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Connecticut College

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# The Connecticut College Quarterly

JANUARY, 1928

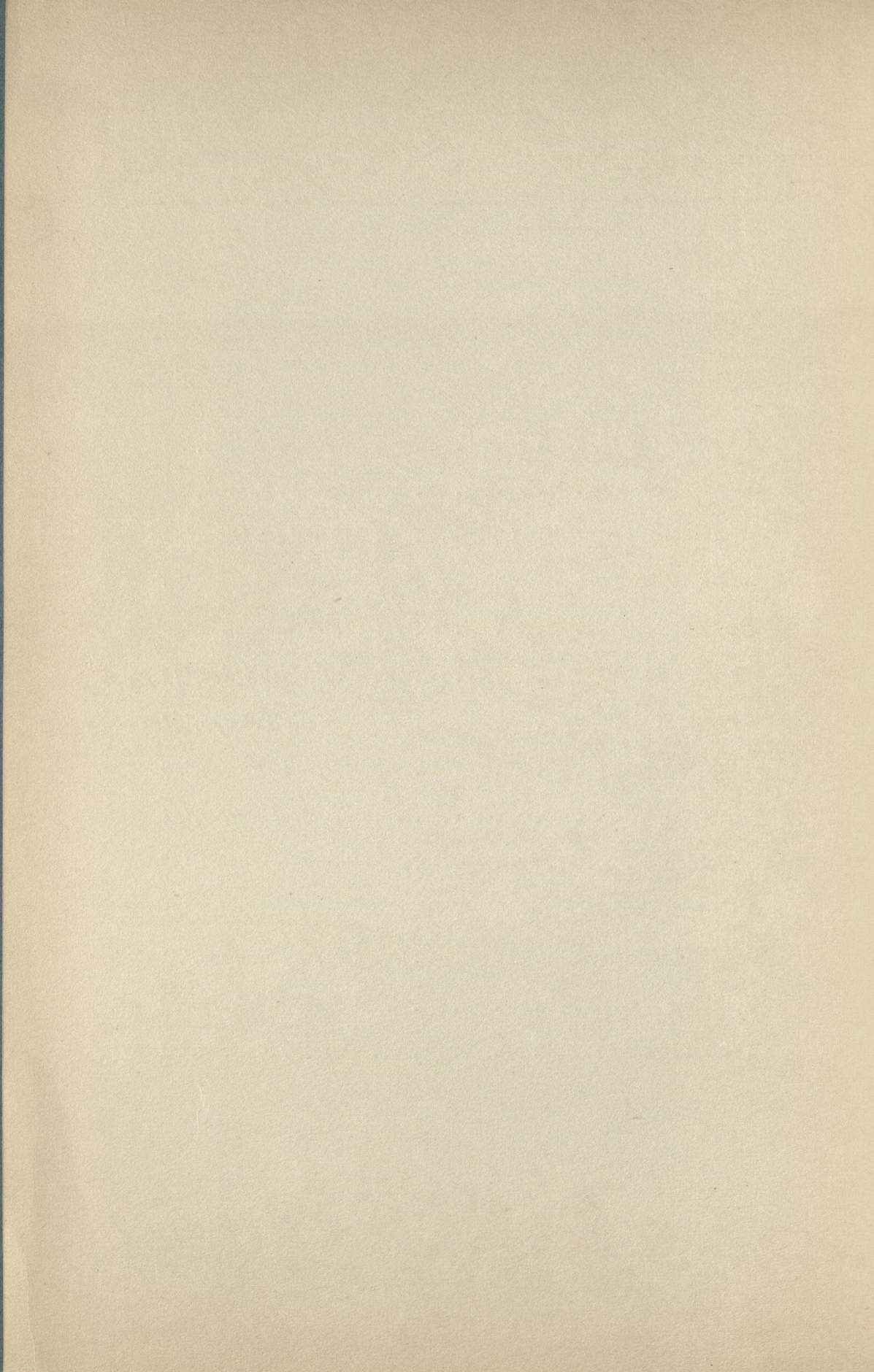


CONNECTICUT COLLEGE  
NEW LONDON, CONN.



