

The Review

The Undergraduate Weekly of the University of Delaware

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PRICE TEN CENTS

Student Council Ends Rat Rules

Hedgerow Theatre Invades 'Hall' With The Emperor-Jones

Jasper Deeter Will Play Brutus Jones in O'Neil Production December 2

The Hedgerow Theatre, considered by those who know to be "the outstanding repertory theatre in America," will do *The Emperor-Jones* Thursday, December 2 at 8.15 in Mitchell Hall.

Jasper Deeter, who has directed Hedgerow's production, will appear in the titular role of Brutus Jones, the Pullman porter who rises to eminence as ruler of a Caribbean island.

The Emperor-Jones was the first play to achieve success for Eugene O'Neill, who is now America's premier playwright. Many critics consider it today as one of the most inspired pieces of writing that O'Neill has given to the theatre. *Emperor-Jones* has been produced from Russia to Australia in over ten different languages.

So if you come down to the Hall December 2 you're not a guinea pig, you're a lucky guy. *Jones*, as it is done by Hedgerow, is good! At least that's what Hedgerow's publicity releases say. That is also what Carroll Cox '37 says, and Cox acted with the Hedgerow repertory for a couple of seasons, so he knows, or at least we of the REVIEW think he knows.

Jasper Deeter has played *The Emperor-Jones* for over eighteen years. With Jig Cook at the Provincetown Playhouse he staged its first showing, when it created an artistic furor. *Jones* has consistently been the best drawing-card on the Rose Valley playbill.

Against the incessant beat of pursuing tom-toms through the verdant jungle background, the play builds to a height rarely equalled in theatre. Its second act, composed of the jungle scenes, is one of the most exciting on the modern stage. The psychological deterioration of man, through fear, gives *Jones* a universal touch.

Non-Frats Dance Tomorrow Night

If you don't belong to a fraternity and do want to bring your light o' love to the best rootinest, footinest, hoofin affair the non-frat men have ever held, the Lounge in Old College is the place for you tomorrow night.

For a half a simoleum you 'n' her can turkey trot, rumba, peck or pose, or mebbe wrasse to the music of a guy by the name of Roy Hitchens who, we are informed, has earned quite a reputation up Wilmington way as a stylist of smooth swing.

Three and a half hours of hey-nonny for a half check seems reasonable to the powers that be, so the dancing starts at 8.30 and ends at midnight.

The non-frat guys would like to make this dance a non-frat dance, which seems reasonable enough in the light of things, so they're asking all the Greek-letter adonises except the chapter presidents if they won't lay off.

Hark Ye!

The Thanksgiving Recess begins on Wednesday, November 24th, at 4.10 p. m. It ends on Monday, November 29th, at 8.00 a. m. During this interval, classes will be temporarily discontinued and so will THE REVIEW. You see, THE REVIEW is rather tired and wants to rest a little over the holidays. The next issue will appear on Friday, December 3rd, at 4.30 p. m., with its customary promptness.

Happy Thanksgiving, all!

Reporter Outlines Future Of Europe In University Hour

Leland Stowe Makes Plea for Loyalists in Spain, Denounces Adolf, Benito

By Leopold O'Malley

Ace reporter Leland Stowe said an awful lot in the University Hour Program Monday night in his talk on "Dictators Gone Mad."

He labeled Mussolini and Hitler as "murderers gone mad for want of power" and denounced the whole business of Fascism and Nazism, said that the Rome-Tokio-Berlin alliance, "founded ostensibly for the purpose of defeating Communism" was in reality designed to aid Hitler carve out an empire in central Europe and Mussolini to recreate the old Roman Empire about the Mediterranean Sea.

In the greater part of his talk he represented the Spanish Loyalists, showed the audience word pictures of their dashing leaders, told of their fight for liberty.

If Mussolini had not given his aid to the Rebel forces, the war would have been over a year ago, said Ace Reporter Stowe. Mussolini claimed that he was protecting Spain from Communism, but Mr. Stowe claimed that the Spanish Republic was no more like Com-

(Continued on Page 5)

Frosh Regulations Scrapped After Friday's Hazing Affair; Two Victims Still in Hospital

Petitions Making Rounds of Campus Seeking Leniency

Claim Expulsion too Severe; Marked Freshmen Sign; No Announcement Today

The three Freshmen whose faces were marked by a silver nitrate solution in last Friday night's hazing stated Wednesday that they thought expulsion from school was too severe a punishment for anyone involved in their hazing.

Petitions have been circulating on the campus since Wednesday in which the signatories state that they do not condone the hazing incident, but that they felt expulsion from school was too severe a punishment for the offenders. Among the signatures are those of Joseph Holzman, Arvid Roach, and Ray Hecht, the Freshmen who were marked.

When they were informed of international complications, prosecutions and criminal suits, and the rest of the rumors that were being circulated—they were as surprised and interested as their informers.

Meanwhile, the afflicted parts of the patients' faces are being treated with a picric acid salve. Both patients will probably be released from the hospital by the Thanksgiving recess next Wednesday.

With 6 days of investigating behind him, Dean G. E. Dutton said today that a public announcement concerning his findings in the Freshman hazing would not be made this week.

The marking of the three Freshmen by a Sophomore cabal known as the "Omegas" took place fol-

(Continued on Page 6)

Abolisher



For a long time Clark Lattin and another Senior have wanted to get rid of Rat Rules; now, with the help of the Omegas, they have succeeded.

Faculty Club Has Cider For Juniors, Freshmen Monday

The Faculty Club gave a tea last Monday afternoon. At least that's what some say. We know different. They didn't serve tea; they served cider. So we'll start the story again.

The Faculty Club gave a cider in their club rooms in Old College last Monday afternoon. Freshmen and Juniors were invited to attend. And they did, that is 200 of them did. And they drank a mess of cider, and ate an awfu slew of doughnuts, and they got to know what the faculty members are like when they're not standing in front of a blackboard.

They also got a look at the faculty club pool ratings. They learnt that Mr. Grubb is at the top of the pool heap, and that Coach Clark and Mr. Holbrook are down around the bottom.

Wives of the members of the Faculty Club tended to the food angle of the affair, and on the whole they did some mighty accurate pouring.

Hey!

As THE REVIEW went to press, nurses at the Flower Hospital announced that Joseph Holzman, one of the three Freshmen hazing victims, was released at noon today.

Ray Hecht, the other conned Freshman, will probably leave the hospital tomorrow, the nurses said.

