

The Review

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE

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COACH DOHERTY'S BASKETBALL SQUAD INCREASES NUMBER

Enough Men For Six Teams Practicing Regularly; Kemske And Donoghue Outstanding New Players

OSTEOPATHY GAME WEDNESDAY NIGHT

The Delaware University basketball team will play the first of its 19 games on the 1930-31 court schedule when it lines-up against the Osteopathy quintet on December 10 at the Taylor gymnasium. This change has been caused by a conflict in the schedule of William and Mary College and the presentation of "Outward Bound" by the class in E 51. Only two games will be played before the Christmas holidays.

Basketball practice five times a week has been under way since early November, when over fifteen men reported to Coach "Doc" Doherty. The fundamentals of the game were strongly stressed; but little more could be done because of the smallness of the squad.

Much is expected of Orth, Roman, Kaufman, Aaronson, Ely, Roberts, Cain, Pikus, Petticrew and Townsend. These men played for Delaware last year and should pave the way for the new applicants. Roman has shown signs of returning to his former self. As a player of this type he would be of great value to the team. Kaufman, one of the leading sophomores who played on and off with the varsity last year, can be used in any position except center, as was shown great value to the team. Kaufman, height prevents him from being a capable tip-off man, but he performs creditably at guard or forward. Indications are that he will be more of a fixture at a forward post.

Orth was a regular last year and will strenuously defend his place in the fight for a guard position.

Delaware's success on the court this winter appears to depend quite largely on the freshman candidates. None of these men have been given a chance to prove their worth yet, but if high school and prep school records mean anything, it is most likely that some of these yearlings will see action with the varsity this year.

Among the most promising of the new candidates are Kemske, Haney, Hurley and Donoghue. The first three of these men were captains of their teams: Wilmington High School, Salesianum High School, and Haverford High School, respectively. Similarly these men led their teams to the University of Pennsylvania Basketball Tournament and weathered the competition until the final play-off. Donoghue rendered his services, at either guard or forward position, for the Canadaigua five. This prep school, which is located in the central part of New York State, successfully defended its championship against keen competition while Jack was a scoring ace.

(Continued on Page 3)

FACULTY EXTENDS CHRISTMAS VACATION

Adds Three Days To Recess Instead Of Compromising

Following action of the faculty on the matter, the Christmas holidays for the University will start at 4:10 o'clock, Thursday, December 18th, as originally announced in the catalogue, and will extend to 8 o'clock a. m., Monday, January 5, instead of until Friday, January 2. The Student Council recently petitioned the faculty for the vacation not to start until Saturday, December 20, and extend over until January 5, so that the student body and the faculty would have three week-ends during the vacation.

VOCALISTS PRESENT PLEASING PROGRAM

Orpheus Club Sings Variety Of Songs; Miss Mildred Taas Guest Artist

Performing before a large audience in Mitchell Hall last Thursday night, the Orpheus Club of Wilmington gave a program that was well received. The concert, which was free to the general public, was held under the auspices of the College Hour Committee of the University. Miss Mildred Taas, soprano, was a feature of the concert. The chorus, which was led by Dr. H. Alexander Matthews, director of the Orpheus Club, to the accompaniment of Harry Banks at the piano, rendered a well-balanced recital. The program of numbers which were given is as follows:

(a) Ho! Ho! Nut Brown Maiden (Old Scotch Air), arr. by Burleigh; (b) Brown Bird Singing, Haydn Wood; (c) Rolling Down to Rio, Edward German—The Orpheus Club.

Soprano solos—(a) By My Window, Tschaikowski; (b) Flick-an, Sebelous; (c) Aria from "The Snow Maiden," Rimsky Korshov—Mildred Taas.

(a) Hundred Pipes (Old Scotch Air), arr. by Whiting; (b) Dream Ship, Strickland; (c) To Arms, J. H. Haunser—The Orpheus Club.

Soprano solos—(a) Enough, Ellen Vinton Ford; (b) Four Smiles, Henry C. Banks; (c) Fairy Rockets, Milton B. Harding; (d) Sometimes, Madeline C. Walther; (e) A Morning in Spring, H. Alexander Matthews—Mildred Taas.

(a) My Johnny was a Shoemaker (Old English Folk Song), arr. by Deems Taylor; (b) Banjo Song, Sidney Homer; (c) Old Man Noah, Bartholomew.

COMMITTEE PLANS FOR JUNIOR PROM

Ted Brownagle's Orchestra Contracted For Formal Dance In February

Under the chairmanship of Robert Chesney, the Junior Prom Committee has been active for the past few weeks making definite arrangements for the outstanding collegiate affair this year. It has been decided that the dance will be held in the Gold Ballroom of the du Pont-Biltmore Hotel in Wilmington on Friday evening, February sixth, nineteen hundred thirty-one, until the wee hours of Saturday morning. After following up a popular orchestra with a bit of difficulty, the Committee succeeded in making the right connections and finally was able to contract Ted Brownagle and his Victor Recording Orchestra for the Junior Prom. The favors selected were given such careful consideration that they are sure to meet the approval of all those attending. The patrons and patronesses were chosen by the Committee. Not only is this formal dance something to look forward to, but it will be a celebration for all those who will be back the second semester.

