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THE
CONNECTICUT
COLLEGE
QUARTERLY

THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONN
MARCH, 1923

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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Volume II

March, 1923

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FRIENDS INDEED

Catherine M. Hardwick '24

PROLOGUE

Scene: The interior of the end car of a suburban train — the 5:15.

Time: Five fifteen, naturally enough — or a bit later.

The audience feels instinctively that it is rush hour by the stolidity of the passengers. Some droop heavily in their seats, their heads thrust low into their evening papers, and some dully contemplate the feet of a fellow passenger, or speculate sleepily over a broken finger-nail.

They seldom look directly at one another. They don't have to. They have seen each other daily at five-fifteen for months — years. Every detail, every mannerism is familiar. Yet — they never speak! Silently, drowsily, they see each other bloom or grow gray, become corpulent or weazened — prosperous or poor, only vaguely realizing the changes now and then, so gradual are they.

Least drab and least impassive of these end car commuters are a young man and a young woman. The man, a bit too pallid for such a young man, scowls intently at the back of the florid neck of the old chap just ahead of him. He knows that neck perfectly. It has become as familiar to him as his own hand. Now and then he grimaces as he stifles a yawn.

Beside him, in the aisle, sways a slender stenographer. He has always been certain that she is a stenographer for she is tired, and her clothes have a desperate little style and dash about them that is distinctly stenographic. She is pretty, too. She peeps beneath her saucy little red hat and studies the young man. Her quick eye glimpses the bundle, with the small dark stain on it, that protrudes from his overcoat. She wonders for the

thousandth time if the young man is married and if he is, why his wife hasn't taught him not to tuck small steaks in his overcoat pockets, as he has done these many months.

The young man grimaces horribly at that moment to restrain another yawn, but sees suddenly that he is watched and straightens his distorted jaws. The train slows down.

"Harbor Heights! Harbor Heights!" shouts a funereal conductor.

The young commuter rises, smiles inanely at the little red hat and passes out of the car. As he swings to the station platform of Harbor Heights he would do well to inwardly comment, as the curtain falls, "Darned pretty eyes that youngster has — that girl who gets on at Arlington Street."

* * *

The prologue is repeated — little red hat and all, indicating that the procedure recurs daily, month in and month out, and the musings of the actors will convey to the audience the realization that, after all, these silent, conventional commuters know each other pretty well.

ACT I — SCENE I

It is January in Akabah, at the tip of one of the two slender fingers of the Red Sea, that point somberly into the desert. A Bedouin tent stands close to the city's walls, overlooking the Sea and shadowed by a mangy palm tree or two. Beneath the tent sits a Bedouin beauty, playing solitaire. Upon second look, the audience will recognize the young lady of the little red hat, in the prologue!

There is the same snap, the same dash about the tired little stenographer. The Bedouin trousers and veil are immensely becoming and the turned-up toes of her slippers are pointed at just the right angle. But she is no longer tired. She no longer droops — for, of course, there is no clamor, no crush, no roar nor trampling of a down-town rush-hour in Akabah! She will make this evident in her vivacity, in the way that she snaps the Queen of Hearts down beside the King of Hearts.

Nearby, her needles busily shaping a green woolen golf stocking, sits a comfortable old lady. It should be made known to the audience, early in the game, that this is Great Aunt Henrietta, and that Great Aunt Henrietta is a bit hard of hearing. Suddenly a red and green cockatoo screeches from the tent-pole. This is Aunt Henrietta's opportunity to show that she is hard of hearing. She knits mildly on.

Young Bedouin: *starting and gathering up her cards.* Ah — there he is now! Clarice — will you hush up?

A knock sounds at the side tent-pole and a nicely browned Bedouin butler answers the side flap. A swarthy plump sheik enters the wide tent, with a great sweep and flutter of his crimson robes and a toss of his white turbaned head. Gurgling gutturally to the Bedouin butler he stands at attention as the butler turns toward his mistress.

Young Bedouin: Ah, yes, Codadad, — Sheik Ahmed Hassan? Show the gentleman in!

The sheik comes forward. Great Aunt Henrietta looks up from her knitting, bustles quickly to her feet, and bobs a nineteenth century, all-American curtsy to the sheik. The sheik salaams and it is difficult for him, for he is far over weight. His face under his white turban is a dull, dark maroon color when he rights himself and he looks extremely warm.

Young Bedouin: *playfully*. Good morning, Ahmed. Poor old dear! Why don't you shake hands? It's a lot easier!

Sheik Ahmed: *brokenly — that is to say — in broken English*. White Flower of the West, just now, as I entered, I saw a stranger at your gate — a pale stranger!

Clarice, at this, ruffles her blue feathers, like a good watch-bird, and screams piercingly.

Young Bedouin: *shrilly, in an effort to make her voice heard above Clarice's*. You say there's someone at the flap?

Suddenly a shadow darkens the front flap. A man, leading a reluctant, supercilious camel, plods wearily through the sand and stops before the tent.

The young man is none other than the Young Commuter of the prologue. He shakes the desert dust out of his hair, glares at Clarice, and raps violently on the front tent pole.

Young Commuter: Lord, what a country! I'd give my soul for a glass of ice-water! I say! What ho! Open sesame!

