3-1922

The Connecticut College Quarterly, Vol. 1 No. 1

Connecticut College

THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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NEW LONDON, CONN
MARCH, 1922

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

Published by Students of
The Connecticut College
New London, Connecticut

Volume I **March, 1922** **Number 1**

THE SILVER FAN

by Michaelina M. Namovich '23

LONG years ago, when the world was small, there lived near a remote hamlet, an old man named Sin-Fo, who, in his youth, had been chief-gardener to the Emperor. But he had had the misfortune to fall in love with the Emperor's daughter, so that in the course of events, but by a special condescension of the Emperor, his life was spared, and he was banished to the ends of the Empire. The Princess Lo-Ti-San was shut within her chambers from the sight of man, and it is whispered that her spirit quickly joined those of her illustrious ancestors. Sin-Fo lived alone in his banishment and sought no solace in the companionship of his neighbors who learned to leave him to his own desires. But it so happened that an old rice-woman heard of his solitude and being an ancient, garrulous and inquisitive creature, she sought to talk to him and satisfy her hungry questioning.

* * * * * * *

"In the beginning all things were made,
And Woman for the heart of Man
And of these, the fairest is the wondrous Lo-Ti-San."

softly sang Sin-Fo as he tended the shrubs in the Emperor's favorite garden, a gem-like paradise of purple and golden blooms in a circle of brilliant, green trees.

The shrubs were parted by white hands and dark eyes regarded him reproachfully from the opening.

"You sing too loudly. What if some one were to hear you?" Sin-Fo's face became downcast and the Princess's, contrite. "Oh, but you sing very well," she amended. He became radiant as she stepped out and came near him. He knelt and cut a golden blossom to lay at her feet.

Many wise men had loved Lo-Ti-San, and many noble men. Princes had brought her precious gifts from lands across the sea, and poets had sent her songs likening her beauty to the very stars. But Lo-Ti-San had given her heart to a common man, a gardener to the Emperor, her sire, and in the wisdom that her ancestors had bequeathed her, she kept this secret to herself.

The loveliness of Lo-Ti-San awakened forgotten dreams of early kingdoms when kindlier powers ruled the world; when faces were made to shame the petals of the rose; when hair was a silken mesh; when eyes — like Lo-Ti-San's — were pools of infinite, sweet understanding.

The heart of Sin-Fo contracted with pain as he laid the golden bloom at her exquisitely shod feet. Her lips quivered, and she laid a hand that was a fluttering wing on his dark head. Sin-Fo raised his eyes and gave her the flower.

"There is no flower like the Princess Lo-Ti-San."

Sadness crept into her reply. "And she is as quickly withered." An unseen, pallid hand shadowed her brow for a moment. "Oh, Sin-Fo — Just a breath of life for them — a bit of fragrance — and then, to fade forever — " ——

It happened that the Princess came to the garden very often after that, leaving her favorite hand-maiden to watch beyond the circle of trees. Just before the sun set, she parted the shrubs and stole in softly, like a disobedient child. And Sin-Fo would read her his poem:

"You are the tender Spirit of the Waters
Who guides youths and maidens
In the barques that sail
Beyond this earth,
Whom I have seen pictured graciously
On the sacred and silver fan
Of the mother of my mother,
Which is small but spreads out
Like all the days of the year
So that we can tell from what life
To what life we go ——
Your hands caress us
In the fragrant breath of the winds.
Your eyes mirror our eyes
When we gaze into the rivers.
Your lips touch ours when we look
Into the hearts of our Poppy-flowers. ——
O Lady of the Distant Waters
We long to clasp thy hands
At the shores where our ancestors wait."

When the dusk of twilight cast wavering shadows on the golden blooms, then Lo-Ti-San would leave, slipping away like a gleaming humming-bird.

