

Delaware Awake!
A HOLIDAY IS
RAPIDLY APPROACHING

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE REVIEW

Delaware Awake!
WOMEN
AND CHILDREN FIRST

VOLUME 41

NEWARK, DELAWARE, DECEMBER 19, 1924

NUMBER 11

Seventeen Letters Awarded By Athletic Council At Meeting

Football Season Ended With a Loss
of \$245

Baseball Schedule Complete

The members of the Athletic Council transacted more business at their last meeting which was held on December 9, 1924, than they did at any other meeting this year. Seventeen football players and Manager Crothers were awarded "D's". Coach McAvoy explained that a person must play fifty per cent of the total quarters of all the games scheduled, or two full quarters of the two letter games—Dickinson and Haverford—in order to earn a letter. Numerals were given to those players who participated in the class football and basket ball games.

Dr. W. Owen Sypherd, President of the Council, stated that the 1924 football season proved

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Faculty of Women's College Have Dinner

Wednesday evening, December 16, the entire resident faculty of the Women's College entertained at dinner. In the center of the table, which was decorated with red candles and sprigs of holly, was a Christmas pudding containing a gift—not exceeding ten cents in value—for each. From the gift to the place card stretched a ribbon. After everyone was seated, there was a great yanking of ribbons and opening of packages accompanied by many shrieks of laughter as the delightful remembrances were revealed. After dinner Miss Drake entertained at bridge and Miss Robinson at mah jong. Miss Wilcox was chairman on arrangements and Miss King arranged a special menu.

Oxford vs. Hawaii

An intercollegiate debate between the University of Hawaii and Oxford is to take place in Honolulu some time in January next. The Oxford debate team has been debating in leading American colleges and will visit Hawaii before proceeding to Australia, where they will engage the island continent's best debaters.

STUDENT OPINION

Dear Editor:

Allow me to call your attention to the condition of that periodical known as THE REVIEW which appears on our campus every Friday afternoon. The subject matter is terrible. The grammar of the articles is horrible and the layout of the paper is very bad. Your editorials appear to have been clipped from *The Laurel Monthly*. Your special articles which flay the modern boy and girl are unsound and befit only a Parisian humorous magazine or a Hearst yellow sheet. You have too many students on your staff. Your Business Manager is crooked. Your circulation is padded. Your office is a den of iniquity (What of those Roman orgies? You'll admit them.) and your open broadsides against the faculty is superficial.

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Flapper and Sheik At Chi Rho Round Table

A very interesting discussion on "the flapper and the sheik" took place at a meeting of the Chi Rho Round Table, Thursday, December 11. Dr. Bevan gave an interesting account of his observations of the flapper in other lands. Tilghman, Rindard and Leach also gave short talks in what they considered the fundamental purpose and make up of the flapper to be. The discussion was enjoyed particularly because the meeting was so informal—almost everyone present expressed his views on the subject involved.

Sigma Nu Formal Dance In Old College Tonight

This evening in Old College, Delta Kappa Chapter of Sigma Nu Fraternity will hold their fourteenth annual Formal Dance. This affair promises to be one of the biggest social events of the year. Many alumni are expected to be present, as well as a large number of out-of-town guests. Music will be furnished by the Original Six under the leadership of George Kelley. The decorations will be in keeping with the Yuletide season. The patronesses are as follows: Mrs. Hullihen, Dean Robinson, Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Cooch, Mrs. Bonham, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Pilling, Miss Keeley, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Strahorn, Mrs. Hubert, and Mrs. McNeal.

"Powder River"

To Be At Hanark

"Powder River," the official film of the World War is being brought to the Hanark Theatre on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

The picture is both thrilling and instructive, showing the work of every division that saw actual action in France against the Germans.

The cameramen were members of the signal corps, and took the pictures in the face of almost certain death. While the camera clicked, machine guns and rifles played a mad staccato overhead, "big berthas" belched forth devastation and death, and shrapnel sang its song of fate over Flanders Field. The remarkable results of these men's work is shown in "Powder River," which clearly proves that

(Continued on Page 7.)

Chemical Club Meeting

The Wolf Chemical Club held its second meeting of the year on Thursday evening, December 11. Mr. P. B. Myers, of the Experiment Station, gave an exceedingly interesting talk on the manufacture of sodium. He outlined the history of sodium from the time of Sir Humphrey Davy up to the present. He paid particular attention to the various methods employed in its manufacture during the past, and the methods used today. Mr. Myers illustrated his lecture by means of lantern slides and blackboard work.

Kappa Alpha Smoker

The Kappa Alpha Fraternity held a smoker on Wednesday evening of this week. It was held mainly for the members of the Faculty. The occasion was highly successful. Several members of the Faculty together with the members of the Fraternity were present.

Entire University To Be Theatre Guests Of Dr. Pierre S. du Pont

Student Body and Faculty Will See
"The Rivals"

On January 6th

Through the generosity of Dr. Pierre S. du Pont, who last year invited the student body and faculty of the University to attend a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Playhouse in Wilmington, the student body and faculty will again be his guests, this time at a performance of Philip Brinsley Sheridan's famous play, "The Rivals," featuring Mrs. Fiske and Chauncey Olcott, at the Playhouse, Tuesday evening, January 6, 1925.

Free transportation will be provided to and from Wilmington, and also to and from the Playhouse to the station. It is necessary, according to Mr. Wilkinson, the Business Administrator, who is in charge of arrangements, that all students return to their studies by Monday, January 5, 1925, as tickets will be distributed to the students on that date.

Student Friendship Movement Started at W. C.

