FIRST COMMENCEMENT: CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

While the orchestra played the opening bars of Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests," the audience rose and turned expectant eyes toward the door. Slowly and impressively the faculty, dressed in their academic gowns, entered two by two, and were followed by the Junior girls, as in the past. Then came a pause; the music ceased for a moment, and only the measured tread of approaching feet and the soft whisper of black had entered the hall. The Senior class entered the hall, and somehow the interval of silence before the music again burst into welcome intensified the solemnity of the occasion. This feeling was only deepened by Dr. Chapman's short prayer of invocation.

And the singing—never before had the voices of the choir been more clear, more resonant, more harmonious.

The address on "Morals in Time of Peace," delivered by Professor Ralph Burton Perry of Harvard University, served to relax the tension from the emotional to the practical. He closed by an appeal to the out-going class to devote their ability and energy to applying war-time theories to peacetime practice. He would organize the community, instil into it an "esprit," and institute for its watch word, "co-operation."

At last the long anticipated moment arrived. President Marshall, in addressing the Senior class, told them how much they had been to the college, how much the college believed they would be in the world outside, and how much the college loved them. For, he said, the college would be with each one always, even should she wander into the uttermost parts of the earth.

Then, amidst an awesome silence tinged with reverence, he conferred upon the first class to graduate from the New London High School the diploma of the Class of 1910. A most auspicious opening of Commencement week festivities was afforded by the reception given to the Faculty and the Senior Class in the Shaw Mansion by the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the D. A. R. The old-fashioned house was charmingly pervaded by an atmosphere of long ago by the really lovely Revolutionary costumes worn by the cordial and entertaining hostesses, and by the quaint and unusual furniture of the rooms, the bed where Washington slept, and the sword which Benedict Arnold carried when he led the conflagration of New London.

Then, amidst an awesome silence, first class dashed joyously with paean of goodness, and into trying and glorious times, and it is this spirit of democracy and which he knows will endure with them through life. To-day the first graduates of Connecticut College are going out into a new world, into a new era, and into trying and glorious times.

Punch was served on the smooth green lawn behind the mansion, and the orchestra from the Nathan Hale School added very much to the joy of the occasion. Many of the visitors went up to inspect the historic summer house where lovers have met since the days of powdered hair and curiously manners. Perhaps not since those days has the hospitality of the old house been more enjoyed than on Saturday, June 14th, when, surrounded by colonial flags and mementoes of the faculty and patriotic Revolutionary days, the Seniors and the Faculty had the pleasure of being the guests of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the D. A. R.

RECEPTION GIVEN TO SENIOR CLASS BY D. A. R.

On Sunday, the 15tth of June, in the Second Congregational Church, President Marshall gave the first baccalaureate sermon to the first graduates of Connecticut College. Socialism as he sees it was the topic of his talk. Socialism is turning the world upside down and providing no way to set it right once more. President Marshall is a very ardent speaker and it is to be hoped that no Senior gross with Socialistic feelings was present in the congregation.

At the close of the sermon Dr. Marshall addressed a few personal words to the graduates. He reminded them of the spirit of democracy which they have created and imbued on this campus; of the spirit of good-will and generosity which has become a part of themselves; and last he spoke of the personal personality and character which he knows will endure with them through life. To-day the first graduates of Connecticut College are going out into a new world, into a new era, and into trying and glorious times, and it is this spirit of democracy and of good will, and this strength of character which will carry them through to victory.

PRESIDENT'S RECEIPTION

June sunshine carpeted the bare floor of the gym, Dr. Selden's art exhibit adorned its bare walls, while laurel overhead and around the edges completed the disguise of the "house of exercises." While faculty, students, and guests chatted at the president's reception on the afternoon of June 16, Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, mingled with faculty, trustees and college guests, while hospitable Juniors served the delicious cream cakes, candy, and punch.

No other function of the Commencement exercises gave the visitors such an opportunity to meet the personnel of Connecticut College, nor the students, to meet fellow-students' families.

Little wonder that guests lingered long after they had passed the receiving line and partaken the bountiful refreshments—lingered to talk with other guests, and to look once more at the long array of etchings, oil paintings, and water colors, the work of our own artist, Mr. Selden.

