The word pioneer is derived from the Latin pedes meaning literally, a foot-soldier; one who goes before an army to clear the road of obstructions. Pioneers are those people who cut pathways “through jungles of myth and legend to the realities of things.” Montaigne is indeed a splendid example of a pioneer—a pioneer in education. We are not merely interested in the fact that he was a teacher and also the founder of a French school but above all in the fact that he was a philosopher—one of the educators of the French mind. We are concerned mainly with the truth that he was a pioneer—pioneer because he dared to cut pathways “through jungles of myth and legend to the realities of things.” The institution he founded might truly have been called the School of Common Sense, because it subordinated instruction to education; memory to judgment; and science to conscience. He taught independence of thought. To learn how to think freely, to dare to be original, and not to follow blindly in the tracks of another; to become capable of judging for oneself; to be bound only by truth and reason, in other words to know how to live, were his doctrines.

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We, too, the students of the class of 1919—the first class of Connecticut College—are pioneers. We, unencumbered by college traditions are preparing the way for the masses to come. We are as one voice crying in the wilderness, “Freedom,” “The New Freedom”—“Freedom in Thought”—and “Freedom in Service;” for the old order is past and the new arises. Any change in the law of things is brought about by the play of opposing forces. The conflict is between the past bound and uninspired by legends, myths and traditions, and the future—that vast unexplored territory, that shapeless something waiting to be moulded into

C. C. Activities.

Sports—Social.

Only through organization can great things be accomplished. In the beginning there was chaos, everything was if bathed by the river Lethe, only the blind eye of things remained. The Light dawned, penetrating the very depths, absorbing all unknown matter and there was light. Then followed the need for form, which found expression through action, movement, and so curtesy to us, the first form.

Dramatics.

Saturday, December 4, 10 p. m.

“Al the World’s a Stage.”

Reading of—“A Doll’s House.”

Henrik Ibsen

Election of officers: President, Winona Young; secretary, Mildred Keefe; treasurer, Charlotte Keefe. Officers appointed on constitutional committee.

Sunday, December 5th, 4.45 p. m.

Vesper service at Thomas hall

Sermon—“In Him is Light.”

Rev C. Harley Smith of New London

Cello solo by Virginia Rose, accompanied by Grace Cockings.

Hyman b. the College quartet.

Monday, December 6th, 7.45 p. m.

Meeting of the French club; president, Mary E. Dougherty; vice president, Margaret S. Rowe; secretary, Lilian Shadd. Reading and adoption of the constitution. Social program—Professor Dondo on La Organizacion de la club Franceses. Le Marseillaise sung by the club, Norma Regan at piano. Violin solo by Anna E. Cherckasky, Miss Marion Wells at the piano. “The Roseary” sung by Miss Jessie Wells, Miss Marion Willams at the piano. Piano solo, Miss Marion Wells.

Announcement of the next meeting will be made after Christmas recess.

Faculty Gives Degree “May-be.”

“Oh, I never old believe in fairies anyway,” I boasted as I stretched my superior freshman self on the divan before the centering in the big old-fashioned hearth.

“It’s all very well to talk about your fairy grandmother, but if I have one she always appears to have a pressing engagement around mid-year time and a D minus; aper never seems to let an A plus mark.” But Bert didn’t appear to be militantly interested and had already snuggled up in his big arm chair on the edge of the reclint and was undeniably falling asleep. Bert and I were spending the Christmas holidays at our old family place in the country. She had always lived in the west where everything is new and wanted to see a genuine niche so I had taken her out to our little red house in the east—a substantial old relic of 226 years ago, whose moss grown eyes slanted over the title windows with their multiples of lay panes, while above the roof white smoke from the stout red chimney, drifted, and the chattering walls circled at evening.

A log tumbled down out of the fire, stopped forward to push it back then suddenly out of the red coals popped a little round man whose flame yarded clothes were crimi with soot.

“Why, who are you?” I cried.

“Oh, I’m the gent of the hearth, and have lived here ever since your great, great grandmother picked this not as a site for her home when she rode through the woods on her eighteenth century honeymoon and topped her kachel on the place where this hearthstone is laid. I wanted you to know that there were eally fairies and came to tell you so.”

