



Connecticut College News

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The Nonsense Saint.

About two weeks ago I was painfully rereading a letter. Originally it had been neat. It was then dirty and dog-eared. I had read it in this same fashion many times before. It was, as you will perhaps be interested to know, a note from our own Miss Mildred Provost requesting that my progress on the Class History be more rapid.

The door-bell rang, appealingly, frantically, once, twice, three times. I went to the back door (it had been that bell). A bedraggled, weary-looking individual in an aged derby hat was standing there with an enormous package of papers under his arm. He said he hoped I wouldn't mind his coming to the back but he'd been too tired to go around front. Then he handed me his card. It was in old English lettering:

SAINT NONSENSE.
Patron of Class Historians

No. 1 Divinity Place
Celestial City.

I felt of the card. It was engraved. I knew he was not an imposter so I asked him if he wouldn't come in. He would and did, removing the derby hat, which greatly improved his appearance. "I hope," I began falteringly, "that you haven't come to read my history—it, it isn't quite finished."

He sank into a chair and morosely replied, "Heaven forbid. That isn't profane because I live there! I hope you'll realize that my statements are serious! I meant to wear my halo, but the housekeeper mislaid it, and all I could find was the old derby, but nevertheless please consider that this is a most official visit." Then he grew quite fierce and heated. "Look at these piles of paper. Class Histories, every one of 'em! College histories, and high school histories, and university histories, and histories from seniors at boarding schools, and select young ladies' seminaries! You can't imagine what a bore it is to read all this nonsense and

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Commencement Address of the Student President.

When Dr. Sykes asked me to say a few words tonight, I was at a loss to discover a subject which should be of general interest, but last evening, one of my fellow-students quite unconsciously helped me to find a topic which seemed appropriate for these exercises. We had been dancing together after the banquet of the Athletic Association, held here in our combination refectory, theatre and auditorium, when she turned to me suddenly, and enthusiastically said, "I think the spirit of this college is fine, don't you?" I more than readily agreed, for it has been my privilege to know what Connecticut College means for two years, whereas she had experienced only one year of life in "the college by the sea."

This appreciation of college spirit is general among us, so I thought our friends who are gathered here tonight might be willing to listen for a few moments to an interpretation of this spirit from the student point of view.

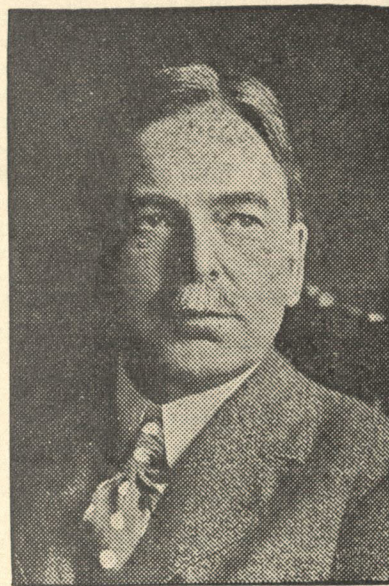
Others may have various ideas about defining that intangible yet all powerful something generally labeled college spirit; but to me, it means the strong, united feeling of unselfish devotion of students and faculty to the ideals of the college of their choice. This spirit is helpful in a pioneer college, for it aids us to keep sight of future visions, and what is perhaps, of more immediate importance, makes us courageous in the struggle to make of beautiful visions, a worth-while reality.

As we travel our round of daily duties, sometimes eagerly, sometimes a bit wearily, but never begrudgingly, we seldom stop to think of the causes of college spirit.

There are nevertheless, three reasons for this spirit; first, the nature of the curriculum, secondly, the work of the student organizations, thirdly, the able administration of the first faculty and first president.

Our course of study is based on a broad and modern conception of liber-

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DR. FREDERICK H. SYKES.

First President of Connecticut College.

STUDENTS OF DEAR C. C.—

The hour of our parting has come. It brings with it the opportunity I gladly use, to send you a few words, which I wish each one of you to take from me as a personal farewell message.

This College has achieved what Wordsworth calls "the first great gift" of the individual, "the vital soul." We all share in it. That soul was formed in the first year of the College, in the devotion of the class of '19 to the ideals and organization of the student body, which the class of '20 took up and established still more deeply in the student spirit. In the second year, this soul of the College has been strangely moved and deeply tried. The mettle of your spirit has stood the test, and your loyalty, courage, and wisdom have shone beyond praise.

The soul of the College lives still, free, noble, intrepid in you. It is in your keeping,—serve it faithfully. You have still a great work to do—not for yourselves only as students but for the institution which you have chosen as yours. Remember that year by year the student body is an increasing power, not as students only, but as alumnae.

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Honors and Prizes.

Award of Prizes.

Hislop prize in English, (\$25.) divided between Miriam Pomeroy '19 and Kathryn Hulbert '20.

The Frederick H. Sykes prize in Creative Literature, (\$25.) divided between Alison Hastings '19 and Margaret Greenebaum '20.

