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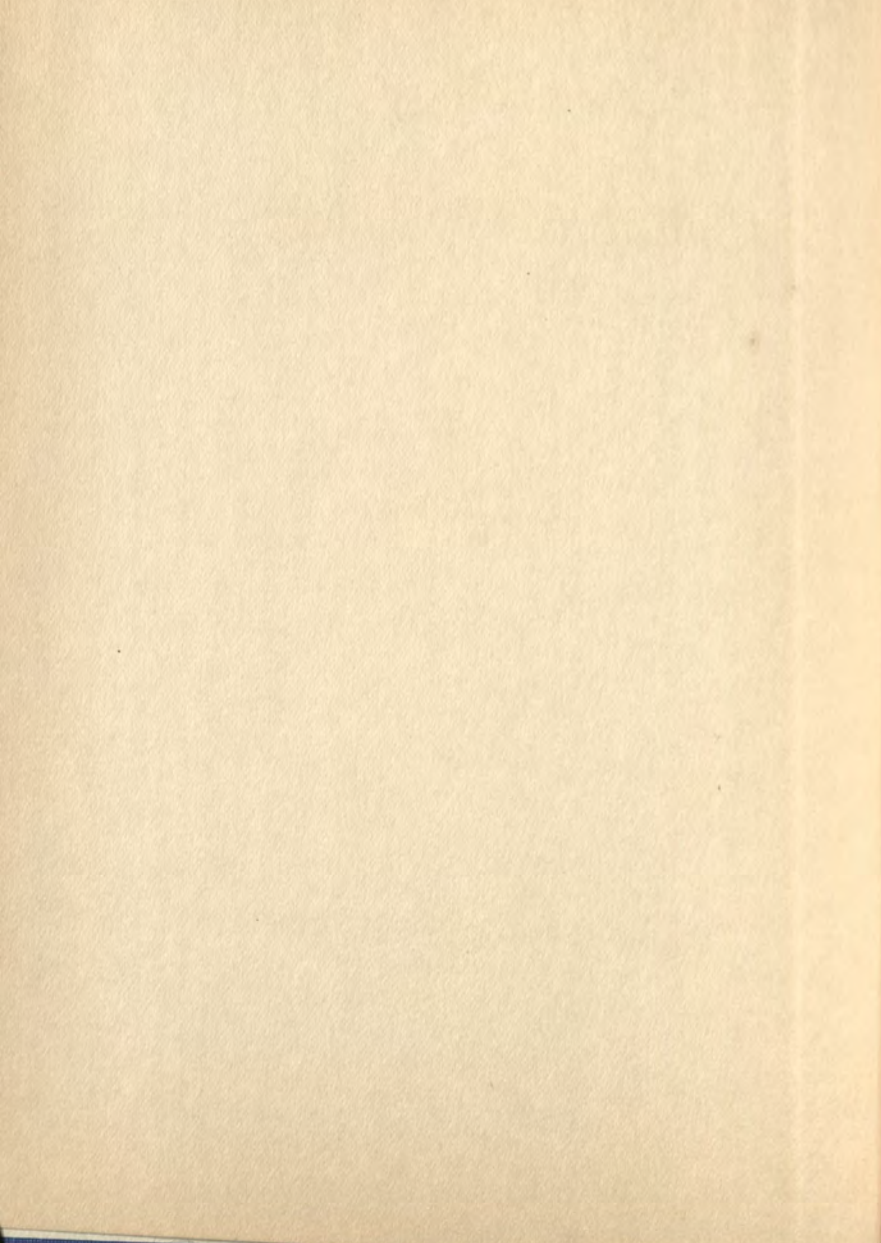
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ANTHOLOGY OF
CONNECTICUT
COLLEGE POETRY



Anthology
of
Connecticut College
Poetry



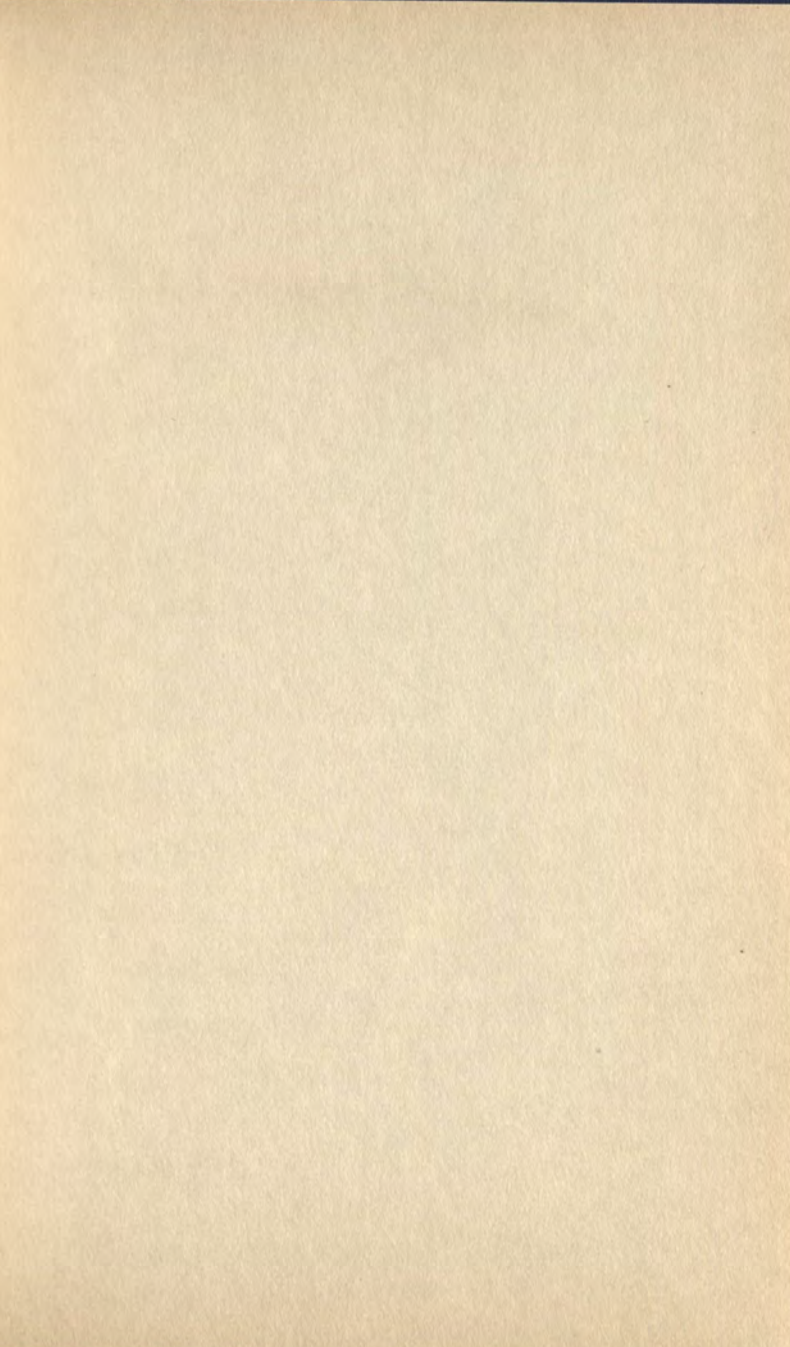
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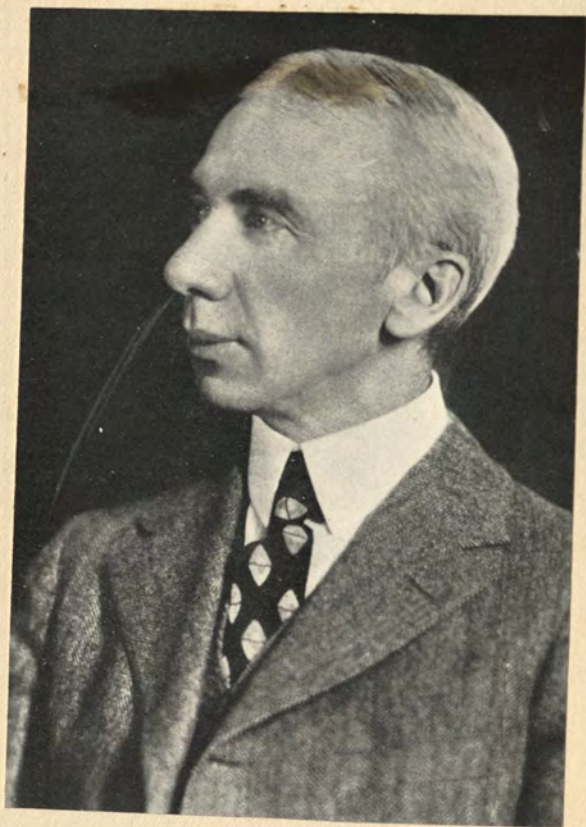
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THE HOUSE OF COREY, NORWICH





DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
PROFESSOR HERBERT Z. KIP
WHO INSPIRED THIS
ANTHOLOGY

SAPPHO

Like to a star that cleaves the midnight sky
With trail of silver, gently gliding by,
Fleet as the cranes that nightly southward fly,
Late in September,

So seem those songs that sweet-voiced Sappho sung,
When on the strand of Lesbos nightly rung
Her golden lyre, and dark-eyed maidens hung
Silent upon her words.

Herbert Z. Kip 1933

PREFACE

IT SEEMS appropriate that this anthology, composed of Connecticut College poems and edited by alumnae, should appear at the time of the twentieth anniversary of the college.

There have been collected in this volume some of the better poems from the following sources: Connecticut College *Koines* and *Quarterlies*, collections of student poetry made by English professors, and poems written by present undergraduates.

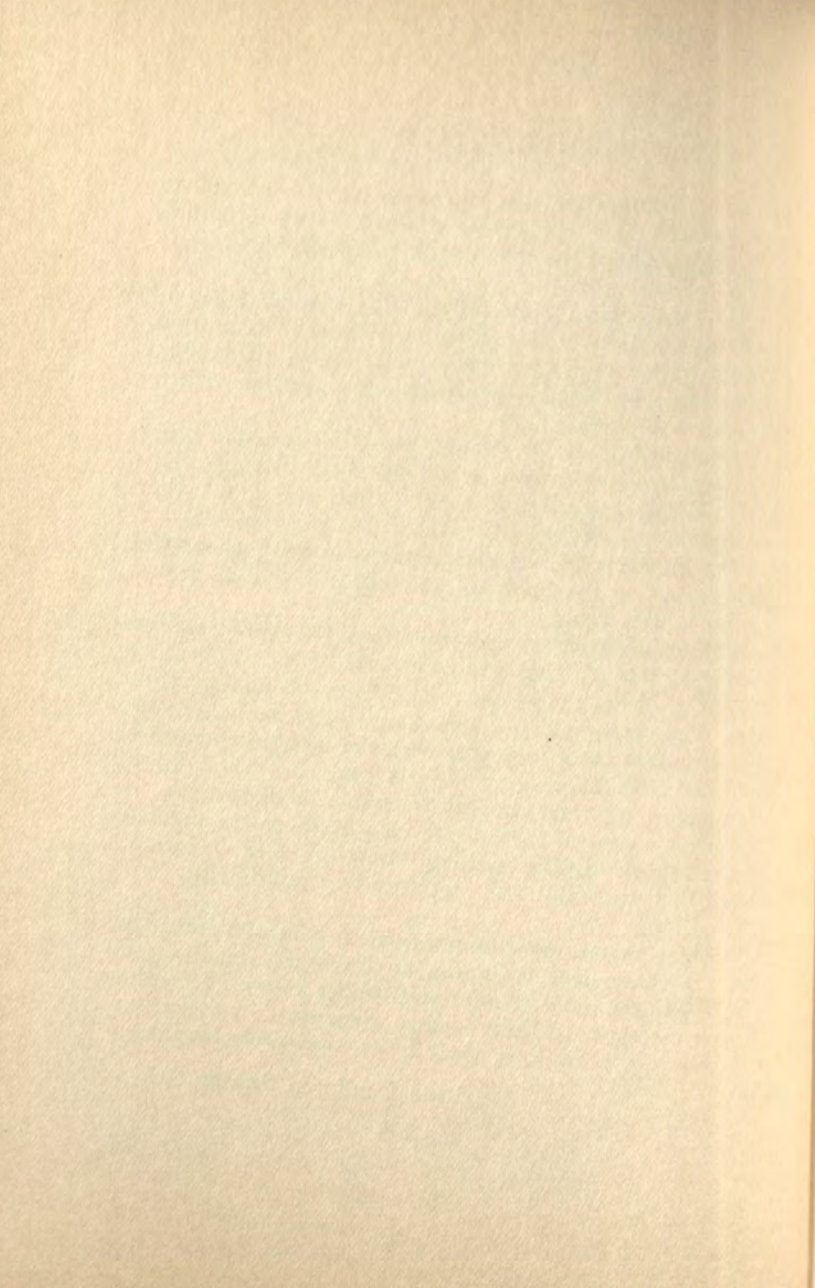
To Dr. Kip and Dr. Wells, also to President Blunt the committee is greatly indebted for helpful suggestions and is deeply appreciative of the time and effort they so generously gave.

The members of the committee also wish to extend their thanks to the students and alumnae whose poems appear in this volume.

In reading over the poems from the three sources mentioned above, the editors found that Connecticut College students in general had similar thoughts, yearnings, and experiences—sometimes expressed in verse clearly and in other instances with the indefinite charm of a dream. Perhaps some writers feel that these poetic expressions of their inmost thoughts and feelings are too much a part of them to be placed before the public—even a poetry-loving public; but time and experience teach that yearnings and emotions lose nothing for being shared.

These poems, good or poor, are a part of youth; they have a charm and freshness, an intangible quality sadly lacking in the more prosaic post-college years. Take them and treat them tenderly—these glimpses of college days, their griefs, their joys, their loves, and their laughter.

