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# QUARTERLY

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Volume X

1931

Number 2

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*APRIL*

CONNECTICUT  
COLLEGE



*In submitting this issue of Quarterly to the public eye, we, its humble editors, wish to prefix a few comments of explanation. In view of the paucity of contribution during this season we have determined to publish work perhaps not entirely satisfactory to the demands of our taste. We do so with some qualms of apprehension; yet we feel that a representative number may be to some advantage in bringing to light the conditions of our field of literary endeavor. It is not our intention that our dissatisfaction should antagonize favorable critics; rather, we hope that this material may discover approval in judgments superior to ours.*

*Respectfully,*  
THE EDITORS.



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Students and Alumnae are urged to contribute. All articles should be addressed to the Editor of the Connecticut College Quarterly, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut. Terms: \$.40 a year; \$.10 the copy.



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## UNHEARD MELODIES

I HAVE known Joseph Wilson for a long time. He has worked at the silk counter of Reid and Mitchell's for as long as I can remember. I've still got a dress that he sold me the goods for when I was first married—lavender, with a little black and white figure in it. He has wonderful taste. If you don't see what you want on the counter, he'll bring out something that will just about suit. I've always loved to see him working. He measures out the cloth just so, and slits it up with his scissors in half a second. When I cut cloth straight it takes me a long time. He's always pleasant, too—calls the married ladies "madam," and the young ones "miss." He's not like most clerks nowadays.

Well, as I was saying, I've known him for a long time, and five years ago he came to room with us. My husband was getting on, and he had to give up his job in the cutlery and take one as night-watchman at the woolen-mill. Helen was still in high school then, and not earning anything, except sometimes taking care of the neighbors' babies, and so I thought it would be a good idea to take a roomer. Since Isabel was married we had had an extra room going to waste. And so one day when I was talking to Mr. Wilson in the store (we get quite chatty sometimes—he's so pleasant to talk to) he happened to mention that he was thinking of changing his rooming place. The neighborhood was getting rough, and his landlady's daughter had two young children that were noisy. So I asked whether he thought he'd like living with us. Our house is in a nice street, quiet anyway, and pretty, and all the people are respectable to say the least. And he said, well, he'd come and look at it. He was sure his surroundings and his housemates would be pleasant anyway. And I said, "Land knows it'll be quiet enough, with Jim out to work at eight o'clock, and Helen either upstairs doing her home-work, or out to a movie with a boy." Well, he came and looked at the room, and a week later he moved in. He had lots of nice things. I suppose, not having any real home, he wanted his room as comfortable as possible. He had a lot of books, mostly all poetry, but there were some novels and some travel books. The travel books looked good to me, and sometimes I used to take one out and look at the pictures when I was cleaning the room. They were all about England, and had pictures of castles, and churches, and sweet little cottages. I'm not much of a hand to read, but I kept thinking I'd ask Mr. Wilson if I could take one of them sometime to read. On his walls he had lots of pictures, all of England, too. And he asked me for a table that he could put his dishes on. He had lots of nice china that I would have given my eye-teeth for if it had matched. It was all from England, he said, and some of it was quite valuable. It seems kind of funny for a

man to have china that way, but he collected it just like boys collect stamps and things. It was his hobby. I didn't think he was English himself, and one day I asked him. He said, "No, I'm not English. That is, my family was a long time ago." And I said, "So was mine, but I thought you had lived there or something, you have so many English things, and he said, "No, I've never been there."

He was a good roomer, very quiet and tidy. He went out for all his meals, and in the evening he stayed in his room. He never came in late. I don't think he had any close friends. A man who clerks in a department store doesn't have much chance to make friends, and though he was so pleasant, he didn't seem very sociable. He hardly ever got any mail except from Akron, Ohio, and he told me that was from his uncle. I guess the uncle was the only relation he had. He never had anything to do with women, so far as I could see. I often wondered why he never got married. He was about forty-five when he came to live with us, and he was quite a fine-looking man—tall and spare, with grayish hair, and terribly neat. He always had to have his bath every single night, but he took it at nine thirty, so as not to disturb us with the water running late at night. He always washed out the tub after himself, and never left wet towels laying around the way some men do.

