street (and a muddy,
disreputable street indeed) to give a Main Street outlet to what we now call the Theta Chi House and to Linden Hall, the stately but dilapidated red brick house which, until a few years ago, stood just south of the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks on the Iron Hill Road. James S. Martin had built those two great houses and the Deer Park in the 1840’s and early ’50’s.

Academy Street is old, and led diagonally to the southwest, skirting the base of Iron Hill. If we bear in mind that both Academy Street and Main Street were early known as “The Great Road” we have the makings of one of the important highways. The Paper Mill Road, which with its early ford and later covered bridge gave the only access to Newark from the north and joined Main Street at what we now call the Chapel Street Corner, gives a part of the second, but there is no significant crossing here. From time out of mind the southern continuation of this street had led into the Purgatory Swamp and had been known as the Purgatory Road. Haines Street is new, North College was a lane until well after the opening of the college in 1834, Choate and Center Streets led no place even after they were opened in the nineteenth century, the Morrow Road (which somebody’s error has recently converted into “Marrow” Road) was in the early years a spur of the road from Wilmington and went off into empty space.

All of this means, if it means anything, that the crossing was in fact not a crossing at all, but a coincidence from the Chapel Street (earlier Pilling’s Row) corner to the Academy corner, and it was along the common stretch of the two roads that the early town grew up. From this point you may count the Nottingham Road, i.e., the predecessor of what was to develop into West Main, or the Academy Road to the south. Neither produces a true “crossing” and neither is very “great.” The Ogletown, Christiana and New Castle Road is old—possibly the oldest of them all—but it merged with the Wilmington Road at Lumbrook, at least a mile east of the town, and the two, passing through the settlement as one, created no additional crossings. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was built in the 1880’s Lumbrook became a stop for the morning milk train, but its population was—except from Lumbrook’s point of view—negligible, and not even they would have claimed to be a part of Newark.

Old College, which we now think of as the hub of the town’s spider web of streets, was built west of town as late as 1833. Saint
Patrick’s Inn, which was built in 1747, stood just east of the later Deer Park and was a mile west of the “center”—and when Rathmell Wilson built Oaklands in the 1840’s he was addressed as living “near” Newark. Quality Hill reminds one of Mark Twain’s definition of a crab, being neither a hill nor in those days in Newark, nor inhabited by the “quality.”

Why was the town called Newark? I shall be even less satisfying (if possible) in my answers to the question of the town’s name. The charter granted by George II in 1758 has been lost and the two surviving transcripts spell the name differently: NEWARK and NEWWARK, but the spelling as two words NEW ARK does not appear until near the turn of the century and may very well have arisen from the ease with which a “w” tends to disconnect itself from a following “a” in the handwriting of the time. The earliest samples in the university collection use a lower case “a” and it is only as we progress into the 19th century that this letter becomes a capital.

How George II and his ministers pronounced the name, if they pronounced it at all, we do not know, and contemporary verse, which so frequently settles the matter of early pronunciation by supplying a rhyming word, has not yet come to our attention. It is my guess, and only a guess, that the “a” was swallowed after the English manner as it now disappears from the name of Newark, New Jersey, until after the word had broken into two, but that with the return to the single form, the pronunciation failed to change.

And why was the village called Newark in the first place? The spelling “NEWWARK” in the Wilmington transcript of the 1758 charter has given rise and lent some credence to a cock and bull story which, for want of something better, the Federal Writers’ Project incorporated, with mental reservation, into its Delaware; a Guide to the First State which appeared in 1938. I quote:

How “Newark,” an English place-name of fairly common occurrence, came to be applied to this Delaware town is conjectural. The most plausible theory connects it with Valentine Hollingsworth, whose English home was near the parish of Wark. In 1683 he took out a patent for a tract of land north of Wilmington which he called New Wark, and later gave ground for a Quaker meeting house, also called New Wark, but later written Newark . . . A Quaker meeting, aided by the New Wark group, was established near the present town. Valentine’s son
Henry inherited the New Wark homestead, and in 1712 acquired land in Maryland a few miles west of the present Newark. He and his sons travelled through this neighborhood on their trips to the headwaters of Christina, where their commercial and transportation enterprise centered, and may have suggested the name for the village.

It is not a part of the present discussion to point out that transportation headquarters would not have been located at the headwaters of the river, but at the head of navigation, which at that time was the village of Christiana. But if this is the most plausible theory it will bear investigation. Or rather, it will not bear investigation:

"Near the parish of Wark."
"North of Wilmington."
"A Quaker meeting, aided by the New Wark group, was established near the present town."
"Acquired land in Maryland a few miles west of the present Newark."
"traveled through this neighborhood . . . and may have suggested the name for the village."

This is not evidence once removed, but evidence that ought to have been removed altogether. If this is the most plausible theory, we are hard put to it for theories; and, indeed, the revised edition (1955) changes "The most plausible theory" to "A rather fanciful theory."

There is, too, the ever recurring suggestion that the name has something to do with the circular boundary at the north end of the state, and this idea tends to support the peculiar pronunciation or to be supported by it. This is especially true since the original arc was corrected some years after it was first laid out, and was in fact a new arc. But not a new ark. Moreover, the town is not at the center or on the arc of either the old or the corrected boundary, and the theory takes a great deal of supporting.

It is more reasonable, but by no means certain, that the name was brought directly from England by early settlers, as "Boston" and a hundred others were. Mr. Scharf thinks so, but in citing Sir Walter Scott's

Where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower

he has clouded the issue and left the hasty reader to conclude that
Scott, who was born in 1771, had something to do with it. Newark Academy was Newark Academy at least six years before Scott came into the world. Miss Ruthanna Hindes, writing in 1945, has made the mistake of calling the town quaint, but she is quite right in concluding with regard to its name that "no one seems to know the real answer." How the name evolved in England is not very important now and here. That villages may have grown up within the fortifications but outside a central castle core, and so may have been the "New Work," is an interesting but alien matter. It would account for the pronunciation and for the parting of the word. Dr. Arthur Dunlap, of our own faculty, questions my theory that the pronunciation followed the breaking of the word, feeling that spelling is more likely to follow pronunciation. There are thousands of old letters, wills, deeds, mortgages, grants and general memoranda afloat in hundreds of unharvested attics. Destroy with care. You may have the key, not to the city, but to its history, a static, unenterprising kind of history, but very restful.

One word about the physical set-up of the town. We are asked occasionally about the altitude, latitude and longitude of Newark. Wilbur Wilson, who was town surveyor for rather over forty years, is to be credited with longitude 75° 45' 14" west and latitude 39° 40' 58.06" north at the U. S. Geological Survey's bench mark at the Brown Hall corner, and Mr. Ralph W. Jones, of our faculty, gives an elevation of approximately 135 ft. at the same point. Some twenty other local elevations are available from the University Archives.

So much for the where, why and when of our village. We have the Federal census figures for the last hundred years, but before the Civil War populations are given only by county, and we have the misfortune of being in the same county as Wilmington. When the royal charter was granted in 1758 the king recognized at least six, and probably only six, dwellings, which may mean thirty-five or forty people, but one sees the figure dimly through the mists of two centuries, far, far back on the horizon and a little out of focus.

What was happening in the town before the coming of the Academy? That question would be a little easier to answer if we were quite certain when the Academy arrived. But of some things we are reasonably sure. Tragedy begins early: in 1661, two years after the Anglo-Dutch boundary discussion on Iron Hill, the Indians killed four men prospecting for iron on the hill. So early had it become known that the mines, from which we were to extract
ore for Revolutionary ammunition more than a hundred years later, had commercial possibilities. Who the victims were and how much they may have provoked the Indians is not a matter of record. The unhappy details have died into silence with the passage of time.

On September 11, 1702, John Guest received from William Penn a deed for 223 acres, a part of which lay within the limits of the town, and one acre of which, having passed through the hands of half a dozen owners, became the property of the Newark Academy in 1770. It was not until 1726 that the Abbington Furnace was erected on Christiana Creek to process iron from the hill, and transportation by ox-cart over a bottomless road began to affect the town. The mines succeeded and failed, rose and fell with the changing times and the changing population, and the foundries were in operation and out, on the same temperamental basis, from this time until 1880 when the Blandy foundry became aware that it was in the direct line of the advancing B. & O. Railroad through Newark and closed its doors.

In 1732 Martha David and the scandal-loving Presbyterians set the town and the countryside agog with what seemed like unholy activity at the Welsh Tract Baptist Church, but Mrs. David saw the error of her ways and returned to the Baptist fold. She was the mother of Samuel Davies, who was President of Princeton University at the time of his death. Without much authority she has been said to be the ancestor of Jefferson Davis. A similar but less doubtful story connects President Garfield’s grandmother with the Welsh Tract Church at a somewhat later period.

Now whatever may have been the part the Presbyterian ladies played in the fall and rise of Mrs. David, the Presbyterians had their better points, for it was very shortly thereafter that they lent their church at White Clay Creek to the great evangelistic meetings which I have mentioned. Interchurch cooperation has been notable down the years, and when the newly built Methodist Church burned in 1861, the Presbyterians, who by this time had united and had a church to spare, lent them the Village Presbyterian Church until their new one was completed in 1864. Cooperation with the Catholics came harder, and they found it necessary to buy the building from Charles A. Murphey who had acquired it in the meantime. But the price was not exorbitant; they got it for $1.00. When the Presbyterians in turn found themselves in a
churchless condition they borrowed the vacant college chapel, though the man in charge was an Episcopalian; and now all the world buries in the Methodist Cemetery. But Martha David has led me (as she led the Presbyterian ladies) far from the beaten track.

The building of St. Patrick’s Inn in 1747 does not necessarily mark an epoch in the town’s history. The Hossinger Inn was in the town proper, and may well have been several years older, though of this we have only circumstantial evidence. St. Patrick’s was at the parting of the two roads far west of town, and except for the fact that it housed Mason and Dixon and their company of surveyors in 1764 and served to determine the location of the later Deer Park in 1851, it had little close connection with the early town. By 1752 John Pritchard owned and operated St. Patrick’s and took his proprietorship so seriously that he opened a family burying ground a bit farther west, which survived the inn and lay, like the Blandy foundry, across the path of the advancing B. & O. Railroad as late as the early 1880’s when what had survived of the burials was transferred to the Methodist Cemetery.

Robert Kirkwood was born just east of town in 1756, and life consisted for the most part of being born, married, taken into (or put out of) the church and being buried until 1757, when James McMechan, Reynold Howell, William McCrea, William Eynon, William Armstrong and David Wilkin applied to Acting Governor Denny for corporate privileges. Denny passed the matter on to the king and in the succeeding year Newark received its royal charter. The text is extant though, as I have said, the original document has gone astray. Much of that text is verbiage of the “whereas” and “in as much as” variety, but it does provide for two fairs each year, one in April and one in October, and a weekly market day each Thursday. There are contradictory accounts as to the location of the Market House, but at a somewhat later period there was a market house on the site now occupied by the Washington House, and older hay scales built into the ground and reaching over into the Academy grounds make it appear not unlikely that the original building stood on or very near that spot. Newark Academy had been founded in 1743 but not in Newark or even in Delaware; and the newly chartered town was to see six more busy and prosperous years before it should attract the Academy to it.

Two years after the charter was granted a race course was laid
out, possibly as a part of the fair activity. It was on the old Nottingham Road between the future B. & O. station and the higher ground on which Rathmell Wilson was to build his country house, Oaklands, eighty-five years later, and life seems no longer to have consisted of the simple activities I previously enumerated. Much of the unchurchly life of the town was then, as later, of the barber shop variety and the practical joke provided as much amusement as the modern movie, and usually at a lower price. Longfellow may have been quite right about the possibility of making our lives sublime. I have no doubt he was, but the most characteristic and the most interesting footprints on the sands of Newark’s history are either those of people whose sublimity, like Robert Laing’s, missed fire, or who, like Phil Gillan, William Clemens and Robert Warnock, did not aim in that direction at all.

Phil Gillan has been almost forgotten, but there ought to be a monument of some sort to his memory. It was Gillan who, in our undated and undatable past, perpetrated the joke on Allen the undertaker and preserved unto everlasting life not only Allen but David Scott and his wife, Kate. Mr. Allen was noted for the promptness with which he attended to his business, a serious and sedate man, and therefore not much on the lookout for jokes. Scott’s wife was a very large woman, at least very broad; and Gillan procured a pole, and cutting a notch on it sent it to Allen with an order for a coffin for Mrs. Katie Scott, the length of the pole representing the length of the coffin required, and the notch marking the supposed breadth. This mode of measuring for coffins was in that day not uncommon and Allen was only surprised at the extreme breadth. Remembering, however, the great obesity of Mrs. Scott, he concluded it was all right, and went to work and made one of the most extraordinary receptacles for the dead ever manufactured in this part of the country. Mrs. Scott, while this was going on, was not only not dead, but in her usual vigorous health. Having finished the coffin early the morning after the order came, Mr. Allen sent a boy with it loaded up in an old-fashioned hearse. Scott lived well out on the Purgatory Road, and the poor boy had a wretched time of it, getting through the woods and then through Purgatory Swamp. Just as he was coming out of the swamp he met David Scott. “Where are you gangin’ to wi’ that thing?” said David with open-eyed wonder. “I’m taking it out to bury Mrs. Katie Scott.” “Katie Scott! Katie Scott!! She’s
na dead you fule, tak' it back, it shan't come on my land; tak' it back wi' you, and that right quick." The boy turned and made his tedious way back to his employer. Mr. Allen was very angry and much excited when the boy made his report. Obviously the lad had not got on well on the Purgatory Road, or had become frightened by the swamp, or had loafed at the roadside or been imposed upon by someone; and promising him a good thrashing upon his return, he took charge of the coffin, which on account of its extraordinary shape was by no means an article he wanted left on his hands. After a most disagreeable journey he reached Mr. Scott's house and was met by that gentleman, now thoroughly aroused and indignant. The rest of the story tells itself, except for the fact that it was years before he found out who was the perpetrator of the joke, and that when Katie Scott died long afterward she was not buried in Mr. Allen's coffin.

Another Gillan story dates from the very early years of the Academy but may not be out of place here. He was a blacksmith and nailmaker with a forge so close to the Academy and a supply of such amusing stories that the boys tended to "hang out" in his shop. It developed, however, that he was a horrid Catholic and for a time our sanctified Presbyterian youth eschewed the place, but youth rose even above sanctification and returned, but with a difference. On the night before St. Patrick's Day they fixed up a rag figure, hung a rosary of small potatoes about its neck and hung it in front of Phil's door labelled "St. Patrick." Gillan was furious, dragged it up and down the mud of a March morning on the Great Road and bringing it in, hid it away, concealed his indignation and bided his time. He had not long to wait, for the boys, who had never seen him angry, dropped in at the first opportunity and set about getting his reaction. Apparently Gillan took it all in good part; but suddenly, locking the door, he took down from over the forge an old sword and dragging out the dirty Paddy, swore with furious oaths that they must go down on their knees and kiss St. Patrick whom they had insulted. It was a filthy object, but Phil was not to be trifled with, and under the blacksmith's threatening sword the boys got down and solemnly and penitently pressed their lips to the loathsome bundle of rags which they had made up. The record does not show that many lasting converts to Catholicism were made, but he made few if any enemies, and his shop continued to be the focal point on which the out-of-door life at the Academy centered.
It is from early Academy publicity that we get most of our sunny accounts of the health and moral tone of the town, and at least a part of the income from the fairs was directed to the cause of education, but the cause of education was a somewhat nebulous matter in the pre-Academy years. There is an equally nebulous tradition, which has found its way into print and may therefore be untrue, that there was a public library in Newark in 1763, and this, if true, could have contributed to the causes leading to the coming of the Academy. Today it would; but a public library in 1763 was not a public library, and the free-est library in America would not have opened its doors to a rabble of schoolboys.

The best stories in Handy and Vallandigham are undated, and may or may not fall into this period. I have borrowed shamelessly and without quotes. The Hessinger family had come to the neighborhood of Newark about 1740, and though the license under which the Hessinger Inn finally operated was not issued until 1797 it is reasonably certain that the inn preceded its license by many years. It is not impossible that the Hessinger duel belongs at least to the very early years of the Academy. William Clemens was another of the town's practical jokers but he was occasionally the butt of others. Having had a quarrel with the host at Hessinger's tavern he was persuaded by Dr. Forrester and other fun-loving wags to send a challenge to Hessinger, being assured that he would not accept it. He was somewhat disconcerted when it was taken up with alacrity, and tried feebly to overlook the matter. The preliminary arrangements were made by the seconds in a business-like way which excited something like disgust at the heartlessness of man in Clemens' bosom. Nor was he greatly soothed, when the company reached the ground near Iron Hill, at the display of lint, bandages and surgical equipment ostentatiously made by Dr. Forrester and another village physician. Hessinger was in on the joke, and no Hessinger would have feared death or the hereafter whether he knew or not. Both pistols were fired at once, and Hessinger fell; both doctors rushed up and bent over the prostrate form, and the horror-stricken Bill Clemens fled at the sight of the blood-stained lint, which Forrester had brought with him. And it was not until long afterwards that he learned that the pistols were loaded with gingerbread, and that but for laughter he need fear nothing in Newark. It was to the neighborhood of Iron Hill that duelists, prize fighters and other practitioners of the shady and the illicit
turned, and here, many years later, there was laid out a race course which was expected to draw doubtful characters. The site was ideal, so close to the state line that almost any activity could be moved from one state to the other on very short notice, and it was only within the memory of persons now living that the two states got together and, raiding at the same time, ended the business.

Witchcraft, too, has thrown its shadow across the village with and without the aid of the practical joker. Robert Warnock was a wizard, who rather enjoyed the reputation and was called in from time to time to unwitch someone else’s deviltry.

To this very ordinary little town with its tipsy Main Street straggling along never in a straight line for more than 500 feet (and it is only very recently that the street has taken on with the unpicturesqueness of modernity the straightness which we see today), with its public slaughterhouse so badly kept that it was a scandal even to the people of a very unsanitary era, with gin shops but no churches, with race tracks but frequently no school, the New London Academy came, not because of the charms or advantages of the locality, but because it lay more or less halfway between the two churches of which its headmaster was minister.

You must have heard, but I cannot resist repeating, the story of the Newark school boy who in a composition read in school gave his quaint view of the village. “Newark has for the last fifty years been increasing at both ends, and should this increase continue, owing to the rotundity of the earth, the two ends will in the course of a few thousand years meet. Thus it will form a belt around the world, a town 25,000 miles in length, which, like a woman’s tongue, will have no end.”
II

THE ACADEMY BEFORE THE COLLEGE

Having discussed at some length the condition of the town before the coming of the Academy, it is probably logical that we should consider the history of the Academy before it came to the town. That history is so full of unanswered questions about which one may embroider as extensively and as fancifully as one wishes that there is a strong temptation to go into the matter in detail. The job has been done so often, however, and on the whole so well, and the discussions are for the most part so easy of access, that it seems wiser to give only a very broad and brief statement of the pre-Newark story, and save space for the very important developments in the institution after coming to the town from which it takes its name.

You will find the early history in:

E. G. Handy and J. L. Vallandigham, Jr., *Newark, Delaware, Past and Present*, 1882.


G. H. Ryden, "The Relation of the Newark Academy of Delaware to the Presbyterian Church and to Higher Education in the American Colonies," *Delaware Notes*, Ninth Series, 1935.

*Federal Writers' Project: 22 Papers on Newark Academy, 1937.

T. C. Pears, "Francis Alison, Colonial Educator," *Delaware Notes*, Seventeenth Series, 1944,

and a score of miscellaneous manuscript sources, of varying degrees of scholarship and accuracy, mostly in the library or the archives of the University.

The brief and generally undebatable facts boil down to something like this: I have said that Newark Academy was not founded in Delaware, and so it was not. But the initial impulse behind its foundation came from the town of Lewes, Delaware, where a series of unprofitable pastorates had moved the Presbytery to look about in search of an examining agency which should pass upon the
preparation and ability (if not the orthodoxy) of prospective ministers. Like most activities begun for large purposes in small places, the examining agency changed its nature as it progressed, and the Synod of Philadelphia and its committee on pastoral fitness recommended not a board of examiners, but a school for aspirants to the ministry. This was in 1738, more than a quarter of a century before the academy came to Newark, and six years before any definite action was taken toward the establishment of a school. In the end no school was established, but in May, 1744, the Synod's approbation and blessing were conferred upon a private school opened the year before by a fiery Irishman at Thunder Hill near New London in Chester County, Pennsylvania.

The Reverend Francis Alison, whom Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, described as "the greatest classical scholar in America," had studied at the University of Glasgow, had come to America about ten years earlier and after an apprenticeship as private tutor had opened his own school in 1743. From it, both before and after its career under the synodical aegis, came a considerable number of important men, the best known of whom were:

1. Hugh Williamson  
2. Thomas McKean  
3. George Read  
4. Matthew Wilson  
5. Charles Thomson  
6. John Ewing  
7. Robert Kirkwood  
8. James Read  
9. John Bayard  
10. Benjamin Rush  
11. Louis McLane  
12. Thos. Clayton  
13. David Davis  
14. Geo. Alfred Townsend  
15. Andrew C. Gray  
16. John W. Houston

This is not, however, the time or place to give an account of these or the 5,000 other boys who at one time or another attended the Academy.

From the beginning the Synod intended to develop the school into a college and in May, 1746, two years after Alison's school had been chosen, the Synod communicated with Yale College seeking to establish there a relation which would entitle graduates to a Yale degree after a year's residence in New Haven. At the same time the headmaster was negotiating with the University of Glasgow and thinking in terms of a college, almost ninety years before that college was destined to come into existence.

In 1752 Alison was called to the Latin department of the newly established Philadelphia Latin School, which was to become in turn
Academy, College and University of Pennsylvania, and turned over to the Rev. Alexander McDowell and his assistant, Matthew Wilson, the conduct of the New London Academy. It is at, or shortly after, this point that the institution enters upon a sort of Babylonian captivity, the record of which is so confused that the historian of Newark and its educational development does well to turn over to the future research specialist the detailed investigation of its ways. It disappears from the budget of the Philadelphia Synod; it leaves New London for parts only vaguely known, to turn up later at Head of Elk, which is not Elkton but in its neighborhood; it functions continuously (or otherwise) under McDowell’s name, though as early as 1754, two years after the Synod had approved him as successor to Alison, that gentleman found the duties of his two pastorates and the wear and tear of travel between them well-nigh enough to occupy his time and exhaust his energy, and resigned his mastership, his salary, and most of his duties to Wilson.

By 1764 McDowell, in whose house the school was still quartered, had arrived at the conclusion that Newark, in its schoolless condition, was nearly enough halfway between his churches at Elk River and at White Clay Creek to justify a removal from Head of Elk. For many years the coming of the Academy to Newark was dated 1767, but some years ago Dr. Henry Clay Reed—and let me say here that Dr. Reed’s scholarship is far more thorough than mine, and frequently beyond my depth—discovered in the will of one of McDowell’s friends at Head of Elk, a provision for the “Infant Seminary at Newark.” The will is dated January 4, 1765, and can hardly be supposed to refer to an institution which had been less than a week in Newark. It can of course mean—exactly what it says—not the academy at all but a seminary for very young children. But why Newark?

Whenever the Academy came, it settled first in the house of Alexander McDowell, but was early removed to larger quarters in a wooden building erected by the citizens of the town on what was to become and still is the Academy lot, located on the inner angle of the junction of the two “Great Roads.” The fact that such an expansion was so soon necessary may, of course, mean that McDowell’s Newark dwelling was smaller than that at Head of Elk or that he had been using a supplementary building before the move; but Newark was a growing community more easily accessible to other centers of population, and we are led to surmise that the
enrollment of the school had taken a turn for the better. Enough better so that it was possible to prevail upon Thomas and Richard Penn to give to the school a proprietary charter in 1769. This charter is our first treasure—possibly our greatest treasure, though it has long ago been replaced by the charter granted to the college in 1833. Francis Alison was appointed president of a board of thirteen trustees, and the learned and distinguished Charles Thompson, secretary-treasurer. There is a breadth of vision evident in the wording of the new charter which might be expected from the Penns, which led beyond the purely clerical and sectarian ambition of the founders and which throws light upon the still distant day of free public schools.

After the manner of school houses in general, the new building was outgrown, outmoded or reduced to ruin long before its time. In 1770 the Trustees purchased the acre of land which I have mentioned before, and on which the townfolk had built the frame (or log) building, and sixty-five years of rapid land transactions came to a 190-year halt. In this year an unidentified newspaper describes Newark as “a suitable and healthy village, not too rich or luxurious, where real learning might be obtained.” The negative superlative had not overtaken us in 1770, and it is possible that the note means just what it says. The school had not settled upon an entirely satisfactory location, for its near neighbor was the Market House and it was in the following April that the Rev. Mr. Pilmore found the Market House in such confusion that he thought it not worth staying to preach. True, he had chosen Thursday, the weekly market day, and could hardly have hoped that business would come to a standstill to adjust to what might, in his day, have turned out to be a three-hour sermon. The statement proves nothing beyond the fact that Newark, still in a churchless condition, was using the Market House for public meetings as it was soon to begin using the Academy.

Success breeds expense, and the expanding school, looking about among its institutional neighbors, found three or four examples of fund-raising campaigns which had reached as far as Mother England. The College of New Jersey (now Princeton University), the College of Philadelphia (now the University of Pennsylvania), and King’s College of New York (now Columbia University) had appealed to English scholars and philanthropists, and between 1754 and ’62 had brought away substantial contributions. In
October, 1773, the Trustees of Newark Academy under the chairmanship of Francis Alison, and forgetful of the tension which had grown up within the past decade between the colonies and the mother country, authorized a canvass in Great Britain and Ireland and designated John Ewing and Hugh Williamson, alumni and members of the board, to undertake the work. There are in the library of the University of Pennsylvania six letters written by Ewing to his wife in which he reviews his activities between the spring of 1774 and the summer of '75. In the autumn of that year he returned with what amounted to between six and seven thousand dollars, not pounds, which, together with donations from the Penns and small contributions which he had collected in the West Indies and the proceeds from the sale of seven acres of land given by Morgan Edwards in 1774, built the stone academy building which has usually been considered the "first" building, and which survived until its demolition by the College in 1839.

What Williamson did in England is less clear. He and Ewing had approached and obtained aid from the King, Lord North, the Countess of Huntingdon and possibly from Dr. Samuel Johnson, but Williamson found the beauty of London, and later of the Low Countries, attractive, and a nebulous tale, which I have been unable to substantiate, connects his prolonged stay with a charming English widow. How great are the temptations of an expense account!

War was upon us before he reached Philadelphia in March, 1777, and the new building was finished only in time to see school closed and small things like education called off "for the duration." It was not, however, permitted to stand vacant, but converted into a shoe factory from which issued many of the shoes worn by the Revolutionary army. But I have outrun myself.

The iron industry had encountered a pre-war slump, and Newark’s business had confined itself largely to the weekly market until 1772, when an act was passed providing for the addition of Tuesdays and Fridays to the prescribed Thursday. In that year the town boundaries were laid out, in the shape of a somewhat warped old fashioned shoulder coffin, and with little variation remained so into our own century.

The Welsh Tract Baptists were in the news again—seriously this time, for in ’76 Elder Morgan Edwards was arrested by a Whig Committee of Safety, and forced to recant Tory expressions which were out of line with the shifting times. What we call the Elliott
House, next to Purnell Hall, was built in 1777 on the lot which Edwards had given to the Academy three years earlier and, standing directly on the irregular property line, took on the skewed west elevation which it bears today. It is the oldest dated building in town, but its eastern end belongs to the mid-19th century, when the Evans brick yard, located at the foot of the Knoll, was turning out the peculiar type of brick of which that addition, the original St. Thomas Church and Oaklands were built. All three were stucco-covered when I first saw Newark thirty years ago. It was Alexander McBeth or McBeath who built the western section, and through the succeeding 140 years it has been known in turn as the McBeath house, the Benjamin Caulk house (pronounced Cork, as Kerr in this man's town is pronounced, in the British fashion, Carr) and, by fluke, the Elliott House. There may be older houses in town. At least one 19th century dwelling incorporates a dateless log portion, and where the Sinclair filling station now stands there stood, until a few years ago, a noncommittal old house, which when it was torn down disclosed a fine old log house of quite unusual dimensions.

The year 1777 is for Newark an important one. In the late summer Washington and Greene and Lafayette were watching from Iron Hill the landing of the British and Hessian forces under General Howe on the Chesapeake side of the peninsula, and on September 3 there occurred the running skirmish northward from Aiken's Tavern at Glasgow and terminating at Cooch's Bridge. The American forces, which were unacquainted with the lay of the land, became bogged down in Purgatory Swamp. The British spent the next few days reconsolidating their forces on the shoulder of Iron Hill, and the town still remembers vicariously the great camp-fires and the elongated shadows of the watch, stretching away up the hill as if each man were thirty feet tall. And obviously this company of giants was coming through Newark toward Wilmington in pursuit of the retreating Americans. They passed through the town on September 8, not by South College and Main Streets as we commonly suppose, but diagonally along Academy Street and 'round the Academy corner, when the workmen in the shoe factory, finding them not giants but quite ordinary men, plucked up courage and fired upon them. The fire was returned, with no recorded harm on either side. The Academy building perished in 1839 and with it went any scars it may have borne, but the Platt house, which
stood across the way where the Green Mansion now stands, remained until the 1870's, and when it was torn down, shot were found embedded in the walls. Family silver and gold coin belonging to the Iron Hill families had been buried in the woods, and when the troops left, the terrain had changed so completely that the caches are yet to be found. The Academy, though not in operation, was taking care of its funds, and like other institutions in Wilmington and the nearby towns, sent its money to safety in a ship lying in Wilmington harbor, ready to sail if or when danger approached. Unfortunately the ship was captured by the British, and in October Acting President Thomas McKean wrote to Washington to say that they had seized many of the county records "and every shilling of the public money, together with the fund belonging to the Trustees of Newark Academy." The charter and the deed survived, not having been so carefully cared for; we might have done better to bury our funds in the Academy yard.

The passing soldiers did small damage in the town. They set the Simonton grist mill (now the National Fibre Co.) to grinding, and twelve hours of grinding without grain did the millstones no lasting good. It was the wizard Robert Warnock who had the courage to go into the great, dark, noisy shell of a building and turn off the water that moved the wheels. The diaries of Thomas Sullivan, a British soldier, and of John Montresor, an engineer connected with the invading army, give some details of the passage and of the divisions involved. Newark had had its baptism of fire, and save for the passage of the American army southward in the last stages of the struggle, was to see no more of the war.

It was not until 1780 that the Academy resumed operations, and then on a very modest scale. The Trustees' minute book seems to have gone with the funds, and when a new one was purchased in 1788, the school was in a bad way. William Thompson, whom the Trustees had engaged in 1780, had been so long unpaid that he stayed on, hoping almost vainly for a part of his salary, and when he got the last of it in 1794 he gave notice almost immediately lest he become involved in another unrewarded session. He was followed by Robert Johnston, of whom we know very little except that he served for two years, and with the help of an aged and not greatly interested board, ran the school into the ground. It closed in 1796 and but for a courageous young outlaw might never have opened again. The Rev. John Waugh came to town in 1799 and finding
the Academy boarded up, asked why there was no school. The townspeople didn’t know, except that the Trustees rarely met, almost never with a quorum. They were as depressed and unexcited about the Academy’s activity and possibilities as they have too often since been about the college; but a few of the bolder souls joined Waugh in breaking the lock, tearing down the boards from the windows, and cleaning the cobwebs and litter from the school room. Waugh undertook to open a school and questioned not where his pay was coming from.

The news of Newark’s vandalism broke upon the aged Trustees and stirred their very proper wrath. They met in Newark, which had not been the common custom, not in the Academy, but in what we used to call the Penrose Wilson house—the Colonial Apartments across the street. The ruffian was summoned over from the school, and was awaiting their pleasure in the outer hall when they discovered that one of their number had been elected at a session at which there was not a quorum. He withdrew to the hall and while he was being properly elected suffered conviction amounting to conversion, which affliction he carried back with him to the committee room. Indignation gave way to inspiration and Waugh came away with a retroactive appointment and only the condition that he and his friends must replace the broken lock.

John Waugh is one of our big figures, and his death in 1807 came as a great loss to school and community. The Trustees outdid their usual practice by paying his widow $50.00 and then returned to their established habit of electing masters who would not come at the figure offered, meeting without a quorum, and failing to meet at all because of snow storms and bottomless roads. The Rev. Francis Hindman served from 1807 to 1811 without giving satisfaction to Trustees, pupils or townsfolk, and departed unmourned.

There was yet one headmaster to come, before the Academy merged into Newark College as its preparatory department. Andrew Kerr Russell served from 1811 to 1834, and ranks with Alison and Waugh; but his administration is so closely woven into the organization of the college that it belongs not here, but in the story of the founding.

And what was happening to the town itself during the pre-college years? A new industry, education, had been added, though it made little difference, for all the boys either lived at home or at the school. The year in which the Academy came, if it came
as we now suppose, in 1764, saw Mason and Dixon working on the eastern end of the famous line and living, with their helpers, at St. Patrick’s Inn, west of the village. Not until 1797 was the Hossinger Tavern licensed, and there is no tradition in that tradition-loving family that verifies its existence, but Handy and Vallandigham give details, and I have never found them wrong on points that I could verify.

Four years later, in 1768, the second Iron Hill mining venture failed and the local forge closed. In 1770, as we have noted, Newark was described as “a suitable and healthy village, not too rich or luxurious, where learning might be obtained.” A century later George Evans replied to a prospective young doctor interested in locating in Newark, that the place was “disgustingly healthy,” which cost us a doctor and a citizen. There were then three doctors in the village, one of whom was Evans’ son-in-law, so it is not impossible that he may have spoken with bias.

Newark made in 1770 its most lasting real estate deal, for it was then that the Newark Academy lot was sold to the school by Jonathan and Alice Germain, his wife, for £18/10s. What the lot is worth in dollars we do not know, for it has never changed hands in American money. The war was coming on, and though we were not one of the more demonstrative centers, there was excitement, even before the landing of the British on Elk Neck. The same source which reports the Presbyterian meeting house and cemetery on College Hill describes the town’s dwelling houses as limited to about five, which is certainly not true, and casts suspicion on the whole account including the church and the graveyard. We know that the Platt house was pre-Revolutionary, and what we now call the Elliott House was built in 1777. Lifting again from Handy and Vallandigham:

The father of Mr. John R. Hill ... was living ... on the north side of White Clay Creek at the time the British army advanced through this place, on their way to Chadds Ford. He ... gave a graphic account of the martial appearance of the invading army ... and said the ... army commenced passing through Newark before daylight, and that during the whole day there was one unbroken array of cavalry, infantry, artillery, baggage wagons and ordnance wagons.

Sixteen people appealed to the passing army and asked for protection, whereas everyone else fled. That Handy and Vallandigham
considered the fugitives a "vast majority" proves, not that the population was great, but that 105 years later two young men thought it must have been. Eleven years later, in 1788, John Penn described Newark as a "considerable collection of houses."

County elections were held here in 1778, because New Castle was thought to be too much exposed to the British fleet, and in this year Caesar Rodney called a meeting of the Privy Council in Newark, though why, we do not know.

Thomas Meteer added to his mill property in 1789, which is our only reason for thinking that the mill dates before 1789. Around 1810 the paper mill was rebuilt, or added to, but rebuilding in 1810 does not necessarily date the original structure much before 1789, for years later, after it had passed into the hands of the Curtis family, complete renovations were made about every twenty years.

Our post office dates from 1808 and the McBeath family supplied not only the first postmaster, but the house in which the office was kept.
III

THE FOUNDING OF THE COLLEGE

It will be remembered that when the Lewes Presbytery approached the Synod of Philadelphia in 1738, it was an examining agency for which they asked, and not a college or an academy or any other kind of school. But in this negotiation as in so many others, "enterprises of great pith and moment . . . their currents turn awry, and lose," not "the name of action," but the name of agency. In this case it was (among other things) the War of Jenkins' Ear which, like King Charles I's head, came between the enterprise and its fulfillment, and when action was finally taken in 1744 it produced an affiliation with the Rev. Francis Alison's Thunder Hill School, which the Synod planned from the very beginning to develop into a college. There were lean years to come—from 1777 to 1780 and from 1796 to 1799 so lean that there was little hope of the school ever functioning again, and certainly the Babylonian captivity between 1752 and 1764 was not a sunny one—but after the Revolutionary War there appeared more and more frequent indications of interest in higher education.

They begin with a 1780 petition from the citizens of Newark to the General Assembly for the reopening of the Academy. The next year the Board of Trustees followed this petition with one of their own in which they not only request the continuation of the Academy—which had reopened, as you will recall, in 1780—but ask that when possible it be erected into a college. The wording of this document is curious and in a sense prophetic. In the first place it says that "although the original parchment [charter] with our books, bonds, mortgages, etc., fell into the hands of the enemy at the time they seized the records of the state; yet we have a copy of the charter authenticated under the hand of our secretary and the seal of the corporation. . . ." The charter in the possession of the University is unquestionably the original Penn document. Was the board misinformed, or did the original return to us after the close of the war, and if so where are the minutes which should have come with it, and why is there no record of its return? It does not, as a matter of fact, belong to the University now but to the Historical Society of Delaware, from whom we have it on permanent loan.
After an appeal for patronage and funds, the Trustees who, after their manner, had failed of a quorum and therefore approached the business guardedly, go on to say that

as the public education of the youth of a state may be made subservient to the purposes of good government; if your honorable house should think proper for this end to countenance this institution and erect it into a college upon a broad and catholic bottom, securing equal privileges for all denominations of Christians within the state, the trustees would readily concur in so advantageous a design. That it is the opinion of the trustees that the wisdom of your honorable house could easily devise a generous and catholic plan by constituting the academy into a college upon liberal and equal principles, taking proper precaution for the security of government by putting some of the principal officers of the state into the trust and direction of it along with some of the former trustees . . . with such other additions as you in your judgment shall judge meet.

This was followed in 1782 by a petition from the townspeople whose welfare was beginning, in a small way, to depend upon continuation of the school, not asking for a college, but urging a renewal of the Academy charter, which they seem to have thought the Revolution and the end of the Penn proprietorship had rendered invalid, and seeking the General Assembly’s patronage. This “patronage” may have meant funds, or it may have been an invitation to the legislators to send their sons to the school. Our forefathers were more crafty than we sometimes think, and it is possible that this artless invitation is a very artful one. Two other interesting if momentarily irrelevant facts appear: the school’s enrollment of twenty-seven students and the town’s awareness that “some of our trustees are dead, others have fled to the enemy and those that remain declined acting.” The Peace of Paris in 1783 had ended the Revolution to our general satisfaction, and by 1788 John Penn was describing Newark as a “considerable collection of houses.” Very small things can be worthy of consideration, but it may be assumed that we had progressed somewhat beyond the six houses of 1758 and the Market House and the Academy. It was Charles Thomson who went to Mount Vernon in 1789 to notify Washington officially of his election to the presidency of the United States. He seems to have been snubbed for his pains, and returned with a resolution to deal no more with the government, a resolution which he kept until his death in 1824. Thomson
was an alumnus of Alison's Academy, as well as a former teacher and a trustee of the Academy, and had served as Indian agent and secretary of the Continental Congress.

But I digress to cover, if possible, the pathetic state into which the restored Academy was falling. Nothing of note happened in the village, and once again the Iron Hill neighborhood takes the attention—this time as candidate for the location of the new federal capital. The honor went elsewhere and except for the healthy excitement of the Waugh invasion of the Academy in 1799 and the establishment of a post office in 1808, nothing happened in the village. And even the Waugh affair failed to forward our collegiate aspirations.

In 1808, too, the Trustees, on petition from a number of citizens, resolved "that a committee of five be appointed, upon the application of any two of whom to the rector of the Academy the said rector be at liberty and is hereby requested to deliver the key of the Academy for public worship at any time out of school hours." Here were the possibilities of pleasant and profitable public relations, but as handled by the Rev. Francis Hindman they lost much of their leverage and made for hard rather than for better feeling. The somewhat hazy public library of the 1760's had developed into a private and rather extensive library society, but by 1810 it too had succumbed to the general lethargy and a college was no longer in sight or in mind.

The era of the lottery was upon us, and in 1811 an act was passed by the General Assembly permitting six substantial citizens of the town to conduct a lottery for raising not more than $4,000 for paving the main street and repairing the school house and the Market House. Here for the first time is a school house!

But here is something better. In 1811 Andrew Kerr Russell was elected principal of Newark Academy and with him came a new era of educational excitement such as had not been known since the death of John Waugh in 1807. The four years seem like forever, even as we see them down a vista of a century and a half. Hindman's departure had been stormy, and Russell began his administration in the happy atmosphere that always follows an explosive leave-taking. He, too, was to see difficult days, for his time at Newark Academy spans the War of 1812, and in 1814 Caesar A. Rodney encamped his troops on Iron Hill with disastrous effects on
Academy morale, but there were good days, and, whether they were good or bad, Russell was pressing on toward one thing: the conversion of his school into a college.

He had come as pastor of the churches at Head of Christiana and at White Clay Creek, and took on the teaching job—how horrified he would have been at hearing it called a job—as an extra. The Trustees had advertised in the *American Watchman* for October 2nd, 5th, and 12th, and found no takers, or no one whom they wished to take, and the new pastor's interest met with a great and genuine welcome. The following year saw his ordination and installation with impressive ceremony at White Clay Creek, and it saw the building of a Methodist meeting house on ground now covered by the eastern end of the Methodist Cemetery, facing the Paper Mill Road. It was, if we except the church which may or may not have stood on College Hill, the first meeting house in Newark. It eased the pressure on the Market House and the calls for the loan of the Academy, and so made life easier—just a little easier—for the master. I have used the terms master, headmaster, principal and rector indiscriminately, and so may you. His assistant, when he had one, was called the tutor, but the head of the institution seems to have been called any of these names, and at times of stress, such as the beginning of Waugh's administration and the end of Hindman's, they were called other things.

Tragedy overtook the Academy in December, 1814, when William Henry Cosden, who had been carried away by patriotic enthusiasm and had created a sensation by falsifying his age and joining Rodney's forces, was captured, not by the British but by his father, who brought him back to school. It looks funny from here, but it did not from William's point of view, and the school was horrified and sobered and saddened by his suicide.

The Elkton Road was begun in 1815, and the next year the old covered bridge at the paper mill took the place of the mill ford, and stood until 1861 when it gave place to the one which many of us remember being demolished just over ten years ago.

By 1818 Russell had been seven years in the town and had settled into the hearts of Trustees, citizens and legislature as not even John Waugh had done, and his ambition to raise his Academy to collegiate dignity had begun to make itself felt, and the Trustees were authorized to raise $50,000 by lottery for the establishment of
a college. Nowhere in our history had such sums appeared before and we are more certain of the authorization than of the proceeds of the venture.

The next year brought competition in the form of the Newark English Grammar and Mathematical School under the superintendence of Philip M. Steele, but Russell met the competition with a readjustment of his techniques and his curriculum which, as described in the announcement of the public examinations in the May 6th issue of the American Watchman, sounds very like a project method. This alone can hardly have been the undoing of Mr. Steele, but we hear no more of him. And we hear no more of the project method.

On January 31, 1821, the General Assembly granted to Delaware College, as an endowment fund, the proceeds of taxes on certain steamboat and stage coach licenses. Who it was who pointed out to them that there was no such thing as Delaware College does not appear, but they were in a position and in a mood to correct their error, and the next day they passed an act establishing a college in Newark. If Andrew Kerr Russell thought his college was well under way he was doomed to disappointment, for on February 7, 1822, much of the legislation with regard to college funds was repealed and the Academy reverted to a humdrum existence which rarely rose above the public examinations, and occasionally fell far below them. Eliphalet Wheeler Gilbert was elected president of the Academy Board in 1823 and so we come to our fourth great and good man, and with one at the head of the school and another at the head of the Board it could hardly fail to succeed. The existence of a college was taken for granted, and in 1824 the General Assembly enacted legislation establishing a college endowment fund “already obtained or to be obtained” but failed to provide for the obtaining of those funds. What had become of the proceeds of the 1818 lottery does not appear—they may be the “funds already obtained”—but from Gilbert’s point of view lotteries were the work and property of Lucifer and a General Assembly which thought in terms of lotteries could do little for his institution.

There is a bit of comic relief at this point which is comic chiefly because, however we turn the evidence about, it produces the improbable if not the impossible. The Academy Day Book on preliminary p. 14 under date of May 3, 1824, but so written that it can be read 1826, records the entry of: “John Williams black man
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at $7.00 per month,” and under this, a note saying that “Jim came May 8th at $3.50 cts.” Is this:

John Williams, black man? or
John Williams’ black man? or
John, William’s black man? or
John, William Black’s man? or
John Williams, Black’s man? or—

and why does he become Jim—and why does he enter at $7.00 and come five days later at $3.50? That the 3rd was a Monday and the 8th a Saturday adds little light. Other entries of this period do not indicate tuition rate, but $10.00 was the standard term rate for a three-term year from which the Ledger shows an occasional unexplained deviation. Had we for a moment gone modern 125 years before our time and admitted a Negro boy, as four years before we had momentarily gone in for the project method? And finally, why black man? Theoretically there was a college; but for all practical purposes it was a little boys’ school.

But the Academy account books are not alone in need of interpretation and clarification. In the winter of 1896-97, for example, Eben B. Frazer moved in Town Council meeting “that Mr. Alex Perry, town bailiff notify A. J. Mote to remove the prisoner, a boy named Peterson now confined in the town lock-up on account of severe cold.”

Was our friend Peterson confined because of the cold? Released because of the cold? Confined because he had a cold? Released because he had contracted a cold?

And having been removed, what did we do with him?

In 1825 the Academy Trustees appointed a committee to consider a site and plans for a college building and the General Assembly passed an act naming seven “managers” of the Newark Academy Lottery which it connected with the law of 1818 in such a way as to suggest that the lottery approved at that time had either not been conducted at all, or that it had not yet netted the designated sum of $50,000. On August 3 the lottery drawings began over what must have looked very like Eliphalet Wheeler Gilbert’s dead body.

In April, 1826, the Academy advertisements carry a notice of an enlargement of the now 50-year-old building:
The Trustees . . . are happy to inform the public that considerable repairs . . . will be made . . . in order to accommodate a greater number of students. A separate room will be fitted up for a mathematical and English department of which an able teacher will be selected to take care. The price of tuition will be reduced to $20; and boarding, washing and mending may be obtained for from $80 to $100. To see that the morals of the pupils are attended to at their boarding houses a committee of the Board will be appointed to visit them from time to time. The long established reputation of this seminary, the popularity of its principal, the salubrity and pleasantness of the place, the excellence of its society and the many respectable families in which the students can be accommodated with board in the very near neighborhood of the Academy, recommend it to all parents as a very eligible nursery for their children.

It is not generally intended that we read between lines; what people want known they tell you in black and white; but this document makes good interlinear reading:

"A mathematical and English department." Is Philip M. Steele's school still flickering in the background, or has it made its mark on the Academy and gone its way?

"English department." Is this what we call an English department? Certainly there was nothing of the sort in the college which was looming eight years over the horizon, and though rhetoric, oratory and elocution raise their pale heads from time to time, it is not until after the reopening of the college in 1870 that there appears a class in the English classics; no professor lays claim to a department of English until Edgar Dawson in 1903, and then only in what Dr. Sypherd later called "not a chair, but a settee of language, literature and political science."

A trustee committee to look into the morals of students at their boarding houses. Somebody has been complaining—loudly—and the popularity of the principal may be the result (or the cause) of discipline reminiscent of the Drones' Club.

"Many respectable families . . . in the very neighborhood of the Academy." Newark has grown westward and is making a part of its living from the school.

"A very eligible nursery for their children." This is not a college, and our friend the black man becomes more rather than less of a mystery.

What I have been telling you has not been the story of the
foundation of the college, but a sample of the way by which the local historian arrives at a guess—and it can be very little else—as to what was happening 135 years ago in a town that did not save records and in a school whose merger with a larger school has, for the most part, lost them.

In this same year, 1826, the General Assembly introduced further legislation providing for a lottery which was drawn on September 15. And whatever the Rev. Dr. Gilbert may have thought of it, we were now in good company, for Middletown Academy and Immanuel Church, New Castle, were in on it and nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

In this year, too, a site for the college building was offered to the Trustees and the great Charles Bulfinch submitted plans which have perished, but they show through—in its better places—in the design which was later used by a man of greatly inferior ability. In 1827 the lottery agents were active from January until October, and we ought, if they turned out as well as they promised, to have been as rich as Croesus.

And here, at the cost of another digression, let me pay tribute to the fifth of our great men. Little George Evans entered the Academy in 1827. He was never to attend Delaware College or any other college; he was never to teach a class or preside at a Trustees meeting; but as secretary-treasurer of the college Board from 1856 until 1897 he was to save and leave to the University a wealth of local documents not often surpassed in institutions of our age and size, which will one day supply the materials for a truly great town and university history.

In 1828 the Academy Board resolved "that it is not expedient to take any means at this time respecting the commencement of the college," and it was not until 1831 that the Trustees appointed a new committee to work on the selection of a site. In February of the next year, 1832, that committee submitted an elaborate report and the Board agreed upon a site northwest of town, and appointed a committee to make a contract with Winslow Lewis to erect a building. This was not unanimous action, may not have been majority action, for the Board, though improved over that of 1799, was like many boards, more frequently delinquent than the student body.

Its action at this point was no less than capricious. A small reactionary group on the Board proper held up action until mid-
September, when the Trustees met and decided to buy the McBeath property, six acres at the west and behind Elliott Hall, and accepted Lewis’ plan; but to meet with the Trustees’ approval did not in those days necessarily constitute a green light, for two months later the reactionists wangled an irregular meeting in Wilmington at which they reversed the action of September and settled upon George Platt’s land farther east, and closer to the Academy.

This meeting was declared unconstitutional by a meeting of the full Board two weeks later, and the McBeath offer was accepted, and the purchase made on February 20, 1833. There had been much difference over site and building plan, and much energy and some indignation had been expended upon it. Over the recommendations for organization there was less contention. The site and building committee had gone beyond its assignment and proposed the organization of a seminary to consist of two college departments, one of language and one of mathematics and natural philosophy, with one instructor for each department, and the necessary assistants. They had proposed a preparatory department with one instructor, and a single building which should house study hall, recitation rooms, library, laboratory, auditorium, the instructional staff and eighty boarding and lodging students.

When the General Assembly took the matter in hand in February, 1833, they incorporated some of the committee’s recommendations and gave to the Trustees powers which enabled them to implement the rest. On February 5, 1833, the General Assembly, forgetful of the college they had authorized twelve years before, chartered a new one which by someone’s oversight came out not as Delaware College, but as Newark College, a name which it was to bear until 1843.
IV

THE COLLEGE BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

Of the building of the college we know very little, beyond the fact that it was begun in July, 1833, and continued into the winter, and was a master job of jerrybuilding which was destined to fall apart under the first three generations of students. A "friend of education" in a letter to the Delaware Gazette in 1847 sums up the state of the building only fourteen years later: "The college buildings at Newark—they are like self-righteousness, the more you have of them the worse you are—the architecture of which is about as easy to describe, according to the five modes, either collectively or separately, as if the building materials, fifteen years ago, had been blown together in a storm."

Manlove Hayes, who was a student at the Academy in 1833, remembered the building many years afterward, and in his old age wrote out an account which is worth quoting. He says in part:

I was a student of the old Newark Academy in the years 1832 and '33 . . . I remember Newark College was built in 1833. I do not remember any formal ceremonies at its founding, such as laying the cornerstone, etc., but have a distinct recollection of the open trenches for the foundation; in fact while playing around them with other boys and making inquiries of the man in charge of the masonry, he handed me a brick and showed me where to place it, in the corner of one of the trenches, saying that it should or would not be removed, and I could say I laid the first brick in the college building.

