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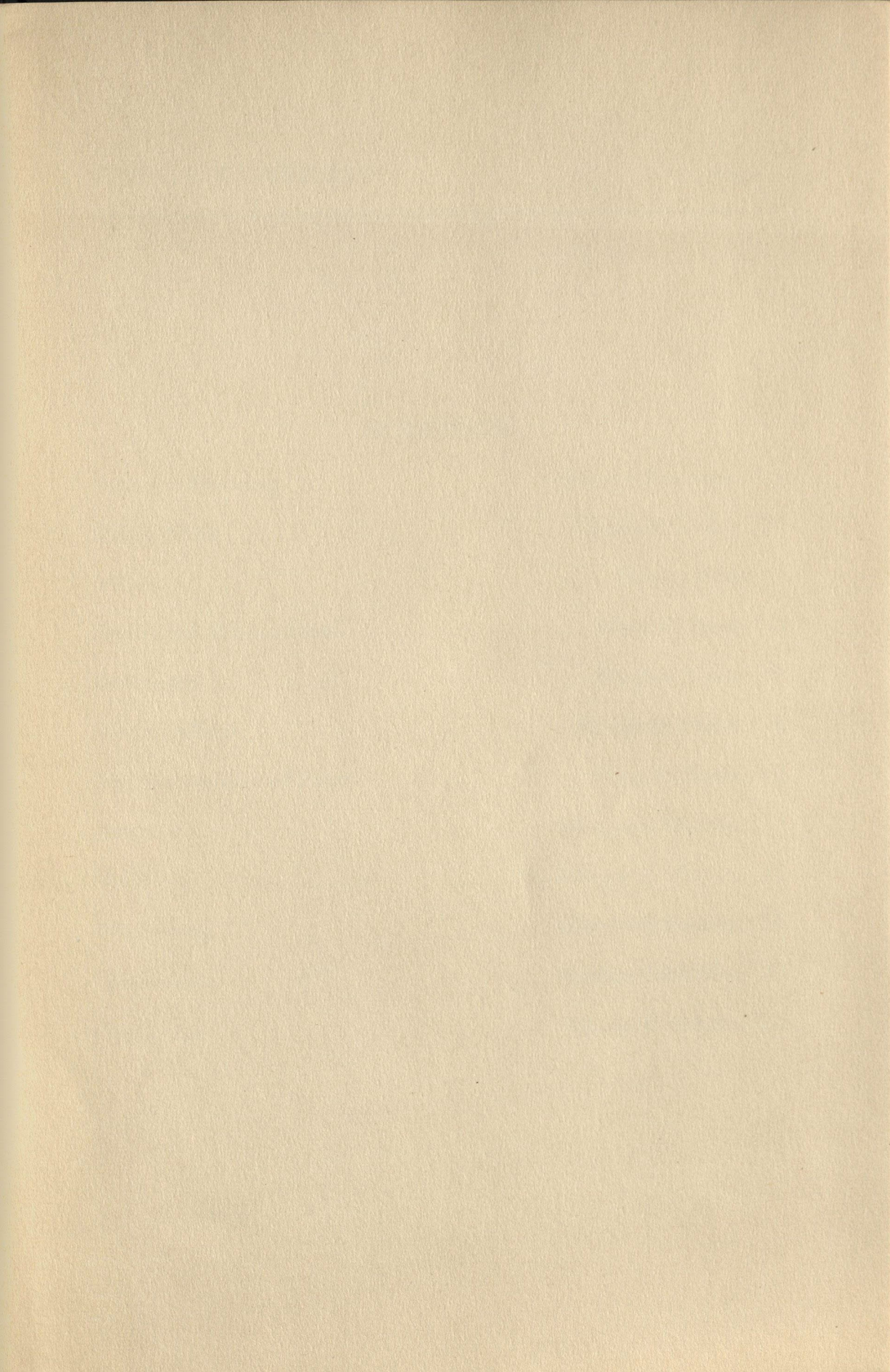
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QUARTERLY

November

1928

CONNEDMUM
COLLEGE



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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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AUTUMN MORNING

At last the summertime has sped
And left adventurous autumn in her stead.
About, the misty-blue of gentians glows,
And a half-seen wistful zephyr blows
From burning leaves, smoke-wraiths about her head.
Beneath her feet, there stretches toward the hills
The black, brocaded ribbon of the road,
Patterned with golden leaves the rain has sewed
In a tracery of happy hours. As she wills
Pixie autumn every wanderers' dream fulfils.