“But what proof can you give me, I may be merely dreaming and you may be just a dream fairy?” I persisted.

He pondered a moment, then cried,

Wise and Otherwise.

Jake in Biology Class—“How did the name ‘funny-bone’ originate?”

Prof. Osburn—“From the fact that a part of the upper arm is called the humita-Have-Been by fate.”

Jake—“Is that why one laughs up one’s sleeve?”

Ina Nut—Does your fountain pen leak like that all the time? So Ami—Oh, my no!—Just when I have ink in it.

Wonder if Mr. Crandall gets papers like this?

While writing on the American Revolution—“General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes.”

Prof. O.—“What insect lives on the least food?”

Brilliant Student—“The moth, it eats holes.”

M. D.—“My teddy bear says, “Mama” and “Papa.”

M. E.—“Pooh! My doll says, “Votes for Women.”

Let this be our Motto

“I’d rather be a ‘Might-Be’ if I couldn’t be an Are, for a Mighty-Be is a Can-Be, with a chance of reaching par. I’d rather be a Has-Been than a Might-Have-Been by fate.”

For a Might-Have-Been is a has-not been and a Has-Been once was a Re.

First Student—I should think that Professor Klip’s “children would be talented writers.”

Second Student—Why?

First Student—We’ll, aren’t they little Kiplings?
THE COLLEGE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

ESTABLISHED, 1845

Published Weekly

Staff.
Editor-in-Chief and Manager.
Ivash H. Sterry
Associate Editor, Mary E. Erwin.
Sports Editor, Madeline Rowe.
Club News Editor, Margaret S. Rowe.
Exchanges, Norma Regan.
Contribution Editors, Helen C. Townsend, Roberta Morgan.

EDITORIAL

When Joseph Pulitzer established the New York World in 1883 he determined that the paper should be, “An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.”

We will not attempt to improve on Mr. Pulitzer’s phraseology and although he was defining the position of a big newspaper in regard to the great public, nevertheless the practical application of his standard to a college paper will be apparent. As a true voice of Connecticut College, the Herald will ever fight for progress; it will aim to feel the pulse of the institution, and to be a means through which the hopes and fears of the college may find expression; in short, to be a true record of college life.

The Herald aims to put before the student, the weekly happenings of our college world including its various academic, social and athletic activities. For the purpose of collecting and revising the news of these several branches, a club news editor, a sports editor, and contribution editors have been appointed. It is manifestly impossible for a few students to get and write all the news of such an institution and since the paper aims to be truly a college Herald, let it be a paper, of the students, by the students and for the students. Contributions of all sorts, short stories, poems, jokes, personalna, club news, entertainments, etc. are solicited, and may be given either to the contribution editors or left in a contribution box which will be put in a convenient place in one of the college rooms. Now, girls, let’s get together and make the College Herald the Best-Paper-on-Earth.

Class of 1919
As a Pioneer.

(Continued from Page 1.)

form, that land of ideals and of the new vision.

Breaking away from wrinkled custom does not mean the following of each freak and fancy, each new turn of fashion, regardless of due consideration. It does not mean the acceptance of ideas of every futurist or cubist, because they are novel, it merely means the use of common sense, toward progress, and the advancement of civilization. It means the realization of the fact that there are two sides to every story and that either may be a path obstructed by the dominance of custom.

May we, the class of 1919, have courage to face the road and good cheer to bear the travelers’ load. May we as pioneers, unbound by tradition and educational mechanism, ever keep our faces turned toward that unlimited expanse of horizon, the land of sunrise, of glory and of gold.

Then dipping our pens in the sunset of freedom, of knowledge and of wisdom, write in the book of learning above all, the name of our own college—Connecticut College—That College by the sea.

There are grey walls on the hilltop, I can see them still afar.

There’s a ripple from the flags that’s the flag that’s like a star.

And the breeze is in the elm trees, and the glint is on the sea,

Like the moonshine on the river comes the sweet, sweet memory.”

Now may it be the aim of every student of the class of 1919 to build this college, that it may be a monument of education, an honor to the State of Connecticut, to the generous benefactor—the City of New London, President Sykes and the faculty.

MARGARY S. ROWE ’19.

