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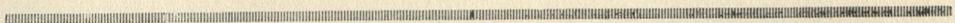
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The Connecticut College Quarterly

June, 1925

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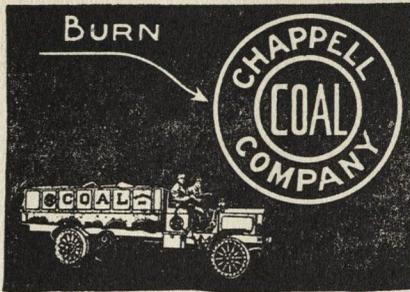
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THE HISTORY OF THE
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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN W. COOPER, ESQ.
OF BOSTON

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TORNADO

COVERING the clay banks of Lake Erie, and completely hiding the motionless and murky water of the Black River, are great banks of red ore and black hills of coal. Stolid freighters stop here, and taking a few grains or molecules off these piles, creep on up the river to the hot furnaces of the steel mills, or lose themselves in the blueness of the lake. On the flat plains back of these red and black mountains is the city of Lorain, another of Moses Cleveland's foundations. From Hungary, and Italy and the new independence of the Slovakias have come strong men who feed the black hills to the hungry furnaces, and make the steel plates for the freighters.

All about the town in frame houses of pink and blue and green, live these men with their wives, their grape vines, and their children with funny foreign names. Early, even before the morning light has distinguished the color of one doorway from another, hundreds of men pour out of them. It is time to breakfast the furnaces and industry can not wait. They leave their wives busy over tubs filled with the clothes of the mill owners, or those of their children which came from the same sources.

As they trudge to their work they button their black sateen shirts close at the neck, the early breeze from off the lake is chill and penetrating. They pass by the timekeeper and through the great mill gate, the life stream of civilization. Then when dusk again hides the blue doorways from the pink doorways, they return home to suppers of cabbage and bologna sausages.

But as day after day fades into darkness there comes Saturday, the holy day of the laborer. On that day the furnaces fast. So at noon when the sun exalts all the

brilliance and color, and warms the grape vines, these men return home for clean blue shirts, and soft, black fedora hats, and set out for Broadway, the moving pictures, and the billiard rooms. So many are here at three in the afternoon, that even the Salvation Army are crowded out. With the week's wages in their pockets, new shoes and shoe-strings are bought for all the children, and straggling bunches of harmless looking garlic are wrapped up and added to the pile of parcels.

In this way has passed every Saturday for years and years, except Saturday, June twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and twenty-four. It was the same on that day until three minutes past five. But at that time the roofs of the moving picture houses fell in, and strong brick walls cracked and broke. Gigantic steel girders were twisted and torn, as though made of fragile paper. The sturdy freighters were blown from their moorings; they crashed into one another, and rammed their way through viaducts, and blocked the current of the river. The little pink houses were swept into the air and lost in space. Into all this poured rain. Sheets of wetness twisted and tore in the wind, washing the ruins with a dank and deathly perfume.

And at a quarter past five many of the strong men and newly shod children lay dead beneath the crumbled walls. Others wandered dazed and lost through the debris. There were no homes, all was devastation and death. There was no light, there was nothing but turmoil. Lorain shuddered in the damp darkness, it had felt the hard hand of a great tornado.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

Dear God, Gee whiz, You know, my Dad;
Well, he told me that I was bad,
An' sent me upstairs to my bed
Jus' 'cause of somethin' wrong I said.

So, God, please make me not say "Damn";
But, what I'd like to ask of you
Is—If You hear Dad say that word,
Won't You please send him upstairs too?