It was quite fully for its greatness, if we may judge by the large groups who took advantage of the opportunity.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON TO FIRST CLASS

CLASS DAY EXERCISES HELD IN OPEN AIR

CLASS DAY EXERCISES HELD IN OPEN AIR

A pale blue sky and a cool green lawn bright with people. In one corner a dark mass of black where sat the Seniors in their dignified robes. It was Class Day, the sole property of the class of 1910. First the president, Marenda Prentis, delivered a greeting. Then the entire class sang There's a College on the Hill by the Sea. The audience could glimpse the sea in the distance and the undulating hills above the river. Julia Winters read the Class History, which she had stolen from a little gray mouse, sole proprietor of the Senior submarine. Then more songs drifted on the breeze, and the class poem, a truly impressive piece of work by Miriam Pomroy, was added to the cosmic harmony. For a moment there was a pause. Then, lightly tripping, soft in floating blue, vague in outline as the mist, dashed six girls across the grass. They were the "Mist of the Doubt of the World" entwining, alluring, and beckoning the figure of youths who stood irresolute before them. But in the midst of their triumph when she was swayed to and fro by their gentle eloquence came bursting among them in flashes of rose and orange the rays of the sun. And the mists were dispersed, and Youth awakened and danced joyously with poetic gladness.

Youth was impersonated by Marion Wells; the dancers were Esther Batchelder, Mary Chipman, Alison Hastings, Madeline Rowe, Mildred Provost, Juline Varner, Helen Cannon, Ethel Bradley, Marion Williams, Dorothy Peck, Virginia Rose, and Winona Young.

After this interval of graceful and delightful dancing, a Junior quartette, consisting of Margaret Davies, Loretta Higgins, Helen Perry, and Betty Rumeey, sang "Alma Mater," the words of which were written by Katharine Hubert 70.

Then followed the Class Prophecy, a most successful piece of work—poetic, poetic, humorous, and entertaining in one. Its author, Alison Hastings, also wrote the melodious words of the final song of which the music was composed by Florence Carns.

"Dearest of Mothers, We, thy first children, Born of the springtime, Living and loving, Going from thy nurture Into world turmoil, Proving thy soul."

(Continued on page 8, column 2.)
AMONG OUR POETS

COUNTRY LIFE

Oh, silence of country life,
Oh, stillness, oh, immobility,
Oh, constant mood,
Oh, silence of trees, and river, and mountain,
Oh, stillness of the earth.
And, oh, ye dead rocks and stones,
Ye river-valleys, smooth and soft,
Ye green hill-tops, spreading wide to the heavens,
Ye skies of blue, and placid waters.
How calm, how still thou art,
Oh, country life at eventide!

TO THE BIRD'S

What yearning, what calling
Ye awake in me!
How ye stir me with your beauty,
Your freshness, your softness,
Your dream-moods, and pen-

SPEAKING THINKING

And to its con-
scribe again another year when the
pages of the first issue begin to flut-

THE RIVER

How calm, how placid, how smooth,
Only in ripples, moving forwards, for-
wards.
Countless in number
Myriads, soft, and small, and tender
Flowing onwards, onwards, onwards.
Onwards, in stately, majestical splendor.

Calmly, calmly repose,
Slow, soft-eddying murmuring,
Monotone of the water's leisure,
Glow of summer pleasure.
Moving slowly, softly passing,
Gently, tenderly caressing the bosom of the sea.

Flow onwards, myriad wonders.
Flow onwards lazily.
And pass before me like a dream.
So soft, so calm, so peaceful—forever moving.
Moving silent like a summer reverie.

LANTERNS

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light,
We saw them coming,
Gently swaying
In the darkness—
And we wondered.

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light
Borne aloft
Beneath our windows,
And we heard
The Juniors singing.

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light
Swaying sadly, all a quiver,
Seemed to perfectly embody
The dullness of the day and the sorrow
Of departure,

ALUMNAE LUNCHEON

When '19 graduated,
Moved they then to Hall of London,
Moved in solemn, grave procession;
There disbanding, '19 hastened,
After bidding their guests farewell,
To Thomas Hall, the room of dining.
There, in shining white assembled,
First alumnas of the college,
Feasted they as guests of trustees.
Feasted they, with song and laughter,
Though their hearts were and within them.

Cheered they, too, their honored leader.
Cheered Dean Nye and cheered the Palms,
Givers of a hundred thousand,
Heard they then the famous speak-

HAPPY RETURNS OF THE SUMMER

Like the little tin soldier of Eugene Field's poem, the editorial anakunt is covered with dust. Old issues of the News are floating about the premises; Class Day programs are heaped in one corner; the waste basket is bursting with old copy. Such a mess! But by the time this the office will be neat, the old issues will have taken their flight to parts unknown, and the waste basket will relax its swelling sides with a squeak of relief.

And so I lay down the pen with a

Yielding serenity of regret.
Commencement is over, and everyone is going,

THE YEAR

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light—
We saw them coming,
Gently swaying
In the darkness—
And we wondered.

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light
Borne aloft
Beneath our windows,
And we heard
The Juniors singing.