Young Bedouin: *appearing in the flap-way, wide-eyed and wondering*. An American — here! *Then seeing the visitor's face*. You — here — in Arabia — YOU!

Young Commuter: Upon my life — YOU — here in this forsaken hole!

The audience will note here that he is no longer a dull pallid young man. In spite of the intense January heat, the smothering suffocation of the desert dust, he is animated, vigorous. He takes her hand in his.

Young Commuter: Jove but this is jolly! Imagine meeting someone from home — here in Arabia — of all places!

Young Bedouin: It's amazing — To think — Oh, do come in! *Then raising her voice a bit, as the Young Commuter enters*. Aunt Henrietta, here's someone from home — *louder* — from Home!

Great Aunt Henrietta: How do you do, sir? *Then twitteringly, smilingly* I didn't quite catch the gentleman's name, Joanne.

Young commuter: *loudly* She doesn't know it, Madam! I'm just someone from home, James Holt Jr. of Holt's Turkish Baths. I am here to investigate Turkish bathing methods. I guess perhaps you know us by reputation, back home.

Great Aunt Henrietta : Oh, yes, indeed, many's the bath you've given me, that is, *confusedly*, er, many's the time I've visited your beautiful baths!

Young Bedouin : Sheik Ahmed Hassan, may I introduce Mr. Holt? *aside*, Codadad, bring some iced coffee and sugared dates.

Great Aunt Henrietta : I do not understand, Joanne. Why have I never met this young man before? Were you school-friends, playmates, years ago?

Young Bedouin : Why, er, no, Aunt Henrietta. We commuted together. You see, I — well — I never knew Mr. Holt before, that is, to speak to! We — well, we commuted together, back home, on the 5:15, don't you see?

Great Aunt Henrietta : *shaking her wise old head*. No, Joanne, I'm afraid I don't. You say you never spoke to each other until just now, until this cordial meeting a few minutes ago? *She looks from one to the other*.

Young Commuter : No, we hadn't, Madam. You see, well, we just commuted together, travelled on the same train for four years or more, and got to know each other awfully well by sight.

Great Aunt Henrietta : Um-m-yes, you must have — to be able to recognize each other in Arabia!

Young Bedouin : But, Aunt Henrietta, you don't understand! When people see each other, — day in and day out on the 5:15 —.

Great Aunt Henrietta : No, I'm afraid I *don't* understand, Joanna!

The iced coffee and sugared dates should enter, tactfully, at this critical moment, and relieve the situation. Incidentally, they will serve to detain the Young Commuter who is nervously contemplating an exit.

Young Commuter . *Turning courageously to the sheik*. You are a native of these parts, Sir?

Ahmed, silent and swarthy, looks desperately from the Young Commuter to the Young Bedouin — the whites of his eyes gleaming in his dark face.

Young Bedouin : The gentleman asks if you live here, Ahmed. — Yes, Mr. Holt, Ahmed's ruler of one of the fiercest tribes of Arabia. *Tenderly*. He's an old lamb and we're awfully fond of him. We're going to take him home to show America what real Sheiks are like — in the movies, you know.

Young Commuter : *Utterly unmindful now, in his interest, of Great Aunt Henrietta's hot eyes*. But, I always thought you were a stenographer — somebody's secretary! You're an actress — in the movies?

Young Bedouin : Oh, no — I just collect material for them and do a bit of scenario writing on the side —

Codadad interrupts at this moment. He salaams before the Sheik and burbles softly, unintelligibly, into his white turban. The Sheik rises.

Sheik Ahmed : Little Moonbeam from over the Seas, your servant brings news that the caravan approaches, on its way to Mecca. I must leave—for I am to escort them through the desert.

Young Commuter : *Rising respectfully. He would do well to instinctively take out his watch and feel for a timetable.* That's too bad, Sir. I'm taking it next month. Too bad we can't go down together !

The Sheik doesn't seem to hear. He looks deeply into the young Bedouin's pretty eyes, salaams, and wraps his crimson robes, preparatory to an exit.

Great Aunt Henrietta : Codadad, fetch my bonnet and donkey ! I think I'll take a turn down the desert with Sheik Ahmed Hassan ! Do wait a moment at the gate for me, Mr. Hassan ! — Excuse me, Sir !

She curtsseys partly to the visitor and exits left side flap.

Young Commuter : I'm awfully sorry. I'm afraid your aunt is displeased. You see, I've been here only a short time on this Turkish Bath mission and I simply can't seem to go this country. It seemed so good to see an old friend—that is—somebody I knew -er -by sight.

Young Bedouin : Oh, don't mind Aunt Henrietta. She's an old cherub—when you get to know her. Of course, times have changed—and she hasn't known what it is to commute on the 5:15 —

Young Commuter : *leaning forward a bit — his young face far from impassive.* It's almost four years that we've known each other—or rather that we've commuted together— isn't it? Do you know—those trains would look awfully good to me now. I loathed it then—the roar and the rush of it all, and that awful gang that always descended on us at Duxbury Crossing. Remember the Jewish magnates that always got on down there—those two old duffers in the green overcoats and the whiskers—remember? And Sis Hopkins—the character that came on at Durfee's—always with the basket on her arm?

Young Bedouin : *chuckling eminiescently.* I always called her Mrs. Wiggs—of the Cabbage Patch, you know. She looked so awfully over-worked.