Anna Lundgren Shearer '28



CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	15
And Life Goes On	16
She Who Had Loved Roads	16
I Shall Remember	17
My House	18
Spring	18
Lullaby	19
Poem	19
The Tree	20
Bolleswood	21
To a Brown Madonna	21
Dream	22
When All Alone	22
Elfin Ears	23
Absence	24
Return	24
Catalogue for an Auction Sale	25
My Star	25
Tristram in Brittany	26
A Painted Lampshade	27
Moon Lullaby	28
Spring Song	28
Rupert Brooke—Homing	29
Prayer	29
On Carlyle First Lecturing	30
Song of The Sea	30
A Ballad	31
Plea	31
A Flake of Sea	32
Autumn Musing	32
Two Sonnets	33
The River Boat	34
Pine Trees	35
A Day I Loved	35
Miser	36
Beauty Blind	36
Rain	37
Sea Song	39
O Build No Walls	40
Caprice	40
A Ballad	41
Music	43
Blue River	43

	Page
Ohio	44
Don't Go	45
Poem	46
Pine Trees	46
To a Conservative Neighbor	47
My Hiding Place	47
My Soul Loves	48
You	48
Love Came to Me	49
The Dover Road	49
Treasure	50
A Portrait	50
Love	51
Sonnet	51
Autumn	52
Wanderlust	52
Lullaby	53
The Message of the Star of Bethlehem	54
Gypsy Song	55
Cycle	56
Forest Cathedral—Bolleswood	58
A Prayer	58
Image	59
Our Hill	59
An Hour of Burning	59
Sea Pool	60
Ambition	60
To See the Hills Once More	61
Poem	61
Barbara Tracy '27	44
Barbara Tracy '27	45
Louise E. Towne '28	46
Muriel S. Kendrick '29	46
Loretta Roche '21	47
Barbara Brooks '26	47
Muriel M. Schlosberg '33	48
Alma Bennett '33	48
Lorraine Ferris '26	49
Alma Bennett '33	49
Margaret Marvin, ex '31	50
Louise E. Towne '28	50
Elizabeth W. Damerel '26	51
Mary Q. Hess '31	51
Anna Buck, ex '28	52
Anonymous '20	52
Emily W. Koehler '27	53
Margaret K. Fowler, ex '26	54
Anna Lundgren '28	55
Henrietta L. Owens '28	56
Anna Lundgren '28	58
Margaret K. Hazlewood '32	58
Loretta Roche '21	59
Margaret M. (Sunny) Ray '33	59
Anna Lundgren '28	59
Constance Noble, ex '27	60
Floyda A. Needham '36	60
Floyda A. Needham '36	61
Mary F. Scott '32	61

ANTHOLOGY OF
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE POETRY

FOREWORD

Remember, then, when little winds are cold,
And laughter is a trembling, aged thing,
Days of high, joyous winds and laughter bold,
Of rivers running bluest in the spring.
Turn slowly then each page, remembering
Young earnestness and glad adventuring.

Anonymous

AND LIFE GOES ON

It would be easier, could we have left behind us
Doors that were barred, dreams no one else could know;
It would be easier, if Time could not remind us
It was not over, just that we had to go.

Autumn will come again to our green-hedged cottage;
Hilltop ivy and river laurel will turn;
Winter will come again to our snow-thatched cottage;
On the hearth where our visions faded, new fires will burn.

Springtime will reawaken in all their glory
For new enchanted eyes our garden flowers;
The halls where lived our hearts will hear their story
Repeated in laughter and tears that echo ours.

And life goes on—there shall be no regretting;
Youth like the seasons ever must come and go;
Doors are left open, dreams must be shared—forgetting
It would be easier———it is better so.

Margaret C. Hiland '32

SHE WHO HAD LOVED ROADS

She who had loved roads, known them as a friend,
Was now content, whenever work was o'er,
To dream of lanes where arching maples bend
And trails that she had followed long before,
To watch her days go quiet toward their end
Near one white roadway winding past her door.

Anna Lundgren '28

I SHALL REMEMBER

I may forget the gladness of small moments
When I am gone from this blue, reaching hill.
I may forget the strange, cold things they taught me,
And laughing faces, scattered, laughing still.
But passing through a door into a silence
Or in a sudden pause that shifts and clings,
I shall remember, with a soft, blurred clearness,
Beauty—and sounds—and quiet—and homely things.
I shall remember gold lights in the river,
The breathless sweep out to the silver sound,
Sweet, stirring dusk, round globes of yellow softness,
Long rays from casement windows on quiet ground.
The panting rush to class on frosty mornings,
Gray stone and ivy reaching from the mist,
Old, battered boats rocking at rusty anchor
With paintless keels that rippling seas have kissed.
Swift, earnest hours in little rooms, dim-lighted,
Half-whispers searching love, and truth, and friends;
At games the high, wild shrieks of people cheering,
The black bridge where the widening river ends.
The crisp wood smell of outdoor suppers cooking,
Burnt ashes, and warm rocks, and creeping night,
The "props" and tenseness of that backstage heaven,
The stage all set, the blaze of amber light.
Still, black-gowned shapes with glimmering white candles,
Passing with quick tears by the rambling wall.
I shall remember these in sudden hushes,
Hold to them tenderly; but more than all,
I shall remember the blue running river,
The throbbing deepness of this sky in spring,
Remember briefly—sweetly—sadly, knowing
Such blueness was a young and transient thing.

Eleanor Tyler '30

MY HOUSE

I would build my house on a hilltop;
I would turn its face to the sea.
A cliff would stand behind it,
And near it an apple tree.

I would build my house on a hilltop,
And to tell the sun good-night
I would look to the west in the evening,
Till the stars were set alight.

I would build my house on a hilltop,
And a road would bring me friends
To rest in the shade of old, old trees
Till the long, long summer ends.

I would build my house on a hilltop
And plant near its doorway a vine,
And the wind that blows for all the world
Would cleanse its soul and mine.

Margaret Wheeler '27

SPRING

Caressing sun and tinkling rain,
And on the earth a golden stain
Of daffodils !

A fragrant breath, a drift of green,
And where the purple shadows lean
A robin trills !

Marie T. Copp '27

eighteen

LULLABY

Peace I would bring to you, tired Beloved,
The peace of a pine tree alone with the moon,
Or the lap of deep water, lying black in the starlight,
Rocked to the rhythm of the wind's lilting croon.
Let my hands in your hair be that wind in the grasses;
Let my lips on your face be the touch of the sun;
Let my quiet-eyed love be the love that surpasses
All beauty you've dreamed of or ever looked on.
Peace and tranquility, tired Beloved,
You may have what you will of my life—the whole!
God laughs in my heart when I bend to kiss you,
With each touch of my lips I give you my soul !

Caroline K. Francke '23

POEM

I love big horses struggling up a hill
And workmen stooped in careless, graceful strength;
I love good homely things like soil and sweat,
And lighted window panes and shining brass,
And neat square rugs laid on a polished floor.
The commonplace and strong in life I love !

I love the poppy, frail and delicate,
And soft mysterious dusk and unknown dark,
And all the shadowy half-things of the soul
That are but flashes, come and gone again,
Illusive, transient, but eternal things.
The subtle and the rare in life I love !

Caroline K. Francke '23

THE TREE

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 on 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.

Margaret McGarry, ex '25

TO A BROWN MADONNA

I like the way in which you look at him:
Your smile of half-shy pride as you admire
The rounded softness of each amber limb;
A light, as from some strange, celestial fire,
Glow in the golden brownness of your face,
Makes luminous your dusky, dreaming eyes.
When you behold the child in your embrace,
A deathless glory 'round about you lies.
Akin to Mary, none the less tho' brown,
You neophyte of high maternity,
From holiness I may not know, look down,
And, clement in your glory, pardon me
Who in my zest for beauty strange and far
Have failed to see how lovely near things are!

Lois G. Taylor '31

BOLLESWOOD

There is a heavenly spot
When spring winds blow,
And pines above a rocky ledge
Drop silent needles on the moss.
From far below, the ceaseless laughter
Of the brook comes up,
With breath of fern and violet and hidden green;
And song of white-throats
Fills the throbbing stillness of the wood.
I think I'll never know
A place more sweet than Bolleswood
When tremulous Spring
Breathes fragrance at her feet.