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light
Swaying sadly, all a quiver,
Seemed to perfectly embody
The dullness of the day and the sorrow
Of departure.
PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '19

Like an Elm Tree planted
By the streams of water,
A Tree of Knowledge.
Connecticut College.

Four years have we learned from a number of books,
Absorbing the thought of ages.
The depths of the past and the dreams of the past,
The infinite toll of the sages.
Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
Open our eyes,
And make us wise.

Four years have we eaten the fruit of the Tree,
The knowledge of good and of evil.
And now we go forth to rebuild the staid world,
With limitless faith in upbuilding.
Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
May we not lose aims that we choose.

The Sea is like a crystal ball.
I gaze into its depths.
It is still and clear, and very deep.
I cannot see the circumference of it.
The depth is illusive.
Sunlight is reflected in it.
And blue clouds that "cross" the sky,
All that is.
And is to be.
Is mirrored in it.
I see the people of the world.
Like waves,
Moving across its silence.
They break and are gone.
Even as our future.
The hopes that urge us on
To be strong, and wise, and loyal.
Suddenly vanish, and become as ripples.
Only to drift back again.
Revealing the infathomable depths.
Of their being.
And so I gaze into the Sea.
And I ask of the cool, calm depths.
Where we shall be.
In days to come.
And to, beneath the crystal surface of the sea.
I dimly perceive.
Misty forms and misty visions.
Waving to and fro with the tide.
This is the answer of the Sea.

A leader of women.
Leader in some worthy cause.
In some worthy way—
We shall hear of Madeleine Prentis,
Our president.
We shall always be proud of her.

Dorcas Gallup's cooking clinic
Will warm the heart of even a cynic.
Soon we read upon the door:
"Office room to rent" once more.
Dorcas' place is in the home.
Romance comes, no more to roam.
She's fond of books and knows them well.
In every sort of way.
Marion Kofsky will surely be
Head of the A. L. A.

A depth of calm serenity,
A self-effacing sympathy.
A soul to dream, a heart to dare.
A strength and courage everywhere.
Professor of Domestic Arts.
Enshrined in all her students' hearts.
A boundless love for truth and good.
The loyal soul of womanhood—
Ruth Trail.
Louise Aleyan is an athlete.
Calm and cool and sane.
She will give the frenzied public
Common sense again.
Miriam Pomeroy's a poet and artist as well.
Twould take all the day her achievements to tell,
In a fanciful mansion by the White House she'll stay.
The first Poet Laureate in the whole.

Mid Winter could photograph the moon.
Her pictures will be famous soon.
She'll be the lady camera star.
Wherever moving pictures are.

Frances Saunders’ our youngest, but then,
French flows from the tip of her pen.
She writes fashion ads for Djer Kiss
With such flair—
Her Vogue will be great and her Vanity Fair.

There is something of Spain
About Clementine Jordan.
Something romantic, elusive, intangible,
Like the poignant melody
Of a violin.
I think she will build
Castles in Spain.
And that they all will come true.
Now Lacy Elizabeth March is
The American Beauty rose.
The world will turn to stare at
Her wherever she goes.
Gladys Ramon will enrich
The modern literature.
Through her essays and her books
Her memory will endure.
Virginia Rose will teach the truth
Through free thought and discussion,
And then the world of false ideas
Will fall with great concussion.

Polly Christie sure is a wonder.
At the finest arts.
Soon she'll bring American culture
Into foreign parts.
Lill Shadd will reach the Argentine.
To every one she meets
She'll probably teach the shimmery step
And other newest feats.

Susan Wilcox
Will conquer the world
Through French business correspondence.
A young French customer
Of the firm
Will fall in love with her,
They will be married.
Mary Chipman is our bluebird.
Listen, and she'll sing
Her way into the hearts of you,
Of him, 'o everything.

Esther Barnes, zoologist,
Knows fish, and bird, and beast.
Till Darwin, waking, cried with joy,
That wonders never cease.
At the end of the shining rainbow
Little happiness, they say,
But Margaret Mitchell will find its gold
At every step of the way.

Oh Evelyn, oh Evelyn,
You've got to quit your devilish.
Every girl has her day.
Yours has dawned to last always.
You'll win the champion tennis cup,
And with the Navy you will sup.
A ticket, a tassel,
Anna Cherchesky,
She'll do just what she wants to do.
You'll do just what she wants you to.
She'll run the playgrounds of the earth.
And all the players' hearts with mirth.

Frances Otten, you will be
The leading actress on the stage.
You will draw the crowds from far and near.
The great attraction of the age.

Mary Robinson,
You have a nice disposition.
You can do anything you like with people.
You will do everything you can for people.
In every walk of life,
Because you like people,
And people like you.
You will inaugurate the new social service.

Marion Rogers, the crystal ball
Suddenly shone with light.
White as a diamond it seemed to blush—
Your future will be bright.