CHARITY GAME NETS PROFIT

A little more than seven hundred dollars was given to the Mayor's unemployment fund in Wilmington as a result of the football game between Delaware and Fort Dupont, which was held on Frazer Field on the 29th of November. Governor C. Douglass Buck forwarded a check for the profits to Wilmington's Chamber of Commerce. The money will be distributed among the needy and unemployed.

MIGHT CANCEL BLUE HEN PUBLICATION THIS YEAR

Lack Of Student Support Prevents Bi-annual From Avoiding Deficit

Will the Blue Hen lose her feathers? do not clear their expenses through gate receipts. In contrast, The Blue Hen is of the students, by the students, and for the students, and still it is unsupported by the students.

For many years the University of Delaware Biannual has been operating on a losing basis: loss of money to the school, loss of respect to hard working but unsupported staffs, loss of interest in a thing that should form an important part of a college man's life while in school; loss of practically everything that one should look for and expect to find in the support of a year book in a school the size of the University of Delaware.

Plummer and Ott, however, refuse to publish a book that will not be supported by the student body to the extent of buying the books after they have been engraved and printed.

The three hundred subscriptions that will cost the Blue Hen \$2500.00 to publish, will cost members of the student body only \$4.00 per copy, or an aggregate income of only \$1200.00 to pay for the book. This leaves a balance of \$1300.00 to be earned by book and crock if the book is to be self-supporting. This is all stated on the presumption that the students might buy three hundred books. The staff is also endeavoring to be optimistic about the earning of the \$1300.00 in this year of serious depression. Business men and merchants are cutting down our main income, advertising, because they deem it more as a gift than as something necessary to their business.

Athletics are supported by both faculty and student body. Fifteen dollars is paid to the school each year to take care of teams which

E 51 TO PRESENT SUTTON VANE'S "OUTWARD BOUND" IN AUDITORIUM

Frank Stewart, Betty Martin And Harold Plummer In Leading Roles

LARGE AUDIENCE EXPECTED

SOPHIS!

Now is the time for all good Sophomores to come to the aid of their fellow classmates and to prepare for the Freshman Banquet. The first-year men have issued no formal invitations; but upper-classmen and sophomores will be more than welcome.

OPERATIC SELECTIONS FOR ORGAN RECITAL

Firmin Swinnen To Play Seven Numbers Tonight

Following the regular Monday evening organ concert last week, the Newark Choral Society, formed this fall by Mr. Swinnen, gave its initial recital in Mitchell Hall before a large audience, which was greatly pleased with the added vocal presentation. The pieces, chosen by Mr. Swinnen especially for the chorus, were: "Close Thine Eyes," "Volga Boatmen's Song," "To a Wild Rose," and "Hymn to America."

The chorus is composed of about 80 men and women, members of the faculty, student body of the University, and residents of Newark. They are directed and trained by Mr. Swinnen, and accompanied by Carl Budin, a student at the college.

For his organ recital, which will be presented tonight in Mitchell Hall, Mr. Swinnen has chosen a delightful program of operatic numbers which are as follows:

1. Edgemont—Overture L. Von Beethoven
2. Romance de Pauline P. Tschaikowski
3. Valse Triste Jean Sibelius
4. Chorale No. 3 in A Minor C. Franck
5. Dance of the Goblins, D. Dvorak
6. Song of the Gasket Weaver A. Russell
7. Carmen—Fantasia G. Bizet

ENGINEERS TO HOLD MEETING

On December 9, at 7:15, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers will hold a meeting in Evans Hall. Several student papers will be read, and a report will be given by H. C. Harris, who was the delegate to the annual A. S. M. E. convention in New York. The sophomores who are mechanical engineers are urged to attend this meeting.

ALPHA PSI OMEGA TO BROADCAST PLAY

Alpha Psi Omega is fast expanding its field in dramatic work. In the near future the Thespians intend to broadcast a play over station WDEL. Several of the members have already had voice tests. The test is required of all those who broadcast, since certain types of voices are not easily understandable over radio.

W. C. D. TO HOLD FORMAL DANCE

The annual Christmas Dance of the Women's College will be held in Old College on Saturday, December 13. The Christmas Dance will be the first formal dance of the year given by W. C. D. The "Original White Cotton Pickers" will furnish the music.

According to the reports of the Business Committee, the largest audience ever to witness a dramatic performance at the University of Delaware will be on hand at Mitchell Hall next Thursday night at 8:15 p. m. when the E 51 class presents Sutton Vane's fantastic three-act play, "Outward Bound."

Originally it had been planned to reserve a limited number of seats in the orchestra; but so great has been the demand for the higher priced seats that Stanley Salsburg, business manager, has decided to reserve all the seats on the lower floor. Salsburg has also announced that student tickets which are being sold at the special price of fifty cents, will not be sold the night of the play. Every indication points to a capacity house for the performance, and only a limited number of tickets is still available.

