Officers of the Battalion in 1904. Military training was mandatory for all male students at Delaware until 1968.

SOMETHING OLD

Erin Hagar and Josh Goodman relax under a tree on the Mall. Reading the Review and enjoying ice cream from Baskin Robins were just a few of the ways Delaware students found to fill their spare time.

Student Life

Newark, Delaware, is hardly what most people would call the most exciting city in the world. But if you kept your eyes open, you realized that things weren't always as dull as they might seem. A true Delaware student could always find a way to have fun. In the university's early days, hazing of freshmen was a favorite activity for upperclassmen. In the 1970's, streaking became the fad, and in March of 1974, over 500 streakers ran down Main Street, setting off a riot. And true to Delaware's reputation, when liquor was banned within a two-mile radius of campus in the 1840's, student enlisted the aid of a shoeshiner, who would return their shoes with a little "surprise." From some of the wild activities of yesteryear to the tailgates of today, Student Life at Delaware is far from boring.

SOMETHING NEW

quest for the best

For some unlucky students who were under 21, the quest for the perfect fake ID was Mission Impossible. For others, it was a pretty easy task. Students have stories of traveling to other states to participate in clearly illegal activity in order to be admitted into campus bars, whereas others have just been lucky enough to find a perfectly legal license with a passable likeness of themselves.

Many go right past the bouncers nightly, but some aren't as lucky. Like the college freshman whose ID read that she was 25. Or the New York student with the Kentucky license. Apparently the doorman just wouldn't accept that *everyone* from Kentucky "toolks just loik this."

The reasons for having a bogus ID are manifold, from the ability to beat the system to simply wanting to go to a bar without the wretched mark of the minor on your hand. Whatever the reason, the ultimate phony ID is a major part of the college experience.

— *Heather DiStefano*

Good food, good drink, good friends, good fun . . . Friendships that last a day or a lifetime could be made at a good party.

AH, my sweet . . . After a long week, a long cold one has a tendency to be a student's best friend. UD students are proud to annually make MTV's top-five party school list. So is David Roselle.

Out about

It's 10 p.m. Friday night . . . do you know where your feet are?

Chances are, if you were anything like the rest of us at Delaware, you were out enjoying the bars here in Newark, and couldn't exactly *tell* what you were standing on, and really wouldn't like to see it in broad daylight. Nevertheless, students were having fun not thinking about it.

At five p.m., most university offices were closed and so were our minds if it dealt with anything academic. Fridays kicked off the usual three-day spree of mindless entertainment hosted by a multitude of fraternities, bars, and other such watering holes catering to the college crowd.

Sometimes there were even serious party events, like the annual long-awaited Wilburfest. As just about anyone here at the university will tell you, any event in which public drunkenness is a state of mind is a weekend must.

Of course, as fall turned into winter and then blossomed again into spring, we had Greek games and trips to the beach. But despite all the other attractions that came and went throughout the year, one thing was for certain — never, *ever* wear your good shoes to the Balloon.

— *Heather DiStefano*

We're having such a good time, we can't stand straight . . . But that's the best part, isn't it?

Say hic-cup, I mean cheese . . . Bridget Conley and Sandy Mendez savor their lasting friendship over their favorite Friday night brew. In their case, any thing with Malibu in it.

bleh

IT'S SATURDAY MORNING

Whoa. Ugh. Oof. Typical sounds emanating from any university domicile after a few too many fun-filled hours at fraternity houses, bars, or just hanging out. Yes, it was Saturday morning, time once again to head for the bathroom in a vain attempt to find the miracle hangover cure.

Seven Tylenol, an ice pack, and two pots of coffee later, you still had that queasy, dizzy feeling — not to mention caffeine shakes and a really cold forehead. You were convinced that your non-hungover roommate must have had three sixes somewhere on his body and that next time, you would definitely stop before you woke up with any pierced body parts.

After a long nap, a shower, and careful avoidance of any sound over two decibels, you were finally ready to face the day. Only now, it was nine p.m., and time to embark on yet another crusade for mindless entertainment. This time though, you knew when to say when — that navel ring could get infected, you know.

— Heather DiStefano

Put that camera away! Andrea Shinn awakes with a throbbing head after a long and very eventful night.

Blue Light Special Number 10 — free phones. As if you'd actually stop to make a call when being chased by a mad slasher.

Aarrgh! — Violators will also find that all of their radio stations have been switched, and an unfamiliar dent can now be found on the rear bumper.

Can I just tell you...

"Why do birds sing so gay?" Yeah, somebody shut 'em up — NOW. By March, when that great-to-be-back feeling had more or less evaporated, everyone was getting annoyed. From petty things like your roommate's weird habits, to major things like, well, your roommate's weird habits, annoyances pervaded the university like that strange chemical smell that came around on humid days.

So you wanted to register late or get official transcripts? Welcome to Student Services, where friendly and helpful desk attendants were as easy to come by as Easter grass in December. Oh well, at least they were awfully handy with that roll of red tape.

Short of cash at the end of the semester? RUN, don't walk, to the book buy back at the Student Center. "The $12 I got back from that $70 Shakespeare volume was more than enough to help out with those kidneys my mom needed" said Dave Goad. As we wondered how President Roselle got the money for those crystal chandeliers . . .

Late for class? Better hurry — you had a veritable obstacle course ahead of you with the bikers, the Jesus people, and that girl who swears she met you two Fridays ago. All this to get to class breathless, only to find out that it was canceled . . . ARRGH!!!

After all this needless aggravation, it was comforting to know that everybody else at this wonderful institution was dealing with the same petty annoyances. So we shut up, stopped complaining, and got over it. We were starting to annoy even ourselves.

— Heather DiStefano

Where were they building something? Right where you wanted to be. A lot of time and money went into this seemingly useless gazebo-thing outside the Student Center.

kept on ice

Although students who lived on campus during Winter session were more than inconvenienced by the horrible weather, those who commuted had it even worse. Many found themselves unable to dig their cars out, let alone make it to class. Even though the Newark road crews tried to keep the streets clean, their work proved to be in vain, as a salt shortage throughout the entire East Coast prevented them from clearing all of the ice. As a result, most students were unable to navigate the deadly roadways.

Some on-campus residents found themselves frozen in at home or a friend's house when storms hit unexpectedly. Michelle Bart, who found herself frozen in at home for an entire week in January, stated: "It was frustrating, I wanted to work on my research, but one day stretched into two, two into three, and by then, there was no reason to try to go back until next week."

It was clear that for many students, especially commuters, praying for a thaw took precedence over studying during Winter Session.

— Keri Csencsits

1 lots

AND LOTS AND LOTS

Snow and ice, snow and ice, and more snow and ice . . . Thus was winter 1994 at Delaware. From the beginning of Winter Session to the first week of Spring semester, the University was crippled by huge amounts of snow, sleet, and slush. At least five major winter storms swept through the area during the month of January, burying the campus in white stuff and making the walk to class treacherous for those who stayed for Winter Session. The weather actually forced the university to close its doors for a day because residents were frozen in and commuters, professors, and administrators frozen out. It was a winter when pipes froze and burst on a regular basis and when bulldozers, not snow shovels, hauled away the mess.

The bad weather continued into Spring semester, as nearly a foot of slush on the ground greeted returning students. The snow and rainfall continued as well, prompting student Mike Milner to declare, "It precipitates slush here." Later that week, another major storm hit, closing the University yet again. The bulldozers shoveled the streets once more, adding tons to the snow mountain range next to the Conover apartment complex until the peaks rose higher than the roofs of the buildings.

By the middle of February, everyone but the most diehard of snow lovers was ready to shoot the groundhog who had seen his shadow.

Never had spring looked so good.

— *Keri Csencsits*

Boy, that's a big snow shovel you've got there! The University's standard piece of snow removal equipment during the month of January tackles yet another job in front of McKinley laboratory. Even with the heavy machinery working to keep streets and sidewalks clean, students still found their walk to class to be treacherous.

Skipping Out

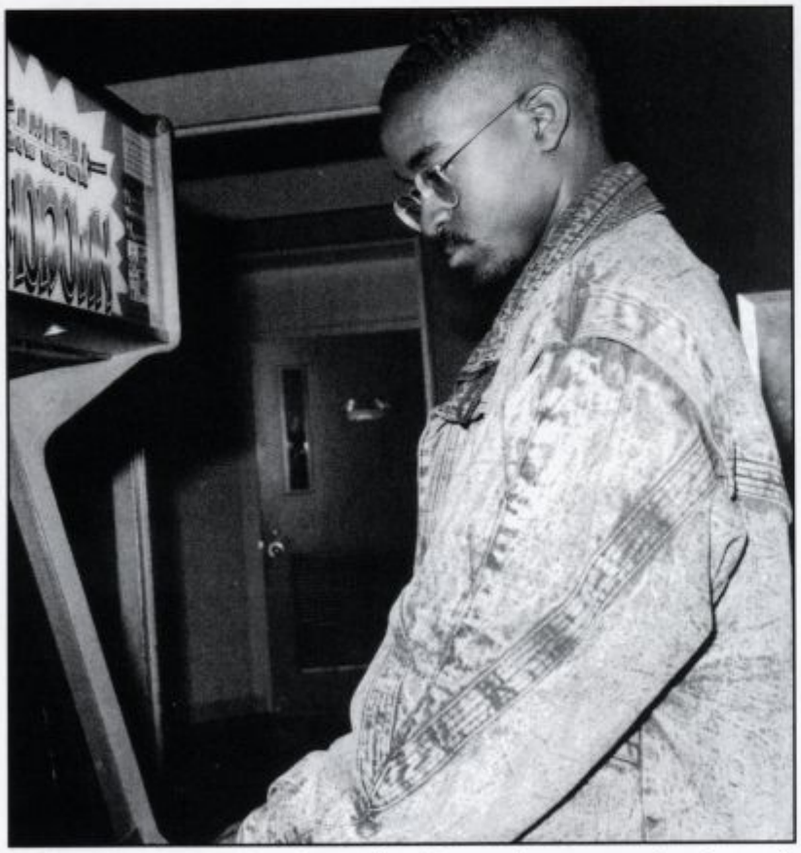
Newark, 8:00 A.M. — The golden leaves fell quietly, birds chirped happy little songs, and a gentle breeze announced the glorious arrival of another tranquil autumn morning.

Somewhere, a Delaware student peeled himself off the ceiling after the clock radio went off wailing 900 decibels of Pearl Jam. Good Morning, it was time to start another day of education and enlightenment . . . or maybe not.

Right about then, the eternal question was popping into everybody's mind — "Are we going over anything necessary today?" Of course, in classes like General Psych. or Linguistics, we tended to wonder if anything was necessary. Honestly — how many of us know what (or is that "who?") Gestalt is? And hey, if you'd just be drifting in and out of consciousness anyway, why not do it in the (relative) comfort of your dorm? At least no one else would see that puddle of drool oozing from the side of your mouth.

Yes, despite attendance policies, the ominous "pop quiz", and the fact that our parents were back home eating Spaghetti-o's to keep us here, the temptation to sleep in overwhelmed all of us from time to time. Hey, Mom and Dad bought the down comforter, too — why let that go to waste? So you hit the snooze button, snuggled up to a little piece of home and slept off whatever was sliding down your throat earlier that morning . . . your next class wasn't until noon.

— Heather DiStefano

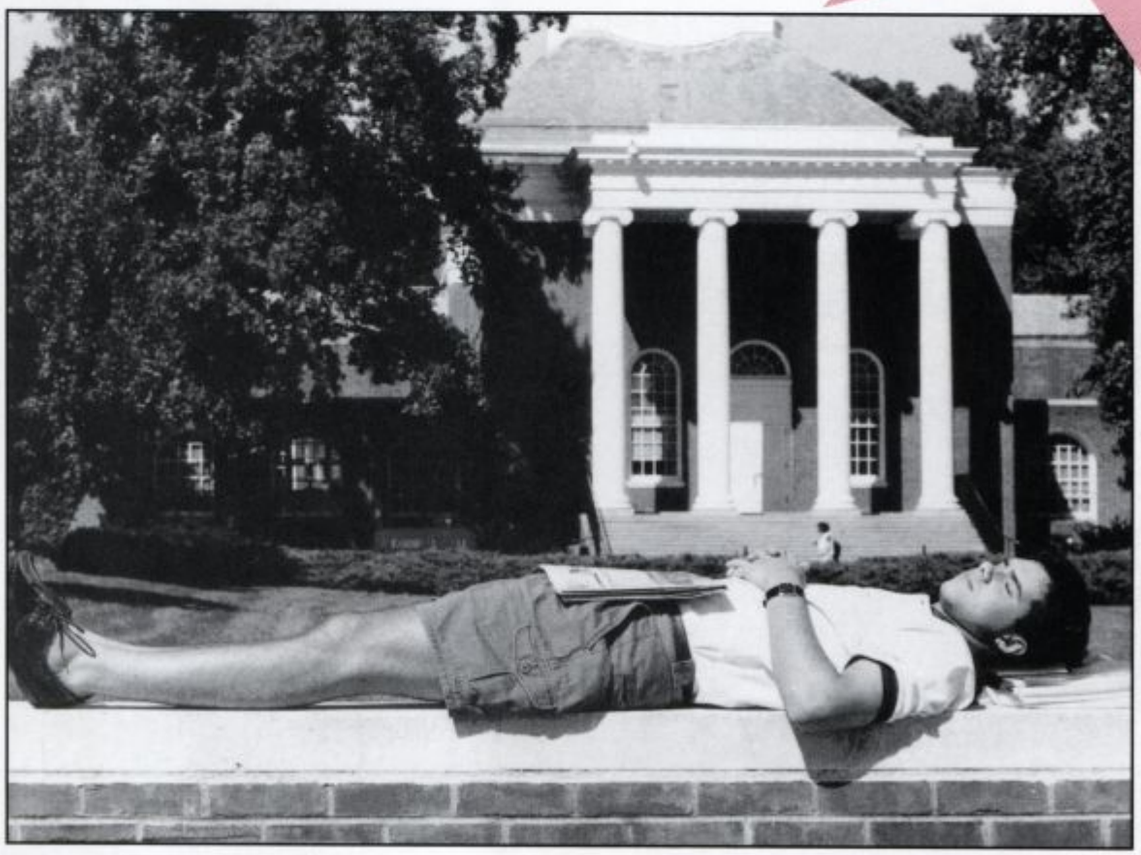


"I was going to go to class, but . . ." The arcade game "Shogun" proves too addictive for this student as he spends class time perfecting his hand-eye coordination. Many people found that the arcade in Perkins Student Center was an attractive alternative to attending lectures.

"I was going to go to class, but . . ." Warm, late summer sunshine tempts this student to just sit and people watch for a bit. Class attendance usually dropped noticeably on sunny Thursdays and Fridays.

