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### Quarterly, Vol. 11 No. 1

Connecticut College

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V. 11, no. 1

V. 11, no. 1-3 complete in 3 nos.

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# QUARTERLY



# QUARTERLY

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Volume XI

1932

Number I

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*January*

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COLLEGE



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(Prize Poem in the Norwich Poetry Contest)

## CASSANDRA

There is a love as white, I have heard tell,  
As lilac blooms are white, a love as clear  
As water over sand, as sounds I hear  
When evening rings her green, approaching bell.  
I know that this true, that love—Ah, well,  
You are content with less. I know you fear  
That I am mad. You think I lie, my dear.  
You say my eyes are eyes that look on hell.  
I fear so much that I should be to you  
A slave, a hostage to a brief delight,  
To be relinquished for a debt that's due—  
You love me, dear? On some not distant night  
Your flesh will tell you what I say is true.

I shall pretend belief. Faithful, we too,  
One to the other—. Yes, we are to be  
Signally noted for fidelity—.  
Ah, would to God this were the thing I knew  
Instead of what I know. I say to you  
This love is long as colour on the tree,  
As dusty echo of a voyageing bee,  
As flower vein that beat a day or two.  
Our fault is this: a touching of the hands,  
And summer storm is in the blood and brain.  
My eyes in yours, and sudden, livid bands  
Light up the heart's horizon; but the rain  
Of summer shower falls on rotten lands,  
And one dark flower flourishes again.

Say what you will, call this insanity,  
This thunder of disaster that I hear,  
This flash of summer lightning deadly near  
And blinding white. Call this profanity,  
This my insistence on the vanity

Oh what you title love. This love, my dear,—  
The sky is shattered! I am sick with fear—  
Is silly shadow of inanity.  
—Hold me so close that I may hear no sound  
But steady reassurance of your heart—  
A year will find us walking separate ground,  
A year will find us strange as at the start.  
—This thunder seeks me out—ah, I am found!—  
Less than a year, and we will walk apart.

MARY Q. HESS, '31

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### MARKED PERISHABLE

DICK FORRESTER led his class in High School. He was President of Student Government, President of his class, Captain of the track team, and he had the highest scholastic standing in a group of some two hundred boys and girls. He was a pink-cheeked youth with hair the yellow of a newly-minted penny, and he seemed to take an active delight in breathing for itself's sake. One could not look at Dick without feeling better for it. His fetish was physical perfection, and long yarns were spun by his fraternity brothers as to the number of times running that Dick could chin himself, the length of time he swung the Indian clubs each day, the stationary miles he pulled an imaginary shell bending his back over the rowing machine, and the remarkable strength of the man due to this strenuous self-discipline.

He could, it was rumored, break a horse shoe in two with his bare hands, and it was well known that he had once pulled Irma Wallace's little car out of a mud-hole single-handed.

Dick, you may imagine, was something of a local celebrity. It never seemed to bother him, or even occur to him. He went about his business, smiling agreeably at everyone and keeping his eyebrows raised in a faint perpetual astonishment. Old ladies murmured as he passed, "Yes—the father's a doctor—such a nice boy." His father's friends took pleasure in shaking hands with him, and his own friends glowed in his presence and clapped him inarticulately on the back. Young girls of the town sighed after him, but kept their distance, for between Dick and the world of women there stood always—Irma Wallace.

Irma was a little blonde bit of cold brains and tireless energy who cracked the whip to make her iron man perform. Dick never talked about

her, but he was with her as often as she could find time for him. Irma was a very busy young lady, full of play rehearsals, committee meetings, parties, Proms, and football games. She affected Yale to a certain extent, and dominated all of her home town that came within her reach. She had some time for any man, but not too much for high school boys. Still, Dick came in handily, and he was also something of a prize, as prizes go.

But even High School must end some time, and then, ah, too often comes the parting of the ways. Dick hovered nervously on the brink of a fear that Irma would go to Vassar. He was entering Wesleyan at the earnest request of his father, who wished some day to see his first-born a doctor like himself. Imagine Dick's delight, then, to learn that Irma had decided to matriculate at Connecticut, only forty miles away.