What we call "Old College" was the first and for many years the only building of any importance. It was not called "Old College" until after its renovation in 1917, at which time it was practically rebuilt and it was at that date that it became what it is now, a thing of beauty. There are slight suggestions from time to time which lead us to suppose that there were other, smaller, buildings; an ice house and a meat house appear in the Minutes of the Board. Joseph Cleaver's diary mentions a coal shed, and our "friend of education" speaks of "the college buildings." This show of architectural interest would seem to suggest at least two structures of more than ice house, meat house or coal shed dignity. We have a
picture of the main building as early as 1835, and an ugly thing it is, but when all but parts of the outer walls was torn away and the inner arrangement changed in 1917, nobody thought in historical terms, and with mind set only upon the future, left no plan of the old building, and the wonder is that they left even the shell. It has been possible by the aid of pictures, college catalogs, the Cleaver diary, the memory of Mr. Carl Harrington, who was a student at the college even before the lesser changes of 1902, the Trustees' Minutes and the limitations which the old walls imposed upon the new ones, to reconstruct much of the original plan, but no memory goes back before the somewhat extensive changes of 1886, and some of our authorities disagree. The Cleaver diary disagrees with itself, and says on Sept. 29, 1854, "There was a fire scare at the bottom of the far stairs so that there is uneasiness as to safety when the door between the upper halls is locked." Whatever else may be true, there was only one upper hall, and a door anywhere in it would have cut off from the stairs all access from one end or the other, for the two flights of stairs met face to face, like William Dean Howells' ghosts, across the hall from each other. There is the possibility that President Mason, in his futile efforts to enforce discipline, order and quiet, may have had a diagonal door set in between the two, but of this there is no mention in the Minutes of the Board, and even Mason must have seen that such a barrier, while it would have prevented high-speed movement from one end of the hall to the other, would have involved the descent and ascent of two flights of stairs to get from a room on the south end of the hall to another six feet away on the north end, and that indignation would have been added to noise and disorder. I go into so great detail partly to show you the building in which our academic ancestors lived and (occasionally) studied, but chiefly that you may comprehend the heavy veil of years through which we must pass to see them. In a sense you ought not to be spending time upon this second-hand reflection at all, but reading the Cleaver diary. I shall be lifting from it over a twenty-five-year period though it covers less than a year and a half of life at the college.

One more word about the college building, for though consideration of the buildings is, in general, being saved until later, Old College had for many years so large an effect upon student life that we must know the building to appreciate the life that went on within it. The college chapel and auditorium, until recently used
as commons, was located in the back of the central wing, and was known as the "oratory" not because orations were given here, though that too was true, but from the Latin for prayer, and in the course of time the whole building took on the name, which it kept until, having been thoroughly renovated, it became "Old College." In the early 1900's it sometimes appears as "Dorms." The building was finished and ready for occupancy in the early spring. Two faculty members had been elected—Nathan Munroe in the previous December and John Holmes Agnew on March 27, 1834—and slight as this now sounds it was at first quite enough, for at the opening of the college, on May 8, 1834, we had one sophomore, Alexander T. Gray, who must have felt very important or very lonely, for in the other three classes there was no one that term. D. Hayes Agnew joined Gray as a second-year man a short time later. The task was not as light as it appears at first glance, however, for on the previous December 23 the Academy Board had decided that the Academy's functions should cease at the close of the present sessions, that is, the latter part of April, and that thereafter the school should operate as an academic department or prep school for Newark College. There were sixty-three of these pre-college boys of whom forty-two were boarders, and it became clear at an early date that the Academy task, from the disciplinary if not from the didactic point of view, was to be the faculty's major burden. There had been a serious discussion, at Board meeting, of a four-man faculty, partly in terms of need, and partly with the thought that a faculty of four would speak more eloquently in the catalog. So early were we thinking in terms of publicity. The earliest catalog extant, and probably the first one printed, is dated 1837-38 and appeared in '38.

"But yet I run before my horse to market."

In April Andrew Kerr Russell closed his long term as principal of the Academy. Its merger with the college was to last a quarter of a century, until the closing of Delaware College in the spring of 1859. Newark College opened on May 8, 1834, under the principalship of Nathan Munroe (for a president had not been elected and it is not clear from the Minutes of the Board that such an election was contemplated in the near future). Munroe and Agnew were inaugurated in the presence of a "large and respectable assembly," and fortunate it is that respectability showed its face on this occa-
sion, for it was to go into so dark an eclipse almost at once that when it shone again it was to be upon a greatly altered college. Nathan Munroe and John M. Clayton were scheduled for addresses before this assembly, but by some chance, which has not been recorded, it was not Munroe but Agnew who delivered the inaugural. Agnew’s address contained some jewels which ought not to be passed over:

... let it be remembered that if you send us base metal, we do not promise, and you must not expect, genuine coin. We have no machinery for converting blockheads into philosophers, or dunces into geniuses. We do not pretend to take from you copper and refine it into gold, nor brittle sandstone and polish it into diamond.

No parent would think of sending his son to reside for several years in an institution, or to connect himself with an association which was conducted without any judicious organization. Much less to one established on disorganizing and mischievous principles.

How many parents remembered this, twenty-five years later when, while the Board of Trustees were meeting in one room of the college building, a student was stabbing one of his fellows to death in another room?

In the administration of a college, there are ... these several branches of government—a board of trustees to legislate, and a faculty elected by them, to execute law and judge of offences.

To this remark the Trustees seem to have paid very little attention, as witness the explosion four months later; but who has ever listened to an inaugural address? Or who expects us to? One hundred and twelve years later President William S. Carlson wrote a few days after his inauguration: “Now that the ordeal is over...” One is led to suspect that Agnew was expecting trouble, for he says:

... why should not a college be as peaceful and happy a place as a home? Why should it not be a large family associated on principles of love and order? Why should not those who go there for education regard their instructors rather as friends than enemies? Why should they not confide in them as guides and look up to them as parents?

How young you were, Mr. Agnew, and how much you were to learn, and how soon, at your newly opened college!
The summer saw the election of Nathan Z. Graves to the faculty and the appointment of a Trustee committee to solicit gifts toward a library and scientific equipment, and as a nest-egg about which these gifts were to be laid, the Board appropriated the sum of $1,000. So early, too, began the consideration of additions to the college building which earlier publicity had described as "erected on a plan capable of extension at a future day."

It was over a copper cooking pot that trouble first manifested itself. Rumor had gone abroad that the boys' food was being prepared in copper vessels, and, proud as we are now over ancestral copper, it was to serve as a spring-board for indignation. A committee of the Board was told to investigate, and the steward had either heard the approaching thunder, or had been maligned, for only a single copper pot was found in the kitchen, and that pot was not, he told the committee, used for cooking but for bringing water from the college well.

But if the cook got off easily the parson did not. The Rev. Samuel Bell was not only a trustee of the new college, but the principal of a female seminary which was later to flourish at Linden Hall. When on the evening of August 31 it became necessary for Munroe and Agnew to be away at one time, it seemed well to bring in, for the evening, Parson Bell, as a safeguard against possible misdemeanor, and the faculty proved to be correct in their expectation if not in the solution. It had been customary in Bell's school to pour upon the waters of disorder the oil of piety, and when trouble began, as it did almost before the faculty were out of the college yard, the parson started a prayer meeting. That meeting never ran its course. Or, more accurately, it ran its course in so short a time that it did not help at all, and when the good man left, as he seems to have done before the return of authority, he was pelted with a shower of potatoes, apples and door knobs which may not have affected his piety, but did his sense of sportsmanship no lasting good. The boys were reported to Munroe next morning—may even have given the faculty some reason for expecting an unfavorable report when they returned to the hall that night. Seven of the students were suspended; four who sympathized with the exiles left voluntarily. It may have been the expulsion of so large a proportion of the student body that threw the thing into the limelight and called down the drastic action of the Trustees, but it is more likely that the self expulsion of the four sympa-
thizers pointed up the possibilities of justice on their side. Whatever may have been the case, the Trustees at a meeting on September 22 resolved that all religious exercises except those conducted by the teachers of the College or the president of the Board be excluded, and that no night meetings be held hereafter. So far so good, and only Parson Bell could be offended. He can hardly have been pleased. But with the next action of the Board nobody could be pleased, for they reversed the disciplinary measure of the faculty, lessening the severity of the punishment of the suspended students. Than which no surer move could have been made to result in trouble in the school. The Board had not, as a matter of fact, proceeded by unanimous vote and no one was less in tune with the reversal of disciplinary action than their president, Eliphalet Wheeler Gilbert.

It was now the Board’s turn to suffer embarrassment, for there was no school in session, parents were expecting their money’s worth, lads of pre-college age were roaming about undisciplined and unattended, and there was no one to turn to in the emergency but Gilbert. It was at this unprofitable meeting that they turned for a moment from the heavy business to a bit of routine—the hanging of the college bell—but so unpropitious was the star under which the meeting had assembled that they were to find out before their next meeting that the college bell was not the college bell at all, but belonged to the Academy, and that the Academy had no intention of letting it go. Just why the old Academy Trustees, who had been so liberal to the college and were to be more so in the days to come, should have wished to keep the bell on the now deserted Academy building, does not appear. It is often these inexplicable things that throw entertaining if not beautiful shadows across the landscape of local history.

But again I wander. On September 23, the Trustees came together to repair the wreckage of the day before, and elected Gilbert president of the College, and moved Willard Hall up to the presidency of the Board. With Hall they had no trouble, but Gilbert had been watching the College, the Trustees and the General Assembly with a seeing eye, and was in no temper to take a pig in a poke. He wished to know exactly what was being offered him, and on the 25th wrote a letter which stands very close to the charter in its importance among our early documents.

I will not burden you with the whole letter, though it is hard to
pick and choose from it the most important parts. It shows clearly that he regarded the question of discipline and the administration of discipline as most important in the early years of the school. His willingness to undertake the presidency was dependent upon the faculty's being given power in this respect—power from which there should be no appealing to the Trustees. Several of the members of the Board were members of the legal profession, and it was hard for them to see that the relation of the faculty to the Trustees was not the same as that of the lower courts to those above them. Here, however, was an impasse, and they agreed to his terms and installed him as president at a salary of $1,000 per year.

Now the Board could go back to the business of the college bell, and bought one which was installed in a kind of framework not connected with the building, and there it hung, without satisfying anybody, until 1852. One of the objections was its ease of access, and nothing was more fun than tying the clapper to the rim of the bell, or turning the bell over and filling it with water on nights when there was to be a heavy frost, so bringing to an end its ringing until the application of hot water or a friendly sun might put it into operation again.

Gilbert took charge on October 29th, and on November 7th and 8th the first freshmen appear to have been moved up from the preparatory department. And so the year ends, except for the founding of at least one of the two literary societies.

I hold no brief for either the Delta Phi or the Athenaean Society, though it will be apparent that given the chance I would have joined the slipshod random ranks of the Athenaean rather than the prim and orderly Delta Phi. An early Athenaean Society badge claims an origin before the opening of the college, which means the Academy. David Hayes Agnew, who came after May 8, thought himself one of its charter members, and most of the later badges say December 18, 1834. January 14, 1835, is claimed by Delta Phi as its foundation. Between the two societies there was waged an eighty-year-long contest which twice broke out into society wars, and which died away only as the societies were dying in the second decade of our century. They were more than the modern fraternity in that they were the chief social force of their time, and also in that they carried a part of the teaching burden of the college. Their libraries housed the most readable books on the campus, their manuscript journalism antedated the Review by a third of a
century; boys learned the principles of parliamentary procedure, the powers and responsibilities of office, the difficulties of self-government, some of the pains and pleasures of public relations and much about the shortcomings of human nature. Their papers, journals, fine-books, debate subjects, and constitutions, a surprising number of which have come down to us, are often tedious, sometimes silly, and occasionally obscene. The loyalty of boys to one society which was basically no better than the other, the extravagant love for an organization which was forever having to be rescued from a downhill road, and which spent its spare vitality in hurling wordy accusations at its fellow society, the difficulty with which "old" boys were prevailed upon to come back to later celebrations, all these stand out only palely from a background of good which no one can gainsay.

I shall have much to say about the Athenaean and Delta Phi Literary Societies in the course of time. David Lewis Mustard had much to say on the subject, and so did Joseph Cleaver. But enough for the moment.

On January 27, the Academy Trustees, now incorporated in the College Board, but occasionally functioning separately, forgot their keen feelings about the college bell and petitioned the General Assembly for permission to sell the Academy lot that they might apply the proceeds to the expansion and improvement of the preparatory department. The legislature was more interested in lotteries at the moment, and luckily, for by 1839 the Academy boys had become an unmitigated pest in the College, and the authorities looking for a place to put them struck upon the not illogical possibility of taking them back to the old Academy building. The building had fallen into disrepair after the manner of unused buildings, and the committee delegated to investigate and make suggestions had only one suggestion to make: tear it down. And so disappeared the sixty-two-year-old stone Academy building. We know that it stood close to—I suspect in front of—the present buildings, and we know that some of the old stones went into the building of the new foundation. But its size, plan, orientation and design are lost to us. The first of the new buildings was put up in 1840 and the eastern section as a dormitory in 1841; for many years there was space between the two, and it was not until the early 1870's that they were tied together by the central section. The college building was rid of its noisy small boys, though they re-
turned occasionally and rendered life miserable. But an unexpected advantage followed the change. William S. Graham, a graduate of only four years' standing, found himself in charge of bedlam at the new Academy building. He had taken the chaos with him, and at the college thirty-two of the more mature boys found themselves in possession of class rooms, sleeping quarters and general accommodations which the year before had been stretched to cover eighty-nine, and the relief from congestion as well as confusion marked a happy era. Again I am far ahead of my story.

The legislative zeal of 1835 in the direction of financing by lottery led where they should have seen it leading. On April 20 a meeting of the Trustees came close to repudiating all funds arising from lotteries. Feelings ran high and three Trustees resigned. The whole structure of Newark College was shaken and three of the five members of the faculty availed themselves of offers elsewhere. To this dismal outlook President Gilbert was to add perplexity by offering his own resignation on August 11, two weeks before the scheduled opening of the fall term. We were whistling in the dark, notifying the Trustees of our two flourishing literary societies and soliciting their encouragement in the form of books and society chambers; we were beautifying the college yard by removal of the unsightly shacks that had been littered about it, we announced in a perhapsish sort of way a lecturer on chemistry—a sort of extension or visiting scholar arrangement for the coming winter. Disorder among the smaller fry, not yet removed to new quarters and led on to wickedness by two of the older boys, was eased but not ended by the dismissal of the leaders.

Let me take you into the school by means of a letter written by Alfred Robinson to his father on June 22.

New Ark Del. June 22nd 1835

Dear Father:

I received your letter last Saturday week and the society also received one which they were very willing to accept, but more so the enclosed and they return their sincere thanks to you for your liberality etc.

The weather has been for several days very cool and it would be very comfortable with a fire but our stoves are out of our rooms.

We [i.e., Delta Phi] have got all the new students except one, and that one we did not want to join our society. We have now in our library between two and three hundred volumes
and with the $5.00 and other money which we have, we are to get Johnson’s and Byron’s works. Tomorrow the trustees meet and decide the fate of New Ark College. If they accept the lottery the college may prosper, but if not she goes down.

I heard that you were to come up tomorrow to the meeting of the trustees, but thinking it impossible I will endeavour to write you this letter. Professor Dodd is courting a young lady in Wilmington and is away every Saturday and Monday morning with his love. He was one day overheard to tell his lass that he had once seen a lady with red hair, black eyes, young and beautiful, like herself, but not half so pretty and amiable as she was, and then he gave her a billing kiss.

I was very sorry to hear from your letter that Mother had been unwell, but I hope she is now well, and I was also astounded to hear that Mr. Kingsbury had been intoxicated at Milford. And the reports which were uttered by the people will now be reiterated by them to everyone. It is supposed from what one of the faculty said, that our classes will be detained from the Freshman Class next fall on account of a class below us wishing to catch up with us and enlarge our class, and keep us back one year. But if that be the case I shall not return, for I can enter the freshmen [sic] of other colleges.

I have concluded (if you are willing) to continue here until I can enter the sophomore (here) and then go to Princeton and enter the Junior which I could easily do with a little study, and it would put me one year ahead, and if I should graduate there it would be with some honor to myself . . . I learned from our lectures that if you wished to keep hot coffee on the table—buy very rough coffee pots and keep them clean—but I cannot learn how to make good coffee and bread—as Mother has. The other day we had such very bad meat that some of the students got angry and threw a large piece at the steward and made him very mad, and he informed the Faculty and they examined the meat, and found that it was too bad, and told the steward that he must put better meat or none on the table hereafter which he has ever since very well attended to . . . N. B. I wish you to give me permission in your next to go to what church I see fit. There are three churches near, two of Pastor Russel’s [sic] and one Methodist. I understand that Mr. Bell is to preach in the church which they have lately organized for the students and if that is the case I shall not go to hear him.

A. P. R.

The Trustees met and decided the fate of the college. They accepted the lottery, but Newark College did not prosper. Gilbert, as we have seen, resigned in mid-August, and the Trustees chose
a successor in record time—a successor who functioned like most people chosen in record time. But at the first moment it was not Richard Sharp Mason who caused the trouble, but the fact that in an attempt to save money the Board had let go its really very satisfactory professor of mathematics, and tried to replace him at a figure that tempted nobody. For many months, everybody taught everybody else's classes in an attempt to make do with one less man than the job required, and in the end the boys learned very little, and nobody was happy.

Happiness was not one of the chief characteristics of Newark College, especially under the Mason administration. He was the most disliked of all our presidents up to the time of Caldwell. But Mason had his good parts too. Like Cato the Censor he was a man of one idea, but unlike Cato's that was a constructive idea. He wanted a college with a decent library and scientific equipment. Like Gilbert he was a clergyman—Episcopal rather than Presbyterian—and it may be this loss of the school from the Presbyterian fold that accounts for the beginnings of his unpopularity, but it was discipline over which he was to stumble to his fall. I have mentioned the doorway in the upper hall, and for this I have no authority but a colorful imagination, and a need to ascribe to somebody's madness a mad act. But it takes no imagination to account for his other vagaries. He was so deep in the ideals to which he would direct the College that he lost sight of the fact that for the most part it was not a college at all, but a mob of very unruly prep school boys out for a lark. The instance most often cited to demonstrate this state of decay in the school's discipline was the custom which had grown up of leaving one's initials deeply cut in the brick wall or worse still in the Doric columns which supported the portico. They were the only ornament the college could boast, and quite aside from the spoiling of their appearance, it began to seem that they were to be carved away altogether. Mason's idea of doing something about it was limited to the not very ingenious, and certainly not decorative, device of surrounding the columns with sheet-iron drums so high that no boy, standing on another boy's shoulders, could carve his initials. These drums, and the carving on the brick wall behind them, remained until the building was redone in 1917.

Early the next year, 1836, the college narrowly escaped destruction by fire, and this fire menace was to follow it down the years.
We know more about this aspect of college life during the years 1853 to 1854 when Joseph Cleaver was keeping a detailed account of most of the happenings in and about the college. On October 10, 1853, he entered in his diary:

Ashmead takes a bath every night and the boys on the hall burned paper in the hall and cried "Fire" when he was covered with lather, and carried his clothes away so that he ran almost to the front door that way, and met Professor Boswell.

February 1, 1854: Roe went to sleep at study last night and overset his lamp which exploded and set him afire, but Emanuel put it out with a blanket. Turner says Roe is the sort of a boy who would get drowned in a clearing up shower.

March 19: Carlile and Row had a fire in their room this morning from starting their stove with fluid. It filled our hall with smoke, and scared some of the boys, and they threw their things out at the windows and down the stairs. No harm done but the carpet, and water ran through to the Oratory.

May 7: Someone set a brush fire at the back of the College yard which got out of bounds and burned into three fields. We beat it with wet sacks and shovels and brooms but it seemed for a while that it would go to the creek.

Here again one is tempted to digress to read between the lines. The fact that Ashmead’s nightly baths should cause comment and horse-play suggests that there were those in his day who, unlike the urban Ashmead, did not bathe more than necessary. But with no bathrooms in the hall, and water brought up two or three flights of stairs and applied with no more heat than could be had from one’s own stove, the inducement to over-cleanliness was not what it is today.

“Burned paper in the hall.” The inner partitions of the old building were all of plaster over wood, and there were only wooden floors, and that the building should have escaped is one of the minor miracles.

To have met Professor Boswell in a state of no more than lather seems to have been considered something of a mishap, even when one was impelled to this meeting by the deviltry of one's associates. What college boy is dismayed today by an unclothed encounter with a member of the teaching staff?

Lamp light. Exploding fluid. Asleep over one's studies. Only one of these phenomena survives into our own day.
And the boy whose bread always falls butter-side down. Him too, we shall have always with us.

Starting a fire with fluid (probably a mixture of alcohol and turpentine). I have found no regulation prohibiting or discouraging this line of conduct. The dangers of fire hung over the old building as if the gods knew it was built in bad taste. And panic, which one suspects was raised higher than the occasion justified by the fact that if a large part of the morning had to be spent in reorganization, that early morning Greek lesson—and possibly morning prayers—would go by the board.

"Water ran through to the Oratory." The single floor above the Oratory was known for years as Poverty Row, and it might have been known as Delinquency Row, for it was here that the greater part of the school’s disorder began, though there was no saying where it would end. The murder of 1858 seems to have had nothing to do with the Row—the exception that proves the rule. But it was here that most of the beautiful confusion described by Cleaver went forward. The chapel was apt to be vacant during a large part of the day, and with nobody below, it was safe to build booby traps that would not have prospered over an occupied class room.

One story that turns up at intervals from 1852 until the tearing down of the cupola in 1917 has to do with a cow being taken to the belfry. That Joseph Hossinger’s bull spent an uneasy night on the college porch is a matter of record, and lies within the easy limits of the possible, but there is nothing but hearsay to substantiate the belfry business, and all of the possibilities point elsewhere. You can lead a cow up stairs, though she will protest and probably make a public spectacle of you, but the stairs to the belfry wound circularly about a central newel post, and the only hand rail was supplied by a rope that followed not the broader outer end of the steps, but circled the newel. The last stage was a ladder. Bossy could not have been taken up under any circumstances, and would have come down only as hamburger.

Dr. H. C. Reed has described the student life of the early college in an excellent article in the eighth series of Delaware Notes (1934), and it is to that publication that the curious and the interested should turn. Student life was not all devoted to the construction of booby traps, and there are in Cleaver’s diary, and to a slighter degree in that of D. L. Mustard, marks of a serious application to
business. A bull-session is not as likely to talk about Keats as about pretty girls, but there is a great deal of serious reading going on in the Cleaver account, and the fact that he mistook one of Giles Fletcher's sonnets for one of Shakespeare's is less significant for his error than for the fact that he was reading and talking about, thinking about and basking in poetry. When poetry breaks into the manuscript Literary Society magazines it is usually strongly reminiscent of better things, but you cannot parody or ape your betters unless you know something about them.

Lotteries went on during the Mason administration—it would have been a waste of good intentions to sacrifice Gilbert on the altar of lotteries and then not make the most of them. We paid "Laudredth" $43.25 for the lindens, ten of which have outlived the storms and exigencies of 124 years. The elms have out-shone them, but there is a gloomy suspicion abroad that the elms may have passed their glory, and that the lindens will survive them, as education sometimes threatens to survive research. The first commencement exercises were held at Newark College on September 28, 1836, at which five young men were graduated. There was to be no commencement in 1837, 1850 or 1851. Otherwise the College continued to produce at least one graduate each year, which, padded with six honorary degrees, made a fair showing. It was, perhaps, not cricket, but not unusual in those days.

It was in 1839 that the faculty, wearying of writing out as well as signing diplomas, asked the Trustees for a diploma plate, which the Board thought unnecessary, and denied. Later in the same year, boys whose Latin had not "taken" well enough to read Latin calligraphy as produced at their alma mater petitioned the Board on the same subject, and, as so often happened in the early years when the Board was not too far off to be touched, got what the faculty failed to reach. President Mason procured a very handsome design from a celebrated writing master in Philadelphia and employed one of the most skillful artists in the city to engrave it. The job was to be finished by September 9, but when the plate failed to appear the college set about finding out why, and found that they had aimed too high, and secured an artist capable of engraving not diploma plates alone, but counterfeit bills, and that it had been necessary for him to depart on very short notice.

The discussion of erecting a house for the president, which was still available for resurrection as late as 1948, first raised its head
in 1836; the Academy lot was not being used, and attempts to break it up and sell it for dwelling sites had come to nothing. Fortunately the funds were insufficient, and the property was saved against that day in 1840 when it should become necessary to purge the college of its sub-collegiate rabble. The really spectacular event of the year was the arrival of the Pennsylvania Railroad, under another name that was not to be changed until many years later; the next year the first trains ran over the new road, and it was to one of the workmen that the murder of Mattie Polk was laid. There were other theories, and there is a gruesome tale about a slave woman, Dove Henderson, who lifted up the canvas over a closely covered wagon, and though she never told what she felt under the canvas, eventually went mad. There is the usual story about a deathbed confession, and the restoration of a good man's reputation. The body was never found.

Susan Pendleton Lee, writing of her father, William Nelson Pendleton, more or less sums up the Mason period, and I quote:

The mathematical professorship in Newark College, was offered to him with a salary of $1,000 ... The faculty and the president, the learned and eccentric Richard Mason, D.D., made him a special visit to induce him to withdraw his refusal. Arriving at the Long Cottage and finding him and Mrs. Pendleton packing up their furniture, Dr. Mason sat down amidst the boxes, made an eloquent representation of the importance of the position ... and wound up by declaring that he would not move from his seat until it was accepted.

So important had the mathematical complexity become, and so early did a president of Newark College find it necessary to resort to something like violence to get the man he wanted. The danger was then, and has always been, that a man brought in by pressure is likely to use pressure in return, and that he will be harder to get rid of than he was to get.

I return to the quotation:

In the latter part of May, 1837, Mr. Pendleton ... proceeded to Newark where he became professor of Mathematics and Chemistry ... The prospects of the young professor were fair enough. The college paid $1,000 and furnished a tolerably good house ... In order to facilitate the education of the youths of his immediate connection, he had them live with him ... Other young men came to him for private lessons in mathematics and engineering ... The social relations
sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton with the families of the president . . . and the other professors, Rev. Mr. Allen and Mr. Graves were cordial and pleasant . . . Few letters written at this time remain. One tells of his first sermon, preached in the College Chapel . . .

Here comes the first activity of the Episcopal Church in the village. St. Thomas’ parish was not organized until 1842, and the next year saw the building of St. Thomas, the First Presbyterian and the Village churches. But let us save the buildings for the place assigned to them.

And let us get on with the anarchy of the Mason administration. There was another fire on Poverty Row on April 5, 1840, lasting upwards of two hours. Water had to be brought in buckets up three flights of stairs. The buckets kept in the hall were, in Cleaver’s time, used for so many other things that they can have been of little help, unless this was the one detail to which the learned and eccentric Dr. Mason attended. The water was more easily disposed of; it ran through into the Oratory. Mason’s voice is still to be heard in his report, calling for a better library; but this was to be his last report. The trustees were calling not for a report, but for his resignation. They rescinded their demand, realizing that once again they had no one to whom to turn, and when Mason refused to take the rescission seriously there seemed to be nothing to do but to suspend the college, and this, at a meeting at which the president had just reported two stoves rolled down stairs at the dead of night, seemed not a bad line of procedure.

On October 12 Elipherlet Wheeler Gilbert was recalled for a second term, and felt no need to issue a second list of conditions. If they wanted him, they knew that they must do nothing which involved lotteries.

Lyman P. Powell, who wrote in 1893 and knew only what he was told, says:

But what were the trustees to do in reference to the money raised by the lottery? They were not long in devising a plan by which they might secure its benefits and cleanse their consciences at the same time from moral taint. They would not accept the money immediately from the lottery managers, but would turn it over to the state treasury, and then by a special act of the legislature appropriate the identical amount to Newark College, by which it would be duly accepted and used. Thus was the lottery scheme settled. Certain plain-spoken
persons boldly, though inelegantly, suggested that "this was merely whipping the devil around the stump."

In 1846 the Alumni Association was founded and it is unfortunate that its early records do not survive, for at several periods of need or crisis it has stood us in good stead.

The second Gilbert administration has been called the college's golden age. One cannot say the golden age of Newark College or of Delaware College, for it was in 1843, in the middle of Gilbert's second session with us, that the name was changed by the General Assembly from what they had accidentally called it to what they had meant in the first place—the name they had given to the mythical college of 1821.

At this time came to the school those gentlemen who were to impress their generation of students with more than an awe for learning, and in several cases a great respect for it. George Allen had come before the change, but William Augustus Norton belongs to the very end of the old regime; William S. Graham is new, young and close enough to the student generation to build fires in their imaginations without being close enough to inspire the building of fires in the hall. Eben Horsford was elected to Gilbert's faculty and comes as close as Gilbert himself to living in American memory. And Henry W. Lister, who was graduated in 1843, came to the faculty in the succeeding year. For him I feel a peculiar sympathy partly because of the disaster that was to overtake him, and partly because I did a brief biography of him fifteen years ago, and came, through him, to know the early college as I should never have done without his help. I am taking the liberty of including much of this paper, not because of its literary value but because it lights up phases in Delaware College life which do not elsewhere appear in cross section:

Henry W. Lister came to the faculty of Delaware College in a day of short and unsatisfactory appointments. Before he had been six months on campus Professor James S. Bell had followed the tradition laid down by the Bells in the early college, and made himself so unpopular with the faculty that they felt compelled to petition the Trustees for his removal. Rev. Benjamin J. Wallace, who succeeded the Rev. George Allen as professor of Greek and Latin Languages and Literature shortly before Lister's undated departure, was eliminated in 1847 at a price and in a flame that scathed not the college only but the whole
community. Lister's unrecorded going might so easily have been such an affair that there is a tendency not to question.

In the spring of 1844 the Prudential Committee of the Board of Trustees of Delaware College was authorized by the Board to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Francis J. Warner "to assist the professor of languages, with a salary of five hundred dollars, and also to engage a tutor at a salary of four hundred dollars, procuring if possible one who will teach the French and Spanish languages." The committee went about its business and on July 12 presented its report. On motion of Rev. A. Hamilton it was "resolved that Mr. Henry W. Lister be appointed tutor for the next term." Modern languages had been introduced into the curriculum in 1841, Lister's junior year at what was then Newark College, and presumably he had spent a part of the year since his graduation in Oct., 1843, improving his French and Spanish, but a shift in schedule gave him the ancient languages, and except for a few weeks in the fall of 1845, between the resignation of Professor Allen and the appointment of Professor Wallace, he appears never to have departed from them.

Lister was a Philadelphian who had come to Newark not as a Freshman, but in the summer of 1840 or 1841 and had grown up, for the most part under the second Gilbert administration. He had lived at the College in room no. 25, first with Alfred H. Dashiell, and then with the younger but more scholarly John W. Mears who hailed, like himself, from Philadelphia. He graduated in 1843, at the age of nineteen, at the head of his class and a member of the Athenaeum Literary Society which he had served as president during the summer of 1843. William P. Dorsey, Alexander McRae and Richard Mullikin who were Freshmen in his Senior year remembered him with affection and drew up a sincere and moving resolution when he died.

School opened in 1844 on Thursday, the 29th of August and except for the controversy over the use of the Oratory by Mr. Graham and his Academy boys for their exhibition, and the participation of the college Freshman therein, the new tutor played well the part of the new tutor, and appears not at all in the college records. His vote against the exhibition appears strange at first glance. When it developed that the faculty were constrained to grant a morning off for clearance and recuperation after the event, it is remembered that he was seeing the affair with the eyes of one recently come up from the washing, and that age and experience might in this instance have taken a page from the book of youth.

He must have been interested too, and possibly distressed, at the action taken by the faculty in early September to adjust an inequality which had grown up between the Athenaeum and
Delta Phi literary societies; but there was a general agreement, and it was not until both societies expressed their dissatisfaction with the working of the new arrangement, in quite different directions, that he was called upon to take a hand in the matter. With the new year, however, Henry Lister began coming, mildly, into his own. John A. Porter, upon whom the professorship of languages had fallen at Bell's departure, resigned the secretaryship of the faculty on January 6, and Lister's handwriting which had appeared last in the college archives with his retirement as secretary of his literary society on March 21, 1842, reappears in the faculty minutes, a little more mature, and a trifle less difficult to decipher.

It was a year of "drives." In January the Athenaean Society, stricken with apprehension lest the new regulations might do harm, and supporting an unusually inactive membership, resorted to a kind of literary barrel-day, offering easy forgiveness of accumulated fines to members who should return to the fold within the period of the next two meetings, and threatening loss of library privilege to those who did not avail themselves of the opportunity. Little came of it, and whether or not the use of the library fell off does not appear.

The faculty sponsored the second drive, a back-to-church affair, in which they prospered a little better than the Athenaeans, but were forced to resort, as the boys were not, to compromise with the enemy. It came in the form of a collision between two drives, for the Episcopalians and certain others who may have fancied church attendance would be less irksome or less rigorously supervised in the newly finished St. Thomas Church on the Elkton road, appealed for and eventually received permission to attend the church of their choice. But here, too, not all was as planned, for President Gilbert appointed as Episcopal monitor no less person than Thomas R. Blandy who, as a town boy and the son of good Episcopalians, would be under an eye as keen as his own.

February saw something new in drives: again a compromise with the forces of evil, but a very happy compromise as it turned out. The ever forward-looking, but too frequently backward-acting Athenaean Society beat their Delta Phi neighbors to the concept of an anniversary address, for this summer was to mark the completion of the college's first working decade, and, not to revive in too much unpleasantness the question of who was older, a good time to celebrate their something-or-other-eth birthdays. Athenaean had no money. That was common knowledge in 1845. And Delta Phi was rich—so rich that they were presently to pay a fabulous sum to cover the hall rug with linen, whereas Athenaean Hall was largely uncarpeted, and it was only by resorting to philosophy that one
accounted for this difference in two bodies which, if we may judge on the basis of the remnants of their libraries, were at heart as similar as the proverbial two peas. So the Athenaeans appealed—no, communicated with—Delta Phi which caught its several and collected breaths, and not to be outdone, cooperated. Most of the details are to be learned from the minutes of the latter body. The Athenaeans, like the faculty, were too busy recording the names of the absent, the tardy, and the delinquent to note more than the high spots in the year's experience. The speech, when it came off on the 25th of June, was one of those high spots. It is to be hoped that the venerable Willard Hall never learned that he was the last of several eminent persons asked on the occasion. He may well have been gratified at the request for publication, and it need not have come to his ears that both societies were paying for the printing well into the autumn, Delta Phi by assessment, and Athenaean by means too devious to discover or comprehend. To their credit be it said that the resolution to elect honorary members and then approach them for donations was quashed in an early stage of debate. That technique was reserved for the faculty.

The youthful Lister, meanwhile, was invited to speak in Athenaean Hall on Washington's birthday and faculty, families and friends had an opportunity to hear this once, and only once, the new instructor. That the Athenaeans thought it great goes without saying; but the ordinary brand of courtesy did not require that he be approached first by one committee and then by another, when modesty or good sense stood adamant against publication. When last heard of, the matter was in the hands of George Bagby who was ordered to secure the speech, copy it off and "lay it in the archives of Society."

In the midst of this festivity heaven blessed College with a double windfall, first in the consecration of the Episcopal Church, for which 11 o'clock classes were excused on the 25th of February, and then in the celebration, on the 27th, of a Day of Prayer for Colleges. Thus early had the group consecration of days and weeks begun!

The first day of March saw Delta Phi's great drive under way. It came as agitation for a new badge and resulted, after trials and much weariness of the flesh, in a new society pin and a bill for something over forty dollars.

Then, in April, came the drive in which Lister was to play an important if unobtrusive part. On the 19th of that month a special committee of Delta Phi met to discuss the shifty ways of their neighbors and, on the 21st, the society approached the faculty with a complaint that the Athenaean Society was admitting new members in a manner not prescribed by the faculty action of the previous September. President Gilbert
undertook “to ascertain the truth in the case and in the event of said charges proving true” publicly to “declare the act of the Athenaean society in admitting members to their body contrary to the regulations of College, illegal. . . .” But the truth was either hard to come by or the Delta Phi Society had become unduly exercised, for the matter was dropped until the Athenaeans themselves brought it up in August. By that time things were going badly indeed, and Lister’s Athenaean friends appealed, presumably through him, in a long and anxiously argumentative document in which the faculty pointed out errors of composition instead of reading the handwriting on the wall. Lister was instructed “to inform them of such errors, and correct their misapprehensions.” He did not like this business of being caught between loyalties to two institutions, but he kept his head better than he usually did when he found himself subjected to the cold light that beats upon the secretary. In almost every instance in which he found it necessary to record references to himself in the minutes of the faculty, Lister became flustered and muffed the minutes, so that he needed to obliterate one or more words or, in one case, stood corrected if the minutes were read at the succeeding meeting. On this occasion, however, he seems to have taken “the correction of misapprehensions” to mean the allaying of them and it was a happy-go-lucky society that met, as S. K. Wilson had once said, “as usual about twenty minutes after the proper time,” on the thirtieth of August.

It was on this evening when Delta Phi was taking itself seriously over the justice of imprisoning men for debt (having forgot for the nonce the evil ways of their neighbors) that the Athenaeans took the bull of sanitation by the horns and “resolved that the janitor be requested to clean the spit boxes belonging to the hall.” The janitor in question was no other than Nathan Wrench, of whom what must be the original boot-leg tale is told; but that is another story and has nothing to do with Henry Lister.

It was in 1843 that the General Assembly passed the act making unlawful the sale of liquor to students within two miles of the college. Anything beyond the two-mile limit was out of bounds, for most purposes, and required special permission from the resident member of the faculty, but drunkenness prevailed and increased, and it was only after much perplexity that someone discovered that the boys’ boots, which were being left at their doors each evening for polishing, were polished at the old Delaware House across the road, and that Wrench frequently failed to return them empty.
The case of Samuel H. Adams, of the Senior class, who had been subject to discipline and admonition in the previous autumn had not improved with the passage of time and was again referred to the faculty on the 28th of April. The secretary drew the task of communicating with Adams’ family and reacted as usual. The letter no doubt was good. We have one of Lister’s letters and it stands up well against the letters of the period and very well indeed among those of men who have not yet reached majority. But the faculty minutes, taken down at the meeting, are a sad affair.

That evening, thirty seven days before the Mexican declaration of war, the Delta Phi Society set for debate the question “Would Mexico be justifiable in declaring war against the United States on account of the annexation of Texas.” Whether or not the debate ever came off and what the decision was, are curiously not recorded. But spring was upon us and Delta Phi was slipping, for it was on this evening that the society, on the nomination by Wm. Henry Purnell, elected Lister to honorary membership and not until someone reading the minutes at the end of the following August raised a question, was it discovered that the membership committee had failed to function. He was notified at once, under date of August 30, and on September 1 he wrote:

“I rec’d your communication of Saturday last, announcing my election as an Honorary member of the Delta Phi Soc. Permit me, Gentleman [sic], in reply, to express my warm acknowledgements for the compliment you have paid me and to assure you of the lively interest, which, as a friend to Literature and its votaries, I feel in the prosperity of your association. An honour such as you have conferred is ever grateful to the feelings: but its value is in this case doubly enhanced by the fact, that the peculiar relation which I have hitherto sustained toward your old rival render this act of yours, a noble specimen of generous and high-minded feeling. With every wish for your own prosperity, as well as that of the society you represent

I remain with much esteem

Your friend

Henry W. Lister.”

It was a mildly startled society which read the letter and, after the thoroughgoing Delta Phi manner, copied it into the minutes. There is no evidence that he ever attended a meeting of the society. We know, as he could not, that his recent sponsorship of the Athenaeans bore no relation to his election. Or was it he who broke to Delta Phi the news that they had been unduly excited when they appealed to the faculty in April? President Purnell could have told us that.
Then, on the fourth of May, comes what seems to have been the first of the serial society papers. Stated readers had been compiling pretty elementary news, personal and joke sheets since the early meetings of both societies; and manuscript papers under various names have come down to us and are in the college archives from as early as 1850; but on May 4, 1845, there appeared a named paper which continued for about five months: "The Bitter Pill." Near the end of the year it was succeeded or supplemented by "The Mirror." Both have perished, and rightly so, for on more than one occasion the society secretary had to record that "a part" or "a few pieces" of the paper had been read.

On this night, also, they debated the expediency of corporal punishment in the Academy. One speculates at some length on the background of the debate, corporal punishment having been known, though possibly not well known in the College under President Mason.

In May, too, came the peace drive. We were on the brink of war with Mexico, never a popular movement in Delaware, and the faculty presented to the library of Delta Phi (and presumably to the Athenaeans, who, busy in a revived enthusiasm for attendance, failed to record the gift) several volumes and a handful of pamphlet literature on peace. They were recognized, eventually, as propaganda and did not come down to the university library as has so great a part of both society collections.

On May 11, Lister spoke briefly and privately before Athenaean Society and the boys who had learned that no good came of asking for publication privilege thanked him quietly and retired.

The next day the secretary was again in a fluster. The faculty voted to ask that their salaries be set up on a pro rata basis and to Lister was assigned the task of communicating with the treasurer of the Board and asking him to fix a day on which the checks would be paid regularly. This smacked of dictation to the Almighty and the faculty minutes bear witness to nerves.

In mid-May, after stoves had been removed, a cold wave struck the village and the Athenaeans, unable to brook the weather in Hall, went (we are led to suppose) home and to bed. But the end of the stove menace was not yet. The Trustees, sitting on June 24, listened to its committee on stoves and furnaces and granted the committee power to install one or more furnaces in the College. But the committee was not ready to go into action. Furnaces meant flues and a general tearing up of the building, and in December they reported finally in the negative. The Athenaean brothers, meanwhile, lost their
stove, along with their stove pipe, but whether it was mislaid in the depths of the cellar, buried by the furnace committee in their zeal, or dumped down the stairs in the dead of night after the manner of students both before and after Lister's time, is not clear. There is a last wistful reference to the Athenaean stove on October 25, when it was resolved to polish it if and when found. By November 8 a good angel in the person of Nathan Wrench had found the stove, but the pipe must be bought from Society funds and whether this combination of circumstances altered the resolution to polish, is not a matter of record.

The imaginative reader will see in the decision of the Board to continue heating by stoves the hand of destiny. If the stoves had gone, he will reason, there would have been no stove in Anthony Higgins’ room on the 30th of March, 1858. And if Higgins had had no stove there would have been no smoke from burning Assinorums. Hence no murder, and who shall say what might have become of the college? But this is going very far afield.

Two Freshmen, Layton and Fairfax, came before the faculty on June 9 for what that august body took to be a surfeit of absences, both from recitations and from prayers, and to the unhappy Lister fell the task of informing the parents that their sons had been admonished and were under discipline. Whether the faltering style of the minutes is the result of misunderstanding or of confusion, could be determined only if the succeeding record showed that the minutes had been read and corrected. This not being the habit of the faculty in 1845, we are permitted to assume that the secretary mistook himself for the president, or the president for himself, and the state of Layton and Fairfax being worse rather than better thereafter, it is not impossible that he took his error seriously, and left to the uninformed neglect of the president a task which he found distasteful in the extreme.

Five days later Athenaean Society, playing Mary as always to Delta Phi’s Martha, arrived first at a debate on the advantages of public as over against private education. Delta Phi was abreast of the question by the middle of the following October, by which time the Athenaeans, shivering in a stoveless room, were facing with meager success the problem of tobacco in any or all forms. Members of Delta Phi, if they presumed to use tobacco in the presence of the linen covered carpet, were admonished privately, and not made subject to record. Or, horrid thought, was that the function of the linen cover? There were examinations in June, followed by a determination of annual averages on which Junior exhibition and the printing of the Commencement program depended. On the
23rd the faculty approved (forsooth) the President's report to the Board of Trustees and appended a recommendation that a system of prizes be established as rewards for eminence in particular branches. Prof. Allen asked and was granted permission to approach one or more members of the Board on the subject of authorizing department heads to use their discretion about the conduct of Academy classes in which there were boys who were not preparing for college. Whether Prof. Allen thought better of it, or whether the members were not interested and therefore never introduced the question for discussion is not as important now as the appearance of the concept of terminal education at Delaware College a hundred years ago. It is interesting to note that, though entrance to the college at irregular times was not recommended, neither was it prohibited, and entrance examinations appear at scattered intervals through the record of the year.

The Trustees met at the College on June 24, and in addition to indicating approval of the installation of furnaces (later withdrawn) they appropriated $30 for small prizes, and $40 for the college library, received the resignation of Wm. S. Graham, principal of the Academy, who was succeeded by W. W. Ferris and crowned all past indiscretions by approving, along with "other ornaments" the erection of the belfry which was to furnish the town with an eyesore and the faculty with a source of disquiet until well into the present century.

The faculty, meanwhile, were holding a final meeting summing up grades, failures, conditions and re-examinations; and the Delta Phi Society took advantage of an hour of leisure to call a farewell meeting and confer diplomas on its departing members. Is it legitimate to wonder what deviltry was afoot in Athenaeum Hall? In the evening Dr. Joel Parker and the Rev. John L. Grant, both members of the Board, addressed the students in the Oratory, and $40 worth of music was consumed by students, faculty, community and friends. But there was yet a feast of reason to follow this flow of soul. On the evening of June 25th—but I have told you of the Hon. Willard Hall's address to the joint literary societies, how avidly it was consumed and how, when it was printed, it became a drug on the market.

The new term opened in August with new students, new problems and new zeal. The unexpected resignation of Prof. George Allen created both a problem and a need for zeal. The faculty meeting on August 11 was notable. Prof. Porter, who had succeeded to the librarianship along with the professorship of languages, was authorized to spend a part of the $40 appropriated to the library in the purchase of an unabridged Webster. And Lister came into his own. To him was assigned the receipt
of excuses, reports of absence, and general bill of health and conduct of the two lower classes to whom, having never known him as a student, he could, if need be, play the ogre. And to him and Prof. Porter was entrusted the "arrangements for supplying temporarily the vacancy occasioned in the department of languages by the resignation of Prof. Allen," no common task for a man just turning 21, and Oh! how he muffed the minutes!

At that meeting, too, the rules for conduct on Sundays and in Hall and at study hours were revised. Music was ruled out of the public corridors at all times (so deeply had $40 worth of music shaken the fabric of learning) and the practice of musical instruments was restricted to the hours between 10:30 at night and 10 in the morning; but as to which of the intervals between those limits the ruling is not clear.

On the 18th Joseph W. Parker applied for entrance and is set down as admitted in a minute which leaves the impression that the faculty found his case a bitter one and retired in the midst of the examination for prayer. It is perhaps an unhappy wording, accountable as was also his misdating August 18 as August 19, to failing health.

House cleaning overtook the Delta Phi Society (it never overtook the Athenaeans) at the end of August, and along with the discovery of the membership committee's sins of omission, they took stock of books in need of binding and it is here that the Society presents itself for all time to see. The librarian presenting for their approval, among others, The Last Days of Pompeii, German Romances and Don Quixote; they rejected the three named as unworthy of rebinding and recommended "The History of the Reformation."

The Rev. Benjamin J. Wallace succeeded Prof. Allen at the beginning of September and relieved Lister of a part of his extra duties, but he proved to be that most pestiferous of academic nuisances, the new broom that sets about sweeping all things clean. So live a wire was he that he had appealed to the boys everywhere, and the Athenaean Society leading again, elected him to honorary membership on the 10th and Delta Phi followed on the 13th. By the 15th he had evolved a plan for rescuing the school from impending financial crisis by memorializing the Synods of Pennsylvania and Virginia and repaying their financial support by permitting them to sit in on the college examinations. The discussion dragged on and the faculty, who must even then have foreseen the day when this evil must be eradicated by appeal, vacillated between the vision of an easy budget and the certain error of entrusting an old machine to the hands of an enthusiastic novice. And so it was that the faculty yielded to the temptation the Athenaean Literary Society had risen above months before.
The day that saw the opening of Wallace's fund-raising campaign saw, too, the addition of a new duty to Lister's schedule; a duty which he did not see completed. The printing of the college catalogue which had been the work of the President and Prof. Porter, was this year assigned to Prof. Norton and the secretary. It appeared before the end of the year, but with the name of Walter S. F. Graham in the place of Lister's. His health had failed during the autumn, and the death of Simon A. Wilson of the class of '45, sobering to the student body, must have come as a special shock to Lister who had known him both as fellow student and as pupil.

Just when Henry Lister left the college it is not now possible to determine. Several pages have been left blank in the faculty minute book before Prof. Porter appears on Nov. 30th as secretary pro tem. There may have been no meetings, or meetings with no minutes taken, or minutes taken on scratch paper until the book was found—locked up in his room, and never filled in. The Board, meeting on December 16 designated his departure as resignation, but granted him his salary to the end of the year, a circumstance which has given rise to the suspicion that this young tutor had risen above himself, possibly over the spectacular entrance of Wallace into the scene, and had been given a choice between resignation and dismissal with pay, such as Wallace was later given to ease him out without unpleasantness. The theory is reasonable on its face, but not supported by the facts. He died on September 25, 1846, after a lingering illness, and the news reached Newark on the 28th.

The Athenaeum Society was called into two special sessions and passed a resolution on his death. But Delta Phi were busy counting books and catching up on debate; and the faculty, though they met, failed to note or comment upon the death of Lister. They too were busy about the affairs of a very present and a very troublesome world.

It is not necessary or desirable or even possible to pursue pedantically the other years of this administration and those to follow before the closing of the college. President Gilbert resigned on May 8, 1847, and was followed by the grim and serious James Patriot Wilson, of whom it is told that having quarrelled with one of the victims of his youthful wrath he challenged him to a duel. Both pistols missed fire on three consecutive trials, and Wilson, who had either developed cold feet or decided that he was making himself a public laughing stock, compromised by calling it the work of the Almighty, and entered the ministry. This story is also told of his father, so I vouch for nothing.
Wilson was admired and respected by his faculty, and but for an unfortunate wrangle among them might have served us long and well. There had been uneasiness over schedules and curriculum during Gilbert's term in office, but it was the ebullient Benjamin J. Wallace who set the torch to an accumulation of dry disgruntlement by a sermon preached in the Village Presbyterian Church on March 7, 1847, which was to end in his own dismissal, three years of smouldering indignation, and finally, in 1850, the departure of President Wilson. If his life had been preserved in the cause of peace on earth it was being wasted in a small college where every man was at his neighbor's throat.

Tradition has it that Edgar Allan Poe visited the College, or the Academy, a few months before his death, which places it in the Wilson administration, though this is not borne out by the record of Poe's whereabouts in 1849. Interested persons are referred to an article by Dr. Ernest J. Moyne in the 26th series of Delaware Notes, a serious and scholarly work. It is cited in this light-hearted account of the college only because of its light-headed aspect, namely the story that Poe alighted at the Delaware House, across the street from the College, not in the customary manner, but by falling out of the omnibus, and so scandalizing the good people of the town that they gathered their skirts and their children about them and sat down to quiet gossip, instead of taking advantage of a chance of a lifetime to hear the great Poe.