After my husband went to work in the evening I was always kind of lonely, especially after Helen went to train at the hospital and hardly ever got home. And I thought maybe he was lonely, too, all by himself in his room. So one night I made a cup of tea, and got out some of my hermits that I had made with lots of nuts, and went up and knocked on his door. He opened it, and he was wearing some kind of a bath-robe made out of heavy black silk over his shirt and trousers. I'd never seen a man wearing a bath-robe like that before, but it looked quite nice. I asked him if he didn't want to come and have a cup of tea with me, because I never liked to eat alone, and he sort of hesitated a minute, and then said why yes, he'd be delighted. So he came down and I brought in the tea and cookies. I poured out the tea, and then I said in a real society voice, "Cream or lemon? There isn't anything but milk." He laughed as if that was a wonderful joke, and said he'd take milk. He liked the cookies, and ate quite a lot, and told me I was a real home-maker. When he was through he asked me if I minded if he smoked, and I said, "Lands, no. Anybody that's lived with Jim Turner's pipe for twenty-five years don't mind a little smoke." He took a little box of cigarettes out of his pocket. They were funny cigarettes, kind of an oval shape. I asked him what kind they were, and he said, "English Ovals." I said, "You like anything with the name English on it, don't you," and he said, "Yes."

I went over and sat in the leather chair with my darning, and he still sat in the straight chair at the table. So I said, "Come over here and take Jim's chair and be sociable and comfortable." So he did, and sat and talked to me about an hour.

After that he made it a habit to come and sit with me in the evening. It was real pleasant to have company while I did my mending, or just sat.

At first he used to say things about bothering me, or boring me, or taking up my time, but I said, "Pshaw, I've told you time and again that I like your company."

After a while I found out that he was different from most of the kind of men that work in stores. When he talked he usually said something. He didn't just talk about the price of silk, and the different kinds he'd got in, or anything like that, the way you'd expect him to. He finally got so that he told me that his one ambition was to go to England. "It's the most wonderful place in the world, Mrs. Turner," he said, "and I've got to see it before I die."

"England's all right," I said, "but I should think you'd want to go somewhere like Spain or Italy, where it's warm and romantic, and the girls are pretty."

"Yes, of course, Spain and Italy are all right," he said. "But they're so obvious. England's beauty is subtle. And I wouldn't go for the girls."

"You're a woman-hater, aren't you?" I said, sort of laughing.

And he said, "No. There used to be a girl once . . . I never tell people about her. But I'll tell you. She was beautiful. She looked like a Rossetti picture." I looked sort of puzzled, I guess, so he said, "All Rossetti's women are tall, and very slender, with beautiful firm features. She was like that. She was as tall as I am, and so slender you could hardly believe it. Her flesh looked as if it had been molded on by a sculptor. She had dark, sort of cloudy hair, and dark green eyes, and a beautiful mouth—full, with red lips. And girls didn't use lipstick then." He stopped talking, as if he were looking at her again. "She was a serious kind of a girl—she didn't care much for dances and shows and noisy parties. Most of the time we used to go walking in the evening. The streets would be still and dim, and the shadows of the trees would be deep, and we would talk in low voices, or sometimes not say anything at all."

He didn't say any more. He didn't tell me whether she died, or whether they broke up, or just why they didn't get married.

Then he got so he used to read poetry to me. He had a real pleasant voice, and I liked to hear the poetry. Lots of times I didn't bother to get the sense, but just listened to the music. I was sorry that I hadn't read much poetry myself, but I just never seemed to get the time.

"Mrs. Turner," he would say, "the whole of England is embodied in her poetry. It is better than a guidebook. Listen to this:

'Good hap to the fierce fresh weather  
The quiver and beat of the sea.'

The quiver and beat of the sea! Can't you just see the coast of Cornwall, the black rocks, and the stormy sea, the strong sea, and the smell of the salt?"

He used to read me a lot of the poet Keats. "There are nightingales in England," he said one time, and then he read me "The Ode to the Nightingale." He read me "The Ode on the Grecian Urn," too, and I remembered that we had had that in school. I always liked the part,

'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.'

Seeing I was familiar with that part, I asked him if he didn't think that was so, just to show I wasn't completely ignorant. And he said, "No, Mrs. Turner, I don't think so. That's a poet's idealism. I want to hear my tunes." And then he went on and read me something else.

He used to read English novels a lot, too, "Give me an English novel any time," he'd say. "None of your blatant, crude, realistic American novels for me. The pictures you can get from English novels—little, drowsing villages with shadowed cathedrals in them—mild narrow English rivers flowing through fields covered with primroses and cowslips—There is peace and beauty and tranquility."