Muriel Kendrick, '29

DUMB-SHOW

SHE was a very rude young lady. Everybody said so—and of course when you want the truth of anything you have only to go to Everybody whom you will always find on tiptoe to enlighten you.

She (our heroine, I mean. Her name was Genevieve, and whoever heard of a heroine with such a long name? Much better to call her "she—") she always maintained that part of her rudeness came from being nicknamed Jennie when she was a very young lady, but mostly it was just that if she thought of something she had to say it. And strangely enough they (they being Everybody, you know) they inexplicably called it "being rude!"

And furthermore, people thought it inexcusable when diminutive young ladies with, say, not more than eleven small freckles across wee tip-tilted noses were rude. Persons with not more than eleven freckles, but at least that many, should remain meek and lowly in the face of such a handicap. (Which might be made a pun but had better be ignored.)

Yet surely that small scattering of really delicious freckles could be overlooked when it was accompanied by a fascinatingly rouged mouth that wasn't still a minute so busy was it dimpling and smiling or even opening in a laugh to disclose what her friends had called cunning little teeth—so perfect! And when you saw her eyes you forgot the freckles completely, for of all the twinkling, saucily provoking, long lashed brown eyes to be found anywhere, certainly her's were the loveliest.

In short, there was something about her, the men said. And the women said, well but, my dear, her features (imagine calling anything so entrancing as Genevieve's eyes and nose and mouth "features!") her features, my dear, are not Regular! As though that were a queen they worshipped and were resolved to worship to their various ends.

But nobody could deny the loveliness of Genevieve's hair. Wavy, silky, golden-glinting brown that men always wanted to put their cheeks against.

And yet she was sometimes very rude! Quite the rudest person Bobby had ever met, he thought—and quite the most fascinating. For after all, anybody with eyes like her's! From which you can see that after a houseparty and a summer at the shore in her company, Bobby—who signed his checks Robert Lansing Bell, with the "t" vigorously crossed and an emphatic flourish after the "l's"—was a trifle prejudiced. (Everybody thought so.)

And Genevieve wasn't quite sure what she thought of Bobby so she always avenged herself for the ignominy of her indecision, especially after a particularly melting moonlight evening spent on the rocks, by—being rude.

But now—! Of course, as Bobby told himself, it wasn't so bad when she only got unmannerly about the violence of the stripes in one's tie, or about the way one topped one's mashie shots, but this, well, if she meant it—Angrily he started to tear the letter across and then stopped to turn it over as if to make sure he had read aright. "Why do you bore me?" If that's the case—A jerk, and the letter lay scattered on the floor. He stood looking down at it. Then, quite unreasonably, he knelt down and gathered up the fragments and tucked them away.

It was the end, of course. Bobby's chin elevated itself several degrees. His look of determination became a little grim. You couldn't very well hope to marry "until death do us part" anybody whom you bored at the very beginning. And he had thought that they'd really hit it off no end. He'd never been bored. He'd liked everything she said. He thought he could have lived with her happily if she only dimpled and never said a word. He wouldn't have been bored. Could that have been why she was rude to him? Because he bored her? And the look of grimness turned to one of bewilderment. He didn't understand.

Genevieve was bewildered too. No answer to her letter. It was he who had wanted to write after that summer at the beach. He'd never minded other things she'd said to him. Hadn't he understood what was so painfully clear, she thought. Why, that she liked him so much that she sought protection in rudeness. Didn't he know he was the most interesting man she'd ever met? He must. Then was it just that he was tired of her? That was it, of course.

And the brown head drooped, and the brown eyes that had twinkled so bravely at the postman who might bear the letter, tried to turn resolutely away at his ring.