With the succession of William Augustus Norton to the presidency we have the first promotion of a faculty member to that dignity, and the first non-ecclesiastical incumbent. The mathematical difficulties of the Board had at last been solved by the appointment of Norton in 1839, and as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy he had found a welcome place in most of "those opposed eyes which like the meteors of a troubled heaven . . . had lately met in the intestinal shock of civil butchery." He was elected to succeed Wilson, and it should have been a period of perfect peace, but it was brief, and funds were low. Norton, who had been very happy in his scholarly position, teaching, writing and delivering scientific papers, was not happy as an administrator, certainly not as the administrator of an institution which was bound for trouble, and he resigned in August, 1850, after only six months in the office. Here begins a series of short, futile administrations. Rev. Matthew Meigs lasted exactly eight months. Walter
Scott Finney Graham died at the end of three years—our only president except Walter Hullihan who has died in office. The Kirkwood administration lasted two years and a half; Newlin fled the sinking ship after less than three years, and Wiswell outdid—or underdid—they all with two months and a half to his credit.

But again I have outrun my story. There was a new charter in Meigs’ short day, which provided not for the reduction of expenditure, but for the addition of a normal school. Nothing came of it, and it was not until the establishment of the Women’s College in 1913 that anything like teacher training was undertaken seriously. Furthermore, the Trustees were authorized to establish a scientific school for students who might not wish to pursue the regular college course, and unlike the normal school, this plan developed. Walter Scott Finney Graham followed Meigs on April 7, 1851. To his administration belong the great scholarship drive and the two student diaries which survive. He had been a student at the college, graduating in 1837, a man of genial temper and abundant tact who, but for his untimely death, might have seen the college through the hard days ahead. It was not he, but the Trustees, who cooked up the scholarship catastrophe that was to be our undoing. The fund-raising scheme with which Wallace had lighted up the academic firmament in the early 1840’s had netted little, but was the parent of another which provided for the sale of transferable scholarships sold at $100 each until a sum of $50,000 had been realized. Here again was that mystic and hitherto unfortunate figure of $50,000. Of that alone we need not have been afraid, but a child should have seen that transferable scholarships which could be used at any time in the centuries to come, and which admitted without examination or credentials any one whom the purchaser chose to send for a four-year course, were unsound. When staff were added, salaries increased and the building re-roofed, the accumulated $50,000 lost much of its shine, and when a committee of the Board to whom had been delegated “power to act” not only acted but retro-acted and put up on the new roof a belfry which had been approved years before and which was to cost well nigh as much as the roof itself, and stand for sixty-five years, in incongruity surpassed only by that of the minaret with which the Turks adorned the ruins of the Parthenon, the blind should have seen.

The scholarships, of which we have still an almost perfect copy, provided scope for one more indiscretion: like bonds, they were
printed with coupons attached, and there was no specification as to how many of those coupons might be used by how many people at any one time.

At this point I am sorely tempted to draw heavily on material from the Cleaver Diary. But I shall do you one turn better, and refer you to the text. It is too good to be given only in snatches, except in so far as single entries may light up the period. It appeared in volume 24 of Delaware Notes, of which there are still copies available at the University Library.

Good as the Cleaver diary is, and juvenile as is the Mustard record, the latter contains one passage which I cannot let pass unmentioned. This diary has not been published as has that of Cleaver, and justly so; but Mustard’s trip to the circus should be. On June 20, 1853, he sets down:

After breakfast heard a band of music, and hurried out and saw a waggon, six horses and a band and then there followed 20 or 25 waggons, it was a circus. I think I must go. the students applied for holiday but did not get it but the faculty decided that if we obtained excuse we might go about ten o’clock I started Tickets 25¢, the music played and by & by in came a beautiful lady on horseback, five men on one bay. The girls was lovely, and they acted and performed several feats. It was very interesting to me but the most interesting was the two girls. They took my eye and heart. Oh what a shame such beautiful innocence creatures as they are, to be associated with such low affairs. I could almost redeem them from such degradation. But they will probably be disgraced and ruined ... Reed, Abrahams & I went out in the yard and played circus. I had on my drawers.

Just before Cleaver’s time, and still warm in the public humor, was the story of Olivia Miller. Just across from the Deer Park, where the Atlantic filling station now stands, there was until a few years ago a respectable house whose only disadvantage lay in the fact that in its later years, it, like the old college and the Deer Park, lay too close to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Mr. Miller’s house was not only respectable, but so was he, and his daughter was to have nothing to do with the riff-raff at the college. The story concerns one of the younger boys who looked with favor on the lady and said as much to one of his seniors who replied, “That ought to be easy. Miss Miller walks in the garden every evening, and if you round the corner and step over the fence, I can think
up something to talk to Mr. Miller about on the front porch”; and he did. It would have been pleasanter for Olivia and the underclassman if that something had not been, “Pardon me, Mr. Miller, but there seems to be a strange character in your garden talking to your daughter.”

Graham had taken up his presidential duties with a number of stipulations, one of which kept him in constant trouble: he was to employ the faculty and pay them from his own resources, and whatever might be left after these payments was to go to him as his part of the venture. The Evans Papers are full of undated scraps of paper on which Graham scribbled hurried notes of appeal: “Please give Mrs. Holland $5. I will certainly pay you this evening—I am troublesome I know, but will not be able to get my money changed until the return of a gentleman from Wilmington, who will be here this afternoon...” “Please give Moses $5. and I will give it back to you Monday morning. I have not a dollar and will have to wait until M. comes in... and Moses needs it now.” “Mr. Evans: I arrived here one day before the small note you were so kind as to cash for me was due, but took to bed immediately and have been almost used up. Please excuse my neglect—it was out of my power to think about anything and I was for two days almost out of my mind. I sat up a little yesterday, and am up now, but cannot for my life go and see you. Excuse your obliged friend, W.S. F.G.”

This custom of relying upon Evans for help in time of financial crisis was not a peculiarity of Graham’s but standard practice in the whole neighborhood, and there are in the Evans collection hundreds of torn bits of paper asking that Mr. Evans, or the Evans Brothers who had originally conducted their affairs in partnership, give this or that servant commodities to the amount of two dollars and seventeen cents and a half.

On February 16, 1854, Cleaver said: “President Graham is reported better, and when he comes back it will restore order.” On February 27 Professors Ferris, Kirkwood and Boswell were appointed a committee “to communicate to the president the wishes of the faculty with regard to his intended resignation & to request him, if consistent with his inclination, not to dissolve his connection with the institution entirely but to make such arrangements as will relieve him of the responsibility now weighing upon him.” On March 10 Cleaver records: “This afternoon President Graham died.
Society was called in session, and there has been much thinking of the shortness of life.” At the next meeting of the Board, Daniel Kirkwood was elected to the presidency. Like Eben Horsford, he was to go on to bigger and better things in the field of science. Like Norton, he found administrative duties irksome, and in October, 1856, he accepted a call to the chair of mathematics and astronomy in Indiana University. In 1855, during his presidency, but only remotely related to the college, the first bank opened in Newark. It is partly the lack of a bank in Graham’s time that accounts for the many applications to George Evans, of which I have given only a sample.

With President Newlin comes the College’s darkest hour. He was at odds with his faculty from the beginning, was considered arbitrary, difficult of access and untactful. He was, on the other hand, a man of poise and presence, and made a good appearance on the platform and at Board meetings, but he left the students cold and some of the faculty angry.

I wish it were not necessary to go into the facts relating to the Roach murder. They have been treated by Handy and Vallandigham, by Powell in his History of Education in Delaware, and definitively discussed on the hundredth anniversary of the occasion by Richard C. Quick in a long and careful study which appeared in the 1958 issue of Delaware Notes. Here again, let me refer the interested reader to a better account than I can give you. If this material were being given as a University course with credit attached, I should require as collateral reading, Handy and Vallandigham, the Cleaver diary, the Academy and College chapters in Powell, and Quick’s “Murder at Delaware College” and like most required reading you would find them no fun at all. To most of us Roach is neither fun nor sorrow. He has been forgotten almost as thoroughly as William Howell, the Indian boy who died from a broken back nine years before, when he was pushed down the college stairs. I stood on the threshold of Old College at noon on March 30, 1958, one hundred years later to the hour after Roach’s death, and I stood there alone. No student organization is interested in replacing Howell’s sadly worn stone in the Methodist cemetery, and it is understandable that they should not be. Neither Roach nor Howell nor William Henry Cosden was greatly interested in the past. Or in our part of the future.

But the effects of the death of John Edward Roach on the steps
of the college building at noon on March 30, 1858, and the events which grew out of it, were so important that we cannot pass it with only mention.

It is the event in our whole history about which the generally uninterested stop to inquire, and it is the event about which the casually informed are most often mistaken. It was, in the first place, not the result of a literary society difference. For once there was trouble and the literary societies as such were not in it. In the second place, it was not as “unpremeditated” as we like to think. And in the third place there can be little doubt as to who committed the crime. Finally, it was not the death of Roach that closed the college for the eleven-year stretch between 1859 and 1870, but the drain upon the already depleted treasury caused by persons who, having invested in the now outmoded but still valid scholarships, insisted on selling them back to the college at their original cost. It cleared away for all time the financial responsibility which might, but for the Roach affair, have lasted into our own day.

There were, in the college year of the period, two high spots: Commencement in July, and Junior Exhibition at the end of the winter term. Commencement was, as Cleaver shows us, a hectic affair, made a little more so by the mill boys who tended to filter into the hall and spoil what was intended as an imposing ceremony. But Junior Ex. had come to be a kind of town and college saturnalia in preparation for which the underclassmen tried—usually successfully—to get a copy of the Juniors’ program and have printed off a vulgar—sometimes obscene—parody which they distributed in the hall before the meeting. It was of course the ambition of the victims to avoid being victimized, but this rarely happened, and on this occasion the parody was printed, and arrived from the printer on the morning of the affair, well in time for the meeting. Two bundles of this objectionable document were hidden in the room of one of the younger boys, and a guard was left to cover the room during the lunch hour while most of the boys, young and old, were scattered down the length of Main Street in the several boarding houses which had long since taken the place of the unsuccessful commons.

A single guard was enough to suggest hidden treasure, but not enough to fight off an invading party, and if the party had been clever they might not only have captured, but destroyed, the pro-
grams. The guard was tied, and the papers taken; but in their haste the tying was not well done, and he escaped down the village street calling out the alarm. Students sprang from every door and raced for the college, and after one or two false trials located the raiding party in the room of Anthony Higgins. The bundles had been stuffed into the pot-bellied stove, but the boys had failed to realize that a tightly fastened package of papers, like a closed book, does not burn. The rescue party tussled with the invaders, pulled the partly burned papers out of the stove, and in their zeal to save them, lighted rug, bed covering, curtains and any other inflammable object with which they came in contact.

At this point we must go back to the previous day when a faculty meeting had sat upon the case of one Isaac Weaver and found him eligible for prompt removal from the college. He and Roach had not been intimate nor is there any reason to think them enemies, but Roach was a very serious-minded youth, possibly not blessed with the inter-student loyalty which has so often made discipline difficult, and one reads between the lines—and only between the lines—that he had in some way been responsible for the faculty's action. Weaver had not left yet, and one account has it that as he and the other boys were hurrying to the hall, he made a remark about Roach in particular which ties in with the events of the next few minutes.

What all these events were it was afterwards difficult to ascertain, but murder is a grim business, and most of the boys saw fit to tell as much of the truth as they had been able to observe in the smoke-filled room. Remarks, some of them misleading, had been heard in the halls and on the stairs, and Weaver had been seen approaching the room with a dirk held in a melodramatic manner; and this, taken together with the fact that a bloody knife was found in his portmanteau and bloody water in his wash bowl, pointed strongly in his direction.

One of the other boys met Roach as he emerged from the fray and, seeing the blood, thought it a heavy nosebleed, and said, "I did that to you, John Roach, and I'd do it again." Then, discovering that the blood issued from a gash in his throat, he turned white and exclaimed, "Oh God! I didn't do that." He and one other boy were held along with Weaver, but they were released after the hearings.

A semiannual meeting of the Board was in session in the presi-
dent's room, but those gentlemen had somehow taken no more than a slightly disturbed interest in the commotion. They had appropriated, for the evening affair, the sum of $25 for music that was destined never to be heard, but their patience expired with the uproar that accompanied the staggering Roach to the front door, and there sitting on the sill they found him. There were two physicians in this august body, but nobody with skill enough to close a severed carotid artery. Shortly afterwards the victim was dead. There was a certain amount of amateur detective work on the part of the Trustees, whose activities did more toward destroying evidence than toward saving it and simplifying the trial, which came off in May. It was attended by all of the curious and morbid folk of the area; evidence which bore not at all on the matter in hand was used as a red herring, and the technicality arising from the fact that what Roach had been able to say had been said at a time when he did not know that he was dying combined to free the terrified Weaver.

He returned to Baltimore, and the faculty were glad to be rid of him, even at the cost. Two peculiar legends—and they may be very little more—arose from the unhappy incident. Since the days of President Mason the college veranda and steps had been covered with a wooden topping which, while it saved wear on the steps, must have complicated life the day Farmer Hossinger's bull spent many hours and much indignation on the platform. It may very well be that a certain amount of Roach's blood filtered under this planking, but it is highly unlikely that the extensive stains found on the stones when the wood was removed in 1917, fifty-nine years later, had anything to do with Roach or Weaver. It is almost as likely that they were four years older, and marked the night the bull spent on the porch. The other legend, if it be a legend, is more gruesome and more fantastic, but comes to us with a little better documentation. The story has it that a few years after the tragedy Weaver died in Baltimore from a wound inflicted by a flying piece of metal, thrown off from an exploding flywheel, and like Roach, bled to death from a severed carotid artery.

The university owns the only known perfect copy of the sham program, and I have seen one imperfect copy. Neither shows any mark of having been through fire.

But the fire through which the college was to pass was just beginning. People who may have had no intention of using the
scholarships they had purchased seven years earlier, and people who
had neither chick nor child upon whose education they could have
been applied, lined up, scholarship in hand, and wanted to know
why. . . . This discontent goes back in part to a change in college
policy making scholarships non-negotiable. We had still a small
amount of Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock, and
practically all of it went to the purchase of scholarships which we
could not use, and some that people could not even find, but which
we were glad to have out of circulation.

College fees had risen with the years, but they were not equal to
the strain which misfortune had put upon them. In 1859 tuition
was $12 per term instead of $10; room rent had gone up to $3 per
term; fuel ranged from $2.25 upwards; janitor's wages $.75; use of
the library (we were open one hour per week) $.75. Board was
no longer available in the College, so did not enter into the business,
but there were incidental expenses, assessments for damages, and
an entrance fee.

College opened again in the fall of 1858, a more serious, thoughtful
institution, but attendance had fallen off for reasons which one can
understand. There was once again no money to pay salaries or for
upkeep. On January 18, 1859, the never popular President Newlin
turned over to the Trustees, and the Trustees handed on to the
Rev. George Franklin Wiswell the wheel of a sinking institution,
and on March 30, just a year after the Roach murder, Delaware
College closed its doors.
V

NEWARK, THE ACADEMY AND THE COLLEGE, 1859-1870

During the twenty-five years between the opening of the College in 1834 and its solemn close in 1859, 454 students of college and prep-school rank had entered the school and 126, somewhat over a quarter of these, had been graduated. The catalog begins late and in several years was not published or has not survived to our day, but lists were printed for the two literary societies in the ’50’s and again in the ’80’s, giving the names of their members and short—usually very short—biographies from their beginnings; and very few students stayed long in the college without being elected to one of the societies.

Now the quarter century was over, the school had closed, and after a few days the last straggler had gone home; and though the Trustees had yet to close up the business of the College, the town saw little of them, and the mill boys from the paper factory and Dean’s woolen mill and the Casho machine shop, who had cooperated with students in making night hideous and all evening social and academic functions venturesome, had the town to themselves.

There was still Miss Hannah Chamberlain’s school, which had succeeded Parson Samuel Bell’s female academy, and Miss Maggie Wilson was to open a dame school before the revival of the College, but Miss Chamberlain’s school was ruled with a firmer hand than it had known under Bell, and Miss Wilson’s school, when it opened in 1869, was patronized by small fry, both boys and girls, but largely of the age of the small girl whom Cleaver encountered. He had set down on November 25, 1853: “I gave a little girl a kiss who was crying in the street, but she cried louder and put her arms around my neck and I had a chore drying her tears and finding her way home. Now I am the butt of a lot of wit bearing on young ladies.” And on November 26: “I still hear about kissing strange young ladies on the street.”

This, you understand, was before Miss Wilson’s day, but not before Miss Chamberlain’s. To her the homesick little Emma Clark had come in 1856, and from this school the not yet entirely “finished” Miss Clark had written on January 18, 1859, a few weeks before the College closed:

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My own Mother: [Not "Darling Ma" as she had written two years before.] I have just finished a letter to Lizzie Comegys and I could not close my port folio and put my things away without writing you a letter, for I know well if I don’t write today I will not have time again until the later part of next week.

I had a good cry after Pa left, I did not feel much like remaining. We have but nine boarders now, not quite as many as I heard were here. I am taking music lessons from Miss Maggie Chamberlain [for nepotism flourished in Hannah Chamberlain’s school as it was afterward to flourish in the Academy under Albert N. Raub]. The girls all like her very much, and I think she’s very nice, and hope I will improve very much. Ma, Mary Knowles has a fire in that room next to ours and I want to ask you if I can pay half for this fire? Last session we said something about having fire and Mrs. Knowles wrote to Miss Chamberlain asking her to let Mary have the room and I don’t like to sit in the room and dress there without paying some of it. [Where Miss Chamberlain’s school was at this time we do not know. We have a record of six of her many locations from which she moved so often and with so little notice that her family said of—and I fear to—her, that they suspected that she never paid her rent.]

Last evening Willie Clark and Harrie spent here, We had a very pleasant time indeed. There is going to be a lecture here next Friday evening by a Mr. Sheden, in the Old School Church. I think the admission is 25¢, whether we will go or not I do not know. Ma will you please bring me some hair grease? I forgot to get some and I have not a bit. Some lard will do with some kind of smelling stuff in it. Do you think Sade Barr will be here next week? If I thought she would come on Monday I would send this letter by her but I am afraid she will never see Newark. Just like it was last season. Pa said you would be up in two weeks, Ma you must come and I shall look for you if it does not rain and the roads are good. Please do come. If you knew how glad I always am to see you, you would come. If you don’t come I think you might write oftener than you did last term. What does Mrs. Ash call the baby? Has she decided yet? Ma I am writing this at night, and if Miss C. knew it she would give me something I would not fancy. I have locked the door and I can put my things away before she comes in. Annie is sitting here knitting her cloud. She will soon have it done; please have three stitches put on mine.

Again I pause, to consider two little girls sitting in an unheated room behind a locked door on a night in mid-January. That the
handwriting is legible at all is ground for wonder. Interlinear reading makes it fairly clear that the girls were supposed to study under these conditions, else why should Miss Chamberlain not be surprised and suspicious when she knocked and found them up and dressed but engaged in nothing in particular?

She continues:

I went to Dr. Haines today, and he found three places to fill. Oh! my it did hurt! I have two other places to do next week. [This is Dr. Eri Haines who had come to Newark not long before, and for whom Haines Street is named.]

Annie sends a great deal of love to you, Pa and Julia. Tell Sis I have those beautiful pictures she drew for me, both of them.

I do wish I could be at home now. Tell Louisa Beck I think she might write to me, she has been promising me she would for so long and she can write to Lizzie but not to me.

Give my love to Aunt Sally and tell her that I want some more good things. Give Oh! so much love to Pa and little Sis, also to all my friends. I do wish you would come up. I must say good night, dear Mother and please write soon to your own daughter

Emma.

P. S. Won't you please have my calico dress washed and bring it up to me, and my little flannel petticoat and if you find my little breast pin please bring it. Don't let anyone move those books, for I want to have them to read. Good bye; do please come up soon.

Miss Chamberlain's school was to figure in our history, first as one of the agencies functioning in Old College during the closed period, and then as a part of Newark Academy from 1873 to '77 while she was its principal.

It was easier to close the College than it had been to set it in motion twenty-five years before, but it is sometimes difficult to be sure how much of the Board's activity had to do with the College and how much of it was Academy business, for it was not until near the end of the eleven-year period that the Trustees divided into College and Academy Boards, and during most of this second Babylonian captivity, Rathmell Wilson's name appears on all bills, though many of them can hardly apply to the dormant college.

President Wiswell's appointment had been an unpaid, pro tem., affair to which he agreed only because it was obviously not going to last; and the first business of the Trustees was to elect someone
to preside over the expiring College, and again, as they had done twice before, and as they were to do again at the half tragic, half comic close of John Hollis Caldwell's term in 1888, they turned to the president of the Board. The idea of appointment without pay had not only been given precedent in the short Wiswell administration, but had now become a matter of pressing financial necessity, and one of the qualifications to be kept in mind was that the new man be wealthy enough or profitably enough occupied in some other business so that he could give the school his services and expect no return. Rathmell Wilson had both of the necessary qualifications, and like Gilbert, twenty-five years before, he had been president of the Board long enough to know the nature and the extent of the College's troubles. Neither he nor anyone else knew what to do about them.

Rathmell Wilson appears "near" Newark in the late 1830's though it was not until some ten years later that Oaklands was built on the rising ground west of the town. He had married into the Meteer family as Waugh had married into the Platts, and by 1850 one of his four brothers had added himself permanently to the growing household, and a second was in frequent attendance. They were the sons of Edward Wilson, a prominent and prosperous Liverpool iron merchant whose American headquarters were in Philadelphia, where their great town-house on Walnut Street stood until swept away in the present century. Edward died in 1843 and left to his sons an almost fabulous fortune, and it was shortly after his death that Rathmell and his elder brother Thomas Bellerby Wilson had built the great country house at Oaklands. We have in a couple of stub-books and an account book, dating from the period of the building, records of single checks for as much as £11,000, and when St. Thomas Church was building in the '40's, two-fifths of the cost was borne by Rathmell and Thomas Bellerby.

If he would undertake so profitless a venture, Wilson was the logical man, and not only was the presidency bestowed upon him, but the empty treasury. We had been counting our pennies with decreasing enthusiasm for a long time, and on March 30, 1859, we counted them again and found that we had still $2,200 in Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore mortgages and the promise of $1,000 from the estate of Benjamin Naglee, which was being contested by the other heirs. They (the heirs) never got it, but the cost of the litigation which continued into the '70's took so much
of it that we would have done well not to count it at all. The Academy funds were better. They had $6,630, and if to this we add the college's $3,200, real and imaginary, there was a possible (or impossible) $9,830. I have occasionally felt that the discussion of this impecunious period bore some resemblance to a terrestrial globe, on which, being on a very small scale, there was room only for a few places and Timbuktu appears in the desert, not because it is important, but because there is nothing else to be shown there, and is printed as large as Chicago.

This is not really true. The reopened college of 1870 was not to be a rejuvenation but a rebirth, and from at least some of the events of the closed period, both local and national, there were to spring both satisfaction and heart burnings that were to reach well into our own day. But more of that when we come to it. At the moment we were not only in the penny-pinching mood, but in a get-it-for-nothing mood, and having appointed Rathmell Wilson to the acting presidency without stipend, we called to the dormant chair of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature the Rev. James L. Vallandigham at the same figure. What we hoped to do with him it is hard to say, and why, having embarked upon this career of make-believe, did we not go the whole way, and build up a really distinguished faculty at salaries of nothing per year, with no duties attached thereto? Here is an opportunity for interesting if not for productive speculation.

Unlike Vallandigham, Wilson had business before him, and in a series of six Board meetings between March 30, 1859, and November 15, 1860, he guided the Trustees, over whom he had theoretically no longer any control, through the necessary formalities of closing up the College business.

First there were salaries. W. H. Savage had come in 1858 and had been of much help in the crises of the past year, and Talleyrand Grover had been with us since 1852, and figures, in a mild way, in the Cleaver diary. It was he who found himself done in effigy in a coffin at college prayers. "He took the prayers," said Cleaver, "and turned the table by inviting those who thought it was funny to sit up on the mourning bench, and nobody did and we all felt a little sheepy." Savage and Grover were paid to the end of the year, i.e., until July; the rest of the faculty, and there were not many, were paid only to the end of the term. Nathan Wrench was paid off, and so disappears from college history; he died in 1865,
five years before the awakening of the school, and so there passes from our view that cooperative soul who served the Negro community almost as faithfully as George Evans served everyone, Negro or white; who, when the college boys tracked mud into the hall, made his indignation known, and who, when they thirsted, gave them to drink. Only the departing President Wiswell went away empty-handed, but with a heart full of gratitude that he had escaped further detention.

Then there was the storage of the college chronometer, and the diploma plate, and the college seal, and the steel engraved plate which the College and the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad had prepared very early in the history of Newark College and which had been used by both for publicity purposes. To Rathmell Wilson safety meant a box in a Philadelphia bank, and to Philadelphia they went, but it is hard to explain why they turned up, when they did, not in a bank, but in the shops of Riggs & Bro., importer of clocks, and of Wm. Quinn at the corner of 3rd and Market Streets, and in the hands of the Miles family, and in the case of the seal, in the shop of a nameless Philadelphia pawnbroker. They seem to have gone out of sight entirely for a time, for it was not until January 14 and August 20, 1864, respectively, that the chronometer and the diploma plate turned up; the steel engraving was not found until June 16, 1869, and some years after the reopening of the college the pawnbroker notified us of the whereabouts of the seal, and offered to sell it back to us for what it had cost him.

Certain bills were presented which had not been paid, or for which we had lost the receipted originals. Under the careful eye of George Evans both seem unlikely; but we still owed for the printing of the 1856 and '57 diplomas, which we seem not to have thought it worth while to have printed in quantity. Insurance needed to be attended to, for a deserted building courts disaster. Paint and roof repairs were needed, and suddenly the doorknobs which the boys had thrown at Parson Bell, together with those Cleaver found in a cold unwelcoming little clutch at the bottom of his bed and those which the boys had been rolling down stairs and along halls at unholy hours of night for a quarter of a century, began to weigh heavily upon the Trustee conscience. If the building were to be rented in part or as a whole, it would be well to replace them, but in its first months of uncertainty the Board was thinking
not in terms of renting the college but of resurrecting it. There is a nebulous reference to a proposed affiliation with Lafayette College, but under whose supervision is not clear. Nothing came of it, and the college set about selling itself down another river. Would the Episcopalians or the Presbyterians like a college?

At a Board meeting on July 5, 1859, at which Rathmell Wilson's acting presidency was changed to a full and bona fide appointment, though still without salary, a committee of five was set up to revive the College. By November, 1860, the business had gone far enough so that the Episcopalians were asking:

1. Does the charter require that the College be located in any given place?
2. Does the charter give the state any control over the College, and if so, what?
3. By whom are the Trustees appointed?
4. Is the present Board made up of Episcopalians?
5. If not, what is it proposed shall be done about it?
6. What are the individual Trustees' responsibilities for the debts of the college?
7. What is the present endowment and income?
8. What plan is proposed for re-opening the College?
9. How much money is needed for the purpose?
10. Are the funds to come from endowment or from annual contribution?

That the thing got so far may well be due to the fact that President Wilson was himself an Episcopalian. They could have gone further, for the Board was ready to concede that the next twelve Trustee appointments be Episcopalians. But the matter died down, possibly because Wilson found it in his duty to advise the Episcopalians as well as the College, and we hear no more of it. The Presbyterian reaction was a clear-cut "No." On June 5, 1860, James Hossinger wrote to his brother, "There is some talk of the College starting again under the care of the Episcopalians. It is said that Bishop Lee of Wilmington has accepted the presidency of it, and that they are to have a meeting in July to make final decision. It will be a happy day for Newark if it should start again, as all business is about at a stand except selling and drinking whiskey, which I think is greater than ever before."

In 1862 the first Morrill Act made possible the use of federal funds with which in the course of time the College was to be revived, but by this time the Civil War was upon us and the
Trustees had gone into a six and a half year hibernation from which what was left of them was not to awake until February 19, 1867. The Academy continued to function, at first without a principal, and then, after two years under the tutor, the Rev. Whitman Peck, who had missed election to the principalship by what seemed to some people irregular practice, the Board agreed upon Edward D. Porter, who was to be a power in the village for many years to come. The irregularity is worthy of notice. A meeting of the Trustees had been properly called, had met, with a quorum, and nominated Peck with what looked like reasonable backing, when recess was called for lunch, after which his supporters found themselves with the necessary majority still, but without a quorum. And so the Rev. Whitman Peck passes out of our lives.

In the meantime the literary societies were engaged in that

... solemnrest of industries
Enacted upon earth,
The sweeping up the heart
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

The Athenaean Society had met on March 26, 1859, and fixed upon a program for the next meeting, either unaware of approaching destiny, or with teeth clenched in determination that it should not be so. Two days after the close of the College, Delta Phi’s committee on disposition of property met in Society Hall and packed in wooden boxes their books, and some of their older records, and delivered them into the safe keeping of one R. J. Keeling about whom we know very little except that he seems to have arisen Venus-like from the mill-pond to accept them, and that he gave a lecture before one of the audiences who worked their way into the deserted college oratory and another before the Newark Library and Literary Society, and retired into an obscurity from which I cannot call him back. It is just possible that I have already called back too many obscure people. Let us proceed.

The inventory of Delta Phi’s property taken on this day and set down in the society minutes covers the books (but does not list them), framed pictures and daguerreotypes, their manuscript records, 6 settles, 4 arm chairs, 1 desk, 1 table, 1 stove, 1 gavel, 1 ballot box, 3 spittoons, ink stands and the carpet. What, I wonder, had become of the linen cover? The charter and certain
records were not given to Mr. Keeling, but to Miss Lizzy Wilson, from whom they were collected a month later, and the furniture was locked up, not very safely, in the society hall.

The Athenaean Society met again on April 13, more interested in maintaining a series of annual meetings than in the hall or in the furniture. It was an all-day meeting, and a committee was appointed to take care of the details. The expression “In the event of the revival of the College” is a far departure from the spirit of the meeting eighteen days before, at which the very possibility of closing was ignored. In August there was a Delta Phi reunion in Hall, a rather feeble affair. There was some talk of dividing the books and furnishings among members; but who wanted a carpet? or the settles? or three spittoons? So Delta Phi locked its hall and departed, leaving the key with the College’s good angel, George G. Evans. In 1861 and ’62 Mr. Evans stood the society in good stead: the Newark Library and Literary Society was so near collapse that its members were discussing the sale of its furniture, when someone—Mr. Keeling was by this time a member—suggested helping themselves to the Delta Phi library and bookshelves—and settles? and arm chairs? carpet? spittoons? gavel?—and obtained access to the hall and a carpenter’s estimate on the cost of moving the book shelves. Luckily they were nailed to the wall, and the word reached George Evans’ ear before they could be shifted. They were not moved, and when on June 27, 1869, the society held its reunion “Exhibition” it found a very dirty, disorderly hall, but nothing had been removed from it. Thanks to the Evans family the libraries and the manuscript journals of both literary societies were to escape once more, for when Athenaean and Delta Phi united in 1916, and then died before the oncoming fraternities and the First World War, George Evans’ daughters undertook to store, in the quaint brick barn which still survives* across South College Avenue from Brown Hall, the discarded and forgotten books. They were removed to the new Memorial Library in 1924, and there I found them in 1930, a pretty pathetic collection of books, but manuscript records from which comes much of our knowledge of student life in the early years of the institution.

The College library did not do so well. First the library fund was transferred to the general college fund, and then a catalog of the library was made and the collection was turned over to the Rev. Whitman Peck for use at the Academy. There had been a fifty-

* Demolished later in 1961.
two-page printed catalog in 1843, of which we now have a copy; but what became of the 1859 catalog or inventory I cannot tell you. Many books survive bearing the Newark College and the pre-Civil War Delaware College book plate, but they are a dull lot—theology, philosophy and science. Whatever of interest the College may have had was worn out or carried away by eleven years of Academy boys, and unlike the seal and the diploma plate, came not again.

The Decennial Catalog of the Officers and Students of Newark Academy, published in 1870, lists the students and faculty who attended or served the school during the years 1860 to 1870, and gives a history of the institution which adds little to what we know from other sources, except that the school claimed at that time to have educated over 4000 young men.

A part of the College Board was elected to the Academy Board when the College closed, and for two years Peck carried on nearly alone. There appears to have been an extensive fire at the Academy early in 1860, for a loss of $100 worth of furniture was sustained, hurried repairs were made, and as soon as school was dismissed in April workmen were busy about $700 worth of repairs which did not cover such extras as the gilding of the ball and weather vane atop the building. Another orgy of repair struck the Academy a few years later, and in 1870 the open space between the two old buildings was filled with a third block which is described as Gothic Revival. Barbarian Revival would have come closer to the facts.

But the building still stands. Go and look at it for yourself. Four thousand dollars borrowed from the Curtis paper mill was long outstanding. The Academy and the two old buildings had been reconveyed to the Academy’s rejuvenated Board early in 1870 after ten years of unsatisfactory negotiation, and they expressed their gratitude by contributing $500 for the purpose of repairing and refitting the two literary society halls. And they returned what was left of the College library.

In other quarters education had not stood still. Two village schools, one behind Mr. Grover Surratt’s real estate office and another beyond the B. & O. R. R. which has been converted into the dwelling in which Dr. Musselman lives, had been functioning since before the war. Miss Chamberlain’s school, together with a daguerreotype gallery and a miscellany of other mysteries, had been housed in the otherwise inactive college building, and when the builders reduced the structure to a shell of outer wall in 1917, they
found tucked away in one of the chimneys—possibly Anthony Higgins’ fatal chimney—a soot-covered doll which some small girl, as fearful of Miss Chamberlain’s wrath as Emma Clark had been, had hidden there and failed to reclaim. It was shown to several students loafing about the old building, and some sentimental and history-loving soul procured a Mason jar in which poor dolly was placed, and built back into the wall. I have mentioned the founding of Miss Wilson’s school during the closed period.

But about all this there is nothing that marks an epoch. It was left to John Congo to organize a Negro school in his house at the corner of Corbit Street and the New London Road in 1860, and about 1866 this was expanded and removed to a schoolhouse built of discarded army barracks materials. At about the same time John Fletcher Williamson, who was a few years later to prove himself one of the town’s good and great men, was teaching an adult Negro class—possibly a Sunday school affair, and on September 15, 1866, a Negro Sunday school picnic was held—where? Where else but on the College campus?

Let me go back to the Cleaver diary. On December 1, 1853, he writes:

There was a Nigger boy at the College this morning making his way to Wilmington and the north, and asking for shelter until night, but Rev. Graham would not let him stay, and said the College must not break the law even when the law seems wrong, and after he had said that to the boys he went away and did not ask what was done with him. So we put him up in the second floor lumber room until night and when he got cold Savin took him in and the boys in his room gave him a coat and went out collecting. I gave the boots that came to me for mine, and Turner calls me “Nigger-lover” but would have given too I think if he had had anything to give. He left during study hour. There is a strange suppressed excitement and it is a kind of sober quiet too.

He adds on December 3: “I was called to debate the justice of taking America from the Indians, but the Nigger boy has put out our ideas of justice.” Again on December 5:

DuHamel heard in Wilmington of a Nigger boy being taken, which sounds like our boy but not certain, and did not dare ask details. Most of our boys are very sorry to hear of it, and we hope it is not the boy we helped, which seems to me not to be the matter but that a black boy has been taken back from
freedom to live all his life a slave. I am uncertain what I shall write for Society. I may write about the black boy.

There is perhaps no better place to give you the account of Newark during the Civil War which Edward N. Vallandigham wrote many years later, and which appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, without his name or the name of the town, in July, 1907. That it is his and that Newark is the unnamed town is more than apparent from internal evidence. It is with some hesitation that I introduce so long a quotation into an already overlong account, but the original is difficult to come by, and the text lights up not only Newark’s history but a phase of American Civil War history which I have not seen treated so well elsewhere.

To every man whose boyhood fell within the period of the Civil War and of the events immediately leading up to it, that long and savage struggle must forever remain a prime element in experience. As I look back to my own childhood, the time before 1861 seems as a sunny land of dozing quiet shut away behind a high impassable wall from the turmoil of the period that immediately followed, and from all the thickening years even to this day. My ear even now seems to catch from behind that wall the soft, barefoot patter of the few slaves that trod the streets of our little Border State village. In the drowse and hush of that sunny vanished land I see dim familiar figures moving with languid grace, and faces that link that time almost with the beginning of the Republic. Indeed, some half-beliefs and semi-superstitions of the period seem one with far earlier times.

One of my liveliest visions of the period is that of my tall, elder brother with tense, angry face silently tearing all the leaves of a book from its cover, and thrusting the volume bodily into the fire. That book, I make small doubt, was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or possibly Helper’s *Impending Conflict*. It was a matter of astonishment to the child, such a performance by the infallible elder brother in a house where books were almost sacred things; but even that significant vision does not disturb the peace of the sheltered land behind the wall, as I now recall that dim, delightful country.

Another vision of that land and period shows me a green arch spanning the dusty village street in front of my father’s house. Where the keystone of the arch would have shown had it been of masonry . . . there hung a bell woven of white flowers. The emblem was that of the so-called Constitutional Union Party, which in 1860, with futile opportunism, sought to ignore the burning issue of the time, and to send Senator Bell to the White
House in the name of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. Even the turmoil of that election did not suffice to break for me the peace of my afternoon land behind the wall. It was all a spectacle provided for the delight of childish eyes,—the daylight parades in which appeared wagon-loads of girls in red, white and blue, each to typify a State in an unbroken Union; better still the torchlight processions at night, when neighbors afoot, and other neighbors looking half-heroic and wholly unfamiliar on horseback, moved through the village street beneath the flare of their smoky torches to the music of shrilling fifes, until they seemed in their distant trailing mass like a great fiery serpent. Ever since, on frosty October nights beneath the stars I seem to hear that shrill music of the fifes, and to see those fiery serpents unroll their enormous coils.

With that picturesque campaign and election came for us the end of peace. We were Copperheads, and uncomfortably conspicuous as such, for a peculiarly bold and hated leader of the faction was a relative bearing our own name. As a matter of fact, I was the only male member of the family to escape arrest for disloyalty. One brother was seized just as he was about to lead a band of Marylanders into the Confederacy from the Eastern Shore of Virginia; another was banished to the South with a family of our friends at Cumberland. Both brothers eventually joined the Confederate army. My father, pastor of two large country churches, was seized with half a dozen of his neighbors rather late in the contest, and required to take the oath of allegiance. The oath forbade him to give aid and comfort to his own sons.

A Copperhead household in a Border State was in an anomalous position, especially when one of the name was almost daily denounced in the newspapers for sensational acts of opposition to Mr. Lincoln's administration. My childish prayers went up for Jefferson Davis's government. My toy ships were named for the Confederate privateers. Day after day I left the sidewalk and took to the dusty or miry street rather than pass beneath the American flag, which waved from the front of the village post-office. I distinctly recall the family gathering and the expressions of satisfaction when I brought home from a knot of street gossips news of the disastrous Federal defeat at Ball's Bluff. We passed our loyal neighbors then with averted eyes, and firmly believed them the instigators of the petty persecutions that we suffered. My loyal schoolmates taunted me with my hated name, and occasionally expressed their disapproval in acts.

Nevertheless we Copperheads had whatever compensation lay in strong private conviction of a righteous cause. Perhaps the Copperheads will be the very last of those who shared in
the turmoil of the Civil War period to receive dispassionate treatment at the hands of posterity and of the historian. Looking back in the light of what followed, I see how wrong we were, and remember how right we felt. The bitter indictment of the time against us was a true bill: claiming the protection of the flag, we execrated it; and exercising all the privileges of American citizens, we rejoiced at every defeat of the Federal arms, hated the authorities at Washington, and desired nothing so much as the triumph of the Confederacy. We believed that liberty was persecuted in our own persons and those of our fellow-Copperheads; we were convinced that the party in power was bent upon turning the Federal Government into a permanent despotism.

In our partisan blindness we saw in Mr. Lincoln, not the man of infinite patience and charity, amid that desperate conflict ever mindful of the time to come when the mutual enemies of that day should again be brethren in a common country, but the head of a hated tyranny. The blameless beauty of his thought, the almost flawless charm of his style, the simple power of his noble eloquence, were all lost upon us because our perceptions were dulled by the bitterness of the time. The son of a near neighbor, having crept home from the Confederacy to his mother's bedside, was seized and condemned as a spy. Friends on proper terms with the authorities interposed in his behalf, and the clement Lincoln, it was said, declaring it a pity if a poor lad could not visit his sick mother, signed his pardon; but even this act of grace left us stonily unchanged in our opinion of the President.

Strong as effective public opinion was against the Copperheads, a Copperhead family in our village did not suffer odium in mere lonely rectitude. In fact, there were heart-warming little assemblies at one house or another, when minds were freed, and congratulations were exchanged. Boxes of clothing and dainties were made up for the Confederate prisoners in a neighboring fort, though we willingly believed that the best of all we sent was confiscated and enjoyed by the jailers. There were tales of unnecessary suffering at the fort, of three hundred wretched prisoners huddled together with only one stove to warm them in winter. Now and then someone whispered a tale of an escaping prisoner sheltered and sent on his way in a safe disguise. At such gatherings there was a quiet exchange of news from the Confederacy, for other families than ours had sons and brothers in the Confederate service. Now and then some one brought to the meeting a Confederate flag, and saucy girls occasionally wore in public the colors of the Confederacy.

We watched with joy the advance of Lee into Maryland before Antietam, and later the invasion of Pennsylvania, which
seemed to promise a fulfilment of the boast that the horses of the Confederate cavalry should drink of the Delaware at Philadelphia. When a portion of Milroy’s broken and defeated troops marched through the village, we heard with scorn of the feasts spread for them in the street by our loyal neighbors. Philadelphia we hated with a peculiar hatred, as a great community arrogantly calling itself loyal, an adjective that we especially detested. That splendid expression of a people’s loyalty and charity, the Sanitary Fair, we flouted with bitter contempt. For us the Emancipation Proclamation was just another proof that the Administration prosecuted an unnecessary war, not to preserve the Union, but to free the slaves. Of what worth a Union pinned together by bayonets? we triumphantly asked. We believed not only that General Butler habitually purloined domestic silver, but that General Grant was a drunkard, and the President a social barbarian. Hardly any rhyme in ridicule of Mr. Lincoln was too bitter to please us, scarce any caricature too brutally unjust.

The crown of martyrdom was ours when the Copperhead leader whose name we shared was seized and tried by court-martial. The country cried aloud for his blood, and we hardly expected anything short of death as the judgment of his captors. I fear we failed to see the humor, wisdom and mercy of the sentence as commuted by Mr. Lincoln to banishment beyond the Confederate lines. Then came the great disappointment at Gettysburg, to be followed by other Federal victories premonitory of the end. Even, however, amid these triumphs of the enemy we had the consolation of watching with sympathy and glowing hearts the heroic struggle of the doomed Confederacy. There were, too, bright spots of victory even for us. Part of a command to which one brother belonged made a daring raid into Cumberland, Maryland, and carried off two general officers in the presence of 10,000 Federal troops. The captors numbered one hundred men. Did not this, we asked, justify the modest boast that one Southerner was a match for four Yankees?

Often have I asked myself how my father, whose blameless life won him in old age something like a saintly reputation, could have justified to his own conscience his attitude of sympathy toward a cause having for its object the disruption of the Union and the perpetuation of slavery. He had been a Whig in youth, and was all his life a keen lover of politics. He had taken part as a delegate in that enthusiastic National Convention at Baltimore in 1844, which nominated Henry Clay for the presidency. He had practised law with Edwin M. Stanton, who upon occasion shared his office, and whom he remembered not altogether pleasantly as a man of dictatorial temper, given to browbeating witnesses and even the court. Slavery he had
known in its mildest form on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. My mother had been a slaveholder with an uneasy conscience, as her father before her had been. At the death of the latter a considerable sum of money, found in the attic of his quaint old house, with its double chimneyed gables, was conjectured to be the price of the only slave he had ever sold. He could not quite bring himself to profit by such a transaction, though he compromised with his conscience by placing the tainted money where his heirs were likely to come upon it.

To a man thus acquainted with slavery, the abolition movement, with its intensity of denunciation, and its hideous pictures of the hated institution, was at once shocking and puzzling. I am not sure that he ever came to realize the ugliness of slavery per se, and the fact that some of the slaves of his wife's family continued long after the abolition of slavery to be the loving and loyal hired servants of persons connected with their former masters by blood or marriage perhaps strengthened his prepossessions touching the institution. He held the abolitionists responsible for the Civil War, and when the war came he vainly endeavored with many other Border State men to occupy a middle ground. Circumstances came to cut that ground from beneath his feet, and almost in spite of himself he was more sympathetic with the Confederate cause than even the relative whose audacious activities procured him banishment. He took his stand with entire good conscience, and, carefully excluding all political references from his pulpit utterances, was genuinely scandalized by brother ministers who preached abolition and loyalty. Doubtless he loved the Union and would have been glad to see it preserved on terms favorable to the South. All his life he idealized that region.

With the assassination of President Lincoln came a shock that horrified and silenced for the moment all but the bitterest partisans of our little group. We made proper display of mourning as our loyal neighbors did; but neither then nor for a long time after did we come to realize the greatness and goodness of Mr. Lincoln. I know we were shocked as if at sight of sacrilege when he was compared with Washington, and pictured as companioning the father of his country in Paradise. The malignant caricature of the man which had become our conception of him was etched too deeply with the bitter mordant of political hatred to be so easily effaced. I think we and our friends were a little impatient of the long display when the body of the murdered President was carried for days from city to city on its way home to Springfield.

With the war over, our immediate concern was for the missing members of the family. One had surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. The other, a mere boy, barely twenty, small of stature
and woefully near-sighted, mounted on a mule, and provisioned with a little parched corn, had ridden manfully off, hoping to cut his way through to the armed Confederates in the Carolinas. The elder sold his horse Garnett, mounted upon which the Confederate general of that name had received his death-wound, and bought himself clothes with the proceeds. He quaintly said, "I got off Garnett's back, and put Garnett on my back." Both brothers finally reached home. There was nothing in the outfit of the elder to indicate that Garnett had been a specially valuable horse. As to the younger, a photograph of the period shows him a rather ludicrous figure. I am not sure but he came home in his Confederate gray. The plight of these young men was that of several hundred thousand other young Confederates, with the additional hardship in the case of the latter that they often returned to ruined homesteads and neglected lands in a country where civil government was about to be turned into a ridiculous travesty of itself.

There were murmurings among our loyal neighbors at the presence of these red-handed rebels in the community, and threats of violent expulsion. Then came a hopeful sign of the times: a neighbor's son, who had come back from the Federal service with the honorable scar of a bullet wound through the cheek, actually fraternized with the returned rebels. That act was worth more than a whole printed volume of arguments to support the theory that a Union may be pinned together with bayonets. Here was a wound healing by first intention; there in our little group reconstruction had really begun. Among the non-combatants, however, the fires of those old hatreds long burned and smouldered. We and our loyal neighbors were slow at reconciliation. It seems even at this distance of time almost a miracle that the children of some such families are among my nearest friends. The heat and the bitterness of the period still occasionally seem to burn and bite through all the intervening years, although I have exactly reversed my own inherited opinions touching the merits of the conflict, and the marvel yet appears, not that the vanquished remember, but that anyone forgets. As to my father, the war left him much where it found him. He outlived its close, however, almost forty years, and saw the middle of his nineteenth lustrum. For the last quarter-century of his life he walked the village streets a silver-haired patriarch, pursued by the affectionate glances of old and young, and laying his hand upon the heads of little children with a touch that seemed to carry a benediction. Some of his loyal neighbors, who shared with him the serenity of those long closing years, seemed to forget that they had ever applied to this gentle old man the bitterest term of a bitter time, and he in turn seemed, in his later relations with those whom he had
almost held as personal enemies, to typify the new reign of national peace and good will.

This account, as I have said, was written in 1907 and thirteen years later in 1920, the same writer said of the college and town,

Newark of the period during which the college was closed, and for many years after, was a small and rather inactive village, strung for the better part of a mile along a highway leading southwestward to Baltimore, northeastward to Wilmington and Philadelphia, Main Street, a thoroughfare deep adust in summer, mired in mud all winter, when not frozen into granite-like ruts, or mercifully covered with the assailing charity of snow. The campus, then, as now, was a delicious green oasis, rich in noble trees . . . A revolving turnstile, replaced in the early seventies by a double flight of substantial steps, gave entrance to the campus from Main Street. So long as the activities of Delaware College were suspended, "The Oratory" as Old College was then called, served the community for many purposes. If Signor Blitz, the famous prestidigitateur of two generations ago, came to town, the Swiss Bellringers arrived, or a solemn lecturer brought enlightenment as to Siam . . . the performance of the evening was given in the Oratory. Those were times of the simple life, and our good townsfolk were easily amused. Several rooms in Old College were at one time occupied by a private school, and, in the late sixties, while the new Presbyterian Church was building, the congregation for many months worshipped in the Oratory, thus putting it to a use justified by its popular but probably oft-misinterpreted name. Political parties often held their meetings on the campus, and Professor E. D. Porter . . . usually gave there an exhibition of fireworks in celebration of Independence Day.

The bare monastic halls, and echoing stairways of Old College now and then stirred the curiosity of idle boys, and many were the conjectures as to the significance of the Latin inscriptions on the door of the Delta Phi Hall, and the Greek initials upon that of the Athenaeum Hall in the opposite wing of the building, while puzzled boyish eyes were vainly strained in an effort to discover the contents of the two halls through the tantalizingly small slits in their jealously uncommunicative doors.

Two important deaths occurred, the learned and philanthropic Thomas Bellerby Wilson, brother of Rathmell Wilson, in 1865, and two years later Palmer Chamberlain, father of Miss Hannah, and friend and trustee of the College. In 1864 the village milliner died, outstanding for nothing but her lovely name: Mahala Wingate.
Deaths were less expensive in that day—Isaac Mote was a man of no mean estate, and his funeral in 1860 was, if not elaborate, at least decent, and it cost $5.91.

Building went on in the town during the Civil War, in spite of James Hossinger's feeling that business was limited to the sale of whiskey. The Methodist Church fire on July 16, 1861, meant a new church, and though construction was held up during '63, the congregation was using the basement of the new building by the end of the year. But more about building, later. With the war almost at our back door, at Gettysburg, business came to a stand.

The town council, which had become a disorganized and uninterested body, has left no record before 1865, and the records thereafter are not always easy of access or legible when found. In 1865 the Council began a new book, spent much eloquence and some thought on the evils of speeding and racing on the main street. The town, but not the College, was heir to a part of the lottery which swept the state in November, 1860, and April, 1861.

Delaware College had gone down under the immediate stress of the Roach affair and the consequent run on the treasury, but our basic trouble lay in the fact that, though we had begun as a church-inspired and church-supported school, we had long since lost contact with the church, and as a college had never had help from any church; that we were not under the control or protection of the state; that we had refused the commonly sanctioned aid of lotteries; and that we were not as well located as we should have been to draw students from a rich and richly populated area. For years the College was open to the last objection, and proposals to move to Dover (which might not have been much better) and to Wilmington continue into the twentieth century, and on one occasion caused so much ill feeling that a good and valuable man was let out because of his strong feeling on this single subject.

President Newlin, in his letter of resignation, had said:

No respectable college in the country can meet its current expenses from the tuition fees of its students, whether the number be large or small. It may not require the vested fund of a million dollars of Harvard with its 500 students or the annual appropriation of $15,000, with 600 students, of the University of Virginia to give all the facilities of instruction which young men need, but there must be a sufficient endowment, the interest of which will give a competent instructor to each department and meet all other necessary expenses, to give char-
acter and stability to a public institution. In this a college differs from a private enterprise, and it must be reduced from its elevated position to neither a college proper on the one hand nor an efficient private school on the other, if there be no permanent fund from which it may be liberally sustained ... Since no permanent fund has been secured during the seven preceding administrations, the first grant has gradually wasted away and each succeeding year has rendered your existence as a college less certain ... From the constant reduction of the permanent fund, you can calculate with mathematical certainty when the college must close.