Interest in the Student Friendship work has been aroused at the Women's College by a Student Friendship Campaign which was started last Monday. Miss Ann Wiggins, a member of the National Council of Student Friendship, visited the Women's College and spoke to the students during the chapel session. Her purpose in coming was to stimulate an interest among the girls in behalf of the needy foreign students who are securing their education in spite of almost overwhelming conditions. In her talk, Miss Wiggins told of the trying difficulties which the students overcame and gave an exact account of the purposes for which money contributed would be used.

At the Y. W. C. A. cabinet meeting on Monday night, a committee was appointed by the cabinet to see the girls about contributing to the Student Friendship fund. This committee consists of Henrietta Marvel, Bertha Skirvan, Eliza Cook, and Margaret Nunn. Under the leadership of Eloise Rodney, a campaign has been begun to collect from the girls any worn garments which they are willing to give to be sent to the needy European students.

Freshmen Shooters Win Inter-Class Match

For the last few weeks various students have been demonstrating their skill along the firing line under the "gym." The first rifle match was between the University of Maine and the University of Delaware. The University of Maine won by a very small margin. This match was followed by the inter-class

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Each year the Y. W. C. A. packs and sends a Christmas gift box to some institution where it is actually needed. This year, a box filled with clothing, toys and novelties has been sent to Caney Creek Center in Kentucky.

Silver Loving Cup For Champion Fraternity

A meeting concerning interfraternity basketball was held Monday evening, December 15. A league was formed consisting of the six fraternities on the campus. At least one game between each fraternity will be played, and more games will be staged if time permits. A silver loving cup will be provided and presented to the champion fraternity to be kept in the trophy case of the lounge room. No person having played in any varsity game will be eligible for interfraternity games.

Branch of Y. M. C. A. To Be On Delaware Campus

The Collegiate Young Men's Christian Association is to be established on the University of Delaware Campus. At a dinner held in the West Wing Dining Hall last Friday evening, December 12, it was definitely decided by the twenty-five college men present that this organization should be launched.

The Y. M. C. A. is needed here at Delaware for two purposes: intercollegiate relationship, and for the promotion of broad-minded religion.

The Faculty who were present at the dinner are heartily in favor of the organization. It has the endorsement of the University, the Dean, and the Business Administrator.

French Clubs Meet At Women's College

The Cercle Francais of the Men's and Women's College met for the first time at Tea, Monday afternoon, December 15. Mme. Castex most graciously consented to be the guide on a trip through the Pyrenees. She gave a very charming and picturesque description of those mountains which divide France from Spain. By means of her vivid diction, and slides, Mme. Castex soon had the guests, which were assembled in the Common Room in Sussex Hall, deeply absorbed in the beautiful Hills about which many a poet or bard has weaved delightful romance—The Pyrenees.

After the illustrated talk, tea was served by the girls. M. Lank, of the Delaware College Cercle Francais, and Mme. Dougherty, of the Women's College Cercle, entertained as

(Continued on Page 3.)

Start Moving Books

Work will start tomorrow morning on removing the library books from the present building to the New Memorial Library. The work is expected to be completed by Wednesday of next week. The dedication of the new building will not take place this winter as has been previously announced. President Hullihen and Henry B. Thompson, chairman of the board, compose the committee on dedication and report that this exercise will take place next spring.

Theta Chi Stag Party

The second Christmas Stag Party of the Theta Chi Fraternity will be held tomorrow evening, December 20. This party was adopted by the Fraternity last year and will be made an annual affair. Joke-presents will be presented to all the members and pledges. Smoking and refreshments will also be served.

Plans For Alaskan Venture Are About Consummated Now

Foreign Correspondent Talks of
Current Topics

To Attend Dinner

With a generous supply of brightly coloured velour shirts, a football headgear for a night-cap, a yellow pad, a red pencil, a French accent, a book of crossword puzzles, Roget's Thesaurus, a large bundle of petty prejudices, a string of collegiate watch charms, a new highly-polished "frat" pin, an imitation Dunhill pipe, no tobacco or matches, a voluminous assortment of swearing adjectives, and a highly sensitive ego our Foreign Correspondent is now completely prepared for his Alaskan venture.

He has dropped the word "neck" from his vocabulary and substituted the expression "pet", because he has heard that the girls at Horticulture College think that "necking," as a term, is crude.

When asked what method he intended to employ, our versal

(Continued on Page 7.)

Few Subscribers

To 1925 Year Book

The circulation department of the Blue Hen reports that the response of the students so far has been very poor. Subscriptions have been coming in very slowly, and from all appearances it seems as if the student body is not giving the support to the Blue Hen—and the ones who are working for its success—that it should. It is indeed a bad state of affairs when such a worthy project as the Blue Hen is endangered. Subscriptions are necessary if this issue of the Blue Hen is going to be a success; and it must not fail.

Students Teach Aliens

Twenty-one Princeton undergraduates are conducting a school for nearly 100 aliens of the town for the purpose of helping them obtain their citizenship papers.

A large enrollment in English, civics, economics and the sciences, is reported. The classes are held in the Dorothea House, a community house built in memory of the daughter of Henry Van Dyke.

FACULTY OPINION

To the Editor:

Because the "Dramatic Critic" of THE REVIEW has forced upon the general public a false judgment of the recent production of Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts," I feel that something should be said, not exactly to refute but to complete his remarks. No one with a spark of intelligence would expect the cast to receive the applause of capacity audiences for long at a Broadway theatre, but the very suggestion forces an unfair comparison. Your critic of the drama has failed to consider the fact that English 51 has a variety of purposes, chiefest of which is to teach students. To this end I selected a play which would tax the utmost efforts of the cast. Had I chosen a play completely within the limits of their ability, they might have given a more

(Continued on Page 7.)