Kathryn Hulbert '20

WHEN ALL ALONE

When all alone and dully musing here
On vanished visions of another year,
I sometimes curse these hands of mine, that run
Too often to the vines before the sun,
This mouth that gropes in darkness for the gray,
Unseasonable fruit, and cannot say
The simplest lesson over that it learned
Before the sun set, or the wind had turned.
Then in the after-darkness, everywhere
A sweet familiar music breaks the air,
And you appear, holding against the night
A tiny wick immeasurably bright,
And once again I know, with grateful tears,
That you are strong, and safe against the years.

Mary F. Scott '32

DREAM

The ripples are all white with lacy foam;
Like graceful maids they dance a minuet.
I smile to watch them—I, who have no home,
Mortgaged tomorrows, past days to forget.
Here I can lie, awaiting trembling stars.
The moody, summer sky is amethyst.
I have no single memory that mars
My reverie. My cheek is ever kissed
By winds with long green hair and opal eyes.
The sea nymphs whisper old, sad tales to me
Of sturdy ships that storm took by surprise,
Wrecked on the coral floor of the great sea;
While on the land, all gray with rough hewn rocks,
Housewives bake bread and shepherds tend their flocks.

Barbara Stiles '37

ELFIN EARS

The woodland is deep in star-dust;
The brook is a crystal shell;
And the gloomy deeps where the wolf cub sleeps
Are hushed in the eerie spell.

Afar in the dappled distance,
Where the moon on the forest plays,
The elfin king on a blue moth's wing,
Among the bird nests strays.

The voice of the wind is silent,
And trembling on the air,
Hangs a muted note from the mists that float
In the haunt of the maidenhair.

An echo too faint for the bell-tower,
Which tolls the drowsy hours;
But a summons clear to the elf's small ear,
Hid deep in the dead starflowers.

And, thin, from the mossy tree trunks,
The dancing night-sprites peep.
They lightly trip on the fir tree's tip,
While the world is drenched in sleep.

If you hark in the winter stillness,
When the midnight moon is high,
You will hear the wing of the elfin king,
As he softly wanders by.

While deep in the heart of the forest,
Where only the moonbeams go,
Wee shadows, fleet as fairy feet,
Are dancing on the snow.

Alma Bennett '33

ABSENCE

The night is sharp with stars,
And the moon sleeps.
The frosty silence of the darkness
Will not stir.
The candles wait.

Only the slender ghosts of silver flowers
Live in your room
When you are gone.

Loretta Roche '21

RETURN

Soft darkness presses on the glass.

Suddenly bright birds with yellow wings
Flash by the sleeping windows.

I have remembered
That you will soon return.
The green vines climbing on the wall
Are like their own shadows.
They have no color in the darkness.

As you pass,
You touch them carelessly with your fingers.
And there is a quick unfolding of white petals,
As the leaves gleam
Under the sudden light of fireflies.

Loretta Roche '21

twenty four

CATALOGUE FOR AN AUCTION SALE

A whimsied mind so cluttered
Should have an auction sale.
I might offer, but who would buy
The joy of a woodland trail;
The lace of a spider's web, all wet
And jeweled with dew;
An applegreen sky with a flake of moon,
And a lark's song in the blue?

They'd make a lovely crazy quilt,
But I've never learned to sew;
And I find so many things each day
That some will have to go.
The smell of clover in the dusk,
The buzz of home-bound bees,
The whippoorwill crying in the marsh—
Would you like some of these?

Muriel S. Kendrick '29

MY STAR

I keep watching my star
Through the willow tree
'Til the wind blows the leaves so
That I cannot see.
But leaves change and lives change,
Windblown as they are;
Some day the wind may change
And give me my star.

Margaret Thoman '36

TRISTRAM IN BRITTANY

Isolt,
I have but one song, child, and that a dirge
Of youth and love bereft; so do not urge
Me sing.

I have but one song, I, who time ago
Sang for a singing court where strong men know
The songs of love as well as those of war.

And since
I have not yet grown used, for all my strife,
To looking on the empty face of life,
Forbear.

What would I sing? Of what good is a voice
That throbs through tears? A singer with no choice
Of songs, but only one, one and no more?

One song
That sings itself until the brain is dull!
A song which, being sung, will leave no lull
Of peace,

But comes again and still will come again
Until the heart is dumb and taut with pain.
A dirge of youth and love bereft, I say!

Oh God!
Where is the good in anything to come
When there are no more eyes with depths to plumb
And lids to kiss tight shut? No hands to lay

A snare of dreams, a slender thread that grows
To bind a man's heart closer than he knows!
A thread from which he cannot break away!

Oh no, Isolt, I cannot sing to you!

Marjorie Seymour '33

A PAINTED LAMPSHADE

(In the light of the moon,
The big, pallid moon,
A solitary satyr
Pipes an eerie tune).
His piping is a medley
Of unrelated things:
He puts into his music
The rush of swallows' wings.
He blends with babies' laughter
The thunder of the sea;
From cries of human anguish
He fashions melody.
The egoistic satyr!
His slender body sways
In self-contented movement
At every note he plays.
Against the silver moonlight
His body seems of jet;
I think the little satyr
Admires his silhouette
(In the light of the moon,
The big, pallid moon,
A solitary satyr
Pipes an eerie tune).

Lois G. Taylor '31

SPRING SONG

Spring's a-comin' !

From a land all warm with love where she's been
hidin' !

On a gentle little breeze she'll come a-ridin',
Through the misty, moisty, morning air a-glidin',
With the swallow birds a-guidin' through the sky.

She's a-comin' !

For today I saw a gay blue bird a-swingin'
On a bough—and heard a brown song sparrow singin';
And above I saw the brave wild geese a-wingin'
To the northward, bringin' Springtime through the sky.

Sure she's comin' !

Soon you'll see a little crocus bud a-peepin'
Through the cold hard earth where every thing's been
sleepin';
Back to bed Jack Frost will creep, for he's been keepin'
Watch for Spring who'll come a-glidin' through the sky.

Emily W. Koehler '27

MOON LULLABY

High in the pale, dim air you ride,
Cold, burning-white, and slow;
And the river runs like silver fire
Past long black hills below.
The far wind hums a high sweet song,
And the low hills slumber deep;
And its faint, far music lingers long
In the dusky paths of sleep.

Elizabeth Moise, ex '30

twenty-eight

RUPERT BROOKE—HOMING

It may be true that in a grave at Scyros
Lies the body that he gave so joyously.
The blue Aegean waters 'round the island
Hold him prisoner, and the small white cross
Is a silent testimonial that he is dead.

But the breath of him, too much a part of life,
To life returns again, has long since fled
Back to England, scene of all he loved,
The end of all adventure. There he stands
On a high hill, and gazes with content
Over neat hedge-rows and rain-swept daisies,
Crisp white clouds, and homes of Chester folk.

He throws himself upon the grass, and smiling,
Breathing English air, he falls asleep.

Bianca Ryley '30

PRAYER

When time's slow pendulum, the sun's gold disc,
Swings toward the West to mark the day's last hour,
I do not fear the night, nor dread the risk
Of blinding darkness, if there shines one star
At once, to prove the others are not far.

So when Death's twilight tells my day is past,
And the long road I've come lies dark ahead,
Please, Lord, lest I should lose my way at last,
Send me one starlike smile, that I may know
Your guiding love is near, and bid me go.

