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MAY, 1928

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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SMOKE RINGS

SOMETIMES I think the best period of friendship is during the time when persons concerned are just learning to know each other. Then they are at their very best; everything is done carefully, lest it offend. Carefully, I say, not as one solves a difficult mathematical problem, but as an enthusiastic gardner works about the plants he loves; as a lover of the open picks his way through the mountain stillness——. Soon comes a time of gradual decadence. Our language becomes loose; lyric grace and victorian soundness of thought give way to the crude tone of the public journals, and conversation becomes a chit-chat of time killing paradox, platitudes, and miscarried humor. The only true bond that remains is a sort of physical affection, coupled with a sub-conscious yearning for that first, idealistic friendship, now beyond reach. Friendship has become a habit——

All this we consciously but unreasonably resent. When we have drunk to the dregs and quenched our thirst, we still want more. We vaguely realize that the bitterness of the extended potion brings us more pain than the sweetness brings joy. Yet an unaccountable loyalty spurs us on to the spree; we are madly celebrating a dead thing,—and continue to do so until we are deadened equally to the disgust of it and to its liking. Analogous are the cases of drugs, of drink, of cigarettes—indeed, what are we but cigarettes, burning on through life, now smouldering beneath a grey ash, now blurring up as the ash is tipped off or as a sudden draught brings out our fires, until we have served our purpose, when we are carelessly cast away, to plunge, with a hiss of dismay, into the puddles of oblivion.

All this of smoke and smokers, say
Who's the Smoker, pray, and who the smoke?

HELEN BENSON, '30.

ARCHERY — AS WE LIKE IT

EVERY Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at eight Eleanor and I go into the primitive, as it were. For after much meditation we have decided that archery is the most intellectual and least exciting course that THE department offers. In modern language we are toxophilites, but in our own adventurous vernacular we are "Injans."

Awakened by the first long, pale streaks of dawn slanting across the sky (and the jangle of an alarm clock) we lithely slip from our beds into the chilly gloom. With many penetrating whispers which quickly notify the house of our arising, we get dressed and slink down to the Pantry for our mundane subsistence. Having eaten in glum, impressive silence, we stalk majestically through the narrow path and over the hill to the gymnasium. In this wigwam of our fancy, we solemnly cast off the fetters of our civilization and clothe ourselves in a war suit that any Indian brave would have been proud of. In fact in our endeavors to give our bodies free play, we have slyly omitted parts of our complex garb at various times. But once I daringly omitted too much and my manly pride was greatly embarrassed by being told that pink underwear did not look particularly well on the archery field. Such matters are mere trifles when we ponder over the deeper and greater thoughts behind our grim, immobile faces.

Despite our many time-saving devices, we are usually the last to leave the gym. In our softly moccasined feet, we lightly bound along the road towards the tennis courts. Eleanor usually carries the bow and I nonchalantly make a quiver out of my hands. During the early part of the year the tennis courts were in an unkept state of extreme mud. But this was all the better to help us follow the footsteps of our predecessors and we slopped oozingly through the slush with our shoulders brushing stealthily along the backboard of the court. Around the corner we softly creep and cautiously steal upon the group of warriors who are answering the roll-call of the Chief. Then if we are lucky enough, we hold someone's equipment while she helps put the targets. This thumping of hay exuding targets into iron standards is really too materialistic for our natures. Hastily we turn away and stride to our positions in the shooting line. Of course to us the stumpy posts which mark our stands are lofty forest trees behind which we spy upon our prey. When the superfluous targets are raised, we cleverly fool them by looking in an opposite direction, then when the signal is given, we suddenly turn in their direction, raise our bows, and so surprise the unsuspecting hay and colored oilcloth that some people hit it. Eleanor and I give the semblance of aiming at this inanimate object, but excited by our fertile imaginations, our arrows go a little to one side or over by the fence in search of bigger game. At first we were slightly disturbed as to the way in which Emily Post would advocate handing one's arrow to one's partner,

but we soon decided on the feather-end first. Speaking of the feathers, Eleanor is a little disconcerted at times by the fact that she is double jointed. She gets the cock-feather straightened out and the bow up already to shoot when her hand "goes out" and the whole thing flops over. But she sort of sneaks up on it now and does it very well.

After we have shot eighteen arrows and our friends are counting up their scores, Eleanor and I slink back to the gym as taciturn and as stoical as ever, we haughtily put on our civilized clothes and brightly step back into the twentieth century.