She'd been rude—and men did so like conventionality. Very well, she would be demure and lady like, and not apologize for fear he would think her forward. She would pretend there never was a Bobby. Oh, yes, she would!

So when other men came to call, and asked her out, she played the gracious martyr. Her dimples were not so twinkling as before, and she sometimes lapsed into long silences as she danced. Still she couldn't have been trying to substitute the vision of a stalwart young man, with the merest glint of red in his cropped hair for her blond partner because of course she was quite resolved to dismiss Bobby from her mind. Oh quite!

And as for Bobby, when he absentmindedly drew sketches and traced a name on his menu these had nothing to do with Genevieve. Certainly not, because he bored her and it was all off. That was settled long ago. Besides he was a great deal too busy to think about women. A man had his work to see to. He couldn't be bothered. Bothered!

It's queer how quickly time passes even when two people are very laboriously forgetting. Rather a problem, that of putting the most momentous three months of your life completely out of your mind. Funny how things do bob up disconcertingly to remind you that there was a time—

One day when the world seemed particularly barren and life particularly futile, Genevieve got herself engaged to the one man of all those she knew the least like Bobby. (Which was an extremely unethical act for a small young person who had heretofore played her game straight.)

It brought her to a standstill. If she couldn't bear his caresses now, what about later? And then, because she could not pretend any longer and she must know if, by any special Providence, she could go back and pick up the thing she had crushed and somehow make it whole again, she drove slowly out to the country club, Bobby would probably be there, she reflected, topping his mashie shots as usual.

She went, a little hesitant, and yet determined, to Bobby at the seventh tee—he was topping them!

"Bobby," she said, meeting his quizzical look quite bravely, "you know, I think you—you almost might like me now. I—I'm 'most never rude."

And there's a nice bit of a "pome" that goes

"Last seen

Wandering idly

Quite of their own accord—" Only

this time it should end—"house hunting!"

Elizabeth Utley, '30

O, I've loved for a year, and I've loved for a day,
And which of the two I shall love alway
Remains with the gods, not my heart, to say.
For the love of a year and the love of a day
Were both of the spirit, both of the clay,
The laughter of Autumn, the tear drops of May.

Bianca Ryley, '30

Is this knowledge?
To prow! in dry and dusty tomes,
Until the back is hunched and bent,
Each weary movement made with groans
Prayers to the God of learning sent.
The mind a mass of sodden facts
That breed and propagate shrewd thoughts,
But not a single kindly act,
A mesh where only words are caught.

Bianca Ryley, '30

WORDS FROM ONE WHO IS DEAD

(written to the wife of a friend after his death)

Oh softly . . . softly . . .
 Let me steal upon you
 Some pale night
 In the old familiar way.
 Let me but consider
 Once again
 Star light on your hair
 Your slow, attentive smile
 Your eyes turned toward the moon.
 Fearful, fanciful,
 Let me but consider
 With my lips
 Upon your footprints in the sand
 The wonder of your life;
 But do not breathe my name again
 Oh softly . . . softly . . . Remember,
 I am dead.

Mary F. Scott, '32

RESTAURANT

MIRRORS lining the walls splashed with white printing—Ham and Egg Special—forty-five cents—Steak and French Frieds, one dollar—, strips of fly paper curling from the red and green fringed lamps in the ceiling, a player piano at the back of the room jangling out a tune, from the table behind us, a man singing in an undertone—"I Can't give you Anything but Love, Baby—" It was that kind of restaurant.

They entered in the midst of a terrific clatter of dishes from the unseen kitchen. "One lamb chop and peas—No, make it two!" the waiter in the dirty apron was bellowing through the little window behind the counter of stale pies and gigantic cream puffs. But neither of them seemed aware of their surroundings as they entered quietly and sat down at the table across from me. Ordinary-looking

people though they were, they inexplicably gave the impression of being in the grip of an intense emotion. Their faces were calm, almost mask-like. They seated themselves naturally. They ordered a large dinner as though they were there solely for the purpose of eating. And yet, there was something undecipherable—in the pose of their heads, perhaps, or the gesture of their hands—an underlying tenseness, a sternly controlled nervousness, a spark waiting to flare up. I watched them closely.