Edith Baker will invent
Some new kind of pie.
For reunions we will sigh.
There's something to look forward to.
At the banquet we will see
When we're alumni.
The latest pie we will review,
That Edith Baker did invent.

Dorothy Upton, you'll pursue
The academic honors too.
Your high ambitions will come true—
Professor of English, here's to you!

K. Holway's cooking is so good,
Her menu taste like angel food.
Her brains and biscuit will be seen,
At Child's she'll be the reigning queen.
Julie Hatch loves all the children,
Some new kind of pie.
You will do everything you can for people.
In every walk of life.
Because you like people,
And people like you.
You will inaugurate the new social service.

Julie Hatch loves all the children.
Some new kind of pie.
You will do everything you can for people.
In every walk of life.
Because you like people,
And people like you.
You will inaugurate the new social service.

Madeline Drake will write a book
On books. Anatomy she took.
She'll name the bones innominata.
And add much scientific data.
Emmett Weed, in the years to come,
Will be dressed in silks and satin.
She'll start such a craze on Cassius Clay.
That all of us here will speak Latin.

For Middle English, Margery Rowe,
You soon will familiar be.
From scholar's perch, with deep research.
You'll win your Ph. D.

Dorothy Puck,
Your mathematics.
Your calculus.
Your physics.
Are only material representations
Of the sunny, active mind.
That will insure your success
In the business world.

Urena Broderick will take
A prize for every frosted cake.
When angels taste, as blissful sigh.
Mero mortals taste, and blissful die.
She shot an arrow into the air.
It fell to earth, she knew not where.
But soon she found her dart again.
Safely kept in the heart of her friends.

Dorothy Dart.

Charlotte Keefe will go to Belgium
In a hydroplane.
And teach the Germans on the border
To be a son again.
They'll buy German in the trench.
And one and all they will speak French.

Helen Cough at dentistry
The crown and shining light will be.
Teeth extracted without pain.
And painlessly filled in again.
Amy Kugler, you will run
A social center in a slum.
And if the masses make much din
You'll calm them with your mandolin.
Harriet Rogers, time will tell
The chemistry you do so well.
All rivals will be underset.
To you they'll give the laurel wreath.
Gertrude Esperholz will find
All the secrets of the mind.
Through a new psychology
Where mind and soul from self is freed.
Ann Vargas is inscrutable.
She says that she
Is planning to teach French.
But she laughs when she says it.
Something very nice is in store for Ann.
But evening draws near.
The crystal ball is shadowed,
We cannot see what it is.

Marieather Doughtery
Your curls are very fair to see.
You'll wind them round an aeroplane
And never come to earth again.

Mit Provost
Has joy in her fingers.
And grace in her toes.
She'll bring sunshine to Texas
Whenever she goes.

Madeline Drake will write a book
On books. Anatomy she took.
She'll name the bones innominata.
And add much scientific data.
Emmett Weed, in the years to come,
Will be dressed in silks and satin.
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It fell to earth, she knew not where.
But soon she found her dart again.
Safely kept in the heart of her friends.

Dorothy Dart.
Mid Wells knows French from A to Z, And Mid's as happy as can be. So soon she sails for sunny France To teach the Frenchmen how to dance.

Art and music both do meet And kneel to kiss Grace Cookings' feet. She'll have a dainty studio, With sketches from the piano, And signs without shall all relate -"Naval portraits painted here, Music while you wait."

American first, says Irma Hutzel, Be it South or North, To Buenos Aires then she goes, And travels back and forth. As buyer for big businesses there She makes all other buyers stare.

Winona Young, your eloquence As a lawyer you'll display Until as Chief Executive, You'll guide the U. S. A.

May Buckley Will have charge Of the interior decorating Of the next building on the campus, And the next, And the next, And the next, And she will be famous!

Milred Keefe will be a nurse, Pills and First Aid she'll disburse, She'll drive around Crom town to town, Pills and First Aid she'll disburse, "Dancing dietetically."

Ruth Anderson the osteopath, Will cure the world of all its pain, She knows its history, and she'll heal Its mind by reasoning most sane.

Margaret Maher is a mathematician. Fate says that she will undertake Big contracts for Government Housing, And build each house perfectly.

Joy of life has Jessie Wells Wherever she may roam To help the poor and soothe the sick- Happy will be her home.

Through all the world will Margaret Ives Portray the souls of people's lives-- A smile, a fleeting fragrance, Artistic immortality.

In olden days they moulded pots And tiles and vases rare. Jean Shawin will restore the art To other days where people care.

To soldiers, blind, and deaf, and lam.+ To mould some things of beauty there.

What does fate say To Dorothy Gray? She'll have more suitors every day.