It was not long before other hand-maidens, less faithful, learned where the Princess Lo-Ti-San spent the moments before the sun set, and when a minister to the Emperor told him of his daughter's favor for his gardener, she was summoned at royal command. The Princess Lo-Ti-San knew that Sin-Fo would never see her again. She arrayed herself in her loveliest silks and had audience with the Emperor. His face was calm and his eyes were gentle, but Lo-Ti-San knew that his heart was untouched.

"You have not lived to honor the customs of your ancestors. You have taken my trust in your hands and bent it into a shapeless, ugly thing."

His daughter looked at him fearlessly.

"I have loved. And where the Princess Lo-Ti-San" —— she lifted her head proudly ——" loves, there is no ugliness. My ancestors, in their supreme wisdom, have smiled upon me."

"They scorn your paltry choice." His voice was harshly sibilant. "So you shall soon learn." He closed his eyes and the Princess Lo-Ti-San could scarcely see to retire, for the humiliating tears.

That day the sun set, the twilight stole by, the moon slipped out of a great cloud and shone delicately on the golden bloom beneath which knelt Sin-Fo, like a figure carved of stone. Just before dawn, the little hand-maiden brought him words of farewell from her Princess, Lo-Ti-San.

"Tell him," was the message, "that when he is ready to sail beyond this earth, tell him —— he will find the Lady of the Distant Waters awaiting him."

The golden blooms withered on their fragile stems, their hearts held down from the sun. And the little garden was no longer a perfect gem of purple and green and gold. Each evening for many days when the sun was setting, the Princess Lo-Ti- San looked out of her window and prayed for the safety of Sin-Fo. Then, when she learned that he had reached the place of his exile, she no longer watched out her window, before many suns had set, her window was shut and the curtains gently drawn.

* * * * * * * *

So it happened that Sin-Fo welcomed the flight of years that whitened his head but kept his heart tender. The old rice-woman likened his love to that of the ancient emperors as she hobbled out of his hut.

Then, as his age enfeebled him, he ventured less often into the country-side. The old rice-woman visited him again and found him dying. A smile hovered at his lips and she heard him whisper, "O Lady of the

Distant waters —— where my ancestors wait —— Your hands, yours! —— Lo-Ti-San!"

The old rice-woman told her neighbors but they, knowing her to be an ancient, garrulous and inquisitive creature, smiled and held their peace.

EVEN AS YOU AND I

by Ethel Kane '23

IT WAS at the sea-shore. The tide was high and everybody was there. Somehow everybody always is where everybody else is. The Girl lay on the warm sand and looked at the blue heavens and dreamed. The women around her chattered and gossiped and laughed. Then a low-hung, grey roadster drove up and parked with the other cars. A man got out. The women ceased talking for a breathless moment. The Girl lay dreaming pleasant thoughts. Suddenly there came a rush of little girlish giggles, accompanied by demands for powder, for mirrors, for rouge.

"Well, here you are! Who's going in with me?" A voice, deep and pleasing and masculine asked.

Soon the Girl shivered, sat up slowly and asked, "Anybody coming in now?" She looked around—gone—everyone. Queer, never before had they gone in without her; queer, they hadn't even mentioned they were going. She walked to the water's edge. There they were and there was a man—a man?—Oh, yes, the voice—and—of course! She ran in, swam far, far out leisurely, thoughtfully. She swam back and was shaking the water from her eyes when she dimly heard someone introducing the man. She nodded, he nodded, said something and that was all. Later the Girl spoke to the Women; they didn't hear her; they were all watching a man dive.

When the Girl was drying her hair some one said, "You swim beautifully my dear." The Girl smiled vaguely; that had been the fourth time. Then someone asked, "Could you teach me to swim, do you suppose—could you possibly?" And the Girl saw.

The Girl began to notice. Where ever she went, the Man was there—bridges, beach-parties, dinners, teas, everything, everywhere. And the Women! The Girl smiled. One day she discovered they were all cherishing his picture. The Girl began to wonder. The men—they had been funny—had hated him—frankly, vehemently. They called him "fop" and "ladies' man" and "the tea hound", and then they took dancing lessons secretly. That was all right—it did them good. But she discovered that now they were becoming quiescent. They let him take their wives to dinner,

dance with them, swim with them. That the Girl did not like. She was worried.