The Louise Ryckman Sykes prize in public speaking (\$25.): Madeline Hinchey '20.

The Mansfield prize in Dramatics, (\$25.) divided between Margaret Greenebaum '20 and Dora Schwartz '20.

The Bodenwein prize in English for Journalism, (\$25.): Loretta Higgins '20.

The Cary prizes in French; first prize (\$15.): Mariesther Dougherty '19; second prize (\$10.): Esther Batchelder '19.

The Charles R. Hanscom prize in mathematics, (\$25.): Justine McGowan '19.

The Comstock prize in Botany (\$10.): Irma Smith '19.

The Mahan prize in Music, (\$25.): Grace Cockings.

The Peterson prize in Greek, (\$25.): Rosa Wilcox '19.

The four prizes in Spanish: Advanced Spanish; first prize (\$15.): Clementina Jordan '19; second prize, (\$10.): Marion Kofsky '19; Elementary Spanish; first prize (\$15.): Olive Doherty '20; second prize (\$10.): Susan Wilcox '19.

Departmental Honors.

ENGLISH.

Kathryn Hulbert '20, Margaret Greenebaum '20, Helen Hankemeyer '20, Alison Hastings '19, Julie Hatch '19, Annie McLellan '20, Elizabeth Nagy '20, Juline Warner '19, Rosa Wilcox '19, Miriam Pomeroy '19, Katherine Holway '19.

GREEK.

Rosa Wilcox '19.

LATIN.

Emetta Weed '19, Marjorie Doyle '20, Rosa Wilcox '19, Juline Warner '19.

FRENCH.

Esther Batchelder '19, Marjorie Carls-

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COLLEGE NEWS

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Editorial

Connecticut College has come to the end of the second year of its existence. The close of this year marks the close of two very happy years under the successful administration of our first president, Dr. Sykes. As the president of the Student Government Association said in her commencement address, it is through no wish of the student body that this administration ends, but the students' efforts to prevent its ending have been unavailing.

What the students of this college now face is at best an uncertainty. The *News* made especial efforts to obtain for this issue from the Board of Trustees, facts relative to the conditions and appointments in the administrative departments and the faculty for next year, for of course such news would be of inestimable value to the students and in fact due them as a matter of fairness. However, we were unable to secure any data whatsoever for this paper. Whatever plans the Trustees have for next year, they had not seen fit to divulge them at the time this issue went to press.

We do not as yet know even how many of our present faculty will be here next year, to say nothing of our ignorance as to the man or woman who is to be the new president. We understand that the choice has been made, but it is a matter of mystery.

But whatever happens to Connecticut College in years to come, no one can take from the first students the memory of two happy and profitable years spent at "the college by the sea".

This college had an illustrious beginning; one full of promise. The spirit that has been instilled in the student body is such that we can not be satisfied with anything but the highest and

best of college ideals. Connecticut College must realize these ideals, no matter what difficulties there are in the way.

There is a work to be done by every student who returns to this institution. If we come back let us not forget the duty we owe our college. If we do not come back let us not forget the C. C. that was our college.

Faculty Notes

Like the students, the various members of the faculty are looking forward to their summer vacation, some for work, some for play.

Dr. Barstow will spend her vacation in Connecticut, engaged to some extent in literary work. Among other things she will write a play to be produced by a group of girls in a camp in the White Mountains.

Upon leaving Connecticut College, Miss Davis will visit various High School Libraries during the summer and then in the fall of 1917 will establish a High School Library in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Dr. Cary will not leave "the College on the hill by the sea", for the summer, but will remain and enter into patriotic work, particularly farming.

Dr. Barr will spend part of her vacation at Harrison, Maine, at Western College Camp.

Dr. Osburn assumes the responsibilities of chief of the Biological Department of the University of Ohio, directly upon the expiration of this college year.

Miss Reichelderfer expects to take up Social Service Work in New York City soon after the close of college.

Dr. Nye was unanimously nominated by the Faculty to be Dean of the Faculty for next year. This nomination has been approved by the Board of Trustees.

The Connecticut State Library Association held a meeting in New London Hall on June 4th. Miss Theresa Hitchler of the Brooklyn Public Library gave a very interesting talk on Library Training vs. Practical Experience, and Dr. Sykes spoke on Rudyard Kipling. Tea was served afterward in the rest room. Dr. Nye and Dr. Cary served.

Miss Margaret Baker Foley, our librarian for next year, was present at the meeting of the Connecticut State Library Association.

To the Editor of the News:

In reply to the question, "But now that our President is going, instead of inquiring of the Trustees what the standard of our college is going to be, is it not our place to help make that standard high, by coming to this college next year, and proving our loyalty to the college ideals that President Sykes has labored so faithfully to uphold?"—a question which appeared in an article printed in the last issue of the *News*, I would reply that it is not only our place to inquire, but our right to know, "what the standard of our college is going to be" and the following statements may be justifiable reasons for asking the question.