Senators Devote Monday Meeting To Rule Business

Storm Breaks as President Lattin Asks for Motions; Regulations Pass Quickly

Naturally enough, last Monday night's Student Council meeting discussion centered about the so-called "branding" of a week ago. Not much else was considered, no one seemed to care much about the minutes, or whether the various committees had done anything. Everyone was interested in one thing: nothing else counted and it was bound to come up.

Finally, under new business, the storm broke. Clark Lattin suggested a motion for suspension of "rat rules" for the present year. It was unanimously agreed that "rat rules" were a farce and that the recent "incident" was merely a climax to a series of dismal failures. The motion was passed almost immediately.

Promptly, Bill Wells came to his feet and moved that "rat rules" would be banned from the University of Delaware campus forever. In true council style, there was a good deal of quibbling about just what was meant by rat rules. But finally the discussion started in earnest. Lattin said that if rat rules were not abolished by the Student Council, the dean and faculty would. Wells said that rat rules were silly and ineffective for the purposes intended. Lipstein agreed. Wilson disagreed. Scott started talking about tradition and importance of keeping a little spirit. Lipstein said that "rat rules" did not help to create spirit. Wilson promptly disagreed again. Saltzman agreed to disagree too and went into considerable discussion with all and sundry about it, claiming rather emphatically "that all freshmen and only freshmen have any spirit and its all due to rat rules." In the babel that followed, the voices of Wells, Brown, Lipstein, the two Scotts, and Dannenberg could be heard most often above the din. The Council was getting nowhere as only the Council can. Then Johnnie Healy came through with the suggestion that "rat rules" in their present form were detrimental and should be abolished but that some form of regulation for the freshmen is necessary. This seemed to be the consensus of opinion of the Council and the motion was adopted in that form.

As an anti-climax, Joe Dannenberg suggested that the Student Council recommend leniency for the students concerned on the grounds that they did not understand the serious effects of the solution used and that they were indirectly enforcing rules of the Student Council. The boys were tired and the Council convened after going through the motions of passing this resolution.

Vanished Forever?



If next year's Student Council disapproves of the Rat Rules as this year's does (now), scenes like the one above and affairs like the one Friday night are gone forever. (Notice Lattin smiling at the top of the page.)

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November 19, 1937

Finish the Job

Monday night the Student Council abolished Rat Rules for the remainder of this school year. An attempt was made to discourage any renewal of Rat Rules in the future by the unanimous passage of a second motion to the effect that this administration of the Student Council goes on record as opposed to any further continuance of the present system of rat rules.

To Mr. Lattin and the entire Student Council we express our thanks for the manner in which they have cooperated with us in our efforts to permanently abolish Rat Rules at Delaware College. However, we will go a step further than the Council in this respect.

We contend that Rat Rules, the present system, or any other system involving regulation of the Freshmen, hazing, or repression of any sort can no longer be effectively enforced at Delaware. The system of enforcement in itself is the chief reason why Rat Rules have collapsed, failing to accomplish the ends for which they were instituted. They have been more of a cause of criticism toward the school than a "valuable tradition."

Students opposed to permanent abolishment of Rat Rules center their arguments around three points.

(1) Rat Rules make the Freshman "feel at home." They are the chief means of acquainting him with the students.

(2) Rat Rules tone down the "wise guys" in the Freshman Class.

(3) What are you going to do about pep-fests and football games if the Freshmen aren't organized?

Answering the first argument, we regret that putting badges, silly paraphernalia and restrictions upon the entering class is hardly our conception of making students "feel at home."

As for taming down the "wise guys" in the freshman class, something far more powerful and effective is required than haphazard punishment and attempts at hazing to change the basic nature of anyone's personality.

Concerning the effect that the abolition of Rat Rules will have on pep-fests and football games, we can only say that we have had a sickening dose of this "compulsory school spirit."

Our main objection to Rat Rules, we repeat, is the method of enforcement. The facts speak for themselves. Obviously the upper classes are not interested in enforcing them as evidenced by their failure to cooperate with either the Spartan Society or the Student Council. The only body on the campus which is vitally interested in the enforcement of Rat Rules is the Sophomore Class—this purely a revenge motive. The Sophomores have shown themselves incapable of enforcing Rat Rules as they exist today.

We admit that Rat Rules have been a "grand old Delaware tradition." But for this reason must we hang on to them when every student on the campus realizes that, tradition or no tradition, they have degenerated into a mass of ineffective and unenforceable restriction?

In reply to the charge that we are a group of "radicals" intent upon tearing down school tradition, we affirm that if abolishing traditions which have grown so useless and which have fostered nothing but antagonism and trouble constitutes "radicalism," we are proud to admit that we are "radicals" of the first order.

Briefly we favor complete abolishment of Rat Rules at the University of Delaware. We are opposed to any revival or continuance of this sort of thing in the future.

We are definitely convinced that the only solution to Rat Rules is no Rat Rules at all.

Hail the Press

We resent the tactics employed by certain metropolitan newspapers in their effort to get a sensational "news" story from what amounted to nothing more than mere rumors circulating about the campus. It seems that the "not to let the truth spoil a good story" motto was followed to the limit.

The actual facts concerning the recent hazing episode at the University were pushed into the background. Instead, the truth was distorted to such an extent that the persons involved and those who really knew what had happened hardly recognized the stories as they appeared in the papers.

We realize if the situation as portrayed by these newspapers actually existed on the campus, that it was their privilege to announce it to the world at large. But this was not the case.

The write-ups appearing upon the front pages of these papers in question contained rumors, a few actual facts, misstatements, and in some cases—sheer lies.

THE REVIEW is making an attempt to correct this unjust and erroneous impression. We are printing the events as they actually occurred and we sincerely hope that those who read our columns will accept them as the truth and disregard the sensational "scoops" which were released by these newspapers earlier in the week.



By Jake Kreshool

Dear Jake:

Speaking of doctors, we read your column last week and decided that you were too sick to write one this week. Move over.

Swenbert.

Date-of-the-Week . . .

Delaware College Division . . .

Review Staff: Average age 19, average weight 140. Will go out with any W. C. D. any time. They usually cannot spend more than a quarter, but will recompense with sparkling repartee, amazing wit, superb conversation, brilliant manners. Will introduce any of these clever men to any W. C. D. any time she's ready. Jake will.

Two Bits A Passion . . .