While much of this is our old friend Newlin, who could not maintain enough discipline in the school or enough loyalty among the faculty to keep its name clear of murder, talking to the Trustees who had seen only the gentleman and never the boor, there is much truth in it, especially when not seen in juxtaposition to the pious self-defense which accompanied it.

The additional permanent fund for which he called so eloquently and so wisely was almost on the horizon, for on the second of July, 1862, Congress passed the first Morrill Act donating to the several states 30,000 acres of the public lands or an equivalent in land scrip, for each of their Senators and Representatives. Delaware, having two Senators and one Representative, was entitled to 90,000 acres of land or the scrip equivalent. The object of the donation was to enable the states to establish agricultural colleges, wherein, without excluding classical or scientific studies, and including military tactics, the leading purpose should be to teach such branches as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life. The funds arising from the sale of land scrip were to be invested in State, United States or some other safe stocks at not less than 5% interest, and the money so invested should constitute a perpetual fund, the capital of which should remain forever undiminished. To make the grant available the previous assent of the Legislature was required.

The war, weariness and lethargy had combined to bring the Trustees to a halt with the meeting of November 15, 1860, and very little thought was given to the possibility of revival at the College during the six-year hibernation which continued on into the first years of peace. It was a rumor of the organization of a college at Dover, which reached the ears of the Board via the Governor, and
might therefore mean business, that brought the slumbering trustees together on February 19, 1867. They had not done anything, but did not wish to stand by while someone else was doing it. Some years later George Evans set down for the use of some inquirer, and saved for himself a copy of a statement which gives a clearer picture of the action behind the reviving College than either the Board Minutes or Lyman P. Powell’s excellent chapter on the history of the College affords.

He says:

At an adjourned meeting of the original Board of Trustees . . . held Feb. 19, 1867, a resolution was adopted proposing and offering to convey to the State joint and equal interest in the college buildings, grounds, library, philosophical and chemical apparatus, and vested fund . . . upon the condition that the State shall vest the donation from the general government in a Board of Trustees not more than one half of whom shall be representatives of the State, the remaining half representing the present Board.

By an act of the legislature passed at Dover, March 14, 1867, entitled An Act Establishing a College for Agriculture and Mechanic Arts in Delaware . . . the proposition of the Board was accepted and Delaware College was adopted and established as the institution to be provided in the State . . .

Thus a contract was entered into between the original Board . . . and the State for the establishment of the College at Newark . . . For the faithful performance on the part of the State, the State of Delaware issued to the Board of Trustees, a certificate of indebtedness for the sum of eighty three thousand dollars, which certifies that the State of Delaware is justly indebted to and hereby acknowledges to owe to the Trustees of the College the full sum with interest at the rate of 6%, that being the amount received from the state for the sale of public lands donated by the general government. . . .

This $83,000 is to figure almost as prominently in the later history of the College as the $50,000 of pre-war days, and at times to cause as great pain to the authorities. On March 16, 1869, at a meeting of citizens at the Deer Park, it was unanimously resolved that

whereas a bill is now before the Legislature . . . entitled An Act to Raise Revenue for the State and whereas the same bill as framed is in the sense of this meeting sectional and unjustly discriminative in its provisions—Therefore be it resolved that
all attempts to screen the great agricultural interests of the state by exempting real estate from taxation, thereby throwing the burden of cost in maintaining our government on those engaged in other pursuits, is both unjust and impolitic and must eventually militate against that great interest. . . .

It may be going far afield to suggest that this resolution has to do with the College and the rising tide of agriculture, but our copy is in the hand of George Evans, and the committee appointed to present the views of the meeting to the Legislature were Rathmell Wilson, James Ray and John Pilling, friends of the College as well as friends of industry and friends of the little town whose welfare hung upon both.

The year 1868 had been full of uneasiness and apprehension, but uneventful at the College. In the town it was marked by the completion of the Pomeroy and Delaware City Railroad, and in this year there appeared D. G. Beers’ Atlas with a map of the town of Newark, showing the names of persons owning or occupying property, but whether owner or tenant is not always clear.

Except for the fence, which had fallen down or been carried away for firewood in 1866, and had needed to be replaced, there had been little repair or upkeep at the College; but in January, 1869, Nathan Ziegler patched the roof, and in April a new College well supplemented (or replaced) the two old ones. By July we had taken the matter of repair in hand in a serious way, and 9,000 ft. of lumber were required. That the literary society hall doors were cracked but unbroken we know, but otherwise much of the woodwork of the old building must have been ready for replacement.

On May 23, 1869, an organization meeting of various committees interested in a student society meeting at the College settled upon Friday, June 25, as the date for the festivity. The ostensible purpose was the celebration of the centenary of the granting of the Penn charter to Newark Academy, but Newark had been agog since February 17, when the General Assembly reincorporated the College, primarily as a college of agriculture and mechanic arts, and the occasion was celebrated at a public banquet on the old campus, “a feast,” says E. N. Vallandigham, “to which many townsfolk contributed solids and sweets, and at which a large part of the community sat down to rejoice together at the academic century done and the educational era about to begin. Scores of men and women then recalled the original opening of the College in the
spring of 1834 and the village hummed with gossip reminiscent of persons and incidents connected with the life of the institution."

The legislature was thinking in terms of agriculture and the mechanic arts in 1869, and on July 1 a Wilmington dealer billed the "Agricultural College at Newark" for plastic slate, felt and labor toward the reconditioning of the old building. There was nothing official about this—the College and the Academy had been billed under strange names before—but it shows the direction in which the public mind was pointed.

Few people were paying well in the later 1860's. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, had recently written to his Board of Trustees:

The third quarter will be due on the 2nd of May, in all $675. of which I have received at sundry dates $250.50. The terms of the call are not to pay in advance and I ask nothing more than a fulfillment of the written agreement placed in my hands before I became pastor of this church. It is a rule with me to contract no debts and in want of my salary to live on, I have suffered many inconveniences during the past winter.

It sounds, does it not, like Walter Scott Finney Graham?

Somewhat later the builder of the new Presbyterian Church was writing in a style which needs to be seen to be appreciated, but which reads after this manner:

Proff. E. D. Porter. Dear sir: I am under the necessity of troubling your patience expecting to hear from you this week for you gave me the impression that you would be able to give me some money about the first of March. Well I may tell you again that I am standing in need of it in worst way. I gave my note for the payment of stone two months ago it was presented to me today for acceptance to be paid on Monday. So if you dont come to the rescue I am gone. I would like you to let Mr. Turner and Mr. Murphy see this. Yours Resp. Robert Scott.

And as late as 1873 Thomas Dixon, the architect, was on the trail of the delinquent church:

Dear sir, I wrote to you on the 5th Sept. and again on the 24th of Oct. last in regard to the indebtedness of the trustees of your church to us for balance of commission for services rendered on your new church edifice and have had no reply to
either letter. The last communication from you on the subject was January 19, 1872. This claim is of long standing, and we would be very glad to have it settled. The agreement you remember was to pay 5 percent of the cost of the building and we have had $300 on account. You can readily make up the amount still due. Please remit the balance due us and oblige.

Yours Resp. Thomas Dixon.

What, oh what, would the Baptist ladies of Martha David’s time have said if the grape vine had carried these jewels to the foot of Iron Hill? But I have mixed my metaphors. Figs do not grow on thistles.

One word more about Rathmell Wilson, before we move on to the resurrected College. Just as I have put myself in the wrong set by wishing I might be an Athenaean and with the Athenaeans stand, when the smart thing to do was to get yourself let into Delta Phi, so I am with a pathetic minority who think Rathmell Wilson one of our few great educators. He never taught a class; so far as the record shows he never told anybody else how to teach a class; he never selected a professor or even an instructor, and he never presided over a faculty meeting. He knew that he was not an educator and stayed out of it. He took over as president of the College after the last class had been dismissed, when he might have been doing much more profitable things, and the new College which his watchful eye had kept from perishing, called its first class and its first faculty meeting under President Purnell. During the twenty years he was yet to live he does not appear prominently in the records of town or College; he tries to save the College and himself and the town from the inroads of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; he stands ready to counsel the new administration, but does not thrust himself upon them; he resigns from the Board as soon as he is sure that the College is a going affair under a going man, and at the age of sixty-two returns to his business.

The Wilson family after Rathmell is colorful and interesting—sometimes almost influential. His son Edward was no business man at all, and spent most of the very substantial fortune on horses, which he gave away if they failed to win in the first race in which he entered them. One of Rathmell’s two daughters left much of her share to worthy and charitable causes. The other is a pale figure. But who among us who has lived long in Newark does not remember Edward’s queenly daughter Elizabeth—Miss Lill’—who, when
Dr. Sypherd in 1916 succumbed to a Shakespeare celebration, was the only woman in the town on whom he or anybody else thought of bestowing the role of Queen Elizabeth? Who does not remember the gentle Miss Alice? And who does not remember the pungent Miss Martha? Oaklands had been the social center of the town under Mrs. Rathmell, under Edward's stately wife, and for many years under the third generation. I knew them in their last sad years, three old women rattling about in a great, cold, dark house, lands gone, most of their money gone, and so formidable that few of the later generation dared to venture into their presence. I was fond of them, and I go, and take you, far out of our way to pay this tribute.
VI

THE PURNELL ERA, 1870-1885

William Henry Purnell ties together the very early College and our own day. He was graduated in the class of 1846 and knew Lister. He was the grandfather of William Henry Purnell Blandy of second World War fame. He came to us from Worcester County, Maryland, as a sophomore in 1843 after a year or more at Buckingham Academy. He belonged to the Delta Phi Literary Society, as one of its more active, energetic and intelligent members. After College he read for the bar and was admitted to the legal profession in '48. In 1850 he found himself, to his no small surprise, prosecuting attorney of his home county, but served only a year, after which education began to take a place in his interest and activity. He became a Maryland state attorney in 1853. From 1855 to '61 he served three terms as Maryland State Treasurer, and in the latter year was appointed postmaster of Baltimore. Unlike the Vallandighams, he was a strong Union man, and after the Battle of Bull Run raised an infantry regiment. This in theory was a job for a West Point man, but West Point men were not easily available. He served in the field until '66. What had become of the post office in the mean time is not clear beyond the fact that for one brief period during his military service he had been recalled to it. He had been a trustee of Delaware College since 1858 and had connections with Maryland Agricultural College. The presidency of the College, if he wished to take it, would suit him ideally, and he would take it, and did.

The activities of his administration divide themselves into four major, though unequal areas, embellished here and there by minor variations.

The first of the four was agriculture. In 1851 the Trustees had voted to add a "Scientific Course" which was to include agriculture, analytic chemistry, geology, entomology, botany and agricultural mathematics, and at the same time bookkeeping, presumably agricultural bookkeeping. There were forty-three boys in the scientific department in 1852, and fifty-four in the following year. It was a three-year curriculum, with a junior, middle and senior class, and a number of irregulars who fitted no place in

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particular, but were very much a part of the College, as Cleaver's diary makes plain. The junior classification, which in the scientific course was equivalent to the freshman in the classical department, may account for some of the peculiar combinations which show up at the time of the Roach murder. Joseph Cleaver was a science man, and roomed with and cherished as his closest friend Walter E. Turner, who was a classics student. Except for surveying and an unaccomplished field trip to the Johnson factory in 1853, one sees little in his school career that differs from the standard course. After 1856 we have no catalogs, the faculty meetings were devoted to discipline and the Trustees were attending (badly) to the shrinking funds, so what may have become of the science of agriculture by the time the College closed is not clear.

At the time of reopening very little was done about agriculture beyond a transfer of the courses from the old scientific course; later it was extended from a three to a four-year curriculum. Candidates must be fourteen years of age, must produce testimonials of a good moral character, and must sustain an examination in English grammar, geography, arithmetic, the elements of algebra and history. Edward D. Porter, who had occupied every position except those of janitor and president since his coming in 1851, and who had been principal of the Academy during nine years of the "closed period," became professor of agriculture, natural philosophy and civil engineering and there appear, on the books at least, lectures on the location of a farm, division into fields, classification and mechanical treatment of soils, principles of drainage, principles of germination and growth, farm implements, fencing and hedging, location and plans of farm buildings, hot beds, their construction and management, and methods of propagating plants. The annual reports of the federal Department of Agriculture for this period come very close to being a syllabus for the whole operation, and it is not impossible that they may have served as the source of the versatile Mr. Porter's lectures. By the end of the administration a few changes had been made. The professor of chemistry had been made ex officio State Chemist as the President had become ex officio President of the State Board of Education, the laboratory assistant had disappeared, and military science, having been shifted from one shoulder to another, had come to rest on those of Wesley Webb, professor of agriculture, biology and physics. The agriculture and scientific courses had merged once more and only one man was
taking agriculture as such, though twenty-seven were registered for the scientific course. Years ago I taught agriculture in a country school, though I had been reared in town and had never taken an hour of agriculture, even at the high school level. It can be done, but only by laying one’s cards on the table, and saying, “You fellows know a great deal more about this business than I do, and you will learn from me only as you learn with me.” Webb may have come with due preparation; the record fails to show; but of Porter one can be fairly sure that he knew a little about too many things to know much about anything. This, again, is not necessarily a handicap, except to the single-track mind that comes to college hell-bent for a certain kind of learning, and unwilling to take science diluted with culture or culture smelling of the laboratory.

The second of the reopened college’s new activities was the mechanic arts. More mechanical than art, to be sure, as the architecture, the carriages, the railways and the steamboats of the period show; but our newly acquired budget rested on an agreement with the state and the federal governments to teach agriculture, the mechanic arts and military science, and our effort was sincere, if feeble and sometimes misdirected.

Five years before the organization of the science course and the introduction of agriculture, there appears in the catalog for 1846-47 a note which tells us that the professor of mathematics (this was William Augustus Norton) will give instruction in the following branches of practical science to those who may desire it: descriptive geometry, including the doctrine of projections and the drawing of plans and elevations, practical perspective, and the representation of shades and shadows, surveying (taught in the field, with the use of instruments), engineering and navigation.

It is not impossible that navigation could be taught as well on the banks of White Clay Creek as at Annapolis, but that one man should combine all of these activities with mathematics and the natural sciences speaks volumes for Norton’s powers or for the grade of instruction. Or it may mean that he knew what most of us never learn: that no student ever goes to anything that he can escape and which is not required of him. Who took the courses, and whether they were given for credit or were non-credit electives, we do not know. The note appears annually until 1851 when the scientific course swallows everything of a non-classical sort, and there emerges a department of natural philosophy and civil engi-
neering. Natural philosophy embraced the study of mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, science of heat and sound, electricity and magnetism, voltaic electricity or galvanism, electromagnetism, magno-electricity, electrodynamics and thermoelectricity. Civil engineering embraced analytical geometry, theory of shades, shadows and linear perspective, drawing, geometrical, mechanical, topographical and outline, including plans, sections and elevations of proposed structures, theoretical and practical mechanics, including combinations of machinery, principles of architecture, nature and property of building materials and their application to the construction of railroads, canals, bridges and buildings. "They have been to a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps." Unlike agriculture, engineering did not emerge from the scientific course in 1870, and the ever useful Edward D. Porter was, as we have seen, told to cover not agriculture only but also natural philosophy and civil engineering. In the fifteen years during which President Purnell served the college, there were thirty-six science graduates, that is, men in agriculture and the mechanic arts, as over against thirty-three in the classics and literature.

It was in the third of his four great activities that Purnell was to come, if not to grief, at least to very little else. Nothing so exciting as military training with its uniform and drill formation, and real arms issued by the federal government, had shown its face in the pre-war college, and the Civil War was close enough and gloriously enough closed to make this phase of the new arrangement look very welcome at the start. And when you were marching on the campus you were neither in class nor in a cold room pushing for an examination or trying to keep invaders out while you prepared a last-minute speech for declamation at Society meeting. The gray uniforms are said, on rather shaky authority, to have come from Dean's woolen mill, and if so the mill boys were to contribute to the welfare of their old foes at the College.

We had, in charge of the military department and as instructor in French, the colorful Jules Macheret, son of an officer who had served with distinction in the French army, and who himself wore with pride the button of the Legion of Honor. His years at Delaware College were to be brief, and they were to witness the complete collapse of France under the impact of the Franco-Prussian War, but it was neither the brevity of his term nor the war in Europe that was to be his undoing.
Let George Morgan tell the story:

Professor Jules Macheret, himself a French veteran with his Legion of Honor button, his explosive, fun-provoking English and his high ideas of military discipline, was a serious minded, lovable man. He was our instructor in French and professor of tactics. Under a provision of the land grant act we had to take tactics, and he shattered his excitable nerves trying to make us drill according to the manual of arms. How he volleyed at Tom Caulk, the grinning irrepressible—each succeeding volley funnier than its forerunner! There were a few of the students, such as George W. Marshall of Milford, who showed some sense, and turned out to be good soldiers, but the corps as a whole benefited mainly from the good exercise it got, in spite of itself, in handling heavy rifles and marching and maneuvering. We were uniformed in cadet gray cloth... and felt quite spruce and natty, but as I have said, most of us were as unnamable as unbroken colts. It was our sporting event—our hour for blowing off steam. Lafayette in past times have looked down from Iron Hill, but he did not help his dear old compatriot gain the upper hand of our Tom Caulks. Poor Macheret! In after-time I sat by his bedside in Wilmington, his son Candide, named after Voltaire’s hero, standing sorrowfully beside me. I assured the professor that all of us at Delaware loved him dearly, but the dying old soldier smiled incredulously, told me to give everybody his blessing, and turned on his pillow.

Everyone found Macheret difficult, and he complained that he was hampered by the slowness and disorderly planning of the faculty. His salary came, at least in part, from the private pocket of H. S. McComb, president of the Board, because the federal government had forgotten and was to continue to forget to furnish a military officer to fill the position. President Purnell was instrumental in Macheret’s appointment to a summer assignment as Assistant Commissioner of Immigration, and a trip abroad; but he came back no wiser or worldlier, and it became necessary to let him out as gently as so sensitive a man could be let out. The authorities thought things over and decided that since Macheret could (but did not) teach French, but knew no German, a need for a teacher who could do both would take care of the situation.

What became of him we are more or less aware, but what was to become of the military department no one could say, and to this day the records are not clear as to our next moves. By 1873 we had an instructor in vocal and instrumental music (which could,
we hope, be practiced at less nebulous hours than those laid down in 1844), but there is no mention of a professor or an instructor in military tactics. The normal course and the rights, honors and privileges of female students had taken over the bright spots in college life, and until 1884 we see no more of the army. Edward N. Vallandigham says in his Fifty Years of Delaware College that for the better part of the decade 1875-85 military instruction was suspended. Wesley Webb, who came in 1883 as professor of agriculture, physics and civil engineering, added military tactics a year later, but by the end of the Purnell administration it had disappeared from the catalog. Vallandigham says that in 1887 Professor Chester volunteered, and it is of this time that Chester is probably speaking when he says that when he came "two years ago" he found the department in confusion. Chester joined the faculty twice, several years apart, and to confuse matters more generously, he failed to date the letter in which this statement appears.

The fourth of Purnell's activities was in its time the greatest departure, and lifted us in a small way to something like the eminence to which the Foreign Study Plan was to raise us half a century later. Coeducation was not a new thing in America, to be sure (the first coeducational institution had opened in the year in which Newark College was founded), but it was a far departure from pre-war Delaware College and met with mixed reactions. President Purnell had two daughters, and in them was seen his reason for revolutionizing the school. No serious critic of the system thought of Caroline and Elizabeth Purnell as anything but the president's guinea pigs, who were sacrificed on the altar of his coeducational ideal; but there were a great many un-serious critics who, like myself, like nothing better than a good story. In 1872 six young women entered Delaware College, and the curriculum was modified somewhat to meet their needs, though not in the direction of domestic science. Most of them were from Newark or its near neighborhood, though in later years some came from Wilmington and down-state.

The boys were puzzled, and their literary society papers show as much. Not to be outdone, the young women organized a society of their own in 1876—the Pestalozzi Literary Society, with the lofty slogan, which I think they considered a motto: Per Aspera ad Astra. In 1886, when coeducation had gone its disastrous way,
and the society with it, the women published a catalog which, like
the Athenaean and Delta Phi catalogs of about this period, amounts
to a list of all students who attended during the lifetime of the
society. Pestalozzi Society, too, had a library, only one book of
which survives. They knew that all was over, and disposed of the
furniture by selling it to the college, and in the bill they included
the paper on the wall.
Vallandigham says:

Although co-education was not liked by most of the male
undergraduates, their relations with the "co-eds" were friendly
and even gallant. Indeed, the attitude of the young men toward
the girls with whom they were associated in the class room did
credit to both themselves and the girls. A few of the young
men even went so far in their devotion to individual co-eds as
to continue the relations formed during undergraduate days
until they eventuated in the life-partnership of marriage.

Vallandigham's friend George Morgan was one of these.
The women carried off scholastic honors, but in spite of their
ability, and the congenial relationships which grew up between men
and women, coeducation never became popular or firmly established
at Delaware College, and when after somewhat prolonged friction
with the Board of Trustees, Purnell resigned in 1885, coeducation
went with him. There are, or used to be, all sorts of stories about
the reason why the system failed, and there was a story about
a young woman found in one of the boys' rooms. If you have read
the Cleaver diary you will recall that more than thirty years before
he had set down, on September 28, 1854:

It was sounded about after supper that the Churchman boys
were concealing a young lady who [sic] they were anxious to get
rid of. It got about too, that we thought nobody could handle
the business as well as Keneagy who was not anxious for the
task and preached us a little sermon about getting ourselves
into skatches that we have to be helped out of. But with so
much confidence placed in him, he could hardly fail us. The
young lady was very forward, and went beyond everybody's
fondest wishes and proposed going up to his room and putting
on a suit of his clothes so that she could escape unnoticed. She
came apart just before Hall Police, and Keneagy came apart
too, but not in the same way, and now we all call Rounds
"Gerty."

He adds on September 30: "Gerty's garments turned up mysteri-
ously in room number 30 and annoy MacIlvane almost as much as Keneagy.”

What happened in 1854 neither proves nor disproves what may have happened in 1885, and there is no more evidence in the faculty Minutes or in the Evans Papers than there is of the cow in the cupola; but the three Blandy sisters, all of whom attended Delaware College, years later spoke freely of “a great scandal over an exaggerated indiscretion in Poverty Row.”

An equally indecent but perhaps more plausible reason for the failure of coeducation at Delaware College is not far to seek. Institutions which had begun on a coeducational basis were equipped for it, but Old College was built around all the sanitary incongruities that infested purely masculine institutions of the period, and though they, like the curriculum, were “slightly modified” to meet the change in student body, one need not even read between the lines to see that they were never satisfactory. Vallandigham says:

A favorite argument against co-education had been that the system would tend to drive away the men or at least to keep them away, so that in time Delaware College would be an institution for women only. As a matter of fact the experiment of a dozen years hardly proved this contention. It is true that with the entrance of women in 1872 the number of men fell to seventeen whereas the number in 1871 had been twenty-seven. In the year 1873-4, however, there were thirty-one men to fourteen women, and in the year 1874-5 there were thirty-four men to twenty women, while in 1883-4 there were forty-one men to seventeen women.

The College had reopened with twenty-two students on the evening of Wednesday, September 14, 1870, and graduated 100 young men and women within the next fifteen years, within twenty-six of the total number of graduates in our history under the previous eleven administrations.

From 1873 to '77 Hannah Chamberlain, whom we have seen conducting her school in Old College during the closed period, and in various places in the village for many years, became principal of Newark Academy, and brought with her the female seminary, which in 1872 appears along with the Academy in the College catalog as its preparatory department. In Miss Chamberlain we have our first good and great woman, and it is to be regretted that there is no lasting monument to her name. I may be attaching
undue importance to the names of buildings, for who in the present 
generation of students knows why Harter Hall and Purnell Hall 
and Robinson Hall and Taylor Gymnasium are Harter Hall and 
Purnell Hall and Robinson Hall and Taylor Gymnasium? Or cares?

It is interesting to note that although we had turned over to the 
College boys the room vacated by the Academy gang in 1840, little 
if anything had been done to interest the boys or to help them fit 
this room up, or to use it wisely. It was Hannah Chamberlain at 
the Academy who first bought gymnasium equipment and set up 
crude but systematic exercise.

Perhaps the normal school venture of the '70's should count only 
as one of Purnell's minor activities. We were still living in a world 
that thought knowledge of the subject more valuable than the 
techniques of teaching, and like the 1851 venture, this one bore 
little fruit. Three thousand dollars per year, appropriated for the 
years 1873 and '74, came to little good, and the appropriation, 
though there were six "normal" graduates, was discontinued.

One important figure I have neglected to weave into the story of 
the 1870's and early '80's, not because I have forgotten him, or 
because we ever will. But he does not weave well into the rather 
plebeian story. The stately and learned Dr. Theodore R. Wolf 
succeeded to the chair of chemistry in 1871, and it was with great 
sympathy and real sorrow that old timers back for commencement 
in June, 1909, heard that Dr. Wolf was dying.

It was in 1881 that the College bell was broken, but whether 
from over-zealous ringing or from being turned over and filled with 
water on a bitter cold night, we do not know. We have the bill for 
its removal from the cupola and shipment to Baltimore for recasting, 
together with the cost of additional metal, crating and reshipping, 
and the rehanging at the College. The funny story connected 
with the bell dates not from 1881, however, but from 1934 when 
Miss Harriet Baily and I, with the help of all and sundry, were 
setting up an exhibition in connection with the centenary of the 
opening of the college. The bell had been taken down in 1917 when 
Old College was restored, and had disappeared in the cellar of the 
old Agricultural Experiment Station building at the east end of 
Old College, and had been long forgotten. It was discovered in the 
course of a search for something else, and was on its way to the 
exhibit, but programs must be prepared for the printer beforehand, 
and since we had not seen the bell to describe it, we referred our
questions to Dr. Sypherd, who was not only in charge of the cen-
tenary preparations, but, having been here so many years, must, of course, know all about it. How old was the bell? Why, as old as the College, of course. So we set it down, "The old bell—first used probably in 1834 and rung for years on occasions of student re-
joicings." Again one is reminded of Mark Twain's crab. Our date was nearly fifty years off, its ringing had been for everything but student rejoicing, and that rejoicing, when it connected itself with the College bell, involved not its ringing but a score of diabolical ways of keeping it from doing so at the appointed times.

Near the end of the coeducational period Susan B. Anthony visited the school, and Major William B. Gray tells the story:

I recall the visit of Susan B. Anthony to the College when she addressed the girls' society. To honor Miss Anthony, and do credit to the College, the boys lined the walk from the stile to Old College. Miss Anthony arrived by bus from the station, and was escorted by the Girls' Reception Committee. When she was half way along the walk we gave Miss Anthony the College yell. It frightened her and injured her dignity to such an extent that it took all of President Purnell's persuasion and dignity to pacify her.

Which brings me in turn to the stile. It was about this time that the boys observed that whenever the stately Dr. Wolf passed through the stile he slapped his hand down upon the post and swung through as if hinged to it, and to be observed indulging in mannerisms of your own was, in those days, to lay yourself open to catastrophe. It was so with the good doctor, for some wag concocted a pat of tar and we know not what else, and placed it on top of the post just before Wolf was expected to pass through the stile. He did, and reported his indignation to the authorities. At chapel next morning the President announced that there had been a slight unpleasantness at the stile, and that everyone would sit quietly until someone could explain just what had happened and why. There was a long silence, broken at last by a little fellow who arose and said "Mr. President." "Yes," said that dignitary. "I didn't do it, and I can't tell you who did, but I know somebody who had a hand in it."

One word more about President Purnell. He went from us to take charge of the Female Seminary at Frederick, Maryland, and the letters which passed between him and George Evans indicate
not only a strong personal friendship, but a continued interest in
the sinking school, and no feeling of small rancor at the change
which had been thrust upon the institution against his will, and no
glee at the consequences of other people's indiscretions. It was his
alma mater, and its misfortunes were his misfortunes. He returned
to us in 1898 in the capacity of instructor in English and rhetoric
and lived in Newark and taught at his beloved College until his
death on March 30, 1902.

But let me turn this story over to one who saw much of it himself,
and was never out of touch with the College from his entrance as
a freshman in 1871 until he died, the oldest alumnus, in 1936. When
I said earlier that we would not forget Dr. Wolf, I was wrong; for
when I called a colleague to verify the date of Morgan's death, he
said, "Who was George Morgan?" In George Morgan of the class
of '74 and in Edward N. Vallandigham of the previous class, there
developed not only a sense of history and a feeling for the quaint,
the funny and the grotesque, but a literary ability well above that
of the average man, and I bow to their greater knowledge and
ability to express it.

From Vallandigham I have quoted, and will continue to quote up
to 1920, when he published *Fifty Years of Delaware College*. From
Morgan's article called "Sunny Days at Old Delaware," which ap-
peared in the Centennial issue of *Delaware Notes*, I shall quote
as bountifully and shamelessly as I have from Cleaver's diary and
from Handy and Vallandigham's *Newark, Delaware, Past and
Present*.

No doubt there was Sussex sand on my shoes when I entered
Delaware College. What was inside my head, if anything in
particular, is harder to guess. I was not quite seventeen when
"caught" in a Concord peach orchard and dragged north where
I could be tamed and taught not to wear paper collars or use
such words as "chunk" and "tote." It was hoped that New
Castle County, with its superior civilization, would receive into
its bosom a rather raw, green one from evergreen Sussex, and
convert him into a sure-pop civilizee.

... At Dover, a party of honorables boarded our up-train.
Most of them knew my father, and one of them was a particular
friend.

"What are you going to do with that boy?" he asked.
"Put him into Dickinson College, if I can," said my father.
"Why not into Delaware? Where's your State pride?"
This was a home thrust, for all our folks were ardent Delawareans, and had been from away back.

He told us all about the reorganization of Delaware the year before; and dwelt persuasively upon its future.

My father was impressed and so was I. As the train pulled in at Wilmington, he said to me:

"Let's stop off here, run over to Newark and take a look at Delaware College. If we like the place, and you pass muster, I'll fix everything up for you, and hurry back home. I'm afraid they'll let those peaches in the Callaway orchard get too soft before they start picking."

With peaches on his mind, and not a thing to speak of on mine, we arrived at Newark and were soon in the presence of one of the most amiable and engaging men I have ever met—Colonel William Henry Purnell, President of the College.

Never shall I forget his laugh when I called him "Cur-n-l Pur-n-l," with the emphasis on the "Cur" and "Pur." In Newark he was Dr. Purnell, with the stress on the last syllable. I had used the Eastern Shore pronunciation. Not only did we have plenty of Purnells down the peninsula, but "Purnell" or "Purn" was a familiar given name in our locality. The wartime "Purnell's Legion," raised by him, had marched through Concord when I was a boy... He was well grounded in economics and English literature, was quite a master in elocution and had acquired a high outlook on public affairs. He was a true-hearted man and most gracious gentleman—upright in carriage as in character.

He was fortunate in having as his chief aid at this juncture an equally able, earnest man in the much plainer person of Professor William D. Mackey who was as greatly beloved by the students of that day as Professor Harter was to be sixty years later. Professor Mackey won you to him by his simple, hearty ways. You had no doubt at all of his conscientious interest in your welfare. It was not a hectic interest, passing on the morrow; but was continuously the same, day after day, year after year. You loved him—loved even his lisp, due as we learned, to the fact that when a child he had struck on his chin in falling and had bitten off his own tongue. It was his heroic mother who had held the several parts in place until they miraculously reknit. Such was the tongue that... brought old Homer home to us in a way not to be lost even upon idle minds.

President Purnell and Professor Mackey put me through a quiz together. First one used his stethoscope, figuratively speaking; and then the other. How many spots they found I have no idea, since they were too polite to exchange glances; but one incident I recall: In a little spelling bee, they gave me
"beneficent." I came right back with BENIFICENT. Both laughed.

"Crack the word as you would a nut," said Professor Mackey —"take it apart."

"Oh! said I . . . " bene and facere, BENIFICENT."

Again they laughed; and by and by Dr. Purnell said: "That will do. Your father wants to take the next train home. Give him my compliments, and tell him we will take care of you here."

They gave me a room next to Athenaean Hall in the East Wing. We bought a bed, a wash-stand, with fixtures, a study table, chairs, carpet, stove and what not; and with the help of dusky old Bill Taylor, the janitor, I was soon ensconced. I give these details not only to introduce our hard-worked factotum, the unpoetic Bill, but as a reminder of the simplicity of things in Old College in the early seventies. All the rooms in the Athenaean and Delta Phi wings were similarly plain. Most of those in the upper hall, above the Oratory, were untenanted.

But there was one detail connected with my room that I cannot fittingly describe. I mean the view from my window of the range of hills, only a mile or so away, stretching from east to west along the whole horizon line. Such a sight for a boy from the loamy low levels of sandy Sussex . . . Nor was it ever quite the same—now asleep, now enlivened by swift-moving cloud-shadows, sunlit, stormswept, green, gray, brown, white in its blanket of snow. . . .

I was brought back to earth when the unpoetic Bill slammed down my first scuttle of coal and gave me the news that the newly arrived professor of chemistry, Dr. Theodore Rudolph Wolf was installing himself in his rooms on the floor below. Young though he was, Dr. Wolf, fresh from Heidelberg, had about him the air of a mature man who knew what he was doing and would stand no nonsense. Living in Old College, he would enforce order and minimize student deviltry. Evidently the mischievous and volatile James Hemphill Jones Bush, from Wilmington, much given to practical jokes, would have to stop his surreptitious pleasantry of filling the halls and the rooms of freshmen with the odor of sulphurated hydrogen. Sure enough, he did stop; but nothing could altogether subdue his propensity for pranks and his monkeyshines till he fell one day from the cupola to the main roof, slid down it, heels over head, and dropped like a plummet to the campus grass below. I saw him fall, and thought him dead, but after a day or so in the Wilmington hospital he was with us again as lively as ever.

It is impossible to do justice to such a man as Dr. Wolf . . . He was a heaven-send to Delaware College, and made his mark in its history. As I first remember him he was an upright, digni-
fied, quick-stepping, handsome man; and we were all struck with the fact that across his brow was a dueling scar. No one dared ask him the story of the scar. He was too uncommunicative and reserved for that. He was curt in his speech, quite hard-headed and given to sarcasm. He knew me better than I knew him. In his classroom one day he plumped a question at me right out of the blue. I did not have the gumption to suspect that it was a catch question. Sparring for time, I beat around the bush for a while, and then, uncandidly, remarked that, while I had heard the answer and really knew it, I was afraid I had forgotten it.

"What a pity!" said he—"What a pity! Morgan is the only man on earth who ever knew the answer to that question and he has forgotten it!"

. . . One night, being in my room alone and hard at it under my lamp, I heard a great racket on the stairway. In dressing-gown and slippers, I stepped into the hall and along the corridor till I came to the stairs. Some of the boys were skylarking there. In order to see the fun, I took a post on a step of the flight leading to the dark topmost story. That instant with a cry of "Wolf—scatter!" the skylarkers vanished. I saw the top of Dr. Wolf's head as he quickly ascended two steps at a time, and knew that if I attempted to return to my room I should be recognized and thus involved in a scrape to which I was not a party. So I eluded him by retreating to the top story, thinking that he would ascend no further than the scene of the fracas and soon go down, but he kept on up into the unlighted hall where I was. I avoided him by sidestepping into an unoccupied room, with a window opening out upon the roof of the East Wing. There was a coating of snow and ice on that roof, and wind was howling; but as Dr. Wolf came into my hiding-place, I threw up a sash and went out of it through the window. It was a rather desperate game of hide-and-seek; but my spunk was up and I said to myself that no Heidelberg should catch me. I climbed to the east wing ridgepole, and then in desperation, up the roof of the main hall to the very top.

There the northwest wind reminded me of my folly. It cut clean through me, light clad as I was; the icy ridgepole was slipperiness itself; there was no going back the way I had come. Had I attempted it, I should have slid with increasing momentum, and gone on down. I was in the worst fix of my life. There I was on the peak of a snow-coated roof, clawing it with be-numbed fingers to keep myself from being blown away. I kicked off my slippers, so as to get the prehensile use of my toes. Straddling the ridgepole, I inched along it toward the cupola. I kicked the snow away as I advanced and beat loose the ice with my fists. Little, tough, wiry, I had climbed to many a
masthead on the Nanticoke. As the wind came in gusts, I moved forward only when it lulled for a moment or so. Then I clutched the tin and hugged tight for the next gust. The cupola was a long ways off—a long, long ways; but I reached it after an exhausting struggle. What I wanted was to get inside that slatted belfry. But how? Could I break a slat? I tried one, using all my strength. It held fast. I tried another and it snapped in two. I made myself as small as I felt and squeezed through into the cupola. I groped for the steps of the belfry ladder, found them and descended. The belfry door was locked. I beat against the door, and by and by heard Dr. Wolf say to the janitor: "Go get the keys!"

When I stepped out upon the landing, there stood my persistent seeker, a look of amazement on his face.

"Why, Mr. Morgan!" said he, as I silently made my very best bow and returned to my quarters.

I expected to be brought before the faculty next day; but nothing came of it. Neither Dr. Wolf or anybody else ever spoke to me on the subject of my midnight folly.

On the afternoon of my first day, having fixed up my room, I was sitting on the big steps gazing down the linden walk towards distant Iron Hill—a little lonesome and homesick and wondering what would come next—when I saw a real, live sophomore cross the street stile, with a brisk step, and stride collegeward along the avenue as though he owned the whole place. Here, thought I, approacheth a roper-in, either for the Athenaean or Delta Phi. But I was mistaken.

"I am Aleck," said he—"Alexander F. Williamson, class of '74."

His face beamed. In two minutes he had me in tow. He led me around back of Old College and we took a look at the sporting lay-out. It was nothing in the world but a horizontal bar, in an open space near the little wooden astronomical observatory, later burned.

That was the sole equipment for sports at Delaware College. There was no gymnasium. There was no football field—no track. There was a rough baseball diamond nearby, in the back lot where the Baltimore and Ohio tracks now cut through; but most of the ball tossing was done on the campus . . . As for the swimming pool of the early seventies, it was nature's own; and one had to go to the White Clay to find it. In fact, from the latter-day point of view, that was the period of "no anything"—no autos, no hard roads, no telephones, no radios, no airplanes. One student, it is true, owned a bicycle; but the thing had wooden wheels. Not that we then thought ourselves in a backward age. Far from it. Daniel Webster had said in the Senate: "I am as old as Methuselah, Mr. President, for I have lived in
the days of the magnetic telegraph, the steam engine, the fast printing-press, the sewing machine and the steam reaper.” At Delaware College in the Seventies we were like that great Daniel in that we thought ourselves relatively progressive. The real lack that mattered was the lack of sanitary plumbing and equipment. . . .

Here let me go back eighteen years to Cleaver’s first day:

Mr. Warren left at three o’clock and I set my room in order a little, but found I was late for an assembly. I went in, though late, had to go far to the front for there was no space near the door. There was a great deal of talk about fire buckets and coals and lamps and fluid and gate rules and rising rules and lights out and study hour and a remark about lateness which seemed to be meant for me. I met Turner who I am to room with at supper, and think he seems more quiet than the other older boys, but I am glad to live with an old boy because I will learn my way faster. He showed me after supper where names are listed on the Oratory door, and I found that I was admitted to Jr. Sci, but with mathematics on a condition, which I must put my mind to. The term began with prayers after supper and then we had study hour but not strictly kept because there were no lessons, which gave time to get acquainted with Turner and Climer who is his friend and an Athenaean and lives on the floor under us. We are in room 32 on third but really fourth over the oratory.

Returning to Morgan:

Professor Porter had been a member of the faculty in Delaware College before the Civil War, and then a civil engineer; and then principal of Newark Academy. He was now professor of mathematics, civil engineering and astronomy in the resuscitated College. He was brisk and brusque and always busy—so busy that he seemed always to be hurrying on ahead to the next thing on the program. Unlike Dr. Purnell and Professor Mackey, he was skeptical of the trustworthiness and gentility of the raw lads under training. We posed as “gentlemen.” Mr. Steve Choate, the stocky, rubicund newsdealer, used to greet us when we entered his shop with “Good evening, gentlemen in a bunch!” But if “oh-yeah” had been in vogue in that long gone era, Professor Porter probably would have said, “Oh-yeah.”
With the departure of William Henry Purnell there begins a dreary era which manages to be the end of happiness without being the beginning of peace. Numerous worthy persons had thought that with this change would come all things beautiful, but nobody was happy. The multitude of Methodist boys who were to follow John Hollis Caldwell from down-state and the Maryland shore, did not follow, and the Board's choice of a new president seems only to have been wise in so far as they took the feeble old gentleman in preference to a much stronger one whose only claim to the position lay in the fact that he had walked all the way from Sussex County for an interview, and that he needed the position and its salary in order that he might not have to go on walking the rest of his life.

The time was ripe for change. It is always so at the end of an administration, and as so often happens, changes came thick and fast, some because they needed to be made, and some for the less comprehensible reason that things had been going well so long in one way that it must be time to see whether they might not go well in another.

Coeducation was the first victim of change, and although it was announced that young women who had started their course here might continue to the end, no more were to be admitted, and it was not long until there were so few young ladies left that they began to feel like women who have accidentally wandered into the men's smoking room; and the end of the year found us again a purely—or impurely—masculine institution.

By 1889 President Caldwell himself was urging the return to a coeducational arrangement; but the harm had been done, the girls had departed and it was not until 1914 that we were to have women on the campus again, and not until 1944 that the trustees were to find a way around their promise never to unite Delaware College and the Women's College, and re-establish coeducation. Of one of the young women special notice should be taken. Most of them had gone off to the Misses Hebb's school in Wilmington, or to other finishing schools, or given it up and gone home; at least one had
followed Purnell to the Frederick, Maryland, Female Seminary, but Miss Rebecca Churchman was made of firmer, or at least more lasting stuff. She had entered with the class of 1873 and had been prevented from finishing before the elimination of coeducation. She banked her fires (and her pennies) and waited, and in 1918 when the first class was graduated at the new Women's College, her name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest. She may or may not have loved her fellowmen, but certainly she loved her alma mater.

President Caldwell was the father of a spinster daughter, Mollie, who directed his life and actions, and it was sometimes suspected in some quarters, where people should have known, that she ran the College. The Caldwells were to live in the old John Evans house, vacated by the Purnells, and Mollie's letters to George Evans, in which she requests an early report on the size of each window, and a postal card in which she says: "Will you be kind enough to measure the exact size of the fire guard in the parlor and dining room; I want the exact distance between the two inner sides of the mantle and the distance between the hearth and the lower side of the mantle above" tell us how little she knew of Newark, and that she knew not that she was speaking to the College patriarch. For many years it was told of her father that as he was going out one day he asked whether he ought to take an umbrella. "Is it raining?" asked his daughter. He said "Yes," and Mollie answered "Then I would." The point of the story is, of course, not that he was a feckless old man—everybody knew that—but that the Caldwells were so well established in most people's dislike that any silly story was worth telling and retelling to their discredit.

The lady is herself only a figure of fun, and after the almost stately society of the Purnell administration the good ladies of the town enjoyed this heavenly era of relaxation and scandal. But the results at the College were deadly. The ever keen and observing Edward N. Vandalingham says:

The alarming decadence of the College came after Dr. Purnell and the women had gone... Purnell was a Presbyterian elder, Professor Mackey was a Presbyterian minister, Professor Porter was a Presbyterian elder, so that there was some seeming ground for sectarian jealousy, though there was no attempt on the part of authorities of Delaware College at anything resembling sectarian propaganda. Unluckily for Dr. Caldwell's success in office, he was speedily involved in unpleasant friction with
several members of his Faculty. Meanwhile, in spite of his efforts to build up the College it did not grow. Growth, indeed, was almost impossible when it was notorious that the president and his Faculty were at odds. In March, 1887, the President brought the matter officially to the attention of the Trustees. The members of the Faculty with whom Dr. Caldwell was especially in disagreement also presented to the Board a statement of their case. The Board in answer to this double appeal adopted a futile resolution acquitting both sides to the quarrel of intentional wrong doing, declaring that the friction arose from inattention to the rules and by-laws of the College, and urging harmony upon all concerned. This was a cry of peace where there could be no peace, and in June of this year the Board requested and Dr. Caldwell offered his resignation.

They also asked that the whole faculty resign, and would have been in a justly uncomfortable position if they had done so at once. I continue with Vallandigham’s account:

Three weeks later, however, the Board reconsidered its action and postponed consideration of the resignation until the next Spring. March 27th the President’s resignation was accepted after he had informed the Board that he fully intended to give up his post at the end of the college year in order to accept a pastoral appointment.

The long agony of this wretched period did the College great harm, won it some enemies, and delayed the time when the people of the State should realize its importance in the educational system of Delaware. Worst of all, perhaps, the original cause of friction was so trivial as to seem almost too ridiculous for public avowal. Dr. Caldwell, sixty-eight years of age when he came to the Presidency, was a minister of the old school, conscientiously devoted to a strict interpretation of the severe traditional “discipline” of his church. His fellows of the Faculty, mostly much younger men, had no sympathy with his attitude toward many things, and they fell into violent disagreement with him when he vetoed the permission they had voted for the holding of a dance in the “Oratory,” the only suitable hall for the purpose. From the time of this trivial incident friction, the more irritating because of irresponsible tattle, increased until Dr. Caldwell came to feel that every man’s hand was against him. At the same time the members of the Faculty complained of him as unnecessarily autocratic in the exercise of authority, and thus the irrepressible conflict went on until peace came with Dr. Caldwell’s departure.

So trying had the president been that even the gentle Dr. George
A. Harter, who had come in 1885 at the end of the Purnell administration, and who of all our faculty over the years comes closest to being the perfect gentleman, said of him, years later, that he was cranky and queer, but quite a learned man. But President Caldwell was not all bad. He was old, to be sure, but only in China has that ever been counted a virtue; and he was pigheaded, and who of us is not? It is a part of the business of the president (and of the librarian) to absorb the indignation of the faculty, but having been absorbed it is widely forgotten. When he entered upon the presidency there were thirty-three men and eight women attending the College. When he retired there were but sixteen students left, and the old cry that the smaller colleges should be permitted to die a natural death was again heard in the land.

Once more we turned to the president of the Board of Trustees; and from March 27, 1888, until the 19th of July, Lewis Potter Bush served the College in such time as he could spare from his office as a busy Wilmington doctor.

Albert Newton Raub had been appointed to the principalship of Newark Academy in 1886, during the Caldwell administration, and although the Academy was technically upon its own and does not appear in the College catalog even as its preparatory school, he cannot have been unaware of the trying ordeal through which the College was passing. He had come in for criticism while still at the Academy, but that criticism was directed toward his tendency to make the school a family affair and take into his faculty an unusual number of sons and daughters, and it was not likely that as president he would override the choices already made or to be made by the Board. It was a gentle, somewhat muddleheaded Board, but wiser for its recent sad experience, and not likely to let itself be imposed upon. At least, not at first.

Raub's trouble, like Caldwell's and that of Newlin and James Patriot Wilson, was not with the Trustees. A great deal of wool can be pulled over the eyes of people who see you only through annual reports and special memoranda, and at an occasional Board meeting. With people who see you every day it is not so easy. One of President Raub's troubles arose from the fact that his faculty did not see him often enough. As I have become addicted to the making of indexes, he had fallen victim to the textbook writing habit, and people who did not exercise their Christian duty said he spent too much time on the compilation of what were, as a
matter of fact, quite popular texts in the fields of arithmetic, grammar, spelling, rhetoric and composition; and so had time for very little else. We should have expected something of the sort, for he was called to the Academy largely on the reputation of his *Plain Educational Talks with Teachers and Parents*, published in 1869, his *School Management*, which appeared in '82, and his *Methods of Teaching*, which followed it in 1884. He had been a lecturer, and editor of the *Educational News*, which was widely read in educational circles.

Here as before I shall borrow shamelessly, this time from Dr. John A. Munroe's able article on Raub which appeared in the 21st series of *Delaware Notes* as well as from E. N. Vallandigham and from Lyman Powell, whose account ends with the Raub administration. The new president held degrees from Millersville Normal School, Princeton, Lafayette and Ursinus, which, together with the fact that he had conducted the Academy in a successful, if nepotistical, way for two years, started him off with promise. He was succeeding to the chair recently relinquished by a flamboyant failure, which made life still more hopeful at the outset. And he was a man with many plausible ideas.

The College had never been in greater need of ideas, and though some of Raub's were what we would now consider a compromise with the powers of darkness, and others were good but too advanced for his Trustees, several had their support, and the school became better rather than worse. It could not have become worse.

He had been teacher and principal of lower schools and had spent enough time and thought on writing about them so that when he approached the college presidency he not only came up from below, but his mental approach was from the bottom side. We had spent years bemoaning the fact that the schools of the State did not fit young men for college entrance, and we are again busy about the improvement of the high schools so that their product may fit into our standards; but Dr. Raub wished to ease the college entrance standards so that there would not be in each year's entering class more people with conditions than without them. Cleaver had entered with a condition in mathematics, and if we open the Minutes of the faculty at random at any time between 1834 and 1887 we find very little but disciplinary action and the imposing or the removal of conditions.

Even before anything had been done about requirements, the
enrollment increased from Caldwell's sixteen to a new twenty-nine, and when Raub left there were seventy-one, after a peak of ninety-seven in 1891-92. One of the curricula was accessible without even Latin, and two without Greek. He was interested and instrumental in the raising of high school standards, but he wished to let the responsibility rest there, and accept graduates of the high schools of the state without entrance examination. Only in the case of the Wilmington high school was this approved by the Board. The thirty free scholarships granted to the Legislature in 1870, for distribution in the three counties, were still effective, and more were added on the president's recommendation; and early in the administration the faculty were given power to adjust the curriculum to suit themselves and Dr. Raub. By the end of his service six "courses" had grown up: the Classical, the Latin-Scientific, Agriculture and Science, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering and Electrical Engineering, which leave one gasping and remind us only of Polonius' "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." Agriculture was given direction and incentive by the federal law of 1887 and the establishment of the Agricultural Experiment Station in '88, and though the beginnings were slow, and interest kindled badly, the school offered every encouragement, and it was possible to undertake agricultural education by way of anything from six months to four full years. The new Experiment Station building at the east end of the College, which now serves the Department of Physical Education, set the example for the bad dream that was to overtake us in the form of Recitation Hall in 1891.

A frame building eastward from what afterward came to be known as Mechanical Hall, housed the drill hall and the makeshift gymnasium, together with a woodworking shop and the overflow from the Department of Agriculture, and in 1891 the boys petitioned the Board for the establishment of a Department of Physical Education, but got no place. This frame building came to be known as Brown Hall, from the interest and contributions raised toward its erection by Professor George Leroy Brown, and is not to be confused with the Brown Hall of our own day.

Engineering went over better than agriculture at this point in
our history, though with less legitimate encouragement. President Raub roped in the newly appointed Brown, who had come on selection of the War Department to preside over our long neglected military activities, and used him as a professor of engineering in his spare time, but only after the Board had called his attention to the fact that the mechanic arts had been stipulated in the bond. The compulsory nature of military training was slow to dawn upon the College, and it was not until long after Brown's arrival that it was unanimously, or practically unanimously, accepted.

The president aspired, too, to a graduate program, and talked in terms of a Ph. D., but settled for an M. A., in which not many were interested. Honorary degrees, which had blossomed like the rose in the early college, especially when we were short of eligible seniors, had not formed a very great part of the plan of the post-war College, and were now revived as a means of lending dignity to an institution emerging from a very undignified era.

Again the school imported, to the extent of its pocketbook, visiting lecturers. This practice dates as early as the 1840's when the great Horsford, in particular, had been a kind of visiting scholar in chemistry, and had planted the seeds of what was to become our Department of Chemistry. In 1930 the dean of the School of Engineering wrote a history of engineering at the University, in the manner in which I have written too much of the present text—out of his head—but under the great disadvantage of having been here only two years and having at his command nothing but the records in his own office. It was a kind of Gebrauchsmusik to accompany the opening of Evans Hall, and gives no hint of chemical engineering rising from so distant a thing as the Horsford lectures. Before his death in 1946 Dr. Eastman was busy about a life and appreciation of Horsford, and the completion of that life is one of the many things waiting on Miss Quaesita Drake's agenda.