"We were going to go to class, but . . . " A beautiful day prompts these friends to plan a field trip of their own. Many students, feeling they needed a break from class, embarked on excursions to places such as the Christiana Mall or Carpenter State Park.

"I was going to go to class, but . . . " A late night, a comfortable pile of books, and a boring lecture cause this student to give up on studying and take a nap instead. On nice days, many University of Delaware inhabitants could be found napping throughout campus, especially in quiet places such as the South Central mall.



1950's

1970's

1980's

evolution

Real chickens may have evolved millions of years ago, but Delaware's Fightin' Blue Hen has undergone many changes in the past forty years. In the Fifties, the beloved mascot appeared as though a giant paper mache' chicken fell on a football player. Although realistic looking (except for possessing unnaturally long legs) the costume had its limitations — it contained no arm, er . . . wing, holes, for instance.

The Hen gradually evolved into the form it took in the Seventies — that of a fierce, feathered fighter. It's demise was a mystery, for it was arguably the most vicious looking of all forms of the mascot; perhaps it molted.

Its successor, rumored to have been homemade, looked . . . interesting. Although fans cheered its hilarious antics, they panned its overalled, nearly tailless style. As a result, it eventually flew the coop.

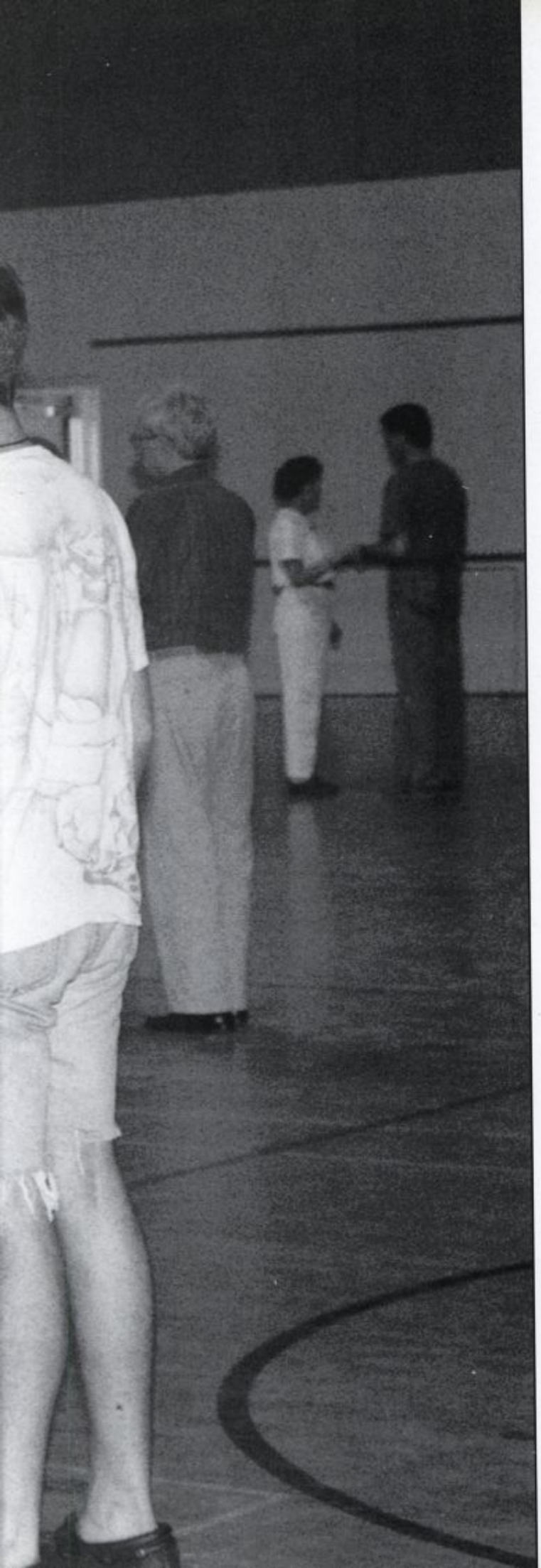
Finally, at the first football game of 1993, the latest, greatest, and most expensive mascot, creatively named YoUDee, premiered. The new Hen, sporting fashionable large sneakers and a UD logo turtleneck, continued the zany antics of his predecessor. While some thought he looked like Woody Woodpecker, others admired his full tail and nasty looking spurs. Although a newcomer to the Delaware mascot tradition, YoUDee definitely made an impression upon the Fightin' Blue Hen faithful.

We scheduled it and didn't get it — *ever.* Whether it was a high lottery number, or a computer who in fact really did not like us, Introduction to Performance has become the mission impossible of university scheduling.

What's the enigma that attracts college students like the proverbial Pied Piper? Is it the lure of an easy A? The attractive sound of a promising career in performance? Or, do we just want the class so we can learn to lie on cue? Whatever the reason *is,* almost every student here at the University has found that Performance was well worth the time spent.

— Heather DiStefano

come hell or high water . . .



i t ain't ROCKET SCIENCE

Everyone put up with all the boring pre-requisites, required courses, and other classes which would guarantee them their personal well-roundedness. In their last few semesters, students yelled, "DAMN THEM ALL!" — and finally took all those fun classes that not only held the promise of an A, but were entertaining at the same time.

Lauren Mednick recalls Introduction to Theater and Drama as being, "the only class that I didn't mind paying for." Theater, along with other cultural classes such as Beginning Ballroom Dance, were actively sought and definitely preferred over Business Law, Finance, and Organic Chemistry.

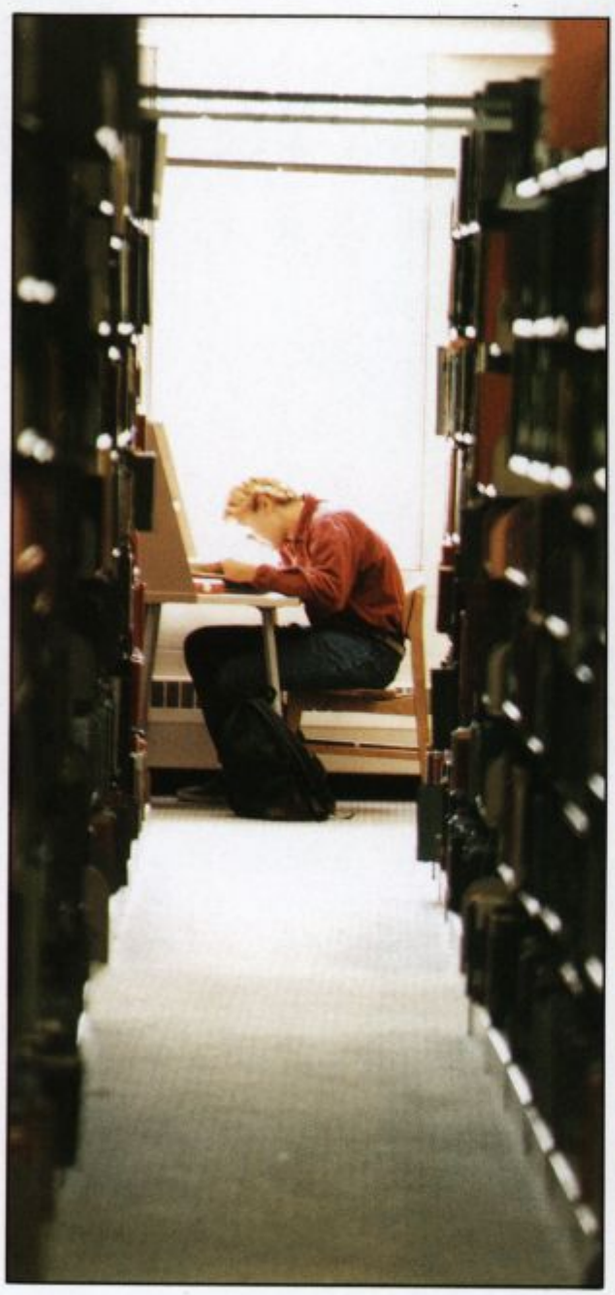
Take Art, for example. Anyone who took Fundamentals of Design knew that it basically consisted of nine weeks filled with foam core, glue, and acrylic paint. There's also the possibility of having to sit with a girl who can "relate" to flowers, but then again thats what makes the class so fun.

Even though free electives had the same educational value as a box of Oreos does for our health, students ended up saving themselves (and their GPAs) a lot of undue stress, because hey — three credits were three credits.

— Heather DiStefano

You put your right foot in??? Actually, this class isn't Hokey Pokey 101 — it's Ballroom Dance. However improbable it may seem, the class was extremely popular among undergraduates as a Physical Education requirement.

Hmm, the mechanisms of photosynthesis — An Honors student researches for a term paper in Morris Library. Although Honors classes were smaller, many professors required extra work of students.



From the classroom to the courtyard — Kathleen Duke, acting associate director of the Honors Program takes advantage of an unseasonably warm autumn day as she teaches her E110 Honors English class outdoors. The class, which dealt with the role of the anti-hero in American literature, "was the best class I've ever taken" said freshman Kimberly Fenn.

honor Roll

Why the Honors program? For hundreds of University of Delaware students, that question was easy to answer. Many felt that the small, personal, challenging classes were what made the program special. Others liked the opportunities afforded them by participation in the program, such as Honors housing. Still others appreciated the programs, trips, and gatherings sponsored by the program. Students participated in events such as the Honors coffeehouse, ski trips, and excursions to amusement parks and museums.

The Honors program also offered students plenty of academic opportunities. Freshmen were encouraged to work for their first year's Honors Certificate, while upperclassmen might qualify for the Advanced Honors Certificate. The program encouraged undergraduate research and urged its students to complete a Degree with Distinction as well.

Whether for one or several of the reasons listed above, it was clear that many students were happy with their decision to participate in the Honors program at Delaware. The program has helped make the academic life of students more challenging and more rewarding.

— Keri Csencsits

Mission control — The Honors Center, located at Kent Way and South College avenue, provided a great atmosphere for students; as well as a center for information and programs. Many students took advantage of its study rooms to cram for exams and to review papers with writing fellows.

What was the single most important technological advancement in the residence halls this year? The voice mail? Too many numbers to remember. The ethernet data lines? Nice, but too expensive to connect to. Self cleaning bathrooms? Just kidding. Of course, the single most important technological advancement in the residence halls since the invention of PDI was . . . cable TV.

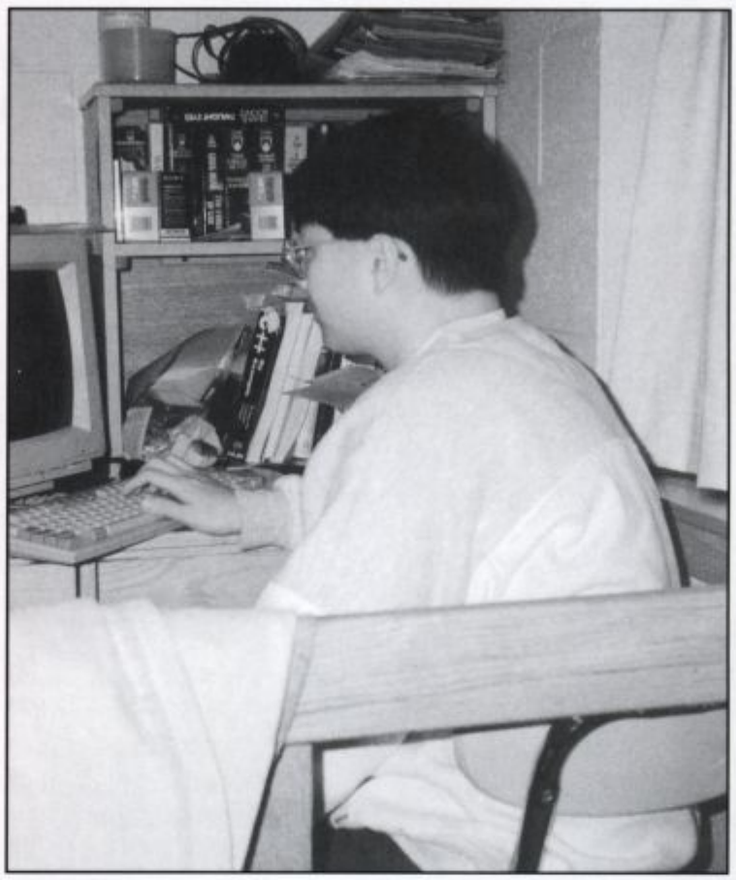
No more would we smash

say good-bye to antennas . . .

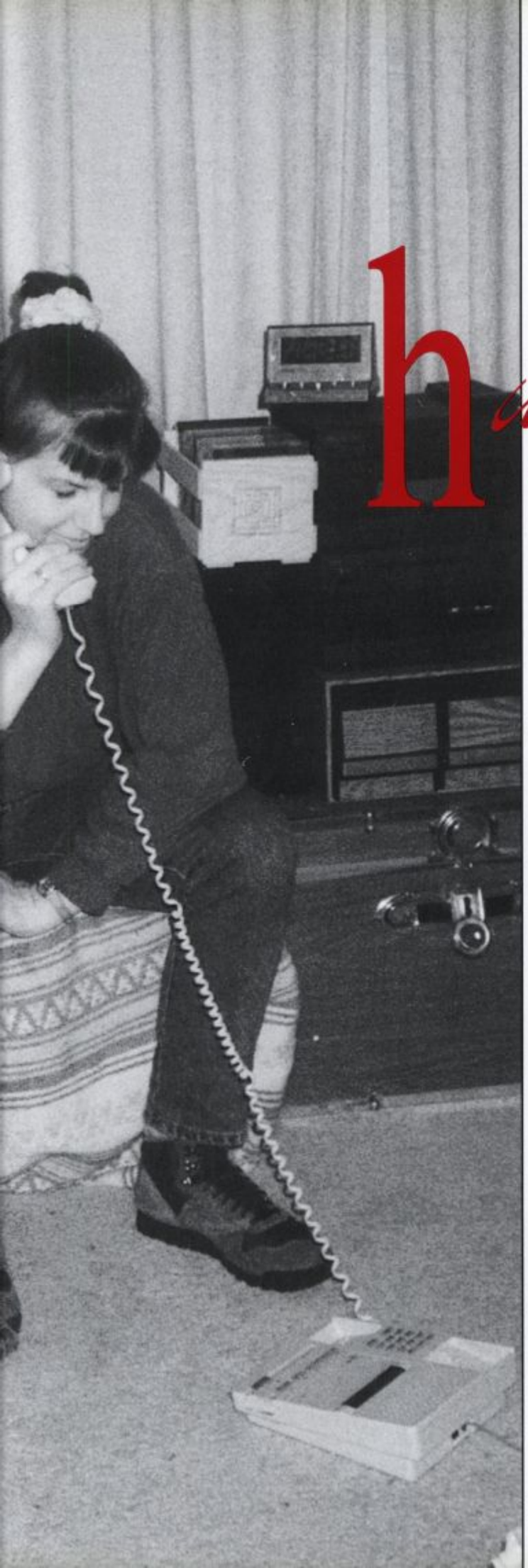
into the lounge to watch 90210. Oh no, because we had the power, we had the control, we had 50 CHANNELS, in living color, in our rooms. From CNN to Sci-Fi, from Discovery to MTV, court channels, sport channels, and the ubiquitous UD Bulletin board Channel 2, we had them all. And how could we forget the always entertaining Channel 48 logo? Now, about studying . . .