Speaking of advertisements, Jake's paper chaser friend brought in a magazine the other afternoon. A sporty little item it was called "Paris Nights." That was not significant in itself, but there on page 75 was a full page advertisement of a product that we are going to rush out and buy as soon as we finish this. It shows a man and woman clutching each other at the top of the page, and the printed copy goes like this:

PASSION GUM

Now lovers the world over may benefit from the secret of the natives from the jungles of Brazil and the West Indies. HAVE YOUR WIFE, YOUR HUSBAND, GIRL FRIEND, BOY FRIEND OR SWEETHEART CHEW PASSION GUM . . . YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF—TO THE ONE YOU LOVE TO CHEW PASSION GUM NOW!

Package of five sticks sent in plain wrapper, \$1.00. Send to

Coathanger . . .

Speaking of history, there's a very historical Mason and Dixon marker . . . they call it a tangent stone . . . just south of Newark, that we bet a cookie you never even knew was there. We stopped to look for it the other morning. It's in the middle of some farmer's field. Had a little trouble locating it at first. Finally we went up to a farmer husking corn and we said, "Hey, where's the Mason and Dixon tangent stone?" "Mason and Dixon tangent stone," says he, "Why, it's right over there under my coat." And so we went over and looked under his coat, and sure enough, there sitting quietly under the coat was the Mason and Dixon tangent stone. Well, we just stood there and looked at it in awe for a minute . . . after which we see that there is two tangent stones. That kind of surprised us, so we sat down on the tangent stone and figured about it for a while. Final conclusion was that maybe Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon got sore at each other about something and used different stones.

One Way or Another . . .

Speaking of one way streets, a guy was telling us how they figure out whether to make a one way street go up or down. They count the number of cars parked on the street . . . say there's five going down and two going up. Then they real quick put a sign making the street one way going up, and right away a cop follows up with tags for the five cars parked down on an up street. The five dollars pays for the sign, and the labor, and leaves a little over for the cop's glass of beer.

Cart Before Horse . . .

Speaking of signs, a sign on a

SPEAK UP!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Do you want to write a column? Is there something you have wanted to tell people about and never had the chance? Well, here it is! Any student in college is welcome to take a turn writing this column. Write legibly and submit your name with the copy. Signatures will be withheld upon request.

(Being on open letter to the guy who wrote last week's SPEAK UP)

Your letter about Bill Bailey was very interesting—now to bring the discussion down to the level of us common folk, let it be known to all and sundry that Bill Bailey was the pen name of a recent editor of the REVIEW. Also that Bill Bailey was a nice guy—a bit hard-headed about some things, perhaps—but, all in all, a nice guy. Of course you knew Bill pretty well. You read about him in the REVIEW. Now, curiously enough Bill always complained that he was not allowed to put his true thoughts in the REVIEW. You can see where that leaves you.

That story about Bill and the first fraternity man is a pretty good one, it gets better every time I hear it. As Bill originally told it, the fraternity man offered to bet Bill he would never hold a major office. Nothing more. But with the years, this story has grown in the telling; portions have been added until now the (censored) thing's almost unrecognizable. Of course, Bill was a man of integrity, a man of ideals, but he never let that stand between him and a good story. The truth was always putty in Bill's hands and you make an able disciple.

For instance, your mention of the group who gained the most from last year's elections. A group of fraternities becomes a "sinister combine," an "unholy crew," and a coalition of unscrupulous fraternities. And this stuff about your being the "only one in complete knowledge of the facts." What a laugh! I attended most of the meetings and I have yet to see the professor mentioned at any of them. And you promise to reveal the whole unexpurgated truth, if conditions warrant. Now you and I both know you are just "shooting your mouth off." You don't know anything more than was printed in the REVIEW. So, just for the records, we'll challenge you to put some facts where your mouth is or write an apology. Of course, I know you'll do neither, you'll just "sound off" some more.

Now I would be the last to say the fraternities mentioned were without blame in the last election. So that's why you're going to become a prominent non-frat man on the campus. It'll serve you right. Of course there was no mutual "understanding" between the non-frats and Sig Ep. of course the self-styled monarch of the non-frats made no attempt to bribe certain fraternity men with offices for their votes in the Student Council elections.—No, that would have been DISHONEST. They couldn't do that! So you be a big-shot non-frat man but be sure you keep your hands clean. If you do, I know you'll never hold a major office.

In your spare time, you might tear off a few choice lines about "WHY FRATERNITIES POISON BABIES" or "DEVELOPMENT OF ENVY AMONG THE LOWER BIPEDS." Why kid, you'd be a natural.

Signed,

A-guy-who-got-over-being-afraid-of-the-bogy-man-a-long-time-ago

beer joint in Wilmington says:
**BEER AND LIQUOR
 ON AND OFF**

Doesn't that puzzle you too? Know lots of fellows that drink beer and liquor off and on, but never heard of anybody drinking beer and liquor on and off. It just don't seem to be the right attitude to take.

Stage Door Johnny

By Herb Warburton

Relapse . . . Usually overtakes anyone connected with a play—but only after the play is over. After the hectic scramble of dress rehearsal week—with classes something you cut to catch up on back sleep—Mitchell Hall becomes the campus wasteland. Nobody shows up but the caretaker and the stage crew—ah there, fellows—then gradually they start to drift back and the first thing anybody knows—it's the same thing all over again.

Result . . . Which brings us to the main topic of this effort—Did you see the play last Thursday night? If you didn't, it's your own fault. Remember we told you to go. After looking at the write-ups we feel pretty good. If anybody else had said they thought it was fine, we might not have felt so pleased. But Bill Lawrence, who ought to be a fair enough judge, especially for us, said so. Now we feel pretty good.

*Bill, for the Freshmen's benefit, was a "pro" vaudeville campus star and director not so long ago.

Playbill . . . Is up again, with tryouts held Wednesday. On the schedule is another benevolent opus, still in the same vein of humor as "Small At Large" but definitely better. By the way—how about someone running Swenhardt competition?

Design . . . Interested parties please note—there will be a meeting of all students interested in design for the stage at Mitchell Hall, Monday afternoon, November 22, at 4.10 p. m. Purpose: organization. A word to the wise—in signing up—please remember—this course is intended purely to give some of the essentials of stage-design; it is not an advanced course in art.

Temple . . . Are set to have us go to Philadelphia on December 8 and 9 to produce "Mrs. Moonlight." On January 10 they will present "The Night of January 16." Get your tickets now.

Wealthy Collegian: "I'd go through anything for you."
Coed: "Fine. Let's start on your bank account."—The Setonian.