Margaret C. Hiland '32

ON CARLYLE FIRST LECTURING

As tall as oaks when young and strong and tall,
Carlyle, his eyes downcast, before them stands;
His thick, black hair against his skin, a pall.
He beats a light tattoo with nervous hands
Upon the table; for he is not calm.
Too much waits to be said, of such a kind
That a quick issue is the only balm
For the pent knowledge that the man can find.
A pause and then this dynamo begins
To hurl forth currents of his mighty thought
That catch and whirl, astonish those who hear.
An earnest voice wins—rising high and thin,
With a strong accent from the highlands brought—
Unprecedented bravos to his ear.

Marjorie Seymour '33

SONG OF THE SEA

The trade winds are blowing in, fresh from the sea;
As always, they're bringing new visions to me;
They blow in, all salty, and feeling of foam,
And make me rejoice that the sea is my home!

The trade winds bring visions of galleons and such,
The coast of the Jap, and the isles of the Dutch;
They bring their salt stories, they bring their gay tales,
And sing of the grandeur of billowing sails.

The trade winds are blowing so steadily, too,
As if they would say that my dreams must come true.
I give you the trade winds, my men, for your toast;
For aye may they blow and of sea glories boast!

Margaret M. (Sunny) Ray '33

thirty

A BALLAD

Sit and spin by the fire; some day, some day,
Your fairy prince will ride your way.
Yellow the gold, and the silver, white;
Apple-green covered, his armor bright.
On a jet-black horse he'll carry you high.
Be patient, granddaughter, by and by—

Not I, not I !
I'll out to meet him! I'll wait not here!

My dear !—My dear !—

And have you come from far-off lands,
Granddaughter, with bruised and scarred brown hands?
Your prince, was he fond and fair,
Crimson his armor, golden his hair?
Was he true, dear sweet, was he true?
And, granddaughter, what of you? what of you?
Cruel? Unkind?

I found him not ! No prince could I win !

Sit still—and spin !

Joyce E. Freston '28

PLEA

Oh, let me hold this bit of happiness,
Not carelessly, forgetting what it cost,
But cupped within my hands, like sparkling water
Held toward the sun, till slowly it is lost.

Jane A. Seaver '31

A FLAKE OF SEA

I sat upon the golden sands
Beside the glimm'ring sea;
I watched a dancing silver wave;
It danced right up to me.

I laughed and tried to grasp it tight,
But it was fond of play;
It curled into a smile and slipped
Beneath the salty spray.

I tried to follow as it fled
To dance on distant sands;
My little wave would also play
On shores of foreign lands,

To mock the solemn Arab chiefs,
And almond-eyed Chinees,
To charm the dreamers of Papeete,
And then dance back to me.

Jean Gillette '26

AUTUMN MUSING

Strange poignancy of autumn haze
Upon the distant hills,
Strange draught within the bronzen cup
The autumn sunlight fills,
Strange, strange, the circling charm of life
Alternate stirs and stills.

Marie T. Copp '27

thirty-two

TWO SONNETS

JOSEPH TO MARY

I have been fearful waking in the night
To touch you whom god has touched, afraid
Lest you be stranger to my hand or made
Of such intangibility as might
Evade my fingers, my too human sight,
And leave me clutching emptiness, dismayed,
Incredibly alone, who have assayed
To love too great a one and without right.
If I should wake you with my nightmare cry,
Be not alarmed but give your hand to me,
Speak of the child, and whisper soft that I
Will wake my son; say, if you can, Mary,
That prophets babble and that Wise Men lie;
Say that we found our own divinity.

MARY TO JOSEPH

Do you remember my first wild dismay
When strangers thronged about me and the child,
With agony still in me and the wild
New surge of joy—then rustlings in the hay,
And curious eyes discovered me where I lay
Nursing my precious young? Silent they filed
Along cob-webbed stalls, and no one smiled
But only stared and found no word to say.
Then three old grey-beards brought sweet-smelling stuff.
In jeweled boxes for the Newborn King.
"No King," I said, and smiled; "It is enough
That he is mine." But they: "Nay, he is every thing—
The son of God, the Flower of all flowers—"
I let them prate of God, Joseph, but the child is ours.

Mary Q. Hess '31

THE RIVER BOAT

I cannot tell the wonder
Of a river boat at night:
Dark waters coursing under,
And above, the stars' clear light.

In the evening, from the levee,
Whence the river boat is seen,
All the lights along the water
Give a misty, golden sheen;
And the trees make eerie shadows
As the river current flows,
While high up across the heavens
Every star serenely goes.

First we see come down the river
Just a steady blur of white,
With a red dot and a green dot
For the port and starboard light;
Then the river boat draws nearer
And we hear soft music played;
And a light in every porthole
Has a golden aura laid.

Then the river boat has passed us,
And we see again the sky
All alight with golden jewels
As the myriad stars pass by;
And we hear a sudden silence
While sheer beauty holds us all,
For the magic of the river
Has us ever in its thrall.

I cannot tell the wonder
Of a river boat at night:
Dark waters coursing under,
And above, the stars' clear light.

Margaret M. (Sunny) Ray '33

A DAY I LOVED

This day is slowly going—
This happiest of all my happy days.
The fading sky of blue with tinted haze
Now leaves few streaks of golden glory showing;
The water, paling with the paling sky,
And overhead white puffs of clouds a-blowing
Upon the bosom of a zephyr growing
Cooler with the day about to die.
It cannot go so soon
That in the morning promised to be endless,
That was too dear a friend to leave me friendless
After firm vows of faith at height of noon.
It cannot go to bring another dawn—
But as I look I see—the sun is gone.

Dorothea Petersen '32

PINE TREES

Like a caravan of camels
In a desert, one by one,
Pine trees on the hillcrest
Against the setting sun
Follow each other tirelessly
On a journey never done.

Muriel S. Kendrick '29

MISER

I am putting my dreams away in a box,
A little box, up on the shelf of my mind.
I am hoarding my dreams, with the scent of the phlox
In the garden at dawn, to perfume all their kind.
I am saving the silver I glimpse in the stars;
I am running with April tucked under my arm
To hide her there, too. I've a few tender bars
Of a song that I heard, and a bit of the charm
In the speech of a lady I talked to one day
About people and places. I'd say I've about
Half a million small dreams that I've hidden away.
When I greet you, my lover, we'll take them all out;
When I've kissed you, with kisses as mad as my schemes,
We will open my box, and we'll polish my dreams.

Barbara Stiles '37

BEAUTY BLIND

Today some specks of light that gaily played
Along a moss-grown, rocky stair
Led my thought through scenes of gold and jade
Into a world of beauty rare:
Flamboyant beauty, startled in its play
By one whose colors did not blend,
Then swirling near, bewitching me to stay
In Beauty's world that has no end.
Tomorrow some transparent petty thing
Will creep into my stagnant mind,
And Beauty, with its bright uplifted wing,
Will fly and leave me far behind;
The easy road that I am following
Will slowly make me beauty blind.

Margaret Thoman '36

RAIN

1

O showers of Springtime,
God's love is your fountain,
The source of your labors;
For you are life-giving:
The trees and the flowers
Awake from their slumbers
And list to your voices.
O showers of Springtime,
By breezes you're heralded
Forth from the cloudlets;
In earliest morning you come,
Then you vanish;
Bright sunlight is in your path,
Gay, gladsome radiance.

You are like Life
In the birth of Creation—
Darkness—a Voice—and then
Radiant sunlight.