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

MIDNIGHT—Without darkness, without stars! Midnight—and the unwearied sun stood, yet visible in the heavens, like a victorious king throned on a dais of royal purple bordered with gold. The sky above him—his canopy—gleamed with a cold yet lustrous blue, while across it slowly flitted a few wandering clouds of palest amber, deepening as they sailed along, to a tawny orange. A broad stream of light falling, as it were, from the center of the magnificent orb, shot lengthwise across the Alten Fjord, turning its waters to a mass of quivering and shifting color that alternated from bronze to copper—from copper to silver and azure. The surrounding hills glowed with a warm, deep violet tint, flecked here and there with touches of bright red, as though fairies were lighting tiny bonfires on their summits. Away in the distance a huge mass of rock stood out to view, its rugged lines transfigured into ethereal loveliness by a misty veil of tender rose pink—a hue curiously suggestive of some other and smaller sun that might have just set. Absolute silence. Not even the cry of a kittiwake broke the almost death-like silence—no breath of wind stirred a ripple on the glassy water. And then, within the space of a few minutes the burning scarlet and violet hues all melted into a transparent yet brilliant shade of pale mauve as delicate as the inner tint of a lilac blossom—and across this stretched two wing-shaped gossamer clouds of watery green, fringed with soft primrose. Between these cloud-wings, as opaline in lustre as those of a dragon-fly, the face of the sun shone like a shield of polished gold, while his rays, piercing spear-like through the varied tints of emerald—brought an unearthly radiance over the landscape—a luster as though the moon were, in some strange way, battling with the sun for mastery over the visible universe, though, looking southward, she could dimly be perceived, the ghost of herself—a poor, fainting, pallid goddess. The whole scene might well have been the fantastic dream of some imaginative painter, whose ambition soared beyond the limits of human skill. Yet it was only one of those million wonderful effects of sky and sea which are common in Norway, especially on the Alten Fjord, where though beyond the Arctic circle, the climate in summer is that of another Italy, and the landscape a living poem.

BARS OF WIRE

NOW there is a screen in my window and my happiness is barred. I can no longer stretch my tired arms into the cool night and feel the pale, soft moonlight slip through my finger tips. I cannot reach for the moon or touch the branches of the all-straight pine tree.

I see the twinkling stars and the flashing lights through a grey mist. A sudden streak of light falls across the sky—a star has fallen and I cannot catch it! The whole night is shaded and far away.

I am a prisoner—barred from the sweet mysteries of the night—before tonight they were all so close and dear to me. I know that the deep night is still as comforting but I can no longer feel its fragrance enfold me. I do not mind the screened window when the sunlight is bright and warm—I can run through the fields and play with the day. But late at night when the moon is cool and far away, I have to stay in my window—alone, and remember the happy time before there were bars of wire to keep me in.

THE DUSKY HOUR

I SAT by the little singing brook and watched the sunset change from a garden of flaming roses to a corsage of violets on a dove grey gown. From the woods behind me came the liquid notes of the veery's evening song. Dusk, the magic hour between daytime and night-time—dusk, the mystic hour when fairies dance and brownies fill the lily cups with golden fragrance—dusk was creeping slowly over the meadow. The last note of bird music soared away into the beauty of the sky, and a silence, mysterious and bewitching, hovered over the expectant earth. The air grew cool with dew and fragrant with the breath of many flowers. I looked from the sky to the little brook, and I saw a strange, strange sight. Down on the rippling song of the brook floated a green oak leaf, and on this fragile craft sat two tiny figures. One had golden curls and silken wings while the other, who sat at her feet, wore a queer little brown cap and a queer little brown doublet. He held a white lily cup in his wee hands. Nobody steered the little boat, but gently it glided down the brook and drew up alongside the shore where an arrowhead leaf held it steady while the two little people hopped nimbly on shore. Strange to say, all this did not astonish me in the least. It seemed perfectly natural to see a fairy and a brownie sailing down a singing brook just at the magic hour of dusk; but I was not prepared for what was to follow.

The golden-haired fairy spread her two little wings and flew to the top of a primrose stalk nearby. She beckoned to the poor brownie to follow her, but, try as he would, the little fellow was unable to climb the primrose stalk because of the lily cup which he clutched so tightly in his tiny hands. I longed to help him; but I knew that if I moved, the spell would be broken. Meanwhile, the brownie looked about for a means of getting to the top of the primrose stalk, for time was flying, and