He was tall and thin with a bony face, all bony nose and bony, protruding cheeks—hollows around his thin mouth—a jutting chin. He wore a checked suit with an air of extreme nattiness, carried a cane with a suggestion of carelessness, threw a slightly battered derby onto the hook above the table with an airy gesture. And always he looked at her narrowly, with contemplative eyes, admiringly, or hatefully—I could not tell which.

She was dark and thin—scrawny, almost. She slid, all angles, into her seat, and put pointed elbows, thin arms, on the once-white tablecloth. Her hair was dyed red—there were traces of black even in the stray locks showing under her black lace hat. Her eyes were very black and empty, her skin dull, heavy white. She wet her lips now and then, and plucked at a loose thread of the cloth. And though I could see an almost imperceptible wincing in her thin body, she kept her empty eyes on his, and tried to smile scornfully.

I wondered. None of the old hackneyed plots seemed to fit them. There was nothing startling there, no raised voices, no obvious passion. The waiter staggered up, piled thick china before them, poured water into heavy tumblers, dashed off to the next table. They began to eat slowly, chewing carefully, swallowing as if the food must be swallowed. And all the time their glances were locked, his coldly scrutinizing, hers held there by an evident effort. All the time they did not speak, only stared. All the time the fingers of her left hand plucked at the thread of the tablecloth or fumbled in her lap. Moment by moment her eyes grew more empty, his more filled with passion. The strained current between them seemed to tense itself, hardened. Once she gave a little whimper and then braced her clenched fist across her mouth. The knuckles were white.

Only then did his narrow eyes gleam with what I could not tell.

Bit by bit they emptied their dishes, with eyes still on each other. So, I thought, they will finish—and go out—and I will never know. One more crumb on her plate—one more drop of coffee in his nicked cup. And then, as he raised the cup to his lips, still watching, the spark flamed. Her eyes did not change their dull emptiness. Her face was still motionless with only a quiver underneath the tight muscles. But she sprang to her feet with a little cry and shoved back the table with all the strength in her scrawny arms. Everyone in the restaurant turned. There was something electric in the smoky air. As if she were letting out with that one dash of her arm, everything dammed up in her thin body behind her dull eyes, she swept the cloth piled high with dishes to the floor. Crash of china on dirty wood,—bits of glass in the middle of the room—a little stream of water trickling around her feet—open mouths and staring eyes—she looked calmly, matter-of-factly at them all, and walked out of the door.

I grabbed my coat and hurried out after her. I wanted a last glimpse of her strange figure, but she had gone. As I closed the door behind me, I heard his voice for the first time, arguing violently with an irate waiter. "Tha Hell I'll pay!" he was shouting—"She's nothin' to me, I tell you—She's nothin' to me—"

Eleanor Tyler, '30

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, '30

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PETER

WHAT of Peter Pan? Oh he sits chortling in a tree-top, curling his toes in the dull warmth of fireflies, and laughing moonlight into himself. He crows so much more brightly than the moon shines that all the gay little faces of the fairies reflect it—and should any mortal passerby happen to gaze upward, he might well believe that swaying branches had swept down a spoonful of stars.

At night he sails the blue lagoon in a rest; and the mermaids, seeing Michael's night-shirt (still being used as a sail, you know) puffing and sagging whitely against the dark, come sliding lazily up through the water, flipping their gorgeous tails and singing (with the gentle sound of glass struck in an old purple church)

"Peter — — — — Peter — — — — Peter."

But does any one know of the great loves of Peter? Little did the fairies see as he lay on his back singing tunes that you too sang, very likely, when you were new and didn't know of singing. But it was then that he was singing to his loves——singing away the tightness of his heart, (which he felt sure was too big for him).

Once it was a small, round, undisturbed robin that had fallen from his perambulator unnoticed. And for weeks Peter kept him in a warm, brown, leafy bed and sang him to sleep with warm, brown, leafy songs.