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE REVIEW
NEWARK DELAWARE

The University of Delaware Review is a newspaper, published on Fridays during the College year by the students of the University of Delaware, in which is presented the campus news.

Whereas, the University of Delaware Review is not a literary publication, nevertheless occasional attempts at literature will appear in its columns.

The editorial policy will change a trifle each year, as a new editor takes charge of the paper, but the basis of each editor's policy must always be to present the truth and to aid in the cultural expansion of the University.

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What our teachers fail in—and the most enthusiastic often fail most hopelessly—is in sympathy and imagination. They cannot conceive that what moves, touches, and inspires themselves may have no meaning for others with a different type of mind.—Benson.

A RESOLUTION NOT TO MAKE RESOLUTIONS

Synonymous with the New Year is the term resolutions. As Saturday night is dedicated to baths and Sunday night to worship, thus the New Year is given over to the making of resolutions. Pray do not be alarmed into thinking that this is the typical advice that once again should we all feel the need of a new set of character molding resolves. Far from it. There seems to us nothing which is quite so useless as to set aside one day in the year in which to bring to mind all the faults in one's category and resolve to be better "day by day."

Resolutions are tommy rot. They are, to our mind, an acknowledgment of weakness which is over emphasized by the fact that no sooner are they made than are they broken. Such a set of decisions would be especially helpful if the old adage, "a new broom sweeps clean," were true. But it is to be doubted. The broom is, generally, too stiff; the user, too unaccustomed to it. Likewise, New Year's resolutions prove too stiff and unfamiliar to be adopted successfully. No noble characters were ever formed by the ringing in of the New Year. The person who feels the necessity of setting aside a certain day of the year in which to repent of all his sins is in an exceedingly distressing state. It is time that the "hokum" of New Year's resolutions be done away with. The best way to bring about a change for the better in one's life, is not to sit around making a list of resolves in the face of temptation, and chant of another beginning; but rather, it is best, through the entire year, to continually weed out the faults which crop up in one's character.

WHY?

The Student Board at the Women's College has requested that THE REVIEW publish no more jokes concerning the library.

"WISHING YOU ALL —"

THE REVIEW hopes that all the persons who have been interested enough to read its rather infantile attempts at cooking up food for thought have completed their Christmas shopping, have mailed all of their Wishing-You-a-Merry-Xmas-cards, have their Christmas orders into their bootleggers, in fact, that they are all set to enjoy the Christmas holidays to the fullest extent, as is the way of us human beings.

To those who actually laugh at our feeble wit (God bless them!), we wish that they may spend all of New Year's Day in making resolutions, and all the rest of the year in breaking them. We can think of no more glorious manner in which to spend a year.

And to everyone, whether a subscriber to THE REVIEW who has actually paid his or her subscription or whether merely one of the mob who read it anyhow, we wish in all sincerity that you may never come to a complete realization and understanding of what is really meant by "the spirit of Christmas." For if you do, having what many of you have to look back upon, the remainder of your life is apt to be almightily miserable.

THE PROPOSED Y. M. C. A.

It is positively absurd to introduce another student organization into the campus life when already we are cluttered up with

more organizations than can be properly conducted. Look around and notice the large number of weak, staggering, half-alive organizations on the campus which are just kept stumbling along through force of habit and nothing else. And then compare these cripples with the few healthy student organizations, those which are really doing something, which are running along on their own motive power and without having a professorial wind filling their sails to keep them moving.

When viewed from the practical point of view, the idea of a Y. M. C. A. here at Delaware appears ridiculous. How many men would keep plugging along after the novelty of the organization had worn off? How many would be interested in the first place? The modern college man believes that he has outgrown such institutions—he wouldn't be interested. A Y. M. C. A. here would be no more than another Chi Rho Round Table.

Before we start initiating any more organizations on our campus, we would be wise to get rid of all those old ones which are now useless, mere forms, those whose yearly activities consist of giving watch charms and a dinner to their members.

Then, too, only the smaller part of the student organizations here have proved that they are able to function successfully without faculty aid and direction. Why introduce more of these sort of organizations? Why not wait until the students develop initiative and interest enough to conduct student organizations as such?

* * * * *
ANOTHER ANNOUNCEMENT

We have just received an article from Mr. Glenn Frank concerning his ideas as to "What's Wrong With Education." Mr. Frank, it will be recalled, is the author of "An American Looks At His World," a volume of short pertinent essays published by the University of Delaware Press. Moreover, he is nationally, perhaps internationally, known for his editorials in *The Century Magazine*.

Mr. Frank's thoughts and his methods of presenting them are always interesting, but in the case of "Wanted—Dabblers and Dilettantes" his ideas and his expression of them are of particular interest and pertinence.

—dialogues of the dead—

(Two handsome young fellows walking along the Rue de la College Avenue. It is threatening to snow. The sun is a red wafer in the west.)

M—I say, friend, why don't they present some really good plays here at Delaware?

L—Pflui! Such talk. And from you, my dear. Really, I am unable to account for such uncalled for nonsense. Can't you be serious for once?

M—I'll return your copies of Ibsen next week. All you said about "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" is true.

L—What did you think about Bjornson's "Leonarda"?

M—I prefer Tolstoy's "The Man Who Was Dead."

L—Remember that night in Vienna? I mean the time we saw the premiere of Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardt."

M—Which reminds me that I must return the rest of those Schnitzler's books. "The Lonely Way—Living Hours—The Call of Life—Young Medardus—and Light o'Love."

L—You forgot the "Green Cocktoo."

