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 housewifely 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 John 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, "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 magnificently superior 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 glories 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."

OLD CLOTHES AND BELGIAN RELIEF

The very acute clothing needs of Belgium and the north of France have placed on the Commission for Relief in Belgium a duty which calls for every effort. The destitute of the occupied regions are in a pitiable physical condition after their four years of constantly growing deprivation. The health of a large proportion of the population is undermined by suffering. Their powers of resistance are reduced to the lowest ebb, and they are an easy prey to disease, which is making rapid inroads on the race.

Coincidently with this condition, the disappearance of clothing and supplies for the manufacture of clothing has become almost complete. Even the oldest sheets, blankets, and tablecloths from which the destitute have in recent months been obliged to fashion garments, are exhausted. Shoes are so rare that even the airily well-to-do have been obliged to resort to wooden sabots.

With such a lack of protection (Continued on page 8, column 7.)

THE "NEWS" CAMPAIGN

"Be up-to-date, read the 'News.'" "Support your class, win a subscription for your president." "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 Seniors 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 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 curious looking throng was wending its way across campus. Laden with trunk trays, bedding, clothing, and books it conveyed the impression that a band of refugees was moving 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 hare and hound chase Sunday morning and a soccer game on the following Saturday gave the Freshmen an excellent chance to see what men 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."
The Secret Letters from Annette Genevieve to Marjonette Jeanette

My very dearest friend Marjonette Jeanette:

You have said in your letter that you threw in to me as the train had started to move, I have left my childhood behind me; in the station so many things were said. I got home and all right as you'll probably notice from reading this letter. And I had a very pleasant and self-satisfying voyage on the train and accept that the woman that sat next to me told two kids, one was a home steady like your dog did that night when your aunt's husband's sister-in-law died suddenly in your parlor sofa, sitting up and all, and we put the pillar case over her head to make stop—do I mean—and the other that ate candy in my lap spooned my cream and had the same one that in it that Pa hoisted up on the little shelf fell down on a lady's head. It was funny—we all laughed but the other half showed over a mad and said some mean things which I might tell you if I thought no one else was going to see this letter. But I calmed her down by reminding her that they were fresh eggs and could no longer be any good to me being scrambled on her. She shut up for the rest of the whole voyage. Accepting that she called her kid not to eat any candy on me no more—joe which I was very greatful.

Some girls from the College were hanging around the station (I'm glad Ma didn't come with me because she would have sort a taken back seeing them running around the station watching the trains and going up to strange people. You know how particular Ma is that way never letting anyone to the station for the sixty-five, although I do go often. Now don't blasph this to Ma because she might want me to come home, and say (to the other). They great me their piece of paper old Johnson gave me she might want me to come home, and forty-five, although Ma is that way never letting me being scrambled on her. She shut up for the rest of the voyage. Accepting that she called her kid not to eat any candy on me no more—joe which I was very greatful.

Once girls from the College were hanging around the station (I'm glad Ma didn't come with me because she would have sort a taken back seeing them running around the station watching the trains and going up to strange people. You know how particular Ma is that way never letting anyone to the station for the sixty-five, although I do go often. Now don't blasph this to Ma because she might want me to come home, and forty-five, although Ma is that way never letting me being scrambled on her. She shut up for the rest of the voyage. Accepting that she called her kid not to eat any candy on me no more—joe which I was very greatful.

The ships of the Commission have already carried many tons of clothing to the occupied regions. But the urgency of the demand will continue undiminished, and will even probably increase during the whole duration of the war. This presents to all an opportunity, which we feel assured the student body will gladly embrace, of continuous service of the most important and productive kind. The task set us is to secure every available garment in the country. Through student organizations and by other methods which will readily suggest themselves, the universities and colleges can help assure the success of the American effort to protect the health, the decency, and the life of a courageous people to whom Americans are bound by peculiar ties.

Freshman: "I'd just as soon join the Athletic Association if I don't have to play on a team."
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."


BREES FROM OCEANIDES

The evening of July 19, 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 much too large"), pterns, 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 giddily 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 farmettees 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 parentis and some to pick peas.

Curtain!

(Eight hours of toil)

Scene: A homeward bound bunch of C. C. stites 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, if nothing more. "Little". During this week we greatly impressed a merry 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 good remorse 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 grubs 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 mamia 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: "You don't read Shakespeare?"

David: "I don't know him either."
THE SECRET LETTERS FROM ANNETTE GENIEVIEVE TO MARIONETTE JEANETTE.

I didn't bother much in spelling and grammar for this letter et cetera (that's Latin which the girls often speak). Please note my address this letter to you Marionette Jeanette so if you don't get any you'll know it's cause the post man in the post office thinks your name is Mary Jane. Please don't call me by my secret name any more cause lots of girls have just as common names as that of you're loving best friend.

P.S. Go over and see my Ma once in a while on Sundays for maybe she's lonesome. Also tell the folks home to in a lonesome. Also tell the folks home to as that of you're loving best friend.

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