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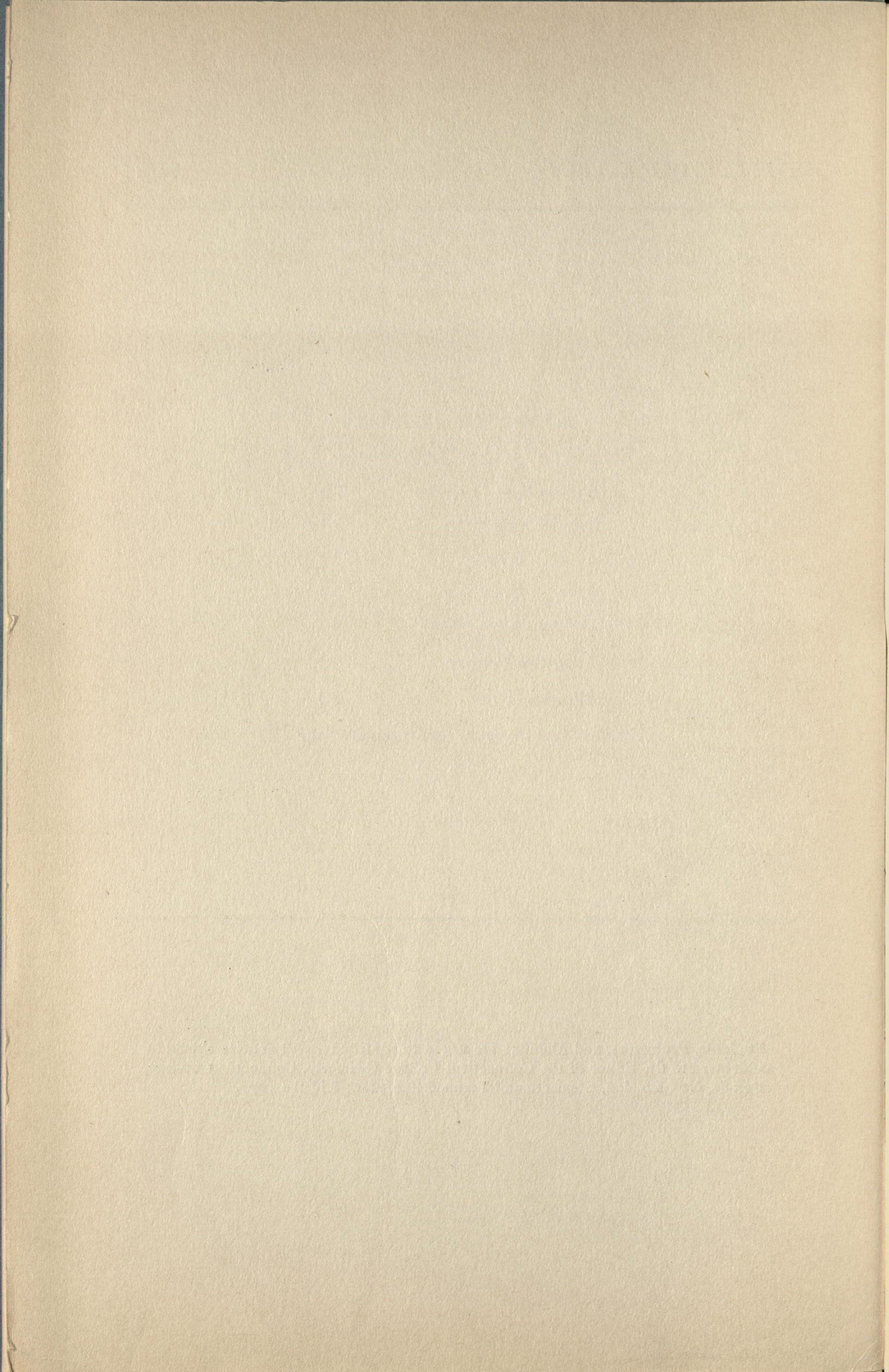
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# THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERY

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## H. NIBAUEAU

PARISIAN shop windows are fascinating! Filled with handcraft silver-ware, beautiful linens, enticing leathersgoods, exquisite "papetries," gorgeously bound editions, they would more than satisfy that sharp craving of every woman for window shopping. But just here in this sweetness lies the bitter—oh, that hateful law of compensation! To look into a Parisian shop window is to class yourself as an undesirable member of the demi-monde.

