

was ever carried out. It was wonderfully successful, and gained the hearty approval of all. The Gymnasium was a scene of hearts, thousands of hearts fluttering in the air, swayed by the ceaseless breezes of conversation. Oh, the joys of consuming tartar's counterirritant and the gnawing variety. How we revelled in bricklayers and the salted south wind. The only flaw was that dimpled darlings were rather scarce. However, time flew so quickly that, before we knew it, the committee was inviting us to go home, but not before we had sung our class song and given our yell—a hearty cheer!

This would never be complete without a word about our basketball games. A team like ours, that is entirely composed of stars, could not fail to make a hit. Game after game was scored, our boys always overwhelmingly victorious. And talk about class spirit! well, as far as that goes, it was the Freshmen who nearly always filled one side of the Gym. At last the great game came off. It was preceded by a long-drawn-out affair in which the Preps beat the Juniors, I believe. Then our boys played. At first we feared for our colors, for our team, the pride of every loyal '09er was sadly crippled and Captain Livingstone was a little, only a little bit, uncertain as to whether our boys would run up as large a score as usual. The Seniors would not think of putting the game off for a week, but gloated over our seeming misfortune. Scarcely had the whistle blown when a master-throw brought us two. Then the Seniors got busy, and they certainly had their hands full. The end of the first half left us wild with excitement, and hardly able to wait for the end. The struggle was hard, and though the Seniors were a trifle in the lead our boys were gaining fast. Captain Livingstone saw that with a few more throws the game would be ours, but there flashed before him the vision of the beaten Seniors, their crestfallen captain, and so—well the score was 28 to 19, in favor of the Seniors, but the Book of Gold has one more noble act recorded for the Freshmen. It was our only defeat, and a good thing it was for us, too; for too many successes are liable to give one the proud feeling, and there is plenty of time for that later one.

I am sure no one can deny that our class has a brilliant future. Her numbers alone testify to her greatness, for she is the largest class that ever gathered in the halls of Denison. Her literary attainments are not small. Professor Williams often smiles with glee at the work done by the 09ers. As for the classics, the heads of the Latin and Greek departments cannot but admire the scholarship of our class. Moreover, it is quite probable that the worthy Robert himself would be impressed by the eloquence and brilliant debate displayed in the often protracted class meetings.

Only one less pleasant circumstance must be mentioned. Early in our career we came up against an algebra text-book called "Fine," which description not a few, however, are ready to dispute.

This is only the first chapter of the history of the class of 1909. We recommend the ADYTUM readers to look for the next.