Dick was well received at Wesleyan—so was Irma at Connecticut. Their reputations had preceded them. Dick made a good fraternity and set out to work for track. Irma made several new men and set out to work for a Winthrop scholarship. Dick invited Irma down to Prom and was astounded to learn that she had already accepted a bid from a Deke. He consoled himself with his election to the freshman track team, and put in an early application for her presence at Spring House Parties.

Parties are a big event even in Middletown. They are heralded in a Track Meet. The excitement over the contest of the traditional rivals and enemies, Amherst, Williams, and Wesleyan is tremendous.

Two weeks before Parties, Dick was walking on air. The coach had told him that he was to run the 440 on the big day. He trained religiously, throwing himself into his running heart and soul, working as never before. To crown his bliss, he was elected to an honorary fraternity which had been considering him for some time and was now assured of his future greatness. Things seemed to be coming his way. He had a hard time to keep from prancing when he walked.

A week before Spring Parties, Dick received a notice from the fraternity that he was due to appear for initiation. Accordingly, he turned up at the appointed time and place, one big grin.

"Now, Forrester," said the president to the novice, "we understand that you don't drink. That right?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick.

"And you can smilingly admit the fact. Forrester, have you no sense of decency? You see before you fourteen of the best, united to the common cause of investigating the capacity of a man for beer. While we are not Kappa Beta Phi, we do hold that a man needs beer, and beer needs a man. We live, we love, we think, and—we drink beer. Forrester, you look as though you had an elegant capacity for beer. What do you say?"

"Sir, I'm in training."

"What for?"

"Track, sir."

Several eyebrows were raised at this. The president went into a whispered conference with the higher dignitaries of the tribe, and forthwith delivered an ultimatum.

"We are very sorry that you are in training, pledge, extremely sorry, but if you join us you drink beer—and now! We cannot afford to postpone our initiation, nor can we alter its rites on your account."

"Well, sir, in that case, I think . . ."

"Don't think. It's very bad for the liver. Come now, just a little glass of beer with the boys. We'll let you off easy, very easy. Steward, bring on the offering of the worthy Cap."

And so Dick was taken for a reaming. He had a little glass of beer with the boys, and then another, and another, and—need I continue? They all got very pleasantly drunk. Under the inspiration of the stein, one of the brothers had the happy thought of sending Dick down to make love to one of the traffic lights in which Middletown takes pride. This light was not at a main intersection—there was no reason why the coach of the track team should be walking by at the moment when Dick was on his knees imploring the traffic signal for "jusht a little little little lil kish," but there he was.

The next morning, when Dick, clutching his splitting head, tottered downstairs for the mail, there was a request for his immediate resignation from the team. Dick broke down and cried, and it was all his room-mate could do to console him. There was only one bright spot left on his horizon—Irma was coming to Spring Parties, and now his room-mate would not have to take her to the house dances. He, Dick, could hold her in his arms and dance with her. His room-mate had been most obliging about the entire affair. He had even gone down to see Irma for Dick several times when the latter was kept home nights by training rules.

The night of the dances arrived, and with it Irma, prettily sure of herself. Dick took her around to the fraternity house, and was pleased to see all the attention that was paid her, as well as surprised at the number of men she seemed already to know quite well. His room-mate, Arthur, trailed along, and made himself very agreeable, amusing Irma with his anecdotes, (he was a Sophomore) and giving her every opportunity to display one of her most attractive tricks, a low bubbling chuckle. Dick, too, was enjoying himself. His fraternity brothers made something of a fuss over him, murmuring kind nothings, such as, "tough break, kid," or "better luck next time," and he began to feel himself a man again.

That night Dick had great difficulty in keeping track of Irma. In the swaying, shuffling mob circling the floor, she was forever in the arms of a

new admirer. Never before, Dick thought, had he seen Irma so beautiful and so charming. Her little knot of ash blonde hair glistened in curls at the nape of her neck, her wide grey eyes sparkled at her own reflection in the eyes of others, and her usually pale cheeks bore a delicate flush. Swept by a wave of love and pride, Dick carried her off from the attentive Arthur and out to look at the moon. She seemed a bit unwilling to go, but everything pleased her that night, and she smiled to herself as they sat in Arthur's Cadillac listening to Paul Graham's boys' delirium of melody pounding out from the dance.

