C. C. OPENS

September twenty-fifth was a red letter day for Connecticut College. Then, first in the history of the college, there assembled at chapel four regular classes, headed by full-graded seniors.

The importance and dignity of 1919, the first senior class, was emphasized by their appearance in an impressive procession, robed in cap and gown. Following songs and prayer, President Marshall welcomed the students, new and old, with a short address.

"Woman's sphere," he said, "is ever widening, in this present era. More is being expected of her than ever before. But at the same time, the old call of motherhood and householdly cares is not forgotten. Above all," he continued, "woman must retain her fineness of character—her sympathy and love.

The speaker of the morning, Professor Joan Edwin Wells, of the department of English, enlarged somewhat on the president's theme, in showing the relation of our work and attitude in college toward the war. "I am not a pessimist," he said, "but I am an optimist—perhaps too much so," and he described the amazing changes that have taken place in America in almost every aspect of life within the last year and a half. "They are changes from within," he continued—"changes brought about at a terrible cost to everyone, but which are accepted from a realization of a magnificent opportunity. This is the age of greatest opportunity," Dr. Wells declared, "the most heroic age the world has ever known. The question before us," he said, "is, 'How are we to measure up to it?'

"To the woman college student," the speaker explained, "the answer lies in a great field of opportunity. Only the women's colleges are permitted to offer their curricula unchanged. Again," he continued, "from the women's colleges must come the leaders of tomorrow. And, in a special sense," he said, "Connecticut College possesses opportunities above others. The students have in their power to make this new institution a noble college. If we can keep in mind the glorious words of Nathan Hale, 'I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country,' then we shall be filled with the spirit that glorifies our fellows today.

The speaker's closing words were received with mute applause. "I will believe that in the heart of every one of us there burns, and shall burn a still, white fire of consecration."

THE "NEWS" CAMPAIGN

"Be up-to-date, read the "News."

"Drive away the blues, buy the "College News."

Thus read some of the many posters which heralded the "News" campaign at dinner one Friday night. Over the fire-place in the dining-hall were erected five thermometers, which were to record the steps of the campaign. The members of the "News" staff were there too, each with her paper and pencil hurrying about among the tables getting subscriptions.

Soon the numbers began to come in, and for many minutes the excitement waxed hot and strong. The Faculty were the first to fill their quota. Then the Sophomores proceeded to push their thermometer upward. But in another second the Juniors had them outnumbered and were climbing higher. Suddenly, the black line in the Junior thermometer shot up, way beyond the others. Surely they had won the goal. But, wait! The Freshmen numbers were just being recorded. They were higher than the Seniors, but could they surpass the Junior's high mark? Higher, higher they crept until at last a loud cheer echoed forth.

"Three cheers for 1922, she gets the subscription."

THE QUARANTINE

Quarantine again descended upon the college on the twenty-sixth, less than a week after the opening, but this time we are not alone in our misfortune for Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and numerous other colleges are sharing the same fate only in a more severe form. Perhaps never before have we truly appreciated our large, open campus and the long walks which it is possible to take and yet remain away from civilization.

With the idea of keeping everyone cut of doors a hockey game was announced to take place Saturday afternoon between Seniors and Juniors. While the game, which ended with a score of 0 to 0, was in progress, a serious looking throng was winding its way across campus. Laden with trunk traves, bedding, clothing, and books it conveyed the impression that a band of refugees was fleeing from a devastated town. However, it was only the residents of the third floor of Winthrop who were moving out to make room for the "suspects" and the "cases," and they were on their way to the gym to take up residence there under the palm trees.

A bare and hound chase Sunday morning and a soccer game on the following Saturday gave the Freshmen an excellent chance to see what we have to offer in the line of sports, and kept everyone out in the open as well.

On Sunday afternoon the first Vesper service of the year was held, and in order to comply with the quarantine regulations it was held in the Hemlock Grove in Bolleswood. President Marshall had charge of the informal service which was very impressive in the midst of so much natural beauty. It is certainly to be hoped that the precedent, which was started under necessity, will be followed in the future.

The number of cases has so diminished that we are almost back to normal strength except for the town girls who are barred from campus and classes until the quarantine is lifted; but the enforced stay on campus is not to be regretted for it has given everyone a chance to get acquainted and settled.

Freshman, looking at Miss Blue's X Country schedule: "What a funny name for a teacher! I wonder if her first name's Xantippe."
I don't have...
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

REVERIE OF WEED RAISING

A sleepy droning issues from flents, with insensible calmness comparable to the period prior to the slaying of our common foe, the mosquito, or to the mournful squawk of a watchdog betwixt her home and coop. A moment later all is silent.