Then there was a firefly whose light had gone out. And though Peter tugged and tugged and screwed and screwed he had to give it up. All that night he sang so mournful a song that the fairies sobbed off in large armies to find new daisy-petals for hankies. And after that one might have seen Peter leading the poor creature home at night to bed, and tucking his toes in.

Once Peter loved a tree, a straight white tree standing on the edge of the lagoon. And as he sailed by it at night there was no song in him, for the tightness round his heart was stifling, (I think he really expected to die). Yes, he was always much more himself on the other side of the lagoon catching silver mermaid-scales in a butterfly-wing. . . But one night Peter awoke and found himself lying beside the tree. He decided that it wasn't so bad after

all. . . . and he stayed there wondering if those really were the stars that marched along through calm branches. Suddenly, a dead branch dropped upon his little throbbing chest, cutting, piercing, jagging down into the heart of him. After a moment he got up, feeling a trifle queer and dizzy, and crept to his little boat. He took down Michael's night-shirt (which was being used for a sail, you know) and wrapped himself in it that the fairies might never see.

Peter felt rather ill, and did not sail that night.

What of Peter Pan? Oh, he sits chortling in a tree top, curling his toes in the dull warmth of fireflies, and laughing moonlight into himself.

Mary F. Scott, '32

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 travelled 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 lizard 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, '31

I have a hole that I must try to sew.
 (I wonder how it could have come apart).
 I will be careful, that it may not show,
 Because, you see, the hole is in my heart.

Margaret Marvin, '31

THE RAVING

(with apologies to E. A. Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while we studied, weak and weary,
 Over many a curious paper handed down from years before—
 While we copied, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping at the bedroom door—
 ' 'Tis the proctor there,' I muttered, 'tapping at the bedroom door—
 Darn her—gosh she makes me sore.'

'Hey you kids, you're noisy, very, even though it's January
 And our mid-years fast are coming, coming in a week or more—
 Shut up, will you, or tomorrow, though it's greatly to my sorrow
 To have you think of me as narrow and to say I make you sore,
 In the Stu. G. box I'll have to place your names, though nothing
 more—

Sorry I am such a bore.'

'Pooh on her,' we all cried, softly—'her ideas are too darn lofty:
 Close the transom, shut the window, stuff the cracks up in the door.
 We'll make noise if we shall please to—come on, what good do her
 pleas do—

If she comes back let her squeeze through keyhole crack, but nothing more

Gee, I'll say she is a bore.'

So we talked on loudly, boldly, never dreaming then that coldly
 From her bed the Dean had risen and was walking to her door
 To our dorm to phone, inquiring whom we thought we were inspiring,

With our noise, to stay retiring till our reveling was o'er—
 Off to bed we crept desiring that the Dean should hear no more,
 And resolving, 'Nevermore.'

The price of reveling comes dearly—we are all quite dead or nearly
 Crazy from the sight of campus; though we beg and we implore
 That we may leave for just an hour—even a minute, but the dour
 Stu. G. council shows its power, and we wish as oft before
 That all revels at that hour we had left in days of yore,
 And our cry is, 'Nevermore!'

Elizabeth Bahney, '30

"REMEMBER?"

THE thoughts of Youth are long, long thoughts but at the time one doesn't realize it; one is kept so busy being very, very happy and, just occasionally, very, very sad that there isn't time to. It is only in later years as one looks back upon her childhood that she understands how deeply she then saw into the meaning of things, how deeply all children do.

As a child I took my reading very seriously—I think most little girls do. There are such fascinating little-girl books, endless series of them to be read and reread with breathless haste. Christmases and Birthdays and Special Occasions would always bring a new one or two to add to the set then the "favorite." When once acquired how nicely they looked lined up side by side in proper order on a white enamel book-shelf in a white and pink bedroom—a bedroom that had fluffy white curtains which the breeze used to flutter to beckon one to come out and play and pale pink walls which always put one in mind, lying in bed, of a strawberry soda.