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See
Julius Reiver

University Chorus Makes Debut Today At D.S.E.A. Meeting

Thrills and Heartthrobs! After six weeks of studying things like harmony and choral unity and two long weeks of rigid voice practice, the University chorus was rewarded with a trip to Wilmington and its public debut at a meeting of the Delaware State Education Association at the P. S. du Pont High School, this afternoon.

The programme rendered before the Delaware teachers consisted of choral works from two distinct periods. The first selection was "My Bonnie Lass" taken from the Madrigal period of the 15th and 16th centuries. The next two selections were "Chillun Come on Home" and "Listen to the Lambs," both Negro spirituals from the penne of contemporary composers, Nobel Cain and Nathaniel Dett. Each selection was well received.

They had a choir here a couple of years ago and all the remnants rallied 'round so that now, with the newcomers, they have a group of fifty people who sing. A high choral standard has been set and all members have been chosen individually by a series of selective tests.

A schedule of public performances is being arranged with a possibility of a short tour if they're good.

Professor: "I will not beign the lecture until the room settles down."
Voice from the Rear: "Go home and sleep it off, Proff."—Phil C. of P. & S.

Cinema Attractions

Wilmington—

Grand—Coming Monday is the Singing Cowboy, Dick Foran, in "Land Beyond the Law." On Thursday starts daring Jack Holt in "Trapped By G-Men."

Rialto—Now showing is Eddie Cantor in "Ali Baba Goes To Town," with June Lang. Next coming attraction is Kay Francis in "First Lady."

Aldine—Now playing is the intimate, inside story of those chorus girls starring Ginger Rogers and Katherine Hepburn in "Stage Door," with Adolph Menjou.

Loew's—The thrilling drama of a devoted gangster and his wife! "The Last Gangster," which is now playing with Edward G. Robinson, Rose Stradner, and James Stewart in the stellar roles.

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The Goodie Shop

133 E. Main Street

Emperor and Smithers



We're not a bit sure who these guys are up above. (These publicity reports are hard to figure out.) We don't know whether they're Jasper Deeter and Arthur Rich or what. But we do know that they represent Emperor Jones and an English trader named Smithers. And we also know that Hedgerow Theatre is bringing them to Mitchell Hall, December 2.

Baffled Book Browsers Get Help From Faculty Reading Committee

There are many students on the campus who don't like to read. But there are many more who like to read and don't know what to read. They read and read and decide that it is all so futile because they aren't reading what is being read.

So the faculty members got together and decided to simplify matters. It all started at a regular meeting of the English Department. Dr. Sypherd broached the question "what is wrong with the reading on this campus?" More help was called in. The response was gratifying. Faculty members from all over the campus, who were interested in reading, student reading, faculty reading, any kind of reading, all co-operated in an effort to formulate some kind of a plan which would stimulate interest in good reading.

The outcome of the gathering was the formation of a faculty committee consisting of Dr. Sypherd, Mr. Lewis, Dr. Squire, Dr. Gould, Mr. Moody, Dr. Leslie, Dr. Able, Dr. Graustein, Dr. Crooks, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Holbrook. Two meetings of this newly arranged committee have been held to date.

This committee is working toward the compilation of a representative reading list to be released each week—a list which will be short but comprehensive, including fiction and non-fiction, magazine and other periodicals. Each book appearing upon these lists will be appended with a brief comment by the member of the committee who submitted it.

The next issue of THE REVIEW will feature a new column devoted solely to the publication of this book list. This column will have a two-fold purpose. It will acquaint the readers of THE REVIEW with the books and articles which are the committee's selection for the week and it will afford this committee an opportunity to pass information out concerning its selections.

Debate Team

Try-outs for the Freshman debate candidates will be held on Monday, at 1.00 p. m., in Room 6, Recitation Hall. Come out frosh, and show these upper classmen how it's done.

There will also be a meeting of the entire debating society, the same day, same room, at 7 p. m.

EXCHANGES

By James Hutchison

Quaint Maladies (Tune, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart")

Let me gall you sweet tart
I'm mean luff weed you,
Let me hear you we spur
Debt chew luff me, too;
Keep dull luff flight growing
Kin your rise so drew
Let me gall you sweet tart
I'm mean luff weed you.

—The Alabamian.

Swiped from The New Yorker.

On the Business Office:

The professor rapped on his desk and yelled: "Gentlemen, order."

The entire class shouted, "Beer!"
—The Setonian.

A roadster skidded around the corner, jumped into the air, knocked down a lamp post, smashed three cars, ran against a stone fence, and then stopped. A girl climbed out of the remains.

"Darling," she explained, "that is what I call a kiss."—St. Mary's Collegian.

So far this year the Delaware lads seem to favor busling at a stand still (for the car) in back of Old College.

A dances . . . a dates
Perchances . . . out latex
A classes . . . a quizes
No passe . . . gee whizzes.
—S. Mary's Collegian.

GEORGE QUILL



Dear Chums,

In contrast to the gruelling sport I had witnessed last week, I was fortunate this week in participating in a little bit of sport myself. Golf was the game, and Hobart Hannigan the infamous Chester pro was my host. We arrived at the Springhaven Club-house (which is about a mile from Chester), and here I was forced to hire a set of clubs from the pro (the cheat).

"Well Hobart," I said, "How's about some caddies?"

"Caddies?" said Hobart, "Why I have two of the finest caddies in the country on this course."

"And who are they may I ask?" said I.

"Johnnie Nighthawk and Flytrap Finnigan," said Hobart, "they're stupendous."

"O. K. Hobart your word is good enough for me," I said crossing my fingers, "Let's tee off for I don't know my own strength today."

In the meantime, I had noticed my bag and my friend (the pro) had been snatched by two lads of rather peculiar make-up. One was tall, stringy, and possessed a head on him shaped somewhat like the business end of a mashie-niblick. His companion, however, was short, stubby with the build of a putter.

"That's them," said Hobart, "boy are they good." Not wishing to converse further, however, I borrowed a golf ball from one of our caddies after promising to buy him a shot and a beer when we got back to the clubhouse, I seized a club which felt like a pick handle, and swung with all my might. "Nice shot," said Flytrap, "that will be just five bucks for a new window in the clubhouse."

O fudge," said I, "that was careless of me, but I'll get her off this time."

Strangely enough I had better luck this time, but I could not see where the ball had fallen.

"Take it easy pal," said Johnny Nighthawk, "I see your ball."

"Where is it?" said I.