For several weeks I was blithely unaware of this fact and used to be trailed all over the Quarter as I went my way peering into those entrancing windows. As soon as my friends discovered my habit, they enlightened me sternly and effectively, with awful predictions as to the probable results of my reconnoitering in the past.

Naturally I was terrified when a few days later I received a letter—a very crumpled and soiled letter to the effect that H. Nibaudeau had been trying again and again to see me but that I seemed always to be out. Would I arrange a rendez-vous? With many black thoughts, I rushed down to the concierge. "Madame! Who has been here to see me, in heaven's name?" "Mais, je vous assure mademoiselle, not a soul, vraiment personne!"

For the next few days I did not take a breath in peace while on the streets. I walked along, half-running; keeping my eyes away from shop windows; cutting across the "rue" if an old man so much as looked my way; always coming in early and with a breathless rush as I saw the doorway that meant safety ahead.

Things were just beginning to reassume a natural state when I received



another and even more urgent letter from H. Nibaudeau. What on earth was I to do! Pursued by some haunter of Parisian cabarets! Oh, what to do!

Clutching the letter, I dashed down the stairs — “Madame, dites — who has been here to see me?” “But mademoiselle, no one, no one at all.” Whereupon she called on all the saints in heaven protesting that truly she would tell me were there anyone asking for me. “But madame,” I insisted, thrusting the letter into her fat hand, “voyez donc — the letter I get! What does it mean? What is it!”

Thought of leaving Paris, published threats, putting the matter into the hands of the police came to me. I determined to cable my family, to do anything and everything. What a terrible disgrace! I hated foreign cities and vowed never to visit another. Life was unbearable.

And then came the explanation of the concierge — “Mais, mademoiselle, this is a letter from your landlady, naturellement. She wishes to make her customary monthly visit.”

---

### WISPS

Silence steals swiftly,  
Hovers a pace  
Like a ghostly gray phantom—  
Is off into space.

The stars shine brightly,  
Too brightly, for they dazzle me  
And yet do not reveal  
The nothingness of dreams  
As does the sun.

Silent rain streaks softly down  
Like needle spray,  
Matching the somber loneliness  
Of a mournful day.

Dreams are made for wise men  
And for fools.  
The wise men play with them  
And are grateful:  
The fools try to make  
The lovely things come true.

## ALICE GOES TO CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

ALICE rubbed her eyes sleepily, then sat up suddenly, as some one ran past, so close as almost to step on her. It was a girl about eighteen or twenty years old, with an arm-load of books.

"Goodness," said Alice, "I think, Miss Whatever-your-name-is, that you had better look where you are going." But the girl was gone.

"Dear me," thought Alice, "I suppose that this is another dream. I'm really getting quite used to them." She started to wander around the hill-top on which she found herself. Girls kept hurrying past, each with an armful of books. They all looked remarkably alike. "Not like twins, you know," said Alice, "but like sisters, or at least first cousins."

She tried to talk to them, but they all ran past without speaking. "How very rude," Alice thought. "Well, the next one must answer me, whether she wants to or not," and as a girl brushed past, she caught her arm. "Where are you going?"

"T'th'libe," the young woman answered, and quickly disengaged herself without a glance toward Alice.

"Why, they don't speak English," said Alice. "I wonder what I'd better do now?"

"You had better come with me, my dear," said a voice behind her. "I'll show you your way about. Though I don't usually bother with Freshmen."

"That's very kind of you, sir," said Alice to the large, dignified old gentleman who thus addressed her. "Am I a Freshman? And who may you be?"

"I," he responded, "am Robinson and Robinson," and he threw his cane into the air, and wiggled his ears thrice before he caught it. "And you are a Freshman, or else you wouldn't look so bewildered. The others are bewildered too, my dear, but they know better than to show it. How were the Examinations when you passed them?" and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

Alice looked in the direction indicated, and saw a series of gates, beside each of which stood a gigantic keeper, twirling a huge key in his hand.

"I didn't pass them," said Alice honestly, "I didn't come that way. I—I just came."

"Of course, of course, by Certificate. But you passed some of the Examinations, Medical and Psychological, for instance."

"No, not one."

"Then you must be a Transfer. You're not a Freshman at all," accused Robinson and Robinson.

Alice was quite distressed. "Really, I don't know what you mean, Mr. —"

"No matter, no matter," her guide interrupted. "I've promised to show you your way, and I'll do it even if you are only a Special. I won't use these, either, "holding out a handful of words towards Alice. "These are the words I use to frighten the Sophomores. Unless you want me to."