2

O rainclouds of Summer,
God's blessing is with you:
You strengthen the rivers;
The harvests you ripen;
All life you make fuller
Of glad exultation;
The world pays you homage.
O rainclouds of Summer,
You hide the hot sun
'Neath a cover of magic;
At noon you assemble

The world to make joyous;
Fresh hope springs beneath your tread,
Cool, calm courageousness.

You are like Joy
In a life of despondency—
Thirst-cooling drops—and a
Vision of hopefulness.

3

O rainstorms of Autumn,
God's wrath is behind you,
Spurring you onward;
His thunder he hurleth
From mountain to mountain;
With lightning he challengeth
Beasts, men, and forest trees;
Rainstorms of Autumn,
You come up so suddenly
Out of the silence,
Way in mid-afternoon,
Lasting till evening;
Darkness is at your heels—
Deep, dense, dark dreariness.

You are like Grief
From a heart that is broken—
Stillness—the storm—and then
Terrible darkness.

4

O storms of dread Winter,
God's right is your leader;
He leads, you must follow;
With snowflakes you cover

The fields and the forests,
And bury the world
In a blanket of whiteness.
O storms of dread Winter,
You creep up so silently
Out of the darkness,
Deep in the night time,
And stay until morning;
Cold silence is in your wake—
Sad, sombre solitude.

You are like Death
'Twixt one life and another—
Twilight—the storm—and
Ineffable silence.

Emily W. Koehler '27

SEA SONG

Oh, sing me a song of the sea,
Of a wet sail, and a tingling sheet,
And a bow awash with foam !

Oh, give me a ship of the wind,
Of a cold wave, and of stinging salt,
And the warmth of the noonday sun !

Oh, give me a course to follow,
Of the north star, or the radiant sun,
And the path of the wid'ning sea !

Oh, sing me a song of the sea,
Of a brave heart, and a thinking mind,
And a God to keep them true !

Ann D. Crocker '34

CAPRICE

I'd give you the sky with the wind upon it,
The naked throat of the wind,
High and vibrantly singing.
I'd find for you the greenest dusk,
Soft and caressing.

I'd give you candle-light
And tea from delicate porcelain cups;
New pages from old books,
New dreams for old ones.
I'd give you the milky heart of a gardenia,

Old linen and piano keys,
And satin helpless in your hands.
I'd give you happiness
Tinctured with the vaguest hint of tears,
And love.

Nancy Burke '37

O BUILD NO WALLS

O build no walls against the dying west
For me, I say, who saw the climbing sun;
What though the heart lies gasping in the breast,
And what once was, at last is all undone?

No dark of night can be too deep to bear
Upon a breast that has been full of you;
Not till the breath goes scant have any care—
Then close the eyes, then let the door swing to.

Mary F. Scott '32

A BALLAD

I

The little lad was crying, for his mother lay a-dying;
O, there's many a thing the Holy Ones don't know !
And the cry of a child that's struck with fear is a piteous
kind of sound to hear.
But his mother answered soft and low:

"Now don't you be a-greiving for me that is a-leaving;
O, there's many a thing the Holy Ones don't know !
But the Blessed Mary up in the sky, the Queen of them
as lives on high,
Herself was once a mother here below."

They clad his mother in a shroud; they laid her in the
ground.
And her kinsfolk and the neighbors stood mourning all
around.
But the priest he cross'd him many a time and hurried
through the prayer,
For a wind had slunk down from the north and prowled
around him there.

II

The little lad was sleeping, and he'd hushed his spell of
weeping;
O, there's many a thing the Holy Ones don't know !
But in the deep of the stormy night, when the snow was
falling thick and white,
He heard his mother talking soft and low:

"Now don't you be a-yelling and a-waking folks and
telling,
O, there's many a thing the Holy Ones don't know !
forty-one

But Blessed Mary up in the sky, the Queen of them as
lives on high,
Still cares about the little ones below."

She put his little breeches on, his jacket warm and stout,
She wrapped a shawl around him for to keep the cold-
ness out,
And just before the winter's night became a winter's day,
With steps as stealthy as a cat's she carried him away.

III

O, there's many a thing the Holy Ones don't know !
They can't explain the footsteps in the snow.
And none of 'em could tell you, with their books of
sacred lore,
Why the little lad whose mother died was never
seen no more.

But the thing that puzzles 'em most of all in all that they
do not know
Isn't the lad who never came back, nor the footsteps in
the snow;
It's the priest, that was young, but sober, and with a
thoroughly godly air,
Who strangled himself that winter's night with a loop
of woman's hair !

Lois G. Taylor '31

BLUE RIVER

"Let's study on the rocks," I said to you.

I did not know the river was so blue,
Or dream that the deep curving arch of sky
Could make one want to sing—or laugh—or cry.
I did not know the silent ecstasy
That slow blue ripples widening out to sea
Can give—or drifting clouds, all soft and deep,
Or tiny breezes rustling one to sleep,
Or the gold trembling air that Springtime weaves,
Or the pale green of fluttering baby leaves.
I never knew that birds were like the Spring,
A burst of poignant joy when they sing,
That old gray rocks are warm and comforting,
That beauty is a hurting, happy thing.
I did not know the river was so blue.

"Let's study on the rocks," I said to you.

Eleanor Tyler '30

MUSIC

Notes I love of shining lustre,
Fragile as a crystal bell,
Clear, resounding, as a flute-song,
Silv'ry drops deep in a well.
Soft, caressing music, soothing
As a glow of misty light;
Shining, dewy lotus-flowers,
Gleaming notes of scented night.

Jean Gillette '26

OHIO

I tell, first, of the lake
With towering cliffs,
With shining sands, and wooded shores;
The lake, whose quiet greens and amethysts
Change to deeper blues
When roar the mighty whitecaps
With a change of mood.

No one can know the sunsets
O'er that lake
Unless they paddle out
Along the golden path,
Watch the shining plaything disappear,
Surrounded by a host of rainbow clouds
Piled like fairy castles in the air;
See the golden gleam
Upon the water
Change to silver light;

And, looking back, find that night
Has come upon the land,
That fires have been kindled
Up and down the beach.
I tell of rivers, then—
Green and winding
With willow-shaded banks
Where lazy turtles, on protruding logs,
Bask themselves
In the calm, dull stillness
Underneath the sun;

Beside the stream, great fields,
Sunsorched and unshaded,
With foot-worn paths
Which lead to hidden springs,
Or far away to the sheltering wood.
I see that wood

Carpeted with ferns, and yellow violets,
With great, widespreading trees—
Beech, and sugar maple—
Tulips, tall and solitary;
Magic forest—with patterned sunlight,
Where birds are singing
And where children play.

Barbara Tracy '27

DON'T GO!

Don't go!
The rain is falling, and without
The wind is moaning.
Do stay here with me
Until the fire dies down,
And all the ruddy embers glow—
Don't go!

Don't go!
The waves are crashing on the pebbly beach;
The rushing whitecaps
Break against the wharf
And thunder so—
Don't go!

Don't go!
Put on another log of pine
And fasten tight the door
With this old twine;
It rattles so—
Don't go!

Barbara Tracy '27

POEM

To think that I who said that I was done
With love, should look and see you standing there,
Your face so fragile fair. How could I run
From such as you, your very eyes a prayer
For understanding and for tender care?

I said that I was done with love, and then
You came. And when I looked into your eyes,
I saw this was not torment come again,
For you were really Love, so tender, wise,
And not unrest masked in a different guise.