Rehearsals for the play occur every afternoon under the supervision of Mr. Kase, instructor of the E 51 class. Due to the strangeness of the play, the characterizations are more difficult than in an ordinary play. The setting is very unusual, hence the characters act and speak differently than they normally would.

Several roles in the play are particularly difficult in their enactment. In the opinion of Mr. Kase the entire cast is of exceptionally high merit, and some characters have elicited special comment from the coach. The work of Frank Stewart is considered above the average by Mr. Kase. Stewart portrays the role of a typical English big business man so engrossed in commercial affairs that he proposes to make a deal with the Almighty. Stewart, who won many plaudits by his performance in "The Circle," is certain to carry off a large share of the honors by his skillful performance.

An interesting departure in "Outward Bound" from the usual modern drama is the author's treatment of the love element. A pair of lovers are important members of the cast; but their affairs are not the chief point of interest in the play. Their vicissitudes are viewed psychologically rather than emotionally by the author. This fact makes the roles of the lovers rather difficult; but Betty Martin and Curtis Potts, who are the principals in the love affair, have turned in a creditable performance at rehearsals.

The stiffness which usually hampers an amateur actress in love scenes is entirely lacking in the acting of Betty Martin. She carries her delicate role with extraordinary ease, proving that she possesses rare dramatic talent. Mr. Kase is particularly delighted with her enthusiastic performance.

One of the longest roles in the

(Continued on Page 3)

DR. RYDEN TO SPEAK AT A. H. A. MEETING

Will Present Paper On Historical Subject

When the forty-fifth meeting of the American Historical Association is held in Boston during the Christmas holidays, Dr. George H. Ryden, head of the Department of History and Political Science, will contribute a paper on "The United States and Samoa" at the session on "The Far East" on Monday, December 29. Professor E. B. Greene, of Columbia University, president of the American Historical Association, will preside at this session.

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MORE ABOUT THE ENGINEER

Quite a few students have asked why we allowed a certain article to be published in last week's Review. Perhaps they thought that anything published in the paper had to be in accordance with any policy or opinion that the editor might have. We are not so narrow-minded as to think that only our own opinions are right. It so happens that we first looked upon the article as a prejudiced work written merely to arouse the interest of the student body. But after considering the arguments submitted to us, we feel that the author of "The Engineer" is just about right.

To say that by developing ambition one condemns himself to a "hell of frustration" is, of course, wrong. We have developed an ambition to edit a paper; as yet we are not defeated. The engineer has developed an ambition to build bridges; his present accomplishments show that he has not been baffled. But we all must admit that by developing ambitions, we do condemn ourselves to a hell of hardships,—one that includes innumerable sacrifices.

Do the engineers have a soul? Do they possess that immaterialism which permits one to fall back and "dwell in a world of music, art, and all smart, amusing things?" By saying "fall back" we mean to be able to forget about a specific object and to concentrate on another. The engineer hardly ever reaches the top of his profession. If he fails, he is lost. The "arts" student may transfer from any phase of professionalism to any phase of commercialism. With the engineer there is a cold, material romance; with the "arts" student there is a passionate, immaterial romance.

It is only natural for an "arts" student to realize that this world,—this cold world of materialism,—is a dwelling place for the body. The engineering student already knows it. But because the former finds, in this material world, a dwelling place for the soul, he is the superior of the two. If the engineer is too practical and cannot find the time to acquire a soul because he is busy enhancing worldly progress, then he should be reminded that the world he is living in is a selfish world, that others enjoy the things he enjoys, let alone a number of things that he does not enjoy. The sixteen-cylinder automobile, Mr. Engineer, will do for the present; let the robot attend to the furnace while you develop that certain culture.

A GLEE CLUB

After listening to the Choral Society last Monday evening, we feel that a Glee Club composed only of Delaware students would not be the worst musical association in this State. It may be that we did not like the contrast of so many feminine voices against those of the few tenors, baritones, and basses. But when we heard the Orpheus Club three days later, we realized that there are greater possibilities in an organization of the latter kind.

A Glee Club at the University of Delaware would serve many purposes: a means of entertainment, an opportunity for voice culture, and a medium for advertising the school. The first mentioned would be a concert now and then for the benefit of others. Group singing and regular practicing would be excellent training for the voice. A popular organization surely will represent its school away from home. Certain Glee Clubs, such as those from Cornell, Princeton, or Pennsylvania, travel extensively in order to give concerts. By so doing they advertise their respective colleges. Why can't a Delaware Glee Club, instead of a Cornell Glee Club, give a concert in Wilmington for a benefit?

Some students should get together and develop some kind of an ambition to form a Glee Club. If they do, we promise them that we will support them wholeheartedly in The Review; we will let the student body and alumni know that there are some students at Delaware who intend to do something worthwhile for their Alma Mater.

In the Editor's Mail

December 3, 1930.