A poem he used to read most was one called "Grantchester" written by a handsome young poet that was killed in the war. It went on about this river that was near his home, and lying down in the fields and watching the blue sky, and ended with

"Oh, stands the church clock at ten to three,  
And is there honey still for tea?"

Mr. Wilson hankered to have afternoon tea, though he couldn't, his working-hours being what they were. "It's an extremely healthful practice," he used to say. "The stretch between dinner and supper is too long. We are all fatigued about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. A cup of tea would do us all good."

But I knew that he wasn't much of an eater, and just wanted afternoon tea because they had it in England.

Well, it went on that way for a long time, and I could see more and more that his one idea was to go to England. That was the only thing he cared about. Lots of times I thought he was a little crazy on the subject, but it was better he should be crazy about that than about poker or racing or something. And after all, he didn't have anything else to take up his

mind. Sometimes I used to say, "Why don't you give up your job and go to England." I knew he must have quite a lot saved up. He made a pretty good wage, and he never spent anything except for food and clothes and his china, and sometimes books. But he'd say, "I'm getting along, Mrs. Turner, and I can't work forever. What I've got put away I'll have to use to support me in my old age."

Well, one day a letter came from Akron, and it wasn't from his uncle. It had the name of some lawyer's firm printed on it. I was sort of curious about it, but I knew that if it was anything important he'd tell me about it. He came in from his supper that night, and stopped in the hall, and I figured he was taking the letter. He went up to his room, and pretty soon he came down and called my name. "Mrs. Turner," he said, "where are you?" "Here—in the kitchen," I said. I was doing the dishes. He came in a hurry, and he was all excited. "Mrs. Turner," he said, "my uncle in Akron has died."

"Well," I said, "that's too bad. Was it much of a blow?"

"No—not exactly. He was pretty old. But listen to this. He's left me five thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars."

We both looked at each other, and we were both thinking the same thing. "Now you can go to England," I said.

"Yes," he said, "Now I can go to England. Bless Uncle Albert. You know, I never knew him very well, but I enjoyed writing letters to him. I'm sorry he's dead. But now I can go to England."

After that he began to collect all kinds of steamship folders and things about travelling, and he'd bring them down in the evening, and we'd look over them together. I got so I wished I was going to England too. Some of the rates were real cheap, and some were sky high.

"I shall go third class," he said. "Then I'll have more to spend in England. I don't care about mixing with the wealthy class, or having wonderful food on the way over, or anything like that. I just want to be there."

I asked him when he was planning to go. It was April then. "Well," he said, "the place will be full of tourists in the summer. I don't want to go with the mob. I guess I'll wait till fall."

"Isn't it cold in England in the winter?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, but not so cold as here, so what does it matter?"

It got to be May, and June, and July, and August, and still he hadn't done anything about going to England. I asked him when he was going to quit his job. "Won't you need about a month to get ready?" I asked him. It was about the last of August then. "Hadn't you better stop work pretty soon?"

"I hate to just now, with the new fall goods coming in and all," he said.

It got to be the first of October. He hadn't said anything about steamship rates or passports for a long while. I was getting disgusted with him. I would have thought his uncle hadn't really left him anything if I hadn't seen that lawyer's letter. Then I thought maybe his uncle had left him a dollar and a half, the way they do sometimes, and he was putting up a big bluff. Finally I decided that he just didn't have the nerve to leave his job and go somewhere else.

One night as usual he came down to sit with me. I made up my mind I was going to say something to him about it. So after a while I said, half sharp, half in fun, "Joe Wilson, are you or are you not going to England? I want to know for sure."

He kind of looked at me, and sighed, and then he said, "Well, Mrs. Turner, I guess I'm not. You know, I figure that maybe it isn't as nice as it seems in books. I'm afraid I might be disappointed when I got there, and then it would be an awful blow. I guess I'd rather stay here and work and sit with you in the evenings."

Well, I was satisfied then. I sort of smiled at him, because I knew something he didn't know. It was like in the poem, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

DOROTHEA SIMPSON '31

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#### RELEASE

You were so old  
That death was not the cold  
Dreariness of dreams unrealized,  
But only rest.

Old, old in tears,  
In bearing through the years  
The pain of thankless children,  
Fertility unblest.