"Right down there in that cow pasture to the right," said the Nighthawk. "I hope you're right," said I and we began the walk of twenty-five feet to the field. Johnny put his nose to the ground, and began searching frantically for the ball.

"Well," I said.

"Hold your horses," said Johnny, "if you give me too much lip I'll throw your clubs over in the creek. I marked the spot where the ball landed by that cow." "What cow?" said I, "there are only about three hundred cows in the field." "Well that ain't my fault," said Johnny "I ain't no mind reader." About this time Flytrap made his appearance, and by bribing him with a couple of smokes he finally consented to finish caddying for me. So procuring another ball from Hobart's bag (while his back was turned), I decided to try a shot for the green, which was some 100 yards away. Well I swung and Flytrap began yelling loudly that the ball was on the green. "Swell," said I, "I'll sink that putt with one stroke." Flytrap had hurried to the green, and on approaching him I noticed a look of bewilderment on his face. "What's the matter, Flytrap?" said I. "I can't find the ball, sir," he said politely. "Don't tell me you've lost the ball on the green." "I'm afraid so," said Flytrap. We both then began an energetic search, and where do you suppose I found that ball? Huh, under the golf bag. Well that ended my day of golf, nor did either caddy receive a shot and a beer, to be frank I busted two of Hobart's must choice clubs (over the great caddies' heads).

George Quill.

Clark's Hens Meet Sho'men in Finale Tomorrow

WITH THE BLUE ★ AND GOLD ★

By Steve Saltzman

Another Saturday, another setback. . . . Hmm. . . . But it wasn't such a bad one this time. As predicted, the Blue team gave those Drexelian Dragons quite a tussle as the latter had to go the limit to keep the former from spilling a very pretty record. A blocked kick that resulted in a safety was all that kept Delaware from tying the team from a school where a sports columnist believes that his eleven should get a crack at Penn this year—post-season stuff, you know. Absolutely, this columnist used up no end of space telling about how his team could really "put them in their place" (The Penn club). And the humorous aspect is that his team could probably do just that, or do a good job trying it. In a word: These Dragons are a great little ball club.

Which all goes to prove what has been said all year long, that we have, here at Delaware, a red hot grid squad for a small school. They've been improving all season long, the squad has, and the coaching staff started in the early Fall with a bunch of inexperienced men. People fail to realize that we've lost the majority of our games—last year, too—by small scores. (That is, when we've encountered eleven in our class.) No, instead of: "Why, look at the close scores of our games," it's: "Take a look at our record, it's awful!" Someone or other in the sports limelight once said: "When the one great Scorer comes, he will count not whether you won or lost, but how you've played the game." In your spare moments, readers, cogitate a bit on that one.

The student body at Washington is rarin' to go. This game tomorrow is the one for which they point every year. According to advance reports, they're coming to Newark in swarms, jubilant, sure of victory, and we're going to send them back to Chestertown not so jubilant, but still in swarms. Since a recent move of the Student Council, Rat Rules have been terminated for this year, which means that the usual Frosh cheering section will be missing at tomorrow's game. But . . . will it? Need it be? Come on, Freshmen, show everybody what you're made of, and come out en masse, Rat Rules or no! After all, you know, these upperclassmen just won't stoop to cheering!

Ed Bardo is bitter. Although he will not come right out and make a statement to that effect, the cockles of his heart aren't exactly pleased at the meager turn out for the swimming team. In the past, the swimming team here at school has been the one team that has constantly made a rather successful bid for fame, meeting and subduing strong competi-

Finis

Tonight at seven—the finale. Our point? We mean the third act curtain for Pep Fests for this year. The time for the last of these spectacular affairs has rolled around. Unfortunately, the usual organized band of Frosh will not be in evidence with their juvenile quips, but, Freshman or no, put in your appearance and help make this last one the biggest and best of all time. On to Wolf Hall!

Fancy Stepper



Captain Dick Roberts, triple threat par excellence, hangs up his Doherty-bought, Jacobs-cared-for, and student-loved ball shoes after tomorrow afternoon, to the dismay of many and the sorrow of all.

Intramurals Swung Underway Tuesday

Intramural basketball leagues, under the supervision of Mr. Joseph A. Shields, started Tuesday, November 16, and will continue until December 14, when the playoffs will be held.

The Sigma Nu and Theta Chi fives postponed their contest which was scheduled for last Tuesday night and played a practice game instead. However, in the non-fraternity league the Whizzes, coached by Aronoff, barely defeated the Rat Terrors by a 14 to 12 margin in a hard-fought battle.

The Rat Terrors quintet is composed of Freshmen and use Cooper and Bove at the forward positions, Poppitt, Smith, Elzey, and Mock at guard, and Buckwalter at center. The Whizzes are Wells, Schwartz, Ratledge, Loud, Swazy, Doordan, and Bill Mai.

With a total of thirteen teams entered in the two leagues, and approximately eight times that many players, Intramurals seem to be headed for places for this year at Delaware.

tion from schools all over the East. (We refer you back to the days when Howard, J. Carey, Cores, Holt and the rest used to plow up the lanes in grand style.) But this year, with a heavy schedule in the offing, Coach Ed has the job of trying to form a team that will look like something in competition out of a squad that at this point rallies fourteen strong to practice every afternoon. Great outlook, what? You may be a potential freestyler, back-stroker, breaststroker, or diver. Then, why, tell us, don't you try it out? Don't complain that it takes up too much time, for, to date, the swimming team has practiced no more than three-quarters of an hour per afternoon. It looks as if there are four or five men on the team now who will be able to garner firsts in most of the meets this winter, and maybe a few possible second placers are to be found, but firsts and seconds do not win meets. What wins meets are the seconds and thirds. Call this an entreaty or what you will, but come down off that high horse and support this varsity sport starting now, it's not too late!

Grid Quartet Plays Closing Game In Univ. of Del. Career

Captain Roberts, The Carey Brothers, and Drozdov, Playing Last Game, Will Be In Opening Lineup

Homecoming Day Enhances Contest

Alumni To View Ball Game With Traditional Rival As Part of Program

The University of Delaware's Blue Hens will attempt to make "Homecoming Day" complete by annexing their second grid victory of the current season when they meet the strong Washington College juggernaut tomorrow afternoon on Frazer Field.

Sho'men Favored To Win

On the basis of the respective records of games won and lost, the Sho'men will be favored to triumph. However the Clarkmen's showing in their last two games, against P. M. C. and the highly touted Drexel, make them likely to score an upset.