Louise E. Towne '28

PINE TREES

Oh, the pine trees with their sighing, their wailing, their
crying,
While o'er the skies are flying the clouds before the wind.
Oh, their low and graceful bowing, their soft and pleas-
ant sougning,
While the farmer boy is ploughing in the scented wind
of Spring.
But oh, their fitful screaming, their moaning, their keen-
ing,
When o'er the snowbanks gleaming runs out the cold
north wind.
In all the seasons flowing, their coming, their going,
From the reaping to the sowing, the pine trees love the
wind.

Jane Burger '31

forty-six

TO A CONSERVATIVE NEIGHBOR

You think my checkered curtains
Too frivolous and gay;
I watched you as you looked at them
And frowned, the other day—

The shutters on my house, you find,
Are much too bright a blue;
But I shall keep them as they are.
I like to bother you !

Loretta Roche '21

MY HIDING PLACE

Sh—big sister's going by,
Sh—that's Daddy whom I spy,
Sh—here comes the caller nigh
My hiding place and me !
Sh—if they should find me now,
They'd pull me out to make a bow,
And probably they'd ask me how
I happen here to be.
And I could never never tell
That I am Princess Clarabelle !
Because they'd laugh and say, "Well, well!"
And they would never see
That in this corner where I play
There is a castle grand and gay;
Oh, no ! they'd laugh at all I say,
My hiding place, and me !

Barbara Brooks '26

YOU

I have not done a task today
Of those I always do,
I walked no step upon my way
But that I thought of you.

I dreamed last night you came to me
Across the hills at dawn.
I ran to meet you joyously,
And woke to find you gone.

Alma Bennett '33

MY SOUL LOVES

Since I have come to love thee as I do,
My soul, as shallow as a lily-pond,
Soft-rippling with each breeze that came to woo,
Knowing not of depths that lay beyond,
Has broadened, deepened, fast become a sea,
A restless, ruffled sea of living soul
Swept by one wind, and endless love of thee,
To waves with thunderous, ever-swelling roll.

And yet it frightens me to love you so;
The depths of seas hold mystery and gloom,
Griefs the little pond will never know,
Lying shallow beneath its waxen bloom.
The pool forgets each breeze that ripples by:
The sea, its one wind gone, can only sigh.

Muriel M. Schlosberg '33

forty-eight

LOVE CAME TO ME

Love came to me in Springtime
And would not go away.
It flew in at my window wide
Just at the dawn of day.
A bluebird gayly heralded it
And sang his sweetest song,
And love, it stayed and lived with me
Through all the summer long.

Love left me in the Autumn
With the falling of the leaves
And only left a snowbird
To see how lost love grieves.
But Winter follows Autumn,
And after Winter, Spring,
Oh, Love, will you come back to me
When bluebirds come to sing?

Lorraine Ferris '26

THE DOVER ROAD

The Dover Road goes winding down
From London to the sea;
And pages from the royal crown
Must pass by those like me.

The merchants with their golden load
Have walked with beggary,
Along the dirt-brown Dover Road
From London to the sea.

Alma Bennett '33

TREASURE

I have a little wooden box with lizards on the lid,
With wooden eyes and wooden legs and wooden tails
amid;
Inside I keep a penny with a squashed-down Indian
face,
That I shall give the organ-man who lives No-Place.
I have a little temple-bell that traveled from Siam;
It smells of rice and coffee-beans and huckleberry jam;
It twinkles and it tinkles in its jerky, perky way,
As it tinkled and it twinkled in the temple every day.
I have a little silver pipe that will not blow at all;
My uncle sent it from abroad when I was very small;
He never came again and people say that he is dead.
(Yet sometimes I can feel him in the dark beside my bed.)
These constitute my treasures—but the one I love the
best
Is the little wooden box with lizards on its crest,
Where waits that patient penny with the squashed-down
Indian face,
That I shall give the organ-man who lives No-Place.

Margaret Marvin, ex '31

A PORTRAIT

The night descends with velvet black,
Illumined but with moon and stars.
A face stands out in sharp relief
With shadows crossing it like bars,
Like bars of dark and sinister tone,
Concealing, yet revealing much.
The shade is drawn—the face is gone.
I hear the pounding of a crutch.

Louise E. Towne '28

SONNET

You sit there with a hand across your eyes—
Along the wrist the veins stand high and blue;
Forehead and cheek are shadowed symmetries
In clouded ivory that is not flesh of you.
You sit there like the image carved in stone
That from cold height looks down yet never sees
Him who adores. Once mutable, you have grown
Immutable as Venus to Praxiteles.
Have you forgotten that my hair you found
Soft to the fingers, that inevitably
The farther edge of laughter merged with sound
Of silent, nameless weeping inwardly?
Betray no pulse, nor move your lovely head
Until I go in peace, thinking you dead.

Mary Q. Hess '31

LOVE

Love is a shining, vital thing,
A dream's hope, and a whispering
Of chords that tremble and shimmer and sing,
Setting the heart all afire.

And love is a subtle, moving power,
A half tone in the twilight hour,
A tear, or a smile; a fairy's caress,
Benediction—happiness.

And love has healing, and love is wise;
And love has tender, happy eyes—
For love is a shining, vital thing,
A dreams' hope, and a whispering.

Elizabeth W. Damerel '26

AUTUMN

The time has come to light my garden's pyre
Of dry, dead grass, and sticks, and fallen leaves
That snap and crackle as the bright flame weaves
From pile to pile. Higher and ever higher
The blue smoke towers. I can never tire
Of this October rite. The pungent smell
Of burning leaves, the ruddy glow, a spell
Lays on my heart and sets my blood on fire.
The laughing flame will pass, and in its place
The icy whiteness of the snow will shine.
My garden, as in death, will sleep a space
To wake again in beauty more divine
Than decked the Phoenix, which, in days of old,
Though burned to ashes, gleamed more brightly gold.

Anna Buck, ex '28

WANDERLUST

"I ride by night," the traveler said,
"And save much time that way."
"But, oh, the loveliness," I thought,
"For those who ride by day."

The train winds up a gray-blue hill
And over trackless downs;
It runs beside a wayward brook,
And stops at little towns.

At last at night it comes to rest
Within the city's gate,
Where you, my dear, will welcome me.
Speed, train, lest we be late!

Anonymous '20

fifty-two

LULLABY

How would you like to sail away—
 High, high,
 Through the soft dark sky,
Up to the land where the star-sprites play
Twinkle-wink, in the Milky Way—
 In the Land of Lullaby?

You'll sail along on a purple sea—
 Slow, slow,
 While the breezes blow
Gentle kisses of love to thee,
Breaths of fragrance from flower and tree
 Wafted to and fro.

The Man-in-the-Moon will wink and smile—
 Sly, sly,
 With his great round eye
Twinkling at you in his friendly style,
Coaxing you just to stay awhile
 In the Land of Lullaby.

You may sail all night on the purple sea—
 Far, far,
 Till the Morning Star
Guides my precious one back to me
Just as the Sun-king, drowsily,
 Rises beyond the bar.

So, my pretty one, sail away—
 High, high,
 Through the soft dark sky,
Up to the land where the star-sprites play—
But come back to me at the peep of day
 From the Land of Lullaby.

Emily W. Koehler '27

THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

From distant countries, one by one, they came,
Their only guide a star—the Star of Fame.
It led them to the manger of the King
Surrounded by sweet angels, who did sing,
“Glory to God, and peace on earth to men”—
The message of the Star of Bethlehem !