Esther Hatzelder, you'll see, Something new in chemistry, Some nice substance you will find, Bringing joy to all mankind.

Florence Lennen, Is one of the reasons why "All the world loves an Irishman." She will go to Ireland And straighten out the tangles In the Home Rule proposition.

Juline Warner as a scholar Will win great repute, She'll win A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s. And write five books to boot.

Helen Cannon, Your dark fringed blue eyes Like mountain pools Are so deep I cannot fathom your future.

There is one woman actuary To mould some things of life, or the Interitor decorating It's mind by reasoning most sane.

Beatrice Boyd will Latin teach As Doctor Jo, M. D., And choose! And the Ladies' Home Journal, And the Senior class-the good submarine Has brought its "Ure reward--fourfold reward."

And we, merely women whose place lies at home, Claiming equal reward for our labor, Economically freed, together will join To demand equal rights for our dear neighbor.

Leaves of the Tree, Waves of the Sea, We strive for good Through sisterhood. Careers and professions are wonderful things. But rather as sweethearts and wives We ever shall work as the comrades of men.

To help, and to share in their lives. Leaves of the Tree, Waves of the Sea, Teach us to share Our joy and our care.

Whatever we do, and whatever shall prosper, We owe to that wisdom of thine, O Tree, who hast sheltered the doubts of our youth-- They mature into faith's firm design. Like an Elm Tree planted By the streams of water, A Tree of Knowledge, Connecticut College. ALISON HASTINGS.

CLASS POEM

To 1919

Four years we've striven beneath a clouded sky, With steadfast strength, and faith that could not die. Three years of joy and grief, of peace and strife, And we have learned at last to smile at life.

To take what comes with little of regret, Remember all the joys—the rest forgot! We've learned to hide beneath a sunny smile The torments of a heart that wept the while.

And every effort that we spent to aid Has brought its sure reward—fourfold repair.

And on the heights to which we've won, secure, We face our future, strengthened to endure.

True pioneers, we found no easy trail, But fearlessly began to climb the heights to smile, And steadfast marched through sloughs of deep despair, Willing and unafraid, nay, glad, to obey.

We blazed our trail, and ours the right to say The flower of liberty is ours today.

Democracy—our shield—we raised on high, Planning it bravely, tho the o'reast sky Seemed naught but ill and sorrow to presage.

The white, with weo unending, war did wage— Nor were we spared our necessary trials In all its havoc and its moe despair.

Four years of life that brought so much of ill, Within our sheltered lives, so calm and still.

Four years—and now at last a world reborn, Unchallenged, faces eagerly the morrow Of Peace, and we, with ready, willing hearts,

Go gladly forth to play our varied parts.

With singing hearts we go our fate to greet, Happy and brave, whatever we may meet.

The best that life could offer we have had, Sharing alike in all things, good and bad;

Learning to love, and best of all, to give— Only thru constant giving may we live.

Upon life's threshold now at last we stand, With Right triumphant reigning over land;

Our hands with many gifts as richly filled As are our souls with splendid hopes fulfilled.

Our practice is o'er—we served it well.

But of the future, who can aught foresee? Life now is ours, and all to gain or lose— Ours to meet the stand—stood forth and choose!

MIRIAM POMERING.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS 1919

ITS SENIOR YEAR—AND A BRIEF REVIEW OF ITS ENTIRE HISTORY

There it lay—smooth, and gray and shining—with its pretty green name embossed on its sides—the mascot of the Senior class—the good submarine C-19.

I had come to conquer it; for I was so perplexed. The history of the class 1913 was this year to be the work of my hand and brain, and I lacked the inspiration. So I had come for helpful guidance to the faithful mascot of our class, and now I stood over it, and softly stroked its smooth grey sides. I felt like an impostor. For I had entered Dorrac's room, quite unriveted. Yes, Juniors, I was in Dorrac Galley's room, in Plant. And I had opened her bureau drawer, and brought out the submarine, from the place where it has been reposing this long year through. No one was around, to be asked, and besides, it was school property, and I had a per-
feet right to do what I did. I gazed expectantly at the submarine, and waited for the inspiration. "O, dear!" I exclaimed, "I thought this might give me a suggestion! Why didn't I decline the nomination last year, and spare myself all this?"

"What can you see me in?" he asked, a little, gentle voice. I Jumped. There was no one in the room. I went to Evlyn's door. No one visible. Thursday, that night was right. After all--perhaps we can't trust our sense organs as the source of accurate knowledge, I thought to myself. I resumed my meditative, expectant gaze at the old C-19.

"Wan't you, "vally" the voice repeated, in a pleading tone. This time it thought it came from the submarine. I examined it carefully. Then I discovered two great soft brown eyes peering from one of the port-holes.