Last Game For Four

Four members of this year's varsity will be wearing the Blue and Gold for the last time as they will be graduated next June. They are Captain Dick Roberts, the Carey brothers, Fenton and Lew, and Swede Drozdov.

Captain Roberts, regarded as one of the best open-field runners Delaware has seen in the past few years will be greatly missed next season. He has already earned three letters in football and three in baseball. Roberts is rated one of the best small college catchers.

The Carey brothers have been active in Delaware athletics during their four years at the institution. They followed closely in the footsteps of an older brother, John, who graduated year before last. He made his letter in football, swimming, and track, and was voted the most outstanding athlete in his senior year.

Lew is one of the most versatile athletes in college. In addition to football, he earned his letter in basketball, baseball, and track, and competes on the tennis team as a sideline. Brother Fenton has earned letters in football and track.

Drozdov, who has won three letters in football, has not seen much action in the past several games. His fault this season is said to have been lack of aggressiveness. Because of his superior defense play, Coach Clark announces he will start against Washington College. Besides football, Drozdov has earned letters in track and swimming and holds the Delaware shot-put record.

Clark Alters Lineup

Coach Clark will alter his lineup considerably for he plans to use all of these four men in the final battle they will be able to stage for Delaware. The Carey boys and Dick Roberts will start in the backfield while Drozdov will resume his tackle post. Tommy Ryan, one of the best defensive backs on the squad, will be the fourth starting back. The rest of the lineup remains intact.

And Then Again the Following Morsel:

Under the spreading mistletoe
The homely co-ed stood,
And stood, and stood, and stood,
And stood,
And stood, and stood, and stood,
And stood.

—The Setonian.

Field General



Lew Carey, quarterback and signal barker for the Blue Hens, will make his last grid appearance for Delaware tomorrow p. m. against Washington College, winding up a four-year career in, we hope, grand style.

Booters Stalemate Strong B-nell Club

Andy Bowdle's soccer team traveled to Lewisburg last Friday afternoon and held a strong Bucknell adversary to a one-goal tie. Bob Lippincott scored the lone tally for the Delawareans as they sloughed up and down the muddy field.

Rain in the last period slowed down both teams, and it was this rain which kept Delaware's offense bottled up. Although it was a hard-fought game, it is generally conceded by fans that Delaware completely outplayed Bucknell. Eddie Mai starred throughout the game and led the Blue and Gold offense; Spike McCord played his usual excellent game.

Final Game This P. M.

The Blue Hen booters will play their last game of the current season this afternoon, meeting Ursinus at Collegeville. According to all signs, the Hens are favored to take the game from the Collegeville outfit. Whitey Bant, captain, and Bernie Doordan, flashy forward, will be playing their last game for Delaware.

The probable starting lineup, according to Coach Andy Bowdle, is as follows: Timme, goalie; Mink, right fullback; Mai, left fullback; Bant, right halfback; McCord, center halfback; Wharton, left halfback; Humphries, right wing; Tyler, right inside; Boyce, center fullback; Thompson, left inside; Doordan, left wing.

Waters' Riflemen Drop First Match

Although last year's record of the University of Delaware's rifle squad was not so good, great improvement can already be seen this year. The team scored 3285 points against Washington University of St. Louis, about 375 points more than they scored last year in their first contest and 200 or more points than they scored in any of last year's meets. However, Washington's riflers defeated the Delawareans to the tune of 3501 to 3285 in a postal meet held last Saturday. This fact, nevertheless, is not too discouraging, since Washington has a much larger school, and, subsequently, more material and better facilities.

Drexel Overcomes Blue Team During Driving Rainstorm

Viden's Blocked Kick Rolls Over End Zone To Give Dragons Margin Of Win

The Delaware Blue Hens became Mud Hens last Saturday as they were defeated by the Dragons of Drexel Tech, 8-6, in a tiff played in ankle-deep mud on Drexel Field.

Bad Weather Conditions

A driving rain swept the gridiron for the better part of the game, and a crowd of about 500 braved just about the worst conditions in years to see a hard-fought battle. For a time in the first quarter it seemed as if the game were to be a run-away, for, after the Hens received the kick-off, Dick Roberts was forced to punt, and the Dragons took the ball on their own 27-yard line and drove down the field on straight power plays for four first downs in a row and a touchdown. Glenn Williams, Tech fullback, did most of the gaining, but it remained for Walt Ehmling to carry the sloppy pigskin over. Then, the next time the Dragons received the ball they started another advance from their own 40, which finally ended when they lost the ball on downs on the Delaware two-yard line. However, when Howard Viden, who had replaced Dick Roberts at halfback, attempted to boot the ball out, a substitute tackle, Schaffer, broke through and blocked the attempt, and when the ball rolled out of the end zone, it became an automatic safety.

Roberts Outstanding

After these two drives, however, the Drexel attack was pretty well bottled-up and the rest of the ball game was all Dick Roberts, Blue Hen captain. Roberts, almost single-handedly, accounted for the score for his team, gaining consistently through the line, out-kicking his rival, Bill Graf, and being a general thorn in the side of the Drexel team.

Punting Duel in Last Half

Late in the third period Roberts and Graf began a punting duel, the Hen leader gaining on every exchange until finally, about the middle of the fourth period his punt went out of bounds on the Tech one-yard line. Graf kicked out to the 21, and from there Roberts personally carried the ball over on six straight thrusts at the line, the last one a four-yard slant off-tackle.

Captain Waters, coach of the team, stated that should the marks of the squad continue to improve, the Blue Hens should offer plenty of competition to all and any opponents this year.

Pardon Us!

Olaf "Swede" Drozdov and Fenton Carey, Lew's brother, are the two other men who make up the quartet of players playing its last football game for the Blue and Gold. Due to a misunderstanding, arrangements for taking their pictures, to be used in this week's issue of the Review, were not made, and, consequently, do not appear. However, we of the sports department would like to pay tribute to these two men by saying that both of them were invaluable to the squad. Fent for his filling of Dick Roberts' shoes when the latter was removed from a game, and Swede for his marvelous job of helping to make the Blue line a great defensive machine. Salutations, lads, and, once again, we're awfully embarrassed, and sorry!

Review's Reviews

By Harry T. Stutman

We have been in a dither. The whole campus has been in a dither. How is your dither? But the whole thing is a tempest in a teapot, compared to the vital material presented so incapably by Mr. Leland Stowe, who may be an excellent reporter, but is not such hot potatoes as a lecturer. (Author's note: The opinions of the columnists are their own, and not necessarily endorsed by the Editor or the publisher.)