1. In answer to our petition for information on the subject, the Trustees vouchsafed no particulars with the exception of the question dealing with housing possibilities for next year.

2. Until the time of writing, we have waited, but vainly, for the report which will determine the "standard of our college" in relation to other approved institutions of education in the United States.

Our elders and superiors may smile at the declaration, but we insist upon it, that we are not impulsive children. We are old enough and sensible enough to realize that our going or staying could not determine the standard of the college.

We had hoped to treat this situation which is so serious and disturbing, in the dignified thoughtful manner that would prove us capable of facing an issue and broad-minded enough to consider the question without resorting to childishness or personalities.

No student, who is considering a transfer from Connecticut College, has been brought to the decision, by the idea that withdrawing her name from the list of enrolled students, could hurt the college and subsequently the administrative officers of it.

But from an economic standpoint, there are students who feel that life is too short and preparation for a successful career too serious to spend either the requisite fees or time at a college which may not be able to reward them with a degree as valuable as may be gotten elsewhere with an expenditure of the same amount of money and time.

And let no one imagine that such a decision could disprove their loyalty.

Those girls who cheerfully clambered over building debris in New London Hall last year; ate their first meals by candle light, and laughing said, "We are pioneers!" could not be lacking in loyalty to C. C., in the time of trouble and need of support.

"Loyalty '19" and "Loyalty '20" down by the river, are not the expression of a poet's sentiment, but a proof that we were loyal while C. C. endured. And since that day when the spirit of C. C.—the old spirit we helped to create—was crushed to earth, we have been loyal to the memory of it, and still we can sing with as much enthusiasm

as before—

"Dear C. C., the only place for me

 Our hearts—we gave them all to you."

—Mary K. Strange '19

Dr. Sykes' Letter.

(Concluded from page 1)

Study the organization of the College, more and more enter into the organization, to cast out evil, to develop the good, until you put on the College the seal of its high destiny in the education of women.

I shall hope that you will miss me among the fellow-workers of a high ideal. But, in sense, we do not part. In a sense, life is a continuing city. Samuel Butler suggests that "a man's true self is his Karma—the life which his work lives, but which he knows very little about and by which he takes nothing". If I have said things helpful to you, if education has received in our College a more vital direction, if the spirit of "work and song and love" which I hoped would suffuse life here has taken a place in your spirit, that is the main thing; you have that for keeps. Remember that the good that counts is good in action. Whatever you do, 'do it beautifully'. Forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forth unto the things that are before—press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of your womanhood.

They only part really who wish to part. You yourselves will, in a sense, live with me continually. There are things that do not die while memory lasts. The grey walls on the hill-top, the ripple of the flag, the elm trees, the glint of the sea, the ineffable beauty of the river, you yourselves passing to and fro, the meaning and purpose of all our life here and the best of it all—these are pictures that will not fail me in the long years.

"Forbode not any severance of our loves;

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might".

We have had two good years together. As our play said, "No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied". With deep affection, abiding loyalty, and grateful appreciation, your first president and class-mate bids you good-bye.

FREDERICK H. SYKES.

June 15, 1917.

To Dr. Sykes.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime."

To Dr. Sykes, the first president of Connecticut College, the first woman's college of the State of Connecticut, we owe all allegiance and loyalty. To him we turn with every mark of respect and devotion for the great work he has begun. He has endeared him-

self to the students of Connecticut College by his untiring devotion to the highest ideals a college can have.

His splendid work has not been in vain. Already his educational ideals are established by the broad curriculum and by the organized spirit of the classes '19 and '20. We, the students of Connecticut College pledge ourselves to go in the spirit of the work he has begun; to perpetuate his spirit and the spirit of this, our Alma Mater.

Dr. Sykes as pioneer president of our college has had many difficult tasks. He has borne them cheerfully. In the days of oppression and doubt he took his stand for the right. He has borne unkind criticism because he dared to set aside personal welfare in the interests of the college and its students. The first class remembers the chaos in the beginning. Then followed unity and growth. A very great force has been at work. Today the classes '19 and '20 stand representative of an organized whole, ready to perpetuate the ideals of this college.

Words are inadequate to express to you, Dr. Sykes, our deep appreciation of the splendid work you have done. We, the student body of Connecticut College, simply and earnestly extend to you, our best wishes for the future, and bid you God-speed.

—Margary S. Rowe '19

Commencement Address.

(Continued from page 1)

ality and freedom. We are not only offered classical courses as good as those given in other colleges of first-rank, but are also granted opportunity for thorough training in art, science and the field of business and commerce.

Few other colleges are so fortunate as ours in natural surroundings. Of these gifts of nature we have already begun to show our appreciation. Our botany classes have already begun to look forward to their trips through Bolleswood, where the tiny white violets fill the swamp with their Springtime fragrance. There the wind-blown anemones and bright columbines sway gently on their thread-like stems implanted in the cliff which makes our natural amphitheatre, where we hope that one day the graceful nymphs of our interpretive dancing classes may be induced to join the revels of equally graceful and frolicking fawns.