— Keri Csencsits

No new messages? Glen Ni checks his E-mail during a study break. Throughout the year, more and more students became dependent upon the system to keep in touch with professors and friends.



Change the Channel! A group of Ray Street community members utilizes the new cable lines in their main lounge. Gatherings like this became less frequent this year as students tended to stay in their rooms to watch TV.



high tech

V-mail, E-mail . . . Whatever happened to answering machines and the U.S. postal service? Recorded messages, envelopes, and stamps became less prevalent on campus as the University moved students into the future of communications.

Electronic mail accounts enabled students to communicate with one another, with professors, or with outside parties and news groups through the University's UNIX system. This innovation created "e-mail junkies" as many students found it easier to communicate through electronic lines rather than face to face. Some became attached to the MUD role playing games, while others engaged in E-mail romances, or roamed the Internet looking for electronic conversation. Many students discovered that they could contact friends at other universities through the system as well.

Another new technology, voice mail, was installed this past summer in all residence hall phones. At first, the system frustrated students with its seemingly endless string of numbers and codes one had to punch in to receive one's messages. However, as students gradually learned how to use the replacement for their answering machines, the benefits became clear. Students could check their messages from other phones, open up a private mailbox, or send mass mailings.

Although some still refused to use new advances on campus, it was clear that these technologies would someday become as commonplace as answering machines and stationery.

What was the mailbox code again? Upon returning to her room, Jen Lankford checks her voice mail for any new or saved messages. At first annoying, the V-mail system eventually proved to be convenient for students.

Listening for alien intelligence? No, these satellite dishes, located off of Wyoming Avenue, are the reason that the new cable system receives nearly fifty channels.

ah, man ...

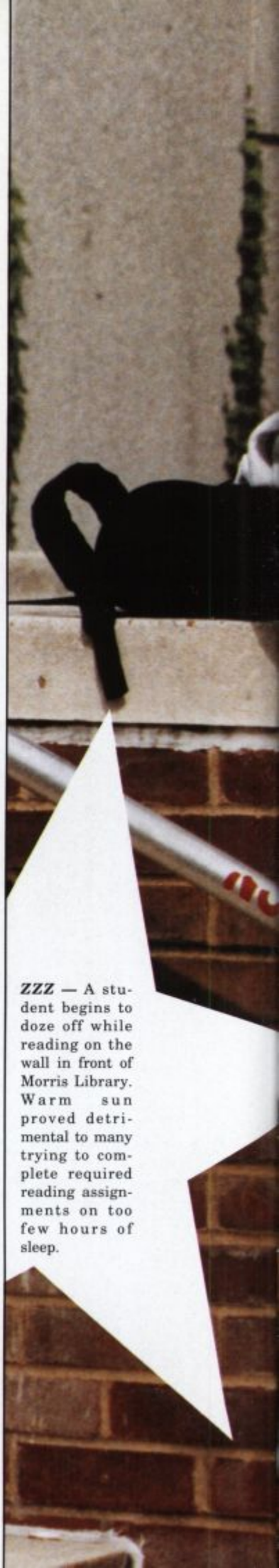
PLEASE JUST LET ME SLEEP!

Joe A. Student pulled an all-niter last night. After he finished his term paper at seven o'clock in the morning, he stumbled to the shower, got dressed, and staggered, bleary-eyed, to his eight o'clock, attendance mandatory Biology class. Here he experienced stage one of college Sleep Deprivation syndrome — confusion. He wasn't sure if he was even in the right building, let alone the correct lecture room. After about two minutes of intense thought, he determined that he was indeed in the right place. After slouching down in his seat, he experienced stage two of Sleep Deprivation syndrome — narcolepsy. He slept through the entire lecture, awakening with a choked scream after dreaming he was being devoured by an amoeba. Realizing the lecture was over, he walked to his next class and gratefully handed in his term paper, Then, on his way to lunch he began to experience Sleep Deprivation stage three — the caffeine convulsions. Yes, the six cups of coffee, three cans of Jolt, and two Vivarin he consumed last night had finally kicked in, six hours after he needed them. During lunch, stage four of the syndrome, hallucination, began. After exclaiming loudly that his steamed broccoli spear looked just like Elvis, he was taken back to his room by concerned friends. There, he peacefully slept through an afternoon lecture and lab, until the phone call at eight woke him up.

"Hey, Joe, did you know we have a midterm tomorrow?"

Joe's scream was heard in Philadelphia.

— Keri Csencsits



ZZZ — A student begins to doze off while reading on the wall in front of Morris Library. Warm sun proved detrimental to many trying to complete required reading assignments on too few hours of sleep.

fiendish fun

It was a dark and stormy night . . . On a very rainy Homecoming Halloween eve the campus stood quiet, most of its inhabitants taking shelter. As the night wore on, however, strange shapes began to appear from houses and residence halls. Ghosts drifted across sodden lawns, goblins splashed through puddles, and ghouls snarled in annoyance at the downpour.

Were these apparitions ghosts of Blue Hens past? Of course not. They were students, on their way to party as usual on a Saturday night. Tonight, however, they were greeted at the door by an assortment of characters, some mythical, some historical, some fictional, and some just plain unrecognizable. Inside the "haunted houses" vampires mixed with werewolves, and the living dead danced with Victorian maids.

Whatever the costume and wherever the party or get-together, thousands of University of Delaware students enjoyed their very wet Homecoming weekend. Halloween just seemed to add some "fiendish fun" to the festivities.

— Keri Csencsits

Pow-wow — A Mickey Mouse disciple (Mari-Ann Taylor) Pocahontas (Michelle Bart) and a French maid (Kari Lee) get together for a chat at a party. Characters from many different legends and stories converged all around campus.

Here's looking at you — Matt Williams, the Blood Sucking Pirate, hangs out with a friend at a Homecoming/Halloween bash. In addition to the costumes and beer, the evening was also a chance for friends to enjoy each other's company.

Lurking in the halls — A mysterious apparition roams a Dickinson hallway in search of Halloween candy, Halloween brought out even more hungry students than usual.

Ghoulish guzzling — "The Troll" — a.k.a. Chris Rogers — downs a beer in preparation for a night of celebration. Many students found it necessary to tailor their Halloween costumes to a night of drinking.

1918 . . . Having just felled this tree, the student council, whose membership rivals today's, lets their personalities shine through by posing in their most unique suits.

1952 . . . Spreading his "dinks" all over campus, this upperclassman prepares freshman for college life.

1934 . . . "Hello, you love me, won't you tell me your name?" Sporting sartorial style this Phi Tau brother schmoozes with the camera.

You look mah-vel-less!

Fashion is probably the single most noticeable change throughout the years at Delaware. Who, if anyone, was here when platforms and bell-bottoms were cool the *first* time? And why did they get a second chance?

Of course, future UD grads will probably leaf through their yearbooks and wonder why they *ever* wore flannel with torn jeans and Doc Martins.

But, despite their generations fashionable floundering, they'll always justify it by saying that previous classes wore those goofy tight polos with embroidered alligators. Then, of course, other stone-age students wore those tiny white shorts with white trim — Atari, anyone? And who could forget that their mothers wore those adorable little poodle skirts — Hey Mrs. C., when's dinner? Of course this was right before the era that immortalized National Geographic couture, the fashion that streaked its way across the nation — that's right, folks, nudity.

The array of fashions that have pervaded the university throughout its 251 year history has been exhausting — but we've kept up with current styles and made our university one of the most fashionably aware yet.

THE NOW
UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

Between the rain and the cold and the mud and the fact that university students were out in it on November 6, Homecoming was easily turned into Hellcoming. Stories regarding Homecoming nightmares ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous.

One such story from an anonymous senior dealt with a Greek mixer that was straight from Lucifer's Lair. To combat the weather that was surely coming, the mixing fraternity decided to rent a tent for the big day. However, the tent wasn't there on time, and

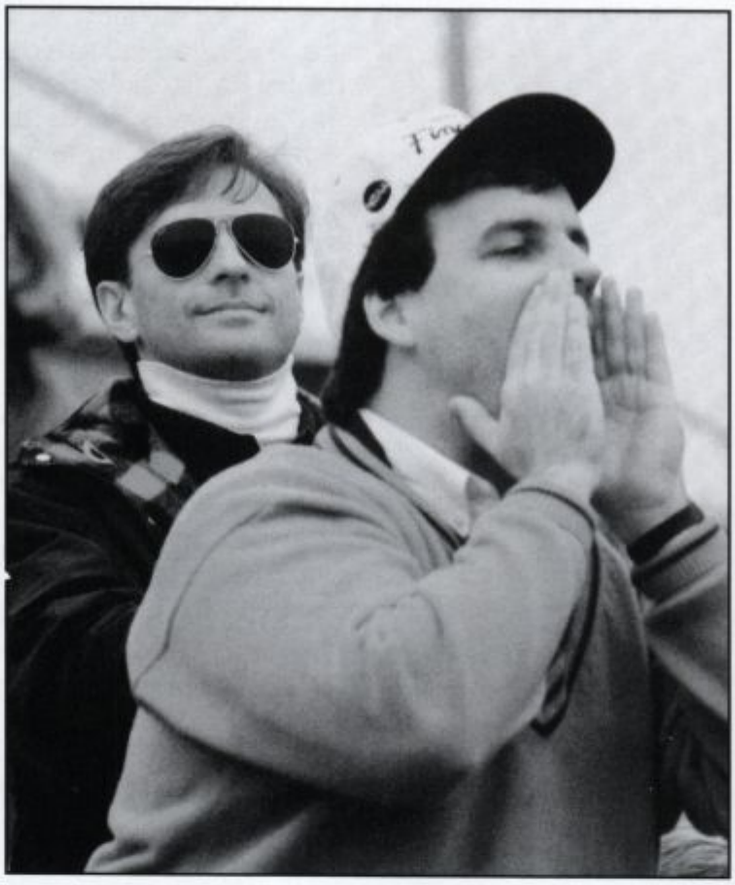
shudda stayed home

instead of keeping everyone out of the rain, mud, and mire, the senior's sorority along with the mixer fraternity ended up assembling a tent in their dresses and heels.

There were endless other stories about ruined tailgates, ruined clothes, and of course the umbrella that just wouldn't work. However, despite all the mishaps and misfortunes dealing with the inclement weather, we all managed to push it aside and have a good time, and made this one of the best Homecoming celebrations yet.

— Heather DiStefano

"Go Hens!" Sporting All-Star collegiate style, Ray — Ban-Man wonders, "What's all the yelling about?" While some fans enjoyed cheering on their team, others opted to simply watch the game.



The Great Chicken Caper — Jovial students celebrating a win — or wreckless youth attempting to heave the hen from the stadium? YoUDee was an active part of the Homecoming festivities.

football, beer, & mud

"Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day . . . "

Yes, it was November 6, 1993, time for Delaware's annual Homecoming. Instead of another warm autumn day filled with orange leaves and blue skies, it ended up being a day that made everyone wonder if they would encounter pairs of animals on the way to the football stadium.

With umbrellas and ticket stubs in tow, fans made their way to the "student section" (that's code for "cheap seats") and cheered their team on to victory over Maine. The game wasn't the day's only big contest, though. At halftime friends, brothers, and sisters represented organizations across campus, vying for the coveted Homecoming crown. By the end of the honors, the winners were announced and Genikwa Williams from the Black Student Union was crowned as Queen and John O'Keefe from the Inter-Fraternity Council as King of Homecoming festivities.

Later that night, students visited and revisited some of the places that made their college days great. Some enjoyed the company of older brothers and sisters at the Greek houses. Elsewhere, at watering holes like Deer Park, Kate's, and of course, the Balloon, they met up with friends from their present and from their past. It was clearly a great weekend, despite the weather, and one that many will long remember.

— *Heather DiStefano*

All hail the Queen — With a smile brighter than the day's sun, accepts her crown. Williams, of the Black Genikwa Williams student Union, was elected Homecoming Queen.

Standin' in the rain — Amidst the mire of late October, dedicated fans turned out for the annual Homecoming game. In actuality, they were only escaping the mire of the parking lot.

1.) If you could have any job you wanted you would choose:

a.) University Bricklayer (excellent job security)

b.) Liquor Store Owner

c.) Physicist (someone has to be)

d.) Stripper (in case you were never really good at Physics)

2.) The best part about being a _____ is _____.

a.) Dockworker; free bananas.

b.) Student; you can always quit.

c.) Night Janitor; nothing.

d.) Decorator; unusual insight into people's fetishes.