C. C. Activities.
Sports—Social.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Meeting of the Glee Club 5 p. m.
President—Mary E. Strange.
Vice-President—Floyd O. Gush.
Vocal Director—Helen H. Sterry.
Pianist—Florence Carns.
Conductor—Katherine Barry.
Director—Martha Stedman.
Choral Director—Helen H. Sterry.

Christmas Day 5 p. m.
Meeting of the Debating Society.
President—Mary E. Strange.
Secretary—Winona Young.

Christmas Eve.
5 p.m.
Reading of the constitution. Social hour devoted to open discussion of moving pictures. Selections by the Mandolin Club.

Wednesday, December 7th.
5 p.m.
Meeting of the Athletic Association. Discussion of points system, but no final decision made. A constitution will be submitted to the next meeting of the Athletic Association.

Thursday, December 8th.
5 p.m.
Meeting of the Athletic Association. Discussion of points system, but no final decision made. A constitution will be submitted to the next meeting of the Athletic Association.

Friday, December 9th.
5 p.m.
Meeting of the Athletic Association. Discussion of points system, but no final decision made. A constitution will be submitted to the next meeting of the Athletic Association.

Saturday, December 10th.
5 p.m.
Meeting of the Mandolin Club.
Conductor—Katherine Barry.
Pianist—Florence Carns.

Monday, December 11th.
11 a.m.
Convocation.
Reports from the Athletic association.
Announcement of fund of $504.10 raised by the Connecticut House Company for the establishment of a loan fund for the benefit of the New London girls attending college.

Vocal Solo—Beatrice Ashe.
Illustrated lecture on Nocturnes—Rev. Walter S. Swisher.

Sunday, December 12th.
5 p.m.
Meeting of the Mandolin club.
Manager—Amy Kugler.
Conductor—Katherine Barry.
Pianist—Florence Carns.

COMPLIMENTARY

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(Continued from Page 3.)
C. C. Activities.
Sports--Social.

(Continued from Page 2.)

The first squads picked for the season follow:

Whites—Dorothy Gray, 1 w; Esther Batchelder, 1 i; Madeline Rowe, (cap-\n\n1 tain) c f; Louise Ainsley, r i; Vir-\n\nginia Rose, r w; Emetta Weed, 1 h b;\n\nRobert Morgan, c h b; Mary Strange, \n\nr h b; Ivesh Sterry, 1 f b; L. Andersen, \nr f b; Grace Cockings, g; Black-\n\ns—Ruth Trail, 1 w; Dorothy Upton, 
\n1 i; Marion Wells, c f; Laura \n\nJacobs, r i; Mary Chipman, r w; \n\nDorothy Trenholm, 1 h b; Norma \n\nRegan (captain) c h b; Julia Hatch, \nr h b; Esther Barnes, 1 f b; Mary Er-\n\nwin, r f b; Florence Lenihan, g.

Games

9.15 Saturday, Nov. 28th
9.15 Tuesday, Nov. 23rd
9.15 Saturday, Dec. 4th

Faculty Gives Degree "May-be."

(Continued from Page 1.)

"Why, I'll show you some scenes of the past, actual events which took place under this very roof. Is that proof enough?"

"Ah yes," I sighed most happily.

Smoke clouted the fire place but slowly cleared and in the place of the coals, I saw the room in which I was seated but it was vastly changed. In one corner great, great grandmother Mary was seated at that beautiful old spinet which had come down to us from her. Two curly headed children crawled about the floor when suddenly a shrill war-whoop resounded and immediately the paint besmeared features of a red-skinned face shot up outside the window. Slowly the grin of savagery relaxed—oh, Grandmother Mary was softly touching the keys of the spinet before her. Was it the Great Spirit which spoke from that box of wood? The Indian turned and fled.

Then the scene after scene found shape and faded against the background of the hearth. A courier announced the disaster of Bunker Hill, another called all men to rally for the defense of New London against the invasion of the traitor Arnold; later, the ridiculous marriage of Lorenza Dow performed by my great grandfather who descended in his night cap and gown to perform the late marriage; the romantic courtship of the first mother, and the following departure of my grandfather commanding a company of volunteers to defend the Union; all came and went. A hush fell when the flag hung coffin was brought into the house and later when the military volley of salute echoed over the grave in the valley.