The physical education classes have found excellent opportunities for cross-country feats, hockey, tennis and many other games. The peculiar privilege of the college is the beautiful river Thames, where there are abundant opportunities for training in rowing and swimming. These natural facilities were a large factor in providing major courses in Physical Education, and, as yet, ours is the only college which offers a degree to a girl majoring in Physical Training.

A course of study which is so condu-

sive to the general health of the college, so broad in scope and so ample in variety as ours, is the type which will attract young women from all parts of our land, and which the students now at Connecticut College hope to see maintained for many years to come.

Out of these various courses have grown many student organizations in which this youthful college spirit is ardently cultivated. In our Glee Club rehearsals, we enjoy very pleasant practice hours which round out the regular music courses. In the dramatic and debating societies, we aim to practice those principles of voice culture laid down in more formal courses and to study the leading economical and political questions of the day. In the foreign language clubs, we seek a more artistic polish of expression than our French and German professors seem to notice in our regular classes. In the Service League, we mean to show that we have not forgotten those who are less fortunate than we are, in certain respects. The phase of work in which we have been most interested is war relief work. We began by raising six hundred dollars for a bed in the Edith Wharton Hospital, and for the last six weeks the members of the social science and history classes have worked ten hours a week, making bandages and other surgical appliances.

In the Student Government Association, we try to unite all of the chartered organizations, in an effort to cultivate the spirit of intelligence which makes thinking young women able to govern, and the feeling of responsibility which makes them loyal to a common cause.

Besides the plans of our founders, and the enthusiastic cooperation of the students, one more element was necessary for the growth of the splendid spirit at Connecticut College—and that is the able administration of the college under its first faculty and first president. A few days ago, one of the students wrote a recipe for a good time at a Connecticut College picnic. Among other things, she included one broad Thames River, two "Loyalty" boats, a bright camp-fire on shore, and most important of all, one Faculty of the Connecticut College variety. Certainly there could be but one Faculty like ours—the men and the women from whom we learn helpful facts drawn from their own rich experiences; to whom we go for advice on innumerable subjects, with whom we dance, play and sing, and with whom we are privileged to serve the college whether it be at an Athletic Banquet, or in the field of intellectual pursuits. We esteem our Faculty, and we are grateful to them for the joy and strength they have given us during the past two years.

Though not a regular Faculty member, there is one pioneer woman with us who has had much to do in the building of college spirit. Mrs. Sykes is known to us not only as a charming hostess, but as a thorough scholar, an able teacher and a true friend. The girls of Connecticut College are proud

to have her in their midst, and appreciate her strong, sweet influence for good.

Chiefest of all our Faculty, stands our first president—Dr. Sykes. In him we recognize a great scholar, a master teacher and a noble leader. Without his untiring loyalty of leadership, and splendid executive power of organization, we have no assurance that our college could have made the advancement it has achieved during its first two years.

It has been said that it is good to be rich, and good to be strong, but better than either to be surrounded by a large circle of friends. Dr. Sykes, perhaps all of these blessings are yours—your students hope so—but of the last they are assured. On behalf of the students of C. C., I would assure you of their faithful friendship, if that is of any value to you who leads them. Through no wish of ours, we are met tonight to bid you farewell for a time, but those of us now present will feel that you are working with us in sympathy and spirit if not in person, and no argument shall convince us to the contrary. Yours is the satisfaction of a great achievement in the field of liberal education for women, with all of its noble aspirations and ideals, and we trust that it may often be your pleasure to join again in good comradeship with your C. C. classmates of 1919 and 1920.

—Winona F. Young

President Student Government Asso.

The Nonsense Saint.

(Continued from page 1)

put it down alphabetically in the year book. But that isn't the worst of it! I have to spend all my time in the office listening to prayers for inspiration from fat boy historians and the girl historians until I'm almost crazy. Why, my office hours are supposed to be over at four! I had to miss the special matinee given by Dante and Walt Whitman, and Edgar Allen Poe's new comedy, "The Raven". They say it was the funniest thing in the last fifteen years. It's a shame, a miserable shame! and I just came to tell you that if Connecticut College intends having a class history they'd better change their minds."

I felt pained, and perhaps I showed it, for he inquired gruffly what the matter was. I returned that I felt insulted. I had spent a good deal of time on the history, it was highly original, and in verse at that.

He extended his hand, "Well, let's see a sample. If it isn't too long I might make an exception, but just this once mind you! How's this?"

'Listen and you shall hear
A tale of the second year
Of the class that came to dear C. C.
When it was started on the Lea.

Can't hand the meter much but I'll go on!

'The roof was not on Winthrop

House

And in the cellar was many a mouse.
We ate shift in shift
And into manners bad did drift.