Dick silently unclasped his fraternity pin and handed it to her. "I want you to wear this always, Irma," he said, "because I love you. Will you, dear?"

Irma turned and looked at him. Her eyes grew wider and she seemed on the point of refusing. Then she smiled deliciously. "You pin it on for me, Dick," she said.

With hands that trembled so that he could scarcely manage, Dick impaled the pearl-studded bauble in the soft stuff of her dress. He kissed her. It was the happiest moment of his life. And when Arthur came to claim her for the next dance, he yielded her magnanimously. After all, she was his, now.

The weekend flew, as weekends are apt to do, with breath-taking speed. Wesleyan won the meet. Life was a joy almost too strong to be borne. When the time came for Irma's departure, Arthur offered to drive her down to New London, and Dick, who did not have a car, was glad to accept. Coming back to Middletown, the room-mates sleepily discussed the delights of Parties. They spoke of Irma. Arthur, who was driving seemed a little restive. He kept glancing sidelong at Dick. Finally, he coughed and said,

"Dick, old man, there's something I've got to tell you."

There was a long silence.

"Dick . . . Irma and I are engaged . . . She accepted me this morning."

There was again silence. When Arthur ventured a glance at his companion, he emitted a long, low whistle of concern, and drew up at the side of the road. Dick had fainted.

Oh, you want to know what became of Dick?

Dick is a tradition at Wesleyan, although still an undergraduate, as the biggest tank the college has ever known. He is rotund and flabby, and his eyes have that poached-egg look. He is still going to be a doctor, and he has never again tried for track.

No, there isn't any moral in the story, except possibly that "youth's a stuff will not endure."

JEAN NEAL, '32

### "THE ROAD BACK"

AFTER reading *All Quiet on the Western Front* I thought that Erich Maria Remarque had given the world a vivid enough picture of war to banish it forever as an expedient for settling disputes. I felt like crying out to everyone to read the book, to read it eagerly, to absorb it, to steep themselves in its horror and only then to think of patriotism. Now I have read *The Road Back*; and this I would prescribe to all those who still could think of patriotism.

The same horror is in this second book, only become more subtle, hence more dangerous. It creeps like a revolting thing through homes where sons are no longer understood, through corrupted government offices through brothels become a habit on nights before a drive, even through green fields, spoiled by shades of other fields, distorted, uprooted, unclean. Keen to live, glad they were spared to make the future double up for their four lost years, the men came back from the Front to find they were not fitted to live at all. Walls closed in on them; sharp noises made them crouch; their curses shocked their mothers; their table-manners grieved their friends; they could find no work, or the school they had left now seemed puerile; finally, they had been betrayed. The Fatherland was an empty word instead of the strong cry that had helped them dig bayonets into the Allies. Where was the Kaiser? Fled. Who were the rulers? No one knew exactly. What became of the revolution? Even that which would have seemed familiarly gory and active dwindled into petty profiteering.

With the reason for the war gone, the names of their comrades, wastefully sacrificed, screamed in their heads. Lost legs and shattered nerves, impatient wives who turned unfaithful, outgrown sweethearts, these were the price they paid for nothing. All they held in their hands was the feel of mud, in their eyes, surprise and hurt, and in their hearts, an emptiness not to be borne. Comradeship was all they had gained, a feeling so poignant, a link so strong that it held friends together through four years of hell and death. But even this link broke with peace; class-consciousness resumed its ridiculous part and city blocks were wider than all Germany. Only the callous slipped nicely back into place; one wonders if even years will bring a spark to the awful resignation which was the scanty relief of the sensitive. Worst, perhaps, is the realization that a waved flag and a bugle note would bring new thousands to their feet like one man.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