Young Commuter : *He must take care to let his voice fall with the curtain — gradually — softly.* You know, I heard that that nice looking old chap that always got on at Arlington Street with you—was killed in the Essex Theatre collapse. Fine, distinguished-looking old fellow —

ACT II—SCENE I

The scene is in Mecca—in an exclusive Turkish Bath. The water, in the great sunken marble pool, is devilishly warm, and its surface is dotted with dark heads. Most of the bathers seem to be sleeping; some smoke long Turkish pipes that rest on small floating platforms before them; a few read the Mecca Morning Transcript through the ever-rising rifts of steam.

One of the bathers is conspicuous in being white. His clean-shaven face gleams palely above the water. He is reading and smiles — contentedly all to himself. It is hard to look oneself when one's hair is wet — so the Young Commuter should be warned not to submerge in this scene — so that he may be readily recognized by the audience. As he smiles to himself over the Mecca funnies — or perhaps it is the Balkan situation from the Turkish standpoint — a swarthy head, nearby, turns, sees the pale smiling face, and looks long and hard at it. The dark gentleman, as he looks long and hard, extinguishes his pipe, and gets under way toward the Young Commuter.

It is the Sheik Ahmed Hassan.

Dropping anchor near the Young Commuter he speaks slowly, softly. His plump, dark face is sombre — very sombre — and very wet.

Sheik Ahmed: Monsieur Holt — It *is* Monsieur Holt, is it not?

Young Commuter: *Looking up from his paper.* I beg pardon — why how do you do, Sir! I didn't know you for a moment — without your turban.

Since there would be difficulty in achieving a marine salaam they shake hands warmly — under the hot water.

Sheik Ahmed: I have just read in the Mecca Transcript — in Akabah's social column — of your betrothal to the little Maiden of the Western Mists. It is the Arab's way to wish his rival well. *He rubs the steam dejectedly from his eyes.* You are the better man!

Young Commuter: *Embarrassed.* Oh, I say, now! I didn't know you felt that way! I thought you were just going over home to make your debut in the movies.

Sheik Ahmed: *Stroking his dripping beard despondently.* I had hoped for a career — but my initial plans were to marry your — fiancée.

Young Commuter: Oh, come now — I'm frightfully sorry! I had no idea. But you would have been obliged to leave your twelve wives here in Arabia -if you had -er done anything like that? think how unhappy -er -the family would have been! *He warms up to his argument.* Why, man, there would have been a dozen divorce suits on your hands.

The Sheik corrects him gently, sadly.

Sheik Ahmed: Fifteen, Monsieur — I have fifteen wives.

Young Commuter: *Awed.* Aunt Henrietta told me it was twelve —
The Sheik seems puzzled, distraught.

Sheik Ahmed: I had relied on -er -Aunt Henrietta -as you call her, as my strong ally. Pardon me if I say she seemed hostile toward you, Monsieur, when I left Akabah a month ago. I am of a race that is fond of mysticism, satisfied with enigmas and the obscure — but will you enlighten me, Monsieur, tell me how you -er - *did it* ?

Young Commuter: Aunt Henrietta — you mean? Oh, she's an old dear when you get to know her. Of course, times have changed—and there's a lot she doesn't understand—

Sheik Ahmed: *A bit wildly*. But, Monsieur! I, too, do not comprehend. You and the little Moonflower were not acquainted with one another until that day — yet you know each other perfectly! Even the Arab's way is not as subtle as that!

Young Commuter: Why there was nothing subtle about that! — We commuted together! The powers that be brought us both to Arabia — and we were both awfully glad to see someone from home.

Sheik Ahmed: *Bewilderedly*. Commuted together? But—

Young Commuter: Yes — day in and out—for four years or more—on the 5:15 — on a *train*, you know!

Sheik Ahmed: Yet you did not speak — in all that time?

Young Commuter: No! Why should we? Commuters never speak to each other! It just isn't done, —that's all!

Sheik Ahmed: *Craftily*. You would have known anyone else, on that train, as quickly — had the will of Allah brought you together?

Young Commuter: Yes! I'd know any one of 'em — in Arabia or at the North pole! And they'd be like — like an oasis in the desert — if you can comprehend *that*!

The Young Commuter loses his American temper just a bit. This will not be difficult, for he is heated anyway — he is parboiled. He shakes out the Mecca Morning Transcript angrily. It cannot crackle peevishly — because it, too, is very wet and very warm.

The Sheik takes his cue — and, as the curtain falls, paddles sadly away — rising bewildered, melancholy eyes to the clouds — of steam overhead.

WHENCE COMES THE SNOW?

by Catharine Danforth '23

BLLOW, fog-horn, blow!
 Whence comes the snow —
 Soft dream, in cloud,
 A rain-drop had its birth —
 It died, unsought — its ghost
 A vagrant snow-flake,
 Took its listless way to earth,
 Blow, fog-horn, blow!
 Why comes the snow?