3.) I chose a career as a male model because:

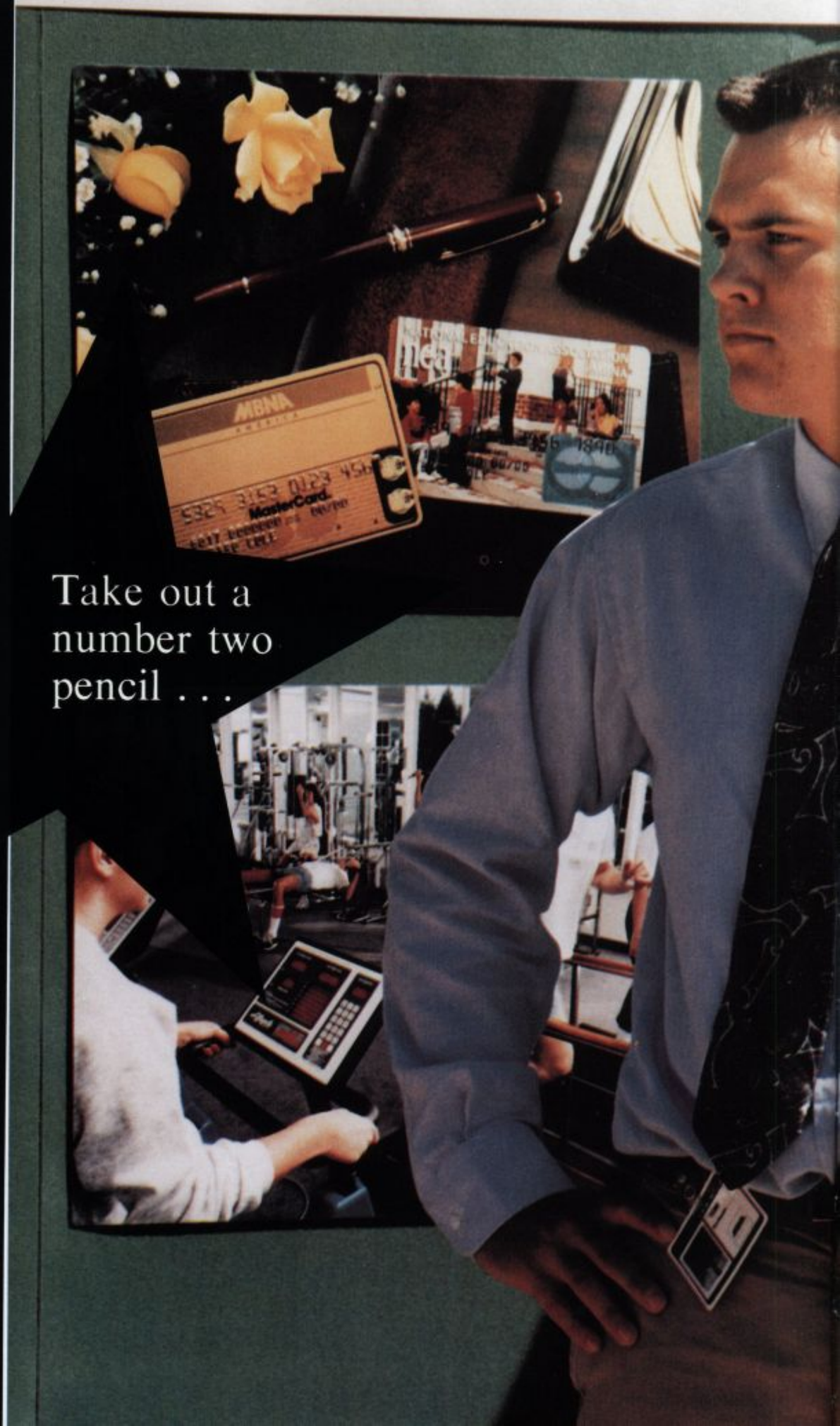
a.) easy way to get on an afternoon talkshow

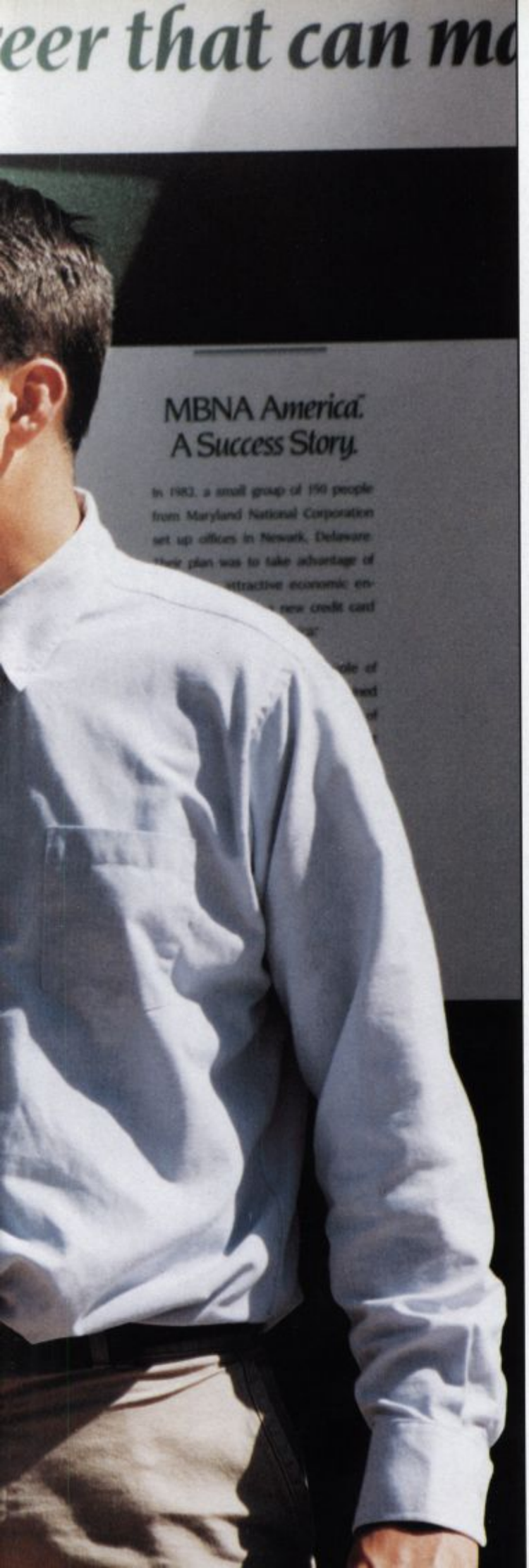
b.) Fabio started out as a 99 ½ pound weakling just like me!!

c.) the lure of easy money as a lawyer somehow didtn't appeal to me.

d.) I was never good at Physics.

MBNA America...a c





hi ho

OFF TO WORK WE GO

We had a paper due in English 3-0-something, two exams on Friday, and 15 hours of work in a bad company-issued shirt and goofy hat.

For some university students, working during the school year was inevitable. Rent, utilities, and other important debts (i.e., beer runs and credit cards) demanded hours of hard work that were usually rewarded with low pay.

Many students worked at the retail mecca called the Christiana Mall, pushing sweaters and jeans at the Gap or one of those department stores.

For those with a yen for business, MBNA offered higher pay with a less shadowy future for a post-graduation job.

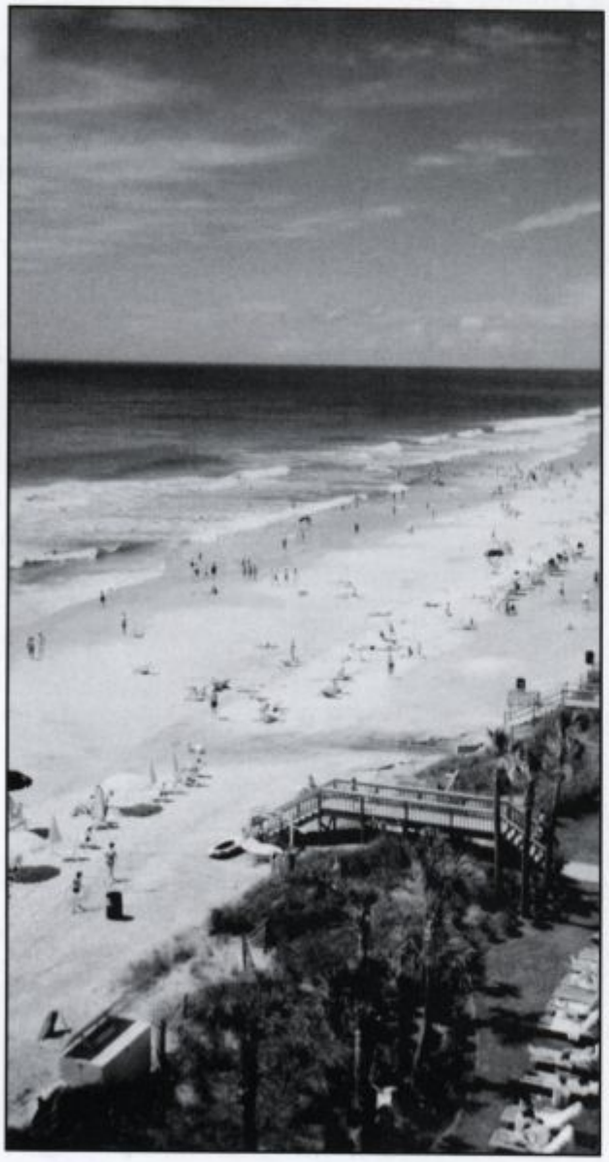
And then there were the brave few — the students who didn't care whether blue was their color or not. The ones who actually knew what unholy material was in Scrounge tacos — the dining services employees. Hey man, it was money.

Whether David Spade donned a skirt on late-night TV to satirize your part-time job or if fellow students did it for you, one thing was for certain — when school was out, you always had an excellent opportunity for a full-time job with the university laying bricks over summer vacation.

Heather DiStefano

In search of a victim . . . Momentarily distracted from his work, this ambitious Blue Hen eyes up a passer-by. MBNA America consistently provided valuable on-the-job training and excellent compensation for students.

The Grand Strand — One of America's premier ocean front resorts, Myrtle Beach is home to sun, sand, surf, shopping, golf, and so much more. Most importantly, it was a perennial favorite of the spring break crowd.



Ah, Mexico — Just south of Cancun, the rocky coast meets the aqua water before Jill Wharton's eyes. Although Mexico is only "south of the border", it seemed a world away from Newark.

On the road again

It was early spring, and students had ten days to kill. They made all their travel arrangements and planned for the spring break that they had saved for since last spring.

Most bought airline tickets and arrived at their sunny destinations well-rested and quite full from that complimentary bag of peanuts.

And some drove.

Yes, with a full tank of gas they piled four people and all their luggage into two-door Hondas and started their fateful three-day trip to Florida.

Four hours and two states later, they learned some important rules of the road:

1.) The Brady Bunch theme (and any other TV theme) has a life span of three stanzas before you are told to leave the car and walk the rest of the way.
2.) Driving 85 mph is not justified by the possibility of hitting a time warp.
3.) If you will not give up shotgun privileges after passing through two states, your fellow carmates may have a legal right to bludgeon you.
4.) The officer is always, always right.

Finally, after they had just about broken all those wonderful relationships they had so painstakingly forged over their college careers, they reached the sunny state of Florida without being carjacked, mugged, or otherwise assaulted. After unpacking all that luggage, they headed out to the beach for five glorious days until they were back in the car on the trek to their beloved alma mater.

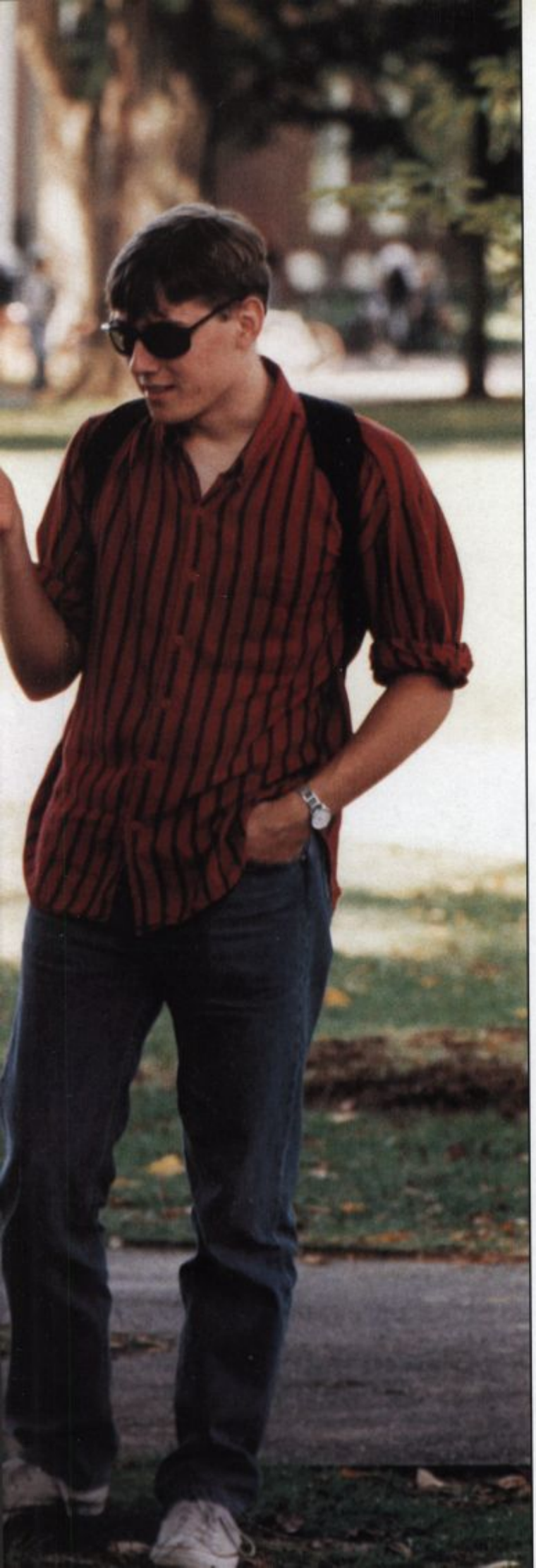
Now if they could only get that stupid Brady Bunch theme out of their heads . . .

ROAD TRIP! — With Washington, D.C. a mere two hours away, it is a great place to escape the doldrums of Newark. Many students who could not afford tropical vacations opted for the cheaper alternatives of New York, Philadelphia, and D.C.

why is it . . .

1) Millions can be spent on a new student center but dorm showers still spout cold, dirty brown water?
2) Every major related course is scheduled at the same time?
3) Public safety officers can smell an illegally parked car from a mile away but take two hours to turn off a malfunctioning smoke detector?
4) New bricks appear around every corner, but the decrepit Smith overpass staircase remains a deathtrap?
Common UD student complaints were brought to you by . . .

Brian Cawley
Keri Csencsits
Heather DiStefano



awww

*%$ @&# ^!!!

"I don't wanna go to class."

"I *refuse* to stay here and study."

"Why am I paying $7.50 for a syllabus when I'm already paying $150 per credit hour?"

Complain, complain, complain. University of Delaware students created an art form out of griping during their four or five years in school. However, the time was to come when they had to just stick it out and prove to employers that they really weren't whiners when it came to hard work.

In the meantime, however, complaining itself could be hard work . . .

Although students spent most of their days at Delaware in academic and social splendor, some days just, well, *sucked* and no one minded vocalizing his complaints, usually at full volume.

Almost everyone had days when they woke up at ten for an eight o'clock class, arrived at their next class ten minutes into a pop quiz, fell asleep during lecture, had to walk home in the rain that wasn't forecast (of course, they did live in Delaware, where it was bound to rain at least once every Tuesday) only to find that they had dropped their keys somewhere along the way and had to wait for their roommate to return.

By the time the hapless student's roommate finally made it back, the entire floor was sick of his whining and was ready to bind and gag him.

Soon after, everyone started to grumble.

— *Heather DiStefano*

It was a no good, terrible, horrible, very bad day. A student vents his frustrations to a sympathetic listener underneath the elms on the North Central mall. When times got tough, many students found it beneficial to complain to friends.

Waitin' for warmth — The tables on the newly renovated patio outside the student center stand deserted during the cold winter months. By the time spring rolled around, however, students flocked to the tables to eat and study.

Three amigos — Friends enjoy some Baskin Robbins' ice cream at the outdoor cafe. Many students appreciated the convenience of an ice cream shop located in the Scrounge, while many others mourned the loss of the Grab and Go to the new Harrington fitness, store, and computing site.