Regret your going?  
How can I, knowing  
That it means escape to you  
And peace unguessed

Upon your heart?  
No, you are gone now, quite apart;  
So I can only turn and sigh,  
"This way is best."

MARJORIE SEYMOUR '33

## THE BIG SAP

**M**E, I am off of dames. I am off of all dames, but in particular I am off of red-headed ones. I never liked this guy Crothers, but now whenever I get to thinking that if he had not got a job in our office I would still be a big sap, I feel for that guy the way I have never felt for my brother, who is a big pain and never cut much ice with me anyway. This Crothers cashed into our office a little after this red-headed kid who I will call Kitty. Her name is not Kitty, but I hear it is not nice to tell people's real names when you are writing things about them. So I will call this girl Kitty, like I say, and the guy's name is really Crothers, but there are so many guys named like that that it will never make any trouble whatever I call him.

I have seen many women, but I have never seen one like this Kitty. Her hair is red, but it is the kind of red which is good to look at, and if any guy thinks red hair is slobby he has not met this kid. Her face is all right, I guess. I have never looked at it much, but she has the niftiest little pair of legs in New York City, and her eyes are green, which is a way I have never liked eyes until I met Kitty.

Well, anyway she comes breezing into the office one morning, and Pete tells us she is the new stenographer which the Big Cheese has hired. Most always our office is a right enough office. That is, it is nothing to get excited about, but it pays good, and when the Big Cheese is not snooping around you can sleep off a hang-over there as good as you can home in bed, and maybe better—depending on where you live. The minute this Kitty walks in you can bet there is no sleeping being done around here. Alec, who runs the elevator and is the grouchiest bloke I know, is grinning from ear to ear and as chipper as a pickled pig's-foot; Pete is being better than he knows how; and all the rest of us are in a condition which is only usual after a tough night.

If I do say it myself, I am not any slow poke. I am the first one to get in at Kitty. I take a flower out of the Big Cheese's room—the Big Cheese is in Chicago—and I saunter up and toss it careless-like on her desk. "Like flowers, kid?" I say, sort of indifferent so she will not think that I am getting fresh.

"Oh, I adore them!" says she, and no one who does not know Kitty knows how she says it. Even now that I am off of dames when I think of how Kitty says, "I adore them," I almost think I am being foolish. But as I have a lot of character, due to one of my ancestors being a parish priest, I always resist.

"Well, that is funny. So do I," I tell her. She is all excited about the way we both like flowers, and we get to talking real good. Finally I see

that I really am making quite a hit, so I ask her what she is doing tonight. It seems she is not doing a thing, and I am the first guy in our office to date her. I am a terrible fast worker. Sometimes when I think of my power over dames it scares me, until I remember that I am off of them for life.

Anyway, by the end of the month I am going steady with Kitty. Believe me I am hard hit. Half the time Pete will find me adding up the prices of flats on the adding machine, instead of doing something which he will always tell me to add up. Pete is a good boss and a real friend of mine, but he is a terrible pain when he gets griped, which he is not any too careful about being.

Things are going along fine, although Pete has said he will fire me pretty quick, when this Crothers shows up. I am not much scared of Pete's noise, because Pete is mostly all noise, but the minute I see this Crothers I see there is going to be trouble. The Big Cheese brings him in, and I think he is his cousin or his cousin's cousin or something. He is a tall, rambley looking guy—sort of light hair, which he never combs, and blue eyes. His face is all freckles, and he screws it up and twists it around like he does not know what to do with it most of the time. He has a funny way of looking like he does not know what it is all about, which is mostly true, I guess, because a bigger sap I never did see.

They put this guy to punching the keys next to me, and right away I see that there is going to be trouble. The first thing which Crothers notices in my office is my girl, and I do not like it. I am funny like that. I mean it is bad enough thinking that you will get fired to give the boss's cousin a job, but when the guy who is getting your job begins to look interested at your girl it is a very bad thing. In fact I think it is the very worst thing going.

Well, within a week I begin to have plenty to think about. This big sap is different about stealing dolls, and I do not know just how to knock him. He does queer things like buying her flowers and paying for her lunch and always being around her when she does not want to buy her own cigarettes or needs a stamp licked or something. I have never been dumb enough to do such things for any skirt, and I do not want to start now, even if she is a hot little number. Besides, I figure that Crothers, being the Big Cheese's cousin can afford such things, which I can not do. But next thing I know he has asked her out to dinner and a show, and when I hear where they are going I begin to get some restive. I know this Kitty good enough to know that she does not belong in any such swell joint as that.