DRIFTWOOD*by Olivia Johnson '24*

I AM sitting on the beach of my island. It is not an island, and it is not mine but "somebody else's peninsula" does not sound half as nice. It is morning, and hot. It's October, but I don't even know what day. I should, for yesterday was Sunday — we must have had "the psalter for the — th day, Morning Prayer" — but anyway I don't know. Like Stevenson I'd like to lose all sense of time. I am usually having a class now, but wishing no one any harm, we have a cut — oh Lord, two cuts! Nothing till two this afternoon! Except for the need of lunch, which I suppose will seize me, I have nothing to do till two. For now I will live in eternity.

I came out of the house through the hot sunshine, misty like August, over the wall aflame with poison-ivy, and down through the long grass and purple asters, yellow butterflies floating before me. At the top of the bank I almost stayed, perched on the gray rock overlooking the river, the opposite bank yet green, but with here and there a touch of champagne or brick. Below, the oaks on the little island showed a warm russet, a lemon-yellow canoe was pulled up on the dull grass. Motor-boats and a cat-boat swayed at anchor. Slim masts at the ship-yard merged with the gray horizon. One old boat with rust-red rudder and waterline had her dull patched canvas spread.

But I wanted to feel sand and pebbles under my feet, and smell salt and shells, and sea-weed; so I took the slippery path down the bank, and walking lightly over the black ooze, through marshgrass which sent a shivering whisper ahead of me, I reached the beach. And now the water laps on the wet pebbles before me, leaving a line of emerald sea-weed. I listen to it idly. Half-framed thoughts of the farther sea, and the sea as a symbol of Eternity drift through my mind.

But I am more in reminiscent mood. I think of the first time I found this place, last winter, when I came out in an indefinable mood of discontent, when I jumped across blocks of old ice thrown jaggedly together, and the little waves made a hissing shiver against the thin rim of new ice forming in the bay. It was late afternoon and raining, and I felt a kinship with the gray gulls that wheeled screaming into the wind.

And to-day as I stirred the marsh mud and got

" that glorious rotten,

Unforgettable, unforgotten . . . River smell."

I saw myself a little girl in a scarlet plaid dress crabbing with a net from the bow of the old, shabby green "Pinafore".

But recollections of only a month's passing — can it really be a month since I was in Provincetown? — crowd in upon me. That little sail boat is the fishing smack in which we glided slowly and pleasantly across the bay, two nice Portugese boys at the helm and managing the ropes. I see Sance looking very piratic with a greenish-blue silk handkerchief tied round her head, and with an odd lilac light cast upon her face from the sun shining through the sail which slanted above her indefinitely far into the sky. I see the look of puzzlement on the boys' faces as someone recited

“Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
O their heads are green and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.”

A Boston Shore line has just thundered over the bridge. Oh, there is memory, and hope, and romance in the thought of a train. Where will I travel next ?

THE TREE

Accepted by the Stratford Company, Publishers , 234-240 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. for last year's College Anthology, and given Honorable Mention. By Margaret F. McGarry, C. C. 1925.

IT LIVED, and there was life in all its roots.
Its leaves lifted to meet
The coolness and the glory of the rain.
The sunlight fell, checkered, through it.
But the patterns that the moon made
Through its branches
Were silver and strange.
The wind blew upon it in great passion
To break or bend its strength,
And could not ——
A swallow lived there and was envied
Of the birds.
In winter it stood, naked, and black
And proud against the sky,
A thing of God.

Today three men came
With saws that flashed in the sun.
They felled it.
It crashed superbly, scornful of its slayers,
Little men——

And now it lies, broken and hurt and beautiful.
 The wind comes, grieving in the night
 And lingers in it, and kisses every trembling leaf,
 And wraps each dear, broken branch
 Gently, in arms of love.
 And the tree that had been proud
 And scornful of men
 Shudders at last, and stirs.

SHANDYGAFF

by Alice H. Barrett '25

HE is an appealing little specimen of dogginess as he sits here before me, his soft, black ears flopping, his red-tipped tongue held firmly between two rows of sharp, white teeth. His eyes are shining, wistful with a dewy brilliance. Withal, he is so whimsical and affectionate, so tantalizing and friendly that everyone loves him. He is always a well-behaved dog; but his anger, once aroused, never slumbers.

One day Shandygaff went calling with me on a cross, little old lady who lived down on our street. As children we always called her wee house, "Hollyhock Castle," because in summer it was almost undiscoverable behind the vivid, colorful, dancing rows of hollyhocks. As children we always maintained, too, that she wasn't really cross, because we caught her reading "Alice-in-Wonderland". Now, truthfully, can anyone who reads "Alice-in-Wonderland" be cross — *really* cross? I don't think so! — But this is about Shandygaff, not the little old lady!

It had just ceased raining when we left the house. The sun, at first a bit shy and *bashful*, was soon shining gloriously. All the little puddles were patches of blue with once-and-awhile wisps of white straying in. A brilliant butterfly swayed on the edge of one of these blue pools, admiring her graceful self. When Shandygaff spied her he left my side with an apologetic bark, wagged his stubby black tail, and started in pursuit. The butterfly, as wise as she was beautiful, rose into the blue and disappeared. Much disgruntled, my wee dog almost lost his balance staring at the spot where the lovely creature had been. He trotted back to my side rather sheepishly. I managed to keep my lips from turning up at the corners so as not to hurt his feelings. We walked along quietly until one of his friends came merrily around the corner. With a yip of joy he started off. "To heel, Shandy!" Back he came his eyes pleading. "To heel, Shandygaff!" I knew only too well that his playmate would lead him on a foraging expedition and this I did not want my dog to do.

