The Nonsense Saint.

About two weeks ago I was painfully revealing 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

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, and asked him if he wouldn't come in. He asked him if he wouldn't come in. 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 quite unfinished."

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 mistook it, and I could find 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—"

(Continued on page 3)
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1819
Published Fortnightly

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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 floor them as a matter of fairness. However, we were unable to secure any data whatsoever for this paper. What ever plans the Trustees have for next year, they have 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 matter who comes or goes, 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.

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 the 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 so loyally upheld?"

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 list of wires 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 State of Connecticut.

Our elders and superiors may smite at the declaration, but we insist upon it, that we are not imperative 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 as so serious and disturbing, in the digested thoughtful manner in which it 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 some likely 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 laughed saying, "We are pioneers!" could not be lacking in loyalty to C. C., in the time of trouble and need of support.

"Loyalty '97" 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 we 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 suffice 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 into the things that are before—press toward the mark 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 ideal. Whatever the beauty of the river, you yourselves passing to and fro, the meaning and purpose of all our life here and the beauty of all these pictures that will not fail us in the long years. "Forbade not any severance of your 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 established the tradition to which we 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 your gifts of nature we have already begun to use in our work. Today the classes '19 and '20 stand representative of an organized whole, ready to perpetuate the ideals of this college.

The physical education classes have been in tract young women from all parts of Connecticut College—and that is the type which will be first female governor of Utah, and under her rule the Mormons will reduce their wives to the number of two.

The Nonsense Saint.

(Continued from page 1)

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.

I grabbed him by the arm—"I can't let you sink that deep into your work! 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.

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

"All right, Wynona. 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. But the events down thus:

1. "Year opens with unknown faces at the faculty table, Mlle. Ernst, Mlle. Barston, and Pratini Richeldorff. In vain we look for Drs. Rondnella and Wood. They choose to bicker in Massachusetts.

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

3. Miss Dickinson arrives from 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 Morris, 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!"

"Ruth Morris is chairman—purpose to raise $600 for Edith Wharton Hospital.

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


10. Wharton Fund completed. We cheer ourselves at a Tea, a 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 Plattsbarg. Social Science classes do war relief work such as hoeing bandages, knitting potatoes, and rolling sweaters. Oh my—do 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 to tell it freely."

"17. Dr. Sykes gives boats to classes called 'Loyalty 1910' and 'Loyalty 1910'!"

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

"Then you could finish up telling of the two days out 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."

"All right," I said, "there it is—"

With a hoo and a rake,
Putrows 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 beneficiation.

But hark from across the seas
A soldier writes us words like these
But he's caught 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 when in the devil
Taught you to knit."

"To say that the Nonseem 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, "I know historians are worse than the boys every time, and you are absolutely the worst specimen I ever 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 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, yes, and much confusion was around 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, Freshman 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 Sophomore whereof I have told you sent unto the Freshmen and bid them come to a great feast 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 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! they pleased him and many found favor in his sight.

Four days thereafter some of 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 send word to the Sophomores and bid them come and make merry in the Hall called Thames. And they came and there was dancing among the Freshmen one who is more just; yea, even friends went forth together from that night on. And there were good things to eat. And all rejoiced.

But 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 and them selves 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 Price 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 Allard 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 dwelt not any more just, yea, 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 Treasurer the Freshmen choose Kathryn Hultber, 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 wherein 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 which is even in the day of their 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, the 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-dre 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 wise and dignified could wear and it fitted the man well. And the students lifted up their eyes and were glad, for great is the love that they bear him. And he spoke 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 comes on speedily.

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 she bore that name, 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 from 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 who are strong in 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 all 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. Yes, and begave 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 fattest 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 passed 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 became men and they sought their beds 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 afflliction descended and came down upon the hearts of the Freshmen and they feared the words of the poets, 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 of 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, yes, and the neighbors of the Freshmen were called together to rejoice and be glad. Even Mr. Crandall and Miss Woodhall it was who sought to bring joy to them. And the maidens danced, yes, 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 Basketball 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.

Now it so happened 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 hidden 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 the 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, wherein 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.

And they clothed themselves in fine and made ready for battle. And the Sophomores waxed greater and greater, and 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 Catering To

Chocolate Parties

and Teas

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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 hear 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 contain 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. Yes! 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 moon light 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 clamon among the students. Yea, they called loudly upon Miss Woodshall 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 the field and river, they shall pass over into their country and take the name of Sophomores for the sign of victory. 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 the thought of you—
Like a ray of sunshine gleaming
Through the mists that hover near,
Ere shall the happy memory
Of your presence linger here.

When the waves are roaring
And it’s moonlight on the hill,
Or when winter winds are silent
And the snow-bound world grown still,
Then will our hearts 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 Southland
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, Marion Bath Elder ’19, Rosaline Wilcox ’19, Katherine Holway ’19.

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

GERMAN.

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.

BIOLOGY.
Ira Smith ’19, Esther Bat dcher ’19, Annie McLellan ’20, Elizabeth Nagy ’20.

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