One night at dinner, he sat across from her. She watched him—younger looking than he really was, nice eyes, good dancer, car—why not?

She leaned toward him, "You swim marvelously; I've watched you. Swim? Oh yes, I do—a little, but dive—no, impossible. I'm scared, really I am. Could you teach me?" She looked at him sweetly, demurely. They played a waltz and he asked her to dance. She was younger, and smaller and slimmer than the Women so he asked her five times that evening.

Between dances, one woman asked him to dinner; another asked him for a first night theatre party, and later they all bade her a coldly polite, "Good Night!"

The Girl sang all the next day—cheerfully, impishly. In the evening, he called her up. She told him she'd heard he could play golf as well as he could swim and teach it even better than he could diving—she had clubs—Daddy belonged to the Country Club.

And so the next afternoon, the Women watched the grey roadster until they could no longer see the golf bags, could no longer see her flaming orange sweater.

At a bridge, the Girl discovered he had travelled widely. Round-eyed, she asked him about Paris. She thrilled at his descriptions, lived the experiences again with him. The Women rapped the card tables impatiently. The Man smiled down on the Girl. "I'll come up tonight, if I may, and tell you more!"

He taught the Girl to dive (she had learned seven times already); he taught her golf; he told her his family history; he called her "little girl" and "dearest"; he asked her to marry him.

The Girl shook her bobbed hair, looked up at him with adoring blue eyes and murmured demurely, "Never could I marry a man—with a bald head!"

The Man went to Paris again; the Girl telephoned the Youth for her vanity bag left in his coat pocket; the Women tore up their pictures and began to sew for the Missionary Society.

PRE-MERMAIDENISM

by Elizabeth Holmes '24

VARIED and futile have been my attempts to learn to swim. In my younger days, before I had experienced the briny deep, I made bold to believe that I was a natural duck, one of the never-sink type who goes paddling off without a hint of knowing the technicalities of the matter and swims

without the painful and arduous task of learning. Such is not the case. I have discovered that the embryonic mermaid has but three choices—the drop method, the piano-stool, and the hackneyed, but bitterly true, "practice-makes-perfect".

The drop method consists in suddenly immersing the victim, either by intent or accident, in water of swimming depth—deep enough to make life very uncomfortable for the pupil and very ludicrous for the teacher. At Ocean Beach, last fall, I decided to descend one of those eight foot tin slides which mercilessly shoot the victims into three feet of water. I sat at the top, let go my hold, and slipped smoothly down—all serene. But how should I know that I should try to land on my feet, or hold my breath? I did neither. The waters closed above my head. I saw the bubbles shooting up. (I supposed it was up, although I had completely lost my bearings.) For centuries, I kicked in the water endeavoring to find the bottom which really should have been somewhere, and taking in great gulps of saline fluid. Certainly, the drop method was never intended to teach anyone to swim!

The piano-stool method might be widely advertised "Learn to swim without water! Become aquatic in the library! Write for free booklet to-day." Ah! if you could but learn to swim by no more effort than the piano-stool method! Merely prostrate yourself face downward, upon a piano-stool, so balanced as to allow the knees and arms to circulate freely without touching the floor. Then, move the arms forward and out, as in the breast-stroke, pushing the fishes from the path ahead. Propel the feet and legs like those of a good-sized frog, with wide, sweeping, rhythmical action. When these performances are enacted together, the piano-stool will take up a rocking motion and you will have the desired illusion of swimming.

But how different is the practice-makes-perfect method, wherein some kind friend holds you about the waist and you tie double-clove-hitches in your spine, trying to keep your nose out of water! Presently, the kind friend lets go her hold and, with a wild stroke or two, you sink. But, after continued hard labor, you do not sink so rapidly, and behold! one of these days you discover that the fishes do not congregate in shoals in your immediate path. If a large sized minnow with its mate tries to obstruct your journey you can cleave it, or them, asunder with one healthy stroke, thus foiling all perfidious attempts of Neptune's vassals.