Dear Sir:

It is my habit to peruse the columns of The Review each Monday night in search of news of interest. Some may be so foolish as to think there might even be some constructive philosophy, or some new and interesting hedonistic outburst of thought (if such is their interest), but it is my firm conviction that any philosophy or thought found in a college paper is either an apocryphal writing of some real thinker, or it is so immature and chaotic as to be worthless. Therefore, I do not consider the most delightfully naive ramblings of R. E. C. as being at all dangerous to humanity. Neither do I think that they will ever be treas-

ured by future generations as the gospel of the light.

It is rather amusing, and also rather nettling, to read such works of art as R. E. C.'s masterpiece, "The Engineer." Perhaps if I were a philosopher I would only smile and turn to the contemplation of higher things, but since I too am young and possessed of an unformed mind I take my trusty pen in hand, dip it in milk and honey, and idly a saccharine reply upon tablets of compressed manna.

Ambition! What sins are committed in thy name! Perhaps ambition is, after all, the true "opium of the masses," but I am inclined to think not. I never was afflicted to any great extent by this terrible ill, even though I am an engineer. If some kind soul will inject some of this dread virus beneath my thick hide, I shall be eternally grateful to him. The jails, penitentiaries, dives, and filling stations of

this fair land of ours are largely populated by men who do not have the dread disease called ambition.

Now, Mr. R. E. C., may I ask a question? Thank you, kind Howendile. Have you a soul? If so there's still hope for thousands of dumb and insensitive engineers. Did you ever pause to think of the beauty of engineering? If not, you aren't getting all you should from life. Read Carl Sandburg's "Smoke and Steel." He expresses my thoughts better than I may ever hope to.

The real engineer must be a poet, he must be an artist, he must be a dreamer. He grasps the clouds with his left hand and holds the power of millions of dynamos, steam engines, and gas engines in his right. He is the servant of humanity,—and service is true nobility. He too sees the beauty of the sunset, the splendor of the roaring, rushing waterfall, the dark green of the swaying forests. He too hears the songs of the birds, the rustle of the wind through the golden grain, the restless thunder of the sea. Is he then inferior to the man he serves; the man to whom he gives the necessities and comforts of life?

Would you be willing to spend your days in the forest primeval, alone with the stars and wind, willing to go back to the days of the Stone Age and eat uncooked fruit and rats until some ambitious sabertooth tiger made a meal of you, interrupting your dreams of a Utopia where ambition is not needed?

When Jesus Christ walked upon the earth He did not shrink from ambition. He had a great and worthy ambition; He had a mission. He gave His life to save mankind. The engineer gives his life to service.

J. M. W.

December 3, 1930.

Dear Sir:

I am astonished to find a student in college who would state that engineers lack courage, imagination, aggressiveness, and most of all a soul. This can be due only to two things. First, because he has failed to know engineers as they are, and second because he has failed to recognize these qualities in the engineers, will give him the credit of not having done the first.

He condemns them to a "hell of frustration" for having ambition. Then he contradicts himself and states, "I cannot deny the practical value of ambition to society and in some cases to the individual. Without it we should probably be obliged to do without progress." Who wants to do without progress? Is it not the engineers who are progressive?

The engineers are the men who build the world. They are the men who look for comforts. What comforts would a man of ordinary learning or even an "arts" student have if it were not for the engineer? The Electrical Engineer gives you light and heat. The Mechanical and Civils give roads and bridges. The Chemical contribute the dyes for coloring and beautifying. The Metallurgical Engineer adds metals to the list of necessities which include ornaments, beds, and stoves. Who could do without these things in this day and enjoy life? I could go on naming these factors which are contributed to the world by engineers. Why do they do this? It is because they seek to enjoy the comforts of life. As far as pleasures are concerned the engineer contributes movies, dance halls, swimming pools, etc. He also provides means of transportation so that the artistically inclined can secure the full benefit of these pleasures.

It is very unfortunate that R. E. C. cannot realize that engineers have dreams, ideals, courage, aggressiveness, imagination, and a soul. There are more engineers who are cultured and have a genuine admiration for the beauties and comforts of this life than any other type of man.

I hope that the "art" student who wrote the article last week will realize that they actually do have that "spirit of Fortinbras." Also remember that success comes only to the cultured and to the intellectual. Engineers succeed! LIVE AND LEARN.

M. R. G.

He—I love you in the first place because of your divine form, in the second place because you're so sweet and wholesome, and in the third place, because of your divine form in the first place.

Lady—Oh, what a beautiful geranium! Did you grow it yourself? Gardner—Yes, indeed, mum. I raised it from a pot.

Deep Water

(From the Book by the Writer.)

It was late afternoon when we anchored in the mouth of the Hooghly River, the entrance to the Ganges leading up to Calcutta. Deep banks of fog rolled in from the sea to cover the muddy flats. The bass notes of whistles from other ships indicated that their anchors were out. It was dawn when we lifted the hook and crept cautiously through the fog to the waters of the Holy River.