Alice looked at the words quickly, and saw among them "neuroses," "inhibitions," "patellar reflex," and "corpraquadrigemina." "Oh, no," she said hastily, "don't trouble yourself."

"It's no trouble," the old man assured her, but he shoved the words into his waist-coat pocket. "Follow me, now."

He took such enormous strides that Alice had to run. They climbed over a stone wall, into a sunny orchard, where grew the strangest trees that Alice had ever seen.

"This," said Robinson and Robinson with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "is where the students go to gather grades."

A number of young women were gathering fruit. Alice observed with interest their curious method. Each girl had a number of books, which she threw up into the branches, in an effort to dislodge the fruit. Some girls brought down a grade with every throw, but Alice noticed that the fruits so quickly obtained were usually small and insignificant.

"Those are just daily quiz grades," Robinson and Robinson explained. "A different kind of fruit grows on every tree. That one in the corner bears A's. You see that there aren't many of them on a branch, and they are rather hard to knock off. They are more angular than the other fruits, and if one should chance to hit you on the head as it fell, it might inflict quite a scalp wound, causing nervous breakdown, or eyestrain, or even (so I've heard) insanity. Of course, many students try to get A's."

"I don't see why," said Alice. "Some of those who are eating them don't seem to enjoy them a bit."

"They are rather bitter," said Robinson and Robinson, "but they are very artistic."

"I should prefer those over there. They seem to give more satisfaction."

"Don't point," commanded Robinson and Robinson. "It's bad manners. I don't agree with you. Those trees are only B's and B's. But of course there is a psychological explanation for your attitude."

"Don't let's bother with that," begged Alice, in alarm, for she saw his hand stealing to his pocket. "It's getting late. Won't you show me what those girls are doing by the wall?"

"Surely," agreed Robinson and Robinson, and off he strode.

"Wait," entreated Alice, panting in the rear. "I can't keep up with you."

"Of course you can't," said Robinson and Robinson. "The Sophomores can't."

But by the stone wall he stopped, and Alice came up to him. There she saw a group of young women weeping and wailing, and hugging and kissing each other. Some were dressed in sombre black, which Alice thought was mourning, but her guide explained that these were Seniors "in cap and gown and dignity resplendent."

"Has some one died?" queried the little girl. "Why are they crying?"

"It's just a moonlight-sing," said Robinson and Robinson. Just then the moon popped up over the river, and all the girls began to sing a mournful chant, while the tears rolled down their faces. Then everybody embraced everybody else, and they mournfully separated and went away. Alice looked for her guide, but he had disappeared, so she approached the nearest Senior.

"Please tell me what you are doing."

"We are weeping because we must soon leave our Alma Mater," was the doleful answer.

"You poor thing," said tender-hearted Alice.

"Oh, we don't mind," said the Senior. "It's just the custom to weep. And a very pleasant custom, too. This is really a great college. We have such a fine physical education department that some people think that this is a physical education school. Isn't that fine?"

"Is it?" said Alice doubtfully. Then why don't you have a physical education school instead of a college, if it is so fine?"

"You don't understand," said the Senior, contemptuously.

"No," said Alice, "I'm afraid I don't. I'm tired. I wish I were home in bed. Dear me, why so I am!"

---

### SO THERE!

You kissed me in the moonlight  
And I thought that I could love you,  
But I couldn't.

I told you in the moonlight  
I told you that I loved you,  
But I didn't.

I could hold you in the daylight  
Make you love me in the moonlight,  
But I wouldn't.

## THE CONFIDANTE

“YOU can’t imagine what it is to be in love. What suffering one has to endure!” These words were uttered with great solemnity by a very lovely, dark-haired young damsel, who was reclining languidly on the couch in her classmate’s cheerful, spick and span room. Her confidante sat in an armchair beside her, an open book turned upside down in her lap. “You have no idea how you have to play up to a man.” A moment’s thoughtful silence, then she implored, “How would you answer a letter like this? What shall I say?” With a helpless, despairing look she held up the letter she had read out loud—the letter that brought forth her gloomy generalizations on love.