Anyway here we were at our destination! I pushed open the gate and he trotted soberly in. He knew where we were going. "Be a good dog Shandygaff!" I murmured. He looked up at me and grinned. I knew I could trust him. I lifted the knocker and before I had taken away my fingers the door swung open and a garrulous voice bade us enter. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I made out our hostess, gray-silk clad and shadowy. On her lap was a soft, black blur that I recognized only too well.

It was Lucretia, the sworn enemy of Shandygaff! He saw her as soon as I did and whined a little. An electric thrill passed through me. If anything should happen, if Lucretia provoked Shandygaff, I suspected the outcome! As I sat down I called him to me and murmured again, "Be good!"

He curled up at my feet and slept, with one eye open! We talked of "cabbages and kings" and other interesting things. — Lucretia awoke! She stretched and purred, blinking her green eyes prodigiously. Suddenly, as though someone had placed a finger over her purring apparatus she stopped! Her eyes dilated. Fiery sparks began to shoot from their green depths. Her tail rustled menacingly as it switched back and forth on her mistress' silk dress. She made a snorting noise in her throat. Her sleek black fur rose in ridges. Still Shandygaff slept sweetly but cautiously! He, too, began to feel the urge of a strong comprehensible power. The little old lady, her curls bobbing, never noticed anything at all! One of Shandy's brown eyes flew open — and shut! Indifferently, but with a certain definite goal in mind, Lucretia arose and began to sharpen her claws on the stool where her mistress' tiny feet rested. I saw that Shandygaff was aquiver with excitement but still maintained control. I patted his head. He nipped my fingers reassuringly. But, nevertheless, I didn't want to test his powers of self-control too far. I rose hastily; abruptly cut off the dear old lady in the midst of her very interesting story of why her great-grand-father went on a farm instead of into politics. (It seems the presidential office at Washington lost a very remarkable man!) When at last the door was safely fastened, between her cat and my dog, I breathed freely. I turned to wave goodby to the good old soul — and a feeling of apprehension swept over me! Over her shoulder gleamed two fiery eyes and a ruffled black head. Shandygaff accepted the challenge with a throaty growl. I knew, then, that try as I would, the fate — better, the fight of the two was beyond my power to control.

That night a storm was brewing. Shandygaff was restless. At last he escaped my watchfulness and left through the window. — Long after the thunder was only an echo and the lightning only fitful flashes, I heard a scratching and a pleading whine. I let him in — then raised my hands in horror! He looked more like an animated piece of mud than a respectable, well-behaved dog. I was very stern and ordered him to the kitchen.

There was a brush, hot water, and soap I tried to clean him. I knew — and he knew I knew — where he had been! Two or three tell-tale wisps of long, black hair were festooned gaily over one drooping ear. His right eye was all but closed and he limped pathetically. He looked so little and so hurt that I wanted to cheer him up, but *no*, he must be punished!

The old lady mourned Lucretia until someone presented her with a lively, mischievous kitten which gradually took her mind from her loss.

* * * *

I reach over to pat Shandygaff as he sits before me, his soft, black ears flopping, his red-tipped tongue held firmly between two rows of sharp, white teeth — I draw my hand quickly away! With a shock I am back to reality! have I only been romancing! Shandygaff, perky, friendly, little Shandygaff — is only a paperweight — and I am only a college student who should not go a-fancying.

THE CUP OF CAMEL

Michaelina M. Namovich '23

*“There’s a wind in the night that comes from afar
With a thrill in its breath for me
Of hot white sands and hungry lands
And helpless ships on a swollen sea.
. On a swollen sea.”*

Sang Martyn, the old gypsy Marta’s son.

A pleasant youth, that Martyn, and one not to be taken too seriously. One who could get his share of life’s plunder as well as the rest of us when his time came. A perfect lover of women in whose arms nestled one sweet flower after another’s fragrance had grown old. . . . Youth is destructive, but, ah, well, youth is fire and if it must destroy.

“A wonderful night,” said Martyn softly.

I said nothing. He did not expect me to answer and I knew that. Each night was wonderful to Martyn with his heritage of a thousand roaming ancestors. I, who had followed his mother’s band three years for my own instruction and amusement, loved a sky of purple calm fretted with a million white-flamed stars as well as he, but I am not much given to speech. My thoughts I prefer to scratch on a piece of bark or a scrap of paper. . . .

A handsome youth. The tallest of the band. Grey-green eyes in a dark face, a face rarely given to sorrow. A mouth with a wicked twist that is somehow rarely fascinating. A slow smile like the growing illumination of candles in a church, only — there is nothing holy about Martyn. And — Beloved of all Women — our Martyn.

In my time I have seen the world's most wonderful women ; interesting women ; fascinating women ; exotic charmers, and then those half-opened buds of womanhood to whose loveliness and sweetness there is no equal.

Such a bud was Carameh of the Steppes. Child of a Caucasian mother and a Tartar father, she was an enticing mixture of the Slav and the Oriental. Old Marta bought her at the age of four and she grew up in the camp, a white-skinned, almond-eyed bit of allure, the song bird of the band and sheer thistle-down in the dance. She and Martyn were like brother and sister until the seventh week after I came. . . .