M—Remember the time you lectured to the Drama League in Wilmington about Gorky's "The Lower Depths"?

L—You mean the time I contrasted Chehov's "The Seagull" with his "The Swan Song and The Cherry Orchard"?

M—Yes—and the argument you had with that old maid about Andrejef and his "The Life of Man."

L—I spoke of his "Anatema." Didn't I mention "The Pretty Sabine Women" and "Anfisa" also?

M—I think you did. I couldn't help laughing when that old fogey tried to trip you up with "The Father—The Stronger—The Key to Heaven—Playing With Fire—Swanwhite—and The Black Glove."

L—Well, it doesn't matter because "The Dance of Death" is the Strinberg I like best.

M—What do you think of Hauptmann and Sudermann?

L—Why do you want me to start on that again? You know I believe we had better take in Berlin next summer. I must see Wedekind's "Such Is Life—The Dance of Death—The Love Potion—and The Awakening of

Spring" once more.

M—On the condition that you change your opinion of Von Hofmannsthal and his "Yesterday—The Woman in the Window—and Electra."

L—And that you change yours concerning Becque, Lemaître, Lavedan, and Donnay.

M—Why! you know I admire Donnay! Next you'll be telling me that Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse" is not as good as any of Hervieu or Brieux.

L—Or Rostand, eh? My, dear, it is impossible to find a better dramatist than Porto-Riche.

M—I agree with you though that Maeterlinck is a homo boobus.

L—Likewise D'Annunzio. Say have you read anything about Giacosa or Echegaray lately?

M—No. I happened on Galdos and think him dry and stupid.

L—I hear Eugene O'Neill just returned from Bermuda.

(On the opposite side of the Rue de la College Avenue there passes a figure. He is wearing a pearl grey hat and carries a brief case. He is hurrying to a rehearsal and, as he lopes along, he takes long strides which give him a bouncing effect, like a cork on the ocean. He turns to his companion who walks by his side in the shadow.)

Herr Professor—See those two upstarts over there?

Companion—You mean, Herr Professor, those two good-looking young fellows who are dressed strictly British?

Herr Professor—Yeh! I'm going to embarrass them some day and question them about all the plays I ever read—in Dickinson's book of collected plays.

—P. L. A. B., M. A., Ph. D.

A



Casual Column

Collegiate Comment

Wanted—A Review without "slams" on the Women's College.

Men are called the stronger sex. But who is it who indulges in drunken orgies, "balloon pants," "shady" remarks, and "collegiate airs"?

We fear some of the "short-changed" lovers are writing for *The Review*.

We, too, once knew a boy who respected girls, who wasn't a "flapper chaser," who thought cock-tails belonged to roosters, who had a little common sense, and who was intelligent on other than sordid subjects!

They call it a University, but one might think, it's a "cat and dog fight"!

Where, oh where are the gentlemen of yesteryear?

Answer—He has ceased to be a hypocrite.

Keep your hat on—this will probably be over your head.

Almost as many girls get kissed under the mistletoe during Christmas Day as get kissed under ordinary circumstances during any other day.

In some cases the mistletoe is nothing but the last straw.

And in some cases there are Christmas spirits.

The girls will probably unroll their hosiery before hanging up the proverbial Christmas stocking.

Thoughts a few days before Christmas:

"Well, thank goodness this is the last one—I've addressed nearly two hundred of these confounded cards. Who in the deuce shall I send this last one to? I might—but then she didn't send me a card last year. Oh, well, what's the difference; I've got to get rid of it somehow."

Christmas—that heavily-hokumed, holly-decorated day of the year when the bootlegger does his biggest business.

'Twas the night before Christmas—father fell from the ladder while decorating the Christmas tree, sat on a broken glass ball, and cursed fearfully; brother came home intoxicated; sister didn't come home at all; and mother—why mother got her divorce last Christmas.

Here's wishing you a redhot Xmas and a snappy New Year. God bless you, you collegiate "morons."

Après tout, c'est un monde passable.

Be more afraid of doing wrong than suffering wrong.—Socrates.

In reality it only takes one to make a quarrel.—Dean Inge.



CHRISTMAS
GIFTS & CARDS

EXQUISITE and DAINTY

THE BLUE HEN

TEA SHOP

GIFT SHOP

Here's Your Answer!

It seems too bad that we have to stoop to answer the insipid articles of our "fellow students" (?), but insult has been added to injury until our self-respect will not allow us to remain silent any longer.

If it is unpleasant to discourse upon the morality question, the men at the University of Delaware seem to enjoy unpleasant things. The Women's College girls have felt that the "slams" in THE REVIEW are of little importance since they come from the bigoted and biased beings at Delaware College; however, the article that appeared two weeks ago made some of the girls feel that they are not even respected by those who are supposed to be gentlemen.

You claim that the girls of today are well-versed on risqué novels and plays, but you must know them pretty well yourself or you would not recognize them by name. I wager to say that every book or play mentioned has been read by seven-eighths of the student body at Delaware College, and read not only once but many times so that you might not miss anything. You say the majority of you does not read the aforementioned literature, then how do you acquire the phrases and coin the words?

Such fine specimens of manhood! Regular Greek gods with ready-made "Kollegiate - Kut Klothes, stock phrases, cynical attitudes, yellow slickers, supporterless hose, and Sunday School pins! You have such inflated ideas of yourselves, all women fall for you, you are being sought-after, you set the pace! A few unicellular brain-ed females may chance to follow you, but, because a few do, why class us all in that category? Incidentally some are merely "keeping up with the Joneses." Poor deluded creatures! Because a sixteen-year-old rolled "goo-goo" eyes at you, you think

you are an understudy of Rudolph.