## THIRTEEN PLACES OF INTEREST

1. George Bernard Shaw—The hall of satirical mirrors where all is truthfully distorted, the large things become small, and the small things become large.
2. James Matthew Barrie—An apple-orchard in bloom on a sunny day. Three things to note—the blue sky, the ever-flickering sunlight casting elfin shadows, and the sweet fresh scent of the delicate pink petals.
3. Thomas Hardy—A dark and gloomy heath. On the left the three witches from *Macbeth*. On the right a buxom Wessex maid with ruddy cheeks and brooding eyes.
4. Rudyard Kipling—The Jungle on parade. The mane of the lion is as long as one of Mulvaney's stories; the claws of the tiger as sharp as England's call to duty.
5. Robert Louis Stevenson—An attic full of the treasures of a dreamer and of a little boy who whistled bravely in the dark.
6. Jane Austen—A sun-lit sitting room where six mauve ladies gently converse over fragile tea-cups.
7. Oscar Wilde—Just an ordinary roomful of people seen through the eyes of a modern painter drunk on his own delirium.
8. John Galsworthy—The stage with the drama carefully suppressed and the puppets moving in too lifelike a manner.
9. Edgar Allen Poe—The chamber of horrors with sudden depths of darkness more terrifying than the grotesquely painted shadows.
10. Robert Frost—Moonlight in November on a New England farm softening the harsh outlines and emphasizing the stern beauty of the whole.
11. Emily Dickinson—An old-fashion flower garden in July. Only one consistency—many of the gay beds are bordered with rue and rosemary.
12. Edna St. Vincent Millay—A glass house shattered by the sharp stones thrown by the owner.
13. Mark Twain—The library of the court fool—if the fool had a library—and could read.

MARGARET HAZLEWOOD, '32

## THE SHATTERED GOBLET

THE RELATIONS OF GEORGE SAND AND FREDERICK CHOPIN

THE gleaming, glittering liquor flows like a flame-inspired stream into the glass lips of the goblet. A strong hand grips the slim stem. A woman's voluptuous mouth is pursed as if to kiss the glowing stream as it meets her lips. Her head is thrown back; the single swallow does not quench the Gargantuan thirst but it drains the fragile cup. For a moment the capable fingers twirl the light reflecting object and then with a demoniacal laugh, half shriek, half drunken sob, with eyes reflecting weirdly the rainbow lights, she smashes the thin goblet against the wall. Glass tinkles lightly after the first mad crash and then lies, still reflecting in shattered bits the gleams of light, in a shimmering heap.

George Sand rode like a man with bravado and skill. She had seen the inner workings of a farm. She knew the great sorrows, the great joys to be discovered only in nature. Like a panoramic pastoral scene, her mind swept great meadows of thought taking in immense areas, and yet she never overlooked the component details—the insignificant shrub, the delicate curve of a branch. In her extraordinary mental attributes also was the delving curiosity, the ferreting that tirelessly digs, turns over and over, rejects, accepts, uses and discards. Besides this natural endowment of big-mindedness together with splendid physical prowess were the environmental factors which forced her to break free from all hampering social relationships, to throw off husband, home, security, because of the sharp distinctions which her firm nature caused her to make between the relative desirabilities of a makeshift marriage and an independent if precarious position on her own resources. It was at this period in her still unsettled career that she became acquainted with the artist colony of Paris and at no time has it ever been so brilliant; Musset, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Sandeau and scores of names that mark the essence of genius of the nineteenth century. And it was among this great band of artists that George Sand met Frederick Chopin.