Her arm was reddened just a little where the peasant fellow had seized her. I flung him into the road and put my arms around her to soothe her. She was like a frightened child and I kissed her. . . .

Martyn's grasp of my wrist is still a livid memory. . . .

Under his gleaming black hair his eyes were dull and dangerous.

"If Carameh needs anything of consolation I, alone, shall give it to her." He pressed his lips to hers, and her shoulders stiffened under his embrace. She broke away with a low bewildered cry, but with an exultant laugh he drew her to him again, and before my eyes the child grew into the woman and gave in return caress for caress.

After that, Carameh could see no other man, though for Martyn each passing pretty face held the eternal mark of adventure. Nights when she sang and danced in the towns and the peasants, trades-people and pleasure-seekers flung *kopecks* and other coins at her feet, her eyes sought but Martyn's for approval. And always he gave her that smile like the growing illumination of candles. . . only there was nothing holy about Martyn.

It was in the month of November that we stopped outside of Zigarets. Martyn and Carameh and I went vagabonding by ourselves and entered a deserted monastery that appealed to our romanticism.

We found what we took to be the banquet hall of the jolly old priests. I wonder what tales of revenge, of love, of ribaldry were related in that grime-sodden room when laughter struck the ceiling and flagons spilled their ruby contents! . . A great life, that. I wish, indeed, that I had lived then. . . .

Carameh leaped upon the table and danced even as an entertainer that those celibates must have had. I raised my arms and sang to her, a fair imitation of an erstwhile monk, and she threw kisses to imaginary revelers, calling, "For you, Vladimir ! — And you, Jonas. . . Ah, *you*, Father Feodor, you are not so fat, so complacent ! I sing to your long life !"

We were in the midst of our little play when Martyn appeared at the threshold, his eyes brilliant with the success of his search.

"Look!" he commanded. "I have gone through the chancel and left it clean. What do you say to this?"

And he held up for our admiration a cup—but such a cup! In all the travels of my chameleon's existence I have never beheld a more exquisite piece of workmanship. Of pure jade it was fashioned, and set on a stem and base of smooth gold. In its depth lurked high-lights of soft amber. . . . I breathed deeply. "It is a work of art," I said. "How could they have possibly left that? Are you sure there is nothing else there?"

"Nothing else, greedy one." His long fingers stroked it. "Here, Carameh, it is yours."

"Mine? Oh, Martyn!" And she placed the five inches of beauty to her own smooth cheek.

"Yours—to the death," he conceded, laughing. "But do not show it to anyone—even Marta. The old woman would sell it and then I should be forced to beat her. . . . Wait! My poet's soul struggles. . . . Ah! The Cup of Carameh! To-night we seal our love with this and a bottle of red wine. What do you say, Black Brow?"

"That is as it should be," I made answer.

Early in the spring—too early, I thought, Carameh told me late one night that the next morning would find her dancing in the hills, dancing as she had always longed to. "Not as these old women would have me gyrate!" she sneered.

I protested. "It is too cold yet, my child. Wait a while. Almost anything might happen to you."

"Are you an old woman, too?" she demanded. "And when have you ever known me to be ill? What if it were winter even? My blood runs warm."

"Too warm," I answered.

Her mood changed suddenly and she put her arms around my neck. "I love you, Satyr-Man," she whispered. "Next to Martyn I love you better than anyone in the world. You understand the best." A bronze-flecked tendril of her gold hair floated against my lips and I kissed it.

"After Martyn," I replied somewhat bitterly, "there is little left for anyone."

"Don't you believe my heart holds enough for two?" Her tone was provocative, yet tenderly wistful.

"Yes, child." I played with her finger-tips but my thoughts were far in her future. . . . If I could have but persuaded her not to keep that tryst with herself. . . . Who *could* have known? . . .

The day dawned gray and bleak, and as soon I was fully awake I slipped into the rest of my clothes and rode to the hills. I found her horse tied to

an oak and I left mine with hers. I wandered for centuries, it seemed to me, before I saw her. I hastily got behind an ancient gnarled oak and watched.

It was a clear open space she had chosen, a hollow of fresh green grass in those wooded hills, a perfect stage of nature . . . And the grace of that child! Some red stuff, a quantity of chiffon perhaps, swirled around her slim young body and as she leaped, it rose in tongues of living flame. I stared, fascinated. Her little face, flower-like in its perfection, was ivory-white and her eyes were closed. And her hands! Infinitely graceful, they were begging, pleading, *seeking* something . . . It was the dance, of course, but a little ache burned my throat . . . Poor pleading hands that were to hold fame so dearly bought for so short a space . . .

Martyn was at my side. "I followed you," he said evenly. I looked at him but his eyes were for Carameh. "Wonderful, isn't she?" His lean fingers closed on his belt.

For almost an hour we watched the young woman-thing we both loved. Vestal virgin, slave, exotic bird, dryad—they lived again and again in Carameh. Then, at the end of a flight she raised her arms high, the red stuff eddying about her knees, and fell like an exhausted maenad or a dying flame.

As we ran towards her we saw a party of horsemen opposite us and we felt that they had seen her. They reached her first and I saw Martyn bite his lip on an oath.