Here we have a fine situation, indeed. The whole world is taking sides against itself with what seems to be the sole purpose of doing as messy and costly a job of destroying itself as is possible in this day of Science and Invention. At first there will be three sides: Democracy vs. Fascism. That's two. And who's the third? Why, England, of course. The Nation of Shopkeepers will stand by the sidelines, uttering mild and sporadic cheers for each side, as is her time-honored custom. At some future date, when the myth of our contemporary democracies is exploded, and we find out what we're really fighting for, England will join in with us.

And whom will we be fighting? Well, boys, it will be the play-off between the American League and the National League if you will pardon the expression. Us, France and Russia being the American League, and Japan, Italy, and Germany being the National League. Get it?

Now, of course, this next war that we're going to get into will give us some strange bed-fellows. The Russians beard may itch us considerably, lying side by side, but when we start scratching, we'll get rid of a lot of lice, with apologies to the ladies.

In the long run, we'll win out, because you may trounce armies, but you can't down a people. And that, chums, (are we assuming an undue familiarity?) is who is going to fight the next war: the "people."

We have always been opposed to war. All the squat-mutts in the three upper classes will remember us as being particularly difficult in Drill. We have always been of the opinion that war never settles anything.

We have changed our mind. No amount of rational argument or exposition will get us out of the mess that we are in. The forces that are operating against all dictates of common decency in their efforts to preserve their own rotten order at any cost, both here and abroad, are going to any lengths and are using all weapons to accomplish their own purposes. This is no time for gentlemanly and squeamish conduct.

America must fight. The only question which confronts us now is that of "when?" Do we strike now, before the Fascist forces (notice, please, that we don't say nations) are ready? Because that's the only thing that's holding up this shindig—they're not ready. Germany is not yet self-sufficient in case of war, nor is Italy. Japan has not yet established herself in North China, where she can keep China from aiding Russia. Do we fight now?

Or do we wait until the war has been on for some time, and then go in time for the last show? Because by that time, our mutual enemies will be on their last legs.

We are inclined to favor immediate action. If we fight now, we'll know what we're fighting for. If we wait 'til later, our intellectual horizon will very probably be obscured by a smoke-screen of "Make the World Safe for Democracy," and "Protect our shores from the Yellow Peril," or "Protect our shores from the short-haired Peril," or "Protect our shores from the Spaghetti Peril!"

Big-stuff. But baloney. It's a pity that none of us will live to see the outcome of what we will fight and die for, but it's about time we became long-headed and

Notice

A short organization meeting for all persons in both colleges interested in stage design, will be held at Mitchell Hall, November 22, at 4.10 p. m. The purpose is to find a suitable time for regular meetings and to briefly outline the work to be attempted.

Seeing Eye Dog And Owner Come To College Hour



Blind Miss Hazel Hurst with her Seeing Eye dog, Babe, will speak at College Hour Tuesday, November 30.

Miss Hurst, who has been blind from birth, was trained at the Seeing Eye of Morristown, N. J., as was her shepherd dog Babe, and is one of the two people authorized to speak for that organization. Her home is in Oneonta, N. Y.

The understanding and team work between her and her dog is said to be a marvelous thing to watch. She travels about the country alone, except for the dog, and due to its intelligence and the quick understanding between them, has no difficulty in making her way around.

A remarkable illustration of the dog's care of her mistress is related. As they were walking along a sidewalk, they approached an awning which hung so low that while the dog could have passed under it, Miss Hurst would have struck her head. The dog looked at the awning and led her mistress around outside the overhanging obstacle.

Miss Hurst will tell of the training which she and the dog received at The Seeing Eye and of the wonderful confidence and joy which the possession of such a trained dog gives to a blind person, illustrating her talk with stories and incidents.

The College Hour Committee announces that since this is not a regular College Hour, attendance is not compulsory but it invites the students of both Delaware College and Women's College to hear Miss Hurst's talk. After the College Hour, Miss Hurst will be the guest of Dean Robinson for lunch at the Women's College.

Pueribus kibus
Sweets girloium
Girlikus likibus
Wanta somorum

Girlibus pateribus
Enter parlorum
Kick pueribus
Exit duorum

Nightibus darkibus
Nonus lamporum

Jumpibus fencibus
Pantibus torum

—(Exchange)

Leland Stowe

(Continued from Page 1)

munism that the New Deal.

Mr. Stowe hinted that since in reality Spain is being invaded by foreign countries, the United States should aid it by supplies to the loyalists. (Notice: This is what I understood during the talk, maybe it's not what the ace reporter meant, but it is what it sounded like.)

During the rest of the talk, Mr. Stowe told what was going to happen in Europe. Evidently Germany is going to take the northern European countries like Czechoslovakia or Ukraine around next spring, when, according to the ace reporter, Hitler is due for an attack of spring fever.

Italy, says Mr. Stowe, will garner all the countries around the Mediterranean and then Mr. Stowe was at a loss to figure out what will happen, and so were we.

Discussion Is Held After Stowe's Talk

When Mr. Stowe had concluded his address he offered to answer any questions which members of the audience might care to ask.

The first question raised was to what extent Americans had enlisted in the International Brigade, now fighting on the Madrid front for the Loyalists. Mr. Stowe answered that the International Brigade comprised 10,000 men of which 2,000 were Americans.

Philip Traynor, a student of the Men's College, pointed to the recent dictatorship established in Brazil as he inquired whether Fascism threatened the Western Hemisphere. Stowe explained that there are now six dictatorships existing in South America, the only republic "in toto" being Colombia. "These states are very unstable and their early transition to Fascism would not be surprising. We must realize that there is a Monroe Doctrine against foreign interference of a material nature but there is no Monroe Doctrine against 'influence'."

Paul Bruno, a leading light on the Delaware campus, had gathered from Mr. Stowe's remarks that Benito Mussolini (present head of the Italian government) was not a person of the highest moral principles as evidenced by his "protective measures" in Ethiopia, Spain, and the Mediterranean. Thereupon Mr. Bruno queried "Do you realize, Mr. Stowe, that at the end of the Great War there were settled in what is now French Morocco 50,000 Italian settlers and only 6,000 French troops and that, in spite of this fact, the Versailles Treaty awarded this territory to France, . . . er, I don't mean to put you on the spot, Mr. Stowe."