Yet, you, every week "slam" us, you who are so utterly impossible and ineligible. Why not learn how to be gentlemen, to talk on something besides your last "drunk," how many women fall for you, Mansure & Prettyman clothes, what "I did," what "I said," how you can carry your "licker," and whether or not "she" is a "nice" girl?

You think we can't carry on an intelligent conversation, you, who can't speak of anything but "I." If we did talk intelligently, you insipid creatures would not be able to follow the conversation. When it comes to talking intelligently, we have the art down as well as you have. At least we don't talk on the risqué subjects, but you, not being content with talking about them—you write of them.

Of all conceited creatures the males, as a whole, at Delaware College are the most conceited. One phrase is enough to describe you all—"personifications

of juvenile egotism."

—Also unsigned.

Freshman Shooters Win Inter-Class Match

(Continued from Page 1.)
contest in which the Freshman Class came out the winner. The Sophomore Class was second, Junior Class third, and the Senior Class fourth. The inter-company and inter-fraternity matches have not yet been completed, but there is a possibility that they will be finished before the week ends.

FRENCH CLUBS MEET AT WOMEN'S COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 1.)
guests, besides the two organizations, Mrs. Walter Hulihan, Dr. Patterson, and Jacques Kimmel.

In literature, in art, in life, I think that the only conclusions worth coming to are one's own conclusions.—A. C. Benson.

Established

1880

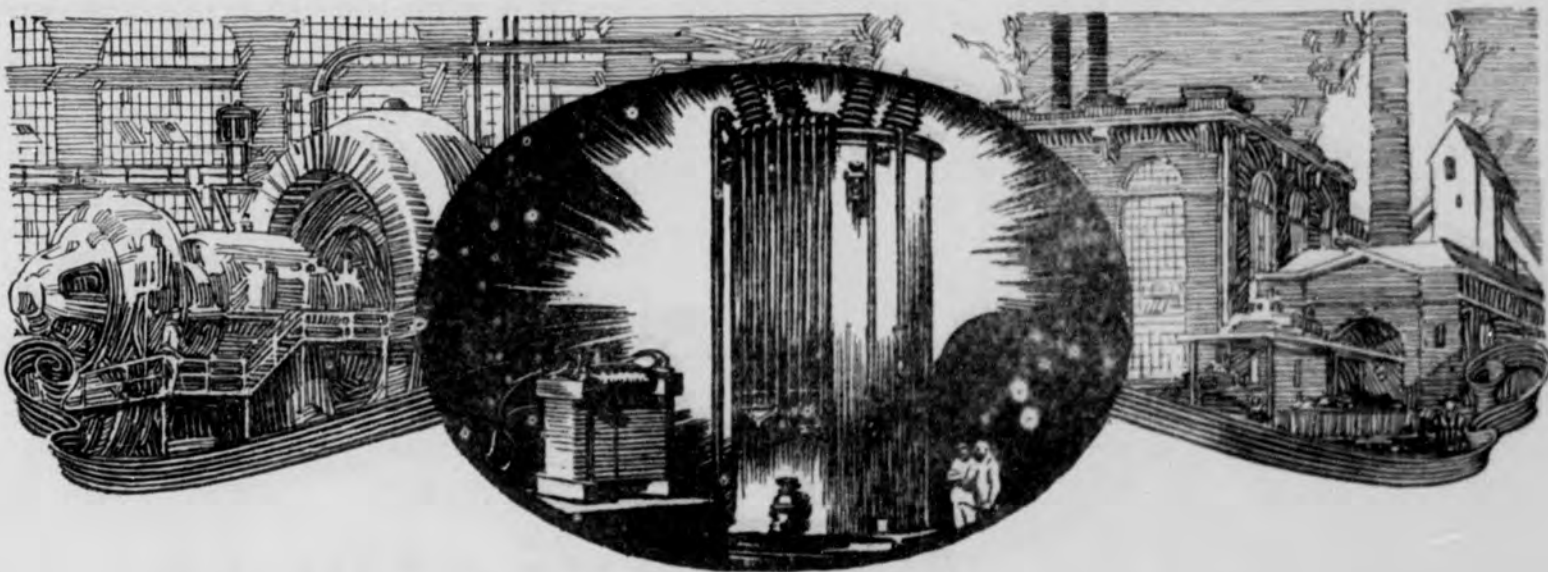
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A Toy—a Tool

THE first twenty days in December witnessed a big event in one man's life. They saw a toy grow into a tool—one of the most useful in all history.

On December 1st, 1885 there was brought to George Westinghouse, at Pittsburgh, an uncommercial "secondary generator"—a scientific toy. Westinghouse and associates lived with it day and night, and by December 20, 1885, in a flash of genius, had completed the essential conceptions of the modern transformer. Thus in twenty days they paved the way for alternating current, and the electrical era of the twentieth century.

Here was a brilliant engineering feat—a feat that through the years has been a particular inspiration to a specialized group of "design engineers"

within the Westinghouse organization. These men are electrical and mechanical engineers who are attracted not merely by an engineering problem—but by the technical difficulties of "licking" that problem to narrow and exact practical limits.

These men work continuously with both sides of an equation. On one side are the needs of a customer. For the other side must be developed apparatus which exactly meets those needs. The apparatus may range from a complete system of electrification for a railroad to a new type of curling iron.

Engineering extends a welcoming hand to men qualified for designing. Many of the most constructive services of Westinghouse have been made possible by their leadership.



At

HANARK THEATRE

MONDAY AND TUESDAY,
DECEMBER
22 AND 23

Two Shows - - 7 and 9 P.M.