Carameh was white but her eyes were open and she insisted upon arising. A very good-looking young man with blue eyes and hair like gold silk seemed but too eager to help her. Then I noticed that there was two women and three men in the party, with one old retainer. I knew before they spoke that they were from Baron Korff's castle which we had passed several days since.

"Michael," said the older of the women, "ask this girl her name."

I looked at her and could have spat. There was no reason why she could not have asked it herself.

"'Carameh'," said Prince Michael softly, almost to himself. "A beautiful name, but not as beautiful as the dancer." His eyes hungered as he gazed upon our Carameh, but there was nothing in them that was not clean. Martyn scowled.

"A pretty name," said the old Princess. "Of course, you know, you dance beautifully. You are wasted. I am going to take you to Saint-Petersburg and have you trained. It will not take long—if I am any judge of dancing as an art." Her eyes, more blue than her son's, appraised her coolly. Carameh bowed.

"You are very kind. But I shall have to ask Marta."

"And who, may I ask, is Marta?"

"My mother," Martyn broke in, "and the leader of our camp."

"Oh," said the princess. Contempt lurked in her polite exclamation. Veiled, but contempt nevertheless, and I felt the blood roar in my head. I was a gypsy myself only by inclination, but I *belonged*. "We must see Marta, then," continued the Princess. "Let us go now." She was one to command. Respect and acquiescence were due her then, as always.

Needless to say, Marta sold rights to Carameh. I was glad of that for I hated the vile hag. I kept an eye on Martyn. Before they took Carameh away, he went up to her.

"I shall follow you," he said.

"I love you, Martyn," she replied simply.

"And I shall take you away from them. You belong to me."

Her voice broke. "Would you mar my great opportunity to make something of myself? Here — with this band — I never could be anything but Marta's bargain — a *kopeck* hunter. I want to earn my money. The flame in my heart tells me I can be great."

"But what of me?" harshly. "With fame come many suitors and you will never look at me. I know."

"You are wrong. I shall always love you."

"Then come with me."

"No! No!" and she tried to draw away. He grasped her hands and brought his face close to hers.

"If you fail me when I come for you within a week, you will regret it — dearly."

She broke away then and I became absorbed in my self-imposed task of greasing the axle-wheel as he turned in my direction.

In the morning he came to me, his face was hard. In his hands he held her mute symbol of regret and farewell, the jade cup, the exquisite cup of Carameh.

For many months after we heard rarely from her. I received a happy scrawl or two and once Martyn showed me a picture of herself with "I love you, Martyn," written very simple across the back. His face was evil to look at.

"Don't you believe her, Idiot?" I asked sharply.

"If she loved me as she pretends, she would have come with me."

"Never having felt a surge of ambition yourself, you cannot credit it to others," I retorted with malice.

"Love is sufficient." His mouth was cruel, twisted.

"Bah! You speak like a puppy. Carameh is well rid of you. Be a man!"

He stalked away, his eyes narrowed.

Within the week, we went to Saint-Petersburg, Martyn and I, and found our way to the theater that proclaimed her as the newest and greatest Russian dancer. "The Silver-Footed," it called her. My heart pounded in my throat before the curtain went up and I sank down in my seat, not daring to look at Martyn.

Our Carameh. Never anything but ours. No triumph of success was written selfishly on that flower-face. Only the enduring loveliness we had known. And when she came to acknowledge the calls, her arms full of flowers, I was amazed at the tears that fell on my shirt.

Outside, Martyn seized my arm savagely. "Where are you going, fool?"

"To see her — Carameh," I answered stupidly. "Why not?"

"Why not indeed?" he sneered. "Do you think she would care to see you — or me — *now*? 'The Silver-Footed Carameh' embracing with gypsies!"

"She loves you, Martyn."

"Bah!" He dragged me away, protesting.

Surreptitiously I bought papers and read them for news of her. Seldom was I disappointed. Dined here, feted there, dancing for royalty, rumors of a love affair with Prince Michael . . . the last I tore out and burned, but how was I to know that Martyn, too, bought papers and read them and — burned them?

The last one told me that the old Princess was giving a ball in honor of Prince Michael's twenty-seventh birthday. Carameh was going to dance. A desire grew in my heart to see her, to talk to her . . . I *would* go. . . .

A gypsy can make love if nothing else. . . It was easy to install myself securely in the affections of a serving-maid in three days. The estate was large, and I was given a very good view of the festivities, for which I paid cheerfully enough in kisses.

I saw her — Carameh, Child of the Romany Road. It seemed a dream, to see her dance while I clung for safety. I almost let go once to applaud her and barely caught myself.

All those beautiful women that surrounded her and made much of her. . . The handsome men. . . Prince Michael with his air of proprietorship, however attentive. . . And she herself seemed of his world then. . . Could she have forgotten Martyn? . . . I wondered.

Later I followed her to the garden. The old Princess was talking to her. I went dangerously near to catch her words.

" — — marry him. You should understand that his betrothal to my old friend's daughter must be observed."

"But, Madam," Carameh was saying, "I agree fully with you. And I do *not* love your son. Why won't you believe me?"

"Why do you encourage him then?"

"I am merely appreciative of his kindness."

"His kindness'," said the old woman contemptuously, and again I could have spat. And she went on, hurting the poor girl cruelly. "You will have to go away for decency's sake," she ended, "until he marries."