Who was that ridiculous small person sitting on the mantel piece. I had always thought myself a rather sweet child but that person was wigging her legs in a most undignified manner. Yes, it was clearly me and I had been perched high and dry on that lofty shelf by a mischievous uncle as a punishment for amateur aeroplane stunts attempted from an attic window with the aid of an umbrella. The picture faded. "But I want more," I cried still giddy from a sight of the mysteries of the past. "I'll believe there are fairies if you let me have just one glimpse at the future." The genii hesitated and then—Great grey walls that crowned a hilltop rose out of the smoke. A long line of girls in caps and gowns sat breathless as the graduation exercises drew to a close and the degrees were about to be awarded.

Let Us Lead You Into Temptation With OUR TEMPTING Lunch Specials

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<th>Item</th>
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<tr>
<td>Our Delicious Soup</td>
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<td>Beef Loaf Sandwich</td>
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"No, no," broke in the little black man as he waved his charred stick and banished the scene. "You can't see the future—its too uncertain!"

1. H. S.

Girl from Plant—I see that work has been commenced on the grading of the college grounds to make ready for grass seeding.

Girl from Blackstone—Oh, no, not grass seed—just wild oats.

Miss G.—Have you read the book of instructions on how to work your typing machines?

Precocious Student—No, I'm waiting 'til I learn all about the machine then I'll be able to understand the instructions.

Mrs. Frederic H. Sykes is entertaining the students at a series of teas, and was hostess on Thursday and Friday of this week.

Miss Helen Townsend of Blackstone House left Friday afternoon for Northfield, Mass., to spend the week-end at Northfield where she was formerly a student.

Messrs. Frederick Weld instructor in voice, and William Bauer, instructor in piano, will give a pupil's recital at Thomas Hall on Wednesday evening, December 15. On that occasion the glee club will make its first public appearance and will sing two numbers.

Rev. Joseph H. Selden of Norwich will be the speaker at the Sunday afternoon vespers and will preach on the Gospel, a gift to the Imagination.

Miss Marion Wells, president of the athletic association, will entertain a number of the college girls at tea at her home on Montauk avenue Saturday afternoon.

Physical training classes in sports will be held on the gymnasium of the Williams Memorial Institute on Saturday morning. The class in advanced sports will meet at 9 o'clock, and the class in elementary sports, at 10.30.

Prof. Raymond C. Osburn lectured to the students and faculty on the subject of Porto Rico in his lecture room at New London hall Thursday afternoon. He discussed the natural conditions of the island, its geology and climate and their effects on the lives
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of the people and on the industries, especially on sugar, tobacco, coffee and fruit growing. He took up the island's natural history, which he illustrated with many lantern slides. During the past summer Professor Osburn spent six weeks at Porto Rico, where he went in the interests of the New York Academy of Science for the purpose of publishing a natural history survey.

At Physical Exam.
Student—The dentist told me that I had a large cavity that needed filling.
Instructor—Did he recommend any special course of study?
Two microbes stood on a pantry shelf.
With faces sad and pained.
And said, as they watched the milkman's stunts,
"Our relations are getting strained."
Pat—"Mike, which would you rather be in an explosion or in a collision?"
Mike—"In a collision."
Pat—"Why?"
Mike—"Because in a collision there you are; but in an explosion, where are you?"

At the movies the other day a picture was shown entitled: "As God Made It."
Immediately following the projection of the title on the screen came the flash: "Approved by the Ohio Board of Censorship."

"Tell me something of ancient Athens," said the instructor in world history.
"Athens," said the student whom no one knew whether she was smart or foolish, "was always one of the most famous Greece—spots."

"Jones has started a correspondence school of pugilism."
"Has he had any experience?"
"Yes, he used to work in a box factory."—Pittsburgh Press.

Advice.
Mike—"Mike, which would you rather be in a collision or in a explosion?"
Pat—"Why?"
Mike—"Because in a collision there you are; but in an explosion, where are you?"

Jones—I have lost my last dollar. What would you advise?
Lawyer—Consult a cheaper attorney.
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