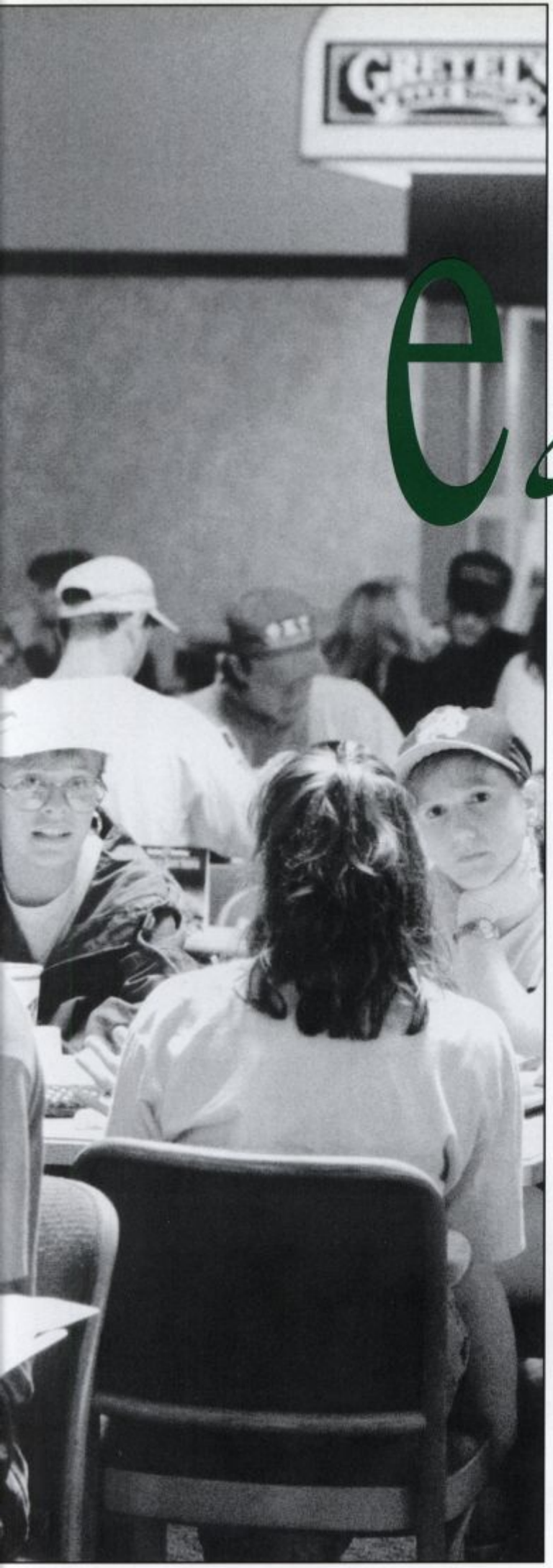
Scrounge improvement #1: Removal of the Grab and Go and installment of Baskin Robbins.
Student Reaction: mixed — cries of joy from ice cream lovers, howls of rage from those who had less than an hour to spend waiting in line.

Scrounge improvement #2: Installment of UDTV screen behind cashiers.
Student reaction: (overheard in line) "What's next? Signs

new and improved?

that say 'two hour wait from this point'?"

Student center improvement #3: New pavement and bike "parking lot".
Student reaction: consternation — they're going to build a new student center next year, aren't they?



edible?

Long lines, crowded tables, cold food .. Why would anyone want to eat at the Scrounge? Why would anyone want to eat at a place with a name like "Scrounge"? No one seemed to have the answer, but anyone who had a growling stomach and a yen for fast food scrambled to the Scrounge for a burger, chicken sandwich, pizzas or a selection from the all new "UnDer $1" menu.

After enduring the agonizingly long wait to order and receive their food, not to mention the to fight to reach the toppings bar, Scrounge patrons finally sat down to eat. Depending on where one sat, a student could watch "One Life to Live" or "As the World Turns" or see one and hear the other, if one was lucky. After dinner, students were tempted to add to their fat and caloric intake by purchasing dessert at the newly opened Baskin Robbins.

After the fiasco, why would anyone want to return? Maybe it was tradition . . .

Dinner break — A typical six-o'clock crowd at the Scrounge chows down. Although many students complained of long lines and bad food, the University's answer to McDonald's remained one of the most popular eating spots on campus.

Under construction — Even after the beginning of spring semester, the university continued to make improvements to the student center. Renovations included new pavements and a larger "bike corral" outside the building.

1914 . . . The Women's Dining Room in today's Warner Hall featured a fireplace and tables set complete with white cloths.

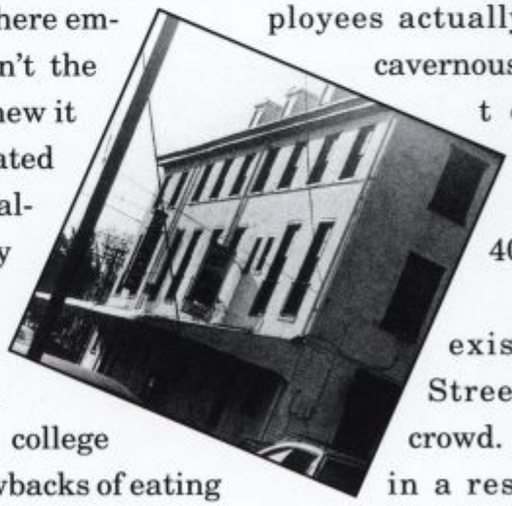
1950s . . . Coeds relax in the original Scrounge, located in Memorial Hall's basement. Maybe they could explain the name to us.

1950s . . . Coca-Cola was served by someone called a jerk. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Food, Folks, & Fun

The lines seemed to stretch endlessly long as students scrambled for salad, sodas, and tacos and waited for what seemed like hours at the grill for a cheeseburger. After the starving finally found some food, the rush for good seats (especially those with a good "scoping" view) began. From Russell (pictured at left) to Rodney, such were daily dining hall disasters. After all, everyone needed to eat, and the waits for food had been that long forever, right? Not in the past . . .

In earlier times at the university, students used to eat off of pristine white tablecloths in comfortable dining rooms where employees actually SERVED them. Also, the Scrounge wasn't the cavernous fast food wasteland students in the 90's knew it to be. It was, in fact, a cozy little hideout located under the Memorial Library. Of course, alternatives existed then, as they did nearly 40 years later. The Deer Park Tavern (shown at right in the 70's) had been in existence since the 1800's, as had other Main Street eateries that catered to the hungers of a college crowd.



Of course, when one considered the drawbacks of eating in a restaurant-like atmosphere, such as not placing elbows on the table and not belching during the course of conversation, some of the advantages of eating in dining halls came to light. After all, where else could a student eat cereal for breakfast, lunch and dinner, pay for it all with a plastic card, and start a food fight with the annoying person across the aisle?

THE NEW & NOW
UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

m AND MAC

When we had a formal in 4 hours and nothing to wear, MAC was there.

When we needed money for a beer run, MAC was there.

And when we woke up with a hangover from the beer run and needed Advil, MAC was still there.

The MAC machine was probably our best friend throughout college. Who couldn't love a happy little computer whose main goal (unlike the Bank of Mom and Dad) was to fill our little pockets, albeit temporarily.

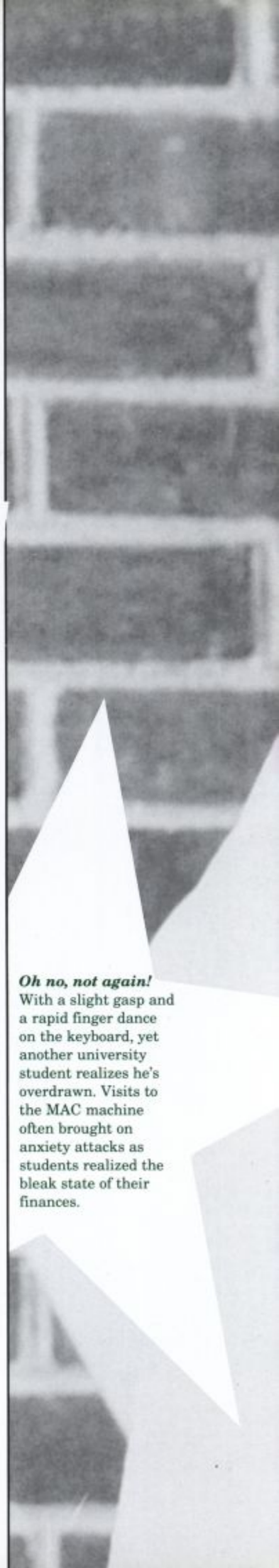
MAC machines were a mainstay at the university, making it even more convenient to hand over money for Public Safety tickets, Drop/Add fees, and of course, textbooks and syllabi.

Undoubtedly, there were always problems. "Temporarily closed" machines, empty machines, and the dreaded empty bank account were sure to throw a wet blanket on all our MAC crazed fun. And of course there was always the problem of forgetting your PIN number . . .

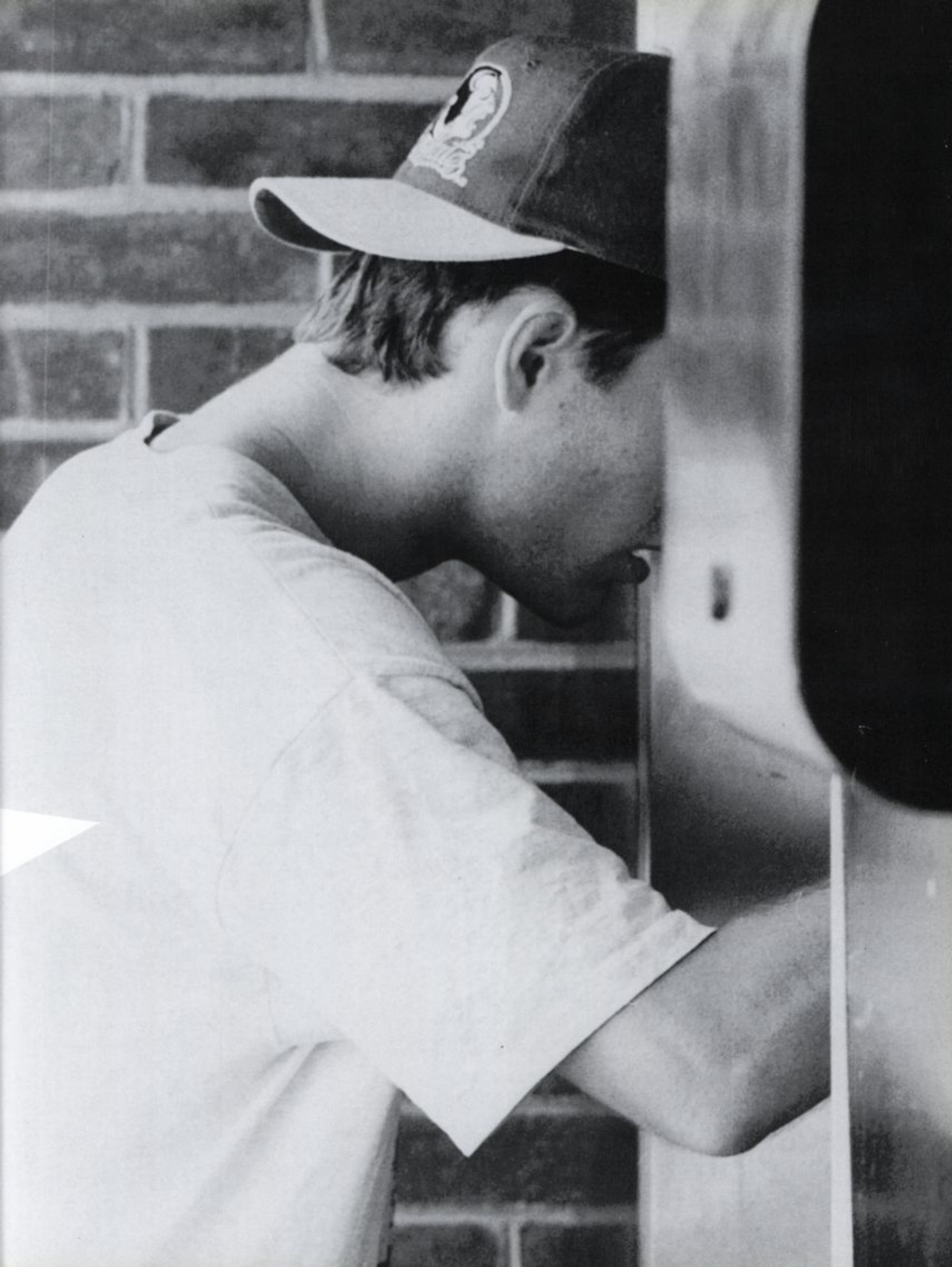
What to do then? Although it was usually slow to receive and not without a little guilt, we called Mom and Dad. After all, that parking ticket wasn't waiting for next week's paycheck to clear.

And the liquor store wasn't going to take partial payment for that keg, either.

— *Heather DiStefano*



Oh no, not again! With a slight gasp and a rapid finger dance on the keyboard, yet another university student realizes he's overdrawn. Visits to the MAC machine often brought on anxiety attacks as students realized the bleak state of their finances.



Somebody

TO LEAN ON

When we weren't feeling very good about ourselves, our friends were there to make us feel better.

When we were all psyched to go out, our friends came along to ensure that good times were at hand.

And when we were out and feeling good about ourselves, our friends made sure to ingrain into their long-term memories every one of our embarrassing alcohol-induced foibles that occurred in any of Newark's various bars and/or fraternity houses.

Our friends were there through all our college years — from the time we were dorky freshman in tiny Dickinson dorms until we were sitting four years later in even dorkier caps and gowns.

And then we were there for our friends — through the hook-ups, the break-ups, and every single annoying complaint in between.

During our precious last years before genuine adulthood and responsibility, we had best friends, close friends, acquaintances, and the people who *swore* they met us in Kate's last weekend. Then of course, we had those people we didn't necessarily like but had to live with — roommates.

But despite the tiffs and petty arguments that sometimes turned schoolmate relationships sour, by the time graduation rolled around we were able to forgive you-know-who for dating your-know-who-else, getting on with our lives and holding on to our friends for as long as we could.

Heather DiStefano

"Two guys walk into a bar . . . " Friends share a joke after an engineering lecture. Many students found that hanging out with pals after classes was a great way to relieve stress.