there was work to be done. A possibility soon presented itself. Through the dim light, he caught sight of a large night moth, lazily winging its way toward him. With great presence of mind, he put down his lily cup, and grasping a long piece of orange angel's hair which was twined about the base of the primrose stalk, whirled it about his head three times, and as the moth glided above him, deftly caught one of its feet in the orange lasso. The moth made no resistance; for he was a very lazy creature—though a beautiful one indeed! His wings were of a shade of pale green whose only rival is the feathering fern frond which appears in early spring. His body was cloaked in downy white, and his long legs were encased in royal purple. The brownie barely looked at his beautiful prize. He took up his lily cup, and carefully bestrode his winged steed. The moth twitched a feathery antenna and drifted up into the air. When it came near the top of the primrose stalk, the brownie clutched the cup to his breast with one little hand, and with the other threw the angel's hair lasso to the fairy, who pulled it toward her. The moth waited patiently on a primrose bud while the brownie climbed down beside the fairy.

"Come back in the time it takes six bluebells to ring," whispered the brownie to the moth. "You will be well rewarded." The beautiful insect twitched the other antenna and glided away.

"You were a long time getting here," said the golden-haired one. "These primroses must be open for the arrival of Ceripa and Pandora, the sphinx moths. Pandora may report us to the Queen. Give me the cup." With her little white fingers, the fairy sprinkled the yellow primrose buds with dew from the lily cup; and almost immediately the four petals dropped down and the air became fragrant with the alluring aroma of Evening Primroses. Instantly, there was a sound of whirring wings in the air, and two gorgeous sphinx moths swooped down and drank their fill of the honeyed nectar which was hidden in the hearts of the primroses. Then through the ever deepening dusk came Luna, the pale green moth. Straight to the primrose stalk he came, and patiently he waited while his passengers climbed up on his snowy back.

"Take us to our boat, good Luna," said the fairy. "You will soon get your reward." Like a green leaf falling from a tree, the moth dropped to the edge of the rippling brook. Then he twitched both antennae together.

"Now," said the brownie, "you shall have your reward." From an inside pocket of his little brown doublet, he extracted a tiny box of paints and a brush.

"You are going to be even more beautiful than you are now," said the fairy as the brownie dipped his brush into the lily cup and began to paint a design on the moth's green wing. A beautiful design it was—soft yellow and deep pink—and shaped like a diamond. Then around the edges of the delicate wings, the brownie drew a slender

purple line which exactly matched the color of the moth's royal purple hose!

"There," said the brownie, "tomorrow when the last star is fading from the sky, look at your beautiful self in the brook. However, if you fail to do so at that time, you will be as you were before!"

"Come," said the fairy. "We must be on our way. The Queen holds a festival tonight and I have to collect cobwebs for her canopy." The tiny boat swung out on the ripples, and was soon far down the little brook. Luna spread his newly painted wings, and glided lazily away on a breath of wind. A whip-poor-will lit on a nearby rock and began to tell his heart-rending story. Night descended from the sky to cloak the world in darkness—and the spell of the dusky hour was broken. But I know that Luna did as he was told because to this day you may see the brownie's mark on his pale green wing.

THE BILLY-GOAT

(*Apologies to A. A. Milne.*)

I WANT a billy-goat, Mother, a billy-goat, a billy-goat."

"Oh, Charles, Charles McAllister Watkins, what do you want of a nanny-goat?"

"A nanny-goat, a nanny-goat, Mother? I don't want a nanny-goat. I want a billy-goat, a billy-goat."

"But, Charles, Charles McAllister Watkins, what do you want of a billy-goat?"

"Oh, Mother, Mother, you foolish lady, why do you ask such foolish questions?"

"Charles McAllister Watkins, Junior, don't you speak to your mother like that. I'll whip you and I'll snip you and I'll snip you and I'll whip you." She hurried and she skurried across the room, and dived and delved into the cupboard, and pulled out a broom and a pair of shears.