Much has been made of their first meeting. Critics have collected volumes of letters containing evidence pointing to the exact situation, the place, the time, the conditions under which they were introduced. As for myself, I am satisfied that they did meet—two forces whose impact created the inspired products of both factors. Almost everyone agrees that they met in a drawing room gathering of a few select friends of Chopin's. And this would be the most typical situation in which to describe him. For here his nature, elegant, dignified, aristocratic, courtly

expressed all its delicate characteristics. One thinks of Chopin as a polished jewel, cultivated perfection. He was extremely precise about outward details, particular to a fault about every part of his apparel, correct in each display of social grace. Physically he was of slight build with particularly beautifully shaped hands and small slim feet. His eyes were soft brown, and his face was oval shaped—the face of a dreamer with its pale cheeks and small sensitive mouth. His was the mind not sweeping inclusively over a great span but occupying itself with the more minute ideas, arriving at the general from the particular rather than the other way around. He was not a highly intelligent man and manifested no great taste for intellectual pursuits. But by the very keenness of his sensibilities toward the delicacies of life, he was able to manifest in music the poetic qualities of his nature.

It is almost inconceivable to think of the meeting of these two forces—the aggressive bigness mentally as well as physically on the one hand, with the delicate daintiness and precision on the other. And the great flame did not immediately consume either of them. Chopin is said to have found George Sand distasteful to him at first. She was frankly carried away by his music. But a few meetings more sufficed to kindle the very inflammable material of which few humans'—and more poets'—hearts are made.

At this time, Chopin was in poor health. Touches of the pulmonary disease which later proved fatal were already showing. And so with that maternal affection which characterizes the loving care that George Sand bestowed on Chopin, she accompanied him—or rather he accompanied her on a trip to the South of France which saved his life at that time. They traveled together throughout Southern Europe, she writing stories with great industry and not a little artistry, he composing several Polonaise groups and regaining his strength.

There is little to say of a liaison such as theirs. Their contemporaries looked on askance; posterity accepts with open arms the contributions bestowed on it—the only offspring of such a union—and asks no questions. But the fact that the donors suffered and struggled and sacrificed in order to create their great gift to mankind compels us to examine a little the peculiar combinations of qualities.

Chopin in his engrossing relations with the eminent novelist was indeed pitied by most of his friends. With her unflagging will, her domineering nature, she had great power over him. Their characteristics were as different as it is possible for two natures to be. Neither of them was inexperienced; they had both seen a good deal of life before they met and both were to see much after they parted. Both gave immeasurable valuable contributions to the world. Except for these two likenesses their two

natures were entirely different. One has only to listen to a fragment of the Chopin waltzes to sense the emotional delicacy and sensitive quality about the man himself. And just as Chopin's music is a revelation of the effeminate man so is George Sand's deft portrayal of the rustic beauty of rude peasantry a disclosure of the masculine female. But before George Sand's colossal power the less imposing nature of the man must bow. It is not exaggerating to assert that Chopin was subservient to her. He hung upon her words. When in company with strangers he hovered over her like an anxious mother bird, fearful, nervous and yet proud.

That Sand did him a great service by her tender care, by her constant attentions to his failing health, and by her saving him from the wrecking strain of over work is not to be denied, but that he suffered much unhappiness at her hands is also true. Her infidelities were numerous and she did not spare Frederick the pain of seeing her openly flirt with anyone even as low as her maid's husband. Liszt called him "Pauvre Frederic." He too knew La Sand. Her total disregard for his sensitive feelings makes one wince and yet to read her own story of her life is to see only the mortified, self-sacrificing lover, chaste and superior to all the grosser enjoyments in which one finds plenty of evidence that she indulged. In fact so persistently does she reiterate the chastity and martyrdom that one wonders—and justifiably—if she was not painting of herself the portrait of what she would like to have appeared to be to the world but what she did not have the inclination to become in reality.

Quite as many conjectures concerning the rupture of their connections have been advanced as concerning their first meeting. However the most plausible story seems to be the one which a close friend told. George Sand's disagreement with her daughter and son-in-law necessitated their leaving her house. George Sand wrote to Chopin and acquainted him with the fact that if he took them in, all would be over between them. She probably knew that Chopin would not turn them out when he was their only mainstay. However this cause of their breaking off was obviously only a pretext. The truth was that George Sand was frankly tired of the invalid musician. For eight years she had tried his patience with her escapades. Even when he saw a break was inevitable he hung on almost waiting to be ordered out, so dependent was he on the firmer character of the woman.