How far these visiting lecturers have led me! But let me not reform; it would only be to fall from grace. The new faculty of the period who left marks upon Raub's college were George D. Purinton, first director of the Agricultural Experiment Station; Charles L. Penny, who came to teach German and returned later as professor of Chemistry; Frederick H. Robinson, who himself left a very brief history of the College in his time; and the gentle Elisha Conover, who had applied for a position as a teacher of the classic languages in 1887 but was not elected until eight years later. To
Professor Conover, until a month before his death in 1944, I went or sent everybody who was interested in the history of the school during his time or before it.

The faculty had increased in the Raub era from seven to thirteen, and we could afford it. The increase in student body had not done much for the budget; had, as a matter of fact, cost more than it had brought; but the appropriation of an annual fund of $15,000 by the federal government at the very beginning of the administration had done a great deal. In '91 the new Morrill Act promised greatly increased federal aid, and in 1895 the president’s invitation to the General Assembly to visit the College and see for themselves both our achievement and our needs did us no harm.

Salaries increased greatly, without ever becoming a burden to anyone, and the physical plant was not only enriched (or impoverished, as it now appears) by the building of Recitation Hall and the Agricultural Experiment Station building but was improved in several other ways.

The disastrous fire which swept through the Dean woolen mill on Christmas Day, 1886, and destroyed half of the town’s income had demonstrated the need for a dependable water supply, and in the next two years water came not only to the town but to the College, though it came sparingly at first, and for some time the only outlet was a handbasin in the chemical laboratory. I shall not even try to resist telling you a story which connects with this handbasin.

For the complete truth of the tale I will not vouch; but certainly it is a justifiable emendation of an otherwise uninteresting incident. Professor Penny, like the stately town surveyor, Wilbur Wilson, was at all times a proper gentleman, and wore a long tail coat with two buttons just below the small of his back, and a pocket built into the coat tail in which such small things as handkerchiefs could be concealed with ease. He had, too, a laboratory assistant who, at moments of strain, struggled with a pronounced stutter. Finding, one day, that he must leave the laboratory for a brief trip to the post office, Professor Penny washed his hands at the basin, hung the old-fashioned, fringe-ended towel on its customary brad, and started out, only to be stopped by his assistant.

"Dr. P-p-p-p... Dr. P-p-p-p... Dr. . . ."

"Never mind, I'm in a bit of a hurry. Tell me when I come back."

"B-b-b-but Dr. P-p-p-p, Dr. P-p-p . . ."

"I told you I was in a hurry. Tell me when I come back."
At the post office he was met by a broad grin and said to the attendant, "Why is everybody giggling this morning?"

"I think," replied the young man, "that it is because you have a towel attached to your back button."

It came off quickly and disappeared into the coat tail pocket, while the button rolled away under the stove. Back at the laboratory he berated his assistant. Why had he let him go out in that condition? To which the assistant answered with a grin, "Y-y-y-you said, you said it w-w-w-would b-b-b-e all right if I-I-I-I t-t-told y-y-y-you when you c-c-came back."

Gas did not come in quantity until 1926, but a feeble, locally operated affair dates from the period under consideration. Again we were to have a new fence, and new walks—which must have made glad the heart of the janitor—and behind the old building the grounds were prettified, and the military boys complained no more that the campus was used also as a cow pasture, and that drill was made difficult, irregular and sometimes embarrassing. But if we were on our way to beauty we were far from comfort, for though central heating was installed and all of the stoves relegated to the cellar in '88, the fear that our secondhand boiler might explode and blow everyone to perdition made the College fathers very cautious—so cautious that the boiler was installed (or stalled) some thirty feet from the building; and steam passing through thirty feet of uninsulated pipe resulted in an apex of discomfort which the boys in the pre-war era never knew in the days of the most recalcitrant stoves. Even when someone borrowed your "fluid" and replaced it with water, or stole your coal, there was always the possibility of an excuse to study in someone else's room; but with the whole building as cold as Greenland, to whom could one go? Luckily the great storm of March, 1888, had passed, but there were those who had found it less perilous than the great freeze of '88-89.

Another source of annoyance was the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which had begun operation over everyone's dead body in 1886, and over the dead body of its first victim, Clinton Garrett, in '87. The town opposed it, the College opposed it, and Rathmell Wilson made his last and most spectacular public appearance in connection with it; but though it was forced to make two awkward and, as it happened, dangerous turns to get through the town, through it went. It began under bad auspices. Major William B.
Gray, writing for the *University News* in January, 1954, tells the story:

At that time, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was under construction. A labor camp of Italian workmen was located along the right of way, a mile or more from Newark. There was some delay in the payment to the contractor, and the delay was passed along to the laborers. Paydays were once a month, somewhere around the twentieth, so there was always payment held back for the previous month. When two months without pay rolled by, matters for the contractor and the men became serious. All along the line, from Philadelphia south to the Susquehanna River, the men threatened to march on Chester and Wilmington, where the militia were called out to protect the town.

Our two companies were drilling on a quiet afternoon in front of Old College, one on each side of the central gravel walk, when we heard an awful uproar coming down the street. A short distance ahead of a mob of Italians, the contractor was breaking all existing running records, with the mob close at his heels, throwing stones and yelling like wild animals. He climbed the stile, fled up the path, and fell exhausted on the steps of Old College. Captain Webb took in the situation at a glance, swung the 1st "Company into Line" across the entrance, inside the fence, with a second "Company in support, fix bayonets," as he gave the order. He stepped up the stile and ordered the mob to halt. Two or three of the workers who spoke English came up and told Captain Webb they wanted the contractor and would harm no one else. Captain Webb replied "You will not enter here—no arguments. Get out of this town at once; return to your camp or I'll clear the streets—now go!" They dispersed and we followed in close order formation out of town.

You can imagine the excitement in Newark. We boys enjoyed both the excitement and Bob de Maranville's remarks: "Invade this sacred precinct and this bayonet will drip with blood"; "Stand fast, ye Delawareans, as your ancestors stood at Cooch's Bridge"; "Pass the word to Captain Webb—I stand ready at his command to jump the fence and scatter the mob, alone and single-handed." Bayard Heisel said "Hi, Bob, when you start let me have your rifle. You can run faster without it. Never mind your hat. You will soon run out from under it."

That incident passed off all right but next morning the sheriff and ten deputy sheriffs came to the College in two carriages. They were dressed like stage sheriffs, with broad-brimmed soft hats, dark clothes, long leather boots with trouser legs stuffed in, and carried shotguns and 45 Colts. Will DuHamel said,
“Where did the Sheriff get them? He must have sent away for them.”

After some discussion with President Purnell, ball cartridges were issued, and the student body and Captain Webb were deputized to go with the sheriff and deputies to the contractor’s camp, where the office force were besieged in their house. The commissary had been looted and about 100 horses and mules penned in the stables without food and water, for the laborers would not permit the stablemen to take care of them.

We were taken to the camp in three buses and there unloaded. . . . We formed into a column of fours, a short distance from the camp, and marched ahead, with the sheriff and his deputies heading the procession. As we approached the camp, Victor Woolley ordered Hopkins to beat the drum; “Beat it like the devil. I hope the laborers will hear it and think it is the Militia from Wilmington!”

Captain Webb (regular soldier that he was) took no chances, but threw out skirmishers on both flanks and in advance—no ambuscades or surprises would catch Captain Webb. The show of force was sufficient; we had no trouble of any kind. The office force was released, and the horses and mules were taken out and watered and fed, then taken to Wilmington. Another bus load of deputy sheriffs arrived and policed the camp, while we returned to College . . . heroes for a day. The B & O produced some money, the men were paid off, and work was resumed.

Another story told of the coming of the railroad concerns an Italian workman who had become attached to one of the paper mill girls, possibly because of her charm, and possibly because it was known that she had $12 in the bank. She had told him “No” so many times without success that she began to fear that she would be kidnapped and took her sister into her confidence. If sister would consent to marry the gentleman and take him off her hands, she might have the $12. The other lady thought it a possible arrangement, and the two women consulted their Italian friend on the subject. He was willing—which gives credence to the suspicion that he was more interested in the cash than in the lady—and the two were married. After the completion of the railroad he stayed on in Newark, got a job at the paper mill and there he and his wife worked happily in the rag-sorting room, and died with a great deal more than $12 in the bank.

I return to the Raub administration. There was a move toward the establishment of a Normal School which got not much farther than the Normal School which failed to come off in the early ’50’s or the two-year experiment under Purnell. And there was talk of a prep school—not Newark Academy—and it ended with talk.
Raub had suffered for many years from a rheumatic condition, which grew worse, as such things do, with the advancing years, and a Trustee investigation of a miscellany of charges brought against him, though nothing came of it, was discouraging to an aging man, and he resigned on March 23, 1896.

On June 16 the College was turned over to one of the kindest and wisest of men, George Abram Harter. If you remember Dr. Harter and Professor Conover you will smile warmly at the very memory. They were very different, and what I would have said to one I would never have dreamed of saying to the other, but of each, everyone who knew them says: "He was a gentleman and a scholar." Professor Harter, like Frederick H. Robinson, left a short and rather pale account of his time.

He had been elected to the chair of mathematics (which included a great many other things) in 1885, just as President Purnell was leaving, but on that gentleman’s recommendation. There was unrest about coeducation and about the location of the College, which many people thought would prosper in Dover, though why it should do better in one small town, miles from the state’s chief industrial center, on a branch railroad, than in another on two main lines and nearer the center of population and industry has never been clear. Newark had recently passed through a serious crisis. The burning of the Dean mill at the end of 1886 had put out of work more than half of the town’s working population, and John Fletcher Williamson, whose flourishing general store had supplied eastern Newark as the Evans, and later the Motherall, store had fed the western end of town, undertook to keep good the laborers’ credit until the mill could be reopened. It was not rebuilt for many years, and then as an entirely new enterprise; to this was added the demolition of the paper mill and its rebuilding in the summer of ’87. Masonry and carpentry flourished, but mill hands are of no use in the process, and under the double load Williamson went down. The Curtis family had not been over-popular before, and were long in outliving the indignation which overtook them at this point. True, their mill was in a state of dilapidation and in need of modernization if it were to prosper and go on employing people in the years to come, but a hungry mill hand does not see clear through the economic processes, and what John Fletcher Williamson saw, he saw with sadness.

The new president had few academic ambitions or ideals. He
did not wish to call the College a university, or to expand the campus; he would be satisfied if the school could be at peace within itself and with its neighbors, and if it could keep pace with the very modest times and not go into the red. And more than anything else it was his hope that some day he could turn over to someone else the executive part of his business and go back to his chosen field of mathematics. In all these and more he succeeded. Except for a student strike in 1902, and a vague charge in the General Assembly in 1907 that the College was not being properly conducted, the Harter administration is marked only by peaceful, undemonstrative progress until the beginning of the Great Awakening in 1911.

Of the strike, Vallandigham says:

A serio-comic incident . . . grew out of the suspension of several students in the Spring of 1902. Some of the student body felt that the suspension was unjustified, and a "strike" was proposed. According to the testimony of several who opposed the proposal, they would have been able to avert the strike but for the authoritative tone taken by Doctor Wolf in addressing the student body upon the subject. Nobody acquainted with the Doctor's oddly mingled temperament, as often exhibited in impulsive kindness, sometimes in sudden but brief impatience or indignation, could have taken his brusqueness too seriously, but according to the pacifists of the occasion, the Doctor's hesitant and brief but emphatic address stung the majority to rebellion, with the result that all of the students, save the graduating class, who feared for their diplomas, and one youth who obeyed his father's order to take no part in the strike, walked out and were absent from classes several days. The most amusing aspect of this little war against constituted authority was the entirely amiable relations that subsisted meanwhile between the strikers and the Faculty. They came individually to some of the temporarily idle professors, and amicably discussed the pros and cons of the situation, accepting with entire good humor the assurance that they were playing the part of undisciplined children. In the end all returned to their studies, and there were no further punishments inflicted. A proposal to recall the suspended before the expiration of their term was, however, overwhelmingly voted down by the Faculty.

The trouble in the state Legislature arose out of an invitation to the General Assembly to visit the college, a move which had been successful a few years before, and the feeling on the part of two or three members that they were being asked so that they would
THE COLLEGE BEFORE 1911

appropriate money, that they could see very little that would do them any good in a three- or four-hour visit, and that the Trustees were not using federal funds to advantage or as intended in the original laws. The feeling that the College was riding the agricultural funds, and the Experiment Station in particular, is understandable in the light of the fact that much of the school’s correspondence after 1888 is on Experiment Station letterhead, and certain bills for what must have been college repairs are charged to the Station. Long afterwards the Experiment Station watched the College with a suspecting eye, and until very recently the Station library has stood aloof from the general library, not quite sure why we were not to be trusted, but perfectly, though erroneously, sure that we were not.

Except for the beginnings of the Women’s College, about which I shall speak hereafter, the Harter administration was, in general, eventless, and therefore happy. But an eventless day makes poor copy, and it has been my tendency to devote myself, as your newspaper does, to the things that do nobody any credit. The man who can laugh at himself, realizing vaguely that his family, his neighborhood, his town and his college are his, is very likely to laugh at them, too—lovingly, to be sure—and this needs to be taken into consideration and discounted, as you discount your newspaper. When I say that the administration was eventless I do not mean that nothing happened. Let me give it to you in catalog form.

In 1896 Wilbur Owen Sypherd was graduated at the age of 19, with first honors in a class of twenty-three. That, to most of us, is an event of more than passing interest. He did not come back to the College until 1906, but from that time forward he was to become more and more influential in the life and cultural activities of his alma mater. Hazo Barton came as college caretaker, and until his death in 1922 was as beloved of the students as only a faithful and kindly caretaker can be, and when he died the Alumni News said of him: “Hazo Barton, the grand old man of the campus, is dead . . . .” and the page-long tribute was written by—Wilbur Owen Sypherd.

This year saw, too, our friend Edward N. Vallandigham elected to the chair of mental, moral and political philosophy, and the removal of the library from Old College to Recitation Hall. By 1897 there was a telephone on the campus, only one to be sure.
and that in the office of the Experiment Station. Where else? Do we not depend upon the Station for certain things?

Dr. Purnell was to return to Delaware College this year as an instructor in elocution and oratory, at a very uncomplimentary salary, but for love of the old school and a need for something useful to do. There were events in the town too, the chief of which were another expansion of the paper mill and the organization of the Newark Building and Loan Association.

_Aurora_ appeared in 1898, the first of the series of student annuals which in 1911 became the _Blue Hen_. The Newark High School moved out of its cramped quarters in the old school building and expanded into space in the Academy building. Newark Academy had closed its doors in the spring of 1898—doors which had stood open since John Waugh pried them open ninety-nine years before, part of the time as an independent school and from 1834 to ’59 as the prep school to the College.

The frame building which had housed gymnasium, military department, machine shop and the agricultural overflow burned and was replaced by the first section of the new Mechanical Hall, to which additions were made from time to time until 1911.

Mrs. Harter’s death saddened the faculty and the town in 1899; there graduated from Delaware College young Everett C. Johnson, who was to found the _Newark Post_ in 1910, befriend his college in many ways and, like his equally wise and college-minded son-in-law, Dean Francis H. Squire, die all too soon—in 1926.

The population of Newark had reached 1,213 in 1900, and little happened in town or College. It was at about this time that the colorful Jennie Jex lived in the Granite Mansion, later occupied by Norris Wright and now the property of the Presbyterian Church. She and her equally interesting actor son built a match factory, known as the Helio factory, which afterwards moved to Elkton and during the late war became a munitions factory of some importance. The old building underwent the ravages of fire and wayward youth, and then became the Ritter catsup plant and then the Phillips Packing Co., located on the Pennsylvania Railroad siding just west of the College Avenue crossing.

A dramatic club was started at the College in 1901, but the big event of the year 1901-02 was the extensive repair and enlargement of Old College. Not until Wolf Hall went up in 1917 and relieved the pressure of classes was it possible to restore the old
building completely, but the time had come when audiences at Commencement and on other occasions must be asked not to applaud loudly or to whistle or stamp their feet lest the insecure underpinnings let them down as the Village Church had let down the Catholics on that eventful morning in the early '80's, not because they applauded or whistled or stamped their feet, but for the simpler reason that there were too many of them. Something had to be done; iron posts and tie rods of the 1902 renovation outlasted even the extensive operations of 1917, and can be seen today. The 1902 strike coincides but has nothing to do with the appointment of Edward Lawrence Smith, who was to precede George Elliott Dutton as dean of the College; an athletic association was founded, and the first clerical staff appears. Where? Where but in the Agricultural Experiment Station? She could, of course, help out in other places in time of need, and most times are times of need.

Joe Frazer was graduated in 1903, and it was his death, which in 1911—but let us not discuss 1911 yet. It is worth more than passing mention.

There was a new and unsatisfactory town charter in 1903, and two very satisfactory additions to the faculty: Clinton O. Houghton and Clarence A. Short. The year 1904 saw the death of George Gillespie Evans who had been the College's banker and the town's good angel for many years. He was succeeded by his son Charles, who had for years known as much about the inner workings of the school as his father, and the Evans Papers to which I have made repeated reference are the result of over seventy-five years of what amounts to an unbroken secretarship. In 1904, too, young George E. Dutton was to be graduated and launched on his way to the deanship. And in this year we were granted the first of our six Rhodes scholarships.

Since the burning of old Brown Hall in 1898 we had been without a gymnasium, and in 1905 the new, but soon too small Taylor Gym was erected. A chapter of Phi Kappa Phi was founded, and Merrill Van Giesen Smith, who was later to become dean of what we now call the School of Engineering, was added to the faculty.

You see, do you not, how dull local history can be made, if the misfortunes and scandal are strained out?

The Adams Act added funds for the Agricultural Experiment Station in 1906, and late that year we were negotiating the purchase of the old Russell estate south of town. Harry Hayward succeeded
A. T. Neale as director of the Station, and the Continental Fibre Co. put up its first building. In this year Dr. Sypherd came back to us as professor of English and Political Science, and Charles A. McCue was appointed to the agriculture faculty. Like Hayward whom he was to succeed, he was a man of wide interests, which reached far beyond the College to the town and the state.

There was a fire at Old College in 1907 which was covered by insurance and made possible minor improvements.

Departments were beginning to take on clear limitations as such, though Dr. Sypherd has often been quoted as saying that he was appointed not to a chair but to a settee.

The year 1909 is not far from the Great Awakening, and

. . . While the tired waves, mainly breaking,
    Seem here no painful inch to gain,
    Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
    Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

The long debate about the removal of the College to Wilmington, having passed from zeal through indignation to disgruntlement, was to rest there until it was absorbed by a kindly forgetfulness. The population had increased to 1,913. Dr. Rhodes took over the unpromising drug store of Eben Frazer, and Frazer retired to what he had every reason to suppose would be a dull and uncomfortable old age. For him too there was to be a great awakening. The year 1911 was to see the death of his son Joseph, and at the College the sun was rising.
VIII

THE GREAT AWAKENING

The year 1910 had been a quiet and uneventful one, and 1911 began so, but it was to sweep away at least six of the old characters whose going would change the face of the town and the College.

First there was the beloved and bedeviled Sally Roach. Mrs. Sara A. Roach appears in the Archives about 1874 on a list of persons, probably made up for publicity purposes, scribbled on the back of an 1872 Delta Phi Gazette, along with the names of other townspeople, some of whom were not here before 1874, and others who were gone before 1880. There are still alumni who remember her, and it matters not where you ask, if she is mentioned at all the first two remarks are the same: "She was the fattest woman I ever saw" and "She made the best ice cream I have ever eaten." Her shop was in the front of her house, which stood only a few yards east of the present Rhodes Drug Store, and there she held forth with her terrified stepson Harry, selling and serving oysters in the months in which there was an "R" and ice cream more or less the year around. She had a horse and a wagon, with which she went about to auction sales, and served her wares before and during the sale, and on those occasions the college boys found her shop closed and must go without her services. But when she was in her shop it was rarely without customers. She was a strong exponent of order, and under ordinary circumstances her place was kept in hand, though it was sometimes at the cost of much ungentle language. And circumstances so often took over and ceased to be ordinary. Without wishing the lady any harm, the local constabulary played into the hands of the students, and when they had hectored her into dismounting the porch steps (not an easy task, but easier than remounting them) to quell what was made to look like a riot in the street, they locked her out, and carried on in her sacred precincts the most awe-inspiring orgies with the window blinds up and all lamps lighted so that she and the police might miss nothing, and when she appealed, as she always did, to authority, authority replied in an almost set speech, "Why, Mrs. Roach, you wouldn't want this to go into the record. It would give your
house a bad name,” or “Do you mean that you want us to break down your own door, and cause you all the cost and bother of having it repaired?” Mr. William Crossan, who until a few years ago mowed the College lawn behind a mare who loved him so dearly that if he left her for five minutes she called for him and wanted to go on with the job, was little Bill Crossan in the 1880’s and used to go each morning to the Roach establishment with two pails of cream from his father’s dairy. He tells the story of arriving at the back door one morning, and finding Harry crouched trembling in a corner while his mountainous stepmother shook her angry finger at him and told him off for letting the chickens into the kitchen—the Roach establishment was not the cleanest in America—where they had eaten up several quarts of strawberries. Small Bill had his share of deviltry, and approaching her he said, “Mrs. Roach!” But the lecture went on. “Mrs. Roach!!” Still no attention. “Mrs. Roach!!!” “WHAT DO YOU WANT, BILL CROSSAN?” Bill made sure that the path to the door was clear, and then said with diabolical innocence, “It’s all right, Mrs. Roach. They didn’t harm your chickens.” And of course the person who suffered for that wisecrack was Harry.

Sally Roach’s house was moved some years before her death from Main Street to the ground on which Wolf Hall now stands, and in the moving process the lean-to kitchen parted company and fell off, and the small fry—yes, and others—said it was the movers’ fault; they should not have tried to move it with her in it. She died in 1911 and was buried in the White Clay Creek Churchyard, close up against the church wall, under the largest stone in the cemetery.

Just as colorful in her way was the elder Anna Hossinger, the aunt of the Miss Anne whom many of us remember. She (the elder Anne) lived during her later days in an apartment in the Deer Park, and wore hoop skirts until her death in 1911. The family told of her that she bought, at an auction, a very fine mahogany bar which served her as a sideboard and serving table, and filled one whole side of her largest room. She had qualms about it, however, and assembled six Bibles, which she scattered along its bottom shelves as we now scatter ant traps and Airwick bottles. It was this Miss Anne who owned property stretching across Delaware Avenue in front of what is now Wolf Hall, with a great black cherry tree at the south end, and here in cherry time she came to
express her feelings to small girls who were unladylike enough to climb the tree and drop not the cherries, but the stones, down to her. And it is she of whom it was told that before her removal to the Deer Park, when she lived on the Hossinger farm, she refused to catch and imprison in the evening a chicken against the morrow's dinner. Its last night was unmolested, and in the morning she scattered food before her, approached the feeding fowl of her choice with hoop skirt uplifted, and dropped it where it would do most good.

The year 1911 saw the long, sad end of William H. Russell. He was one of the sons of the great Andrew Kerr Russell, and lived with his poor mad sister until he too was thought strange and off-center. It was to Russell, whom the College boys called "the Count," and to his custom of dyeing his hair jet black, long after it should have been a beautiful grey, that the students referred loudly, but at a safe distance, when they called across the campus "Count Russell d-y-e-d last night." He was blind at the end, and not a funny figure, but a sad one, and many of the old boys, returning after 1911, were a bit sorry and a bit ashamed.

About the other three persons who died in this year there are no amusing stories. At least I do not know them. The death of F. William Curtis brought about changes at the paper mill, with more expansion and larger-scaled activity. Dr. Columbus Henry died in 1911 and left many of our citizens without a loved and trusted doctor.

Joseph Frazer, son of Eben Frazer, the town druggist, was graduated from the College in 1903, and like Tom Caulk disappeared into the engineering world, where he was rarely heard from in the years before 1910. His last contract was for the cutting of a Bolivian railway tunnel, undertaken jointly with another young engineer. The cut was a difficult one, through a great mass of rock, and was going to cost a pretty penny and net all too little, and the contract provided for extensive costs. Before the drilling had proceeded far, the rock ran out, and the job of cutting away sand and clay and hauling it came to very little—so little that Frazer found himself a wealthy man. He died at LaPaz, Bolivia, before he had collected payment, and our friend Horace Greeley Knowles, who had started the Delaware College Review in 1883, and to whom the family applied for help in the clearing of the estate, felt at times that there would be no estate at all. The business cleared
at last, and the town apothecary found himself and his sons launched on careers of ease. They bought, reconditioned and moved into, the palatial Blandy house which we know as Belmont. They bought an expensive automobile, which cost not only money but the life of one of Joseph's brothers; they gave the College the old Agricultural Experiment Station Farm, which had been rented, year by year, and converted it, in 1913, into an athletic field to be known as Joe Frazer Field; Eben was elected to the town council, chosen mayor of Newark, and then appointed to a trusteeship at the College. He ran into criticism among people who did not like his policy and activities in relation to sewage, and was looked up to, or down upon, depending upon your memory of his present or his past. No one was more loved and respected as druggist, unless it was his successor George W. Rhodes.

I seem always to begin with a flow of anecdote which runs out in a shallow stream of chronology and statistics. And 1911 has its statistics too. The General Assembly created the Chair of History at the college, and called it just that, and the Trustees bestowed it upon Earnest Vancourt Vaughan; but history begins to put its teeth into the year and into the College at meetings of the Delaware Equal Suffrage Association, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Daughters of the American Revolution, in the form of resolutions to be referred to the legislature as to the need for a college for women in the State, and as pledges to promote interest.

I shall not go deeply into the matter here, for a later chapter will cover the Women's College, and in it I shall crib from all the records. It is best that you see this aspect of the University's history as a unit, and it will therefore not be discussed now, though it grew up as a part of the great awakening, and ought not to be dissociated from it.

There was much talk of coördinate colleges for men and women in 1912, and some thought of a return to coeducation. The Board of Trustees did not wish to see the new college go elsewhere, or set up housekeeping under another management. On the other hand, they did not wish to become involved in the complications which had brought the college to the brink of ruin in 1886, and they moved warily.

The General Assembly, which was to bring the Women's College into being in 1913, in the same year set up under a new Delaware
College charter the machinery for the first Summer School since the abortive session of 1878, though it seems not to have gone into operation until 1915, and was to be reorganized about the “Americanization” slogan in 1919.

This charter is worth attention. Ever since the reorganization of the College in 1870 it had functioned under a series of short-time charters, renewed at intervals by the legislature, and for several years before 1913 the question of ownership of the College had been in and out of the General Assembly’s agenda. In 1908 a bill was passed creating a commission, composed of the Secretary of State, the Lieutenant Governor and the Attorney General, to inquire into the status of the College, and frame and report back to the legislature in 1911 a new charter for the institution. There were hearings, both public and private, at which the members of the State Grange, which was unhappy about certain phases of the college administration, were given an opportunity to express themselves, and after which the Attorney General was asked to draft a new charter.

When the General Assembly met in 1913 it was so busily occupied with the question of eminent domain, the establishment of a Summer School and the setting up of a Women’s College, all more or less within the structure of Delaware College and its new charter, that they said nothing about ownership of the College. The second section of the act creating the new charter makes it clear that the Board of Trustees of Delaware College “shall perform the same duties and enjoy the same privileges and prerogatives heretofore enjoyed and exercised by it, subject to the amendments and provisions hereinafter contained.” About the ownership of the College nothing more is said.

The legislature, having set its hand to the educational plow, went farther, passed an act providing for the creation of a pathological and bacteriological laboratory at the College, and the next year provided $500 for fire protection in the town. As early as 1909 the Town Council had set aside $250 for the “fire company” which later took on the name Actna Hose, Hook and Ladder Co. A bill was passed providing for the enlargement of water and power plants in 1920, and a new pumping station followed in 1921.

The old Academy building, which had served the high school since the closing of Newark Academy in 1898, was outgrown by 1914, and was a fire trap at best. Fire escapes had been added
about 1909, and the fire house was to be built in its back yard, but
not until 1923, nine years after the first section of the new school
had been built.

The two old grade schools, behind the Surratt real estate office
and in the Musselman house, had given place, in 1884, to the new
brick building back from Main Street just west of the Farmers’
Bank, on land given by the Albert Lewis family with the under-
standing that if ever it ceased to be used for school purposes it
would revert to the estate. We have occasionally come dangerously
close to forgetting the stipulation, and the use of a part of it as
parking space is still, and must continue to be, limited to certain
days and hours. At other times, theoretically at least, only school
vehicles can use it. In the summer of 1960 the building underwent
extensive changes, but it is used for school purposes only.

Returning to the town’s activities, the local power plant gave
place to power brought in by high tension wire in 1914, and in
1926 high pressure gas mains were laid out from Wilmington.

In 1916 the College and town united in a feast of reason and a
flow of soul such as they had not undertaken since that happy day
in the summer of ’69 when the town gathered on the campus to
celebrate the centenary of the Academy charter and to welcome
home from its years of hibernation the re-awakening college. It was
the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, a few days late,
to be sure, but splendid in wig and buskin, under the general super-
vision of Dr. Sypherd, as the College Centenary was to be in 1934.
There was a tent and a parade through which the 20th century
showed only here and there, and a performance of *Twelfth Night*
at the opera house, through which it showed not at all. There are,
in the University Archives, pictures of the parade, with the stately
Miss Lill’ Wilson riding as Queen Elizabeth, and President Mitchell
trailing on behind, looking a little sheepish.

He was to return in 1934 and function at the centenary as one of
the three surviving presidents, but age had overtaken Miss Wilson,
and, unlike the great queen, she was wise enough to acknowledge
the fact; and the first lady was Miss Caroline Cobb, though just
what she represented neither she nor anyone else knew, but in the
general warmth and enthusiasm of the occasion it did not matter.

I have followed the Shakespeare pageant far out of my way, as a
small boy would have followed a circus, and now I must bring
myself and you back to the rather humdrum life of the post-carnival
village. The year 1917 passed without incident in the town, but 1918 began big. On the spot where the Hollingsworth lumber yard stands, there had been before 1889 a gauze and hammock factory, which in that year was taken over by the Knauff Organ Co., as a branch mill—not to make great church organs or the sighing, moaning, gurgling movie variety that were presently to descend upon an unoffending world, but the wheezy parlor kind which your great aunt had and never used. It was not a long-lived venture and expired in '97, to be followed by the Jacob Thomas wall paper factory, which carried on a parallel but not a competitive business with the Curtis paper mill, until the early hours of January 11th, 1918. A letter full of personal troubles from the younger Anne Hossinger to Charles B. Evans, who was then living in Wilmington and caring for Miss Anne by remote control, was written five days later and ends with a paragraph which ought to be quoted here: "Thomas’ paper mill is still burning, but I believe the danger is over. Friday night was full of horrors with burning paper blowing up and sailing across the sky like balloons and the wind blowing such a gale. On Monday night such fierce flame started up in Mr. Thomas’ drafting room, that the fire company had to go up and put it out. . . ." Years afterwards, when I asked Miss Hossinger about the fire, she told me how the overheated and flaming rolls, soaked with ink or oil, shot up like rockets into the night sky, unrolling as they arose, and scattering to the wind a litter of burning fragments.

It was a wonderful show, the second mill fire in a third of a century, and people who lived within shot of the blazing rockets kept their valuables packed in telescopes and valises by their bedside at night, and beside the door during the day, expecting further developments. One hundred and ten persons were thrown out of work and, like the great Dean fire of 1886, the wall paper factory fire pointed up the danger of an undersupply of water; and it was in this connection that the legislature, in 1920, passed the bill providing for the enlargement of the water plant in the town.

In the fall of 1918, Spanish influenza gripped the nation and the town, and the newly completed, but still unoccupied Harter Hall was turned over to the town as a sort of pest house. When I told this to a colleague several years ago he said, "Odd! It has been a sort of pest house ever since." The false Armistice report at the beginning of November took care of much pent-up emotion, so that when
the war ended on November 11, 1918, the rejoicing was less explosive and more in tune with the beautiful solemnity of the occasion.

The year 1919 passed over an uneventful town, which in 1920 numbered 2,183 souls. So much for the uncollegiate life of Newark.

The years between 1911 and 1921 brought a number of men who were important in their time, and a few who have continued into our own. I give them in terms of the catalog in which they first appear. Most of them were appointed or began work in the previous September.

1912: T. F. Manns.

George E. Dutton, who came as an instructor in English, became dean of Delaware College in 1922 and died in the spring of 1944.

1913: George A. Koerber.

Howard K. Preston, who was to leave us before the end of the decade but to return not only as professor of theoretical and applied mechanics, but to serve the college for years as resident advisor on problems relating to buildings and grounds, and as acting dean of the School of Engineering during the long illness and after the death of Dean Spencer.

1915: Who does not remember Lee Rose, who came to the buildings and grounds staff in 1915, whose written communications were a work of wonder, and who had green thumbs on both hands. It was to him that the impossible task of transplanting many of the campus elms fell in 1930, when they were more than ten years old—and he lost not one.

1916 is even more exciting. Professor Frederick H. Robinson retired after more than twenty-five years as professor of Civil Engineering, and left memories and sadness in the hearts of many of the old boys.

The first Business Administrator established the office in this year, but was succeeded by the gingery A. G. Wilkinson two years later, and with Wilkinson came a kind of system in the management of the college's property and finance—an order which you could sometimes direct if you knew A. G., but which quite as often left you where you were, wondering why you had taken up with him the matter in hand.
Miss Helen Steele came in 1916 and operated, from the circulation desk of the college library, the telephone switchboard. Miss Steele was too good to be wasted on the telephone or a library desk, and when a vacancy occurred in the office of the President, she was transferred to it, and under Presidents Mitchell, Hullihen, Sypherd, Carlson, Colburn and at the beginning of the present administration, she could have told you, without looking it up, all that I have told you haltingly and after painful and sometimes mistaken verification. I came near to telling you, for instance, that the College bell was recast in 1884. She would have known better. It was recast in 1881.

The really beautiful story connected with Miss Steele is one which she told me herself, and therefore I feel sure she will not resent my passing it on to you.

By 1920 we had outgrown the opera house auditorium at the southwest corner of Academy and Main, and it had gone modern and turned into a movie; at the rejuvenated Old College the oratory had been turned into the commons, and even the new Wolf Hall auditorium was too small. Mitchell Hall was ten years away, and commencement was following the pattern of the ’80’s, and setting one for the 1950’s, by overflowing into the out-of-doors. Two or three days before commencement a sturdy wooden platform was put up under the lindens, but because one could not be sure of fair weather the business of decorating the platform with blue and gold bunting was left until “the day” and the platform stood gaunt under the June sky.

One year, on the night before Commencement, the faithful Miss Steele sat at her desk in the president’s office just inside the door of Recitation Hall, with only the silence of a June evening without, and behind her in the inner office the scratch, scratch, scratch of pens as Dr. Mitchell and Charles Evans signed diplomas against the morrow. Presently she was aware of the approach of feet, dragging along the cinder walk, and up the stone steps to the hall. They were unsteady, and the figure which loomed up in her door was quite as unsteady. Miss Steele, always gracious, inquired.

“... . . . . . fight?” said the stranger.

The secretary was not clear, but again gracious. “I didn’t quite catch . . . .”

“... . . . . . fight?”

“Would you repeat that just once more?” said Miss Steele.
"It’s quite all right, Miss Steele," said the voice of Charles Evans over her shoulder; and then turning to their inebriated friend, "The platform is for Commencement tomorrow. There isn’t going to be a fight."

It was in 1918 that ex-president Taft accepted an invitation to speak at Commencement. Not knowing that we were having a fast train stopped for him, he arrived one train earlier than he had been expected, and missed the royal welcome that had been prepared. He asked the way to the College of an urchin at the Pennsylvania station, walked up to the college, and arriving, threw our small world into confusion. Later Dean Dutton was delegated to pick up his commencement address for publication, and found the good man correcting blue books in President Mitchell’s study—he was then teaching law at Yale. "Oh, I have no address," said Mr. Taft, "I am speaking from a handful of notes."

In 1917 C. C. Palmer came to what has developed under his hand and that of Dr. Kakavas into the department of Biology, and to the English Department came Finley Melville Kendall Foster in whom Dr. Sypherd discovered not only a lifelong friend, but a man of considerable literary ability.

Professor William A. Wilkinson was appointed in 1918, and in him I found one of those rare men who talk very little at a committee meeting, but who know when everybody else’s talk has wandered, as mine so often does, from the subject before the committee, and sweeps it up and back into the proper line of march. Under him the Department of Education, which was essentially a Women’s College affair, broadened to take in young men, though not coeducationally. He worked under great handicaps, as who of us did not in that day of cramped quarters, cramped funds and sometimes cramped philosophies? He was not himself a great teacher, but the story which I have not the moral strength to suppress came to me by way of a student, and may therefore be no more dependable than if it had come from a member of the faculty.

We laughed at each other lovingly in those days; and occasionally we just laughed at each other. The story goes—and this time I am laughing lovingly—that Professor Wilkinson lectured from cards which he turned to the back of the pack as he progressed. One of the students—a young man, I blush to say—turned the cards back to the beginning of the lecture, and at the next meeting of the class the talk began, not where it left off but where the previous one
began. The young man repeated his performance at the end of the second lecture, and the third trip through was interrupted only by a parenthetic remark that it seemed only yesterday that he had given this lecture before.

Dean Harry Hayward of the School of Agriculture resigned in 1919, after some years of friction. He had been a good man in many ways, and his resignation brought to the surface criticism of the administration and of the Trustees and one of our periodic surveys; but like most surveys, it moved so slowly and behind so many closed conference room doors that by the time it was finished, interest in the needs behind it had gone off to fresh woods and pastures new. Charles A. McCue followed Hayward, and carried on the work until shortly before his death in 1942.

New appointments of the period include George E. Brinton, R. W. Heim, R. H. Thoroughgood, T. A. Baker and Leo Blumberg. The 1920 catalog adds W. L. Bevan, L. R. Detjen, F. W. Lindell, C. J. Rees, G. L. Schuster, T. D. Smith and the first of our trained librarians, Dorothy Lawson Hawkins, who, though the first and a woman, was to stand head and shoulders above all of us who have followed her. With her the library was to move from the old Delaware House, where it had been quartered on its removal from Purnell Hall in 1916, to the new Memorial Library in 1924. She owed much to Arthur L. Bailey, librarian of the Wilmington Institute Free Library, but more to her industry, sense of order, knowledge of books, skill in handling people and awareness of the importance of local material. The Archives were in the hands of the History Department in her time and she had nothing to do with them, but the Delaware Collection began under her hand, as had the fine reference collection which I inherited in 1930, after two short, stormy and profitless administrations.

The post-Hayward survey left the never very popular President Mitchell with the conviction that his forte lay in the teaching of history, not in the administration of a temperamental little college, which, though on the rise, had still a long way to go; and when in the spring of 1920 he was offered a very promising chair in the History Department of the University of Richmond, he resigned; and after some circumspection the Board, on June 12, elected Dr. Walter Hulihen, who came to us from Sewanee, where he had been professor of the classics. We had swung full circle from the ancient languages through theology, mathematics, education, astronomy,
through financier, soldier and postmaster, and historian, and we were back at the classics. It was not, however, his pre-presidential teaching career that brought him, but like Andrew Jackson, Grant, Theodore Roosevelt and President Eisenhower he came in largely on his late military activities and a stately, soldierly presence. His classical background never showed through any of my dealings with him except in so far as he never failed to spot at least one misspelled word in my annual report. Luckily this contribution to local history is not to pass through his hands.

A letter written to his father in the autumn of 1920 justifies quotation:

I must admit reluctantly that my first six weeks on the new job have not served to relieve the discouragement about which I wrote you on arrival. Everything, everybody seems dead—or at least deadly discouraged. The only lively or energetic person on the campus is the so-called “Business Administrator” and his way of showing his energy is not especially pleasing. He is what you would call a bumptious individual—very important—but he has all the energy and enthusiasm I have been able to find in the place. For that, at least, I like and praise him.

I am coming to think that the surprising failure of the faculty to show me as their incoming president, any attention socially is not due to any definite unfriendliness, but is a part of the spirit of discouragement which hangs like a pall over the place—also perhaps a kind of shyness. Many of them seem unused to the social amenities and courtesies by which we set so much store in the South. It is almost unbelievable, isn’t it, that no member of the faculty has called on me or invited me to his home, with the exception of Dr. Harter, professor of mathematics and former president, who has been most hospitable and cordial.

There was a little reception for us the other day. It was arranged by the Business Administrator, apparently, and was a shabby affair in the students’ lounge of the main building. There are people on the faculty who know how things ought to be done, but no one but the “Bus. Adm.” seems to think that a new executive head ought to be shown any attention. The Board of Trustees, I am grateful to say is quite different.

That he should have been prepared for this bleak reception ought to have been evident from a letter written to him by our friend Edward N. Vallandigham, on June 15, 1920, three days after his election. I quote only in part:

Of course what I write here is largely the impression of a
single observer, but you will know how to correct what I say by your own observation, and by what you hear from others. My relations with the College have been those of student, alumnus, teacher, and always of a steadfast friend. From 1896 to 1902 I was of the faculty, and for the past four years I have been a frequent visitor at the College for weeks together, in close contact with some of the faculty and in friendly relation with the student body. Since last October I have been a resident of Newark, and I shall be such until next autumn... When Dr. Mitchell came to Delaware College six years ago he was eagerly welcomed by the faculty as a man likely to put new life into the institution. For reasons that I need not give, he speedily lost the confidence of almost the whole faculty, though there were no men ambitiously intriguing for his place. If I read you aright your native firmness will save you from the kind of fatal mistakes into which he betrayed himself, and I can assure you of a thoroughly loyal welcome from the faculty and from those members of the Board and of the Alumni who have knowledge of you... In the fifty years that I have known Delaware College the institution has had but one President (Dr. Purnell, 1870-1885) moderately well fitted by native gifts, education, temperament, for the executive task... You will not be embarrassed by meddling politicians, for, bitter as are the political hatreds of this state, there has always been a truce to these things upon the campus. Nobody will inquire what ticket you vote or what church you attend, nor will any sort of political or ecclesiastical pressure be brought to bear upon you in the matter of appointments to the faculty.

Although the vast duPont wealth has much of menace to our civic life in Delaware, I have the strongest reason to believe that Pierre duPont, as the almoner of Delaware College and of its public schools, is utterly without selfish purpose... I believe that you will in no way be embarrassed by any demands that Mr. duPont may put upon the College, for I am convinced that he will never interfere with the liberty of teaching. His brother-in-law, Mr. Sharp, a pupil of mine of whom I am very fond, is loyally devoted to the College, and extremely hopeful of your administration... He is a man in whom you may absolutely trust, as I am sure you may in Mr. duPont.

A movement of the alumni, headed by Dr. Sypherd, Mr. Sharp and others, resulted in the calling of Dr. Mitchell to the presidency six years ago, but this movement was in no sense a conspiracy against Dr. Harter, for he cheerfully cooperated in the movement, though he knew from the first that it contemplated the ending of his own administration. Another movement of the alumni indirectly led to the resignation of Dr. Mitchell. This was undoubtedly incited by alumni who felt
that Dr. Mitchell’s administration ought to end, but it was not originally promoted by members of the faculty, though some subordinates of Dr. Hayward . . . furthered the movement, and what at first purported to be an effort to prevent the removal of Dr. Hayward marked a direct attack on Dr. Mitchell. Members of the faculty, called in to testify before the alumni committee, when questioned as to Dr. Mitchell’s fitness for his task, were uniformly against him, though there was shown, and I believe felt, little or no personal dislike to Dr. Mitchell. There was certainly no effort on the part of any professor to rise at the expense of Dr. Mitchell.

It may be well for you to know that when the Board of Trustees came to seek a successor to Dr. Mitchell and asked the views of the faculty, several members strongly recommended Dr. Sypherd for the post. As to Dr. Sypherd himself, he did not lift a hand in aid of the movement, and it is indicative of his thorough rectitude that he carefully avoided declaring himself a candidate. I was at this time in daily contact with Dr. Sypherd . . . When I was appointed on the alumni committee to cooperate with the Board’s committee on the matter of the presidency, I felt loyalty required that I tell Dr. Sypherd my attitude toward him. I told him that I felt that his sympathies were not sufficiently popular (i.e. democratic) to justify me in advocating his election, and I am happy to say that my frankness has in no way marred our relations . . . You will find him a man to trust and one who will give you an intelligent and loyal support whenever he can assent to your policies. Professor Dutton is the man I know best in the [English] Department, for he was a pupil of mine as an undergraduate. He is able, firm, steady, a genuine lover of literature and underneath his imperturbable outward aspect, a thoroughly human, thoroughly lovable man . . . The man in the faculty whom I know best from long and friendly association is Dr. Penny . . . He is intelligently interested in many subjects, and his mind is one of the keenest in the whole faculty, indeed one of the keenest I have ever met with. He is naturally reserved, but fundamentally honest, incapable of treachery and free from small jealousies. He makes the mistake of seeing too little of his colleagues and his early loss of confidence in Dr. Mitchell has prevented him from taking a more active part in the general concerns of the College. Dean E. L. Smith was suggested by a few of the alumni for president, but I am sure he never intrigued for the place. He has great and wholesome interest with the students, and he is a thoroughly dependable man . . . Professor Conover is the honest, loyal and greatly overworked head and whole of the Ancient Language Department . . . When Dr. Hayward left the headship of the Agri-
cultural Department, there was an effort on the part of some of his subordinates to prevent the appointment of Professor McCue in his stead. Professor McCue was appointed, and several of those who opposed his appointment are still in the department. The situation is necessarily embarrassing, for there has been much gossiping accusation among the subordinates. From my slight acquaintance with Dean McCue, I expect him to make an effective executive head of the department, and he strikes me as a man honest, courageous and firm. The department is certainly in a condition to give trouble, perhaps more likely than any other to call for your utmost tact.

You are likely to be called to look into the business administration of the whole institution. The commons suffered a great loss in the voluntary withdrawal of Miss [Carrie] Stuart a few months ago.

The administration of the president’s office and the Business Administrator’s have been criticized as extravagant. There has also been some annoyance with the red tape in the Business Administrator’s office, especially in the matter of purchasing supplies. I cannot pretend an opinion on either of these matters, but you may well find it wise to give them minute attention.

My own observation is that many matters of detail are negligently managed. I think, too, that there has been a failure to breed in the student body a strong sense of responsibility. While the students respect the beautiful Old College, I hear that the new dormitory (Harter Hall) is filthy within and that walls and woodwork have been considerably defaced. There is no strong sentiment in favor of keeping the grounds free from rubbish and refuse, and students have a habit of dropping whatever they are done with, anywhere upon the campus or the street. I’m afraid faculty habits are not always better in this regard. The Student Council can undoubtedly be used to reform this matter, and the Delaware College Review, an admirably conducted student paper, will loyally cooperate for better habits.

There is, I think, some natural uneasiness on the part of the faculty members long in service, as to their future in the expanding institution. Of course there will necessarily, perhaps, be some dead wood in an institution suddenly expanded as Delaware College has been, and will be again when the growth, somewhat interrupted by the war, is resumed. I think also that the men of the faculty are apt to feel that the Board somewhat underrates professors. We need here a closer cooperation between Committees of the Board and Committees of the Faculty. For years I tried in vain to interest anybody in the care of the campus trees, until at last Mr. Sharp at his own expense had lindens, elms and maples and a few others
put in thoroughly good order, and not a minute too soon. Some of the maples were doomed.

We have an extremely expensive heating system, wastefully administered. . . The library is abominably and expensively lighted. The system should be changed at the earliest possible moment, for it may be years before the proposed Memorial Library is built.

You are unlikely to find the Women’s College a serious problem. It has its critics, but the whole state realizes its value and importance. Of course the affiliated relation has possibilities of friction and there may be, in time, a tendency to make the Women’s College a more distinctly independent entity. As yet, however, the President of Delaware College is the titular and actual head of the triple organization—the two colleges and the Agricultural Department . . .

You will have the tact to conciliate the local jealousies that have unfortunately betrayed themselves sometimes between town and gown. It is of the first importance that the interrupted social life of the academic community should be resumed, and to this end the faculty must be stabilized and salaries must be increased. This return to closer social relations will mean the removal of mutual jealousies and suspicions that have of late poisoned the local atmosphere. The student body needs to be knit by closer social relations to the faculty, and the town needs to know better the academic community.

And now, after this flood of very useful and straightforward information, let me for one moment take you back to the man to whom it was given. President Hullihen, writing in 1930 to the Rogers Peet Co., said:

Last Friday, while in New York, I stopped in at your store and purchased an overcoat which reached me by mail this morning. I am writing to say that I must ask your indulgence to an absent minded professor and permit me to return the overcoat. I learned upon my return home from my wife that I had purchased an overcoat of this sort last April just before going abroad. This I had entirely forgotten, and when I was unable to find a light overcoat in my closet, I decided that I needed one and ordered the coat which I am now returning . . . Please keep the contents of this letter out of the New Yorker and the Wilmington papers and oblige very greatly. . . .

The lower campus was purchased in 1915 and for many years—possibly still—its official name was “the Green.” Alumni, foreseeing the expansion, and the gift which was to make it possible, had brought pressure to bear in the General Assembly early in
1913 for the passage of a bill granting to the college the right of eminent domain, not that we might expand at will and \textit{ad infinitum} but that the unsightly block of tin shops, butcher shops, sweet-meat stores and livery stables directly across Main Street from the College might not stand out for fabulous sums and prevent any possible expansion. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had cut off growth to the north and west thirty years before; expansion to the east ran into the business district, but to the south only a block of shacks and a few residences stood in the way. The great gift of the era came from P. S. duPont, but through the agency of H. Rodney Sharp of the class of 1900. Mr. duPont’s gifts, like those of H. Fletcher Brown, were made anonymously or in a round-about way, partly from modesty, and partly in self-protection against the thousand minor and sometimes trivial appeals which always follow the announcement of a great gift. Before much had been done toward the purchase of the forty-acre tract between Main Street and the Women’s College, the local newspapers, one of which stood on the ground to be condemned, alerted the people of the town and reasonable purchase, even through a middleman, became difficult. In 1915 Rodney Sharp was still remembered as one of the boys at the College, and with most people his name did not spell money.

There was a gift toward salary increases and one toward the reconditioning of the lindens. I am not certain about the cost of landscaping the Green in 1919 or of the purchase of the elms which lined most of the walks on the lower campus, advancing by 1923 to the steps of the new Memorial Library in a stately double avenue which, like Old College, was to become one of the beauties of the town. Joe Frazer Field belongs to this period; it had been given in 1913 and should be mentioned as one of the fine gifts of the time.

In most of this giving, the alumni had been active. Frazer had been a member of the class of 1903, and Sharp of 1900. The alumni had been behind the endowment drive of 1913 and the emergency salary drive in ’19, and some of the gifts had been substantial—so substantial that in addition to the purchase and landscaping of the 40-acre Green we were able, in 1917, to build Harter Hall and Wolf Hall and buy the Samuel Minot Curtis house which became the home of President Mitchell and was known as the Knoll until its demolition, after a great deal of student and alumni sentiment had been wasted upon it, in 1959. But the great
event of 1917 was the restoration of Old College, made possible by the opening of the newly finished Wolf Hall. Restoration is not the right word, for the old college building had been unbeautiful from the first, and the best of the 1901-02 modifications needed little repair, but the very heart of the old building was torn away, and in the process parts of the library which had been stored in the attic and had fallen down between the walls came to light, and were returned—late, in some cases too late to be of much use, but interesting for early Newark College and Delaware College bookplates. Only the books for which no one had any use had been stored in the attic, but where the attic was and how one got into it we do not know. This kind of record seems important to almost nobody and within ten years my successor will be looking in vain for a picture or a ground plan of the horror which we used to call the College Inn, and which the summer of 1960 saw transformed into one of the finest buildings on the campus.