'The Freshmen were a nifty lot
We slept beside them cot by cot,
And into a homogeneous whole
We wedded both our minds and sole.'

Soul spelled wrong. It's terrible, all of it! Why will you class historians try to write in verse. Now if you stick to the facts and be sensible."

"But I did stick to the facts. There were mice in the cellar and we did have to sleep two in a room. Anyway the last is lots better."

The Nonsense Saint shook his head doubtfully.

"Well maybe so, I'll try again.

'Muddy were the roads and paths
Grimy was the water for our baths
But what cared the trustee
For such as you and me?

'Wynona Young
With nerves unstrung,
um um um
" " " "

Oh my Goodness! Do you call this stuff poetry? I thought you said this was a history! What's the idea of making a prophecy out of it? You say Wynona Young is going to shine in science—rot, nonsense, lies! If you had any sense you'd know she was going to be first female governor of Utah, and under her rule the Mormans will reduce their wives to the number of two.

I interrupted—"Her name isn't Wynona, it's Winona and—!"

"All right, Winona. Now why don't you write a history something like this? Telegram form is by far the latest thing except wireless code, and that would be too difficult for you. Put the events down thus:—

1. Year opens with unknown faces at the faculty table, Mlle. Ernst, Senorita Barstow and Fraulein Richeldorf. In vain we look for Drs. Rondinella and Wood. They choose to hibernate in Massachusetts.

2. Freshmen introduced to Sophs in Bolleswood by violent methods.

3. Miss Dickinson arrives from sojourn at Hospital in parts unknown. Much rejoicing—dining room schedule improved.

4. Thanksgiving intervenes.

5. Winthrop finally opens though without couch covers. General removal of "double-up" Freshmen and others.

6. No more quarantines.

7. Establishment of French Relief Committee. Ruth Morriss, chairman—I grabbed him by the arm—"I can't say that, when I'm reading the paper!" "Be quiet," was his answer, "you had your turn and now I have mine—we will continue!"

"7. Ruth Morriss is chairman—purpose to raise \$600 for Edith Wharton Hospital.

8. Christmas vacation—Santa Claus

and Christmas trees. Belated return of those who had too good a time.

9. Athletic season—Sophomores win in Hockey.

10. Wharton Fund completed. We cheer ourselves at a Tea, a tea dance, a 'Mad Frolic', and Vanity Fair.

11. War is declared.

12. Student government acquires much recognition as an efficient body.

13. Please skip.—Don't tempt fate.

14. New Field House started. An old lady from Norwich asks Mary Strange if it is the new chicken house. Mary doesn't know.

15. Most to be remembered event of year. Dr. Sykes is made first honorary member of the class of 1919.

16. Mr. Crandall departs for Plattsburg. Social Science classes do war relief work such as hoeing bandages, knitting potatoes, and rolling sweaters. Oh my—I mean—you know what I mean! My tongue hurts."

I interrupted "You should put my verse in there—it's from —!"

"Wait until I get through, then I'll give you a chance," he replied rudely.

"17. Dr. Sykes gives boats to classes called 'Loyalty 1919' and 'Loyalty 1920'.

18. Various contestants contest various prizes given by Sophs and Freshmen in honor of Dr. Sykes—one in creative literature—one in Shakespeare.

"Then you could finish up telling of the two days outing trip, and who wins the prizes, and the class tea and the rest of it. Now let's hear your verse. I hope it's better than the other ones."

"Allright," I said, "here it is:—

With a hoe and a rake,
Furrows we make,
And drop the tatoes in
Not to garden is a sin.

Red Cross work we did
Just as we were bid
Knitting, knitting, knitting,
Things for war befitting.

But hark from across the seas
A soldier writes us words like these
But he's fought in the trenches so
long

His mind no longer is quite strong.

We knit quite well,
Though we've nothing to sell,
Click, click the needles go
And oh the bandages we sew!"

Refrain from the trenches:

'Some socks! Some fit!

One for a helmet!

One for a mit

I hope I may meet you

When I've done my bit

But who in the devil

Taught you to knit.' "

To say that the Nonsense Saint groaned would be mild. He gathered up his papers and made one long stride for the door, catching his aged derby on the way. Then he called over his shoulder, "You girl historians are worse than the boys every time, and you are absolutely the worst specimen I ever came across. Why even I can

do better than that. Listen and I mean it too. I hope you let it percolate well.

Goodbye girls I'm through
Each girl that I have met,
I say goodbye without the least
regret

I'm done with explanations
You've no more fascination
Not one of you will do
Goodbye girls I'm through."

History of 1920.

Now it happened that in the ninth month and on the twenty-fifth day of the month there came unto Connecticut College a glorious company of people, strong in spirit and learned with wisdom. For behold! They were Freshmen, and even unto this day do they bear that name.

And on the first and second day there was consternation upon the Freshmen, yea, and confusion was in the place round about them and even homesickness, it did gnaw at their hearts. And they were sore distressed and cried aloud saying: Evil is upon this place; there is no good in it.