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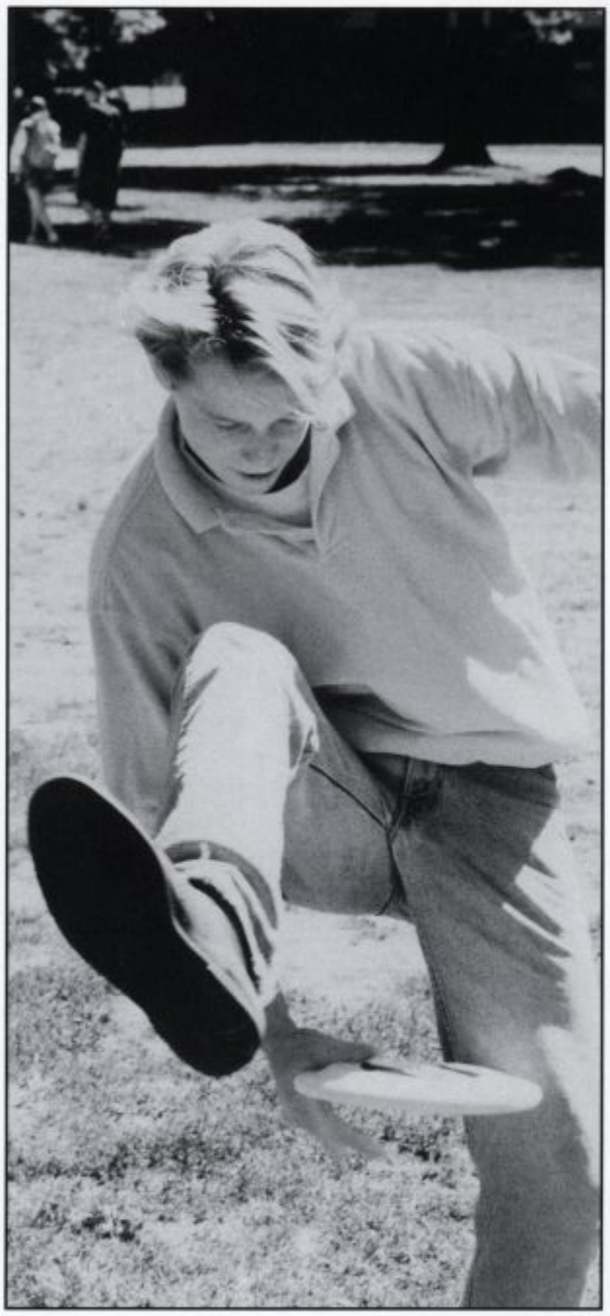


And now for my next trick — A University student performs a difficult underhanded catch while enjoying a game of Frisbee on Harrington Beach. "The Beach" was a showplace for almost every sport from beach volleyball to basketball.

Hangin' with a . . . chicken?! YouDee, the University of Delaware's new and improved mascot, wanders the campus in search of students with free time. He found many new friends on central campus, as well as at most university events.

Letting Loose

After the weekend arrived, the classes were over for the day, or the weather turned sunny and warm, the thoughts of the University of Delaware's student population turned from studying to just letting loose.

What did students do to relax? They whiled away the hours by playing a friendly game of football, sitting on the mall, or just spending time with friends. The inhabitants of the campus also took time off to head to the mall or Main Street to do some shopping. Another favorite pastime of UD students was eating. Doing anything to get away from dining hall food, students could be seen at establishments all along Main Street, from Scott's to Klondike Kate's, grabbing a bite to eat with friends.

Possibly the favorite leisure activity of students was simply relaxing. Friends gathered together to watch TV, listen to music, or talk. Of course, after periods of extreme stress, many students found it beneficial to just sit and stare off into space. In the end, the long hours of studying made UD students' leisure time more rewarding, and more entertaining.

— Keri Csencsits

Man's best friend — Senior Darin Zucker's unorthodox study partner begs him to put the books away and get up for a walk. Many students found pets to be a great way to relax.

gonna make you sweat

"No pain, no gain" — every day hundreds of University of Delaware students repeated that mantra as they continued upon their quest to get in shape. Physical activity was a large part of many lives at the University. After all, nearly everyone had to walk or bike to class, and the Pencader steps beat any stair-master Laird campus residents could find.

However, for those more seriously athletically inclined, the University provided several facilities. Health conscious coeds frequented the newly opened Harrington and Pencader fitness centers as well as the Carpenter cardiovascular and weight rooms. These sites also offered classes, such as step aerobics, intended to whip students into shape.

Exercise lovers also appreciated the nearness of Carpenter State park and other scenic spots. On any sunny, warm day, mountain bikers headed for the woods, rollerbladers skimmed along the streets, and joggers hit the sidewalks all over Newark.

Still more athletes turned to sports to keep them in shape. Individual or team, intramural or strictly recreational, sports provided a great way to keep fit.

It was clear that from the fitness center to the streets to the playing fields and courts, UD students took their workouts seriously.

— Keri Csencsits

8, 9, 10 . . . A weight lifter counts the last of his reps as his spotter watches attentively. The free weights in the Carpenter Sports building were extremely popular among students.

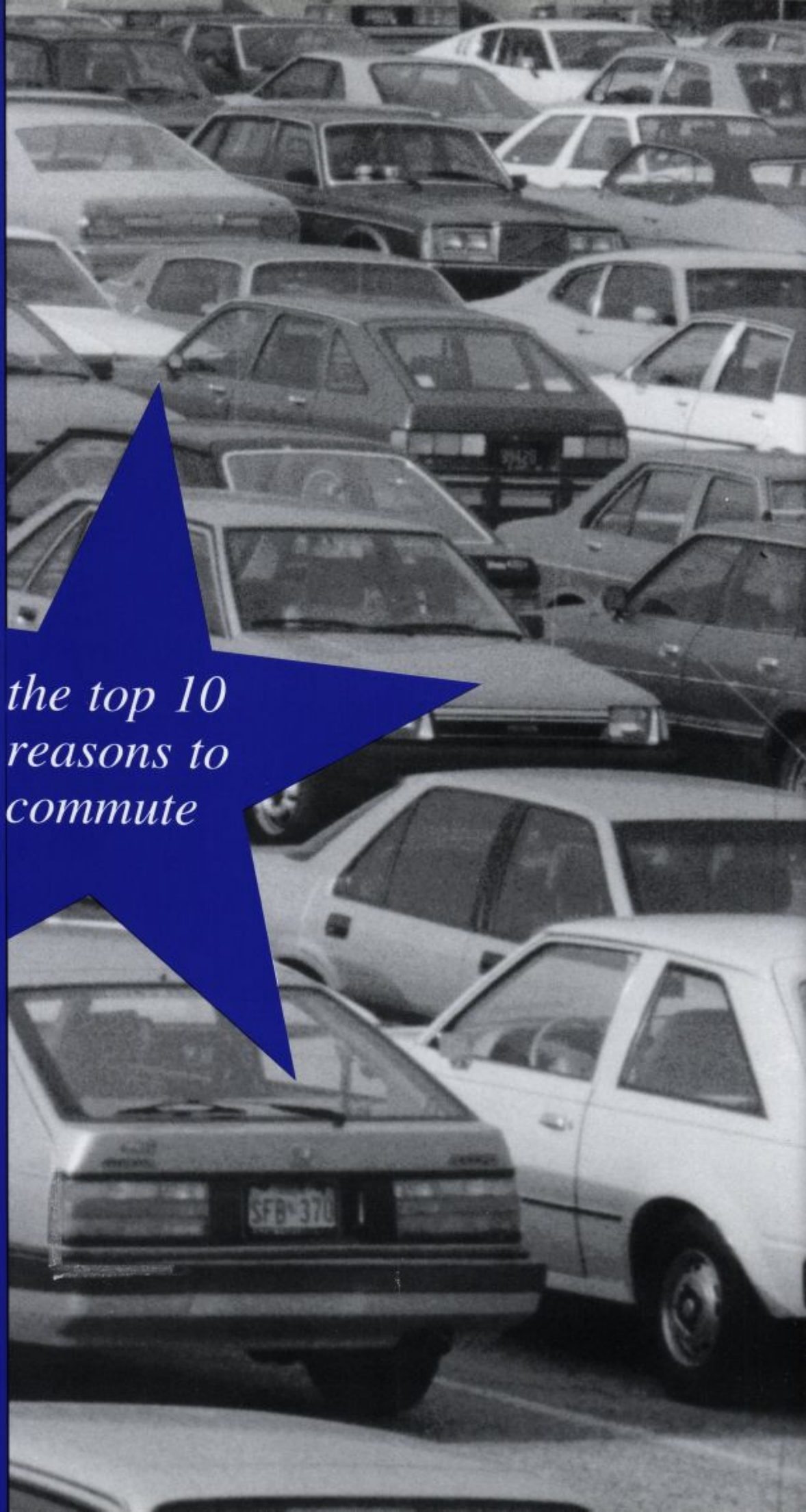
Feel the burn -- A UD student works his arm and back muscles on one of the machines in the weight training room. Many of the health conscious visited the weight room several times a week to work on their physiques.

80 floors and counting — An early morning exerciser gets her blood flowing in the Cardiovascular room at Carpenter. Students packed the air conditioned, high tech room until the University opened similar rooms at Harrington and Pencader.

Best body on the Beach — This fraternity brother shows off the results of his workouts during the Looking Fit competition on Delaware Day. To many, this type of body was the ultimate goal.

the top 10 reasons to commute

10. I have a car and you don't.
9. I've never woken up in my room choking on tear gas.
8. Dry wall! Dry wall! Dry wall!
7. We don't have fire drills at my house.
6. There aren't any mysterious chunks in our hamburgers.
5. I have complete and total control of the thermostat.
4. The distance from the Field House to campus provides a healthy, scenic walk to my favorite Winter Session class.
3. My bedroom/kitchen/living room actually consists of a bedroom, kitchen, and living room.
2. I'd rather wrestle with my bus schedule than my roommate's friend who passed out in my bed.
1. When I find the neighbors in my bathroom, I can call 911.



back AND FORTH

Parking tickets. Southbound I-95. The Field House. What do all these things have in common? They're all parts of the daily life of a UD commuter.

Yes, commuters. You know them. They're the people blocking the bus door trying to find the next ride to the Field House. They're the ones with the infamous red parking sticker. They're the people with cars who drive all the campus students around.

While most students were sleeping through an eight o'clock class, commuters sat at red lights, wondering if calling the University of Sally Struthers would really be called "poor career planning."

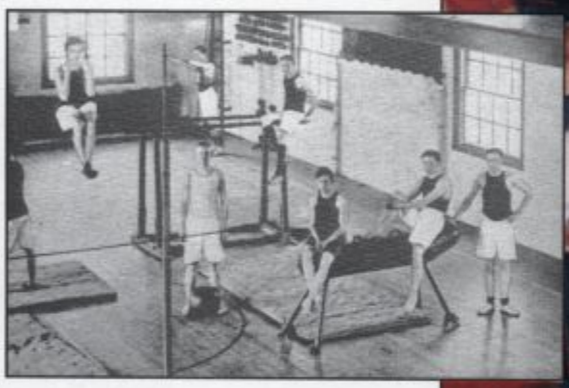
As campus students biked or hiked back to the dorm or apartment, somewhere a commuter was about to duke it out with a meter maid who ticketed his car just as he was unlocking the door.

The life of a commuter was fraught with stress, so next time you're behind the guy trying to pay cash in the points line, or your can't get on the bus because the girl in front of you was tackled by her bus schedule, calm down. You might need a ride to the mall someday.

— Heather DiStefano

"I thought we parked in Section F." — What these two commuters haven't realized is that each thinks the other one has the keys and knows where the car is. Parking and keys were just two of the problems commuters faced.

1907 . . . An engineering class practices their skills in the Drawing Room of an old college building.



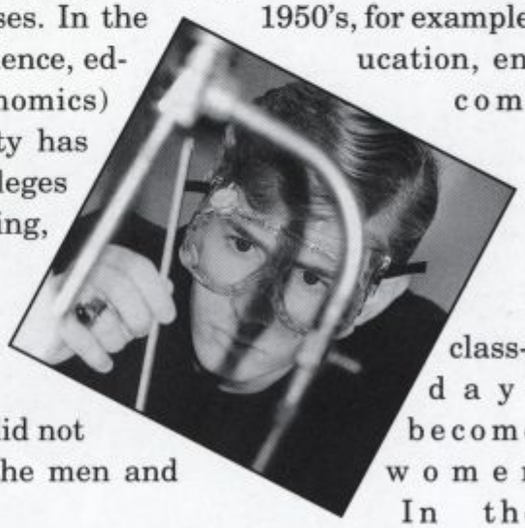
1915 . . . The men of Delaware College participate in a physical education class in Taylor Gym.

1950's . . . University women sharpen their skills in a typing class.

Still Doing

"Imagine yourself in another time and place, a dimension where all your classes are less than 30 students, you can see the notes on the board, and the professor knows you by name." Although this scenario would seem like a Twilight Zone episode to most students at the university, in the past such class sizes were the norm rather than the exception.

Of course, the classes themselves were also very different from the classes students today know. The university began its life as a one-building academy in 1743, when it offered classes in languages, philosophy, and divinity. As the college grew, so did the number of classes. In the 1950's, for example, five undergraduate colleges (arts and science, education, engineering, agriculture, and home economics) comprised the university. Today's university has evolved into seven slightly different colleges (Arts and Science, Education, Engineering, Agriculture, Human Resources, and Business and Economics).



While the smaller, more personable classes of the past may appeal to students today, one drawback existed — the university did not become co-educational until 1938. Until then, the men and women took their classes in single-sex splendor. In the end, it seemed Delaware's classes changed for the better (who *wouldn't* mind co-ed lecture halls?), both in participants and subject matter. And as for size, it wasn't always a bad thing when the professor didn't know an undergraduate's name . . .

THE & NOW
UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

Pope John Paul II traveled to Denver, Col., to deliver an important message concerning the respect for nature and creation at the World Youth Day conference.

A U.N. tank rolls through war-ravaged Bosnia as part of the United Nations' peacekeeping mission in what was once Yugoslavia. Over 200,000 people were killed or missing because of the civil war between the Serbs and the Croats.

President Clinton and the world looked on as long-time enemies Yasser Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin meet in a historic handshake, in agreement for peace in the Middle East.

A U.N. soldier keeps close watch over a truckload of artillery and ammunition as dozens of Somalis look on. The United Nations was a major factor in keeping peace in Somalia.

Although 1993 and '94 were full of the events that left us slack-jawed in disbelief, we saw that there was still a silver lining behind a seemingly perpetual black cloud.

The Midwestern floods showed us that Americans still believe in the sense of community, while U.N. peacekeeping troops were sent to quell war-torn nations such as Bosnia and Somalia.

We mourned the music world's loss of Kurt Cobain (the frontman of the influential grunge band Nirvana), and cheered Nancy Kerrigan to an Olympic silver while Tonya Harding whimpered over her shoelaces.

While those Seattle darlings, Pearl Jam, swept the Video Awards and released a critically acclaimed follow-up to the mega-seller *Ten,* we

around the world

A faulty railroad bridge was responsible for the tragic Amtrak crash that left 47 passengers dead in Saraland, Ala. The wreck was the worst in Amtrak's history.