I and Crothers work late that night, and as we are going home he asks me a funny question. "Wilbur," he says, getting all screwed up about the face and turning the hottest red I ever hope to see, "don't think

I'm nose, but how do you manage to—er—get on on twenty-five a week?"

On account of I have been just about to touch him for the loan of a few bucks I freeze right up. "Oh, it's a cinch," I tell him. "But that shouldn't be bothering you much."

"No," he says, sort of squelched, "not for some time I guess. Did you start on fifteen a week too?"

Well, it takes me a good three minutes to get that through my skull. It is strange, but it has never occurred to me that even the Big Cheese would be cheap enough to start his own cousin off on the rocks like this. I do not know exactly what to say to this kid, but I say quite a good deal, and after a while he begins to talk too. He goes awfully fast, like he does not want to tell anybody what he is saying, and is still very glad to have somebody to tell. I find out that he has been kicked out of some school because of his being very dumb, and his old man has done some kicking out too, just to liven things up somewhat. He is living with his aunt in Brooklyn and paying his way. And he is taking my girl stepping to the snappiest little speak-easy in the city on a salary of fifteen a week. He is one month ahead on his pay already, and he does not know just what to do.

"But you know," he says to me, bashful like a skirt and sort of whispering so that no one will hear him, "I've never had a girl before and I don't want to take any chances of losing her." Considering that he is talking about *my* girl he is pretty funny. I begin feeling sorry for the big nut, because I see that I have him all tied up. So I get back to work on Kitty. It gets to be really funny. After a little while she gets to like me hanging around. Pretty soon I never go there without banging into him and he never goes there without banging into me. But the funny thing is that I have the drag with Kitty.

I guess this Crothers is too dumb to fool with women. He does not know *half* what it is all about. He worships them or something, and a woman does not like to be worshiped unless the guy can raise Hell on the side. Besides he is too easy. He does not make his dames throw a little competition to get his cash, and they do not see any use in playing up for the honey if they will always get it anyway. It gets so my favorite indoor sport is listening in on the phone when Kitty breaks dates with him to go out with me. I do not mean that she is silly. She goes with him if he has really a place to go, but mostly she goes with me. Off and on I think that she should not bleed him like this, if she is sure she does not like him. But Kitty has red hair, like I say, and you have to be careful.

Pretty soon it is a regular joke around our office. And all the while this big sap does not notice a thing about it. He goes right on spending

his lunch money on flowers and just following her around like a dog which is waiting for a biscuit. He raves about her too. And one day I catch him writing poetry instead of balancing accounts. That poetry kind of worries me. I have known a lot of guys which have gone goofy over dames, but none of them ever get this bad. I begin feeling sort of ashamed of myself, and thinking that maybe I should tip him off and tell him there is not any Santa Claus.

I and Pete get together and decide to trot the boy around a bit, and finally explain to him what is life all about. But he turns out to be a swell egg. He chucks away his money at us just like he has chucked it at Kitty, and he does not ever think what he is doing before he does it. We hate to do it worse than ever, but finally we break some ice and begin telling him what a mistake he is making about Kitty. Like we should have known he will not even listen to this. He does not wish to talk to us about Kitty, and the whole idea is a flop.

However, Pete thinks he has a scheme. He will not tell me what it is, but he suggests that I let Crothers date her and then drag him over to my house for supper. I do not know just what this is for, but I go ahead and ask him if he will eat at my house. I do not have any trouble as he is kind of lonely anyway, and it looks like things are going fine, although I do not see even yet what Pete is up to.

Well, we get home and there is Pete waiting for us and is it all right if he stays too? We say sure, and after we eat we all just sit around awhile and talk about baseball. The kid is awful good on baseball. He has been on a college team, and that is why he has been kicked out of things, he says. Pretty soon, like we knew he would, this Crothers says he has a date. Only he does not have a date, he has "an engagement."

"Who have you got this date with?" Pete asks him.

He gets all red and funny, and he twists his face around something awful. "Oh," he says, "with Kitty."

Pete gets up and looks at that kid like he is going to smack him. "Yeah?" says Pete. "You two saps think you have got this kid on ice, do you not?"