Charles McAllister Watkins, Junior, began to tremble—to tremble and shake. He knew and she knew and she knew that he knew what the broom was for—what the shears were for—to whip him and snip till he cried and wept, and you see, you must see—that Charles McAllister Watkins, Junior, did not like to be whipped at all—or snipped at all—not even a little bit.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, be good to me—listen just a little weep drop to me. I love you and I love you, and I'll hug you and I'll kiss you, if you won't whip me or snip me or snip me or whip me—not even a little bit. You see, Mother, you must see that I really did not mean to be saucy to thee—or cross to thee or ugly to thee. I was foolish and I was bad—but now I am sad. You see, Mother, you see, Mother—there was a trouble in me. I wanted a billy-goat, Mother, a billy-goat, a billy-goat—but

why I wanted him and why I want him is more than I could tell. And so, Mother, Mother my dear, I would not and I could not, and I could not if I would give, give you an answer—an answer to your question. But I am sorry, Mother—sorry, *so* sorry, Mother, that I don't believe that I want a billy-goat, a billy-goat."

And his mother did not whip him or snip him—or snip him or whip him—she hugged him instead.

YOU NEVER WILL

IF I should walk as far as out to the blue and back, if I should walk that far and then hide behind a rock, would you seek me? I wish you would. I wish you would feel that wherever I would wander, wherever I would hide—you would want to put down that brush and go looking. Would you? No, I know, you wouldn't. You'd sit there on the rock and sigh and say, "She'll come back, she always does." And here I'd be only a teeny bit away, just behind the mulberry tree, and if you'd only come, I'd give you the most delicious scare as you passed, and kiss you for coming.

I guess you don't want to be kissed, do you? You've had enough? We might nibble noses together, that's fun. So much more fun than sitting here, just sitting and staring at the wicket gate while you try to paint "that look in the eye." If you insist on painting me, why don't you make my hair just a little bit pretty and put a flower in it? Then I'd love to sit here looking at the wicket gate, for I'd know I was being made beautiful.

No, I suppose you hadn't better. They'd say it wasn't like me and I'd have to admit it. Wouldn't that be terrible? To have to hear all day long that the pretty picture didn't look like me? Oh, go on. Make my hair as straight as straight, it is—I know.

Wouldn't you love to climb up there to that cloud, Jan, dear? Or even the apple tree? Oh, I'm sorry—there I'm looking at the fence again, ain't I? But just to run away out to the blue and back and know that you'd follow me. Just to watch from behind a rock and see you striding past, worried—all because you couldn't find me. Wouldn't that be fun? But that'll never happen, for I always am running after you instead.

VOYAGES

I love to lie upon the grass beneath a blossom tree,
 And gaze up at the clouds that sail like snowy ships at sea.
 Sometimes I even ride upon a boat of fleecy white;
 We race along to other worlds. I have to hold on tight
 While I peer down on different lands where cunning dryads play,
 Where pixies laugh and dance throughout the dreamy, fragrant day.
 Oh I can lie upon the grass and visit lands of kings;
 While you can only ride to town and buy mere diamond rings.

 "AIRY NOTHING"

I MUST catch some of those elusive sprites of ideas that dance for a tantalizing moment before my eyes, and then vanish. These fairy minutes of beauty that reveal themselves, and then are gone forever—I must have them to hold in my hand, to see what they are made of, to pull off their wings so they can never leave me again. But just as fairies despoiled of their wings would quickly wilt and die, so do these glimpses of thoughts die and leave only a dull, pale husk of themselves when I handle them and try to analyze them. They can not be kept, alive and glowing, as they appear before us; just for a moment we have them, realize their full meaning; then they are gone, and we remember only vaguely what we have seen.

I do not know just what to call these snatches of ideas, but I am inclined to think that I mean poetry—the quick appreciation of something vital, lovely, serious, deeply moving—a glimpse of what may lie beyond our earthly limitations—a realization of the noble in human nature and a hope for its future. It is an insight into the ideal, and certainly that is poetry.

The glimpses are always sudden and unexpected, and may come from the most common-place things. A moment ago, as I sat here writing, the dreamy melody of Liszt's "Leibestraum" floated up the stairway, the canary down the hall trilled softly, and a pale orange ray from the late sun fell across my page. The three merged into an inexplicable sensation which for an instant made me understand all the romance in the world. Yet now I can not describe what I felt, nor even remember it very distinctly. If I could only keep that understanding with me, what a glorified world this would be!