These two men are working in the winter wonderland that swept through the Northeastern United States, causing at least 92 deaths from the bitter cold. The barrage of cold and snow was accompanied by wind chills of up to 74 below zero.

Midwestern rescue workers try their best to obey the traffic signs, although the torrential rain didn't. By the end of July, states like Iowa had already doubled their annual totals of precipitation.

joked about the trials and tribulations of the ever-imperiled Michael Jackson.

We watched the Dallas Cowboys trounce the Buffalo Bills (taking each team to a respective new high and low) in the Super Bowl, and stood by as Michael Jordan retired from his native basketball court to pursue a new-found career on the baseball diamond.

The nation applauded President Bill Clinton's attempt to unite the leaders of Israel and the P.L.O. to an agreement which would bring a temporary peace to the turbulent Middle East, although we watched helplessly as Russia boiled over with civil unrest.

We heard the Pope's diatribes against abortion in Colorado as the Nation's second woman was named as Justice to the Supreme Court. We buried fallen president Richard Nixon and mourned the loss of legend Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

world *events*

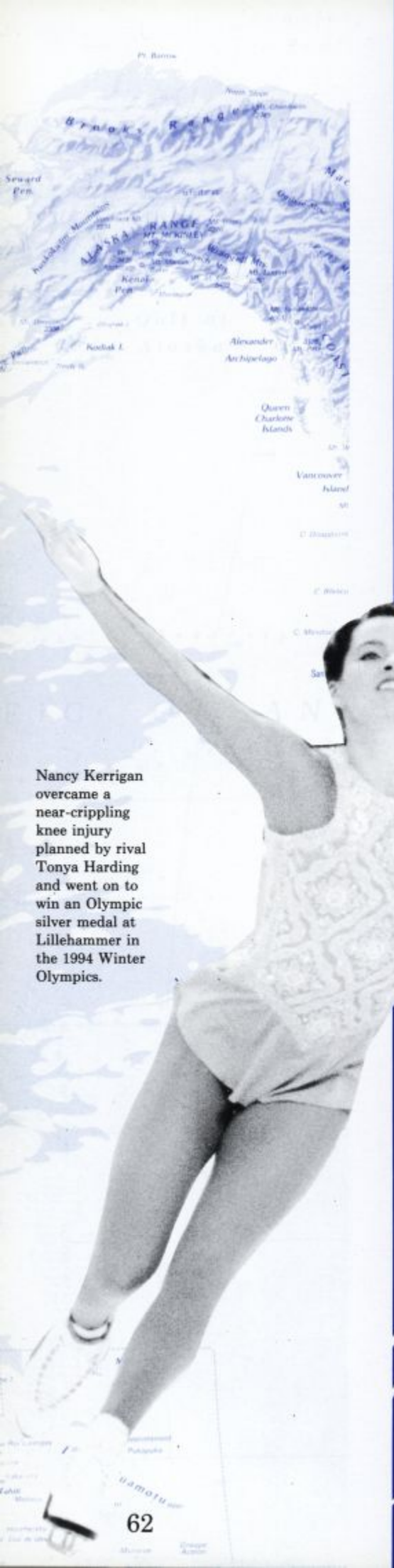
Amid the smoke, flames, and destruction, stalwart Russian citizens eye up the civil unrest that claimed their nation during the past year. Boris Yeltsin's economic changes, unpopular with old-line Communists, resulted in the dissolving of the legislature and in an attempted coup.

What do insurance adjusters do when the *road* takes a wrong turn? The California earthquake of 1994 shattered the progress that had been made since the last serious earthquake in 1989. It registered a 6.6 on the Richter scale.

And after all the earthquakes, fires, and other forms of mass destruction, we all agreed that Southern California should be closed off and surrounded with yellow police tape.

But it wasn't all bad news, folks!! In fact, here at our beloved university, we had plenty of things to be happy about. We skipped down newly-bricked walkways and cheered the arrival of our new mascot, the fun (and foamy) YouDee chicken! In athletics, we won our Homecoming game although we failed to win a third berth in the NCAA tournament.

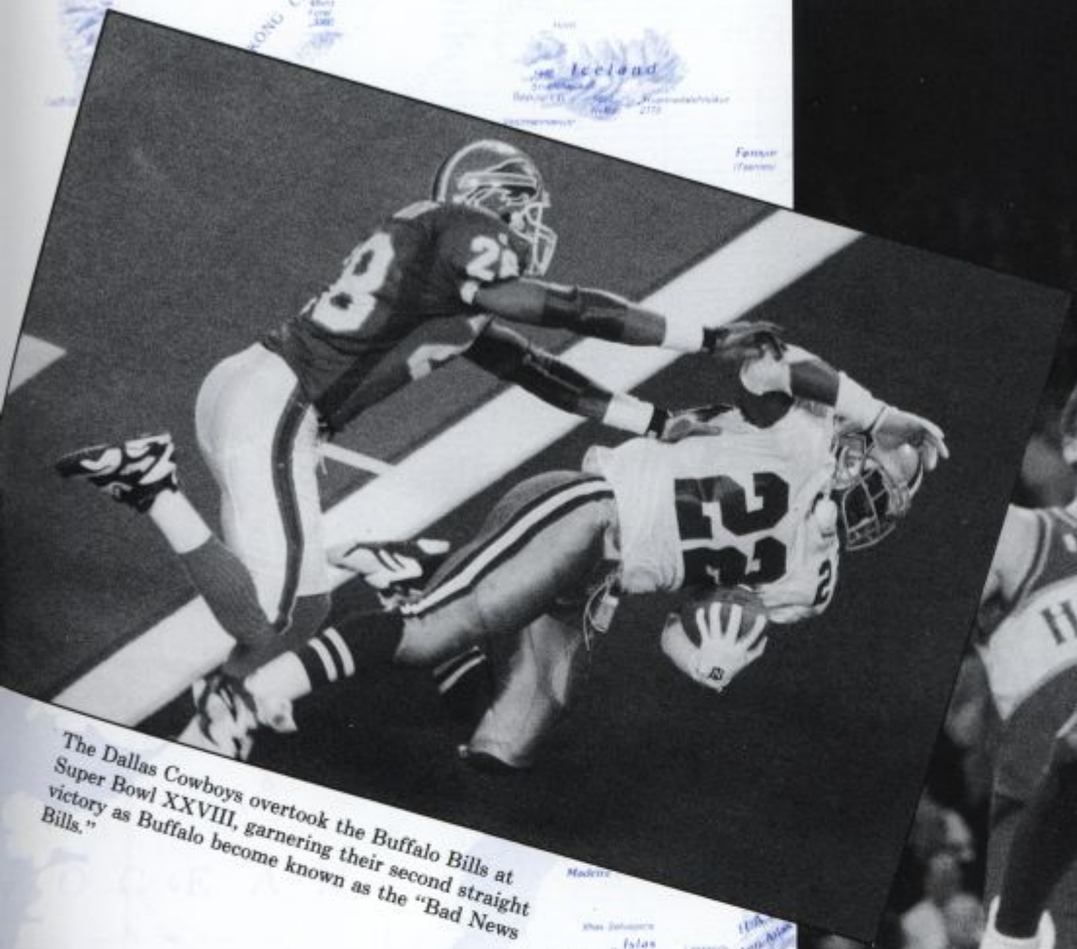
Despite the tragedies that riveted us all to television sets and newspapers nationwide, 1993 and 94 was a year that illustrated the power of hope and inspired us by the many people who aspired to overcome the odds against them.



Nancy Kerrigan overcame a near-crippling knee injury planned by rival Tonya Harding and went on to win an Olympic silver medal at Lillehammer in the 1994 Winter Olympics.

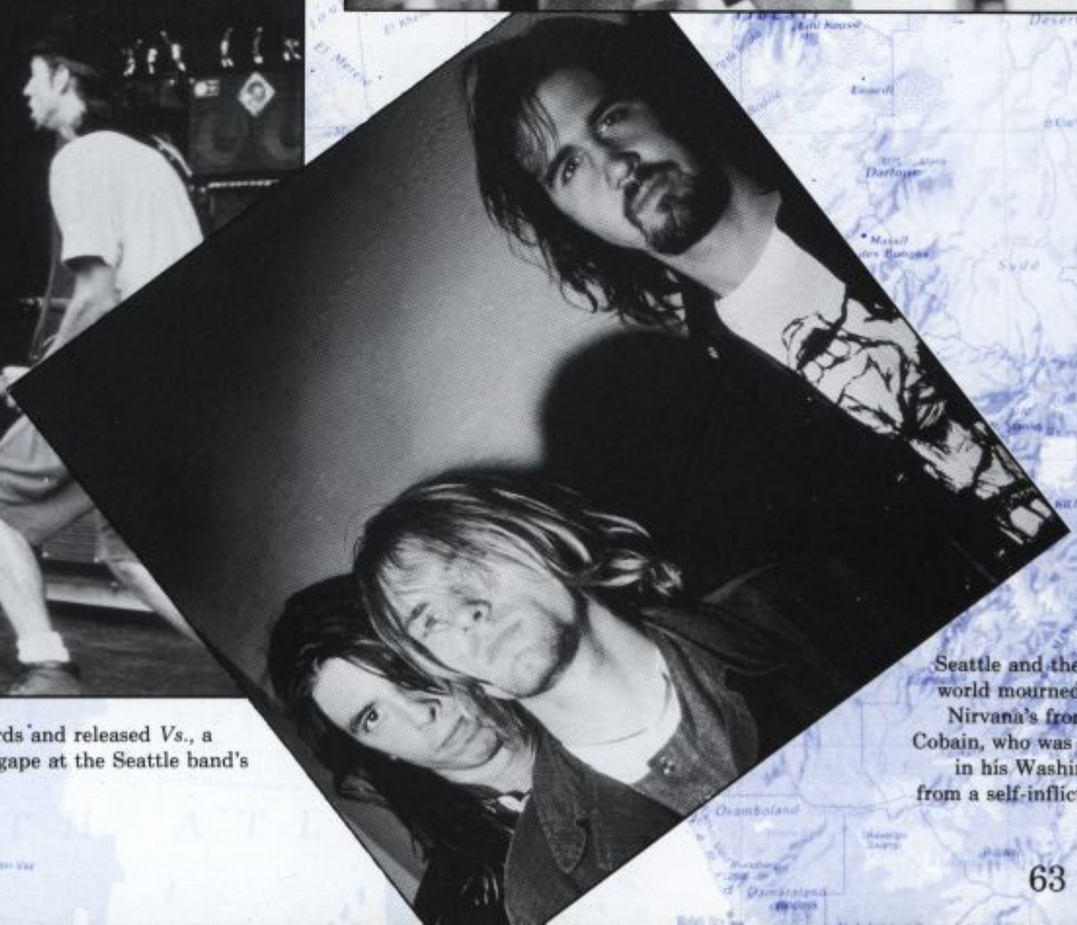
the world of People

Basketball hero Michael Jordan retired from "taking it to the net" for the Chicago Bulls and went on to try his hand at minor-league baseball.



The Dallas Cowboys overtook the Buffalo Bills at Super Bowl XXVIII, garnering their second straight victory as Buffalo become known as the "Bad News Bills."

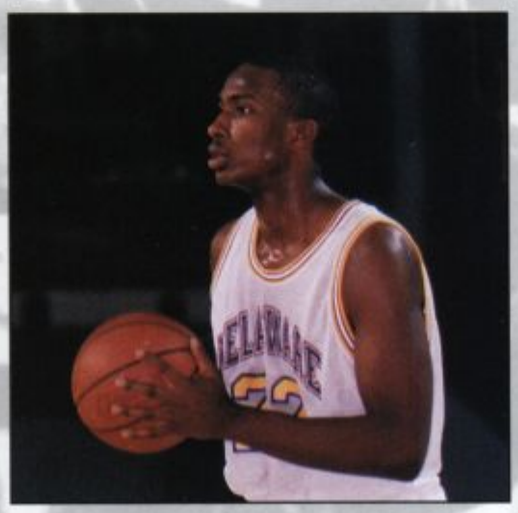
Pearl Jam cleaned up at the Video Music Awards and released *Vs.*, a hard-hitting follow-up to *Ten* that left critics agape at the Seattle band's raw talent.



Seattle and the rest of the world mourned the loss of Nirvana's frontman Kurt Cobain, who was found dead in his Washington home from a self-inflicted gunshot wound.

Coach Steinwedel grimaces
And thinks "Golly jeepers,
Those officials can't see —
They all have glass peepers!"

With the ball in his hands
And a song in his heart,
Brian Pearl thinks, "I've
Mastered this art!"



Micah looks forward
And eyes up his chance
To take his fellow Hens
To another Big Dance.

athletics

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING BALL

'Twas the night before tip-off
And all through the Bob,
The staff was expecting
The impending mob.

The Hens were all nestled
All snug in the Towers
And dreamed of a season
Ending with April showers.

The fans lined up early
Despite lack of sun
And got tickets for a season
Of bouncing ball fun.

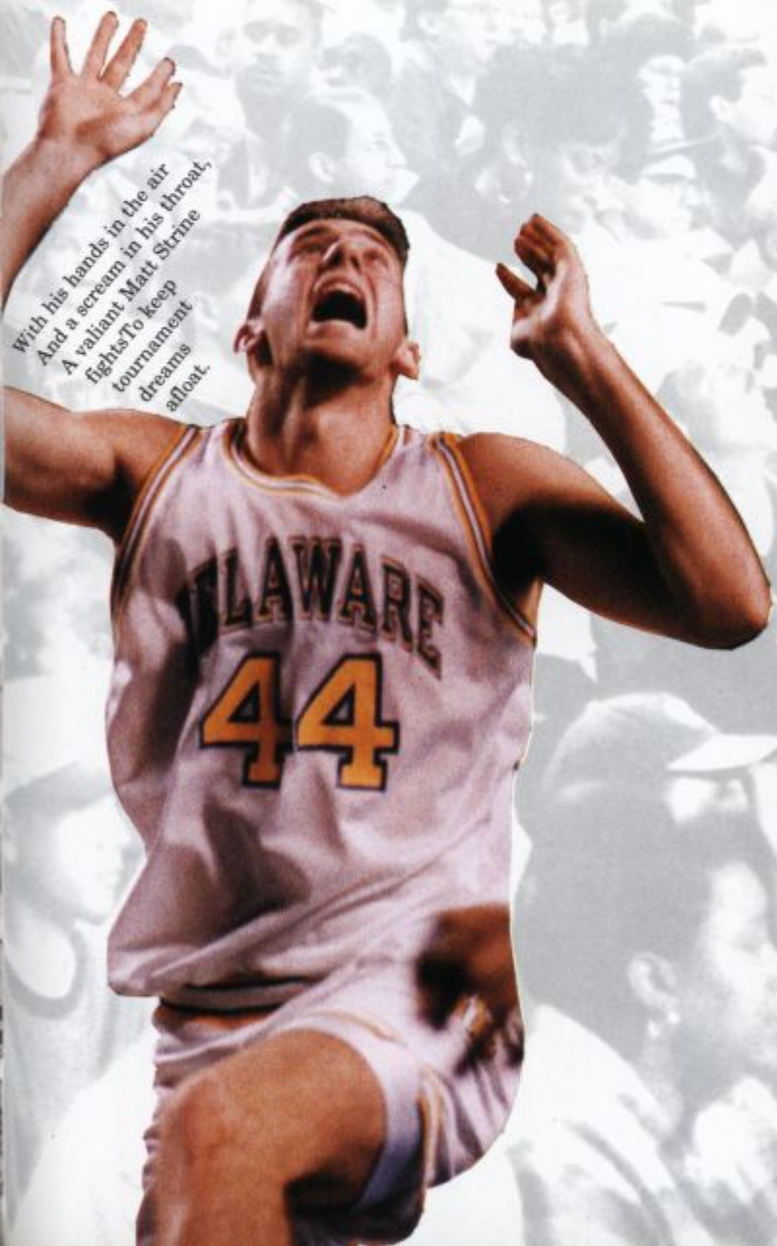
But we fell to New Hamsphire
And bowed down to Maine.
The rest of the season
Was just chock full o' pain.