The kid looks ready to knock him down, but he says finally, "I—I like her, if that's what you mean. And she's very fond of Wilbur."

"Yeah?" says Pete like he does not know any other word, and plenty good and nasty, "Yeah! Fond of his bank roll you mean. That dame is after whatever you can earn to hand her. She'll bleed you like a sucker and then chuck you into the gutter—hard!"

By this time I think things are beyond a joke and flare up at Pete myself. Scheme or no scheme he can not talk about my doll like that.

"Look here," I say, "the trick is off. Drop it! Do you get me? You cannot talk like that and get away with it."

Pete pushes me away like I am a fly annoying him. "Maybe you think she is not stringing you now," he says. "Well, if you do not believe me just call her up now and see how she keeps her dates."

"You go to Hell," says Crothers, but he walks over to the phone and rings her number. Pretty soon he says, looking dirty at Pete, "This is Mr. Crothers. Is Miss Kitty there?" Then right away, "Oh! No. Never mind." He turns around at us. "That's funny," he says. "Out of town tonight." His face is that screwed up you would not think that he is human. I feel meaner and cheaper every second.

"Wait a shake," I say. "Maybe there is some mistake." I grab the phone and ring her number. When some old hen answers I ask for Kitty and give my name. Well, it turns out that it is not an old hen, but just Kitty making her voice funny and I am stuck. I do not know what to say, but as I have to say something I finally croak, "Are you doing anything tonight?"

"No," she says, "Not a thing." Right here I get a good look at Crothers' face and I hang right up. She will never know to call me here anyway, as I have told her I am going over to Pete's for supper. I feel about as big as a jelly bean and about as valuable.

"You know," Pete purrs out, "Kitty makes out the pay envelopes now. She knows right where everybody stands on the books, and I up and told her that Frank, here, is getting a raise next week."

And just like he has smacked my jaw I get what he is driving at. This damn skirt has tumbled that I have more money than Crothers anyway. I just get my breath to say something when up speaks this kid.

"Well," he says, "you can't blame anyone for wanting all she can get on the side of a salary like any of ours." But his face is kind of white and there is a funny shiny look in his eyes.

This is why I am off of all dames. I am off of all dames, and in particular red-headed ones. They do not want anything but your money anyway. And I like Crothers. I like him better than my own brother. I and he are pals. We have suffered a lot because we are big saps. It was sappy for me, but Crothers is the biggest sap. He is still nuts about Kitty. He does not go out with her, but Easter he sent her a big lot of flowers. He is too easy, the big sap.

## SONNET—TO SHOW IT IS MUTUAL

One day you'll come to me and say, "My dear,  
 It's been a great mistake, I should have known  
 That I was never meant for you alone."  
 And turn, to brush away a phantom tear.  
 You'll be uneasy, but that sudden fear  
 That I'll not let you go—needlessly grown  
 In your heart's empty space where love has flown—  
 Will seem a wistful dream another year.

I'll read beyond your stricken eyes—regret,  
 Yet less of grief, that you should hurt me so,  
 Than secret joy; and with a farewell kiss  
 Of sympathy you'll go, and soon forget.  
 And may you, for your pride's sake, never know  
 That I've long wondered how to tell you this.

MARGARET HILAND '32

To me you are a creature of small things  
 Neat, tidy and so regularly set  
 To the Lord God straying into your room by night  
 "Be careful of the lamp" you'd say, I bet!

JANE BURGER '31

## VERDICT

It's a very simple matter  
 When you are not around  
 To forget the ardent chatter  
 That you make me think profound.  
 It's fairly comprehensible;  
 The matter's elemental;  
 When you're away I'm sensible  
 My mood's not sentimental.  
 I think the thing out clearly  
 And I come to the conclusion  
 That you just affect me queerly  
 Causing nothing but confusion—  
 And I say, in accents frigid,  
 "My heart's no longer his"—  
 My decision's firm and rigid—  
 When you're not around, that is.

LEONA YAFFE '33

ILLUSIONS

Bubbles, that dash their fragile beauty against a stone wall;  
And leave only a cold, damp spot—  
Breathlessly, oh! so carefully moulded;  
And their shimmering is shattered on a pin-point—

When will we tire of this momentary gladness,  
When spare our hearts the inevitable pang,  
And put away our clay pipes?

MARJORIE SEYMOUR '33

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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

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