I repeat—I can't imagine any one in the world to whom "Powder River" will be anything but interesting and thrilling.—Herald Examiner.

The words of writers telling us what war is are rather weak compared with this simple and straightforward movie of the thing.—Carl Landburg.

MONDAY NIGHT IS
UNIVERSITY OF
DELAWARE NIGHT

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY



THE REVIEW

wishes you

A Christmas

that will

be merry

THE REVIEW

wishes you

A New Year

that will

be happy

WANTED — DABLERS AND DILETTANTES

by
GLENN FRANK

I am convinced that one of the pressing necessities of our time is a generation of dabblers to correct the astigmatism and sterility of the specialists. We need dabblers, or dilettantes, in every field. I know that the word "dilettante" is invariably used in a depreciative sense, but I purposely use it here in a complimentary sense as indicating the man who has the audacity to try to know a multitude of things and to understand them in their relations. I shall speak particularly of the need of a revival of dilettantism among our teachers.

It is a platitude to say that the blight of specialism has fallen upon our education. On all hands educators are calling attention to the fact that the sense of unity has been lost out of the curriculum and teaching methods of our colleges and universities. Our colleges and universities are, in many instances, merely a collection of self-determined departments of knowledge separated by what are in effect barricaded frontiers. A student may go through one of our colleges and come out possessor of not a little information regarding biology, psychology, economics, and kindred subjects, but with no vital sense of the relation of these subjects and their bearing upon human life.

To quote from President Meiklejohn: "The essential fact is that we, the college professors, have no philosophy. We are the devotees of 'subjects'. We live and think amid the fragments of an intellectual world which has been broken down. Ours is the task of building up again another view of life to hold the meanings which we had and have. And if we shirk that task in study and in teaching, no unifying courses will repair the damage. If teachers think in fragments, they cannot teach in wholes. Devices of teaching technique will never remedy defects of thought. All that a teacher has to give is just his way of thinking about the world."

Personally, I believe that it would be far better for the average student to attend the classroom lectures of a Buckle, an Adam Smith, or a Wells, with all the inaccuracies and personal bias involved, than to spend four years working away on that vivisection of knowledge that has bent the mind of the world over a microscope when it should have been looking through a telescope. I am not suggesting, of course, that our college courses should be turned into a series of glorified ball-room lectures in which the students would be provided with a sort of predigested intellectual breakfast food. Our colleges must learn how to use both the dilettante, with his scanning of far horizons, and the specialist, with his delving into details.

This end cannot be reached by any mere rearrangement of courses of study. It means nothing less than the creation of a new type of teacher. It means the evolution of a new sense of values among scholars, so that the general scholar will not lose caste simply because he has not seen fit, as Stephen Leacock has suggested, to spend his entire life upon a study of the left hind foot of a garden frog or the first thirty minutes of the Reformation.

We are not producing great inspirational scholars like Adam Smith, for instance, because, for one thing, our scholars are not compelled to achieve a broad general culture by the challenge of the lecture-desk. I am not suggesting that we go back to the lecture method entirely. I am suggesting only that it should no longer be shunted off into our extension courses and confined largely to that adult

education for which scholars shout, but at which they frequently smile in condescending fashion as an adventure among the superficialities.

I think I can conclude this discussion in no better way than by quoting what Wilson wrote thirty years ago in his essay on Adam Smith: "He (Smith) was no specialist, except in the relation of things. . . . Education and the world of thought need men who, like this man, will dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness; their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness. . . . In this day of narrow specialists, our thinking needs such men to fuse its parts, correlate its forces, and centre its results; and our thinking needs them in its college stage, in order that we may command horizons from our study windows in after days."

"The Way of All Fleshmen"

First you get out of high school after securing the magnificent average of 100 percent in your attendance at the gymnasium dances and having persuaded your golden curls to be folded back by Glo-Co, Go-Go or Vaso-Vaso you slip into a passionate-colored slicker and meander into a college. It doesn't matter what college you attend because they're all quite alike. You don't know what you are in college for, but neither does that matter. Now you are in college. You select a two by four in a dormitory that has more ancestry back of it than the castles along the Rhine. In this room you deposit your trunk and from the latter take seventy-two high school pennants, one hundred and ten dance programs, sixty-seven photos of semi-nude females with penned remarks: "To my He-Man—from Babette" or "Love, think ere of me," fourteen copies of La Vie Parisienne, seven broken pipes, two Bibles (Saint James version), copies of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Margaret Sanger's debate on "Birth Control," tid-bits of lace, hosiery, etc., the last remains of your feminine conquests; three empty gin bottles and last but not least, you tack the family picture on the wall directly below that bit of poetry you clipped from "Red Pepper."

Once in college you begin to study—the women. You lessons go astray and you are called into the Dean's office and there he offers you a Pittsburgh stogie but you hold out for a Corona Corona and after having obtained the latter, the Dean asks you how your father is and if you are going to send your son to Hogo-Mogo U. when he grows up (of course you fox the old boy here because you aren't married yet). After the family affairs have been discoursed upon the Dean asks you if you have been pledged to an Italian fraternity yet and you reply in the negative whereupon the worthy sage lifts a pledge pin from his pocket and sticks it into your coat lapel pronouncing you a neophyte brother in the Gaula Maula Haula fraternity.