A twinkle of amusement momentarily lit up her confidante’s eyes and a faint smile flickered across her lips. The incongruity of the knowing statement and the despairing question . . . Instantly, the twinkle and smile were gone, and she again became the serious confidante. Although she was only eighteen, a childhood of poverty had in many ways matured her early. Now, at college, through which she was working her way, she was more quiet and more reserved than most of her classmates; more appreciative and sympathetic, too, and always unobtrusively doing something for someone. The other girls seemed naturally to make her their confidante. Somehow—they could tell her more than anyone else, she always understood; she always could offer a suggestion.

Somehow—they never expected her to tell them about herself. It was not that they thought she could have no romance in her life; it was just that they took for granted she didn’t have. This quiet, hard-working little house-mate, who always came in with a smile, who always did something for them before they even thought it had to be done—she, why she was just a friend. Some girls they had down as decided old maids; others as decided coquettes, but she was their confidante; they did not think of her in any other connection.

Her understanding of human nature surprised them, but they never wondered where she had learned so much. Her classmates accepted her suggestions, but they never stopped to think that such advice must be backed by experience.

“You ought to thank your stars you’re not in love,” the dark-haired damsel was saying as she languidly raised herself from the couch and went to the door, “I’ll write the letter as you said. Thanks, old dear.”

As she closed the door behind her, a smile danced onto the lips of the confidante—and lingered. The twinkle came back to her eyes—and stayed. Strange—how the girls relied on her to understand and help them in their romance, and yet thought there was no romance in her life.

Poverty may have made her serious and reserved; worldly experience may have matured her in many ways; but at heart she was a girl.

"Romance!" As she breathed the word, the smile, forgotten, slowly withdrew from her lips, and the twinkle sank into the depths of her eyes, which had taken on a far-off expression. "Romance!" It was still a dream, but a dream so much a part of her daily life that it seemed real. She read romance, watched romance, imagined romance — without becoming sentimental — and she learned to understand.

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### WHY SHOULD WE?

COLLEGE life seems to be one orgy of sacrificing mental and moral comfort. Friendship goes by the board every time a Sarah Jane immolates her pleasantly witless chum Ellie Lou on the altar of an intellectual Therese. Of course Sarah Jane means well, and Ellie Lou usually manages to get along without her, but I wonder if she was quite right in ignoring that fundamental something that made her feel she belonged with Ellie Lou and could never be friends with Therese? Everybody meets people who awaken in her definite responses of cordiality; and why should I or anybody else spend time, say, discussing ships on the horizon with an artist when I could be dissecting so and so's soul with an amateur psychologist? Is the first procedure going to broaden me tremendously enough to outweigh my boredom during the process? If I love to ponder human relations, must I forgo that to kindle a fire and eat burned bacon with somebody who does nothing but throw Amy Lowell's purple teapots at me? Am I wrong to say I cannot get along with a person who does nothing but discuss etchings, and poetry, and Europe, and yet is more ignorant of human intricacies than I could have believed it possible to be? You can say yes, I can say no, but until I have seen the tide beat in over the seven miles of Brittany quicksand, until I have seen the blood-red of the Riviera cliffs, the intense blue of the Mediterranean, the yellow of the acacia trees form a never to be forgotten melody of inharmonies, or from a Paris balcony that overlooks the Seine, have seen, beyond the green of the Tuileries and the haze of the city, the minarets and towers of the marble Sacre Coeur pink-tinged in the sunset, why should I struggle to compete with persons of such background who set homely observations at naught? Though all the learned psychologists in the world were to hurl the scathing word "childish" at me, you may be sure I shall make no such sacrifice. I shall continue to revel in my mental comfort, and to pity poor Sarah Jane who goes around with a perpetual squint as though she were continually trying to see the Alps as Therese has described them.