"I beg your pardon," I answered, as soon as I could speak, "are you speaking to me?"

"Aren't you the person who was just despairing of the Senior history of '19?" the brown eyes peered from one of the port-holes. Perhaps Hume was right, whether chaperone I'ules would hold for the hatch-way, and another in--

"I'm glad indeed," it continued very politely, "I've been keeping a sort of ship's diary ever since I first moved in, last year, and spare myself all this? " thought I, rather indignant.

"It's wonderful," he continued, "we paid for it, you would not have expected to find it furnished either."

"O, how perfectly splendid of you!" I cried. I was at the bottom of the ladder once more. "May I see it?"

"You've been very happy, and now, if you have time, he replied politely, very politely, but with a slight touch of irony, I thought.

He went to a tiny built-in chest and let down a shelf, which made a deal. Then he swung out a stool, like those in the dinetteia lab, and opened a drawer. Motioning me to be seated, he took out a grey book, with green letters across the top: "Log Book of the C-13," I read.

"In grey and gl'en!" I exclaimed, "How perfectly fine of you! Where did you get it from?"

"O," he replied easily, "the book is part of the equipment. Didn't you ask it was furnished completely?"

"Why, of course not!" no one thought so. If you knew how much we paid for it, you would not have expected to find it furnished either.

I opened the book. It was carefully kept, in neat, small handwriting, with entries "after each date,"

"How perfectly fine of you! Where shall we begin? I can remember my first impression of Connecticut College. It was a beautiful, clear September day. The breeze was fresh, and the Thames was its wonderful, deep, blue. All the rooms were hung with new, bright cretonnes, and instead of small patches of fresh plaster and new wood. There wasn't any lawn--nothing but a lot of bars and beams and plaster-mixers in the court between Plant and Doolittle, and they hadn't finished the gut in Thames, and the lights weren't in, so that we had to eat by candlelight, and we had grapes every morning.

"Pardon me," he interrupted, "but that kind of reminiscence would hardly do for a history, would it? We must keep to facts.

"Well, then--the meeting of all the students, and the faculty over in New London Hall, when Dr. Sykes explained the 'Vanity Bible,' and then we had to register.

"We must hurry on, to the opening," he said, "You remember October ninth, with its long academic procession of famous college presidents and representatives, the raising of the new flag, and the lunch in the hall, with speeches afterward.

"Indeed I do!" I replied. "I helped serve. I think I can tell you what the governor said, and President Crandall, and Dr. Sykes' words when he gave Morton F. Plant the honorary degree of LL.D.

"Yes, yes, no doubt," he remarked hastily, "but how about the first organization on campus, and all those parties you gave the first year?"

"O," I replied. "You mean the college Club, and the town's girls' party for the campus girls, and the Hallowen party, and the wedding in Plant, and the circus in Blackstone?"

"Exactly," he replied, "and how about the first out-of-town concert of the Glee Club at Norwich--"

"That was wonderful, which reminds of that pioneer quarantine we had Freshman year. Yes, I suppose all classes will blame me for starting the quarantine tradition at C, C, along with all our senior predecessors. That was for diphtheria, wasn't it?" I asked.

"It must have been. You know Dr. Rodinella kept busy with the throat swab, and the telephones were garnished every time they were used."

"O, and do you remember the first Washington's birthday party?" I asked. "Speaking of quarantine reminiscence, how Dr. Rodinella posed the dress-up party one day, at the beginning of the hygiene lecture. It was awfully impromptu, but that made it all the more fun."

"Then you had the Athletic Association banquet, later on," he suggested, "those dinner parties were awfully interesting, weren't they?"

"Oh, they were loads of fun!" I replied enthusiastically. "But the best was the Shakespeare dinner, the first week in May, Do you remember how Dr. Rodinella posed the dress-up party one day, at the beginning of the hygiene lecture. It was awfully impromptu, but that made it all the more fun."

"And when we came back from Easter vacation, war had been declared, I went on. "And 'Ink--I mean, Mr. Crandall, enlisted, you know, and came into the dining-room to dinner one night, in uniform. I opened the book, and there was the Spangdahlem Banner. And after that, his classes planted potatoes, and knitted, and rolled bandages, instead of going to vacations."

"You have skipped a most important phase of the second year, " he suggested, cautiously.

"I know I did," I replied quickly, "I meant to. I don't want to think about it--let's go on to the Junior year," I added, eager to change the subject.

"Yes, yes, let's," he agreed. "You came back with another class to welcome you, your sisters, '21. It was rather hard on '20, don't you think, to have you two against the one class, that year?"

"Well, they seemed to get along all right," I remarked rather indignantly. "I didn't require two classes to remove the submarine, last May."