There is no doubt that the separation brought about Chopin's early death. He was already ill. Now there was no one to care for him and so he subjected himself to all sorts of dangers finally dying a short time afterwards—not however in the arms of the woman he loved but with a few close friends who had remained constant throughout the years.

You cannot compare the two as to their relative worth in artistic attainment. You can merely say that Chopin was to pianists what the

greatest masters of every other form of creative art were to the adherents of their own lines of endeavor. I do not think this is true of George Sand.

And the shattered pieces lie flickering under the bright lights. The wine has been consumed; the goblet shattered. But hanging in the air is not the empty clatter of broken glass but a magnificent tumult of chords, the sound of runs dripping like the waters of a playful summer spring—the exciting A-major *Polonaise*, the tremendous C-minor *Prelude*, and that wildly abandoned *Mazurka*.

The deft strong fingers twirl a new goblet and soon that too will be smashed against the stained wall.

LOUISE SALES, '33

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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, in grateful tears,  
 That you are strong, and safe against the years.

MARY SCOTT, '32

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### SONNET

I wish that an oblivion as wide,  
 As sweeping as sea wind, might come to bear  
 One memory away, that comes to bide  
 Each night with me till sleep becomes a prayer  
 Unanswered, and the flickering hours are told  
 Like links of one long endless chain to bear  
 Until late dawn comes, trembling in the cold.  
 They say forgetfulness is like a shroud  
 That floats down mistily, is never seen;  
 Send me a strong gale from a black storm cloud  
 To twist my soul, till it is cold and clean;  
 Leaving me dreamless sleep on some white night,  
 With still hands, thin and bloodless in its light.

ALMA BENNETT, '33

### LE MOMENT TERRIBLE

(One guess if you didn't take French)

RANDOLPH was a smoothie. Everyone said so and there were times when the quiet glow of self-satisfaction would steal over him. His wardrobe was carefully watched over by the rest of the house, whose idea of the criterion of good taste was embodied in the oft-repeated:

"See the way Randy was diked out last night?"

His suits were a conservative individualizing of the very latest whisper in style. His shoes were always faintly glossed, neither shiny nor worn. He matched his socks, his handkerchief, and his tie, never wearing the same combination consecutively. His hair never threatened to fringe along his collar, and yet there was not that newly shorn look. His nose did not redden in cold weather, and his nails were unobtrusively clean.

But Randolph's clothes were the mere suitable shell for his shining self. He was of adequate proportions, slightly on the husky side, but he never went out for sports at college. He was an intelligent and subtly depreciatory spectator of football games. One felt that he realized that group activities did not become him. As for his mind, it, too, was adequate, not uncomfortably active but useful in an emergency.

In spite of all these possibilities for pretension, there was not a bit of side about Randy. He admitted only upon interrogation that his family were the Marstons of Boston, and he spent his money freely but unostentatiously. His surface was one of easy, aloof good humor, which he used to advantage in repulsing over-impressionable women.

For women doted on Randy. They would have made his life one long date if he had allowed it. They 'phoned to him from Detroit, invited him to proms at Vassar, sent him books of poetry at Christmas, and goggled adoringly at him from street corners. He took it all with good grace, but gave the girls no time. They bored him. They were all so much alike. All he had to do was to smile inscrutably, and the smilee was his abject slave.

There was one weak point in the glittering edifice of current ideals that was Randolph Marston. He couldn't bear to be laughed at. Not that he ever was ridiculed—he had taken pains to prevent such blasphemy by erecting a barrier of utter correctness. But lurking in the back of his head was always the deadly fear—that some day some one would find him funny.

No one seemed to find him anything but admirable, however. No one, that is, except Lois Ingram. Lois came up from New York to house parties at Wesley during his senior year, and ignored him. She was dating

with the head of the house, who appeared well-nigh overwhelmed with his good fortune. Lois, you see, had just completed her first star role in "Can't We Be Friends?" and was resting between plays. She was young, and darkly lovely, and vital, and men seemed to mean as little to her as women meant to Randy.