The rich and poor alike, come one and all
To kneel and worship in the lowly stall;
They gazed enraptured at the lovely Child
Who looked on them with peace and mercy mild.
And there His starry eyes conveyed to men
The message of the Star of Bethlehem !

The Child grew up; He grew in wondrous ways
And growing merited both love and praise.
Beloved by all, their eyes would dim with joy
When to their humble homes would come the Boy.
Such was His life, portraying to all men
The message of the Star of Bethlehem !

Where'er He went, there gathered crowds who came
To hear Him and be healed—both sick and lame—
In deeds of kindness all His days were passed;
He lived a glorious life unto the last,
Exemplifying by His death, to men,
The message of the Star of Bethlehem !

He is not dead; His spirit still doth live
In heart of him who can in kindness give
To aid a suff'ring brother; who can rise
Above life's petty trials and jealousies.
Thus lives unheralded in hearts of men
The message of the Star of Bethlehem !

Oh may the world be clothed in robes of peace !
May all strife end, and pain and sorrow cease !
May all hearts join and make the echoes ring,
Singing with love as did the angels sing,
"Glory to God, and peace on earth to men"—
The message of the Star of Bethlehem !

Margaret K. Fowler, ex '26

GYPSY SONG

I have loved the wind and the sweeping tide of the sea;
I have followed the gypsy road to the doors of the setting sun;
I have camped by the star-flecked pool of the midnight sky
And known the romance of camp-fire and song when day was done.

Must I sit by the fire, here meekly to spin,
Content with what life so niggardly spares—
Uneven achievement and small household cares—
I who with wind and sea am kin?

I have felt the wild joy 'mid the beating wings of the storm;
I have danced to the song of the Spring as only a gypsy could dance;
Keeping the trail, I have followed the long white road
Jesting with Destiny, and true to the call of Romance.

How can I stay here, singing and spinning,
When my wandering heart ever bids me away
To follow the gypsy trail to the sunset
With laughing Spring winds and the blue skies of May?

Anna Lundgren '28

CYCLE

The summer things are gone, and they will not come back.

You have called to them, but they will not answer.

You want them—those beautiful summer things—but they will not come back.

The scent of flowers hanging softly in the summer air.
Locusts and crickets chirping and droning a buzzing medley.

Stars so low that long fingers might pull them from the spotted sky.

A street of silver sequins bridging the sheaf of shining river from the low-riding moon to the still, black figure which is you.

A giant oak lifting fingers of wondering praise into the silver stillness of the sky.

The cool of summer evening soothing your uplifted face with fine fingertips of little breezes.

And then—Love.

Love that makes the peace in your soul;

Love that will never die;

Love that fills your being with singing;

Love that is yours, and yours.

These are the beautiful things that are gone from you.

Will you never return, beautiful things?

Then tell me where you are, and why you will not come back.

"We flowers are dead now. We lived for beauty and for love. Today we are husks and stalks of hideous ugliness—insults to the earth that bore us.

Yes, we loved life and beauty once—but we are dead.

How shall we come back to you?"

"Even we happy insects are dead. Life that is cold and drab and ugly is not for us—and so we die."

"We stars are far away from you. Once we came to you and you would not take us from the sky with your long fingers. Now we hang high in the sky, proud and disdainful stars. You passed us by once, but now, nevermore!"

"I am the low-riding moon with her train of silver sequins. You shall never see my silver sequins, more. Once I stooped to kiss you with my silver lips, but now I am far away from your bare, bleak earth. I am soft, and warm, and lovely; but I am not for you."

"And I, the giant oak tree, am stripped and bared—my arms no longer lift in wonder and in praise—I curse and revile the things I see—for what is Life that it should kill my beauty and leave but the anguish of an empty, life-loving soul? I, too, am dead."

"I am the cool summer breezes. Now winter has come, and I will beat you and buffet you with my strong flailing arms. I am strong and cruel, and I am heartless. I am the North Wind—and I will beat you."

"And I, Love, am also dead. You killed me. You loved Beauty—but you forgot Soul. Once you said two little words that withered up my heart—and you, Other One, you would not speak—and so I died. You were bitter—and hate grew in your heart. How can I return to you? For you have killed me."

And yet—today I heard a robin sing.

And at evening I saw that the stars were low.

And I knew that a long-fingered man might reach them.

Henrietta L. Owens '28

FOREST CATHEDRAL—BOLLESWOOD

Tall pines and lanes between,
Like some old pagan temple, where the wind
Makes quieting music, where a fragrance steals
As if from unseen censers through the aisles
Of arching boughs; and like a benediction
There falls strange peace. For years have stood these trees
Breathing their sermons; untold centuries
Have known these ancient, mossgrown rocks and heard
The far-off murmuring of the woodland brook;
And every breeze in all its wandering
Has gathered thoughts, and coming here to rest
Has left them hidden deep within the cones
And needles on the ground, or safely locked
Within the changeless heart of every tree.
Here is a place for meditation, for that
Blest solitude, where every bough breathes peace.

Anna Lundgren '28

A PRAYER

Please Lord, bestow on me
Eyes that will be as clear
As sunlight on deep pools;
Thoughts untinged by fear
And clean as March winds;
Mind, a stranger to little sins,
Peaceful and calm as the sky
On a Sunday in June;
Vision as boundless as the sea.
Please Lord, grant these to me.

Margaret K. Hazlewood '32

fifty-eight

OUR HILL

The past four years, while we've been living here,
In mind and soul and body have we grown;
Our hill to us is more than ever dear,
Now we must leave it and go on alone.
To it we brought young hearts and grave intent,
A loyalty that grew as years passed by;
We've given, too, a love that won't be spent
Until the end when, finally, we die.
To us it gave clear, understanding hearts,
Stability of purpose, love of truth,
Faith that will guide us through life's busy marts;
More than an interlude of carefree youth.
So now, 'though four years are too quickly gone,
Within our hearts they ever will live on.

Margaret M. (Sunny) Ray '33

IMAGE

You are the swaying of long flames
From tall white candles
Standing in a silent room
Before a shadowy mirror
Of old gold.

Loretta Roche '21

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.

Anna Lundgren '28

SEA POOL

The hour is noon, and a girl
Climbs over barnacled rocks
Without a shadow.
At the edge
She makes no noise,
But cautiously leans over the pool.
A jellyfish gestures
And moves along.
A hermit-crab,
Ridiculous with his plumage of shells,
Travels a little.
The marine foliage is perfectly still,
And she wonders where the surface is,
Till a mollusk
Plops in
From a dried rock.

Constance Noble, ex '27

AMBITION

Why must we leave our chrysalis
Alone our wings to try?
I'd rather live a sheltered worm,
Than die a butterfly.

Floyda A. Needham '36

POEM

When I go down
I vow that it shall be
As a poplar goes down—
Suddenly and bravely in a storm,
Its leaves fluttering silver
And shuddering silver—
(But never a shudder in the branches,
Only the flutter and shudder of silver leaves,
As the poplar goes.)
When I go down
I vow that it shall be
As a sharp snap
And a bitter twist—
(But never a shiver in the branches,
Only the flutter and shudder of silver leaves.)

Mary F. Scott '32

TO SEE THE HILLS ONCE MORE

To see the hills once more would be to see
The goal of my desires, my heart's one home.
To breathe that high, cool air would be to breathe
New life, new hope, new happiness again.

To breast the mountain winds, to wade the streams,
To find deep sleep beneath the sheltering pines
Would be a sweet renewal of the peace
That once was mine, and all I ever loved.

Floyda A. Needham '36