In the clear cut atmosphere of a beautiful morning, small boats, rowed by six and sometimes ten oarsmen, slipped by, loaded with huge piles of hay and straw. Naked except for a breech-clout of white muslin, the men chanted in monotonous rhythm, dipping their blades deep into the water and slowly drawing them out again. Huts of straw and mud lined the sloping banks. Here and there the stone residence of an European official glittered in the stifling air. All kinds of refuse was drifting out with the tide. There were dogs, tiny cats, and even two monkeys. At a turn in the river, the body of a child, badly decomposed, bobbed up and down on the swells thrown out by the ship. Farther on, the carcasses of an elephant and a donkey floated side by side, keeping the native oarsmen busy shoving them away so that the small boats would not be damaged.

The farming lands near the river, we observed as we steamed slowly along, were low and flat, but sloped down to the water. Clumps of small trees broke the levelness of the ground. It was becoming intensely hot, the Mate advised us to place a

damp handkerchief under our caps to avoid sunstroke. And yet it was winter in India!

Near Budge-Budge town the First Assistant pointed out the tall statue of a man, built near the river.

"See there," he said, "do you know what that is?"

We stared at the immense figure.

"No, what is it?"

"Hell's bells!" exclaimed the wireless operator. "No wonder India complains of being overpopulated! And that's the guy who's to blame!" He gazed at the statue reflectively. "Well, back in Missouri we don't need crazy stone images to populate the country."

Watkins laughed derisively. "Yeah, that's why Missouri has always been so glad to have strangers settle there!"

My curiosity had been aroused, and with a most careful assumption of childish innocence, I asked:

"Mr. Watkins, how about telling us all about it?"

He sat on the hatch, staring across the river. "Well, as I started to say back there, that stone man is nothing more or less than the image of supreme Indian virility. It was built there hundreds of years ago after the country had suffered great loss of men in some sort of a war. The women were supposed to get an inspiration from it." He crossed his legs and looked at us. "Notice how they managed to make the figure lifelike. If I had the shoulders, the legs and the muscles that old boy has, I'd have the women worshipping me too!"

"But how do the women worship him?" I asked.

"Once a year every woman in the district comes here with gifts for the god. They prostrate themselves at his feet and lay their presents in front of them. Then they pray,

asking him to return the offering in the shape of a bouncing male baby. In their petition they request him to give the girl babies to the women of other districts since they will be burdened with them throughout life. Girls over here don't amount to much." He pointed to the figure. "You can see where the women have left bunches of flowers and fruit at the base. Then, after they have prayed and chanted two or three songs to him, they bow and scrape their feet and go home to let nature do the rest."

We were abreast of the god now and I could see a small procession of women, their arms loaded with flowers, coming down the narrow road toward the image. Their flowing gowns and white turbans fluttered in the morning air, making a picture fascinating and unusual. The great mass of stone was grim and austere, the eyes looking off into the grey atmosphere, an age-old look of wisdom in the features. I wondered what his next gift would be, a boy or a girl?

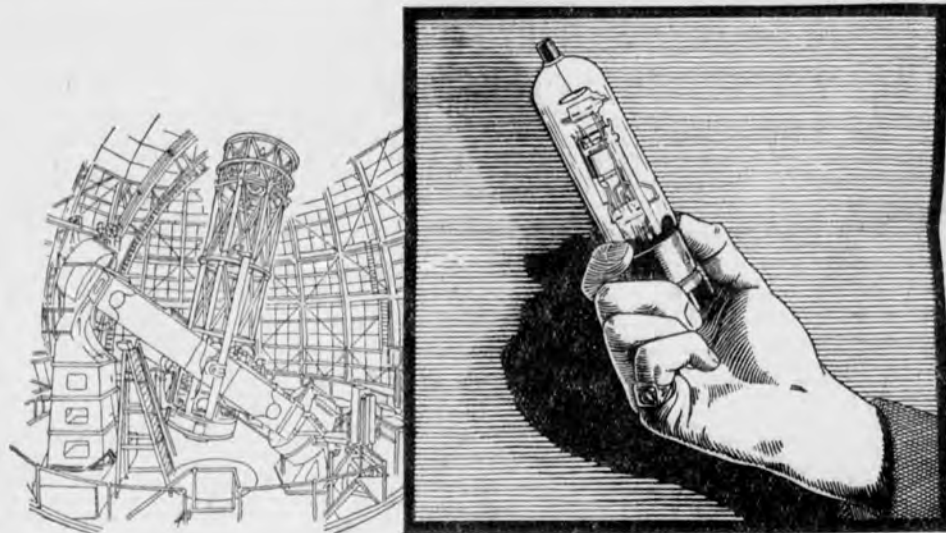
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

December 2, 1930.

MORE OF LESS

Last week I delivered myself of a few vagrant observations on the metallic nature of the engineering student. Judging from the howl that arose immediately, they are sensitive on the subject. This is surprising; I had not known they were sensitive on any subject. But I assure you, I have no intention of devoting my energy to an intensive campaign against the emblematic T square. I simply refer all protesting vociferous of the slip-stick to Job. (15:3); "Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own lips testify against thee."

As I recall it, my essay was anything but a wholesale castigation of the tribe. It seems to me that I said something about supermen. Truth, however, is not the sister of generosity; apparently I let fall something just a trifle too true for comfort. It is just this disturbing doubt of the engineer about the dignity of his position in human society that makes him so eager to seize the blade in his own defense. Perhaps I am wrong, but I have come to the premature conclusion in life that all such rumblings of the ego have some foundation in fact.