And when the sweet, clear notes of a field sparrow pierce the misty air of dawn, and all is dewy and rosy, I feel for a minute that I have the soul of a poet, and I feel at one with all the poets in the world; but only for a minute. The sensation is gone

with the dew, and all that I have left is my feeble words to try to express what I remember about the experience.

Or perhaps I am sitting in a class when the inspiration comes. Once in my French course I came across the phrase of François Villon, deploring the perishability of life and beauty, "Ou sont les neiges d'autan?" And into my head came the thought like a flash, "Why, where are the snows of yesteryear? Right here, in our rivers and lakes of today!" This opened a startling train of thought concerning our souls, and the fact that no substance on earth can be made to disappear, but merely to change in form. Although I have thought of this often since then and have tried to reason it out, I shall never see it again with such clearness as I did at that moment.

When such a moment comes we all feel that we must make permanent the thought. Then we try for what we call "self-expression." In some way we must make tangible our intangible experiences. If we cannot express ourselves, we feel uncomfortable in a vague way. The poet, the artist, the musician, must gain a good deal of satisfaction from catching the sprites and turning them into something others can see and understand. Of course all this has been said before; especially well by one William Shakespeare:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

One flushing rose in a silver vase,
A room where grief and sadness face,
A little child with wondering eyes
And wistful lips where laughter lies:
Life, the reality, is there;

The bittersweet of life that seems
In passing, but remembered dreams;
A flushing rose, a little child,
A room where grief and sadness wild:
The attributes of Life, so fair.

A REVIEW OF "THE WHITE MONKEY"

"No retreat, no retreat ;
They must conquer or die,
Who have no retreat !"

THIS symbolizes the strain in which the book is written and the closing words sum it up—"He won't be happy till he gets it,"—"The only thing is, you see—he doesn't know what it is."

John Galsworthy has portrayed in "The White Monkey" a picture of modern English life. He has done it very cleverly. The reader, if he be American, can only surmise this, for the picture drawn is so truly English that no American can fully appreciate it. But we know it is clever for, when we have finished, we realize that we have read four stories in one, all clearly separated, and yet connected. And the threads of all four can be traced out in the picture—the picture from which the book gained its name—the picture of "The White Monkey." . . . "A large, whitish sidelong monkey, holding the rind of a squeezed fruit in its out-stretched paw."

Further on we find a description of the picture around which the thought of the book centers. "The large white monkey with its brown, haunting eyes, as if she had suddenly wrested its interest from the orange-like fruit in its crisped paw, the grey background, the empty rinds all round—bright splashes in a general ghostliness of colors,"—Galsworthy symbolizes here to show us the life of the times. Life, sometimes gray, and then shot through with "bright splashes" but always with the "gray background" which we cannot pierce, hard as we may try. "The empty rinds" of the things people have rejected, scattered all around and people's interest only turned from their own affairs when it is forced that way. People today are grasping and clutching with almost brutish force all that they can get, and scattering the waste throughout the land. We live to serve ourselves, not others; and so we put ourselves in the class with our ancestors, the White Monkey.

And so it is, all through the book, that life is brought clearly to our minds by the use of symbols. The Chinese dog, on which was lavished more love and care than many a child has gotten; the weirdly decorated rooms, one for each varied mood of their whimsical owner, characteristic of the way people cater to their selfish wants; the balloons, the hopes of a sincere hard-working man, bought by the careless rich, to be played with lightly and then tossed away.

The style is different, very different. It is abrupt and sharp, yet always leaving something to the imagination of the reader, something to be read between the lines. Galsworthy shows a real understanding of human nature and a keen insight into public affairs. We get a picture, vividly drawn, of the political and social life in

England; of the affairs of the upper class and the doings of the lower class; of a selfish love and an unselfish love.

And through it all runs the philosophy of the day,—a bitter, pessimistic philosophy. That is why it is a typical book of today, they are all written in a pessimistic mood and seem to ask the question, who will “conquer” and who will “die.” Life is a struggle!

A POEM

Only the top of a pine tree
 Pressed 'gainst the darkening sky,
Only its tossing branches,
 Thrashed by the wind on high,
Glimpsed through a hospital window,
 Seeming to stand in space,
Dusk for its mantle costly,
 Snow for its priceless lace.

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