"True," said the mouse. "But we are getting a little ahead of the story."

"I know it. Right at the beginning of the year, came the news of Dr. Sykes' death, It was an awful shock. But we will get on to the next year. His memory has stayed with us, and it will still be dear to C. C, even after the
two classes who knew him are graduated. He left us his vision and his ideals, and they are indelibly stamped on our hearts.

"It was a very sad beginning for our Junior year," I continued. "But his memory bound us very closely together, and inspired us to do our work for college and country even more earnestly."

"We must continue," remarked the mouse rather pensively for a moment. "First big event of the year," he suggested.

"Do you remember how we all lined up for the march, that cold, drizzly day in November, and tried toiven up the landscape with light dresses and colored sweaters?" I asked. "And wasn't it thrilling to have all the big colleges represented by their presidents or deans or famous faculty, marching down between us in their gold tassels and robes?"

I continued enthusiastically.

The faculty appeared in quite another light a few days later on the soccer field. Remember?" asked the mouse.

"Yes, weren't they just the best sports ever? And between you and me, '19, were pretty good sports, too, to let them beat us," I remarked confidentially.

"That's the reason why they won," the mouse looked dubious.

"You remember May Day last year? I hastened on, not caring to press the subject of the Faculty-'19 soccer game further.

"When you practiced camouflage on the boat-house? Yes, indeed, and you didn't do such a bad job, either," he replied.

"And then the Freshmen gave us the party down there at midnight, you know, and presented us with the little convoy."

"Well, chronologically, the big event of the Junior year comes first, you know."

"Yes, but we might leave it until the end. O, that was such a nice party. The girls looked so pretty in their sailor dresses and dresses, and the songs and flowers, and the eats, and the christening and launching of the submarine—O, it was all just perfect."

But best of all, we had our homenaires there to make speeches, and especially Mrs. Sykes. That was the very best part of the whole thing.

"Yes, your Junior banquet was a fitting ending for the year. You were very wise to have all the celebration wrapped up in the one evening, and have four events, as well as have a distinctly Junior function," remarked the mouse.

"And now for the fourth and last year?" I continued on. "I've just been itching to read this dear little log book. O, I think it was wonderful of you to do this for '19. I'll tell the girls all about it. A, I'm so glad that I came to see you." And I opened the little grey and green log book.

"Sept. 25." I read 'Crew of the Y. M. C. A. hut. If you have reference to our first chapel exercises, last fall, when the Seniors were cap and gown,—that has been improved.

"Exactly," he replied proudly. "It is not a Y. M. C. A. but a chapel, dance hall, exercise room, lecture and discussion hall, and amusements, gathering place. And what else on this earth is more like it, than the aforsaid gym?"

"True," I agreed, and continued.

"Sept. 26. Barracks declared in state of indefinite quarantine for Spanish Influenza. Disease spreading from larger naval bases has at last reached the encampment. Much unrest among crews. Training continues with little recreation. Several victims succumbing to the Bug."

"Sept. 29. Occupants of Winthrop barracks unceremoniously moved to Y. M. C. A. hut. Third floor Winthrop converted into temporary hospital. Nurses summoned from town. Survivors only may have opportunity to earn hard cash by carrying grub to the invalids.

"I don't think that last sentence is exactly—elegant," I remarked. "Well, I was trying to preserve your naval atmosphere," he replied, "and that is about as far as I should care to imitate our countrymen."

"Yes, of course," I replied hurriedly. "The girls had plenty to do, taking care of all those invalids," I added, to change the subject.

"That's right," he remarked, "and I wrote you this afternoon," I continued to read. "C. '19 vies victoriously with '20 on hockey field."

"It's hardly fair to refer to the Juniors as if they were a sub, too," I remarked. "That has been bothering me too," he returned. "You see, I wanted to have some consistent way of referring to all four classes, in nautical terminology—have I?" he exclaimed, after a pause. "We'll call the Juniors and Freshmen S, C. subchaser, don't you see? The Juniors surely earned the title last year, after '19's half, when the C-19 disappeared, "Capital!" I cried. And the Sister '21s are C-21, for the occasion, they gave us last year. I'll interpolate the changes, as I read." I continued.

"Sept. 26. The athletic inaugural was a splendid success. A dramatic in- cident in the game occurred, religious in a suitable and homely charge in a play act in the Pine Grove behind the barracks."

"Oh, dear, I'm getting tired of all this quarantine description. Didn't anything interesting happen last fall?" I asked in despair.

"Yes, don't you remember the palm trees?" I exclaimed, referring to the collection of real palm trees of being raw recruits. Rear-Admiral Marshall and Ensign Wells, U. S. N., address mass meeting of sailors, indicating possibilities of employment after demobilization, and pointing out the best courses to follow in the sea, this voyage. Meeting held in Y. M. C. A. hut."