I have found that you can tell an "arts" student he is as uncultured as a peon and he will only raise an eyebrow. You can call him an unintelligent, lazy dilettante and he will even feel complimented. But dare to suggest that there is anything inartistic or commercial in the life program of an engineer and the seismograph at the Royal Geological Society in London will note the fact. Perhaps Adler would have an interesting explanation of this.

There is in this fountain of culture a course offered called Steam, and it is not a course in public speaking. I have been given definitely to understand that, if one has an appreciative soul, the esthetic stimulation to be obtained from this course is unlimited. To say that there is anything commercial or grossly pragmatic about it, I have been told, is blasphemy against the eternal essence of beauty. I have come to the point where my eye wanders doubtfully between my volume of Shakespeare and the radiator.

Being an impressionable person, I suffered considerable discomfort at being told that Plato was a mere whimpering pup beside Euclid and that one can find the full satisfaction of one's soul in nothing more transcendently simple than Cartesian coordinates. It hadn't occurred to me at the time that any given engineer had never read Plato and probably never would, or that my chess board was loaded with far more cosmic significance than all the graph paper printed.

The irrevocable fact remains that the "arts" student is the legitimate undergraduate, that the "arts" course is fundamental in the university as it is in the cultural destiny of the nation, and that the engineering school with all its expensive trappings is a mere concession to the depraved mechanistic attitude that now prevails throughout the land.

It is undeniably true that, because of the nature of civilization at present, the necessity for engineers is ample warrant for their existence. It is, however, no excuse at all for placing engineers as a class on a level with cultured human beings. Street cleaners and garbage collectors are also necessary.

It may be true that engineers patronize the arts with a vengeance, and it may be true, as they say, that their work is sanctioned only in pure esthetic joy. If my limited experience is worth anything, however, I offer in evidence that I have never yet met an engineer, who, after thirty years, was interested in anything more than his new Ford and the outlook for the weather.

I have no violent objections to admitting courses in engineering to the university. What must be, indubitably must be; but I do protest at relegating the arts to the dust when they are properly our first concern.

R. E. C.

The Ship will sail on Thursday mite. The passengers with death will fight; The lovers too will check their fate; Get tickets now and don't be late— For Outward Bound.

To Present Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound"

(Continued from Page 1)

play is depicted by Harold Plummer. Plummer has the part of Tom Prior, a chronically inebriated gentleman. Plummer must pretend to be intoxicated practically throughout the play except in one scene where terror drives all other emotions from his feelings. This part allows for much individual interpretation and demands considerable dramatic power.

Katherine Kesselring, who has the part of Mrs. Midget, assumes an English cockney dialect in the play quite effectively. David A. Waxman, as the Reverend Duke, represents the modern clergy. The other characters in the play are: Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, played by Betty White; Henry, Curtis Potts; the Reverend Frank Thompson, John Walker.

The following is an incomplete list of prominent faculty members and friends of the University who have consented to act as patrons for "Outward Bound."

From the faculty: Dr. and Mrs. Walter Hullihen, Dean and Mrs. George E. Dutton, Dean and Mrs. Charles A. McCue, Dean Winifred J. Robinson, Dr. George H. Ryden, Dean and Mrs. Robert L. Spencer, Dr. W. O. Sypherd. From outside the University: Major and Mrs. Ray Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. John K. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. E. William Martin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Warner McNeal, Hon. and Mrs. John P. Nields, Mrs. Charles L. Penny, Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Scott, Mr. Warren A. Singles, Col. and Mrs. Samuel J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Tallman, Miss M. E. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Norris N. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Whittingham.

Fraternities

KAPPA ALPHA

The Kappa Alpha fraternity held its annual Christmas House Party Saturday evening. Patronesses were: Mrs. A. S. Eastman, Mrs. G. E. Dutton, Mrs. George L. Townsend, and Mrs. Charles Bradford Mitchell. Music was furnished by Ted Berger and His Imperial Orchestra.

SIGMA NU

Sigma Nu s are looking forward to this coming week-end. On Friday evening those Tuxedos dusted from months of desire will again come into prominence at our annual Formal.

We ask the cooperation of the other houses in filling the Tux demand.

THETA CHI

Not only the brothers of Theta Chi, but everyone on the campus was sorry to hear of the accident that happened in Wilmington last Thursday night a week, after the Theta Phi Dance. As we all are aware, Walt Kelk is suffering from cuts and bruises about the face, also bruises about the knees. Walt, at present, is doing much better, and returned today from his home in Upper Darby. We are hoping for a speedy recovery.

Pete Morgan, another victim, was no doubt the most seriously hurt. He, at present, is still in the hospital suffering from internal injuries. Although he seems to have improved in the last few days, his condition is still serious. We all are wishing him, likewise, the best of luck in a quick turn for the best.

Among the other fellows in the accident are: Frank Lynch, who by the way hardly received a

scratch,—and Paul Rash,—who was hurt to a minor degree.

