

bility of bearing the name of upper-classmen. But when October rolled around again and we found ourselves "Jolly Juniors", we proved the truth of the title by having the first class function of the year in the form of a moonlight corn-boil on Randall's Hill.

Our class this year showed several changes, some of the old faces were missing but several new ones came to take their places, among them were a number of returned soldiers. We were also glad to welcome back some of our members who had enlisted from the class earlier in its history and were proud of the spirit of heroism they had shown. Whether it was these valuable additions to our class or just the usual luck of the Juniors we cannot tell, but certain it is that this year our class came out victorious in many lines of competition. In Basketball our girls team was the winner of the inter-class championship. The debating league in which both boys 'and girls' debates counted, also resulted in a victory for the class of '21, and we were the successful competitors for the Athenaeum pennant. With all this, however, the social side of life was by no means neglected. The Terrible Ten celebrated the anniversary of their notoriety in a banquet at Artie's which sounded most entertaining. We had two sleigh-drives during the year—one to Kentville, and the other to Port Williams where we were delightfully entertained at the home of Mrs. Collins. There were also club-room parties and Theatre Parties, and, in general, we could not be called anything but "Jolly Juniors."

The summer passed rapidly and almost before we knew it we were back again vainly trying to uphold the dignity of our position as seniors. Before long responsibilities began to descend upon us and we found ourselves overwhelmed with the many duties dependent upon the seniors.

Our happiness this year was shadowed by the loss of our main college building. With feelings of deepest sorrow and regret we watched the flames rising higher and higher and that hall of learning where we had spent some of the happiest and most profitable hours of our lives steadily consumed by the raging fire till nothing remained but smoking ruins. We thought too of graduation and what it would mean without the crowded Assembly Hall, with all its mem-