"I paused. "How clever of you!" I exclaimed. "You're trying to keep in the naval spirit. But would you explain the term 'submarine'?"

"Exactly," he replied. "It is not a Y. M. C. A. but a chapel, dance hall, exercise room, lecture and discussion hall, and amusements, gathering place. And what else on this earth is more like it, than the aforsaid gym?"

"True," I agreed, and continued.

"Yes, your Junior-Senior game was a jolly set. And there were the palm trees donated to the college, that made us all feel we were in the tropics. One girl cut those palms into a palm frond, and presented us with the little log book."

"Then I'm sure I didn't do such a bad job, either," he remarked.

"That's right," I added, "and you squeezed in the Alumnae game, too, before the C-19 mysteriously disappears from the barracks—no traces found. Private vessels owned by crew also gone. Government unable to supply new ones. Life-saving practice discontinued from curriculum of training."

"What is this?" I asked, turning the page, and beholding very large writing across the top of the page.

"November 10. PEACE! Training suspended for the day. Crews attending gain land-legs on field behind barracks, drilling under military command. Lieutenant Belden and Second Lieutenant Sykes. Quarantine exercises."


"I have been itching to read this dear little log book."

"Yes, and you squeezed in the Sykes Fund dance, too, before the final catastrophe. After it had been twice postponed for quarantine."

"That's right," I added. "And we had our first Junior-Senior Get-Together February fourth. Let's see how you wrote it up: Threatened enmity and open warfare between C-19 and subchaser '20 happily averted by new custom—amity party in Y. M. C. A. hot to be held monthly, this being the first gathering. Why, that's—that's not true—we were threatened open warfare. We've always loved '29. All that fuss about the submarine last year was just to make us want to try out 'class spirit.'"

"Well, probably I misunderstood—it's apparent enough that there's no more danger of open warfare. Anyone would think the Juniors and Seniors were one class!"

"Well, we are. And so are the Seniors, Sophomores, and the Juniors and the Freshmen—in fact, we are all one!" I finished.

"Why, what's this black border around Feb. 28?" I exclaimed, as I
turned the page. "Don't tell me that you don't remember that!" he replied, in astonishment. "It's the death notice of 'Gopher.' Of course." I quickly rejoined. "I might have known. "Did you see us all line up for throat examination, the night before, and get pounded off, sheep and goat effect?" Ye shades of diptheria gnomes! I should say I did!" he answered warmly, "and after I'd taken special pains to keep all the music..."

"What about the Sophomore Hop?" I asked, turning the pages. "O, yes, here is that luncheon:"

March 15. Ties of amity drawn closer between C. 19 and R. C. 26."

"Speaking of the Sophomores," he interrupted, "here's in the account of your tea at the Monticull, and he turned to May 2nd. I saw a crew of the Convoy, a meeting crew of the C-19 on the roof garden, from four to six," he read. "Dancing, eating and singing the program. All men presented with a flag, bearing the colors of the two ships." "A flag?" I asked. "Oh, yes, those little favors that were stuck in the ice cream."

"May was quite a full month," remarked the mouse, as he watched me turn the pages. "Yes," I replied. "We had to squeeze everything in there was our last chance. Here is the last moonlight sing, May 14th. Stonehead and his group were in the mess hall, with the submarine, and they had their hands in the air, and he turned to May 28th. Yes, that was a promotion. The closing great event of the year."

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Filled with a sense of the importance and potentialities of the organization, the recently-made alumnae stopped thinking joyfully of their newly acquired B.A.'s and B.E.'s, tried to put the multitudinous thrills of the whole shining successful week-end from their minds, even tried to forget that putting elusive feeling that everything was all over, and concentrated on the business of electing officers for the first Alumnae Association of Connecticut College. The new organization certainly has every promise of success. Wimona, founder of "Stu. G.," whose clear vision, judgment and ability fit her so well to lead "it again, as president. Prent, twice class president, has proved her ability to act wonderfully as vice-president. And Batch, eminently well-fitted ability with her efficient handling of money as treasurer. Finally, the Alumnae will have the intimate experience and genius of Alison to keep up its contact with the college through the Connecticut College News. Certainly this group of officers is a testimony to the discrimination of the class and a pledge for the unique success of the organization.

After the elections there was a picnic supper, where delicious food, generously intermixed with Kaine's, occupied the Seniors until the final gathering of 1919 for the year, broke up.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES
HELD IN OPEN AIR
(Concluded from page L column 4.)

For a moment the lightness of the day seemed saddened, for the class of 1919, so dear to Connecticut College, was saying farewell.

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