## A POEM

A cyclops with his eye put out, is man.  
The forge and anvil ready for the shaping  
Of metals that lie heaped about his heels.  
Within his veins the rich blood courses  
And pounds against his fingertips for action;  
His feet, grown restive, stir themselves  
Unseeing; send hurtling into ruin  
The ordered piles his toiling servants built  
With straining muscles and long-wearied souls.  
He stretches forth his hands and grasps — at nothing!  
Air — empty, unresponsive. No form  
To shape a meaning for his blindness  
Confronts the anguished searching of his fingers.  
Force, baffled, grown explosive, burning,  
Swells his forearm, which descending  
Strikes his hammer and with eager fury  
Grasps it: swings it high and crashing to the  
Center of the furnace. The blazing coals  
Shower thickly on the wide confusion,  
And one, leaping, strikes his forehead where his sight  
Should be. Black futility and pain  
Provokes his strength to madness. He lunges forth  
Directionless, and stumbles prostrate in  
The chaos he has wrought and lies there stunned  
With lack of purpose, till the faithful  
Of his servants, their own hands scorched and bleeding,  
Bathe his burning wounds and slowly raise  
Him to his feet and, partly docile, lead him  
Back to his work, and pile again the stuffs  
About him that shall yield strange products  
To his unskilled fingers, while certain,  
The most eager of his servants, make search  
Unceasing for the potent, longed-for compound  
That shall clear away the darkness and give  
To man at last his whole, unclouded vision.

## HIDDEN MAGIC

FOR five carefree years we were inseparable. We became best friends the day she arrived in the sixth grade of Grammar School that object of vast curiosity "the new pupil." She was different from any girl I ever knew for she fitted exactly into my scheme of life. She believed as implicitly as I did in fairies — silver, gossamer creatures who drew fairy rings in the dew and danced when the moon was full. She had the gypsy's love of adventure and exploration in her clear grey eyes, and where she led I followed — to a certain wood away from the town, a magic wood where the birch trees swayed like tall, young princesses and the Wind Boy threw red and yellow leaves in our faces as we clambered over grey rocks and waded in the noisy brook. A few months ago I drove by that same wood with a crowd of friends.

"They're gradually selling that woodland for real estate," one of the boys remarked casually, and shielded his face with his hands to light a cigarette. I wanted to tell him what that place meant to me, but I couldn't. The words wouldn't come. I had a strange little girl feeling inside of me that must come, I think only when people realize that they are growing up and are missing connections with childhood days. I couldn't make him understand. I could only murmur empty platitudes.

"I used to play there when I was a kid," and I wondered if the old round wishing stone was still there waiting for her and me, and if the goblin's pool was choked as usual with sticks and dead leaves, the work of the mischievous elves on Hallowe'en which took the rest of the year for the fairies to clear out. Sometime I would go see and yet I was almost afraid to go alone, without her. I wondered what she would think about all this grown-up business, but I had a feeling that she would understand better than I, for she always had clearer ideas than I anyway.

In those days she was the leader, I was the follower in everything we did, and how I tried to compete with her. I practised "The Soldiers Chorus" for hours on the piano until I could pound it out as well as she could. In utter defiance of my parent's wishes I chopped off my long thick braids to look as much like her as possible. She had such definite ideas of what she wanted to do — to paint, to travel, and to have four children, two boys and two girls. I can remember that one of the boys was to be named Jasper. While I had hazy ideas of wanting to travel all over the world and of writing great novels which she would illustrate.

For five years we did everything together, had everything together. On Saturday afternoons we went to the movies, sat in the front row, crammed our mouths with salted popcorn, and thrilled alike to the mysteries of the weekly serial. Afterward we came home "the back way," a proceeding



that was an adventure in itself, for it meant leaping over hummocks of spongy grass in marshy fields, crossing a small canal on a waterpipe, walking a short distance on the railroad tracks, and ending up in a junk heap where one day to our great horror and delight we found a dog dead with his throat cut. Regular as clockwork every Spring both of us broke out with poison ivy, the result of our wanderings around the countryside, much to the disgust and concern of our respective mothers. But every Spring the woods burst forth with new wonder after the bleakness of Winter, a wonder of shining leaves, warm sunlight, and rushing water, a picture in which poison ivy featured as nothing in comparison to the delights we found there.