At last you have the art! You have learned to a nicety just how much brine it is safe to imbibe. You can control your facial expressions so that you no longer give the impression of a determined suicide. You are no embryo! You are the real thing — a mermaid!

VAGABOND IDEAS

by Catharine Hardwick ' 24

THERE are two or three ideas deep in my inner consciousness, that I have tried to analyze, to base on experiences, and have failed. If there were experiences connected with them, at some remote time in my career, the idea in each case has out-balanced, out-weighed, its reason for being, and has pushed the experience into utter oblivion. Only the effect of the experience, the idea gained, remains uppermost; and I wonder many times if other folk are annoyed with tramp-like notions of this sort, that knock at the doors of consciousness begging entrance. Like a man without a country, this idea without apparent cause, shuffles forward, now and then demanding my notice.

The strongest of these ideas is a very strange one. I fear tar side-walks, and avoid them as carefully as if they were paths of paper over space. If forced to set foot upon them, I instinctively tighten my foot-brakes and advance as if I anticipated dreadful disaster with each step.

I have made every effort to banish that fear from my mind. I have approached the thought from every angle seeking to analyze it. Tar side-walks, as highways and byways go, are perfectly sound and firm. My two feet, among the ranks of feet in this world, stand very steadily and have served me well. Totally obscured in the mists of my poor memory, has some woeful experience lost its way and perished, leaving a tiny ghost of its spirit to whisper warning whenever I encounter tar side-walks? Why should I take heed when there is no memory of a skinned nose, no sign of a scar, upon which to base that warning? I have thought about it long and hard but the idea is evasive, intangible, and impossible to grasp and to analyze.

A still more strange and unaccountable twist of my mentality is my deep sympathy for the man with a drooping mustache. I want to help him. My heart aches for him. Can it be the droop itself that suggest the man's misery or misfortune? Even the grinning comedian of the stage with all his antics is pathetic, in my eyes, if he wears a drooping mustache. Where he might call forth my mirth he arouses only my heartfelt sympathy.

Sometime, I wonder, has a mustached unforunate made a deep and lasting impression on my sympathy? If so, why has not the man himself or his misfortune remained in my memory?

I have been bold indeed, to tell of my problem, my housing problem of a few detatched and wandering tramp-like ideas. Strong, but unemployed and shiftless, they manifest themselves in my daily life. I want to give

them a basis, a cause for being, so that they will not annoy me further. Then too, it would comfort me to learn that others are troubled by unaccountable and persistent notions of this sort, and that it is not an abnormal, or possibly subnormal, affliction peculiar to me alone!

THE LITTLE GA-FUK GA-FUK

by Grace Fisher, '22

THE little Gold-fish man sits on a perch of black twisted wood with a broad amber smile across his tea-colored face. He smiles partly because he has seen through laughter and fans of five centuries behind the walls of dim old China, and partly because he dosen't know any better.

He has a long drooping mustache and a fat, round little stomach of orange jade, and he is so old that he does not yet know that all respectable little ga-fuks should wear pig-tails in order to be snatched to heaven.

He is a bad little man and will play you a trick, if you do not watch out. And I warn you that if he can love all the good out of you, and a lot of bad into you, he will be so pleased that you will not be able to tell which is his amber smile, and which is his tea-colored face.

The little ga-fuk permits himself to have favorites and some times when he forgets and lets Some Very Wicked Person say the Very Meanest Thing in All the World, then it becomes necessary to bang his little head — oh, *ever* so hard, just to remind him that he is the very sweetest and silliest little ga-fuk in all the world.

On a very sad day it became necessary to bang the Gold-fish man so very hard that two little wine-colored tears ran down his tea-colored face, and then he nearly got his mustache loved right off, for feeling badly.