For all of a sudden
There arose such a rue —
Those refs and their calls
Made Tourney dreams untrue.

As the losses were mounting
UD lost its chance
To show up three times
In the famous Big Dance.

And then it was over
The season from Hell
But we still stand behind
our Hens 'cause they're swell.

Heather DiStefano



With his hands in the air
And a scream in his throat,
A valiant Matt Strine
fightsTo keep
tournament
dreams
afloat.

ath

GAME OF THE YEAR

BLUE HENS' SEASON ENDS AT MARSHALL IN NCAA QUARTERFINALS:

The Blue Hens' 1993 season came to a disappointing close in Huntington, WV for the second straight year Dec. 4 when Delaware fell to host Marshall 34-31 at rainy Marshall Stadium when Thundering Herd kicker David Merrick kicked a 38-yard field goal with three seconds left to play in the quarterfinal round of the NCAA I-AA playoffs.

The Blue Hens closed out an up-and-down season with a 9-4 mark, making their third straight appearance in the NCAA playoffs, a first in UD football history. Marshall (9-4), the 1992 I-AA national champions, had knocked the Hens out of the playoffs in the semifinal round in 1992 by a 28-7 score.

Senior QB Dale Fry led a furious Blue Hen comeback vs. Marshall as he entered the game early in the fourth quarter in place of freshman starter Leo Hamlett with the Hens trailing 31-17. But Fry, who was missed most of the second half of the season with a broken clavicle, rallied the Hens by throwing touchdown passes of 20 yards to Dan Cooper with 7:27 left and 11 yards to Keita Malloy with 1:14 left to tie the score at 31-31. But Marshall returned the ensuing kickoff all the way back to the UD 37-yard line and five plays later Merrick kicked the game-winner.

Junior FB Daryl Brown led the Hens by rushing for 120 yards and a touchdown and catching a 22-yard TD pass. On defense, junior LB Pat Mulhern posted a career-high 16 tackles.

letics

Sunny days!

Sweeping the clouds away . . University of Delaware students hoped for, and received, exactly that type of weather on the weekend between April and May. Saturday, April 23, marked another Ag Day, the College of Agricultural Sciences' day to strut its stuff. Pigs, poultry, cattle, sheep, horses, and some exotic animals provided the crowd of adults and children alike with entertainment. Clubs sponsored fund-raisers and educational activities while classes and professors set up displays explaining the scientific basis behind new agricultural developments.

The next day, the Delaware Undergraduate Student Congress sponsored Delaware Day. Although most spectators attended to gawk at the "Best Bodies on the Beach", other, sometimes bizarre, activities took place as well. Students could jump into a giant air volleyball game, spin in a gyroscope, or knock down oversized bowling pins in a human hamster wheel. Other student organizations sponsored events such as a baseball throw and dunking booth.

In all, the weekend provided students with plenty of fun, and a little education.

— Keri Csencsits

Little pig, little pig — Members of a swine production class attempt to keep their charges in order during an Ag Day demonstration. Livestock showings, including horses, cattle, and sheep, were an important part of the day.

Round and round — An intrepid student takes a spin on the gyroscope at Delaware Day. DUSC sponsored this and other slightly strange attractions throughout the event.

Oscar the Grouch's best friend — Recycle Man, sponsored by the Student Environmental Action Coalition observes the proceedings on Harrington Beach. Several student groups set up shop at Delaware Day both to gain recognition and have some fun.

"This is baa-ad" — A rather unhappy sheep participates (unwillingly) in a shearing demonstration during Ag Day. Demonstrations such as these proved to be extremely popular.

Showtime

MUSICAL ACTS ROCK THE UNIVERSITY

From rock to hip-hop, from a singer with a message to a puppet with an attitude, the University of Delaware hosted a wide variety of concerts over the 1993-1994 school year. The Bob Carpenter Center held the year's first act, the combination of Lenny Kravitz and Blind Melon. Of Kravitz's 70's influenced rock concert, sophomore Mari-Ann Taylor proclaimed "It was loud." Alternative music lovers were appeased as Radiohead and Belly, both of whom released hit albums in 1993, played the Front Gym at the Carpenter Sports building. The action in the pit at the general admission concert was at least as entertaining as the acts on stage. Many UD students waited in line to buy tickets for the comeback concert of Duran Duran (along with the Cranberries) only to receive refunds as the group canceled their tour due to illness. Next up at the Bob was Delaware's own George Thoroughgood and the Destroyers. The band entertained the crowd, made up of young and old alike, with a wide variety of old and new songs. During the spring semester, Delaware found itself graced with the presence of THE ultimate comeback artist — Meatloaf. Like a "Bat Out Of Hell" (Parts I and II) the performer gave the crowd its money's worth. Later that semester, singer Margaret Becker's Christian message came through loud and clear in Mitchell Hall. Another older, but still entertaining act that played the Bob consisted of Shari Lewis and her famous sock-puppet, Lamb Chop. Spring semester also marked the encore performance of Phish at Delaware. Finally, on the other side of the musical spectrum, Lords of the Underground and KRS-One brought their heavy Hip-Hop style to Newark Hall auditorium. The concert, with plenty of audience participation, was well received by all who attended. In the end, 1993-94 marked a very good year for concertgoers of all ages and musical styles.

— *Keri Csencsits*

He would do anything for love . . . and for the adoration of concertgoers at the Bob Carpenter Center. Here, Meatloaf belts out a tune in his typical, opera-like style. His act contained such favorites as "Paradise by the Dashboard Light" and "You Took the Words Right Out of My Mouth".

W

ONLY AT DELAWARE

ilburfest

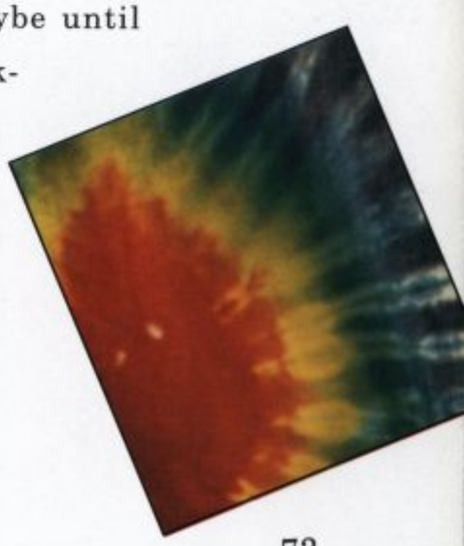
It was the muddiest of times, it was the drunkest of times. With the stress of finals and moving out quickly approaching, the six dollar buttons were snatched up, and students headed in droves for northeast Newark with visions of bands, beer and lots of mud.

It was WILBURFEST — the penultimate party, the Woodstock-esque convergence of hundreds of students and locals on Newark's peaceful streets.

They wanted sunshine and warmth for a day of alcohol, binging, and thoughtless amusement. Instead, there was a monsoon and tidal waves of mud. The bands played until the weather made music impossible. Of course, others made proverbial lemonade out of the inclement weather, and slid to their hearts content on the plains of sodden soil.

For the freshmen, it was a rattling new experience while returning students prepared for the annual arrival of vice personified that was Wilburfest. However, for those unlucky seniors, it was a last ditch attempt to get every possible minute of intense partying in before their foray into the spooky shadows of the (gasp) "real world."

The kegs flowed generously as thrill seeking students squeezed past the newly-guarded gates to an (albeit muddy) Eden-esque paradise, assured that their appetite for pleasure would be fully satisfied until next year's Wilburfest — or maybe until next weekend.



greek games 1994

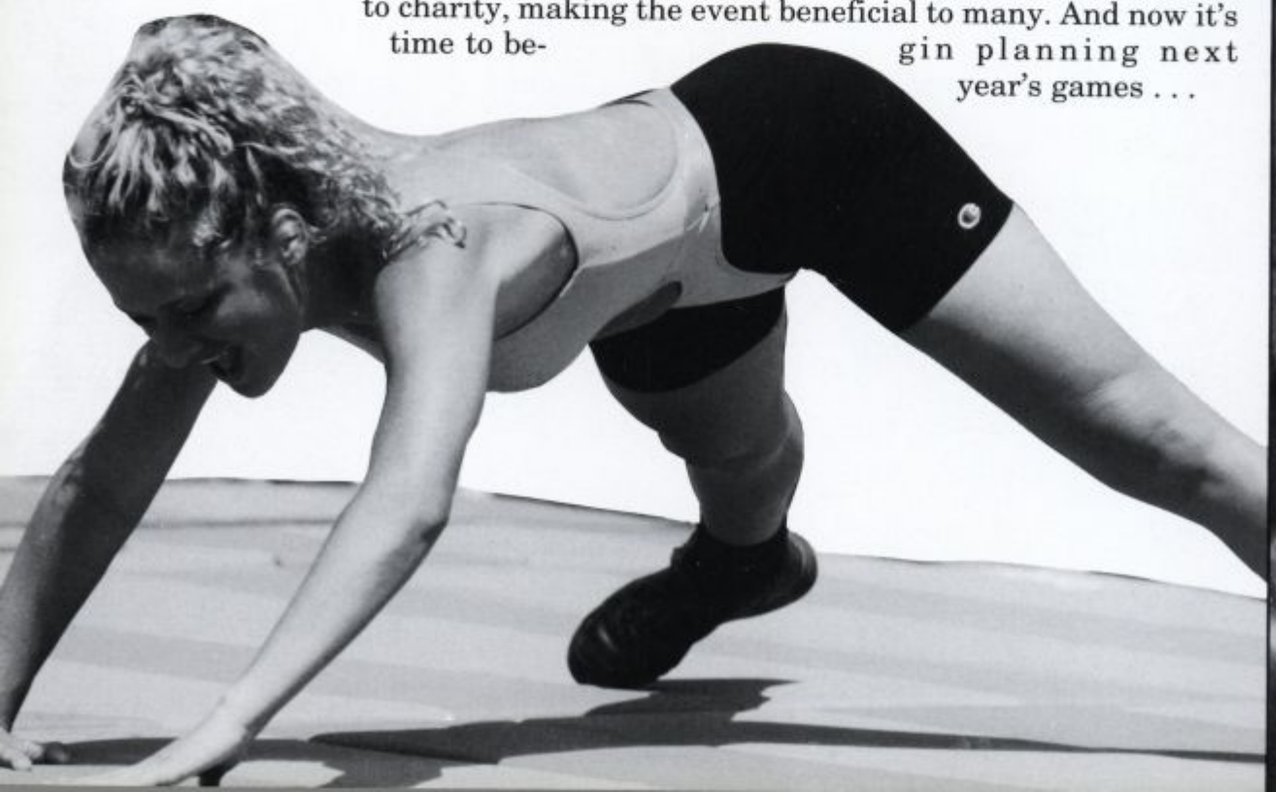
The onslaught of warm weather brought with it UD's annual Greek Week — a week of fun, camaraderie, and friendly (ahem) competition. With events ranging from the entertaining, to the athletic, to the down right hilarious, greeks and non-greeks alike enjoyed this first of the spring festivals.

Events included the greek god and goddess pageant, arm wrestling, bombardment (who doesn't like throwing things at other people?), looking-fit, and of course Air Band. Once again Carpenter Gym rocked with laughter as brothers and sisters made fools of themselves all in the name of fun.

The week culminated with a day at the beach — Harrington Beach, that is. Throughout the day participants played tug-of-war, tackled obstacle courses, tossed kegs, and even ran a 100 yard dash. Some even ran a whole half mile. Some ran all the way to the bathroom.

"I loved being covered in mud," exclaimed Josh Goodman (a.k.a. Dertt) of Sigma Chi. Unfortunately, at the end of the day, the Beach too was covered — with garbage. The following day two brave and obviously disgusted souls took the initiative and began the tremendous task of cleaning up. Rumor has it they weren't even participants.

However, all proceeds from the week's festivities were donated to charity, making the event beneficial to many. And now it's time to begin planning next year's games . . .



graduation

96 exams, 3 roommates, 10 bottles of aspirin, 12 parking violations and $50,000 later it was finally here — GRADUATION. Saturday May 28, 1994 brought with it bright sun, cool breezes, and an overwhelming feeling of joy as 4,100 Blue Hens flew the coop.

Nearly 18,000 friends and family members packed the Delaware Stadium to witness this rite of passage. Keynote speaker Tom Clancy, celebrated author of *Patriot Games* and other page-turning novels, drove home the idea that "nothing is as real as a dream . . . your life may change, but a dream doesn't have to."

Many graduates were dreaming of successful careers or the impending challenge of graduate school. Others were savoring the moment by waving to the crowd, batting beach balls amongst themselves, and taking farewell snapshots. Still others, apa-

Novelist Tom Clancy addresses graduates at commencement ceremonies. Clancy's speech carried the message that "nothing is as real as a dream."

we're
now

thetic to the end, just wanted it to be over with.

University president David P. Roselle asked that graduates make better lives "not only for (themselves) but for the people of the world." A feeling shared by many upon whom degrees were conferred was that in an increasingly competitive global economy, this is something easier said than done.

Looking back over the past four, five, and sometimes six years, graduates reflected upon their triumphs and tragedies, heartbreaks and joys. They remembered their first weekend, first A, and first love. They smiled and cried as the doors of Delaware closed and windows opened into whole new worlds. And driving away for the last time, the alma mater whispered from their lips:

We give thee thanks for glorious days
Beneath thy guiding hand.

way!