Life is a funny trick. Soon after that she moved away and we didn't see each other for five years. Now, five years in a girl's life is a long time and at the same time a short time. It is long in that between the ages of fourteen and nineteen she is being molded by her experiences, her friendships, into an individual. It is short to her, for life moves swiftly and the days are filled with study and pleasures. At first our correspondence had been strong and then at the end of the second year there came a change that was, I suppose, inevitable. She began mentioning in her letters the sororities at the school she attended, the dances which she was beginning to enjoy, the attention she was receiving from boys, and the engagements she was making. Soon these things were uppermost in her letters. Similar changes were coming into my life. I replied in a like manner. (She was always the leader, I only the weak follower.) Then she visited me for a day last summer while passing through the city. Maybe it was the rain, maybe it was I, maybe it was the misunderstanding that had risen during those five years that the former five could not combat — when she stepped off the train I hardly recognized her. She was slimmer, more smartly dressed than the person who had roamed the woods with me. She was delicately rouged and perfumed and exquisitely well poised. Since I had charge of a small branch library and could not leave the work that afternoon, she accompanied me there. On account of the rain, business was poor. We retired to a small back room and when she produced cigarettes I supplied matches. We lit up, and talked — rather she told me about the college proms, the houseparties, the men, the time she was a little drunk. And all the while in the back of the smoke filled room the magic wood beckoned and called, and two children clambering over the slippery grey rocks of the brook paused suddenly with puzzled expressions on their faces, but one of us didn't see the wood or the children and the other was afraid to call attention to them for fear of turning their bewildered expression into one of pain.

That was all. She went away again and no one can say whose fault it was or why or how it all came about. Maybe she was disappointed in me.

Maybe it was inevitable. One cannot be expected to remain a child of fourteen forever. Maybe in her heart she was waiting for me to speak. Maybe she was tired of being the leader. But that is unimportant now. Life is a queer business, a lot of fun with a lot of pain mixed in. Sometime she and I will meet again. The future is ahead smiling and hopeful. Sometime she and I will meet and looking into each other's eyes she will chuckle at my silly fears and say:

"Why are we wasting time? Let's go find the wishing stone, the goblin's pool, and the Wind Boy. Let's see if the birches still sway like tall, young princesses, and before it is too late let's recapture the magic that is waiting for you and me in the wood away from the town, the magic that was not lost but only hidden for awhile."

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### PINE TREES

Oh the pine trees with their sighing, their wailing, their crying  
While o'er the skies are flying, the clouds before the wind.

Oh their low and graceful bowing, their soft and pleasing soughing  
While the farmer is plowing in the scented wind of Spring.

But oh their fitful screaming, their moaning, their keening  
When o'er the snowbanks gleaming, runs out the cold north wind.

In all the seasons flowing, their coming, their going,  
From the reaping to the sowing, the pine trees love the wind.

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### COGITATION?

#### *Eclipse*

My future is a dim room,  
Lit by candles of my past,  
Brightening slowly as my present  
Marches to my end at last.

#### *Thought*

A smile is but the echo  
Of happy laughter dimmed by tears;  
A sigh is but the unborn shadow  
Of unseen things in future years.

## A CAMPUS TWILIGHT MOOD: PEACE

TWILIGHT comes pleasantly to the campus. It makes its way through the grounds like winged Silence, bringing a general sense of beauty, and harmony, and peace. It softens the rugged outlines of the buildings—makes them congenial. It changes noises into mysteriously sweet sounds. An indefinable air of quiet dignity and security pervades the campus in these few magical moments.

Beyond Knowlton, in the western sky, linger rose and lavender traces of a colorful sunset, melting slowly into warm saffron. And the yellow deepens, becomes pale jade; and the jade deepens and becomes a fair blue background against which the tip of a solitary fir tree is exquisite. From the purple hills in the north comes the delicate echo of a cow bell. Across the Sound on the south, crimson and gold lights flash from a distant light-house. A cool eastern wind brings the pungent, mystic odor of burning leaves.

The campus buildings draw close together as darkness falls, and the other buildings are not so far away. Kindred orange light flows from their windows. Across the quadrangle a figure moves with silent footfalls, whistling softly a few bars of an old French lullaby. Subdued laughter floats from the direction of the library.

Now the sky is dark blue. The ivy leaves whisper drowsily, and a sparrow awakes with a startled chirp. The coming night enfolds the college gently in a protecting embrace. The trees stand tall, like watchful sentinels. In the southeast sky, Jupiter moves majestically into view, sending beams of tranquil assurance down upon the hushed scene.

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 PAGEANT MADONNA

How an old Italian would have loved to paint you!  
 Your smooth blue veil, the red gown under it—  
 Your quiet face, white, slender, saint-like face,  
 Glowing with holy motherhood in the manger's light.

*But Mary kept all these things  
 and pondered them in her heart*

All eyes are fixed upon you, but you do not move,  
 Your thoughts are slipping backward on the music's waves,  
 Like Mary you are pondering in your exalted heart—  
 In your calm tender face I glimpse the things you feel.