The year 1918 had brought little but the Spanish influenza and 1919 did but little better. With it were to come the three army surplus shacks which took care of the engineering overflow and squatted for years where Sharp Hall now stands, at the south end of Harter.

Chemical engineering was first taught as a separate course in 1916, and three years later the teacher training course was organized by W. A. Wilkinson.

And what of the student? Except for the war years, enrollment was climbing gradually and the post-war rehabilitation courses added to the mounting figures. In 1915 the Review, which had begun in 1882 as a student newspaper, had changed to a literary monthly or quarterly early in its career, and had gasped and given up at least twice but had never quite expired, came back to its original newspaper format. In 1915, too, Dr. Harter, freed from the coils of the presidency, began experimenting with the honor system, which was making its appearance all over the country.

The war swept over us in ’17 and nerves began to show both among undergraduates and faculty. Vallandigham, in his Fifty Years of Delaware College, says:

The students, who by that time were self-governing, peti-
tioned for a holiday from the Wednesday before Thanksgiving to the following Monday, a holiday for which there was pre-
cedent. As the College was then working under pressure to
prepare as many as possible for future participation in the World War, the Faculty denied the petition, with the result that the students walked out. All returned the following Monday, and the penalty for this act of rebellion was a requirement to make up lost time and some reduction of marks. On the whole the temper of the student body was less amiable than on the occasion of the earlier strike. Both incidents were curious illustrations of crowd psychology, and the second was probably precipitated by the condition of public unrest brought on by the war, to which condition the student body, with the keenly sensitive temperament of youth, was quickly responsive.

The student self-government to which Vallandigham refers dates from the adoption of a constitution for a student self-governing association on February 25, 1916.

Of the war, and our part in it, I shall be speaking later in connection with the college and the wars. Suffice it here to say that Old College, which had aspired to something like a Student Union, was drafted into war service in connection with the Student Army Training Corps, and having fallen to non-social service was never to recover. And it was to be forty years before a building should arise devoted to student social activities.

About 1916 the two old literary societies to which generations of boys had sworn lifelong allegiance first merged, and then expired before the oncoming fraternities, and what had been the Athenaean Society room expanded into a student lounge. At the west end of the building, Delta Phi Hall became a supplementary dining room. The chapel became the commons, and the "Oratory" was no more.

In early 1919 the unpredictable happened. The faculty, full of hope for a better world, approached a problem which has usually escaped everybody's attention—extra-curricular faculty-student relations, and by some curious combination of circumstances which has never been explained, a reception given by the two faculties to the two freshman classes produced the Delaware College Faculty Club; and that at the Women's College followed.
THE WOMEN’S COLLEGE

The serious student interested in the Women’s College must use not only the catalogs, the minutes of the Academic Council, the cash and day books of the Women’s Affiliated College Commission, the Evans Papers and Mrs. A. D. Warner’s scrapbooks, but the very compact little history of the institution which Dean Winifred J. Robinson contributed to the 1947 edition of Delaware Notes. The general reader will find in Miss Robinson’s account as much as he needs.

I have complained for years that a woman of Miss Robinson’s charm and knowledge, who had seen the College from its beginnings, ought not only to have produced the statistics and facts which are so well covered in her paper, but to have made it an occasion for reminiscence of the lighter kind of which she was so able a master in personal conversation. Having spent seven days on this section, I understand in part what her troubles were, and I have outdone her: I have not only produced a paper which contains few dates, few statistics and few skeleton facts, but which somehow manages to contain nothing else, and I ask your patience. I have used up my own.

The coeducational period had closed in 1885 (technically in 1886) and during the next twenty-nine years there was much talk and very little action toward the restoration of higher education of women in the State. A whole generation of women had grown up without the advantages to which their brothers and husbands had had access, or, if they could afford it, had gone off to colleges and finishing schools outside the state.

On November 9, 1910, President Harter had spoken by invitation before the Wilmington New Century Club about the education of women and about the possibilities of resuming some sort of service for them at Delaware College. The old building was yet to be renovated and all of the inconveniences that attended the earlier experiment were still present. He had seen the last days of the perishing coeducational movement in the 1880’s and he felt, and never failed to stress his feeling, that it was the sanitary aspect of the earlier attempt that had felled it. He recommended an
affiliated institution, close enough to Delaware College so that the
two might share faculty, at least in part, might function under a
single Board of Trustees and a single administrative machine, and
with a single agency taking care of upkeep, insurance, watch service
and the purchasing of materials.

Many details which were to embarrass the new college escaped
him, and he probably knew that they were doing so; but though
such a suggestion had been abroad in the land it had not come
up for public discussion previously, and most people were hesitating
about putting it before the public.

So far did this idea seem from embodiment in brick and mortar
that it was not until January 31, 1912, over a year later, that the
talk found its way into print, and then only because it was an
uneventful day, and anything would do for copy. In the meantime
various groups had begun to express their wishes in the form of
resolutions to be referred to the General Assembly; but even those
resolutions did not go far beyond pledges to promote interest in
the necessary legislation.

There was, however, a core of grimly determined friends of female
education in the state, and these friends had been approaching
the legislature with means stronger than resolutions and petitions.
George W. Twitmyer, superintendent of the Wilmington public
schools, George S. Messersmith, superintendent of the Newark
schools, Harry Hayward, dean of the School of Agriculture, Everett
C. Johnson, alumnus of the College, Trustee, and editor of the
Newark Post, Dr. Harter, Chancellor Charles M. Curtis and last
and greatest, Mrs. Alfred D. Warner, were manipulating wires
where they knew most good could be done, and on March 13, 1913,
an establishing act was passed by the legislature.

So deep had their interest been that action began at once, and
a Women's Affiliated College Commission was at work almost
immediately. Their approach was a happy one and the good will
of all and sundry was assured by an invitation to suggest sites for
the new college. If it were to be near enough to Delaware College
so that both could be served by a single faculty, the distance must
not be greater than could be covered by a bicycle in the brief
period between classes, and the town's geography and layout
pointed toward the south. Everyone saw this and pointed it out,
and supposed the suggestion was his own.

Mrs. Warner, George W. Twitmyer and Harry Hayward were
told to select and recommend to the Board of Trustees a dean who should embody all of the Commission’s blazing ideals, and who should at the same time have ideas and ideals of her own. Four women were considered seriously enough to appear in the local press, but from a very early stage a young woman who had been teaching botany at Vassar College took the Committee’s eye, and in the fall of 1913 Winifred Josephine Robinson was invited to view, and be viewed by, the Committee and such other persons as might be interested. Her letter to Mrs. Warner after this visit is, of course, treasured in Mrs. Warner’s scrapbooks, and one reads—again between the lines—that though the appointment was not yet made, relations had been such that the prospective dean felt little hesitation about drawing her Vassar business toward a close.

As one passes into the twentieth century, documentation becomes more difficult, for the telephone had come into its own, and a collection of letters which, a century before, would have told a great deal, sometimes tells nothing—the deal has been finished off by ’phone. So Miss Robinson’s notice of appointment seems to have been, for though there were no meetings of the Board between early August and the following January, she had been notified of her appointment some time in November, and in a note to Mrs. Warner dated December 15, she wrote, after much searching of soul: “This is just a line to tell you that I am free to come to you at any time after the first of February. It has been very turbulent but peace has come. My friends with whom I have taken counsel are beginning to see that the organization of a new college in an untired place will give opportunity for larger service than organization of a department of botany in a place that is far...and friendly.”

Did the good dean foresee unfriendliness? Very little came, or it did, it has been so thoroughly snowed under by the love that settled about her that it no longer shows in the record.

With the coming of an expensive dean (we gave her $2,000 per year, free board and room and travel expenses), it was time for action. Before the first of March she had come as far as Wilmington, where she proposed to make her headquarters until provision could be made for her in Newark, and in April she came to live at the Deer Park. I spent my first night in the village at the Deer Park, and anyone who has ever tried to sleep there, with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad trains roaring and howling about it
all night, will know that Miss Robinson was made of stern stuff. She came in late, and left early, and so missed a part of the noise and shaking which a later sleeper would have suffered, for during the months of March and April she and Mrs. Warner visited every school in the state from which there was any possibility of the new college drawing students. These visits were twofold in purpose: the gaining of information as to how many and what kind of young women might be expected, and the need for letting lower Delaware know that the Women’s College was an accomplished fact, that girls were not only welcome, but expected to come, and that without them a great deal of effort would have been wasted. She tells of nights spent on the road, in cold, uncomfortable hotels as well as in gracious homes where she was to make lifelong friends.

On one of these trips, later in the spring, she was accompanied by a member of the Board, to whom she let herself out on the subject of the beautiful down-state honeysuckle which filled the Sussex air with perfume. “Oh, let me out,” she exclaimed, “I want to get a root of it to plant against the new college buildings.” “I wouldn’t,” said her companion. “I’ve no doubt we should soon have honeysuckle, and perfume; but when the rural members of the Board saw it we would also have a new dean.” She laughed about it in later years, as she so often laughed at her own boners and her own misfortunes.

I am sure she was often serious and sometimes severe, but only once was I the victim of that severity, and that after a reporter from the Review asked me about the rule requiring men to sit at one end of the reading room and women at the other, when it became generally known that I had said there was no rule, and that if there were I did not expect to enforce it; that men and women might sit together as much as they chose, and hold hands if they liked, so long as they were quiet about it.

Ground had been broken for the new buildings in early January, and they were to be ready for occupancy in mid-September. As it has worked out, they were inconveniently far from the Delaware College buildings, but their location was not settled upon with future developments in view, or with much thought to the faculty who were to hasten breathlessly from one end of the campus to the other. And they were oriented in terms of the Depot Road (South College Avenue) and not, as Delaware College was, in terms of Main Street, which you will have observed, does not intersect it
at right angles. This does not, at first, sound like a matter of importance, and to the builders at the Women’s College it gave no trouble at all. But when the new library was built, in 1923, and the Green extended and landscaped, we found ourselves faced by a mean little angle which cost us years of aesthetic discomfort and a great deal of money. If the two campuses had met at a right angle, or even in a large break that had obviously been foreseen, it would not have mattered, might even have been made decorative and interesting, but like Main Street, and partly because of the tipsy ways of Main Street, the two met in an angle large enough to be seen and too small to cause anything but irritation. The grounds staff, in cooperation with a Philadelphia landscape artist, tried a line of trees which instead of masking the break merely emphasized it; they tried two or three other promising devices, and at last hit upon the present circle of magnolias, laurels and evergreens which have covered the angle so cleverly that it is the unusual person who knows what you are talking about when you mention the break in the campus. It is a very unusual person who sees it in passing, and his attention is drawn, not to the imperfection, but to the brilliance with which it is masked. Before the angle had been taken in hand—in fact, before we were aware that sooner or later it must be dealt with—the space between the Women’s College and the library was a kind of no-man’s-land, reached in part by a board walk which ran out less than half way to its destination and was continued by what had once been a cinder path, but which, after the manner of cinder paths, had been trodden into a muddy lane. Even after we had become path-conscious, and had prettified the sides of the Delaware College walks with decorative but meaningless borders of red sand, the Women’s College suffered, for the red earth was available only in a pit which someone discovered about ten feet from the east walk to the Women’s campus. Harmless enough during much of the year, when the college rubbish was dumped into the exhausted end of the pit, and smoke from wellnigh endless burning warned off the passing library- or movie-going pedestrian, it could and did become a peril to the unwary passer-by.

One winter in the early thirties two young women coming northward against a blinding snowstorm which had not only obliterated the paths but filled the rubbish hole, wandered from the path and suddenly dropped eight feet into wire, broken glass and snow, and one broke into hysterics. The other slapped her soundly, climbed
on her shoulders, and made her way to the library, where she
organized a rescue party, and all ended well. It was not only the
students who found the intervening space troublesome. There was
a small depression which cut across what is now the wild apple
orchard and which filled up with water and mud after a heavy rain,
and sometimes stood so for days. Into this, one of the faculty,
hastening from one end of the campus to the other on a bicycle
one morning, fell, and presented a spectacle not appropriate to the
classroom.

This is a far departure from the beginnings of the Women’s
College. The new dean had more to do than wander about the
state collecting prospective students and honeysuckle. The con-
tractors found impossible situations as the new buildings arose, and
from down-state—we blame all foolish notions on “down-state”—
came a cry of protest at the idea of a dining room located partly
below ground level. It takes one back to the copper pots that
caused so much trouble at the newly-opened Newark College eighty
years before. The kitchen and dining room were to have been
on the floor above, but circumstances which the dean took out of
the hand of the contractors moved them into the basement, and
gradually and without much loss in prospective enrollment, outside
indignation died down; what was to have been the dining room
developed into what the girls came to call the Hilarium, and the
kitchen, bless the mark, into the dean’s living quarters. Having
lived for two years in a kitchen, many years ago, I can say that
there is much to be said for the arrangement.

Eventually it broke down in our case, however, for when Miss
Robinson was succeeded by Mrs. Golder, twenty-four years later, the
quarters were quite inadequate for a woman with a half-grown son
and daughter. She lodged them elsewhere for a time, and in 1940
UNIDEL Corporation purchased the house which we now have
on a more or less permanent loan, and have used since 1948 as a
Home Management House; and for the years 1940 to 1945 she lived
there with her family.

Miss Robinson had her troubles with furnishings, too, and with
the problems incident upon food supply. Estimates for library
shelving had been left out of the original calculations, as they were
later to be overlooked in the plans for the additions to the Memo-
rial Library in 1938. Every penny was earmarked, and some were
marked doubly, but shelves there must be, and when the dean
took the matter up with Dean Hayward, he paused, thought there
was one more expensive cow at the Experiment Station Farm than
the need justified, and bossy’s departure brought in enough to fill
the gap.

Much of the early history of the Women’s College, like that of
the school at the other end of the campus, consists of filling gaps.
And therein lies some of the challenge and interest which the more
mature institution sometimes lacks. The Women’s College had its
own central heating plant for years, for heat supplied from the
Delaware College plant, which was then located between the men’s
gymnasium and the Baltimore and Ohio tracks, could not hope to
reach so far. A separate heating plant meant a separate coal pile,
and thereby hangs another of the dean’s trials. Returning from
Christmas vacation one year during the first World War, she dis-
covered that the coal supply at Delaware College had run out, and
that in order to open in January it had been considered necessary
to carry away something like half of her hoarded supply. She was
torn between fear and outrage, and indignation won. From the
chairman of the Board of Trustees she obtained the order that
would bring back all that had been “borrowed,” with apologies,
and now with this assurance in her ear, it was easier to reorganize
not only her Christian charity, but the school, so that it might run
on less heat in less places, to lodge people in space which they
enjoyed only because it was unusual and not to last, and because
in this way one might fancy that she was contributing a bit—a very
cold bit—to the war effort.

I have tried to adhere to the movement of the College down the
years, but history does not always move that way.

Residence Hall, which we now call Warner, was finished first,
and in it school opened in September, 1914. Until the completion
of Science Hall (now Robinson), “Residence” served as dormi-
tory, classroom, library and all things else. Miss Robinson’s
memories of community and statewide interest are fascinating,
especially on the occasion when a whole school of very small pupils
arrived to look the place over, just after the floors had been sanded
and finished, and had to be dealt with in a way that would preserve
both the floors and the good will of the community.

With the completion of the first two buildings the duties of the
Women’s Affiliated College Commission closed, and at about this
time the weight of the name was overcome by our American ten-
dency to create a Junior Chamber of Commerce and then call it first the "J.C." and then the "Jaycee," and the College became, in spoken lingo, at least, the Women's College, and in writing W. C. D.

By October 10 all things were in order, or nearly enough so to permit the official opening. Classes had been in session for weeks, but on this day Samuel Chiles Mitchell was inaugurated President of Delaware College, the belated corner stone was inserted into Residence Hall and Winifred Josephine Robinson was inaugurated Dean of the Women's College, and from this day is dated the beginning of the school, which until 1944 celebrated Founders' Day on October 10.

Dr. George W. Twitmyer had died before the College was more than in its early stages of incubation, and his duties had been carried on by Dean Hayward, but Dr. Twitmyer's library of some 2000 volumes was bequeathed to the "infant academy" and this time we are less in the dark as to what was the infant academy. Unfortunately his library, like that of too many schoolmen, consisted very largely of outmoded textbooks, which had been sent to him in the hope that he or someone under him would select them as texts; but it was a beginning, and with the books which could be borrowed from the slender store at Delaware College, which they were glad to send because Purnell Hall was running over and we were already having to store in the Evans' barn, and the loans from the Wilmington Institute Free Library, which had been our friend from unrecorded time, the central room on the west side of the second floor of Science Hall was stocked, and the cow which had furnished the shelving was not sacrificed quite in vain.

Scholarships came in from the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and from the State legislature; and the women's clubs, having embarked upon a career of female education and good works, went still farther. They evolved a scheme for teaching by way of pictures, and having made a great many more bandages and scraped a great deal more lint than the allied armies were likely to want if the war went on forever, but unable to leave off getting together and doing things, they cut and mounted pictures. The pictures were old when they came to my attention about 1933, and, having been stored for many years in a closet under the third floor chemistry laboratory, had been the frequent victims of inundation, but they were mostly so small that they could have been of little
use, glued on to mounts of at least a score of different kinds, no two of which were of the same size. I spent days sorting them and trying to put them into a subject arrangement, so that a teacher wanting pictures of Indians would not find only Cimabue, the Eiffel Tower and the giant trees of California, with not an Indian in sight.

About Miss Robinson I could talk enthusiastically without end. Suffice it that she served until 1938, and saw under her successor the dissolution of the College and its merger into the coeducational University—saw it only at a distance, and saw it philosophically. She was recalled in 1939, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coming, to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and I am happy to say that this grand old lady is living still, happy and reasonably healthy, and to pay my tribute to her.*

She herself has told the story of her encounter with the Post Master General, with more skill and humor than I could tell it. It was in conversation, however, that I picked up her account of the whistle, and that it may not perish, I pass it on. Her office was in the southwest corner of the first floor of what we now call Robinson Hall, and just before noon each day a car honked beneath her window, presumably to notify some young lady in the room above her that her transportation home was awaiting her. Miss Robinson bore it for a long time, and then patience forsook her, and just before the signal was due she went out to wait on the veranda and catch the miscreant red-handed. The honk came at the appointed time, but Miss Robinson said nothing. It was a train on the Pennsylvania siding half a mile away.

It had been felt from near the beginning that the College could function under the Trustees of Delaware College, and what afterwards came to be the University, but there were no women on the old Board, and it was deemed wise to create a kind of liaison organization, and as such the Women’s College Board came into existence. The statute creating it stipulates that “The general care of the affairs of the Women’s College, subject to the control of the Board of Trustees . . . shall be vested in a board called the Women’s College Board, consisting of ten persons, viz: The President of Delaware College, the Dean of the Women’s College, three members of the Board of Trustees . . . and five women to be appointed annually by the president of the Board of Trustees . . .

* Miss Robinson died on January 5, 1962.
Five shall be a quorum.” This board developed, or rather the women on it developed into the Women’s Advisory Council, and functioned down to the end of the separate period.

There clung about the College an aura of ladies who had been very useful in its youth, but, being un-elected and un-renewed, developed into a sentimental and somewhat burdensome company of courtesy aunts. They came once a year to bring to the Browsing Room in Warner Hall and to the Emma Worrall Library in New Castle the discards from their own libraries, and to drink tea, scatter crumbs and make rather soft speeches and reminisce about the good old times when there was no Women’s College. Miss Robinson had known them from very early in their career, knew their slumbering virtues and had the tact to invite only those people to these festivities who could take them at their old par value. With the new dean this was a little harder, and one of the many blessings that came with coeducation was their disappearance from the scene. This is a sad matter too, especially for those of us who are rapidly becoming extra baggage on the hands of a progressive institution. A few of us, like Miss Drake and Miss Rextrew, are forever young, but many of us are not.

And who were the faculty? In the first place it was not ordinarily referred to as “the faculty” but as the Academic Council; and in the second place this is not the time for a list of every name that ever decked the faculty register. It is hard to say that this one is worth notice and that one not. Length of service does not always justify mention, but few left marks upon the school who were not here for some time. Selection had been careful, though there were times when it was necessary to take the best that could be found on short notice, and times when circumstances beyond anybody’s control kept people on who had outlived their usefulness, or who had failed to change with the changing times. In addition to Deans Robinson and Golder, certain names stand out. I have mentioned Miss Drake and Miss Rextrew, both of whom lasted over into the coeducational period, one as acting head of the united departments of chemistry after many years as secretary of the Academic Council. She is now removed from scheduled but not from active service as guide, philosopher and friend; and her recollection of everything that has passed in her time stands well up to that of Professor Conover, of blessed memory. Of the other,—who does not know that she was the first dean of the school of Home Economics,
which without much encouragement she had developed from something sold to the State to make it accept, without too much murmuring, the higher education of women, into a school of high value and dignity; who does not know that she was the second dean of women after coeducation took over in 1945? And only I know how often she has helped me in the preparation of this and other reports on the history of the Women’s College and the University in general. I was shaken and shocked when she told me that she did not know in which of the two earliest buildings the 1914 corner stone was placed. I had to go to look for it; but it was Miss Rextrew who took me in her car.

In addition to faculty who came from Delaware College, certain names stand out. Before my time, Miss Marion McKinney in biology, Miss Rachel Taylor, who was an artist in her own right, and who put the Art Department on a footing which was to develop it into the fine organization we know, and Miss Laura Veach Clark, who was important in the early history of the Department—now the School—of Home Economics. Since 1930 I have known many of the best people at the south end of the campus, and I name only a few: Miss Alice Van de Voort, who was the first woman to conduct classes at Delaware College; Miss Harriet Baily, with whose ideals I carried on a running battle for years, until each discovered that the other wanted exactly what we ourselves were aiming at; Miss Jeannette E. Graustein, who was not only a scholar but one of those rare persons who know exactly what they want, know what it will cost, and ask for that much and no more; Miss Edith McDougle, who tied together generations of alumnae with a loving interest which few of them will ever forget; Mrs. Daniel Stoll, who, as Miss Emma Ehlers, taught education, children’s literature and geography, first at the Women’s College and then at the University, and who during the second World War was one of the few bright spots in the life of many a class-weary G. I.; Miss Beatrice Hartshorn, who since before my time has held forth at the women’s gymnasium, and who has been responsible for May Days, swimming meets and other functions which have not only entertained the community but have made the College interesting to potential students. This is rapidly becoming a catalog, and I shall stop with Miss Elizabeth G. Kelly whose interest in students was, in its way, like Dean Squire’s—the sort that sends them to the library for more. This is a rare quality. With the
coeducational university I associate Miss Anna J. DeArmond, though she antedates it and was a loyal member of the Women's College; and also Miss Evelyn H. Clift, who came as a member of both faculties.

In the earlier years all women faculty were housed at the College, partly to save on the salary budget, partly to encourage closer student-faculty relations, and partly for what we may consider disciplinary reasons. It was never admitted that the latter was the sole purpose of the arrangement, but when the cat is away...and there is bountiful evidence in the Hullihen and Carlson papers that coverage was considered essential. In some cases this arrangement was quite inconvenient, but there arose a greater cry of pain and vexation when, with the overcrowding of the post-war years, women faculty found it necessary to find homes elsewhere. By this time coeducation had set in, and matrons, or house directors, as they are now called, took over.

In 1926 Mrs. Warner, who had been a kind of godmother and guardian angel rolled into one, sponsored and gave liberally toward the equipping and furnishing of the Women's Faculty club in what had been the old dining room before the erection of Kent Hall. Parties, to which men from the Delaware College faculty were frequently invited with their wives, had been common before this time, but had been limited to the Hilarium, which the young women felt belonged to them. I recall with mixed feelings my first party at the Women's College. The invitations had called it a ship's party, and Mrs. Lewis and I had recently returned from our first trip abroad, and thought in the wrong terms. A party aboard ship is a bizarre affair, at which most people meet for the last time, and no one is interested in creating a good impression. A new librarian, on the other hand, is not interested in creating a bad one. Ruth dressed as the little lady who used to carry a stick and wear a full blue dress and sun-bonnet on the Dutch Cleanser can, and I, in a black face and tights with yellow frill about my middle represented, or thought I represented, one of the Gold-dust Twins. It would have been a success aboard a ship, but what the committee had wanted was a chance to use their sailor suits, and when we asked one of the faculty wives how seriously to take the invitation she said, "O, wear just anything. We'll come for you at about 8:15." They came, we went, and within half an hour were trying to find some kind soul who would take such urchins home.
I had forgotten that Newark was practically on the Mason and Dixon Line, and at that time it was a color line, even to those only two miles below it, and few things have gone off worse than the Gold-dust Twin, whom some people thought an escaped chimney sweep, and whom nobody thought funny. There were lovely parties, too, parties which sometimes almost obliterated the memory of that first fiasco.

I have mentioned the faculty. Let me bring back a few comic, naive, beautiful or tragic campus characters who ought not to perish from our history.

There was Miss Sarah Churchman, who for years carried the burden of being matron of the whole College. Do not confuse her with her sister, Miss Rebecca, who had lasted over from the pre-exilic days. Miss Sarah felt that goodness was well out in front of cleanliness, and tried the patience of the over-fastidious. But she had her virtues too. It was she who fed the College at just over nothing per week, largely from the vegetables in her campus garden, and from milk and fruit and vegetables which she managed to wheedle out of the College Farm, and it was she who superintended the cutting of the tall grass in the more remote corners of the campus, and turned it into cash which supplied "hot dogs" and rolls for the annual bonfires.

Miss Churchman's successor as mother superior in the dormitories was Miss Amy L. Clarke, who, like Aggie Pilkington, never carried a secret weight in her bosom, but opened up her heart to the nearest listener. You will recall that this relieved Aggie, but did not make her a cheerful companion. It was Miss Clarke who many years ago brought chaos to the library and sorrow to the heart of a young woman in the Summer School. The young lady had an elderly, ailing aunt who had been on the threshold of eternity so long that everyone had given her up as unlikely to die for years to come, and a perfectly healthy husband who for reasons unrecorded had put in a bad night. During the morning a message reached the dormitories that there had been a death in the family, and that Mrs. Somebody was requested to call home at once. Miss Clarke did her duty, located the young woman in the classroom where the shipping room now is at the library, had her paged, and reported over the 'phone, in a sepulchral voice, "IT IS DEATH." Before she could be told that it was not her husband but auntie who had passed away, she set up a wailing which filled the library and the
surrounding area, and for forty-five minutes all library activity came to a noisy halt.

William Harrington (Pop Harrington to most of his admirers) came to the college in 1913 or early '14 to watch the brick piles and other transportable property at night, and like the man who came to dinner, stayed on until old age overtook him. He was capable of vigilance from which no scoundrel could escape, and of the most heavenly blindness. By most of the girls he was liked for the latter characteristic.

Charles Griffin came to the school of Home Economics in 1948, and he too was loved and courted by the young ladies, but in a different way, for he was less than a year old, and may almost be classed as equipment rather than as staff, for he was used as a sample at the Home Management House, and for a long time I was unable to learn whether he was hired in the teeth of the state child labor laws, and his mother thrown in, or whether Mrs. Griffin was hired—and if so in what capacity—and Charles came with his mother. I have recently discovered that everything was aboveboard and that Mrs. Griffin was a bona-fide member of the faculty.

The Women's College characters have not all been funny. Miss Edwina Long came at the beginning and did not retire until age and illness made it necessary in the '40's. She served first as secretary, and then as general business manager, more or less under but generally quite independent of Mr. A. G. Wilkinson at Delaware College. It was she who kept the first bookstore, not at Delaware College, but at the south end of the campus, and when the University book store was opened in Hullihen Hall and later in the basement of the library it was to Miss Long that we turned for what for some time after her day was a far less ably managed business than while she was at the helm.

Miss Gertrude Sturges should be remembered in any list of persons who forwarded the welfare of the Women's College and of the University. Of her Miss Robinson says: "It was the task of Miss Gertrude C. Sturges to organize and develop the work of the registrar ... and this she did with the zeal of the perfectionist and the artist's fine appreciation of technique." I never went to Miss Sturges' desk without getting, and getting quickly, the information I needed; she was gracious but businesslike and expected everybody else to be businesslike at least. And therein lay her destiny, for it is the rare member of the faculty who has more than the vaguest
notion of order, and reports came to her in such bad condition that their arranging was a full time job, and the people who were irked by her pursuit of accuracy were almost as numerous as those who have been irked by my pursuit of stray books. When coeducation brought all administrative processes together, there was no one to whom the post of University registrar could be assigned as logically as to Miss Sturges, but she was working with men whom she had alienated, and weeks after her removal to Hullihen Hall I found her in a small room supplied with a desk, one chair, which she might sit in when she had no guest to whom she must offer it, a broad window sill on which to shelve anything she chose, and the orange crates in which her records had come up from the Women's College. Add to this the fact that she was expected to coordinate the chaotic files which had come to her from the schools of education, engineering and agriculture, and from Delaware College, and attend and serve as secretary of the Academic Council, and it is understandable that she should have found it an impossible task, and departed pensionless and broken hearted. Unlike Jules Macheret, she was not a helpless bungler, but like him she left under tragic circumstances and with the profound esteem of those who really knew her.

The Alumnae Association was organized in 1918, immediately after the first commencement, and for many years served its alma mater by the gifts of scholarships, by means of counsel and loyal affection. Before the return of coeducation it had grown close to the association at Delaware College, and for some years the University News fluctuated month by month or quarter by quarter between the interests of the two groups; but though a single office housed the two there were separate secretaries and separate files. The 1950 Alumni Directory united the two, but in two alphabets, and it was not until May 1957 that the two associations became one. No single person stands out as prominently in the original association as Miss Edith McDougle, and but for her service, her interest and friendly loyalty, there would have been times when the organization would have fared badly indeed.

It was not the alumnae alone, however, who stood behind the College. The General Assembly appropriated, in 1919, funds for sixty annual scholarships at a value of $200 each. The State Federation of Women's Clubs gave scholarships, and the Wesleyan Female College, of Wilmington, which had been closed for years,
turned over to the young school what was left of its alumnæ loan fund. This grows lengthy, and I refer you to Miss Robinson's excellent history for more details.

But a few other high points must be stressed. Summer school dates from before the Women's College, but it is not until 1915, with the new interest in teacher education behind it, that it came into importance. In 1919 came Professor W. A. Wilkinson, who belonged more to the Women's College than to Delaware College, and with him Summer School was well launched toward its present large enrollment. For several years, beginning in 1922, a lecture series was added to the attractions of the Summer School, and this practice has been extended since the war years with the steady increase in the enrollment in Summer School and the presence of many distinguished visiting scholars on the faculty.

Teacher training, in the form of practice teaching in the Newark and Wilmington schools, would justify a paper by itself, and I hope that such a paper may be forthcoming in the near future from the hand of someone who knows more of the actual practice than I ever have.

Graduate study never interested Miss Robinson or Mrs. Golder as a local activity, though both held advanced degrees and were women of learning as well as charm and ability.

Academic extension, on the other hand, lay very near the root of the institution, and as early as the summer of 1915, before the College was a year old, a down-state course for homemakers was conducted by Miss Myrtle Caudell in two different centers, between which and Newark she fluctuated by means of a horse and buggy over roads almost as bottomless as those over which the products from the industries about Iron Hill had come to Newark 200 years before. In 1914 two extension courses of a more classical and academic nature had been offered in Newark, where Miss Robinson's ambitions were already apparent, and it is not impossible that they appeared at this time at her suggestion.

Agriculture had been one of the talking points of the fathers (and mothers) of the school in 1912 and 1913, and as such it was very useful; but though courses were open and faculty supplied, very few women took advantage of the course, and gradually it was dropped from the curriculum without disturbing anyone. Chemistry had been begun partly as household chemistry; home economics had been thought of as preparation for home and country
living; and physics at the outset was pointed toward household needs.

The honor system was adopted on March 10, 1919, and in 1924 Phi Kappa Phi, a local chapter of which had begun at Delaware College in 1905, was opened to membership by faculty and honor students on the south campus.

Seen down the long avenue of years, student life and activities look a little dim and colorless. The grad' of 1920 will not tell you so. The Glee Club dates from 1916, and since there was no one who was willing or able to train and lead it, William Martin, a senior at Delaware College, took over. The first edition of the student yearbook, in 1918, lists a Student Government Board, a Y.W.C.A., a Mandolin Club, a Dramatic Club and a Social Committee, to which the 1919 yearbook adds an Athletic Association, a Home Economics Club and a Ukelele Club! There were Saturday night lectures and receptions, open to men from Delaware College; there were dances to some of which young men from the fraternities and elsewhere were invited; and there were the annual parent-student dinners. As at Delaware College, a Thanksgiving dinner and a Christmas Dinner came off in the course of the week just before closing for the holiday, and these events were usually so scheduled as not to conflict, presumably in order that both faculties could attend both functions.

The Hullihen papers are full of notes rejecting one because it conflicted, which may mean that the Social committees had not cooperated, or that Dr. Hullihen knew how much Christmas dinner his constitution would endure. The Christmas affair was especially colorful and effective, with those who sat below the salt and those who did not, with boar's head and minstrels in costumes and the singing of carols. There was an annual sophomore tree planting ceremony; May Day in the "grove" and later on the campus. The student bonfire, which originated with the burning of the builders' left-overs in 1914, was repeated for several years—really the first outlet for the summer's pent-up enthusiasm. Most stately, though not most fun, was Founders' Day. It was an afternoon affair, scheduled for October 10 but frequently displaced by the way in which the week worked out, or by inclement weather, or other uncontrollable circumstances. All young women were expected to attend in white dresses and red, blue, green or yellow baldric, the color uniform in any one class and inherited in the freshman year
from last year's seniors. On this occasion the president of the University invested the senior class with cap and gown, a right to wear which was taken seriously at first, but fell into disuse except for certain state occasions.

There were student publications, as at Delaware College, and, as at Delaware College, several of them came to nothing; but the Women's College Reporter, which began in 1917, lasted four years, and is the source of certain information—and misinformation—not available elsewhere. The Class of 1918 published the first yearbook, under the title of The Chronicle; with the next issue it became Blue and Gold and except for the 1924 book, which came out under an unpronounceable Indian name, continues until the volume done by the classes of '45 and '46 after the merger. At this point both Blue and Gold and the Blue Hen, which had appeared more or less biennially on alternate years, merged under the latter name. Pambo, a literary magazine of some value, followed the yearbook, and in the late '40's merged with the Humanist to become the Cauldron. The Review staff had included women since 1924, and at least twice in its history the Review has been conducted under a young woman as editor-in-chief.

The drift toward coeducation was distinguishable long before the retirement of Dean Robinson in 1938, and in that year it seemed advisable to assure the new dean and the people of the state who had been convinced of the virtues of the cognate colleges that coeducation was not on the Trustee agenda, and would not be placed there. It was a kind of vote of confidence, and a few people, who knew not that a vote of confidence never comes until all confidence has gone, were heartened. Others waited.

In addition to the coeducational tradition which had never quite died out, we had become "The University of Delaware" in 1921, had issued separate catalogs until 1940, but incorporated both in the University catalog as early as 1921, combined chapel services in 1922, battled with the problems of two small classes doing identical work in certain advanced courses, and seen that the mingling of men and women in one reading room at the library created neither confusion nor scandal. But it was drama which was our undoing and, as it worked out, the factor that made for a better, more effective and far more economical university. As early as 1919 the Drama Club and the Footlights Club gave Electra, which could of course have been given by men alone and was so
given in Euripides' time; in 1920 followed *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which had the same all-male tradition and background; and in 1923, *Pygmalion*, after which cooperation on the stage followed freely. Early plays had been given in the Hilarium, the old gymnasium (which before 1922 was also the chapel), the Red Men's grove and then in Wolf Hall. In 1930 came Mitchell Hall; coeducational drama was well on its way, and all was merry as a marriage bell. In fact, by this time there had been several marriage bells.

The great blow came with the death of President Hullihen in 1944. He had not always seen eye to eye with Miss Robinson, but he had no strong feelings either for or against coeducation. The coördinate colleges had grown up under him, though begun under his predecessor, and he and his board were committed to their continuation. Dr. Sypherd followed after a brief interval, and the interval before he began undoing the Women's College was not a great deal longer. He had been graduated from Delaware College in the day of men only, and did not take kindly to women in general—there were a number of things to which Dr. Sypherd did not take kindly—but he read the handwriting on the wall, having put some of it there himself, and set about taking in the Women's College almost at once. Mrs. Golder and a part of her faculty put up a noble losing struggle; one influential member of the Board remembered the Trustees' guarantee of seven years before and stood firm, but a few weeks saw the conversion of all the others, and by the winter of 1944-45 it was possible to begin planning a schedule which would combine wasteful classes, save wasted space in classrooms and permit the use of buildings in such a way as to eliminate much hiking from end to end of the campus. Hullihen Hall, then known as University Hall, had been used by both groups since the late '30's, but not until 1945 was the machinery geared to prevent campus-long treks.

Mrs. Golder, to whom the deanship of women was offered, felt, with justice, that it was not the position for which she had come to Delaware, and resigned, leaving to a new dean and a newly constituted authority the continuation of the task of female education in the state.

I am leaving much unsaid, and I have discovered in the preparation of this paper that there is a great deal that I do not know. The discussion of the buildings at the Women's College would be
interesting, but not at the end of so much other detail, and I leave it, along with facts about the other town and University buildings, until later.

My favorite story about the Women's College has to do with the young woman whom Miss Clift found studying for examinations in the bathroom between two and three o'clock in the morning. "Why are you studying here?" asked Miss Clift.

"The radio," replied the young woman, wearily.

"But you have no roommate. You room alone."

"That's just the trouble," said the girl. "There's nobody to turn it off."
FOREIGN STUDY

It is not in the nature of institutions of higher learning to embark freely upon the new and the unusual. They find out what is done elsewhere, too often on the strength of somebody's ten-year-old memory, and without a great deal of understanding of the circumstances surrounding the practice elsewhere, and their similarity to circumstances in the college to which the experiment is to be applied.

Once, we launched out upon our own, on the recommendation of a zealous young assistant professor with an educational ax to grind, and won thereby wider and more enthusiastic recognition than had come to us before or has come to us since.

Raymond Watson Kirkbride came to the Department of Modern Languages and Literature at the beginning of the school year 1919-20, from war experience in Europe and post-war occupation duty in France. The latter had been a congenial experience, for an interest in the French people and their language, carried over from a magna cum laude career at Westminster College and five years of French teaching at the pre-college level, had built up a wish to see something of the country and the people; and the four months between the armistice and his discharge from the army developed in him a philosophy that was to change at least one of the facets of modern education. He had been sent as a member of a school detachment to the University of Grenoble, where, even amidst the confusion of the post-war days, it was possible to see something of the workings of a French institution of higher learning, and there grew up in his mind a conviction that if every American college boy could spend a year in a foreign university, and if every foreigner of college caliber could spend a year under American tuition, there would be no more war.

I am not certain that he set out to do anything about it, but by the autumn of 1919 he found himself on the Modern Language faculty of the University of Delaware, and the rest came naturally. The Mitchell papers have perished, and most of the records of the Hullihan administration before 1922, but in 1920 the staff of Delaware College was small, and everyone knew the president, and
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into the office of the newly elected, somewhat lonely, and not yet completely orientated President Hullihen walked the youthful Kirkbride with a proposition.

Would it not be possible, would it not be wise, might it not even be good publicity for an American college—say Delaware College—to send (experimentally, of course) a group of students—say juniors—abroad to do one year of their collegiate work in an atmosphere entirely foreign to that in which they had grown up? This would involve a reasonable speaking ability, but the education, as he saw it, was not to be primarily language education, but in the fields of literature, art, history, political and social science. Years later President Hullihen was to say that the experiment was the most exciting and refreshing experience of his long administration, and if it had come at the end of that administration, or of anyone else's, it might have gone the way of many other good, but young, suggestions.

Luckily the new president was new, and trying to find bearable a town which had been polite, but recognizing him as an outsider, a non-Delawarean, had not taken him to its heart. And it was important that he bring to the College something which would arrest the attention of the press, show the faculty that he was a man of ability and ideas, and something that would be worth setting down in his annual report to the Board.

The conversion of the various schools and departments into something which should call itself a University was one of these; but, as in the stray presidents' reports which have survived from before his time, there was not much to say in 1922—he had made no report in 1921—except that the Summer School was prospering, that enrollment was falling off slowly, that there had been no serious disciplinary difficulty, that agricultural extension went on without really prospering, that the University had got itself accredited in one agency and elected to membership in another, that the School of Engineering was in need of practically everything, including a new building, that the library campaign had gone over big and then come to one of those plateaus where you investigate and find that you have 30,000 pledges of from 10 to 25 cents, which you cannot collect without using up your few large donations, and an interesting but dangerous suggestion that had come to him from the newest man in the Department of Modern Languages. He could not, of course, say "Sure! let’s go ahead" without taking
the matter up with the faculty and the Trustees, and he was not quite sure that he cared to trust it, even in the vacuum created by the lack of anything else. But if it could be made to work. . . .

Later Kirkbride's interest in the working of the scheme in France, in the cultural and social and educational aspects, largely to the exclusion of statistics, reports and financial statements and other rigmarole, were to bear down heavily upon the president; and the letters which passed between them in 1924, '25 and '26 speak volumes for the difference between the two men. Kirkbride's letters were frequent, voluminous, interesting and significant, but they did not account for the cancelled check dated May 26th last, or tell what was left in the budget after the trip to Poitiers or whether the housing problem, as complained about in Miss Smith's father's letter, had been cared for, and how. The director was loved by many people, and mourned by many after his untimely death, but in the years between the materialization of his dream and his illness and final return, President Huliihen was to expend a great deal of uneasiness and some very poignant language upon him.

In June, 1922, the Trustees approved the plan and added it to the University courses. The Alumni News which appeared in September of that year describes it as one of the most important and significant innovations of recent years in undergraduate study for colleges, and goes on to say that when the first group begins work in the fall of 1923 each man—there were no women in the first group—will be given three hours a day of intensive drill under a French tutor for the month of August. Next they were to be given two months of preparatory work at the Alliance française to get them accustomed to following the courses and lectures as conducted in French. They would then enter the University of Paris at the beginning of November and continue there until the close of the school year, June 30. They were to take as nearly as possible the same subjects as they would have taken in their junior year at Delaware. Such subjects as international law, economics, psychology, history and literature would be open to them. The experiment, says the Alumni News, is being watched with interest by a number of businessmen and educators, in the expectation that it will develop into a national if not an international plan for training future generations to cope with the world's problems. It is interesting that it "adds to" other advantages the value to the
students themselves. A year in foreign countries is to broaden their minds and sympathies and in the future our educational institutions will be producing world thinkers instead of national or sectional thinkers.

Having talked about the President, it is only fair for me to let him speak. Shortly after Kirkbride’s death he wrote, but failed to date, an unpublished article from which I quote in part:

The idea of an undergraduate year abroad was conceived by the late Professor Raymond W. Kirkbride while a student after the armistice in the so-called “A. E. F. University” in France, and in 1921 it was proposed by him to the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Delaware in the form of a carefully elaborated plan. The Delaware faculty was impressed with Professor Kirkbride’s suggestion, but in order to secure fuller information about the many difficult problems of coördination of courses, living conditions, expenses, etc., found it necessary to have him devote another year in France to the gathering of more complete data upon which to base their decision as to the wisdom of inaugurating such an experiment.

The President omits to say that though leave of absence was granted for the year of research, it was given without pay, and that the only money available to Kirkbride was $500 which the Service Citizens of Delaware appropriated for his use, together with a promise of $3,000 to be given toward the accomplishment of the project if it reached the stage of actual experimentation. The appeal to the Board for Kirkbride’s leave of absence was put in terms of study toward a graduate degree. So early had we come to think, or to say we thought, degrees more important than broad general knowledge in a man who carried in his heart and head greater awareness of the world’s needs and what to do about them than would have come with all the degrees in Christendom. As for the lack of salary, it is understandable; in those days and for many years after, we counted our pennies twice to be sure that none had escaped us. Ten years later a young instructor’s wife said that in cleaning the bath room she had found a nickel under the tub, and that it had thrown the family budget out of balance, and it was this same brave young lady who used to reject dinner invitations at the beginning of the month on the plea that toward the end they would need them far more—might they have a rain check?

Returning to the Hullihen paper:
In entering upon this undertaking it was from the beginning the purpose of the University of Delaware to conduct it as an educational experiment on behalf of colleges generally rather than as a matter of private interest. To this end the University's successive bulletins describing the progress of the enterprise have been widely distributed to colleges and universities throughout the country, and membership in the Delaware group has been thrown open to students of other colleges. It was hoped and believed that this sharing of the information secured would, if the plan were generally approved, soon result in the formation of a considerable number of other college or regional groups, which would profit by the experience and investigations of the Delaware organization. This expectation, however, has not been realized; Smith College, which since 1925/26 has each year had a large group of its own juniors in France, being the only institution which has established an independent group.

In spite of this reluctance of colleges to organize groups of their own, the idea of foreign study has been gaining ground slowly but steadily in recent years, as the results obtained by students in the Delaware and Smith groups have become more and more widely known. This is indicated by the fact that about 400 students from eighty-five colleges have been registered as members of the Delaware organization in the nine groups it has conducted since 1923. . . Opinion seems in nearly every case to be that the value of the year in France, under proper conditions of direction and supervision, can hardly be questioned, at least for those students whose college courses and educational activities it fits. . . .

He foreshadows the German and Swiss expansions which were later begun but cut short by the second World War:

What has been accomplished in France can undoubtedly be done in other countries whose languages are taught in our schools and colleges. Last year and again this year, Smith and Wellesley together sent a small group to Spain with very satisfactory results. This year Professor von Klenze will have charge of a number of American Juniors in Munich, and has requested Delaware, with the cooperation of other interested colleges, to establish there in 1932/33 an organization similar to that in Paris. Plans to this effect are being made and there is reason to hope that in a very few years there will be as many of our students in Germany and Spain as in France, if conditions in those countries are found to be equally satisfactory for American undergraduates.

Then indeed foundations will have been laid to give many
American college students that international point of view which will be increasingly needed in a nation upon which world leadership seems destined to be thrust whether we desire it or not.

The official name of the movement, if it had an official name, was the University of Delaware Intercollegiate Foreign Study Plan, and when I was invited to become librarian of the institution, thirty years ago, and began looking for facts relating to it, the reply that came from everybody who knew it at all was, "Yes, that's the place that is sponsoring the European study project." Here at Delaware we were more apt to refer to it as the "Foreign study plan," but popularly and to educators over the country generally, it has been the Junior Year in France, and as such it is still known in the institutions which have taken up where we, in 1948, left off.

The world-minded Herbert Hoover was interested as early as 1921; Service Citizens of Delaware, who had often come to our rescue in connection with teacher training needs, maintained their support for years, and to their gifts Pierre S. duPont added first an annual thousand and then an annual five thousand dollars. Already a member of the French Legion of Honor, he was promoted to the rank of officer in 1928, and as representative of the University, the president was invested with membership at the same time. Funds were raised publicly, which of course means among a few influential men of affairs, for seven $1,000 scholarships in 1926. In 1928 a conference, called at our request at the headquarters of the Institute of International Education, passed back to Delaware the task of raising funds for scholarships which were to be used as bait to interest institutions which had not yet grasped the significance of the movement. In Wilmington and in Newark alone enough funds were raised to provide nineteen $300 scholarships, and hundreds of applicants came to the surface; but care had been taken to grant no scholarship to persons who had not passed the necessary entrance requirements and been accepted for the year ahead, and the mortality was marked. So marked, in fact, that President Hullihen, who had thought it a doubtful technique in the first place, took a certain satisfaction in reporting to the Trustees that very little had come of it. The next year the Marks Committee in New York City gave six $1,000 scholarships, but of the nineteen granted the year before fifteen had gone to University of Delaware men and women and two to Smith College, and there was a strong feeling
that funds were not being so directed as to call into the movement those inactive institutions toward whose conversion they had been raised.

Professor Kirkbride spent much of his time at Paris headquarters, but was relieved in February, 1926, so that he might devote the remainder of the school year to a public relations tour in the United States. Dr. Edwin C. Byam had joined the Modern Language faculty at the University of Delaware, and with his cooperation Kirkbride visited some fifty-five institutions to whom we had reason to think the foreign study program might be interesting. The aim was still not toward the development of a greater Delaware group, but to the formation of more groups, and whether those groups went to Paris or Nancy or Madrid or Munich or elsewhere was of less importance than that they should spend a year abroad, learning more of the language, to be sure, but primarily using the language toward an understanding of the literature, music, art, social structure and industry of a foreign people and encouraging in that people an interest in groups of such students who might spend an academic year in America.

Expenses mounted with the increasing size of groups: additional native tutors were needed; chaperonage of the young women and the cost of verifying the acceptability of French homes, both for men and women, swelled the bill; and it was the cavalier manner in which Kirkbridge took these matters of business, which were going to make all the difference to the parents of young college students in distant and unsupervisable places, that crept under the presidential epidermis and sometimes made him wish he had not embarked with such gusto upon the new French professor's hare-brained idea.

Hare-brained it was not, but it presented problems over which it was sometimes difficult to maintain control. English was so much easier when you were trying to get something over to one of the other fellows, and you were so weary of hearing French from alarm-clock to nightcap that all of the rules broke down under the strain at times. There was the lad who missed the point and thought of it as a revival of the "grand tour," and the boy who somehow got under the wire without any of the qualifications needed for the job, and was too proud to say so. There was the young lady who should have had her homesickness in her freshman year, and probably did, but came down with it anew and in an aggravated form in an
alien land, equipped with a very fair vocabulary, a few literary idioms and nothing that bore the slightest relation to home. There was the chap whose father was not satisfied, and would not have been satisfied if his son had been taking his third year work in the Kingdom of Heaven, and insisted on having him transferred to another school, and whom you suspect of having put something over on you, and the young lady who broke all the rules and had to be returned post haste to America. Nor were you quite sure what she would do on shipboard or before she was claimed by an indignant parent.

There were more or less periodic visits made by the President, one by Dean Robinson in 1925, and in 1924 a sort of party visit by Dr. and Mrs. Hullihen, Charles Evans and his wife, Mrs. Henry P. Scott, Rodney Sharp and, of course, Kirkbride and George E. Brinton. But it was the occasions on which the business administrator managed to wangle a free trip, and paid for it by throwing an elaborate party which fell short of the ideals underlying the experiment, that tried men's souls. Mr. duPont paid for much of the necessary travel, and was generous enough to have paid for a certain amount of unessentials, but as the groups grew larger and therefore more profitable from the Cunard Company's point of view, President Hullihen found himself and Mrs. Hullihen in possession of a kind of carte blanche which shows up pleasantly in the Hullihen Papers.

By 1926 things were in working order, proper offices had been set up, and Kirkbride had by argument and diplomacy brought about the impossible, convincing the Rector of the University of Paris that certain modifications in a three century old examination routine would not only make life more nearly livable for the American students but more profitable for the university, when his labor was knocked into a cocked hat by the death of the Rector, and since the business had not yet come before the faculty, a new Rector had to be convinced from the ground up.