A voice was heard in C. C., lamentation and bitter weeping, Freshmen weeping for their parents, refused to be comforted for their parents, because they were not.

And it came to pass that on the thirtieth day of the month sore distress fell upon them. For there was a people called the Sophomores dwelling beside them. And the habitation of both was the same. The cake whereof they ate and the sarsaparilla whereof they drank, was plentiful in the house of the neighboring people.

And it so happened that the Sophomores whereof I have told you sent unto the Freshmen and bid them come to a great feast. And the Freshmen, who were innocent, departed and came unto the country which is known as Bolleswood. And behold, they were deceived and made to humble themselves unto the ground, and humility did cover them as with a cloak. But to every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven. And the Freshmen looked and saw the feast which was to be theirs and they remembered the words of the prophet saying that every man should eat and drink and enjoy the food of all his labor.

Now, in the tenth month and on the fourth day of the month there came unto them a man who stood in the open and they were all assembled together, they and the Sophomores with them. Round about on the ground were they gathered, every one in her place, and a likeness was taken of them, the like whereof has been seen neither before nor since. And the stranger who had come within their gates was strange indeed and he did perform mightily, and his wrath waxed hot and he did utter strange words.

And on the next day, some of the Freshmen, even those who were the singers of the Freshmen, betook themselves and stood before the throne of Judge Coerne and they did tremble and were sore afraid. And they lifted up their voices and sang, even at his bequest, and he listened and lo! he was satisfied and many found favor in his sight.

Four days thereafter some of them that did seek wisdom in speaking their own tongue came unto the house of Dr. Barstow, and she set before them good things to eat. And they ate thereof and rejoiced.

And on the twenty-eighth day of the month the Freshmen did send word to the Sophomores and bid them come and make merry in the Hall called Thames. And they came and there was dancing and much laughter and peace was made in that night. Yea, even friends went forth together from that night on. And there were good things to eat. And all rejoiced.

In the eleventh month and on the third day of that month the Freshmen assembled and met together as they had not done up to this time. For it seemed wise to them to have counsellors in their midst, and they made unto themselves those whom they deemed fittest to be their law-makers.

And the names of those whom they raised up into this office are these: Alice Horrax, who is gifted with understanding, even her did they choose for their President, and the fame of her has gone out before her and made her companions to rejoice; and Harriet Allen, raised they up to sit next in the high place and they made her Vice-President, and verily, I say unto you, wisdom was in their choice, for there dwelleth not among the Freshmen one who is more just; yea, and they did also raise up Edith Lindholm to be their chief scribe, and she is beloved of all the company and she is full of faithfulness; and for the Keeper of the Treasury did the Freshmen choose Kathryn Hulbert, for she hath diligence and doeth good work; likewise did they choose Ruth Barber to be the Keeper of their history.

Now the seventh day of the eleventh month was a day decreed by the ancients to be a day whereon the ruler of all the peoples in the land should be appointed to his place.

And the people of the country were wise and even they themselves were become law-makers and they raised up from among the people one to be their ruler. Behold! even in the College there was rejoicing and the joy was exceeding great. For unto them a wise man was raised up unto a high place—far above all principality and power, and might and dominion, and every other name of a ruler, not only in this nation but in all the nations of the world.

And there was a great cry among the Freshmen and the Sophomores and they sent out and sought for red-fire and trumpets and there were many fires burning on that night upon the hills

and high places, and they assembled and met together and great was the joy thereof. And lo! they compassed the College round about and their number was exceeding great. And behold they lifted up their voices and cried aloud and called upon President Sykes. For they desired that he speak to them. And the President heard and had compassion on his students and he rose up and went out unto them. Now, he wore a cloak such as only those who are deemed wisest may put on and it fitteth the man well. And the students lifted up their eyes and were glad, for great is the love that they bear him. And he spake unto them and they were satisfied and went on their way.

Now on the twenty-first day of the month it came to pass that the Freshmen desired one to deliver them out of the hands of the Sophomores. For they were mighty in Hockey and fear came upon the Freshmen. Behold, Captain Dave was chosen and they rejoiced in her.

And while these things were being done among the Freshmen, the days were growing colder and the wind blew exceeding swift. For the leaves are quick to fall and winter cometh on apace.

And so it was that the mighty ones from among the Freshmen went out upon the field to do battle with the Sophomores, and they were strong in battle. But behold! the Sophomores were ancient warriors and the Freshmen were set at naught. And as they count, the winning thereof was five to one. Then it came to pass that Captain Dave was called forth from among the Freshmen and she was taunted and made to see the weakness of her people. But wisdom was in her heart and with meekness did she wear a chain—yea, even a chain of beads about her neck. And the beads thereof were the tears of the prophet Job, who wept exceeding great for the Freshmen, and there was comfort for them in their hearts. For the beads were drops of perspiration shed by them and the nipple was a solace to them in their grief.