The news from the "House on the Hill" falls short this week; however, our interest is centered on the four fellows named above, and it is the earnest desire of every fellow in the house to see these fellows back in school very soon.

Coach Doherty's Basketball Squad Increases Number

(Continued from Page 1)

Kemske and Haney will be well remembered by Wilmingtonians for their brilliant work on the court. Kemske is proclaimed by many the finest scoring forward Wilmington High School has ever produced. Throughout his entire High School career this freshman was the backbone of the basketball team. As a student at Staunton Military Academy Kemske again came into the limelight when the prep school quintet was ceded second place in the State championships.

Salesianum has long been famous for its excellent basketball teams. The team inspired by Haney was no exception to the rule. For four years this alternating center and forward proved his worth to his Alma Mater. His supremacy on the floor was only disputed by Leahy, his teammate for several years.

Hurley served as pivot man for the Haverford High. This six-footer shows great promise and should prove a worthy rival for big John

Roberts. Kirchner, who for four years protected Haverford's goal, is fighting for a guard position on the Delaware varsity.

"Bud" Haggerty, just released from the football squad, has appeared in uniform and has great potential possibilities of becoming an excellent guard.

Several more candidates are expected to swell the squad this week.

With these candidates in view, prospects for the coming season appear brighter than they have been for the past few years. That new spirit in Delaware athletics which was imbued in the football team seems likely to be carried on to the basketball team.

The following men constitute the squad: Roman, Kaufman, Orth, Kemske, Donoghoe, Aaronson, Haney, Haggerty, Hurley, Leahy, Harrington, Fine, Levy, Berger, Pikus, Lane, Thompson, Strandwitz, Soisman, Moore, Steink, Kirchner, Pierce, Newall, Kane, Fuard, Dunn, Catty, and Ciancagline. Twenty-nine men in all are practicing regularly.

Soc. Prof.—To what single thing do you attribute the large recent increase in marriages in the U. S.?

Student—To the invention of the rumble seat, sir.

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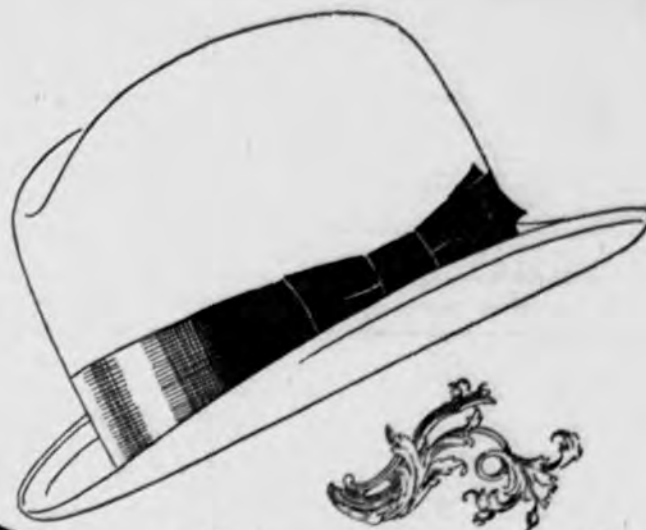
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MEMORIES

A determined Blue Hen, cornered by disastrous defeats in practically every phase of athletics is at last producing a brood of fighting offsprings. This new generation has already made Delaware history in football.

Striking out with a desperate claw to protect her young, the Blue Hen ripped up six opponents, fought one draw and was defeated thrice by worthy rivals. Drawing first blood, an essential start for a successful football team, Delaware defeated a stubborn St. Joe's team 13-6. Following this auspicious and commendable start, the chicks had their confidence shaken from them in a heartstirring battle which was lost to George Washington, 9-6. George Washington had a tremendous advantage over Delaware by reason of the superior weight and strength of its team. Against these odds, Delaware outfought and outsmarted her heavier opponent and lost only by an unlucky break. Sweeping a good Gallaudet team off its feet, Delaware tore its way for a 38-0 win. The deaf-mutes played good football but were unable to penetrate our line or cope with our powerful offense. The shock of the season came with the overwhelming defeat at the hands of a mediocre Rutgers team. Outweighed, outplayed and on a foreign field, Delaware was smothered by a clearly superior team. In spite of the score, 40-0, the victory was not an easy one for Rutgers.

The following week Delaware, presenting a somewhat crippled team, eked out a 13-12 victory over Swarthmore for the first time in forty years. Incidentally 40 years covers the entire period of our relationship in football with Swarthmore. The score, as in countless cases, did not tell the story. Delaware was easily the better team and demonstrated this fact throughout the entire game. Playing against great odds, Delaware added another victory to her list, Mt. St. Mary's. The Emmitsburg team had defeated Delaware several years in a row by decisive scores and last year kept the slate clean with a 39-0 win. With this jinx staring it in the face, the Blue Hen fought an uphill fight to break the tie by the score of 13-7. Battling a foe which had enjoyed success as a football team this season, the Blue Hen was tied 13-13, by an equally determined Drexel team. The game was played on a muddy field and the two teams were equally matched.