Stowe replied, "I don't mind being put on the spot, as you describe it, but that is a three barreled question . . . it would take me all night to explain the various 'shady' deals in international politics." Nevertheless the journalist said that he condemned Hitler and Mussolini for their present game of "hold-up" in Spain and in the Mediterranean.

Stephen Saltzman, sports editor of THE REVIEW, then posed the final query. "Mr. Stowe," asked Saltzman, "what would be the result if anyone happened to penetrate the hitherto impenetrable bodyguard of Hitler and assassinate him?"

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Newark Has Witty Signs Galore
In Little Garage on College Avenue

BY LEOPOLD POLONI

Credit Department on the Tenth Floor. That's the way a sign reads that they got in the little garage on South College Avenue facing the campus. And the funny thing about it . . . gosh, you'll laugh . . . is that there isn't any tenth floor on the little garage. We looked. You see the idea. What they mean is that they haven't got any credit department.

That's just one of the signs. The whole place is full of signs like that. Take this one: *Tend to the Man at the Gas Pump. He's in a Hurry.* That's for the employees, because sometimes they're working on a job and don't hear a car stop for gas.

Then there's another one along the same lines: *See that cushions and Steering Wheel are Clean Before Job is Turned Out.* How do you like that one? Kind of makes you want to get your car wrecked so you can take advantage of all the efficient service.

Then of course, they have four standard *No Smoking* signs scattered around. They must be gag signs like the one about the credit department though, because everybody in the garage seemed to be smoking pipes the time we were in there.

Here's one in poetry, that has a moral.

You need your money,

Sam Arnold, George Baker To Attend I.R.S. Conference

Sam Arnold, Senior in Economics, and George Baker, Junior in Education, were the two men selected to represent the University of Delaware Athenaeum Society at the Eastern Regional Conference of the International Relations Society at St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. These men were selected by Dr. George H. Ryden, Professor of History, and Dr. Joseph Gould, Professor of Economics.

I need mine,
If we both get ours
Won't that be fine
If you get yours
And mine too,
What in h-ll
Am I going to do?

The h-ll probably means hell. (We can be frank about those things in the REVIEW.) The whole thing kind of makes you think of a nice quiet little beer parlor doesn't it?

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Hazing

(Continued from Page 1)

lowing the Pep-Fest and Rat Court last Friday night. The Rat Court, the third of the semester, was held as usual in the Student Council Room of Old College. Nine Freshman violators of the Rat Rules were blindfolded as usual, and tried by two Spartans. Two non-Spartan members of the Sophomore class were in the room as spectators.

Joe Holzman and Ray Hecht were each accused of not wearing rat caps. Roach was accused of general insubordination. The Court decided to take no action against Holzman and Hecht, but they decreed that Roach should yell "Beat Washington!" when going up steps to Main street, and Old College, starting Monday. The Freshmen usually take up the war cry Thursday preparatory to the Saturday football games.

These three, Holzman, Hecht, and Roach, while they were still blindfolded, were led down the stairs to the basement of Old College. There they were seized by the "Omegas." Adhesive tape was plastered over their mouths, and they were put in separate cars and driven out of Newark. The cars stopped and the liquid solution was applied to the Freshmen's faces. It was impossible, said Hecht and Holzman to tell whether it was applied with a brush or pencil, or finger. They said that at the time they figured it was a solution of iodine or paint, and they remained passive during the application.

Still blindfolded, they were driven off again. (A member of the Omegas told THE REVIEW that they did not drive out of Delaware). Holzman was let out of his car at Hockessin, and the other two were ejected together at a spot on route 7, several miles out of Newark.

Holzman went into a tavern to get his bearings. Seeing the marks on his face, he thought they were black paint. He and the woman proprietor of the establishment futilely applied alcohol and turpentine to remove the marks. He then hitch-hiked to Newark in two rides. He attended classes Saturday morning, but his face stung so severely that he sought medical aid, and was subsequently confined to Flower Hospital.

Hecht and Roach also hitch-hiked to Newark. Roach, who is a commuter and lives in Wilmington, phoned home and his father drove down after him. He was least marked of the three, and returned to classes Monday.

Hecht and Holzman are roommates, and since Saturday their activities have been pretty much the same. They share the same room in Flower Hospital, and have been receiving men and women visitors. Ernie George, injured varsity fullback, is also confined to the hospital, and this disturbs the Freshmen no end, as most of the beautiful babes who visit the hospital visit Ernie. Both Holzman and Hecht are wishing for Ernie's speedy recovery.

Car Safety Theses May Bring Prizes

If you've got any old theses about traffic safety laying around, or if you're interested in writing one, you might be able to cash in if you send it to C.L.T. Safety Foundation at 1 Park Ave., N. Y.

It's an honest-to-goodness, up-and-coming, on-the-level, contest. They pay off, and they print your name, and all sorts of peachy things—if you win.

First prize is 500 simoleums, 2nd is 250, 3rd is 100, and two honorable mentions at 50 apiece. Last year a fella by the name Phinney from Newark College of Engineering copped first prize.

Phortunately phull phacts about the aphair are phloating around the REVIEW opffice phor phellas who are phiguring on phinding out about it. All this phanphare is just to phill up a phillable phragment of space.

Tau Beta Pi Holds Semi-annual Feed

Tau Beta Pi, the exclusive engineering fraternity, had its customary semi-annual feed in Old College last Saturday night. The idea was to induct some new members. Those inducted were: G. E. Romer, Santa Clara '98; F. H. Buck, Delaware '16; M. McMahon '37; E. Lipstein '38; A. Huston '38; R. Huchison '38. Marvin Rambo, Tau Beta Pi President, mastered the ceremonies for the affair.

A number of outstanding men spoke after everybody finished eating. These outstanding men were: G. E. Romer, Chief Engineer at Hercules Powder Company; M. O. Rowe, Power Engineer at Hercules;

A. S. Glazer, another Power Engineer at Hercules; F. S. Buck, Superintendent of Atlas Point Works; Dean R. S. Spencer; Dr. S. Blumberg, sponsor of Tau Beta Pi; W. Benson, former president; W. Hoffecker, former secretary. Guests at the get-together hailed from schools as far away as University of California, Stevens College, Iowa State, and University of Delaware.

This is a new idea for Tau Beta Pi, having all the guests put in a few words, instead of having a single speaker. Something on the order of football players at pep fests.

There will be a spring initiation on March 12, when some more notable engineers will be inducted into Tau Beta Pi.

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