What can be the cause of this sudden change? Nothing more nor less than a cow bell which is the only outward and visible sign of a hastily prepared repent. Girls emerge from creaking cots already fully dressed save, perhaps, a missing necktie or shoe lace. A slight immersion of the anterior cranium and phalanges in a fluid technically known as H_{2}O, but for all practical purposes, insect soup, completes the morning preparation. Then begins an eight hour day of scratching the back of Mother Nature. "I'm true that a few choice prunes and pancakes are sent on their homeward way, to be digested to better advantage by the jolting of a hay rack carrying from four to fourteen maidens to their destination.

It may seem all very strange and crude to the reader that in an age such as ours, and in a highly civilised country such as we claim ours to be, women, may, even girls of tender years and youthful minds should be thrust into the midst of dirt and weeds. But in this, my friend, you err. The girls go forth in the fragrant morn with no restriction, no immediate social obligations, only the dry field and the rush of life all about her. Each weed to her eager mind portrays some evil act or thought growing at the roots of Truth. The long rows of waving corn in the roseate dawn stretch before her as does the path of life with its virtues and vices. And at the end, veiled in mystery, is the ever present goal, Jesus. A bird soars overhead. She looks up, beholding the beauty of the scene, and turns her head with new vigor to her allotted task. Now she sighs, now she laughs, as she feels more and more the ties binding all nature into one harmonious unity.

Time is forgotten until she is roughly forced to realize the arrival of the noon-day meal. Beneath same leafy shade she sits, eating—perhaps—perhaps dreaming youth's eternal dream. Work starts again. Her thoughts now sail upward, and a tear of earnestness falls, leaving its path as it goes, and drowning, some frolicsome cricket. And so it plays its part.

Evening comes, bringing another meal. Why must one eat? She sighs as the dandelion hash is placed before her, and again, with a keen knife upraised, she pauses and thinks.

Soon, ah, but too soon, she is in bed, thinking still, now dreaming of the day that is to be. She is awarely smash a ravaging mosquito, and turns from the bickering tentmates to fall into sweet slumber, munching a chocolate, caramel, and wrappign the mosquito netting still firmly about her golden tresses.

MARY ST. CLAIR BEEBER, ’20.

ADVANCE NOTICES

Advance notices, in addition to their general interest, are an effective means of advertisement.

To the Faculty:

Faculty and students play an equal part in college affairs. The Faculty joins with the students in supporting the News. Faculty notes would be of equal interest to Faculty and students. It is the intention of the News to interview the members of the Faculty for information of collegiate interest originating in academic sources. But the staff is somewhat crippled at present, in numbers, at least. May we ask that you place notices and notes in the contribution box in the gymnasium? Such contributions by the Faculty will be highly appreciated.

To the College Organizations:

Notices on the bulletin board are often overlooked. It is the intention of the News that attendance at your meetings would be greatly increased by a brief notice in your college paper. The News suggests that the secretaries of these organizations place such contributions in the News box in the gymnasium.

The News goes to print Friday afternoon, and comes out the following Wednesday.

Freshman looking at the section schedule on the bulletin board: "Oh, I'm on Miss Blue's team."

Second Freshman: "I'm on Miss White's. I wonder who she is."

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SUN SHADOWS

I walked straight into the sun, by a dusty, glittering path
That made me sing.
And about a hundred
As his colors split over me in gorgeous waterfalls of warmth.
Behind—the sea stretched out her arms,
And the ships that in her bosom lay Sang, 'Here is Peace! Come down.'

But I laughed and turned again.

The hill was just beyond.
I real not let the sun go yet.

Breathless surprise was there
When I passed beyond that white rock
Splashéd with red wine.

Do you ever dare turn back before you reach the top?

The clouds had been white, straying
Norse-locks, all the day,
Streaming to North.

But now they were incoming to the West,
Like tired children called from play.

One wayward bit was struggling far behind.
I thought the sun frowned to see her.

For a thousand darkling shades confused her now,

And when I reached the hill—the wonch was gone!

I wonder when the day is gone,

As you, so far across the sea, remember me?