## "COLLEGIATE —"

MANY persons do not understand this term, made popular by a particularly ridiculous song, and apply it to any youth attired in bags or plus fours, regardless of the fact that he may not go to college. This error should not be made, for there is a distinct aura about the head of the college man which can be attained only by his living a certain length of time, be it only for a few months as is often the case, in a college dormitory or fraternity house, and participating in college life.

Joe College is a typical collegiate character. He has first of all the essential thing—the collegiate manner without making anyone aware of it. He is a well-known man on his college campus, for he plays football, is stroke on the varsity shell, is chairman of the college paper, and is king of his fraternity; but from his lazy, indifferent air one would think him anything but busy, or even capable of being so. He walks slowly and slouchingly, but with an inimitable grace that displays his football shoulders and build. His complexion is clear and tanned from severe outdoor exercise, and though he is not handsome, his face is attractive because of his excellent health. His clothes are not extreme and are very well tailored. His shoes are either *very* old and dirty black and white sport shoes or well polished brogues. His socks are loud, though rarely visible, and his ties are works of art. He looks especially well in a derby and long, navy blue Chesterfield.

Beside being able to look the part, the collegiate youth must act in the approved manner—he must be smooth. Joe College plays anything and everything, from golf and tennis to contract bridge, poker and Red Dog. He is a beautiful dancer and causes feminine hearts to flutter as he gazes from the stag line, huge and well-groomed in his evening clothes. When he gives a girl the privilege of dancing with him he bends over her and leads her perfectly in intricate, gliding steps. He whispers just the right words in her ear, and when cut in on he immediately forgets her in looking at someone else. If training is over he drinks at parties, but only enough to make him happy and more at ease, sparkling, witty, and sophisticated than before. He knows all the best night clubs in New York and has seen the latest musical comedies and plays, and knows the jokes and song-hits from them. He drives a smart roadster and handles it with great dexterity, going through the darkest mazes of traffic with nonchalant ease. He can do anything, no matter how foolish, and get away with it because he is sufficiently witty and unconcerned. He is the idol of the lower classmen and one of the most popular men in his own class.

Joe College thinks in accordance with his manner also. Studies come last: he does enough work to get through examinations without a great

deal of effort. He feels that religion as he has always known it is a great bore, and that atheism is not only more interesting but more sensible. He is quite certain that he knows everything about love. He has experienced it several times before and during his college career, and is never wholly in or out of it. Girls, also, are a subject about which he knows most everything. He has had unlimited experience, and can tell at a glance whether a girl is smooth, sophisticated, a good sport, a flat tire, dumb, fast, quiet, or slow. He has an ideal girl whom he hopes some day to find, though he does not realize that she conforms to the type that he would now call, "a darn good kid, but awfully young, like a sister." He will probably go into the bond business when he leaves college.

From this description it may be seen that the true collegiate type differs from that usually portrayed in the movies and described in magazine stories. Joe College does not drive a rattle-trap Ford with phrases, such as "I do not choose to run in 1928," painted all over it. He does not wear trousers that are thirty inches around the cuff, nor would he think of wearing a sweater in his college colors with a letter emblazoned upon the front. His slicker goes unadorned and he does not fight his classmates in the street. If he starts a riot it is a good one and is apt to land some forty or fifty of his friends in the dean's office for a punishment of several weeks' suspension.

A truly collegiate man, then, is not of the rah-rah, banner-waving type, but is a lazy, amusing, great hulk of modern boy, trying hard to be sufficiently smooth.

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### THE TIMID LOVE

(After an Elizabethan lyric)

When Phillis brings her pitcher to this silver spring,  
 And stoops to dip it in the crystal cool,  
 Will she e'er know my longing by its waters?  
 Ah, no! She'll only mark the clearness of the pool.

And when she sees these blood-red petals floating,  
 Will she e'er know I plucked the rose for her?  
 Ah, no! She'll sing to see their hue's no richer  
 Than her sweet lips, where pearl-bright smiles occur.

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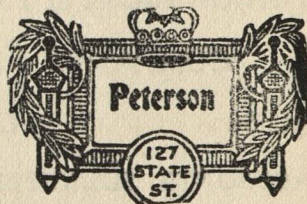
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