He noticed her at parties, casually at first, and then more appraisingly. She intrigued him so that he went to the lengths of cutting in on her and treating her to the aforementioned smile. She yawned brightly, and he felt a bewildered chagrin, which he dismissed later as paltry. But when parties were over and all the guests were gone, Randy found himself thinking of Lois. He determined to see more of her, but continued to defer the occasion until Christmas time, when she chanced to be playing in Boston.

When Randy arrived at home for the vacation, he found the air full of the name of Lois Ingram. All his friends had either been to see her play or were about to see it. When he mentioned casually but effectively that he had met her, his halo took on an added lustre. Men he hardly knew 'phoned and asked to be introduced to her, and the local debutantes grew green with fear and envy.

Randy was not exactly displeased with this attention, and he meant to make capital of it. How to present his star attraction most effectively and to impress her at the same time? A dinner given for her by his mother would, he decided, be the correct thing. Accordingly, he 'phoned Lois and found her mildly enchanted with the prospect. He cajoled his mother, set the date, invited all his most impressive friends, and spent the interim in sending Lois orchids and taking her out to luncheon.

He had, he assured himself, made some headway with the charming star by the time the date of the dinner party came around. She was most willing to be flattered and amused, and Randolph found the latter an easy task.

The night arrived. The guests assembled. Randolph, knowing that he looked his best in dinner clothes, introduced the delightful Lois to a delighted Back Bay. She took his arm as they went in to dinner. The dull gleam of the silver, the wavering candle-flame, the soft colors of the flowers, formed a pleasantly civilized background for the pleasantly civilized guests.

Conversation was low-pitched and amiable. Randy expanded in self-esteem momentarily to see how well his plan was succeeding. Then, without warning, the heavens descended. Or, more mundanely, it was a bit of roast beef which fell, right into the middle of Randy's lap.

He gazed at it horrorstruck. Lois asked him a question and he gulped. Here was a situation which, so far as he knew, had never before confronted a Marston of Boston. What to do with the bit of roast beef? What did

one do with bits of roast beef? One couldn't very well return them to the plate with one's own hand, thereby exposing them shamelessly to a jeering world. One did what one could with them. In short Randy slipped the offensive morsel unobtrusively into his pocket.

Dinner over, the party withdrew into the drawing-room for coffee. Randy was not yet at ease. He felt somehow that everyone in the room knew that he was concealing a clammy lump of roast beef, and he heartily wished himself rid of the thing. The hospitable fire on the hearth caught his eye. Inspiration was swift to follow. Randy made his stand before the hearth with his back to it and while no one was looking felt in his pocket for the squidgy mass, found it, and hurled it softly into the flames.

Much relieved, he shone with renewed suavity. Once a smoothie, always a smoothie, he told himself with pride. Who but he, the smoothest of them all, could have dealt so masterfully with such a nice problem?

Came the time for departure, and Randy offered to escort Lois to her hotel. She accepted prettily, and he sent for the car. Wrapping her in rugs, he sat down beside her, and gave the name of the hotel to the chauffeur in the happy tone of a man who knows not defeat. Lois sat quietly beside him, her warm little hand in his. The cup of life was full. It had been a momentous evening. Suddenly he bethought himself of the need for a cigarette, and of the fact that he had none.

"Avery," he said, "stop at the next tobacconist's."

When the car stopped before a small shop of the night-blooming variety, and the chauffeur stood ready to receive his order, Lois took a hand in the proceedings.

"Oh, let's us go!" she said. "It's such a beautiful night; I want to be out in it for a minute."

"Very well," smiled Randy, and together they entered the store. A strange spectacle they must have presented in their fine clothes, their beauty, and their youth, to the wizened old man who came to serve them.

"Philip Morris, please," said Randy, adding to Lois, "that's your brand, isn't it?"

She smiled in confirmation.

Randy picked up the cigarettes, and dived into his pocket for the small roll of bills he had carefully placed there when dressing. Wallets make one's pockets bulge so! The deuce! It wasn't there! Yes, it was, and with a sigh of relief, Randy flung on the counter—a small, greasy bit of cold roast beef!

JEAN BLAKESLEE NEAL, '32

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