France had begun to recognize the potentialities of this cooperation, which, to date, had worked only into the French exchequer, and we began hearing the most profound praise of the plan, of Professor Kirkbride, of the University of Delaware and of American educational schemes in general. I am not casting any shadows upon this praise, especially as applied to Kirkbride, but to him it came late—almost too late. In March, 1928, he came home to America
for a serious cancer operation, never to return to his French friends, duties and responsibilities. On February 18, 1929, the medal of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon him at a dinner given in Baltimore. It had been impossible to remove him farther from the Johns Hopkins Hospital than the Hotel Belvedere, and the occasion, though a dignified one, wears only a pale cast of happiness, for he was a dying man, and ten days later he was dead.

An alumnus of the Foreign Study Group—who called themselves the Association des Anciens Élèves des Groupes Delaware en France—wrote of him: "Despite frequent discouragements the unflagging enthusiasm of Mr. Kirkbride would take no negative answer. In fact before such enthusiasm one could not answer 'No'."

One might quote a great deal more of the tribute which appeared in the April-July, 1930, issue of Foreign Study Notes. I have already quoted from it, from the annual reports of the President of the University of Delaware and from the Foreign Study Papers assembled and indexed by Dr. E. C. Byam, who was to follow him, and to whom we owe not only this loving tribute but much of the oral tradition which has come down to us from the early days of the school in France.

Prosperous days and heavy days were ahead of the movement. In 1932 the service was to extend itself to Germany, where educational authorities had heard the statement of a high official in the French Ministry of Education, that "the University of Delaware is better known in France than any other American institution of higher learning." Request for cooperation had come from German authorities through the Institute of International Education. By this year $5,000 had been subscribed by nearly eighty of Kirkbride's former students and friends, to be invested and the income used for the purchase of books for the Kirkbride Memorial Library, located in the Paris headquarters of the Foreign Study Division.

On December 19, 1929, President Hullihan had written to Mr. P. S. duPont:

... You perhaps know that the American Building, erected at a cost of $400,000 in ... Paris, will be formally opened April 28. This building will be used chiefly for American graduate students but there is a possibility that we shall be able to make some use of it for our students if it seems desirable. Each American student will have a French roommate, I believe. ...
Graduate study in connection with the Junior Year itself was not new. As early as 1924 two graduate students had gone with the group, and the next year nine from Columbia University and Teachers' College had been attached to the party.

By 1931 the University of Delaware had rented an entire building and was spilling over into a second for headquarters in Paris, and on July 17, 1931, there sailed from New York ninety-three students, the largest group since the humble beginning with eight in 1923. By 1933 there had been nearly 600 undergraduates from nearly ninety different colleges, but a somewhat uninformed article on the mistake of sending students for study abroad in what was described as a haphazard and fruitless fashion was published in Harper's and taken amiss by the president, who wrote in a letter to the editor of the Atlantic that the whole program of work under the aegis of the Delaware group was planned to avoid just such difficulties as the article had described, and asking permission to present to the public the other side of the picture. Ellery Sedgwick's answer of three days later expresses his feeling "that since the original article appeared in Harper's it would not be the natural part of the Atlantic to continue the discussion." There seems never to have been any communication with Harper's.

By 1931 there was a permanent committee of the Institute of International Education which met annually. The thought of interesting other institutions in setting up their own foreign study machinery had died with Kirkbride; only Smith College had its foreign group, and that group did not take in students from other colleges, which meant that Delaware alone could provide for them. It meant a larger showing for us and may well have been more economical, but a beautiful ideal had gone by the board and was destined to go farther. One of the original difficulties had arisen from irregularities in grading, examinations, and especially credit to be given in colleges all over the country for work done in a foreign land under the supervision of an otherwise not especially prominent university, which had been a university for only ten years, and which even now did not cover several of the fields usually ascribed to a university. By 1931 most colleges had accepted us, and in September, 1931, Dr. Hullihen described the division as THE American intercollegiate department for junior study in France. The responsibility for the Paris Office had descended upon the shoulders of George E. Brinton. In Professor Brinton the
school had a fitting successor to Kirkbride, whose interest was not in records or accounts, and who, though a close friend of the president, must at times have driven him to as high a pitch of indignation as Kirkbride ever did. In Edwin C. Byam, who carried much of the American responsibility, the administration must have taken delight, for he was exact to the last dotting of an i and crossing of a t. He did not always agree, and he was quite outspoken in saying so, and he moved in an influential circle in which you spoke with care; but beside his work even my fussiness was chaotic, and in his retirement in 1955 the University suffered the loss of a scholar and a gentleman, a man of infinite care and pains for which he had all too little thanks.

In the spring of 1931 Professor Camillo von Klenze, who had gone from an American university to the University of Munich, circularized American colleges, inviting students who were majoring in German to spend their junior year in Munich, under his supervision, following the general plan of the University of Delaware in Paris. He had not realized the degree of careful organization necessary to make such an enterprise a success, and so great were the difficulties he encountered even in the preliminary arrangements, before students arrived, that he turned to Paris and Professor Brinton to ask that the 1932-33 German enterprise be taken by the University of Delaware. For two years we sponsored the German group, but political and economic conditions were changing rapidly, strange things had happened to the American dollar after the crisis of 1929, and at the end of the year 1934-35 the German part of the project was abandoned.

Early in '31 President Hullihen had addressed a group of seventy ex-foreign study students at the Hotel Brevoort in New York City—a meeting also attended by the celebrated André Maurois—and told of a plan not to transfer, but to extend the French group so that a year in Germany might be added to the program.

As late as 1931 there had been twenty-two scholarships, but interest was waning in the United States; the first blaze of enthusiasm was over, the invincible Kirkbride was dead, and when Professor von Klenze spoke at Cornell on the "Junior Year" he frankly did this though he had been asked to speak on "Modern Germany," preferring "not to do so because of the rapid changes and developments there." On the Newark campus we were too busy making a reduced budget cover our needs to be greatly dis-
turbed by the falling off of interest in Munich or the University of Paris, and when the president visited Paris in February his letters home and his reports after returning were solemn documents, weighted with the depreciated dollar and the greatly increased cost of living, tutoring, travel and other services in Europe.

The 1934 centenary of the founding of Newark College took as one of its themes international education, and President David A. Robertson of Goucher and President Meta Glass of Sweetbriar College discussed the subject generally, and paid tribute to the Delaware experiment in particular. What else, under the circumstances, was there left to do? The festivity came upon us more or less unaware, and something of the sort was called for, in addition to the historical pageant and the conferring of honorary degrees and a certain amount of traipsing about in caps, gowns and colorful hoods. But very few of the guests at the educational conference were either in a condition or in a mood to do anything about our sinking foreign study aspirations, and, as a matter of fact, too few of us were aspiring.

In September, 1934, Professor Brinton came home from six years in France, and by September, 1937, the war clouds were so dark over Europe that President Hullihen turned to Geneva as a possible retreat, though he called it an expansion of the Paris program. The Geneva aspect of the business stood up a little longer than that at Munich or at Paris, and it was not until the end of 1939 that it broke up.

Recently I have had occasion to go through the 1937-39 foreign study correspondence and have gathered from it an understanding which the formal documents failed to awaken. Each Nazi speech, each expression of hostile intent toward France and the world in general, called up in the minds of anxious parents and a score or more of colleges which had entrusted their young people to us an epidemic of the jitters which broke on the president’s doorstep in a shower of telegrams. One young woman was seriously hurt in a Swiss mountain-climbing misadventure; another was so ill that she had to be retired to a rest home in southern France. The Geneva group had fallen off to six, five, four, three—and the parents of those three found it hard to understand why, having prevailed upon them to invest in a year in Geneva, we fluctuated between Paris and Nancy, and provided, wherever we went, quite inferior accommodation, at a price which took up all the students’ pocket money.
and barely provided the necessities. Conditions changed at such speed, and advice, even from normally dependable sources, was so fickle at variance, that a letter bore little relation to the circumstances which had called it forth, and the telegraph and cable bills gathered like the clouds of war and produced very little but confusion. Dr. Byam reported to the faculty of the University of Delaware on January 8, 1940, that although forty-two students from twenty-seven colleges had sailed for Paris in August, 1939, they had been routed to Tours almost at once, and thence to St. Nazaire and Bordeaux, whence they were returned to the States by the earliest available ships.

There was thought of substituting Latin American agencies, but before the necessary machinery could be set, the federal government placed a ban on all foreign travel for purposes of study, and this ban covered Central and South American countries and was not lifted until late in 1945. There was thought of again approaching the Latin American universities, but in '46-'47 a group went to Geneva only. In the summer of 1947 President Carlson went to France, at the suggestion of the Trustees, or at least with their approval, to survey the long forsaken study headquarters in Paris, and make recommendation as to continuation or discontinuation. By this time Kirkbride and his original philosophy were far out of most people’s memories, and though money was again becoming abundant and showing up in the building and salary and extension expenditures, and especially in connection with research and graduate studies, the Junior Year Abroad was a financial burden to the trustees and a source of irritation to the administration and it took very little sitting upon to find it “Christian burial.” There was a certain amount of helpless resistance, or persistence, on the part of the Committee on Foreign Study, and a Committee on Foreign Studies slipped into place and gave the general feeling of continuity, but the new committee was in effect a group of persons interested in inter-American relations, who sponsored three or four conferences in Newark, and then gave way to other forms of interest.

A committee on international cultural relations came later, under the aegis of the Department of State, but was badly managed, and with it went the last echo of anything that sounded like Kirkbride’s bright dream.

The lease on the Paris office was permitted to lapse shortly after
the Carlson visit; the Kirkbride Memorial Library in Paris, together with office furniture, went at auction to the highest bidder, who did not bid very high, and except for a book or two which have reached us through the second-hand market, we have nothing to show for gifts and investments. A small cash balance and the cash proceeds remain as an endowment fund from which books may be purchased for the Department of Modern Languages.

So, with the summer of 1948, came the end of what had promised to be our one great contribution to higher education, not in America alone, but all over the world. Kirkbride's methods had developed too slowly in a fast-moving world, and what could be done on the strength of his suggestion had long since failed to prevent war. In a sense he had not been the begetter of the concept. It was the old Isaiah who said: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Closely allied to the foreign study proposition is another which did not, however, originate with Kirkbride, or in Delaware: foreign and exchange students. Puerto Rican Joseph E. Cabrera appears in the 1839-40 catalog, but with this exception I suppose our first foreign students were not foreign at all, but rather more native than ourselves. In the late 1840's there came to Delaware College from the Indian Territory Leonidas Garland, Joseph Hall, William Howell, Holmes Colbert, Allen Wright and Lychurgus Pitchlyn, one of whom met with a tragic end, but the others did well, as witness the *Blue Hen's Chicken* (which is not to be confused with the student annual of similar name) for March 23, 1849, which tells us that there is to be no Junior Exhibition at the end of the term "on account of the sickness of one of the Indian students. The young Indians make as great progress as the Americans in their studies at college, and there is every prospect of their graduating with honor."

After their time, there was R. F. Q. Sutton, who came from the Argentine, though there is reason to suspect that he was not an Argentinian, but the son of a merchant or missionary sent home for finishing.

Exchange students seem to have come with the Women's College. Very early there was a young Chinese woman; in 1922 came Mlle. Charbonneau from France, under the protection and on the recommendation of our friends the Institute of International Education.
Young men were to follow, usually one at a time until within recent years when we have on one occasion had as many as thirteen from one country, though not for an entire year. Most famous of our foreign students was the North Korean No Kum Sok, who entered the University in 1954 after flying a MIG into American territory, and winning thereby a reward which was double the amount of the endowment on which Newark College opened 120 years before. No took the cryptic name of Kenneth Rowe and publicized both the UN cause and the University of Delaware by his frequent radio and TV interviews.

The Cosmopolitan Club numbers about thirty-five. Their presence has enriched the University, though it is a bit humiliating to find the foreign group bringing to us what we had begun to bring to them. My only unhappy experience with an exchange student dates from the summer of 1933, when I was trying to cram into one afternoon, in Chartres Cathedral, memory enough to last the rest of my life. An ex-exchange man spotted me, and settled down to spend the rest of the day telling me how much he had got out of his year at the University of Delaware. It was a chance to speak English, and I think it did him good, but now, when I see in my mind’s eye those glowing west windows, they are silhouetted behind a shaggy Frenchman, and, like the little man who was not upon the stairs, I wish he had gone away.

One other echo of the Foreign Study Plan rates comment. Not long after the project got under way, a shyster lawyer and his equally shyster wife, seeing the potentialities of international education, and not wishing such good publicity wasted on what looked to them like desert air, took out papers of incorporation in Delaware and in two other states, under the name of the International University of Delaware and several other equally high-sounding names, hied themselves off to India and sold, to the degree-loving but not entirely learning-conscious world, advanced degrees on the strength of an essay and cash in hand, and long after the Foreign Study Plan had gone its solemn way, President Carlson, who had seen the end of it, was trying to write kind and diplomatic letters to befogged and benighted Hindoos whose theses he was unable to return because he had never seen them.
THE COLLEGE AND THE WARS

What may have happened in and about Newark in the very early years we have no way of telling. One meets with scattered arrowheads, but the arrow was not only a means of defense and offense, but a means of livelihood, and except for the somewhat mythical battle on Iron Hill, in which a Minqua fort, partly defended with European ammunition, was taken by the Senecas, there is no record before the actual settlement of the village. No heavy concentration of arrowheads points to military action.

The French and Indian Wars passed us by, for the great stress was placed both by the English and the French upon the capture of certain strategic inland positions, and we were inland by a very narrow margin, and strategic we were not. Indirectly we were affected by the War of Jenkins' Ear, an unpleasantness which had been breeding between England and Spain for some time, and which was fanned into flame by one Robert Jenkins who claimed that his ear had been savagely torn off by a Spanish searching party which boarded his vessel on the high seas. There were those who claimed that the ear had been cut off in the stocks, where he sat for a minor delinquency, but it was carried about in cotton wool, and shown in Parliament, with exactly the effect desired, and the war began in 1738. It never reached farther north than the West Indies and the Florida coast, but it rendered the seas dangerous between the colonies and the mother country, and held up for six years the action of the Philadelphia Synod which was to have established an examining agency, or, as it turned out, adopt a school to provide for the education of the young in the Three Lower Counties and thereabouts. In 1738 Alison's private school had not yet been opened, and the choice, if made at that time, would have fallen upon another school or might have been limited to the examining agency asked for by the Lewes Presbytery in 1738.

I have discussed Newark's contribution to the Revolution, but it may be well to recall the salient events. Iron Hill was to provide and the Newark foundry was to process a very fair share of the ammunition with which we fought the British and Hessian troops who descended upon the country in the mid-'70's; for transporta-
tion was incredibly difficult in the pre-road, pre-canal and pre-railroad era, and here, as in few other places, iron came down to or close enough to the north and south line of communication to be useful indeed. The other direct contribution was shoes, a very necessary and quickly expended commodity, which the closed Academy (paid for by George III and his friends, and now converted into a shoe factory) was able to supply, not in the quantity which the present building might manufacture, for the old stone Academy was a much smaller building, but in significant numbers. It will be remembered that it was lack of food, clothing and shoes which reduced almost to the breaking point the morale of the forces at Valley Forge in the winter after the Battle at Cooch’s Bridge and the passage of the British through Newark.

The process of reconnaissance by Washington, Green and the great Lafayette in the summer of 1777 was not advertised in the town. Such things are most useful when known by very few people; but certain persons on Iron Hill knew that there were important men in their midst, and the word filtered into the village. There is a house or two on the hill that claims the distinction of having housed Washington. I know of no such house in the town.

Mr. Edward Cooch, in his book on the Battle of Cooch’s Bridge, tells more than I can or ought to repeat here, and I refer you to it for details. Do not confuse this with his brother Francis’ *Little Known History of Newark, Delaware* which, though it makes occasional reference to the earlier times, is interested chiefly in the years after 1880, years which he himself remembered.

The British and Hessians, under General Howe, landed on the Chesapeake side of the Delmarva Peninsula, rather than on the Delaware side, because the action could be carried out with more secrecy and safety and with a greater element of surprise; but they were watched from the hill. Howe’s headquarters were at Aikentown, i.e. Glasgow, from September 3 to 8, 1777. The American center of operations had been advanced as far as Cooch’s Bridge and when the British came along the road skirting Iron Hill on September 3, they encountered clandestine interference all the way. It was a delaying action only; the skirmish at Cooch’s Bridge ended in American defeat, and the battle has gone down in history chiefly as one of the places where it is claimed that the new American flag was first unfurled in battle. The flag has had its vicissitudes in Newark, but probably never encountered so grim a
state of degradation as when in 1899 the Junior Class at Delaware College sat for its picture, which was to be printed in the student yearbook, grouped on the steps of Recitation Hall—twenty men seated or standing on the Stars and Stripes.

Then there is the nice but somewhat raucous story of the patriotic lady who, passing Rhodes' drug store after a Memorial Day parade, was shocked and horrified by the use of a flag in an unconventional manner on the hood of an automobile. She entered the store, inquired blusteringly to whom the car belonged. One of the men at the lunch counter said it was his.

"Don't you know," said the lady, "that that is no way to display the American flag? It should always be..." But she got no further. The young man was shorter, sharper and possibly louder than the lady, to whom he replied, "I fought for that flag, madam. What have you done for it?"

Just as the Platt House in Newark was to suffer from gunfire on the 8th of September, the Welsh Tract Church was a victim of the fighting on the 3rd, and still bears the mark of a cannon ball which passed through it. Five days later the British were to go through the village on the way to Kennett Square and Chadd’s Ford and the Battle of the Brandywine. Little lasting damage was done in the town beyond the general terror which was created, the spectacular but harmless crossfire of shoemakers and soldiers at the Academy and a certain amount of deviltry caused by stragglers who, finding the settlement deserted, were tempted to leave a passing mark upon it.

We saw soldiers again, in large numbers, in 1781 when a detachment of Washington's troops moved south through the village on the way to Yorktown, where they were to see the capitulation of the British forces under Cornwallis. But they were not en route through enemy territory, and the end was in sight, so clearly in sight that the shoe factory had given place to the returning Academy, and whatever may have been the slender destiny in store for the school, we were to see no more of the military for over a third of a century.

It was in 1814 that Caesar A. Rodney encamped his troops on Iron Hill as a precautionary measure, and a very necessary measure it was, for though American arms had been encouragingly successful at sea, they had done badly on land, and in this summer the City of Washington was invaded; the Capitol, the White House
and other public buildings were burned. Again excitement ran high in the town, for the advancing forces were turned northward, and were stopped only before Baltimore in what looked like an advance on Philadelphia, via Newark. It was in December of this year that the youthful William Henry Cosden left the Academy to join the army on the hill, lied convincingly about his age, which in time of danger is easily done and got away with, was taken home and then brought back to the Academy by a more truth-loving father, and found himself the victim of shame and jocularity out of which he could see no escape but suicide.

Many people failed to take the Mexican War seriously, and Delawareans were, for the most part, among the number. At Delaware College the boys debated the justice of a declaration of war by Mexico, and whether it was conviction or the ability of the affirmative speakers, they decided that Mexico was amply justified, and let the matter drop.

When a member of the faculty asked me a few weeks ago for material around which to construct a pageant featuring the University during the Civil War, I could only reply, "Raise the curtain on an empty stage, and lower it again." There was no University of Delaware until 1921; Delaware College had closed in 1859, not to open again until 1870. The Academy continued to function, but cannot be said to have flourished, and the town (except for the gin shops) slumbered.

It was not the Civil War that closed the College, and it is not impossible that with sufficient financial backing it might have lasted through what turned out to be an eleven-year closed period; but neither was it entirely the murder of John Edward Roach which caused this long hibernation.

The Civil War affected the village, of course. We were too close to the South not to feel the pressure and the tension. There were slaves in Newark up until the war, and as I have said earlier, several families whose interests were entirely with the South. One house built within five years of the outbreak of hostilities is said to have had separate slave quarters, and so closely had slavery come to be associated with the struggle that it was not always clear that we were, at the outset, engaged, not in a war to abolish slavery but to preserve the Union. Baltimore was again to be an important center of military and even of mob activity. As early as 1861 there had been reason to fear that the newly elected President
Lincoln could not be taken through Baltimore in safety, and the authorities resorted to measures which would and did outwit the disturbing element in the city.

On the last journey, in 1865, the President was brought through Baltimore, and through Newark, in an hour of national sorrow, but there is no record of the train having stopped in this very small town, which though it had a station on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, was not visible from the railway.

There are in the University of Delaware Library two volumes of letters from the Pierce brothers who lived just outside Newark on the Elkton Road, both of whom died in the course of the war; and the Reynolds letters, also in the University collection, are another source from which we can watch home boys' reactions to the great struggle. Reynolds, too, failed to return. Unlike most small towns, Newark seems never to have had a Civil War monument. The war had come closest to us at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, and that was far too close—we needed no monument to remind us.

It was the Lincoln administration which had brought to the colleges of the nation the first Morrill Act, with its interest in agriculture, the mechanic arts and the military. We are in need of a thorough study of the early history of military training at Delaware College. Most of the records in the department are too late to be of much use, and the brief history written several years ago was done out of some unnamed person's head. This is not true of A. T. Schumacker's forty-three-page history of army specialized training, but it covers only the special emergency period from 1942 to 1946. This paper was in its earlier stages even more complete, but suffered abbreviation and mutilation in the process of publication. The _R. O. T. C. Journal_ for March, 1955, carries a not altogether satisfactory account beginning with 1870.

We remember Jules Macheret, and laugh at him, or cry, depending on the angle from which this unfortunate man presents himself. He left us in 1873, and after him comes a period in which we seem to have thought that peace had come for ever, and so the federal government seems to have thought also, for it was not until 1889 that George LeRoy Brown was sent to us from Washington. That we used him in the Department of Engineering was not the fault of, and apparently not of interest to, the War Department.

Captain Wesley Webb, who was with us after 1883, had organized
a virile if sometimes over-spirited military unit, and it was in his day in the mid-'eighties that the College was called upon to help quell the near riot of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad workmen.

The next invasion of the village took place in April, 1894, when the Town Council met to take measures to prevent disturbance when a detachment of the on-coming "Common Weal Army" passed through on its way to Washington. "Coxey's Army" was in earnest, to be sure, but fairly well under control and bent on the National Capital, not on depredation in the provinces. Mr. Arthur Wilson was sent to confer with the leaders at Phillpot Hill; but the next mention of the business is a much later and calmer one, and concerns only the payment of $5 to cover the cost of his journey.

The Spanish-American War followed in 1898 and was over so quickly that though there was time for a great deal of excitement, there was not much time for anything else. Some of our boys enlisted and got as far as a camp at Middletown; a few others joined the Navy, and the 1899 student yearbook is heavily bent toward things military, but it also devotes five pages to a list of alumni since 1870, and nine to the lives of former presidents—all very useful now to be sure, but not the sort of thing student yearbooks are made of, and one suspects a dearth of material. It is in this issue, too, that the flag appears with eleven stripes, a state of affairs which even I, who know nothing about flag etiquette, deplore.

In January, 1912, four sophomores from Delaware College disappeared without "by your leave" and turned up on the West Coast in connection with the pseudo-war in which we had got ourselves entangled with Mexico. As late as December, 1916, twenty-six Delaware College men were on the Mexican border, and five others had recently been relieved. Nobody here or elsewhere was ever quite certain what became of the Mexican difficulties, for in 1917 came the first World War, in anticipation of which some students had already departed. The June, 1918, issue of the Alumni News says:

Delaware College is doing its bit in the conduct of the war. Not only have faculty and students contributed liberally to the Red Cross fund and bought a comparatively large amount of Liberty Loan Bonds, but many of them have enlisted in some branch of the service, and others have volunteered for
work on farms or in shipyards. Thirty-four students will go on farms this summer, and eighty-two will go into shipyards. There are 184 Delaware men (graduates and undergraduates) already in the service, many of them in France.

A list by class and by service follows.

As early as March, 1917, there had been activity at the Women’s College, and although there were no women in service, as in the second World War, there was much supervised and directed war work at the south end of the campus. The activities of the College were affected in strange and unexpected ways, not the least aggravating of which was the holding up of books and other equipment in process of importation from abroad, and the loss of some books and periodicals in sunken ships, though not as many as in the 1940’s.

Early in 1915 President Mitchell had applied for several weeks’ leave of absence to be spent on a peace campaign sponsored by the American Peace League, of which he was a vice-president. This in its time made for good public relations and for what should have been happy relations with his faculty; but like many good things it was afterward remembered in the wrong context and added to the irritation which faculty and alumni felt in connection with him.

On October 4, 1917, the Daughters of the American Revolution gave to the College an ambulance. Elaborate exercises were held in Wolf Hall in honor of the event. It had all of the ramshackle qualities of the automotive vehicles of the period and was given to the College only after the Delaware Regiment had turned it down. The ambulance was to be manned by a corps of students and subject to call in emergency cases within a distance of one hundred miles of Newark. One is reminded again of Miss Letitia Carberry and her war activities, but in our case the ladies satisfied themselves with giving the equipment and laying down the rules, and did not get the thing into circulation in France. It was used extensively during the Spanish influenza epidemic at the end of 1918 to bring persons otherwise uncaressed, or whole families in which there was no one well enough to care for the others, to Purnell Hall and the newly finished and as yet unoccupied Harter Hall, which the College had lent to the town.

On July 1, 1918, the entire Delaware College plant had been placed at the disposal of the War Department to be used in the
training of mechanics for the army, and throughout the summer classes had been busily working in the shops, taking courses in gas engines, electricity, radio, machine shop work and bench woodwork. Meanwhile Congress passed the bill creating the Students' Army Training Corps, an organization designed to prevent the disruption of the colleges, which had been threatened by the lowering of the draft age to 18, and to guarantee the army an adequate supply of officer material. On September 16 the Federal Committee on Educational and Special Training granted in form the College's request for an assignment of officers to man a unit of the Students' Army Training Corps, and operations began on October 1. Two weeks later 215 students had been regularly inducted into the United States Army for the unit.

Academic instruction was carried on by the regular faculty, but the College as a military post was under the command of Captain Victor N. Camp, assisted by six infantry officers. It was a dreary and rather futile attempt of which some wag wrote afterward:

Students' Army Training Corps
You surely made us awfully sorps;
Clumsy, tiresome, hopeless borps.
We were shot but shed no gorps—
Studied little, pokered morps,
Raked the campus, scrubbed the florps,
Soaked up goulash, learned to snorps,
Had experiences galorps
‘Nough to make an angel rorps,
Now, impostor, all is orps;
Fare you well—please shut the dorps—
Students' Army Training Corps.

Few but those who were too young for enlistment or the draft, and men who during the second World War would have been taken for special service, but were considered by the stricter draft boards of 1917-18 physically unfit for service in the field, entered the College under its new, government organization. A bond covering the value of military equipment already issued to the school was returned to the secretary of the Board, the regular army having taken charge of practically all operations at Delaware College. The government found it necessary to change not only the normal courses of study, but certain arrangements to which it had agreed; but aside from interruption by the influenza epidemic and a bit of
entanglement in routine, all went well. The unit was demobilized on December 13, 1918.

The first World War service flag which hung over the portico of the newly rebuilt Old College registers a college enrollment of 140 men, seven of whom died in the course of the war. A memorial service in honor of the men of Delaware College who had sacrificed their lives was held on February 22, 1919, and a stone was erected on the north campus, behind Purnell Hall, to the honor of the men of New Castle County who had been inducted into military service on that spot. J. P. Wright was chairman of the county draft board and closely associated with him was Professor Sypherd, who, but for his long and distinguished later career as chairman of the Department of English, as President of the University, as chairman of the Centenary Committee and finally as University Professor and pater familias to alumni, student body and everybody else, would still be remembered in connection with the monument on which his name does not appear.

There is, I think, no monument to the town’s war dead, and I am not certain that there is any record, save such as may appear in the files of the local chapter of the American Legion. From 1935 to ’37 the chapter records were mounted and deposited at the University Library. What may have happened to the earlier and later records I cannot say. Those we have are not the property of the University, but left with us for safety, and the rest should be added to them, or all should be taken elsewhere. Few things are more maddening than a partial file which almost never contains the part needed.

But though there may be no personal record of the Newark dead in the first World War, Newark houses in its Memorial Library the monument to all of the men from the State of Delaware who lost their lives in or as a result of the war. Unfortunately the Memorial Book which was to have given not only the names, but the service record of these men, was never filled out, and there is no more in the book than can be seen on the four triptychs which adorn the entrance corridor of the building.

As early as 1918 the University library’s mounting crisis suggested a college War Memorial as the need for a student union was to do thirty years later. It was not until 1922 that the dramatic plan for a state war memorial to do the university’s business was brought to general public attention. In the Alumni News for
September, 1922, President Hullihen wrote: "The library, the most fundamental of all the elements entering into the making of a university, has been sorely neglected ... We now find ourselves in a position where effective teaching, research, productive activity and high scholarship are seriously impeded by this deficiency."

A plan had been prepared. There would be a state-wide drive from October 20 to 27, 1922, for $300,000: $230,000 for the building, $20,000 for books and $50,000 for endowment. Delaware had exceeded its quota for every purpose to which it had put its hand during the war; but the war was over, and though thousands of pledges came in, they were not for thousands of dollars, but too often for ten cents, which as it worked out would cost more to collect than they were worth, but seemed to give to children who were to grow up to be the men and women of the state a deep interest in the library and its services.

It is not the business of this section to discuss the University Library. That has been done, and well done, by Dr. Augustus H. Able of our English Department, who was for years chairman of the Library Committee, and copies are available for your asking; but I must pause for one more moment to tell you of the day in December, 1923, when three hundred students, faculty and alumni turned out under the leadership of President Hullihen, not to break ground, but practically to excavate the basement of the new building. The Women's College took part too, feeding and supplying coffee to the amateur workmen. It brought back the old war enthusiasm, trench digging, Red Cross lassies and mud up to your shoetops. That most of the digging was done in the wrong places, and that the library ought never to have been located as it was in the central but lowest spot on the campus where cat-tails had grown for years, dulled nobody's zeal, and not even the eventful days of cornerstone laying and dedication will be as long remembered as this 11th of December.

And so the first World War passed and there remained only the task of turning each day a page in the Memorial Book. There have been periods when this was done under the supervision of the Military Department, and times when it was the task of the librarian. There have been long stretches of time when everybody thought somebody else was attending to it, and no pages were turned at all. My predecessor as librarian bought a palm to adorn the corridor, which for years was kept darkened, but sometimes
when I have met a boy whistling as he crossed from the north entrance to the south, I have wondered whether it was so very wicked. Some of the fellows whose names are enrolled there might have whistled, too. And would you have stopped them?

But if we were the richer for a library, we were richer too for an opportunity, for with the close of the war had come rehabilitation classes and the Americanization drive which sparked the extension movement and gave new, or different, life to the Summer School. The Rehabilitation Department, established in 1920 at the request of the federal government, graduated its last group in September, 1924. During the four years it was in operation the department had an average annual attendance of about one hundred and fifty ex-service men who were given vocational training in agriculture designed to enable them to earn a livelihood in that field of work. More than sixty completed the special two years' course; eight transferred to the School of Agriculture and became candidates for degrees. The work of the department reflected great credit upon Director Raymond Melville Upton whose tragic death by drowning in the summer of 1924 shocked and saddened the whole University community.

The sky was darkening again by the late thirties, Armistice Day celebrations were becoming quite matter-of-fact although occasionally, as in 1932, classes were shunted about and an hour devoted to the commemoration of the World War dead.

The French Foreign Study group was recalled on short notice in 1939, and two years later there were appeals for aid to French evacués and the Finnish Relief Fund, and for giving more liberally than we might have done in the peaceful but impeccable early years of the decade. Professor Robert B. Mowat gave a series of inspiring lectures on the campus in the autumn of 1940, but inspiring as they were, they did not bring home to us the reality of the war as did the news, a few weeks later, that Professor Mowat had died, a war casualty on his way home to England. The word “British” had long since ceased to have the ominous meaning which it had at Cooch's Bridge. “Smoke talks” were devoted to the war, though I personally found it difficult to comprehend an interest which could be secured only through a veil of smoke. The Hurd Fund, which had been stored against a rainy day, was expended upon books about the war. The college mail was carrying notices about registration under the Selective Service Act; College
Hour was given over to the war, registration and the draft, and the E-52 players were giving Candida for British war relief. Early in 1941 President Hullihen was talking about "America's place in World War number two," and trying not to say what we all knew he meant. Tickets for a British Relief Benefit were on sale at the library desk and two weeks before Pearl Harbor there appeared at Wolf Hall a motion picture the ostensible theme of which was the development of horticulture in the West and South, but which it took no ghost come from the grave to tell you meant increased production for ourselves and the people whose allies we knew even then we were to be. I need not expand upon the events of December 7, 1941, and the electric shock which they sent through a nation already geared for the war.

Enrollment had been giving way under the draft and enlistment, and was now to suffer sadly. Construction came to a halt, and the Carpenter Field House, which had been begun in the autumn, moved slowly, though it was the one thing most needed under present circumstances. There was discussion of an accelerated program, and a series of special committees were organized under the General University Committee on Post-War Problems, which culminated in 1946 with the formation of the Committee on Educational Theory and Practice, for the purpose of re-examining the "entire program of liberal education" at the University.

Stories of heroism began coming in via the public press and the University News, then decoration for merit, and all too soon reports on casualties and prisoners of war. Two of our boys had been killed before war was declared.

As in 1918, we took on the government, or the government took us on, and in March, 1943, the University News announced an army program akin to, but very unlike, the old Students' Army Training Corps, and in the early summer the first of several shipments of outside boys arrived. Their programs were largely in the fields of engineering—mechanical, civil, electrical, and chemical—and covered somewhat more than two years of college work.

Distinguished alumni were called to high positions: Eugene Reybold became Lt. General and Chief of Engineers, Corps of Engineers; President Purnell's grandson, W. H. P. Blandy, was promoted to the rank of Admiral; Lt. General Julian C. Smith earned and collected medals in the Pacific; Lt. General John W. O'Daniel served first in Africa, then in Sicily, Italy, France, and
Germany, and finally in Korea. The news of Blandy’s success made many hearts glad, but the old ladies in town who remembered him as a very small boy recalled with greater pleasure the story of his being called to dinner at his grandfather’s house and failing to come. When a third call failed, the president of the College went for him, found him upstairs on his knees, and when grandfather spoke of dinner getting cold young Blandy replied in a kind of aside: “Shut up. Can’t you see I’m praying?”

There were first aid lessons at the south end of the campus, carried out more scientifically than in 1918, and ere long women students as well as alumnae became WACS and WAVES and SPARS and WAFS, and we knew, if we had not known it before, that this had become a woman’s world. Commencements began to come at strange times in the year, and a count of the number of commencements since the beginning of our history, which had long been shaky because of several years in which there had been no graduates, became a moot question. A bit of research might prove that the 1960 commencement which we called the one hundred and eleventh, was something less or more.

During these years of crisis death took an extraordinary toll from the ranks at home. Within one week in the spring of 1944 the College lost H. Fletcher Brown, to whom it owed much and to whose legacies it was to owe even more, and Dean George Elliott Dutton, of whom Edward N. Vallandigham had written many years before to the newly elected President Hullihan, “He is able, firm, steady, a genuine lover of literature and underneath his imper- turbable outward aspect, a thoroughly human, thoroughly lovable man. He is apt to be underrated by the casual observer, because he will not take the trouble to court popularity or advertise himself. He is a man to trust.”

Six weeks later the University was shocked by the death of the president, and the office was occupied for a very short time by Dean Robert L. Spencer, himself a sick man, and then by Dr. Sypherd. Dr. Hullihan had felt from near the beginning of his administration that he was working against odds. As long ago as 1923 he had written to George Morgan:

One of the greatest difficulties I am encountering . . . is the diversity of opinion as to what the alumni think. There are those who assure me that a certain man would be totally unacceptable in the judgement of the alumni and others who think that he would be their choice. One group tells me that
the alumni will be alienated if I do this; another group tells me that the alumni will be alienated if I do not do it; and I have the fear that there are some persons who are busy trying to give the impression that every undertaking of mine is in conflict with the wishes and judgement of the alumni.

At about this time there had been talk of Henry B. Thompson retiring from the presidency of the Board, and on May 30, 1923, Dr. Hullihen wrote to him:

I shall be very much disappointed if any change is made in the presidency of the Board of Trustees at this time. Your holding of that office gives me a sense of security and strength which I am sure I should not feel with any other member of the Board in that office . . . I have more reason than ever, in consequence of certain happenings this year, to believe that there is a strong effort being made in certain quarters to embarrass and discredit my work here. . . .

The correspondence of the period makes occasional reference to an unnamed person, possibly a member of the Board, whom the president calls the “Gadfly,” and a combination of these irritations in one form or another throughout the twenty-four years of his service, and ill health which frequently kept him in bed or even in a Wilmington or Baltimore hospital for days or weeks at a time, hampered and discouraged the man who had hoped to lift by its boot-straps a college and a university which at times seemed to have very little else by which it could be lifted.

The survey of the mid '30's, though directed toward another man, struck hard at the president, for he had called that man to the position and, circumstances being what they were, felt that the criticism was intended for him as much as for anyone else. He had done much for what he had found a college and left a university, though the change from college to university had in its early stages been little more than a change in name. The Foreign Study Plan had been conceived and came to its best fruiting, the library and the additions to it, the auditorium, the first units of both the engineering and chemistry buildings, the new administration and classroom building which now bears his name, the new dining hall and a dormitory at the Women's College, a second dormitory for men and the new maintenance center came in his time. Salaries had risen slowly—very slowly—but the foundation had been laid for retirement and pension systems which became effective in his own day and were to be added to in the years ahead. But all of
these things belong not to a discussion of the College and the wars, but elsewhere.

In 1945 the war was over and there was sweeping up to be done in curriculum and faculty. Harter Hall had gone feminine, and needed reconversion. Deceleration took almost as much time as acceleration. The Army Specialized Training Program ran into, but failed to mesh with, education under the federal G. I. Bill of Rights, leaves of absence ended at various times and required adjustment, and coeducation, which had become a fact, but had been left with all the raw edges unprotected, needed to be taken into serious consideration.

It was at this time that an alumnus who had been honored by the College for distinguished military service returned to thank us publicly for what he termed a degree conferred "in abstemia," and mischief-loving minds began wondering whether he had not suggested something worthy of consideration.

The aspiration toward a Student Center as a State War Memorial was not destined to succeed. Too many people remembered the very moderate success that attended the Memorial Library, and a Memorial Bridge would serve more people, whether it reminded anybody of the war dead or not, and it would eventually pay for itself. The parents of Louis E. Stafford of the class of '45 gave to the University the memorial stone which stands in front of Mitchell Hall, and which was unveiled at a commemorative service on October 26, 1947. This time the service flag of the University carried not 140 stars of which seven were golden, but one which represented 651 men and women, 67 of whom had given their lives for their country, their College and their fellow men.

After the Civil War and again after the first World War no monument had been set up to the memory of the village dead, but by 1949 we were a city of size and wealth, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars found it possible and desirable to erect in the north yard of the old Newark Academy a permanent memorial to the 29 war dead who had been called from Newark, to return only in memory.

The War of 1812 had produced the Star-Spangled-Banner and the soldiers came home after the Civil War singing Tenting Tonight and Marching through Georgia. In 1919 the boys returned victorious from the war to end all wars, singing It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary, K-K-K-Katie, Pack Up Your Troubles, Someday I'm Going to Murder the Bugler and selections from the almost endless
and always naughty *Mlle. from Armentières*; but from the second World War nobody came back singing. Why should they? One needed only to press a button or twirl a dial. Moreover, the ending of all wars had been demonstrated as being about as easily possible as perpetual motion and squaring the circle, and in its last phases the second war had opened a vista into a future lighted up only by an explosion which should end not war but civilization.

The war had helped to keep our minds off a number of things. It was not until it was over that we discovered that co-education was again in our midst, and that for all practical purposes the Foreign Study Project was dead. So one war had killed the best fruit of the other, but brought us a more logically and infinitely more economically administered organization. It helped us to make other long overdue changes, without disturbing the inertia of old timers who like things so because they have always been so. And it gave to the hitherto very mild research activities of the University, not only point and purpose, but the approval and support of many industrial concerns which were able and willing to pour out thousands of tax-free dollars for research, some of which might come back in usable form. To this the federal government had added not only the cost of the Army Specialized Training Program and the G. I. education plan, but considerable sums for research.

As the Civil War had netted us the makings of a Negro school, near John Congo’s house, in which a school had originally been held, and the first World War had brought in its wake South Hall, three nameless engineering shacks, and indirectly Topsy, Turvy and Boletus Halls, so the surplus from the second was to supply some of our needs, in a shaky manner to be sure, by producing King’s Row which was made up of three dormitories, Eaton, Hanover and Windsor Halls south of Alison Hall, a frame structure for chemical engineering overflow and one for the social sciences, east of the Memorial Library, and an engineering annex between Evans and South Halls.

In other words, if I may be excused for indulging in more words, we came out of the last war greatly different from the university that went into it, better and worse, and without a guiding star such as lighted the sky about the Foreign Study Plan at the end of the war in 1918. Yet, if we were not inspired by an idea of universal understanding, we had deepened our mission to the state with our growth, our extension work, and our graduate programs.
If we follow the king's advice to the White Rabbit and begin at the beginning and go until we come to the end, and then stop, we will start with buildings neither you nor I have ever seen, which is not so bad, but end with a large number of things we see almost every day, which will be dull indeed. If, on the other hand, we take all of the churches at once and all of the schools and all of the mills and factories, we create an arrangement into which some things fail to fit, such as fires, floods and heavy winds, which came closer to the architecture than they did to education or the social life of the village; and if we go about from street to street in the manner of a conducted tour, we find ourselves out on several embarrassing limbs which the professional hawker avoids by avoiding certain streets, and saying nothing about them, but which I should be sorry not to have you see. Unfortunately any approach to a history of the buildings in a single town must be more or less of a catalog unless it is to restrict itself to a few outstanding monuments, and the outstanding monuments in Newark are few indeed. By which I do not mean that there are no buildings worthy of notice.

There are several, among which is one of the earliest. The first church on the Welsh Tract was a log affair, of which we know very little beyond the fact that it was built in 1706, on not quite the same spot as that on which the present church stands, and without the churchyard wall which now surrounds it. Forty years later it was demolished and replaced by the present brick building, built, we are told, of brick imported from England or Wales, not from any sentiment in favor of the mother country, or because of the great superiority of the brick, but because they had been used as ballast on the small ships which came as far up the river as Christiana Bridge, and could be brought on by ox cart. There are several things the matter with this story, but nothing that proves it entirely untrue.

1. What did the ships use for ballast going back?
2. Would a ship small enough to come as far up the river as Christiana, even in the days before silting had turned it into a
mere creek, be large enough to carry anything else if it were freighted with more than a very small number of bricks?

3. The road from Newark to Ogletown was forty years away. Is the road from Christiana to Cooch’s Bridge old enough to have served as early as 1746?

I do not know the answers to any of these questions.

The next time the Welsh Tract Baptist Church finds itself in the limelight, aside from Martha David’s escapade in 1732—which was, of course, during the days of the old log church—and Elder Morgan Edwards’ recantation in 1776, is during the Battle of Cooch’s Bridge, when a stray cannon ball passed through the building, and the breach was not only badly mended, but with American brick. We were in no mood to import anything, even brick, from England.

In 1708, two years after the building of the log church at the foot of Iron Hill, the Presbyterians at Head of Christiana built their first meeting house, to be replaced in 1750 by a brick church which burned in 1858, two weeks before Delaware College’s disastrous murder. There is no connection between these two events, save that the memorial service for Roach was held in “the Brick Church,” which would appear from this circumstance to have meant the Church at White Clay Creek, since the town churches of the period were shaky frame affairs. By 1859 a new building was well under way at Head of Christiana, and that building we see today, on what for many years was thought to be the spot where the original log church had stood.

Let me digress for a moment to consider the tendency on the part of churches, bridges and public buildings in general to wander about a bit over the years. If a building burns, as the Methodist Church did in 1861, or falls apart, as St. Patrick’s Catholic Church did in the early ’80’s, the new one usually rises in the same spot or lapping a part of the original ground. This is true, too, of buildings to which additions have been made, additions which have outlived the original structure only to be incorporated in the new building. But when a church or a school or a bridge is to be replaced, the old one ordinarily serves until the new one is at least usable, and however close, the two cannot stand upon the same ground. This has been more commonly true in this country than in Europe, where a church frequently stands upon ground sanctified
by the burial of the local saint. At the Head of Christiana it is exactly this departure from the continental custom which locates for us the site of the old church, for George Gillespie had been buried on the original church site, as seems to be proved by the fact that a small square near the church contains his and other graves made during the early years of the second building, and nothing before the first church was demolished.

If I may fluctuate between two subjects a moment longer, let me say that when material from the old building is to be used in the new, some other must be called into service, as at Newark Academy in 1840, and in the late '60's at the Presbyterian Church. A third building may return to the original location, as had long been thought to have happened at Head of Christiana; and this is especially true of bridges which have migrated up or down stream when rebuilt, and which when replaced a second time, will straighten the thoroughfare if returned to the site of the first bridge.

It was not until about 1721 that the church was organized at White Clay Creek, and a log building was erected, not on the present site, but on private property on Polly Drummond's Hill, and around it the earliest burials were made. The second church, like the first, was built on property not belonging to the congregation, but to one of the members; and like it, was a log building. The old cemetery, just across the road from the new church, was still used. And, like the first church, it lasted only a few years, as buildings tend to do which belong to everybody and therefore to nobody in particular. It was between the erection of this second church in 1735 and its replacement by the first brick church at the foot of the hill in 1752, that there occurred two great events in Presbyterian history: the great schism of 1741 which created the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches, and which in the next century was to make necessary the building of two churches in a village which could scarcely support one; and the locally and momentarily more important Whitefield revival meetings of 1739. Of the third church, which lasted well over a century and was replaced in 1855 by the present building, there is little to tell. Its cornerstone survived the demolition, and is built into an inner wall of the nineteenth-century church, and the institutional as well as the architectural history of both the 1752 and the 1855 buildings is better told in Professor William D. Mackey's centennial sermon and in Francis A. Cooch's personal reminiscences than elsewhere; and to the genuinely interested I recommend them.
As early as 1723 Samuel James built on Christiana Creek an iron forge, which can hardly be considered as historic architecture; but it developed into the Abbington Furnace and functioned off and on for some years, thus providing housing for our earliest recorded industry.

I have seen no map of Newark earlier than 1734, and that was a manuscript in a sadly tattered condition, and in private hands; I saw it only once, and for a very short time, and I recall little beyond the fact that the Academy Road is shown, but not so called, and that the plat later occupied by the Academy is represented as a corn field. The cluster of houses appears farther to the east, but how many I cannot say. It was, of course, of pre-St. Patrick's Inn, pre-Market House vintage, and the price asked for it rose rapidly as offers followed, and at $500 the prospective donor, who had taken an interest in securing it for the University, lost hope and interest. I had lost hope long before.

The old Hossinger house, which burned needlessly as a Hallowe'en stunt in 1951, dated from 1740; and here we come to a pause in the circumambient architecture, and enter the town itself.

The old St. Patrick's Inn was a large log tavern, built in 1747, well out of what was then the town of Newark, on a site just east of the Deer Park, which followed it more than a century later. Here is one of the examples of a building succeeding another on an adjacent, not an identical location, but of that more in 1851 when we come to it. St. Patrick's is one of the few subjects about which, like the Roach murder, the vaguely interested ask from time to time, but whereas the Roach affair is wrapped in just enough mystery to maintain curiosity, St. Patrick's Inn is surrounded by so deep a cloud of uncertainty that after one has said that it was built of logs, stood not far from where the Deer Park now stands, entertained Mason and Dixon and their men in 1764, there is little left to say. We do not know its dimensions, its orientation, whether it had two or more stories or anything about either its floor plan or front elevation. Two black leather note books, in which Mr. Wilbur Wilson had for many years been keeping notes about the location and appearance of existing buildings and evidence of the sort the town surveyor would unearth as to buildings which had passed before his time, seem to have perished when he died in 1942, and though the University library contains a collection of nearly 500 local maps, mostly of his making, and over
seventy of his survey note books, its archives are poor indeed without those two books, and for them I reach involuntarily when questioned about St. Patrick's. One statement about the inn I had from one of those books during his lifetime, and that, the very interesting fact that when the little brick building just east of the Fader Ford sales rooms was built many years ago, the builders, digging for the foundation, came upon an old well wall, surrounding a welter of broken pottery of a kind and in a quantity which can hardly have come from anything but a public hostelry, and too old to have belonged to the Deer Park, even if the well had been on property closer to the newer building. From this, and from this only, it has been determined—if determined it be—that the old inn was east of the new one.

The royal charter of 1758 authorized a market, and in the following year there was built, on the site of the present Washington House, the old Market House; some years later it was replaced on a larger scale in or very near the same location. It may merely have been enlarged and extended toward what was later to be the Academy property. A race course followed in 1760, south and west of St. Patrick's Inn, possibly with the double purpose of race track and fair grounds, for the charter had authorized not only a market, but two annual fairs, in April and in October. In this year, too, the two lower stories of the old house at Cooch’s Bridge were built, to be raised by a story, and a new roof, but fortunately not a mansard, about 1865.

Very shortly after the arrival of the Academy in 1764, a “commodious” wooden house was built upon the corner of Main and Academy Streets, by public subscription, and it was this house which Newark Academy bought, along with the lot, in 1770, and used both before and after the purchase, until the new stone Academy building was erected at the unappreciated cost of English donors in 1776. This second building, of which I have told you before, was to last until the Academy merged with the College in 1834, and then to stand empty and fall to decay within five years, and be demolished in 1839. Here the shoe-factory phase of our history was to take place, and it was to this house that the youthful Dominic Waugh was to bring his enthusiasm, his strong arm, and by a fluke, the revived interest of a dormant Board of Trustees. The Cosden tragedy was to darken these old walls and within them were to hatch and grow the aspirations which goaded an indifferent
General Assembly into founding Delaware College, under the wrong name, to be sure, but a college, nevertheless. When it was torn down in 1839 the stones were incorporated in the foundation of the first of the three buildings that were to succeed it. This was the present large west end, which was ready for occupancy as a school in 1841, and in the following year the eastern third, built as a dormitory, went up. Between them for thirty years there was nothing but playground and a muddy pathway, but in 1871 the two were tied together by the very unbeautiful “Victorian gothic” monster, which gives to the present combination the weak, incoherent look which takes so much from its potential charm. For many years the porch was supported by stubby but rather interesting Roman Ionic columns which have, within the present century, given place to the more fitting Doric. This may have been the work of our friend Whittingham, who was to repair and enlarge Old College, but of this I am not certain. The Academy closed in 1898, forever, but its board still functions, and the City Council has rented—does not own—the building.

By 1772, seven years after the probable date of the first, frame Academy building, the old Platt house was standing on the spot where now the Green Mansion stands, to the northwest of the Academy. When it was torn down in the early 1880’s, the tradition that it had suffered from gun-fire during the skirmish at the Academy corner in 1777 was borne out by the finding of large shot in the walls. The Green Mansion, built by David Caskey shortly thereafter, stands well up in the catalog of Newark’s least beautiful, and did so even before the mangling of the east wing to supply stone for repairs elsewhere. Caskey built the Opera House, too, and it was known in and after his time as Caskey’s Hall, but has since become a block of stores and apartments, and its name has become the Academy Apartments. This is the 1884 red brick building on the southwest corner of Main and Academy, and in a sense it is tied into the history of the college as well as that of the town, for it was here, in the second floor auditorium—in which I suspect no opera was ever heard—that Delaware College held its commencements in those days when the old college building was so shaky that large audiences were discouraged in the Oratory. Here Twelfth Night was given at the time of the 1916 Shakespeare festival, and here it was that our first nickelodeon flourished and showed the movies both to Negroes and whites,
long before the Hanark Theatre (known to you as the State) came into existence in 1922. The Opera House, if we may still call it so, stands on ground once occupied by a large white frame building, the last days of which were made unsavory by John Pemberton’s butcher shop and slaughter house, which was the pest of the community and the recurrent burden of the newly established village Board of Health.