Poor little ga-fuk in the red-gold shadows of my lamp — I wonder if the Great Ga-fuk Ga-fuk sitting in his amber and tea-colored heaven, ever lets fall two wine-colored tears over me?

THE EYEBROWS OF YOUTH

by Ethel Kane '23

YOU look at the time—ha—three whole hours in New York—alone—no parent in view—no relatives waiting at the corner—money in your pocket! You wonder if you look right—you feel to see if your hat is covering one inch of your right eyebrow. You look to see that the clocks

on your new wool stocking are straight. You smile approvingly as you note the correctly uneven ends of your scarf; you grip your pocket-book in one gloved hand and stick the other deep in your suit pocket. Now where? And you wriggle your left large toe in delicious anticipation. Then your beatific expression changes as you feel a little hole start in your stocking. You calm your toe and, letting Pollyanna get the better of you, say to yourself, "Why worry over darning when you're in New York alone?"

You walk down to the Avenue and decide to stroll along just to see how it seems to be without a parent in the act of dragging you to a shop or to Great-Aunt Adelaide's, all the time telling you for heaven's sake to take your hand out of your pocket. Promptly at the mere recollection you dig it in deeper. You look in the shop windows; you stare at the buildings; you revel in your slow pace. Then you see Page and Shaw's—ice cream indeed you will. Your toe gives a premonitory wiggle as you think of the Family scoffing impatiently as they would say, "Ice cream at ten in the morning—impossible!" You are never quite sure whether the hour or you is impossible.

And so you start to go in, meditating whether it shall be frozen pudding or a chocolate parfait. A list of names confronts you in the entrance, and you mentally pat yourself on the back for realizing that they are the names of the occupants of the building, and that the numbers after them mean the floor on which they live—Dorothea—Waists, the Rosemary Beauty Shoppe. You look in the mirrow next the list to see if the inch of eyebrow is still covered. It is, but you blush as you notice how thick the rest of it looks, and your blush deepens as you notice the downy shadow on your upper lip. Then you turn quite crimson as you think of Robert. Now, Robert *is* well-brought up—witness the *Robert*—but then—! Anyway, he is a small brother, and all small brothers criticize, you are quite sure—only need they be so cruel? You remember once when you were playing cards with Robert, he stopped, looked at you with his innocent-looking blue eyes wide, and murmured, "My dear, your face reminds me of a map — indeed it does — your eyebrows for mountain ranges—nice, splashy ones, your teeth for monuments, and then the Dakota Wheat!"

"The what?" you gasped.

"The Dakota Wheat, you know—on your upper lip!"

You arose, you did not merely get up, you arose—wounded dignity expressed in straight, stiff lines. And you remember it now—in fact you have never forgotten.

Timidly, and yet with determination, you step in the elevator. Your voice sounds strangely lost within you as you say, "Fifth floor", for you are wondering what the Family will think.

It is the fifth and you are somewhere and a white aproned is smiling at you and saying, "May I have an appointment this morning?" The person gives you one at eleven and you may wait. You do; you sink into a long, low, comfortable piece of furniture and start to look around. There are dull greens and old blues, deep, soft-grey carpet, more white aproned people with low voices and, you are quite sure, cool, white hands. There are little compartments facing on the Avenue, into which the persons disappear and from which you hear sounds.

In a central one, a woman is talking on and on in a querulous, monotonous manner, and you imagine she is old and a grandmother but hates to admit it. She is talking about drinks and begins, "When my daughter Dorothy was married—" Ha, ha, think you to yourself, so Dorothy *is* married!

Then, from the compartment next but one, comes, "Why, Mrs. Brander, you here? Well, Well! Indeed I do remember that French Champagne! But my Mary-Lee is giving an eggnog party and I hate to waste all that whiskey on her boys."

Then Central Compartment begins again and the more she talks the older the grandchildren grow, in your mind.

Suddenly, without warning, it is your turn. You shed your hat, take one last look at your Dakota Wheat, sink into a sort of chaise lounge, gaze with tears in your eyes at the Person, and beg her to remove all the wheat and most of the eyebrows.