Having been kissed three times by the Dean you leave his office blushing. You are now pledged into the greatest club on earth. Some strangers who have never regarded you begin to shake your hand. They say: "We've got chapters all over this here country—more chapters than Carter has little liver pills. Our house in Hougash City cost \$9.89 and we have only seventy-seven dead chapters in all our seventy-eight Gaula Maula Haula organizations. Come up to the house sometime

and we'll show you where Benny Bogiski was shot by General Sherman and don't forget we have a tea next Sunday morning with a fire-drill as an added attraction. Oh yes, you better start saving for our dues are 10000000,00000000 a year and your pin costs you three United Cigar Store coupons. Have you a little Fairy in your home—And don't forget to read Baird's Manual and Vanity Fair."

Your fraternity life is just what Percy Marks claims it is cracked up to be and your social life would make Nero and his expensive orgies look like a Sunday School Maypole Dance. You meet all those nice little girls who lisp and lisp and lisp. You fall in love with twenty-nine of them. You like all of them because they use the kind of perfume you adore. You pal up with Izzy O'Donnell, star halfback and you both are pinched six times for driving while intoxicated. You get married once in Elkton and twice by a minister but nobody finds out about it. Your money stops coming from home and you indulge in poker games. You win a lot of jack and buy yourself a fur coat. Two weeks later Abey Cohen has the said fur coat in his hock-shope winder — another good muskrat gone wrong.

It is graduation day. The sky is blue and so are you. Somebody is speaking about "Success and Education." You fall asleep. Somebody pushes you. Ah, they have appointed you in the honorary high-scholarship fraternity "Phi Kappa Hi!" You walk up to the platform and get the prize—a free trip to the battle-fields of Bull Run. It is too much. Oh, all too much. You start weeping and the good old President Thais Thais puts his hand on your shoulder and says: "Go out into the world and find out who this feller Osmosis is." Hence, with a

heavy heart you meander down the main street with your classmates and imbibe at the nearest soda-jerker's boutique.

On the 5.50 and a half you start homeward. The college barns pass out of sight and the odor of the agricultural cow is a thing of the past. You have your good old diploma tucked under your arm and a position waiting for you back in Mainville—a dern good job—that of chief salesman in Woolworth's.

You remain in Mainville for three weeks then you hop a hobby-horse to New York City—the Land of hopes and hopes and hoboos. You fall in love with a Winter Garden mama and she helps you spend your money. Then, you marry her and sell her life's history to one of the Hearst papers. Three weeks later you are famous, then you poison wife and hop a ferry to Liverpool, thence to Paris where you drown yourself in three cases of white-jacinth wine and write a hymn to James Joyce. A month later a Socialist takes you for Kaiser Wilhelm, ex-'24, and you are stabbed in the heart. You die, become a servant of the devil who sends you back to Hogo

Symbolism On the Campus

Red pad and yellow pencil,
Dr. Patterson.
Pittsburgh Stogie... Dean Dutton
Du Pont Paints... Miss W. C. D.
Ballet Dancer... Givan
Monocle... Dr. Sypherd
Six pipes... Dr. Foster
Scandal... THE REVIEW
Money... The Alumni
Frair Tuck... Coach McAvoy
Miss Springtime... Gehman
Keith's Vaudeville... Dr. Crooks
Boiler factory... The Band
Shylock... Mr. Wilkinson
Falstaff... Dr. Bevan

At Princeton, Sophomores who "flunked" courses must eat at the University Hall, the "Commons."

Perhaps such a rule would raise the scholarship at Delaware.

Mogo U to teach theology to the pink-eyed morons! (Honi soit qui mal y pense.)

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PLANS FOR ALASKAN VENTURE COMPLETED

(Continued from Page 1.)

tile corresponding reporter replied that he intended to adopt the collegiate caveman method. "Anyhow," he concluded, "Superior conversational ability renders a man more dreaded than loved; consequently, I plan to espouse the pose of the caveman 'a la college' instead of assuming an attitude of intellectual aristocracy—the mistake quite a few of our young men of today make."

The day before our correspondent leaves, one of the prominent members of our faculty is entertaining him at a little dinner, for which said dinner said prominent instructor is making the salad himself, which (the salad, of course) will have just the right flavour of onion—just the proper tone, or motif, to produce tears in the eater's eyes. The whole salad, for that matter, will be artistically constructed—even the lettuce will have graceful and pleasing lines.

Speaking of the recent product of Ibsen's "Ghosts," our Foreign Correspondent remarked that it was surely a shady play if not a spiritual one, and that he did not think that more than a very small percentage of either the cast or of the audience fully understood this "problem play." Most of them might have comprehended the general idea, but that was all. He went on to say that if the play had been selected with the idea of teaching youthful aspirants to footlight fame to act, why wasn't a play with more action picked. But we wouldn't discuss the matter for several reasons.

Our correspondent recently got all excited about the possibility of building a Y. M. C. A. at Horticulture College when he gets there. He thinks that it would make an excellent place of exchange for the bootleggers, besides serving as a card and general clubroom for the hard-working students.

Good Lord, I wish that guy would hurry up and get away from here!

Postscript—Despite the fact that the lecturer wore a red tie, that he needed a haircut, that he acted a dramatic monologue instead of giving a lecture, that he had gray spats, that the new Library is out of proportion, that the new heating plant with its hideous nude smoke stack ruins the view of the campus from Depot Road, despite all these, both our dramatic critic and our foreign correspondent enjoyed the lecture at College Hour on Tuesday.

Faculty Opinion

(Continued from Page 1.)

credible performance, but they might also have learned less. This was an academic not a commercial production, as the half dollar which your critic paid for his "orchestra seat" clearly indicates.

One statement, however, should be definitely refuted. THE REVIEW article says: "Wakeland was unacquainted with his lines." Such was not the case. Had your critic been intimately familiar with the play, he would have known that Wakeland's difficulty was chiefly due to his receiving false cues. In fact his presence of mind on one such occasion was only a little short of marvelous. You owe him an apology. "This I have thought it my duty to say to you."