I wish I could tell you—I wish I knew—more about the large red brick building east of the Green Mansion. That it served as the first town bank in the 1850’s is certain, and it was not a new building then. Here, if we were considering the social, and not the architectural story of Newark, I would tell you of the bank robbery that failed to come off in 1885. Was it here that the Trustees met on that tense day in 1799 when they decided to do something about John Waugh and the Academy, and did, but not what they had set out to do? And did they change their minds because they changed their minds, or because that was the easy way out of a situation about which they knew not what else to do? For years it was known as the Penrose Wilson house, and a few old timers still call it so. We newcomers call it the Colonial Apartments.

Elder Morgan Edwards, who was to become involved with the Committee of Safety two years later, in 1774 gave to the Academy several acres west of town, and on this plat which the Academy, not foreseeing a need for land for a college, sold to Alexander McBeath, was built in 1777 the house which we now call Elliott Hall. It is the oldest dated building in town, though parts of the house at 187 West Main, parts of 313 East Main, about which Professor Porter embroidered his Victorian fancies in the 1860’s, and the cores of several other houses may be older. I like to think Dr. Augustus Able’s house at 273 East Main, very old, but he tells me it is just old enough to be an expense, and not old enough to have any charm or any history. This may be modesty, a virtue which you should avoid if you have a fine old house.

But to return to the McBeath (or McBeth) house. Its eastern third is a nineteenth-century addition, but is in some ways more important than the house itself, for here the post office, the town’s drug store and several other nineteenth-century activities centered, and it may have been here, though more probably to the later post office quarters, at the back end of the old Opera House, that Dr. Penny came on the occasion of his amusing misadventure. It
belonged for a brief period to James S. Martin, who built the Deer Park, Linden Hall and the Theta Chi House, and then for many years to the Caulk family. About young Benny Caulk the old-timers of the village still laugh; except that it is no longer a village and there are very few old-timers. The elder Benjamin died in 1882, and it was to his daughter Frances and her husband John L. Elliott that the house eventually passed. From them, after short ownership by Rodney Sharp on behalf of P. S. duPont, it came to the College in 1915 along with much of the property along Main Street and southward toward the newly organized Women’s College. It has since operated as War Rations Board headquarters, home of the Director of Grounds and Buildings, and is now in the hands of the Center for Research on Social Behavior. The skewed rear portion of the house, which was determined by the early property line, is not only at variance with the original wall south of it, but the courses of brick do not align with the others, though the brick, unlike that used in the east addition, is identical with that in the old building. And what is, or was, the low, walled-up arch in the north face of the earlier addition? It is too low for man, too high for dog and too large for cat, but both the opening itself and the job of closing it were done with consummate skill. Partly filling the angle created by this addition and the remainder of the original house is another portion, fabricated of brick, stone and brick-and-stone in a manner that defies description, and justifies a visit. To it I take the campus visitor who shows the slightest interest in the antique and the naive.

Simonton’s mill on White Clay Creek, and just to your right as you approach the Paper Mill Bridge from the south, may contain earlier work than the McBeath house. It was standing in 1777 when the British passed through Newark, and has been conjecturally dated between 1715 and 1738, but it has undergone at least two fires and several reconstructions, so that if there is old work in it, it is too thoroughly disguised for recognition.

It was here, you will remember, that the wizard Warnock came to the aid of the trembling miller, and stopped the machinery that had been set to grinding the empty air by the passing army. We find it later referred to as Tyson’s grist mill. In Tyson’s time, i.e., 1831, it suffered a serious fire, and the Dean era, which began in 1845, ended on Christmas Day, 1886, when one of the two truly spectacular fires in our history swept through the greatly en-
larged, and at the moment entirely uninsured building, and wrought irreparable damage. The fire began in the early morning, and was discovered before it had gone far, but though the creek was within easy reach, there was no equipment for putting the water where it would be useful. A fast messenger was sent to Wilmington for help, and help came with surprising speed, but speed in 1886 was not what it is today, and a trip to Wilmington, the collection of firemen on a Christmas morning, and the return over bad roads took time, and before they reached the mill, it was past help. Earlier in the same year the Armstrong store, which stood where the Jones Funeral Home now stands, had burned, also without insurance, and should have pointed a moral, instead of which it merely adorns a tale, and adorns it very badly.

The mill was not rebuilt until 1894 when the National Fibre Co. incorporated part of the old walls in its new building. The town was, as I have said elsewhere, put out of work by the loss of a mill which had survived the panic of 1873 and saved many families from misery. But misery there was now, and little that anyone could do about it.

The old house which has recently been torn down to widen the road in front of the paper mill seems to have antedated the mill itself, having gone up about 1782, whereas the paper mill cannot be much earlier than 1789. Like the Dean mill, it has undergone many rebuildings, though it seem never to have had a serious fire, and little or nothing of the first building survives. Under the proprietorship of the Meteers it was first rebuilt about 1810 and then let fall into a state of disrepair or unprofitable deterioration, and by the mid '40's was for sale. The Curtis family, who had conducted a successful paper business at Nonantum, Massachusetts, bought the mill in 1848, rebuilt and restocked it, named the mill and the immediate vicinity for the town they had left behind, introduced steam in 1873, and produced better and better paper, which was to be known and used abroad by the 1920's. The Curtises were shrewd dealers, and made fewer friends than might have been hoped, drove a close bargain, and found it difficult to understand why their public-spiritedness sometimes failed of appreciation in the town. Until 1926 the mill was under Curtis control, when it passed, gradually, into the hands of the Mason family and thence to its present owners.

The Ogletown Road was opened about 1790, making better
connection with Wilmington and the north. Certainly there was an earlier road, but the maps of the period are so small and so general, and the changes in route have been so many and so frequent that even the Historical Research Department of the State Road Commission finds it hard to follow them. There are records of Academy Trustees from Wilmington, stranded at Newport on the way to meetings scheduled to be held in Newark, but whether this is to be accounted for by the badness of the weather, the poor-ness of the roads, the advanced age of the gentlemen involved, or the uninteresting nature of the meetings, is not clear. The new road did, however, put us in closer touch with ocean transport, and as late as the mid-19th century coasting vessels were coming up to, or near, Christiana with freight for Newark.

I have already talked too much about Hossinger's Tavern. It stood on the site of the Center Building, at the northwest corner of Main and Choate Streets, and was licensed in 1790, but seems to have stood there long before the licensing agency caught up with it. You will remember that a few years later the non-existent Delaware College was assigned the funds arising from certain steamboat and coach house licenses. It was a panacea that was to have cured all ills and paid all debts before the lottery epidemic, but in the case of Delaware College it cured very little. Before the General Assembly arrived at the founding of the College they had discovered more pressing needs for the funds.

The Kerr house on the Elkton Road replaced an older one in 1805, and is one of the landmarks which determined the location of the new road—was, in fact, one of the few reasons for opening it some fifteen years later. To the Kerr family, as to the Evanses and the Chamberlains, the University owes much. It was George Gillespie Kerr who, as a member of the Board of Trustees, stood behind the Department of Agriculture and the Agricultural Experiment Station for years, and it was his daughter Mary who in the early 1920's served as assistant librarian under Dr. Sypherd—which means that she did most of the work—and it is to his daughter Alice that the University Archives owe many of our earliest town records. To her, too, I turn for help in disentangling local buildings, people and events.

Four years later, in 1809, Dr. Palmer Chamberlain's brother, Dr. Joseph, built just west of the McBeath house a dwelling which was to house the Chamberlains and the John Watson Evans family,
Kappa Alpha fraternity, the Y. M. C. A. and social center, the college library, the English Department and the History Department, the Placement Service, Alumni and public relations—not all at once, to be sure. Since 1909 it has been owned by the College and known as Purnell Hall, though President Purnell lived not in it, but in the John Evans house, the other side of the college. Here lived the widow Chamberlain of whom Cleaver wrote in 1854:

Mrs. Chamberlain's shoat fell into the College well, and her experience being what it has been, she smells the handiwork of College boys and wants us all flogged on the principle that if everyone is punished you will not miss the guilty one. There has been much low talk about our presenting ourselves to her . . . It does not seem likely that anybody would put a pig in our own well but however that may be I hear remarks that lead me to fear that if he falls into the hands of certain boys he will find himself in a worse place than the College well and one from which neither well water nor all the perfumes of Arabia will make him clean. Taylor who is always funny but sometimes not quite refined says the dip in the well should have been saved until last. Poor piggy.

Six days later,

The boys in 18 came first to the settlement of Mrs. Chamberlain's pig problem and drew straws for who should catch the pig. Cruikshank planned the straws so that White would draw and White discovered the plot, shuffled the lot and Cruikshank lost which did not appease White who got word to Mrs. C. and she in turn set the College on guard. Almost everybody knew what was going to happen except Cruikshank, who got into the pen before he was disturbed, and now nobody is comfortable but the pig.

And three days later,

We hear no more of Shoat vs. Cruikshank and I guess the College did not know as much as we supposed or the Professors are so confused by the complication of right and wrong that we are to be let off.

At last, in 1810, there came to the village a church—a small Methodist meeting house located on what was to become the east end of the Methodist Cemetery. It was demolished in 1851, and a fine new brick structure raised on the present site, but it burned in 1861 and the Methodists were offered the loan of the then vacant
Village Presbyterian Church which stood where the Catholic Church now stands. Here they held forth until it was possible to use the basement of their new building, and shake the dust of Presbyterianism from their feet. But this lending about of churches does not make for good interchurch rivalry, and one is reminded of the fort the United States government built with its guns looking out over Canada, and the letdown that came when the Canadian Minister not only showed the Secretary of State that the ground under the fort unquestionably belonged to Canada, but gave him a deed to the property. You can’t quarrel with folks like that—it’s no fun.

When the new front was added to the present Methodist Church a dozen years ago, the builders found embedded in the masonry the contents of the old cornerstone, and I had the pleasure of going over and excerpting copies of material which is again buried in the church wall. I have told you of the doll-baby which lies embalmed in the walls of Old College. These inaccessible records and objects move me deeply—this touching, or knowing someone who has touched, them as Queen Eleanor touched the hair of the long-dead Guinevere, which fell to dust under her hand.

The John Evans house, which the University has put into glowing restoration within the past year, dates in part from about 1814. It was not only to house the Evans and later the Palmer Chamberlain family, but in the course of the years, and in various states of tasteless face-lifting, was to serve as general store, restaurant—sometimes good and sometimesarty and as bad asarty things tend to be—photograph emporium, and as the home of one of our best and one of our worst College presidents. It wore for years a Victorian store-front in its central section, and in the western third something so much worse than the center that one blushes to recall. When the outer veneer was removed, so that the whole could be uniformly refaced, there appeared between two of the front windows the walled-up ghost of what had one day been a round topped, and one supposes as fine a fanlighted door as that at what we now call Purnell Hall. The fine east door, which until the recent renovation, had been the building’s chief distinction, is neither old nor new, but was added by Mr. Whittingham, who in 1902 restored, or more properly speaking, shored up Old College, and a few years later showed the breadth of his genius by building, in almost acceptable Venetian gothic, the front of Rhodes’ drug store, and living for
several years at Linden Hall *without* making any alterations whatever.

In the earlier years there was no bridge over White Clay Creek on the Paper Mill Road, but a ford at this point, and the neighborhood upon which the Curtises bestowed the name of Nonantum had previously been called Millford. That this name arises from the paper mill is less likely than that it came from the Simonton and then Tyson mill which stood just down stream from the ford. The Simonton mill is earlier than our sketchy record of the paper mill would lead us to date the Meteer mill. In 1817 a covered bridge was erected, which was replaced at the beginning of the Civil War and demolished in 1949 for the concrete span which now takes its place. Covered bridges throw me into confusion, for it was in connection with misinformation freely broadcast on the subject of a Delaware covered bridge that I committed my most widely recognized boner; a good thing in the long run, for while it did nobody any great harm, it taught me not to say things were so unless I was reasonably sure of them. Hence the many beautifully obscure references in these misinforming pages.

About 1825 there were two architectural ventures in the town, one of which was, for the time being at least, to come to nothing, and the other to arrive by devious channels at being one of the Green Mansion’s rivals in ugliness. I refer first to the early and ineffectual looking about on the part of the Academy Board for a location in which to set up the new College, if and when, if ever, the General Assembly should arrive at a charter and a means of support which could be interpreted as having anything to do with each other. It was not until eight years later that this conjunction took place, and the feeble and sometimes undignified activities which I have described elsewhere erupted more or less periodically in the interim.

But in the neighborhood of the old Academy things were happening—first the demolition of the old, i.e., the second Market House and then the building on its site of the Washington House, which was to be rebuilt in 1838 and refaced in our own time. It may have been attractive as built, but when I remarked to a friend some years ago that seen from across the street it had a certain charm, he answered, “Possibly,” but added that he “preferred seeing it from a greater distance—say from Wilmington.” It has been beautified into greater and greater incongruity, but still has one
advantage over the Deer Park: the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad does not go around it.

In 1826 the truly great were to be introduced into our midst for a moment when the Academy Board assigned to Charles Bulfinch the designing of the still very nebulous college building. His plans were to go through the hands of Winslow Lewis and come out in 1833 as another rival to the Washington House and the Green Mansion. It was of this building that the *Delaware Gazette* said in 1838, while it was in process of erection:

The architecture is a compound of the Doric and the Ionic. The present contract of fifteen thousand dollars completes the center building with the wings, presenting an entire front of 120 ft.—the wings two stories—the main building three—and 80 ft. deep. The basement story of the centre building is to contain a large dining room, kitchen and commons. The second story comprises a public hall, a chapel and two smaller rooms for a library and (elaboratory) the third is divided into twelve private rooms for professors and pupils. The wings are also to contain private studies. A portico commencing with the second story fronts the centre building with four brick pillars beneath, supporting the same number of Doric columns of wood, which sustains the projecting attic above. Piazzas even with the portico, front the entire extent of the wings, each with four smaller columns, of the same style of architecture. The portico is approached by a flight of eighteen steps the entire extent of the front, with a door in the centre leading to the chapel, and communicating with the wings. The whole of brick to be finished in an elegant and durable manner, with Venetian blinds, belfry, &c. The present contract is for completing in part only of the original plan, which if the funds of the institution, and the number of students should warrant it, will, at some future time, be fully carried into effect. In that case the wings will be extended 40 ft. and flanked with buildings 30 ft. front and 60 ft. deep, making in all a front of 260 feet. The end buildings to have porticos in front with four Ionic columns each and presenting with the wings and centre, a *toute ensemble* unique, grand and beautiful. We are assured by the contractor that the present contract will be completed by the 20th of October. The work has progressed with unexpected rapidity for the last two months,—the beauty of the design and skill of the architect, with whom it originated can already be seen.

Here is a document which leaves one wellnigh breathless. Let me go over it in part.
Ionic and Doric it never was, and only Doric by grace of much interpretation.

"Dining room, kitchen and commons." What, if there was a dining room, were the commons? Food storage quarters? Lounge? Student union?

Two small rooms for a library and elaboratory. That they were small we know and that one was the library; but that what was to become the office of the President should have appeared as the "elaboratory" reminds us of the professor of engineering, who, a century later, was always to refer to a laboratory as a "labitory," and at the same time raises a question about the Gazette reporter: was he illiterate or clairvoyant?

The third floor is passed over with a simplicity which would have appealed to the faculty, who, alas, could rarely pass it over, and not to pass it over was to enter into the realms of chaos.

What a "piazzia" was I cannot say. The wings of the nineteenth century building were each cut into five exterior bays by shallow pilasters which disappeared with the changes of 1902, but "piazzias" even with the portico, fronting the entire extent of the wings, suggest a loggia or balcony, which might have done something for an otherwise charmless creation, but for which no other authority exists, and which ought, if the building was within forty days of completion, to have been in evidence on September 3, if they were ever to be so. And our reporter is talking, not about pilasters, but about four Doric columns, which would have divided the "piazzias" into five bays each, just as the pilasters did.

"A flight of eighteen steps." It seemed unlikely, so I went and counted them. There are twenty-six. There were twenty-three at the turn of the century, and the discrepancy is not to be accounted for either by changes in 1902 or in 1917, for in the course of the first alteration the wooden covering was not even removed, and fifteen years later when they were dismantled, the old steps were turned over and returned to their places. Nor is there, in this year of grace, any difference in the stone which would lead to the guess that they had been quarried at different times or from different places.

It was at the top of these eighteen or twenty-three or twenty-six steps that George Morgan sat down on that moonlit autumn evening in 1913 and saw before him the old walk, the lindens, the stile, the village street and the faces of the '70's as he had seen them forty years before. He says:
I seemed to recall Thomas Macdonough Caulk and his happy smiling face more vividly than anybody else. I had long lost track of him, and so even had Ned Vallandigham, who cherished a peculiar affection for him, since they had been boys together in Newark. Where on earth was that missing, jovial Tom? Next day I read that Tom was dead in western Pennsylvania, where he had been at work as a civil engineer. He had died just about the time—almost at the exact moment—I was picturing him to myself on the college steps.

It was up these steps that some limb of perdition led Farmer Hossinger’s bull on the night of June 29, 1854, and it was on the door-sill at the head of the stairs that John Edward Roach died on March 30, 1858. As I have said, I stood beside the sill at noon on Sunday, March 30, 1938, and remembered. The University was in the throes of spring vacation, and not a soul was to be seen in any direction; Roach, Tom Caulk, George Morgan and Farmer Hossinger’s bull—all had been forgotten. Go and stand for a moment at the top of the Old College stairs and you will know better the meaning of “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

“Finished in an elegant and durable manner.” The building scarcely survived the first quarter century, and when the roof was renewed in 1852 the cornice was so badly decayed that it too had to be replaced. The wear and tear on the doors and floors and walls and windows could be laid to six generations of rowdy students, but surely they did not tamper with the cornice, and it was not until the 1870’s that they wandered about on—and occasionally fell from—the roof.

“Belfry.” Where was the belfry to have been, and how can a belfry be combined with a building in the Doric and Ionic manner? The remuddlers of the early 1850’s did it, and we were to spend sixty-five years wondering why; but did the master mind that thought up this jerrybuilt miracle intend a bell tower? We like to think not.

But it is the plans for the future, the flanking of the wings by portico-fronted end buildings that give us pause, for here we see the well developed germ of the renovations of the twentieth century which were to make of the old college hall one of the fairest examples of the architecture of the early federal period. The original plans seem to have perished—at least we do not have them today, and there is no record of their having been in hand in 1902 or
1917. When an understanding of certain passages in the Cleaver Diary make a knowledge of the early floor plan desirable we must use the very faint memories of old boys who had been here in the '90's.

As built in 1833-34, it was one of the least attractive, least comfortable and least easily controlled buildings in America, and it may have been these things which put it into the minds of the gods to suggest to the boys every possible depredation, from setting fires in the halls and carving their initials on walls and columns, to the nailing up of doors and the introduction of miscellaneous live stock into the building. The school was not fifteen years old when it was described in a Wilmington newspaper as looking as if it had been blown together in a high wind. It was in 1852 that a run-away committee of the Board forgot that power to act involved not only power but judgment, and, having renewed cornice and roof, doubled the height of the structure by placing over the front attic story a cupola which agreed with the rest of the building only in that it exhibited no taste at all. It was one day to save a human life, and we do much for a life, more for a life like George Morgan's, but sixty-five years of this eyesore was a large price to pay even for a human life, and I suspect there were moments when Morgan himself thought so. By 1885 it had become necessary to add thirty feet to the north end of the chapel, but the year that brought the addition saw also the departure of President Purnell and coeducation, and within the next two years enrollment had fallen off to such an extent that President Caldwell was quite frank about wishing for the revival of coeducation, and though he is not recorded as having said so, one fancies that he would not have been greatly disturbed by the return of President Purnell. He resigned, and the Trustees might do what they pleased about the presidency.

During the closed period, 1859-70, the building had been used for various small industries, and as a school, either Miss Wilson's or Miss Chamberlain's, or both; the Presbyterians, having torn down one church and sold the other, used the Oratory for worship. For that purpose it would do; Presbyterian worship, at its peak, never shakes the building, but it was not long after this that organizations applying for use of the Oratory were warned of very shaky underpinnings and asked not to applaud, whistle or stomp their feet when the program especially pleased or displeased them. In this tottering state of disrepair we lived on until 1902 when funds
were made available for necessary repairs and shoring up; and having a goodly sum left over, we added the end buildings of which the Gazette had spoken so cheerfully almost sixty years before, and the minor porticos, not in Ionic but in Doric style to be sure, but in better taste than could have been expected. As had so often happened in the past, it was George G. Evans who came to the rescue of the College with the necessary funds; and the work was done by our friend Whittingham, a man of ability and good taste. By 1917, when decreased enrollment, together with the building of Wolf Hall, eased the pressure on the old building, and funds were beginning to be less strained, the architectural firm of Day and Klauder made extensive repairs, and only by looking at pictures of the shell that remained when it was down to what was considered worth saving, can one see what really happened. The roof went, and with it the 1852 cupola, and the college bell, which had been replaced years before by a system of electric class bells, was stored in a far corner of the Agricultural Experiment Station Building, never to be seen again until it emerged noisily in May, 1934. The inner walls were all removed; the stairs were torn down; the floor over the Oratory was taken out and not replaced until within the last two years; the chimneys which had broken the line of the eaves between each alternate pair of windows, that every room might, in the early days, have its own stove, were eliminated and great parts of the wall itself were cut away and rebuilt. The tie rods, which had been inserted for greater strength fifteen years before, were left, and little change was made in the central portico beyond removing from the columns the unsightly sheet iron drums which President Mason had put there eighty years before to keep the boys from initialling them away. The wall behind the portico was refaced, and for this I am sorry, because it bore the initials of early students which had by this time become a sacred tradition. The old round Doric columns were made to correspond with the fluted ones on the 1902 porticos, but whether this was done for that reason or in order to remove from the old ones the carving which the drums had covered, I cannot say. They were taken down, and out of them came not the things one expects to find in a cornerstone, but eight folded newspapers, dating from March 8 to August 16, 1833, which proves nothing beyond the fact that one of the columns had not been in place before the 16th of August.
The history of the building since 1917 has been varied, but on the whole, honorable. It was the purpose of the Trustees and faculty to convert a considerable part of the rejuvenated building to what we now call a student union, but the first World War put it to different uses, and at the end of the war it emerged heavy with other functions. It has housed commons, the military, social functions, music, foreign languages, faculty club, stenographic center and various and sundry. The lindens date from 1836.

Before 1831 there is no record of a public school in the village. There was the Academy and the Female Seminary, both of which took children at a very tender age, but Miss Chamberlain was herself a child of six and Miss Wilson’s school did not begin until after the Civil War. In ’31 the district number 39 schoolhouse was built, and a year or two later that of district number 41. One of these stood and still stands behind Mr. Grover Surratt’s real estate office and was used for many years as the Powell ice cream factory, and the other was to undergo change into a residence in which Dr. Musselman now lives. But which district was which I do not know, Mr. Surratt does not know, and the local Board of Education does not know. There is certain very shaky reason to think that the eastern of the two buildings was the later.

The year 1837 brought noise and dirt and excitement, for the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad was built through the far edge of what was to become the town. Depot Road, i.e., South College Avenue, was ten years away, but the Delaware House, across from the College, where Depot Road was to emerge, dates from much earlier, and much earlier had begun to furrow the brows of faculty and administration. It was here that Poe was said to have alighted, rather ungracefully—almost disgracefully—from the Wilmington coach, and Poe is great enough and far enough away so that whether the tale is true or otherwise, it harms him not. It was a hostelry, but it was as a gin shop that it caused us trouble. We fought a losing battle against its license, but succeeded in getting a bill through the Legislature prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to students within two miles of the College, and I think the law is still on the statute books, about as effective as it has been during most of the 118 years since it was passed. The Delaware House was to see better, if more odoriferous days: it was to be the town livery stable for years, at a time when the livery stable was the town taxi stand. It was to become a furniture
store and later the printing shop where the *Newark Post* was born and destined to live its early life; and when the College finally came into possession of it, and set about turning it into the college library, there was found tucked away in it a candy store, which had escaped notice and which not only had a lease but was ill disposed to turn that lease over to anybody until it ran out. So early might one break one’s evening study with, not a coffee break, but a lemon soda, all within the sacred walls of learning. After the building of the Memorial Library, the Delaware House was demolished, but not before someone had taken a photograph which freezes the marrow of our bones and makes good men turn grey.

The Blandy family appear in our annals as substantial citizens in 1838, and Belmont, which is surely older than Oaklands, must have been built at about this time. It was never as bizarre as Oaklands, but its stately beauty, like that of Old College, is largely the result of tasteful remodeling. Its great period was that in which the new-rich Frazers who had lived all their lives in a small apartment over the old Frazer drug store, and who had now become the center of the town’s attention, moved in in state and invested a part of their almost inexhaustible fortune in what, curiously enough, was well directed repair. It passed after the Frazers to other loving hands and promises to end its days under the watchful, and usually tasteful, eye of the University.

This brings us to the building ’40’s. I have mentioned the first and second sections of the rebuilt Academy, and James S. Martin’s erection of Linden Hall and the Theta Chi House in the ’40’s. The year 1843 saw a veritable rash of churches. Except for the Methodist meeting house, and that hazy church which I come to believe in less and less, on College Hill, we had been a churchless community, reaching out for spiritual ministration to White Clay Creek, Head of Christiana and the Welsh Tract; and now within a year, 1843, both the Old and the New School Presbyterians and the Episcopalians, who had wearied of the trek to St. James’s, Newport, started to build. Of the three only the Episcopalians were reasonably sure of funds and therefore able to build in brick, and from our friend George Evans, who conducted a brick yard on the Elkton Road, and in the ’60’s on the site of the Knoll, they bought brick, for which the University Archives still has the receipted bills. Rathmell Wilson, who had not yet built at Oaklands, and his brother the distinguished Thomas Bellerby Wilson, Benjamin
Caulk, James S. Martin, William Cooch and Wm. S. Wilson gave most of the funds toward its construction. The tower was not added until '66. The opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the mid '80's was as hard on the new church as it was on Delaware College, and in the 1950's the congregation removed, not without some difference of opinion, to the new parish house on South College Avenue, and sold the old building to the town for use as a public library. As to the new church, which opened adjoining the parish house in 1959, I leave you to your own conclusions.

The Village Presbyterian Church was built in the same year, 1843, at the corner of Main Street and Pilling's Row, where the Catholic Chapel now stands, and served the New School Presbyterians until the union of the churches in 1860. Also in 1843 the Old School began to build behind the rectory, which stood on the plat now covered by the Wilmington Savings Fund Society, and owned land in which no burials seem ever to have been made, reaching eastward behind the property on the main street, as far as the Methodist Church lot. That the two Presbyterian congregations should have united in more or less brotherly communion in 1860, when the 119-year schism was closed by general church action, is not surprising, but that they should have moved into the poorer of the two churches and lent the better one to the Methodists is going in for more Christian cooperation than ought to be expected from the newly enlightened Presbyterians. The story that after the Methodists left in 1864 the old church was sold to the Catholics for one dollar is true, but not as told; for the building had been sold to Charles A. Murphey for a substantial sum, and it was he who made the dollar deal with the Catholics. It was not the bargain it seemed, for at Christmas Morning Mass, in 1882, the strain of changed religious and increased numbers was more than the old building could bear, and if local tradition is correct, the congregation found itself in the basement. I think it is very unlikely that the Village Church, built in 1843, had a basement, and my guess is that the drop was not as great as it has been reported.

Be that as it may, the Presbyterians had, in the late 1860's, given up the first church and set about the building of the present one, and wishing to use some of the old material in the new structure, had torn down their place of worship, and used the College Oratory. Before long they retired, as had the Methodists, to their own new
basement; but the building of the new church was a long, expensive and unhappy business. The minister "declined" to continue to conduct services in the cellar, the architect, contractor and various builders dunned pretty vainly for payment of money long overdue, and when the building was finished it was with a miscellany of equipment which saddened the heart. A lottery would not do—though Immanuel Church, New Castle, had at least one lottery in its background, and a rose by any other name may be made to serve; so the good people held "chances"—where? In the College Oratory. I am not always quite comfortable in the Presbyterian Church. Am I by chance sitting in a pew of unchurchly antecedents?

Two stories about the Presbyterian Church ought to be suppressed. Let me do what I can at once. The first has to do with Miss Georgianna Bower, one of the seven daughters whom Mr. Bower wished to dispose of at $1,000 each. She alone had arrived at advanced years unmarried, and when an elderly minister by the name of Harrison proposed marriage, he was taken up with some alacrity. The wedding was held in the Presbyterian Church and, as soon as it was over, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, forgetful of the occasion, and accustomed to years of greeting the departing parishioners, hastened to the door, amusing everyone but Georgianna. Several years later she encountered on the street a friend who asked about Mr. Harrison. "Oh," said Georgianna, "He's dead, and gone to hell, and I'm so glad. He was always too cold." The other nice Presbyterian story connects also with the Episcopalians. The Presbyterians had undertaken a series of revival meetings with an imported minister of considerable power, who, in the course of a meeting asked for a show of hands of all who had been saved. One very deaf old lady failed to respond, and with her, little Anne Hossinger, who frankly was not sure whether she was saved or not. When the hands went down the minister took up the matter with grim determination, and said, "Let us all bow our heads in prayer for these two stray souls." At which the old lady, seeing that everyone else was praying, bowed her head; but not so with Miss Anne, who left the church at once and in spite of the fact that all the other Hossingers were Presbyterians, became an Episcopalian, and knew the parent church no longer.

While on the subject of prayer let me tell you a story for which I cannot vouch. Some years ago Professor T. A. Baker was con-
ducting a young people’s meeting which was closed with prayer—a prayer which he is said to have ended with: "... Yours sincerely, T. A. Bak----. I mean, Amen."

Then there is the story of George W. Marshall’s prayer. One of the regulations of the Board of Trustees required that each meeting of the Board begin with prayer. On one occasion there was a quorum, but the designated chaplain was not among the number, and the business before the house seemed to Marshall to justify proceeding without him. There were those, however, who insisted upon the letter of the law, and Marshall agreed to say the Lord’s Prayer.

“Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come
Thy ...  
Thy kingdom come
...
Thy kingdom come
...
Oh, Lord! It won’t come.”

These wicked stories I feel less hesitation in telling, mindful of the fact that for a short time while in college I served as assistant dormitory chaplain—a very short time, at the end of which the matron asked the regular chaplain to make some arrangement—almost any arrangement—which would dispense with my services.

The year 1844 saw the building of the Granite Mansion, by James L. Miles, and the cost ran so much beyond the estimates, and Miles’ ambitions ran so far beyond his purse, that though he lived in it in style for a few years, it ruined him, and he died owing small bills to every tradesman in town. On this house we have better documentation than on almost any other building in the village, for when it was repaired in 1947, there appeared among the old boards torn out for replacement, two scraps, on the backs of which were written date, name of architect and builder and a list of the laborers. Unfortunately one ascribes the building to Wm. Wollaston and the other to George B. Gilmore, and neither to Samuel Darlington, whom we had always supposed responsible for the work. The house passed from the Miles family to David J. Murphey, and thence to the colorful Jennie Jex, who was in
occupation at the turn of the century. For a brief time it belonged to the Newark Country Club, then to Norris Wright and it has now become the parish house of the Presbyterian Church.

In the early '40's, Rathmell Wilson, who had lived in and about Newark for several years, bought an extensive tract southward from the Blandy estate and here he built first the large old tenant house, and then in 1845, the central and southern thirds of the stately summer residence which was to house his children and his grandchildren into our own time, and afford hospitality to most of the town and much of the College. It was to Rathmell Wilson that Cleaver was sent to borrow silver spoons for an Athenaeum Society social function. To this building the benevolent and scholarly Thomas Bellerby Wilson was to add the northern third, identical in outward appearance, but connected within by only a single door on the main story. Here, while his brother's family reveled in society, costly dogs and more costly horses, he was to build up a library on the natural sciences which put the college library to shame, and a collection of mounted birds on which the British Museum looked with envy, most of which passed to the Pennsylvania Academy of Natural Science after his death in 1865. I have been in the house, both in the cold gloomy days of Rathmell's decaying granddaughters and in the ghostly days after the last old lady's death, when the building had been repeatedly raided by hoodlums and almost every vestige of grandeur had departed or had been shattered by vandals, when the windows had been tightly shuttered and the doors boarded up, so that one must go about by flashlight, with only the vaguest notion as to what relation one room bore to another; I have crept out upon the old roof that lies concealed under the later mansard, have climbed the front stairs, which are so nobly proportioned that one climbs them with reverence and almost without effort, have looked out over the surrounding countryside from the spacious gazebo, and brought away, for return to its owner, the great brass key which is all that remains of the glitter and splendor that still lives in the minds of a very small number of old-timers.

Like George Evans and George Kerr, Rathmell Wilson tempts one to reminiscence but I have discussed the Wilsons elsewhere, and though a certain amount of repetition sets the memory, they are far away, and there is much ground to be covered after 1845.

Not much later than the Wilson house comes another grand
mansion on the Elkton Road—until 1882 the entrance to Oaklands was not by way of Old Oak Lane, but from a lane that opened into the Elkton Road—a house that was for many years the home of the Bower family, and which is now a part of the Stine Laboratory. Curiously, it too was known as Oaklands, and the name has caused confusion as to the extent of both the Wilson and the Bower properties.

In 1845 the African Union log church was built, later reconstructed in frame; and the following year very little happened save the day of the big wind, which blew nobody any good, save as it cleared away shacks, of which the town had plenty, and made way for the continuation of the building spree on which the 1840's had embarked, and which was to continue, in a somewhat milder form, into the '50's. It was about 1846 that Professor, later President, Walter Scott Finney Graham married a lady who lived, so the story goes, with an aged aunt—some stories say three aged aunts—in a house in Baltimore which she—or they—refused to quit. It was the last of a row of connected frame houses, and Graham conceived and carried out the outlandish idea of cutting it loose and moving it to Newark. I will not vouch for this story, nor will Miss Harriet Baily who now lives in the house. Neither of us was there, but I have had it from three equally undependable sources, and she from one, and you may believe it or otherwise as you see fit. It does account for the blank wall that sides toward the newly lengthened Hillside Road.

In 1850 the Odd Fellows Hall was built, and unlike Old College, Belmont and the John Evans house, it has not improved with the years, but gone commercial and is seen as a thing of potential beauty only from across the street. Its second floor has served the College, the town library, the Town Council, the Board of Health and a score of business enterprises including the ubiquitous daguerreotype industry, not to mention the Odd Fellows. It deserves the beautiful reconstruction which Mr. Hugh Gallagher has recently applied to the old building across the street and about a hundred feet farther east.

In 1851 Palmer Chamberlain added to his medical business the foundry which he built almost on the roadbed of the later Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, west of and across the street from the new Deer Park. It was to pass through the hands of the Blandys and the Allens and go down shortly after the coming of the railway.
In this year the more than century-old St. Patrick’s Inn was to be demolished, after the completion of the Deer Park, far enough east to be missed by the Baltimore and Ohio, but not far enough from it for anybody’s comfort. It has served for over a century and has furnished a ball room and an auditorium for functions not quite up to “Oratory” dignity. Here, on March 22, 1854, Cleaver saw the phrenologist. He says:

... About sixty people, but some left when they saw it was educational and scientific instead of entertainment. He told us about our natural abilities and what we ought to do and avoid. I am musical and emotional and I must watch that I finish the things that I start. I must try to keep the friendships I begin. I must keep the things I own in better order. Some of the boys only laughed at him and some drank it all in seriously, and there was a lot of talk in hall when we came back. I think he did not tell me anything which I will not be the better for keeping.

On November 22 of the previous year Cleaver tells us, “There were a company of dwarfs in town who were going to show in the Oratory, but they had no show but themselves and so they were not let but they went to the Deer Park. Ashmead says they made a poor show and a seedy audience.”

The Deer Park has fed the Trustees, housed Miss Chamberlain’s school and the Deer Park seminary, as well as Wilbur Wilson and the elder Anne Hossinger; it has been a good restaurant and a very bad one and has provided liquor, legitimate and otherwise. It began as a very passable building, acquired a skewed addition at an uncertain but early date, and outlived a shabby double-decker veranda which belonged no more to it than the cupola on Old College or the Victorian store-front which for years marred the John Evans house.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the town had become mud conscious, as Nathan Wrench was to be a few years later at the College, but while poor Nathan could do nothing about it but clean the college halls and grumble to the offending boys, the town could afford $200 for sidewalk repair, and in 1866 was spending taxpayers’ money for the construction of wooden “trunks” at the street crossings. What were wooden trunks? Webster has defined trunks as everything from main railway lines to short snug breeches, but whether they were an elevated gallery over which one might
pass at certain points or stepping blocks of the sort one still
encounters at street crossings in Pompeii, we are not told, and there
are no memories that reach back ninety-four years. It was some-
what before this time that the main street was paved in part with
large flagstones, which having no foundation beneath them sank
farther and farther into the mire, sometimes disappearing alto-
gether, sometimes tipped up so as to protrude at one side and be
lost at the other. This was bad enough when the tipping was from
side to side, but when they rose at a point where they should have
joined another stone, and that stone had gone down rather than
up, the street became impassable, and vehicles were driven into
what we would now call the shoulder, where they could at least
sink to a uniform depth in mud, dust or a half frozen morass.

William Johnson's saw mill on the Cherry Hill Road—what we
now call the Barksdale Road—is older, but in 1853 we find Cleaver
proposing a kind of field trip to what had, in that year, developed
into a factory for the making of farm machinery. This does not
necessarily mean iron machinery, for most of the farm equipment
of the day was of wood, and the transition from saw mill to machine
shop is not as unusual as it sounds. From the Johnson factory
developed what was in later years to be known as the Casho
machine shop, and eventually metal was introduced.

Now in 1854 came agitation for a change in the name of the
town, but to what, we do not know, and it was a pale effort,
referred to a committee of the faculty, who should have had other
things to do, and on whose authority town matters should not have
rested; after discussions which I ought perhaps not to have called
agitation, the matter was dropped.

The Lowber house,* which all of us have called the Anne Hos-
singer house these many years, was built in 1856, on what the
college boys, at any rate, were trying to call "Broadway." The
name did not take, and the house, which was left blank at its east
end for expansion, was shut off in 1863 by the building of the new
George Evans residence. Both are now the property of the Univer-
sity, and together with the Presbyterian Church, stand perilously
in the path of University expansion.

It was about 1860 that John Congo started, in his house at the
corner of Corbit and New London Avenue, a school for Negroes,

* Demolished in 1961.
which was to continue until Civil War surplus made better quarters available very near the Congo house; and there, until the great duPont gift of 1920, the school continued.

We became a railway junction in 1868, when the Pomeroy and Delaware City Railroad crossed Main Street and the Pennsylvania tracks; but if there was ever a station at the junction I have not found record of it. The old Pennsylvania station, or "depot," as it was called, gave way to a new one about 1877, and I, who should have known better, have, until very recently, said that this was the original building. Beers' *Atlas of the State of Delaware* came out in 1868 and carried, on plate 25, an inset map of Newark with names of tenants and sometimes their occupation, but failed to indicate the location of the new railroad and may therefore be a little earlier than the text of the atlas.

The town reawoke with the revival of the College in 1870, and not long after, Dr. Nathan H. Clark built, on the site of the old Evans brick yard, a grand house, not of Rathmell Wilsonian proportions, to be sure, but for many years a show spot of the village. It passed later to Samuel Minot Curtis, and in 1919 to the College, and was occupied first by President Mitchell and then by President Hullihen. The bachelor President Sypherd had a home of his own and permitted the Knoll to become a dormitory. President Carlson found it in need of repairs, so many repairs that he was never happy in it, but President Carlson was not often happy. It was to serve as a dormitory again, both for men and for women, though I cannot be sure in which order, and within the past three years it has been demolished. Its position, rather than its intrinsic charm, endeared it to students and alumni, who were as unhappy at its departure as President Carlson had been with its presence. He came to us as an Arctic scientist of some repute and said he had never lived in colder quarters in his life.

*When* the little old astronomical observatory was built we do not at present know, though I suspect a careful combing of the Trustees' minutes will eventually turn up the date. One supposes that it must belong to Professor Kirkwood's time, probably before his brief presidency. Cleaver tells of a cold night's observation of the Leonids in November, 1853, and in the previous November, Mustard wrapped his bed quilt about him to go out and see "some star." Cold the old observatory must have been, but both boys leave us with the impression that the telescope was set up in the
open. Soon after the reopening of the College the observatory burned, but at least a part of the equipment was saved, and in the 1920's Dr. Harter told President Hullihen of having seen some parts of the old telescope after he came to us in the mid-'80's.

The Delaware Ledger building may have dated from before 1876—it looked older—but it was in that year that the paper began publication, under another name, to be sure, and the building served until publication ceased in 1934. It stood on the northwest corner of Delaware and South College, and had a kind of quaint ugliness, which is all that could be said for it, and when it disappeared about 1936 no one was deeply distressed. Across the street on the campus, the federal government settled upon a location for the new post office, and held the property, a notch out of the University's aspirations, for several years, until a very complicated trade, involving the armory lot and several others, so thoroughly confused the Post Office Department that they were unwilling to retrace their steps, and built where we wanted them, on Main Street opposite the Washington House. I have mentioned the armory. I wish I could do more. I have a hazy memory, based I suppose on something Wilbur Wilson said, that it, like the schoolhouse on the southeast corner of Delaware and Academy, dates from about 1904, but in those days the armory was one of the least of our interests, except as it might be used for dances, and we paid as little heed to it as to the post office, so long as it did not stand in our line of march.

The old race track beyond the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had passed long ago, and the track on Iron Hill was yet to come, but in 1877 the Homewood trotting track opened near the Morrow Road. It was in 1877, too, that Gotlieb Fader's bakery settled in an old inn, where it was to stay for over half a century, and when it passed to new hands it was I to whom the last loaf of bread was sold. To the town, the purchase of an inn, to be used as a bakery and home for a single man seemed difficult to explain, but the explanation took care of itself as the family grew.

The cooperative store which appeared in the newly erected Center Building at the corner of Choate and Main Streets in 1880 is as great an anachronism as the project plan which cropped up at the Academy sixty years earlier and "John Williams black man" in 1824, but of this phenomenon we have reasonable proof.
And why was—and is—the Center Building at the corner of Choate Street, and not at the corner of Center Street?

The town flag pole and the town pump were just west of the Deer Park, which may or may not be evidence that the population (1,148 of them) had by this time shifted center to the neighborhood of the College. The Beers Atlas, in 1868, shows the Deer Park well within the town limits.

The collapse of the Village Church during a Catholic Mass on Christmas Morning, 1882, led to a new brick building which, except for the addition of a somewhat incongruous modern belfry and the finest church windows in town, stands very much as built seventy-seven years ago. It was dedicated in the name of St. John the Baptist, whereas the earlier building had been St. Patrick's, which, taken in combination with the earlier St. Patrick's Inn, has confused people as badly as the two Oaklands.

A new school house appears in 1884 on land west of the Opera House, and when the Academy closed in 1898 its building was taken over by the high school, and in 1904 the new building at the corner of Academy and Delaware Avenue opened and seemed to have solved our school space problem forever. Delaware Avenue, like Topsy, "just grew" but, unlike that young lady, grew a block at a time, at long intervals. A detailed investigation of this growth is the sort of thing graduate theses flourish on, and the usual number of people would find it interesting.

By 1881 the College bell had withstood all the use and abuse it could bear, and had to be sent to Baltimore for recasting. It came back a thing of beauty, but at this point there entered into our lives a sound and a fury which was to rise above both the music of the glorious new College bell and the clang of that in the Episcopal tower. The Episcopalianls, the Deer Park, the College and especially the aging Rathmell Wilson were to fight it in vain. The Allen foundry was to fall before it, the Pritchards were to rise from the grave (with some help) and depart to the Methodist cemetery, and two years later the Dean woolen mill was to go up in spark-generated flames. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had arrived. Within the next seventy years it was to endear itself to the town, and when the last passenger train went through on April 26, 1958, I was one of a very small group who came to wave her God-speed; but for years and years no cornfield or woodlot burned within a
quarter of a mile of the road without costing the hated, noisy, dirty, earth-shaking monster a pretty penny.

There was what must have been an incendiary fire at Old College in 1886. And here, whether it was the Baltimore and Ohio or otherwise, comes the Dean mill fire. Another major conflagration which was to come off thirty-two years later was planted in 1886 by the building of J. A. Bedwell’s hammock and gauze factory on the site of the Hollingsworth lumber yard. Three years later it was to be taken over by the Knauff Organ Co., which for a short period furnished the town’s electric power and then became bankrupt and left us in sudden darkness. In 1897 it was converted by Jacob Thomas into a wall paper factory, which burned spectacularly in January, 1918.

We had a telephone exchange—not a very busy center of activity—as early as 1882, but so few people were aware of the telephone’s possibilities that when the Dean mill burned four years later, we sent a man to Wilmington for help and did not think of the telephone until it was all over. With the fire, or as a result of it, came the town waterworks, which opened in 1888, and with the waterworks came, slowly to be sure, a new era in the town’s history. We began to advertise ourselves as a location for industry. The college had water laid on at once—one hand basin. Plumbing of a sort had been installed in the old college building in 1880, though how this was done it is not easy to understand. None of the old pictures of the College as seen from the north shows a standpipe or tank; the gasoline engine had been invented twenty years before but was not in wide use and the college accounts show no expenditure for large amounts of gasoline.

This could go on indefinitely—street lighting, speeding regulations, sewerage, constabulary, garbage disposal, paving, traffic signals and parking regulations. We have been, if not through, at least deep in them all, and with most of them there have been more than one session. The town boundaries have first expanded and then fallen apart, and settlements have spilled over the whole countryside. Parking meters, shopping centers, fire protection, not to mention firemen’s carnivals, farmers’ weeks, artists’ series, college hours, E-52 and the University Drama Group, have filled our days and nights to overflowing, and a few years ago a count of social and civic organizations in Newark located more than sixty. We have been through the black-outs, the fire warden and warning
center business of the last war. We have gone in for intercollegiate sports, which ultimately spelled the so-called stadium in 1952, as chemical engineering had produced the distillation tower in 1947, and as the Agricultural Experiment Station had long since expanded from five acres rented at the back of the College to some 400 acres centered about the old Russell farm south of the Pennsylvania tracks.

We have developed an extension program, dating from very humble beginnings in 1914, and a summer school which, after a false start in 1878, has been growing since 1913; graduate studies which began, technically at any rate, in 1838, but in practice not until a hundred years later; and in 1932 we were able to make things which bore a faint odor of extra-curricular investigation look like research, and in time develop into a full-scale research program.

I have passed by athletics, fraternities, departmental and subject clubs, religious organizations, important gifts, research, extension, graduate studies and the summer school, the Schools of Agriculture, Education, Home Economics and Engineering with little more than a glance, and any one of these activities might have been developed into as full a chapter as that on foreign study or the Women's College. The wherewithal for most of these is easily available in the University Archives, and I hope it may be developed into orderly and readable form by someone after me. Many of the things I have mentioned required new buildings, or additions and alterations in the shape and use of old ones.

The Agriculture Building at Delaware College was built in 1888, at the east end of Old College, but fortunately far enough from it to leave room for the expansions and alterations of 1902 and 1917. Agriculture was removed to Wolf Hall in 1918, and in 1952 to the new Agricultural Hall. Recitation Hall cast its unholy shadow across the old campus at the beginning of the '90's, detracting from the charm of Old College and Purnell Hall, but relieving the old building of library and many classes and laboratories. Mechanical Hall, which had been begun in 1904 to ease the Department of Engineering, was finished in 1911, with all the questionable beauties of a machine shop. In 1905 there came Taylor Gymnasium, which was expanded in 1927, and four years later, in 1931, a new and very satisfactory—yes, a very handsome women's gymnasium.

Housing which had in early years been cared for in Old College,
with a runover into village homes, and by grace—or disgrace—of commutation, was relieved after the first World War by Harter Hall. Residence, i. e. Warner, Hall had come with the beginning of the Women’s College, and to it had been added Sussex Hall in 1918, and three makeshift wooden buildings at the beginning of the ’20’s.

You are going to recall a remark made by Miss Murdstone to Mr. Spenlow: “Since I am to confine myself to facts, I will state them as dryly as I can.” But I warned you long ago that to end with things we all see every day is to end dryly indeed. There are now (1961) in addition to Harter Hall, Brown Hall (1941), Sharp Hall (1952), Sypherd Hall (1958), Conover Hall (1959), and at the south end of the Green, New Castle and Kent Halls (1926), Cannon Hall (1952), Smyth Hall (1952), Squire Hall (1958), and on the East Campus, across Academy Street, Colburn and Thompson Halls (1958). The renovated John Evans house has become a combination of dormitory and office building under the name of Raub Hall, possibly because it is the only early building in the neighborhood with which President Raub is known to have had no connection.

Mitchell Hall opened in 1930, and came almost too late to care for the functions for which it was intended, and once more, commencement and other large assemblies had to take to the out-of-doors, as they had been doing periodically since we outgrew the old Oratory in the early 1880’s, trusting to clement weather, which we have been peculiarly fortunate in getting, and fleeing to Carpenter Field House when necessary. The new auditorium was less than five years old when in 1934 we celebrated the centenary of the founding of Newark College, and so great was the affair that we found it necessary to import a large tent, the most tattered and bepatched object that had adorned the campus in many years, and set it up on the ground on which Brown Hall now stands.

Carpenter Field House (1942) was the gift of R. R. M. Carpenter; and his brother, Walter S. Carpenter, Jr., enriched the University by the gift of Laurel Hall (1956), which relieved and relegated the Stoll house at the corner of South College and Delaware, which had served as infirmary for men, and later for both men and women, most of the time since 1915. Hullihan Hall, first known as the administration and classroom building, and then for several years as University Hall, not only eased the stress on Old
College, Evans, and Wolf Halls, but drew our educational functions closer to the center of the campus, and made easier the merger of the two colleges. Brown Chemical Laboratory (1937) relieved the pressure on the Wolf Hall laboratories, but created a problem which we will not soon live down. We had by this time become symmetry minded; the little trees that had been planted in 1919, and many of which Lee Rose had moved so skilfully at the beginning of the 1930's, were used as an alining agency when the chemical laboratory was built, and no harm was done thereby, but the new classroom building which was to face it across the campus must be so nearly like it that I who have lived with the two for years, must, when I have occasion to identify a picture of one of them, take it out and compare certain almost unnoticeable details. This means that Hullihen Hall, which must have larger rooms and greater space in the corridors and on the stairways, to which people come, not trickling as they do to a laboratory, but in large hourly rushes, is badly planned, and that sooner or later its usefulness will be impaired, not by its lack of seating capacity, but by inter-class congestion. The decade-long struggle for a class and administration building at the Women’s College passed with the merger of the colleges in 1945, and of it we hear no more.

Evans Hall, undertaken as a one-story building in 1927, had been reconsidered before completion, and emerged as a moderately satisfactory but ill-proportioned three-story thing in 1930, and has been improved, both as to looks and usefulness, by the addition of P. S. duPont Hall.

I have avoided the subject about which I could say most and with closest approach to accuracy, the Memorial Library, for of it Dr. Augustus H. Able has written a nearly definitive history.

Of temporary buildings, gun shed, heating plants, home management house, poultry buildings, etc., I have spoken elsewhere. Alison Hall came, not too soon, to care for the overflowing Schools of Education and Home Economics, and the student center (1958) fulfilled the needs if not the dreams which lighted Dr. Sypherd’s last active years, 1947-50.

But “Vanitas Vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.”
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