JANE MURPHY, '30.

ALMANAC

Under a dogwood canopy
 Of brocaded, heart-shaped flowers;
 Your slimness like a young birch tree,
 And an hour that was wholly ours.
 Gleam, petals; gleam, flowers.
 Spring is near; Spring is here.
 Let Love reign!

'Neath the smooth green of summer leaves,
 With the trout-brook gayly sparkling by;
 Reaching the heights young love achieves
 And coming back to earth with a sigh.
 Fall, petals; fall, flowers.
 'Tis Summer; Summer's here.
 Love reigns king!

Close where the leaves turn a rusty hue
 And drop, to float in the brook awhile;
 Counting the leaves as down they blew:
 Then you hurried by; not even a smile.
 Fall, leaves; float, leaves.
 Autumn's come and gone.
 Love has flown!

Tracery of branches etched in snow,—
 But only a fleeting thought of you.
 Crystal-cased brook sparkling in the glow
 Of a sunset, heliotrope blue.
 Stir, branches; stir, tree.
 Winter's here; but Spring is near.
 Love will reign again.

MURIEL S. KENDRICK, '29

ON SENDING FOR SAMPLES

ONE seldom finds sending for samples or sample-collecting listed in the category of hobbies. But why not? It has the enticing suspense element, and offers the vast inducements of little cost, skill, or exertion. Need I add that I have long been an ardent devotee of this great indoor sport?

My own discovery of this charming pastime dates back several years to the time when I was at last convalescing after a long illness. Tired unto death was I of my four walls and few divisions, and I had read all of the quantities of magazines beside me. When the mailman had gone on without giving me even the temporary solace of letters, I turned listlessly to one of my magazines in the vain hope that I had overlooked one of the stories. I began to look over the advertisements, and thus was born a hobby that has given me great delight ever since. As I was reading the advertisements with interest, and many advertisements are very interesting reading, I noticed that a large number suggested, nay urged, one to send for samples of the product being advertised. After reading the alluring descriptions of the article and its delights and benefits, who could resist seeing it and trying it? Not I, surely.

The procedure in this case is simple, but the delights manifold. You fill in the blank attached to the advertisement and send it to the concern with stamps if so specified. Now your pleasant feeling of anticipation begins. Mail takes on a new meaning, and each day you hasten for your mail with the air of a person expecting important things. Your day is brightened by the possibility that there may be a little package for you. The thrill of getting mail and of opening mysterious packages seldom fails, and as you cut the strings you feel that shiver of excited anticipation reminiscent of Christmas and birthdays. Of course many of these samples are not worth, either intrinsically or from the point of view of interest, the cost of mailing, but this does not detract from the interest in the game.

The range of articles that can be sent for, and the generous quantity of some of the samples are really surprising. Surely the crackers of breakfast food from the grocery store never tasted half so good as the packages of them that you got through the mail. As your mother glances through your box of treasured samples, if you are of that age, she says impatiently, "What are you keeping all that truck for, and why do you keep writing for more? You certainly can't use or want them." You do not try to explain and gaze lovingly on your collection of linoleum samples, hair tonic, brilliantine, beauty clay, books of recipes, or of hints on becoming a social success, et cetera. Of course you do not need them, but certainly you want them. The variety of objects collected is half the pleasure; and the other half being, of course, the delight in receiving mail.

You soon learn to divide the concerns sending this variety of samples into several groups, and you acquire a vast contempt for the lowest types. Occasionally you find a manufacturer who sends nothing to you in spite of high-sounding promises; or else, having your address, the concern later sends you regularly tiresome circular advertisements. Now anyone knows that this is a low trick for anyone to play, and the sample collector does not hesitate to blacken the name of the concern which so scurvily fooled him. Some companies frankly demand a small sum for the article and others ask for postage stamps to cover the mailing cost. But dearest of all to the heart of the sample collector is that group of big-hearted concerns which sends the sample quite free and prepaid. I believe that there is an inner glow of satisfaction, even in the most generous person, at the idea of getting something for nothing.