Then there was Haverford. They came, they saw, and they were conquered. Buffeted by its opponents, Haverford had produced one of its worst teams in years. This didn't

prevent it from playing our team off its feet for three quarters, but weakening in the last quarter to lose, 14-7. Confident of victory, Delaware suffered a disheartening loss at the hands of a rejuvenated P. M. C. team by the score of 10-2. In a game filled with thrills, the Blue Hen was forced to bow her head to an attack which could not be turned away. The next week its feathers already ruffled in an irritating manner, the Blue Hen turned on its last opponent, Ft. Dupont, and gave it a sound beating, thus winding up a great season in the estimation of Delaware followers.

Taken all in all, it was a great team coached by two great players, "Gus" Zeigler and "Charlie" Rogers, both stars at Penn in their day. They had a difficult problem confronting them when they started coaching this year. With characteristic vigor they tackled this problem and out of an inexperienced group of candidates moulded a light, fast team. This hard fighting team proved to be one of our most successful in the past decade.

Not all the credit should be given to the team and the coaches. There is praise due to a certain group of people that helped win our games and that group is the student body and the alumni. The support given to the team at the games was a revelation. At the St. Joe, Swarthmore and P. M. C. games the supporters of the Delaware squad outnumbered those of the opposing team. It is this sort of enthusiasm displayed by team, coaches, students and alumni which brings success with it.

Jack—Will you marry me?

Anne—But I'm a married woman.

Jack—No, you're a widow. Now don't say I didn't try to break it gently.

Indignant One—Why don't you put "Wet Paint" on that bench?

Painter—I did.

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

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He was plain as an old shoe, being educated at Oxford. His mother was a good old soul, but oh, what a heel was his father.

"Sonny, be a good boy or the women who pose for modernistic paintings will come after you!"

Plumber—Say, who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Welder—That was no lady. It was just an old acetylene flame of mine.

Hint to Students: The stork is the bird with the longest bill.

"Everyone is crazy over me," said the inmate of the first floor of the insane asylum.

Waiter—Were you kicking about the flies in here?

Patron—No, I was just knocking them about with my hand.

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

Andy—I had an awful time with Amos last night.

Kingfish—Amos who?

Andy—A mosquito.

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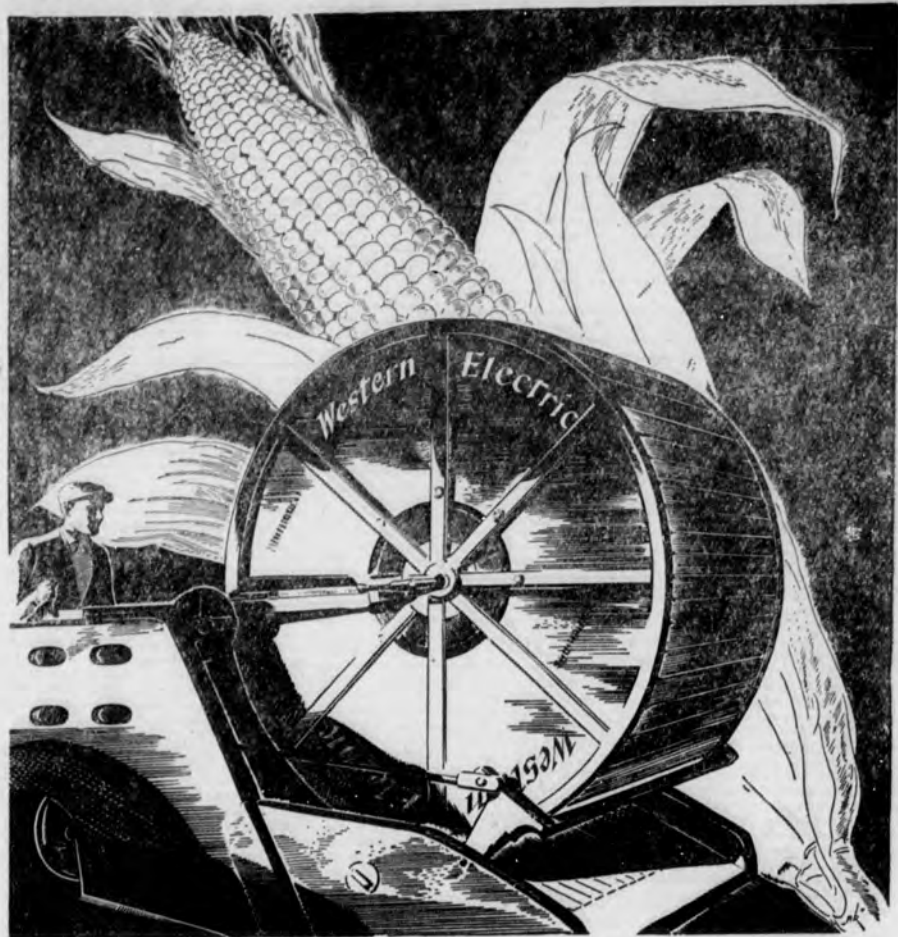
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