E. V. Van Keuren.

One can hardly think too little of one's self, or too much of one's soul.—Chesterton.

Trusting to luck is only another way of saying trusting to laziness.—H. W. Shaw.

The modern world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad.—Chesterton.

Athletic Council Meeting

(Continued from Page 1.)

to be a \$245 loss from a financial point of view. This amount would have been much greater had it not been for the \$1000 rain insurance collected for the Dickinson game, and the \$300 rain insurance collected for the G. Washington U. game. Not counting the insurance, the Dickinson game netted Delaware were \$250. From a financial standpoint, the Haverford contest was the best; the Stevens, the worst.

Haverford was scheduled to play Delaware November 7, 1925, on its own field; but due to the fact that the New Jersey team had the opportunity of playing U. of Pennsylvania on that date, the officials of that college requested that the Delaware game be postponed until the following week. This date was open, and the Council agreed to the change, providing that the game be played on Frazer Field. In all probability, the game will be played in Newark on the later date.

The schedule is now complete with the exception of November 7, 1925. Villa Nova will not be played next year.

Manager Ickler of baseball, has booked-up thirteen games with prospects of two or three more. This schedule was approved by the Athletic Council.

The tentative track program includes three dual meets, Penn Relays, Middle Atlantic States meet, and the Interscholastic Field and Track Meet. This was approved.

As yet, Manager Turner of tennis, has not arranged definitely any matches, but proposes to do so in the near future.

Student Opinion

(Continued from Page 1.)

No, I do not wish to withdraw my subscription but let me advise you that your policy must change. Soon no students will come to Delaware and the institution will have to close its doors. You are flaying our noble institution before the whole, on-looking innocent world. You are dragging the pure virgin emblem of the BLUE and GOLD in mire, slush, mud and dust. You are drowning in a sea of pornography (I added that word to my vocabulary from an article in your paper entitled 'Collegiate Morals') such lofty ideals that are found in Y. M. C. A. and the Mathilde Sewing Circle organizations. I beseech you on my bended knees to reform your sheet and get back into the old dogmatic circles. Oh, dear Editor when will it stop?

I am so indignant I can hardly write. I caught my little sister reading THE REVIEW the other day, with the curtains down. I took it away from her and gave her "Hot Dog"—much more puritanical and mid-Victorian.

I warn you, if you don't tame down your paper, I shall notify the Klu Klux Klan or Cardinal Dougherty.

—Unsigned.

"POWDER RIVER" TO BE AT HANARK

(Continued from Page 1.)

they constantly risked their lives that America might see just how our troops turned what appeared to be certain defeat into a never-to-be-forgotten victory.

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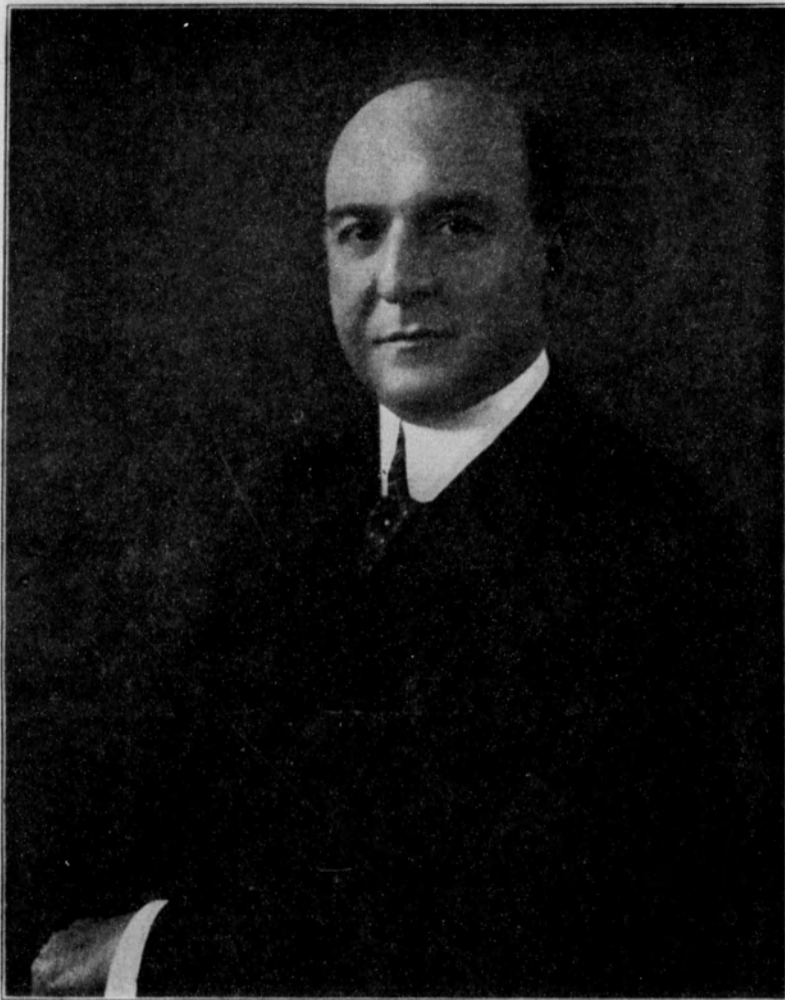
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DR. PIERRE DU PONT

who will be host to the entire University of Delaware at a theatre party in the near future—but more than that—who has spent a great deal of energy, time, and money in arranging a plan whereby the public schools of Delaware may be provided with better buildings and more efficient instruction.