There on the shelf they stood—"The Bobbsey Twins", "The Camp Fire Girls", "Grace Harlowe", and "The Little Colonel." Of all the books I became so well acquainted with and of all the characters I loved so well, it is only those in "The Little Colonel" that now live for me. Who, once having known Lloyd Sherman could ever quite forget her? To me it is like recalling the scent of Maytime appleblossoms in December to bring to mind these half-forgotten characters in all their sweetness and pervasiveness. "The Little Colonel" had golden blowsy hair and velvety brown eyes. Winsome and gay, lovable and serious, she seemed to me all any little girl could ever be. She had an adorable southern accent and an imperious southern manner and lived with "Mothah" and "Grandfathah" and "Papa-Jack" in the most fascinating old Kentucky homestead there ever was. "The Locusts" had high white pillars across its broad expanse and a long avenue lined with locust trees leading to the main highway. The trees had stood there for many generations and in the evenings used to whisper back and forth their memories of bygone days. Every spring when they burst into

bloom the air all around was filled with their sweetness and fragrance.

In the evening in the candle-lit drawing-room Lloyd would play upon the harp for "Grandfathah," the old Colonel. It was the very harp that Grandmother Amanthas used to play upon, Grandmother Amanthas who had come to "The Locusts" as a bride long ago. And as "The Little Colonel" sang the songs she used to sing, the locusts outside would rustle their leaves and sigh, "Amanthas, Amanthas"—

It was down this avenue that Lloyd used to race swift as the wind on Tarbaby (oh, perfect name for a little horse all one's own!) and Bobby raced with her. Bobby was a species of little-boy I had never met. He was the ideal companion and chum, admiring yet himself admirable, daring and unafraid yet never boisterous.

"The Little Colonel" was going to have a houseparty and have as her guests the daughters of three of her mother's school friends. So the invitations went out—"one went east and one went west and one went into the cuckoo's nest". The three girls came, as different as ever environment could make girls. They became good friends, Joyce, Eugenia, Betty, and Lloyd and all that summer "The Locusts" rustled and fluttered merrily in tune with the laughter and parties going on beneath them.

It was Betty, book-loving Betty, of the soft brown hair and sweetly serious brown eyes who told the story of "The Road of the Loving Heart". She had read of the white roadway the natives of Samoa built for Stevenson in memory of his countless kindnesses to them. This road had come to symbolize for her the road she would like to build in people's memories, a road white and gleaming that should stretch out behind her with never a blemish to mar its beautiful smooth surface. Betty was threatened with blindness as a result of measles and in her anguish at the thought of losing her sight, of becoming a care to all and so spoiling her lovely road, she told of this ideal she had wanted so badly to live up to. Little-girl stories must end happily and Betty's eyes were saved but the story impressed itself upon the children and they decided to form a club, as children will, with "The Road of the Loving Heart" as their motto. Papa-Jack bought them rings inscribed inside with the

words. They set about enthusiastically to live up to their motto in big spectacular ways like presenting a benefit play for a poor boy and in lesser ways, like being daily more thoughtful and considerate. Another little girl in real life set about just as enthusiastically to live up to this ideal. She kept at it for quite a while, then she, too, let it fade into a dim and most forgotten memory.

There was another story that played an important part in the shaping of the lives of "The Little Colonel" and her friends, the story of "The Three Weavers". The Weavers were in reality three Ladies of Shalott who sat before their mirrors of life and wove mantles to be gifts for their Princes when they should come riding by for them. Every time the thread was cut, however, the mantle grew smaller and smaller and so it was very essential not to mistake one's Prince and cut the thread for any but the right man.

It was a story whose implications were only vaguely sensed by the little girl in real life. She understood that Life was to be something of her own shaping and it could be glorious and beautiful or somehow cheap and unmeaningful. And someday a Prince would come riding by would come riding by to share with her this life she had striven to make so beautiful and fair—

Idealistic? Of course,—all little girls are idealistic, and little boys too, I suppose, even when they're tumbling about with joyous laughter on their lips. Children are born with the assurance that the great, the noble, the fine and beautiful are theirs for the seeking—it is only Life that makes them forget.

Adeline McMiller, '29

PINE TREES

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

Muriel Kendrick, '29

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