Since children are natural born collectors, of course this particular form of it fascinates them. But do not imagine for a moment that this activity is confined to the very young. Indeed not. Even the sophisticated college student can become less bored with life by its pursuit, and will find a veritable delight in mystifying her roommate and envious friends with the numerous interesting packages which come to her even on otherwise mail-less days. She will now belong to that college group—favored of the Gods—who do not beg wistfully, "Did I get any mail?" but who ask with glorious assurance, "Have you seen my mail?"

ETHEL ODIN, '30.

A ROSE

A rose
 that says a thousand things
 my lips would falter telling;
 That glows,
 and glowing, deeply breathes
 the passion that my pulse is spelling;
 That knows
 the beauty of my thoughts of you
 beneath my eyelids dwelling;
 That dreams,
 and dreaming, cups my dreams
 and bursts the bud with swelling;
 That seems,
 in ardent loveliness to sing
 the ecstasy of loving you in Spring!

MADLINE THUNE, '28.

METAMORPHOSIS

You came, you know, in fall.

All things were dying. I thought
 The world grown old, worn out
 From Spring's travail of birth and Summer's blossoming:
 Nature's brief dream of love—
 Spring's young conceptioning
 And summer's swelling passion and rich burgeoning

Burnt out. And I saw how
 The wind drove withered leaves
 Protestingly across the sweeps of broken grass,
 And felt — until you came —
 How falsely and how chill
 A lifeless sun shone smiling on a dying world.

You came and showed me how
 A smile may whisper tales
 Of secret love and secret sweet of eyes' caress;
 How handclasp's very warmth
 Will linger in the hand:
 Enduring comfort through the day's mortality.

You showed me how the rocks
 Troop down to guard the sea
 And make a curve of shore to catch the melody
 That wind with little waves
 Plays on susurring sand
 And mingles with the scream of wild white wheeling gulls.

You wandered with me then
 Along a dusty road
 Where through the golden glow of sunset's glancing ray
 The autumn haze o'er hung
 Like mellowness of years
 And stonewalls kept embalmed the sun's slight friendliness.

In fall when all the world
 Shrivels and dies away,
 You made me know all sweetness of life's days at once
 The brightness of the spring,
 The ardent summer's song
 And autumn's hallowed recompense of tenderness . . .

You came, you know, in fall.

THREE SKETCHES

TEASED by the lazy wind a piece of paper lying in the gutter bestirred itself and fluttered forward a few feet, then settled itself comfortably by the curb. Two small boys raced down the center of the street, skating at top speed, shouting the while to a small debraggled dog who snapped playfully at their heels. No sound but that of rustling paper, a barking dog and the clatter of skates on an empty echoing pavement.

On either side of the wide street great hulking buildings shouldered their way clumsily toward the soft blueness of the sky. Silent masses of brick and stone basking sleepily in the sunlight. Myriad windows peering vacantly, peacefully, like the tired eyes of an old man. Wide city street spared for a moment of its heavy load of rumbling, grating trucks, whizzing taxi-cabs and constant tramp and thud of a million feet.

Calmness on the verge of hysteria — New York of a Sunday morning.

Two parks we observed that day. Gramercy, first. Tucked in snugly between four high walls. Everywhere trees in all the fresh greenness of their budding glory. Magnolia trees — lovely masses of pink and white blossoms. Beds of purple pansies and yellow daffodils bordering smooth winding paths. On the few benches beneath shady trees were nurses in their crisp white and little children's playing joyously. Carefree and so secure this park and its possessors.

Only a few blocks from it stretches a green square open to the public. Here too are budding trees and masses of flowers growing in equally well-kept, concise beds. On the grass are signs which read "Keep off." Iron benches line the gravel path and at intervals appear huge rubbish cans. Here, the benches are occupied by men and women who do not answer or recognize the call of Spring. Men with their heads bowed to stare vacantly at their feet. Swarthy vicious men angrily reading foreign newspapers. Unkempt, hard women resting for a brief moment, unhappy in the midst of beauty. And yet, I think they too must have one day known the joy of the children around the corner.

I turned from the glitter of Fifth Avenue aglow with evenly spaced golden globes of light, to walk down a darkened side street.

Here were great blots of blackness, huge crouching buildings which took on a softness, even a friendliness in the enshrouding denseness of the night. I looked up. Jagged outlines cut into the sky. And the darkness of each burst into a glory of light at the top. The softness gone. Once again the inescapable artificiality of the city. At the end of the street, as though suspended on a wire between two towering roofs, hung the moon. A sphere of gold as perfect as though drawn by a compass on the smooth black background of the sky.