Carameh drooped her head. My blood seethed, but I was helpless. "And now," said the Princess, "you must go in and rest. I shall have some hot chocolate brought to you." They moved on and Carameh's answer was lost to me.

I left Prince Michael's estate and went to the inn to get my horse. In my disappointment I had no heart for drinking but I took a look through a window. The bright skirts of the women, the scraping of the fiddles, the smell of holiday bread — *pirogi* — held me staring, resentful.

And then I saw Martyn. He was dancing with a wide-lipped, snub-nosed little peasant whose feet might have been far more cumbersome. His face was flushed and a lock of black hair fell over his forehead. His presence meant little good fortune and I went in. When the dance was finished, I accosted him.

"Martyn!" I said.

He fingered his belt leisurely but I saw that his knuckles whitened. "Well, my friend, — what? You see I follow you ever — on with the dance!"

"Carameh does not love Prince Michael," I said.

"Pouf! What does that matter?"

"I heard it from her own lips. And she could not have known I was watching."

"Be that as it may," he returned, "the fact remains that to-night Carameh comes here for you and me to drink to her success. Old Marta's band leaves for the south — you did not know that, eh? You should never leave until the last moment and even then there is much to learn." He laughed unpleasantly. "Yes, to wish her success and happiness for the last time. We shall never see her again. That is — *perhaps*," he amended as he caught my stare.

"Gypsies roam the world," I tried to say casually. "In another year—"

"In another year Carameh will be lone star of the Russian ballet and we — we will still be gypsies — helpless ships on life's swollen sea. A vivid picture, my swarthy friend, not?"

"Drifting ships, perhaps, but certainly not helpless."

He shrugged. "I like my own picture. It —" He turned suddenly. — "Carameh! 'The Fairy-Footed!' I bow."

She came toward us, heavily cloaked, and her mouth quivered at Martyn's mocking obeisance.

"A table," said Martyn and he started for a corner. "But wait." He talked for a moment with the inn-keeper's assistant, a fellow with a protruding belly and a vicious lip, who took us to a small room evidently much in demand for private felicitation. He returned with a large box and then left us with a smirk that was meant to be droll but which shrank and disappeared under my glare.

Martyn opened the box and took out a large bottle of wine. He passed it twice before my nose and my nostrils told me that it was indeed a rare vintage. Carameh smiled at us — a worn, wan shadow of a smile. "It was good of you to come."

We — Martyn and I — said nothing. Martyn poured the wine into two glasses. Then for a third, he delved in the box and brought out — that fragile bit of an ancient art, the cup of Carameh! He filled it, and the silence in the room was cobwebby, treacherous. Carameh stretched out a hand for the cup, her eyes burning, but Martyn held it away with a grin.

"You left it to me," he reminded her. "What is a broken vow? A broken flower, nothing more. Where that one dies, another grows. That is life."

"This is no time for your philosophy, my brother," I said, and distrust made of my voice a growl.

Martyn raised the cup and we, our glasses. But before Martyn could drink, Carameh had seized it from his fingers that were trembling like leaves, and put it to her lips.

"No — Carameh — No!" Sweat of agony dewed his face. He lurched at her arm — and failed.

"To the death — the Cup of Carameh," she said when she put it down. Martyn and I were standing on either side of her, our faces drawn as though sewn with needles. "I was going back with you to-night," she whispered. "A gypsy belongs — to the Romany Road — and I — ever with the fire in my heart of ambition — I care nothing without — Martyn. Ah, Martyn — I love you." She sank into her chair, her lovely red mouth fast becoming pallid. Martyn fell on his knees and wrung her hands. They became cold in his grasp.

"Carameh! Carameh!" His moan floated to the ceiling and its poignancy brought me to my senses. Roughly I plucked his sleeve.

"Come," I said. He was kissing her lips, the gold strands of her hair, her hands. "There is no time to lose." My voice seemed to lift the roof.

He staggered to his feet and an insane light flickered in his eyes. He reached for the cup but I was the quicker. It fell on the floor in fragments and the candles on the table threw high-lights of gold amber on them. . .

I dragged him through the dancing throng, the smile of unconcern freezing my lips, but even as we gained the horses he sought to turn back. Never have I been forced to use my strength and my wits as then! . . . Talk of Marta, of the band, availed nothing, but *prison* — ah, a living death, that. Even the love, the temporary burning conscience of a gypsy finch there. . . We rode silently — silently. . . .

I had covered her with the cloak. . . Around her throat was clasped a charm I had given her. . . The tears salted my beard but I was unashamed. Cowards to run away? Perhaps. But her death was of her own making. Martyn would have died gladly — though he lied when he said “a broken vow? A broken flower, nothing more.”

*“There’s a wind in the night that comes from afar
With a thrill in its breath for me
Of hot white sands and hungry lands
And helpless ships on a swollen sea.”*

Sang Martyn again, and the stars hung silver-spiked against the velvet black of the night. . . .

A handsome youth. The tallest of the band. Grey-green eyes in a dark face, a face rarely given to sorrow. A mouth with a wicked twist that is somehow rarely fascinating. A slow smile like the growing illumination of candles in a church, only — there is nothing holy about Martyn. . . .

Youth is destructive, but — ah, well, youth is fire and if it must destroy. . .

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