BREEZE FROM OCEANSIDE

The evening of July 17, 1918, was for Miss Blue's little group of serious thinkers a confused mass of khaki overalls, Boy Scout shoes of inconceivable size (everyone took great pains to let it be known that the shoes "were really too large too"), pater-nal and from the line of shirts—prize awarded to Dave, who sported silk ones—and peanut straw near-hats of remarkable shapes. After the debris was cleared away, the unit amused itself by girlishly playing leap-frog and statues. The reader will please note this fact, as, for obvious reasons, it did not occur again.

The next morning we, full fledged farmerettes of the Woman's Land Army of America, were awakened by the silvery tones of an automobile horn, blown with much gusto by Al and Charlotte Hall. And then we started—some to weed parenips and some to pick peas.

Curtain!

(Right hand page)

Scene: A homeward bound bunch of C. C.ites discovering what it means to ache. Little did we think that the time would come when weeding or picking peas would be hailed as a blessed relief because of the involved necessity of sitting! However, after a swim in our old salt creek, we were able to sit up and take a little nourishment.

"I'll,", Dur-This week we greatly impressed a dewy Brooklyn Eagle reporter and appeared before the public—picture and write-up—although said write-up was, unlike those of the C. C. News (advertisement), more picturesque than accurate.

And now, we suppose our dear professors are wondering what we really learned. A partial list follows. Please note variety of subjects covered. Why go to college when one can learn all this in a month? Answer: To rest up for next summer's farming.

Learned at Oceanside:

Of Art: Appreciation of the beautiful oriental colorings of grubs.

Of Zoology: Nothing will drive away gnats but wind.

Of Philosophy: Hunger is the chief of the overworked "eternal varieties of life." Proof-hunger which craves Irish stew and looks upon corned beef and cabbage as mama is about the most vital thing imaginable.

Of History: This war is fearful, but the passing of an airplane is an invaluable interruption at a back-breaking moment.

Of Farming: It's work, but you're missing a lot if you don't try.

RACHEL SMITH, '21.

Student, showing David Leib a copy of Romeo and Juliet: "Do you know the story?"

David: "I've never read it."

Student: "Have you heard about Shakespeare?"

David: "I don't know him either."

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Silver Bay is a little center of civilization in itself, with the large wooded hotel overlooking Lake George as a nucleus. Around this are grouped the main buildings of the Conference; a carefully chosen library, a spacious auditorium, and further away a well-equipped gymnasium. Behind it on ascending terraces are arranged the attractively designed lodges which provide accommodation for many of the delegations. Below the hotel is a wide lawn running down to the boathouse, and including the athletic fields and tennis courts. Beyond are the forests primeval.

Your delegation was fortunate enough to secure two large rooms on the third floor of the hotel. Dr. Holmes, Helen Sturges, Marenda Frenz, and Alison Hastings shared the smaller; Mildred Howard, Winnona Young, Betty Rumney, Jessie Wells, and Dorothy Greerson, the larger of the two.

Lecture hours during Conference week began at nine o'clock, after a brief devotional gathering in the auditorium. Each delegate elected one course in Bible Study and one in World Citizenship. These met every morning. In the Bible Study course pressing religious questions of the day were discussed by unusually able professors and clergymen. World Citizenship included the vital missions of the present time. One particularly interesting course took up the relation of the church to the immigrant problem.

After the lecture hours, special conferences, including news, dramatics, athletics, student government, and discussion groups were held. Your delegation found these conferences very helpful and constructive. Several of the more popular and interested in special lines of work offered. The student organizations will no doubt receive detailed accounts of the valuable suggestions received by the individual delegates.

The afternoons, with the exception of rest hour, were devoted to special conferences with the leaders and to sports. Your delegation entered enthusiastically, if not successfully, into the basket-ball matches, tennis tournament, and song contest, although it did not quite venture to try its luck in baseball and water sports.

To Bryn Mawr and Mt. Holyoke Connecticut offers its sincere congratulations, including news, dramatics. Your delegation entered enthusiastically, if not successfully, into the basket-ball matches, tennis tournament, and song contest, although it did not quite venture to try its luck in baseball and water sports.

Perhaps you have heard of the "Spirit of Silver Bay." It is very intangible and very real. It is a spirit of whole-hearted co-operation among the colleges, of open spiritual fellowship, of mutual inspiration. There is nothing hysterical about it. Your next chapter in the table discussed immortality and prayer with you as naturally as we discuss the latest academic idiosyncracies in Thames Hall. How was this brought about? Partly through individual contact with remarkable men and women to whom religion was the biggest thing in life, and partly from a common collective unity of spiritual expression. It is a spirit of Silver Bay—but it is a wonderful experience.

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