DORIS RYDER, '30.

THE MAGIC FLUTE

Epilogue

The noble gestes of Huon de Bordeaux
 Now vanish in the mists of Long Ago.
 For one brief hour a knight of ancient France
 Hath held a glamorous stage, hath brought Romance
 In all its glory to the forest here.

Let once again the characters appear:

The mighty Charlemagne with his crown of gold,
 The lovely ladies and the lordlings bold,
 The giant Angoulaffre, the captive maids,
 And Sherasmin who wandered in the glades
 Where danced and played the impish fairy crew,
 King Oberon who great enchantments knew,
 Prince Babican, and Claramond the fair,
 Old Gaudys who still mourns his shortened hair,
 The robber band, and, never out of sight,
 Huon the stainless, true, and valiant knight.

And as the slow procession slips at last
 Back through the portals of the mystic past,
 One moment hold the spirit of the thing —
 Believe there always is a fairy king,
 And distant princesses who wait to see
 The faithful knights who come to set them free.

Now to your listening ears is there not borne

An echo from the magic horn? LOIS TAYLOR, '31.

FRAGILE, EVANESCENT THINGS

A moon so thin it seems a sinking bark
 Within the dark blue ocean of the sky;
 The mist that cloaks the river ere the morn,
 But melts to nothing when the sun climbs high;
 The little breeze that sleeps amid the flowers;
 The flash of butterflies' gold, gauzy wings;
 A wisp of cloud against the summer blue;—
 I think these fragile, evanescent things,
 Too spirit-fine for earth, when they have flown,
 Live in some fairy heaven of their own.

AN HOUR OF BURNING

An hour of burning and the candle dims
 And dies in one long curling smoky spire,
 A pale fantastic ghost, whose only heaven
 Is knowing that it once was living fire.

ANNE LUNDGREN, '28.

EAGLETS' FEATHERS

THE surf rolled in lazily, leaving for a brief moment upon the hard-packed sand a silver tracery of its achievement. Out beyond the third wave a tiny object bobbed up and down, not gaily, but wearily, as if from a long journey and much water-soaking. Out of curiosity, I stopped my aimless wandering and waited for the waves to bring it in. It looked like a tiny box and at the expense of very wet feet, I secured it and found it to be just that, a tiny box much carved. The carving seemed to be in an intricate pattern of shields and flowers. I realized that perhaps I had found something unusual, so I carried it home, and dried it before the open fire.

As the box dried and it became easier to dislodge the sand that was hiding the pattern of the carving, I looked for a line of opening. I could find none. I felt sure that it was a box, and not just a piece of carved wood, for it was very light as if it might be hollow, and by holding it close to my ear and shaking it, I discovered that something inside shook slightly from side to side.

I nearly dropped the box in the fire in my eagerness to dry it. After a long time, for it would not have done to have dried it quickly, I had cleared all the sand from the surface of the box, but the way to open it escaped me. I began carefully to examine the carving. The flowers were without doubt fleur-de-lis and the shields, although worn nearly smooth, showed in several places traces of what ap-

peared to be a coat of arms. I know a bit about English and Scotch heraldry, but from the fleur-de-lis, I judged this heraldic design to be French, and of French family emblems I have no knowledge.

I was tempted to open it by force, but I hated to injure it, and too, I was afraid of harming whatever might be inside. Finally I put it away in my treasure box.

One evening the next winter I was sitting by my fire looking over the contents of that box—throwing some things into the fire—dreaming long happy dreams over others. As I took up the small carved object, in some manner it slipped from my hand and fell to the floor. The wood was very dry, and perhaps thereby the catch had become loose, for there at my feet it lay in two pieces, like the halves of a walnut shell. In one half lay something wrapped in a bit of streaked purple satin. In awe I unrolled it and there slipped into my hand a yellowed disk of ivory, thin as paper. The sea water of unknown years had not quite destroyed the painting of the beautiful head of a boy. And then I discovered among the intricacies of the carving, carefully made a part of the scrolls and tendrils, the word *L'Aiglon*.

Muriel Kendrick '29.

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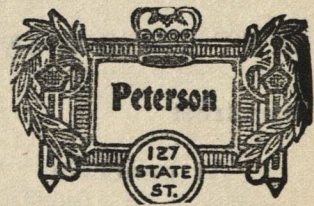
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