You close your eyes, grip the arms of the chair made for comfort, murmur a prayer and wait—but not for long. Soon you feel something hot—— white hot, you are quite sure ——— and smelling of fish, something being smeared on your upper lip. It feels like a Charley Chaplin mustache and you start to grin, but some how *it* won't permit a grin. You have the impression that the Person is about to pounce upon you—. Then you feel your lip being torn from you — the right half only—it rips off with a hideous sound. Tears flow from your eyes as you imagine yourself going thru life minus half a lip. Suddenly, the other half leaves in the same painful, swift manner, and before you recover your Pollyanna disposition enough to inquire when it—meaning your lip—will grow in again, the Person presents you with a hand glass and, thru your tears you see—not a lipless face—but an upper lip from which the Wheat has vanished!

The Person then daubs some salve at you and begins on your eyebrows. You knew they were three times the fashionable width, you knew they were wild and wooly looking, but never did you know what agony it is to sit still and listen to recipes for champagne cocktails and horses' necks while each individual offending hair is tweezed out. You weep quite against your will

because you always look a fright when you cry, afresh over every hair. Mary-Lee's eggnog party fails to console you ; the departure, finally, of the Central compartment fails to cheer you.

When the Person retreats for a moment, you relax ; you wonder what you look like now ; you can't endure the thought of looking at yourself. The Person returns; she does mysterious things to your face. You get up, you pay her, you gather up your belongings, you put your hat on any way, you ring for the elevator. Then fear overcomes you for you remember that you have to pass the mirror on the way out. You step into the elevator and go down, shivering all the while. You are there — the mirror is in front of you — you look at it. There you are, it must be you — you are quite certain it is and yet ——! There is no downy shadow on your upper lip, your eyebows are charmingly arched lines about two hairs in breadth, you are nicely rouged and powdered, your eyelashes mascaroed are —— in fact, you have been "done".

You go down the Avenue, for it is almost time for your luncheon appointment. You smile, you grin, your left large toe wriggles in anticipation. Now let Robert play cards with you !

A PERSIAN FAIRY TALE

by Grace Fisher '22

ABOUT four leagues from the city of Shiraz is a place called Peri-sebz, or that is to say "The Green Old Man", about which legend would have it that whosoever watched for forty nights without sleep would have the gift of Immortality. Now between the city of Shiraz and Peri-sebz dwelt a very beautiful princess, for whom all men would give up fame and life even. And it was whispered among the old women of Shiraz that she had lived since the world was first young, and was none other than the daughter of the Green Old Man himself.

Many of the golden youth of Shiraz had so desired Immortality that they had set down the long road to Peri-sebz, but all had tarried to gaze within the eyes of the beautiful Shakhi-Nebat, and were never thereafter seen by the eyes of man.

Now it happened one silver morning, Ferdad of the Happy Poets, sallied down the road to Peri-sebz and Immortality. He thought he should always like to be young, and what a fine thing it would be to laugh away the centuries, and make verses to the gods. But when he had travelled no more than two leagues he came in sight of a marble palace whose gilded turrets

and mosaics did so gleam in the sun that Ferdad wondered if this were not indeed the Palace of Paradise. As he drew nearer he observed a maiden leaning over a balcony and gazing upon him with eyes at once so beautiful and so melancholy that his heart seemed to huddle within him like a frightened bird. But although he waited patiently below in the rose garden all afternoon, the beautiful Shaki-Nebat never stirred, nor did she once look in his direction again. As the sun set, Ferdad tore himself away, and after walking for two more leagues, came within sight of the place of The Green Old Man, which proved to be a clearing in which an old round well gleamed black as onyx and silver as love. Ferdad looked down into the well and seeing the wavering slip of a moon sang,

Oh Moon!
Thou shalt be my scimiter
To conquer Love
And the heart of my Shaki-Nebat.