And on a day that was set apart the singers of the College came together and they lifted up their voices and sang, and the sweetness thereof was like unto honey, and they called it by the name Recital.

Likewise on the fifteenth day came a stranger unto them. And he spake unto them and related tidings of his people. For he was of the nation of the French which is beyond the waters. The name of the man was Jules Bois. And the students received him and heard his words.

And even on the sixteenth day of the month was the joy of the students exceeding great. And they met together and Dr. Sykes ministered unto them, reading to them of a Carol of the Season of Christmas. And they listened and heard his words. Yea, and he gave unto them gifts, even the fruits of the orchard did he give unto them, and they ate and made merry.

Now, for many days thereafter loneliness came upon the College and the land round about was filled with desolation, for the Freshmen had risen up and departed. And they went unto the homes of their fathers and they were met with great joy and they were feasted upon the fatted bird which was set before them. And lo! gifts were heaped upon them—gifts even of gold and silver and much raiment, and joy dwelt in the hearts of the Freshmen.

But lo! the time passeth away. And it came to pass that the Freshmen and all the other peoples rose up and came unto C. C. And rebellion dwelt among them. And they neglected the work which was set before them, sorely. And the Freshmen met together and chose for themselves their colors—even buff and blue did they choose, and these colors are honored among all the people.

And with the New Year affliction descended and came down upon the hearts of the Freshmen and they feared the words of the prophet saying: "On the lips of him that hath understanding, wisdom is found; but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding." For the time was come when judgment must be rendered, and the faculty weighed them in the balance and lo! some were found wanting. And in those nights much oil was burned, and the lamps were bright in the dwellings of the Freshmen. Even until dawn did they seek after wisdom and after many hours they lay down to rest. And there was a saying among them: "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be a curse to him." And the sun rose and day came and a prayer went up among the Freshmen. And they were tried sorely, but when the days of sorrow were passed, great was their rejoicing. Lo! the books were laid away even until dust came upon them, for the last day of judgment was yet afar off.

And in the second month and the tenth day of the month it came to pass that the Freshmen, yea, and the neighbors of the Freshmen were called together to rejoice and be glad. Even Mr. Crandall and Miss Woodhull it was who sought to bring joy to them. And the maidens danced, yea, and the youths with them, and there was much drinking of tea and all the place was exceeding bright. And many were the candles which burned on that day.

Now, after twelve days had come and gone all the people were bidden to a great feast. And it was the twenty-second day, and with it was much rejoicing. And they assembled and came together and all the elders with them. And they clothed themselves in fine raiment, even raiment of other days, and there was rejoicing among them and they ate and talked together. There was music and dancing, and the Freshmen rejoiced.

Then the Freshmen rose up and departed and they sought their beds and slept and on the morrow some of them

went away unto their own cities for three days.

And in the third month and on the eighth day there came unto the Freshmen rings of gold and the seal of the Freshmen was upon them. And their rings were upon their fingers—even rings of fine gold.

Behold! the Freshmen were encompassed round about with a war-like people and they fought and struggled at Basket-ball, and the Sophomores were full of confidence. But pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. And the Freshmen came and descended upon the Sophomores and great was the fall of them.

And it came to pass that in the seventeenth day of the month the excitement of the people waxed high. For they sent out and summoned unto themselves many men, who were bidden to come and rejoice. And there was a Frolic, an exceeding Mad Frolic, and men were there. Verily I say unto you, never was such confusion before. And each man and each maid bore upon their raiment a number. Fine as the grains of sand were they and they could not be seen. But the people were glad and there was much dancing and clashing of instruments. And the raiment was of many colors. Yea, verily, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto these.

And the folly of the Freshmen and Sophomores waxed greater and greater, and the preacher rose up and declared: Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. For it came to pass that a Fair was held, whereunto the people came and they did buy many things. Yea, much gold and silver did they give. And their folly was great.

Now in the fourth month and on the fifth day of the month, was a day of thought. And it seemed good to the Freshmen to sing, yea, even to sing Easter carols unto Dr. Sykes. And the students rose up early in the morning and girt on their clothes and went up unto his house. And they lifted up their voices and sang. Thereafter they departed and went upon their ways and came unto their homes where they remained until the eleventh day.

Now it so happened that the Freshmen and the Sophomores were to contend again on the field. And great was the preparation thereof. And on the twenty-sixth day of the fifth month they played baseball. And the struggle was long. But the Freshmen were mighty and exceeding great was their victory. And there was rejoicing on that day and the Freshmen were glad.

And on the tenth day of the month a hero of the people was taken from them; even Pinky, and rose up and went away and made ready for battle. And the sorrow was exceeding great among the Freshmen.

