

the freshmen all were in their trundle beds long before midnight.

Freshmen Athenæum, in the past, used to be highly interesting and amusing, but never was one more entertaining than ours. The climax was reached when one of our members, Dick by name, preached that eloquent sermon from the text, "And they shall flee into the mountains of Hepsabah where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her first born." As Virgil so aptly put it, "Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant. Not the least event of the first year was the burning of Chipman Hall and the Gymnasium. It has been the custom for graduating classes to take the blame for such occurrences, but this we refuse to do. So ended our Freshman year, the end of the first period of our course.

Now we were Sophomores. Of course we "knew-it-all," where is the Sophomore who does not? But that is a characteristic of a class. The first thing to do was to obtain the Freshmen yell, and to do so, we placed two of our new members in the Freshmen class. They procured for us, at grave peril, two different yells, one of which we gave, the other being given by the class of 1918. Since a new yell was formed the next week, it was granted that we had scored over the Freshmen. The regular proceeding, in which we naturally came out victorious, now took place; the rush, initiation, imposition of rules, etc.

The class of 1918 had a theatre party. Perhaps they did not realize what a sleigh drive meant, perhaps they did, however we tried to help them enjoy their party. What with banners, placards, etc., we trust they enjoyed the play. It was at this time their now well known yell was thrust upon them: "Sea Green, Pea Green, Evergreen, Eighteen."

The big event of the Sophomore year was our fracas in Willett Hall. It took place after our theatre party and banquet; when returning to the Hall, we found our rooms in a state of extreme disorder. Quite naturally, the Freshmen were summoned to answer for their sins. After numerous scuffles and showers of blessings, all save two made acquaintance with the tub. One refused to open his door, so we felt constrained to open it for him. The other made an immortal name for himself in the quotation so aptly applied to him,