But all night no one came and with the gilded sun, Ferdad hurried home, for this was his vigil of the first night.

Noon found him in the rose garden under the fretwork of the balcony, but although he sang wistfully of the little loves of the stars and of the far away desert, Shaki-Nebat came not, and the curtains remained drawn. Ferdad was forced to return to his vigil without having seen her. That night he no longer sang, but sighed as he gazed into the black waters of the well.

So for thirty-nine days did Ferdad keep watch in the rose garden of the beautiful Shaki-Nebat, and for thirty-nine nights did he keep faithful watch over the well. And never once did he catch a glimpse of her whom he loved, though often the curtains stirred and somtimes he fancied that her eyes were fastened upon him.

At twilight on the fortieth day while he kept sad watch in the rose garden, suddenly the curtains parted, and once more he gazed into her eyes, filled with melancholy sadness. From her pale fingers she dropped him a red rose, and gave him a sign to enter. But he, pressing the rose to his heart, did hurry away, "For," he thought, "soon I shall have youth as golden as her soul." Yet he fancied that the lovely Shaki-Nebat seemed distressed.

It was a gray night, and Ferdad wondered what in Immortality could be half so sweet as the pale, rose-petal hands of her whom he loved. Towards midnight he felt a shadow fall over him, and turning saw an old man, bent with age, with curious green eyes, hold towards him a goblet of jade incrusted with carving, and filled with a heavy gold liquid which continually seethed and foamed as though Life itself were imprisoned in it.

"I drink to thee, my Shaki-Nebat, and to Immortality," cried Ferdad, and seizing the goblet and raising it high, he drank of its contents.

* * * * * * * *

Morning came, but Ferdad returned not, so the Shah of Shiraz, having great love for his verse, sent two slaves who returned with their knees quaking in fear, and did tell of Ferdad who lay dead near a green goblet which was broken, and of one of such wondrous beauty as would make the stars jealous; who did fill the black waters of the well with her tears, and neither did seem to hear nor see them. And on the breast of Ferdad, said the slaves, were the petals of a red rose.

From the legend of Hafiz, the poet, who found the immortal gift of poesy by such a vigil

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PIPE SMOKING

by Olivia Johnson, '24

AT THE outset let it be stated that I have never smoked a pipe. I can only discuss the matter from the viewpoint of that much over-worked role, the Close Observer. My range of observation goes from the man with one pipe, his first, to the friend who inherited from his Uncle what he termed "a stable of some fourteen pipes".

The first man is a Princeton Sophomore, and his pipe is as new as his release from the Freshman ban of "No smoking in public". It is mounted with a silver "19P24" and the wood is new, bright, and varnished. This summer he smoked it cautiously, and might even have been caught blowing through it. The number of matches consumed was a great strain on the household supply. The pipe had not succumbed to that mysterious process known as "breaking in". The varnish was still much too prominent both in taste and odor. Why do the makers of pipes varnish them at all? Billy could not tell me. This year he will forget the summer's agony as he walks over the campus, sits in the first show of the movies and attends the Sophomore Smoker, with that pipe of his between his teeth. He is a Sophomore, so labelled, and he smokes his own pipe. This is the youthful pipe smoker.

But to the older man, presumably to the owner and the residuary legatee of the fourteen pipes, there is more to a pipe than the pleasure of class and show. He delights in its companionship, the caress to his emotions, the

lubrication to his thoughts. He takes pleasure in the dark bloom of the wood, the smooth roundness in his palm, the grace of the stem. The taste, the fragrance, the color, and the drift of the smoke spirals satisfy his senses. He prides himself on his skill in blowing one ring through another. Pipe smoking also satisfies the mechanical instinct prevalent among men. The owner of a pipe empties the bowl, unscrews the stem, cleans it with fuzz-wound wire, looks at the cake to admire its thickness and feels akin to the engineer on a Chicago Limited. So men love their pipes.

Printed at
THE ACADEMY PRESS
The Norwich Free Academy
Norwich, Connecticut