But on the twenty-ninth day, was great gladness. Moreover, the hearts of all were merry. For President and Mrs. Sykes prepared an entertainment for the students, and verily I say unto you, it was fit for queens. And all did

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eat and dance and there was much music and laughter and peace was upon them. Yet there was sorrow in their hearts, for the joy of a night is fleeting and of the morrow we have no knowledge. Yea, even of its fruits we know not the bitter taste until we have eaten thereof.

Give ear, all ye people, and heed my words; never was there a day like unto the next after the night whereof I spoke. For there was sunlight in the fields and peace upon the waters and the world was full of rejoicing. And the Freshmen and the Sophomores did again contend upon the field and lo! the Freshmen were mightier than they. And even upon the river, they strove in boats, to learn whereof the swiftest strokes should come. Yea! and the Freshmen rose up and were glad. Even unto this day do they rejoice, for lo! how the mighty are fallen and the weapons of the Sophomores perished!

Then, on the first day of the sixth month and on the second day, a company played before the students and they did act and did speak in strange languages. And the joy of the people was great, rejoicing in the skill of the players.

And on the third day, there was a feast and good things were set down before the people. And the giver was good of heart and he found favor in the eyes of the students. Even Pete, in whom the people rejoice.

And it came to pass that on the night thereafter there was a great company assembled. Yea, under the heavens were they assembled. And maidens danced on the green grass and the moonlight was exceeding soft. And the people were glad and they lifted up their voices and called upon Professor and Mrs. Osburn. Yea, they cheered long for Dr. Sykes! And there was a clamor among the students. Yea, they called loudly upon Miss Woodhull and she danced for them and brought joy into the hearts of all the company. And the night passed and the students sought their beds.

The times were full of grief for many. And in these days the Freshmen were sorely tried. Lo! the day of judgment again approached and the foolish virgins kept vigil throughout the night. And there was sorrowing and much lamentation. But it came to pass that light descended upon the Freshmen and they rejoiced, and the days of darkness were over.

And on the seventh night there was feasting and music and dancing and great was the gladness of the people.

And the days went and the weeks departed, and the Freshmen flourished and prospered. And this is a true rendering of their days.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep and the day cometh wherein the Freshmen shall depart. And they shall be no more. For, having conquered the Sophomores upon field and river, they shall pass over into their country and take the name of Sophomores for the sign of

viçtory. And the Sophomores shall be pressed on toward the Sea. And I say unto you—from time to time often Freshmen shall be in your dwellings but, verily, never shall C. C. know the like of these.

Here endeth the first lesson.

Ruth Althea Barber '20

Historian 1917.

A Memory.

To PRESIDENT SYKES.

When the fog rolls from the harbor,
Shutting sea and town from view,
And the world seems dark and dreary,
Then will come the thought of you—
Like a ray of sunshine gleaming
Through the mists that hover near,
Ever shall the happy memory
Of your presence linger here.

When the waves below are roaring
And it's moonlight on the hill,
Or when winter winds are silent
And the snow-bound world grown
still,
Then we'll gather 'round the fireside,
Every loyal heart and true,
And our memories will lead us
Backward down the years to you.

When the winds are in the elm-trees—
Summer winds that softly blow—
When the birds come from the South-
land
And the hills are free from snow;
When the college on the hill-top
With new hopes and fears is filled,
Then our hearts will still remember
What your love and trust instilled.

—M. Pomeroy '19

Honors and Prizes.

(Concluded from page 1)

son '20, Mariesther Dougherty '19, Rosa Wilcox '19, Katherine Holway '19.

SPANISH.

Clementina Jordan '19, Marion Kofsky '19, Olive Doherty '20, Susan Wilcox '19.

GERMAN.

Nellie English '20, Edith Lindholm, '20, Rose Doherty '20, Dora Schwartz '20, Irene Wholly '20.

PSYCHOLOGY.

Marjorie Viets '20, Marion Kofsky '19, Edith Lindholm '20.

MATHEMATICS.

Justine McGowan '20, Marie Munger '20.

PHYSICS

Ruth Avery '19, Juline Warner '19.

CHEMISTRY.

Sadie Coit '19, Florence Edwards '20, Irma Smith '19, Esther Batchelder '19, Amelia Tutles '19.

BIOLOGY.

Irma Smith '19, Esther Batchelder '19, Annie McLellan '20, Elizabeth Nagy '20.

DIETETICS.

Esther Batchelder '19, Sadie Coit '19, Katherine Holway '19, Harriet Rogers '19, Ruth Trail '19.

FINE ARTS.

Miriam Pomeroy '19, Grace Cockings '19, May Buckley '19.

GENERAL HONOR STUDENTS.

Florence Edwards '20.....24 points
Elizabeth Nagy '20.....24 points
Esther Batchelder '19.....26 points
Edith Lindholm '20.....26 points
Alison Hastings '19.....28 points
Katherine Holway '19.....28 points
Juline Warner '19.....28 points
Rosa Wilcox '19.....28 points

N. B. These honors do not take into account honors received in the history and economics departments. The marks in those departments were not in when the paper went to press.

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