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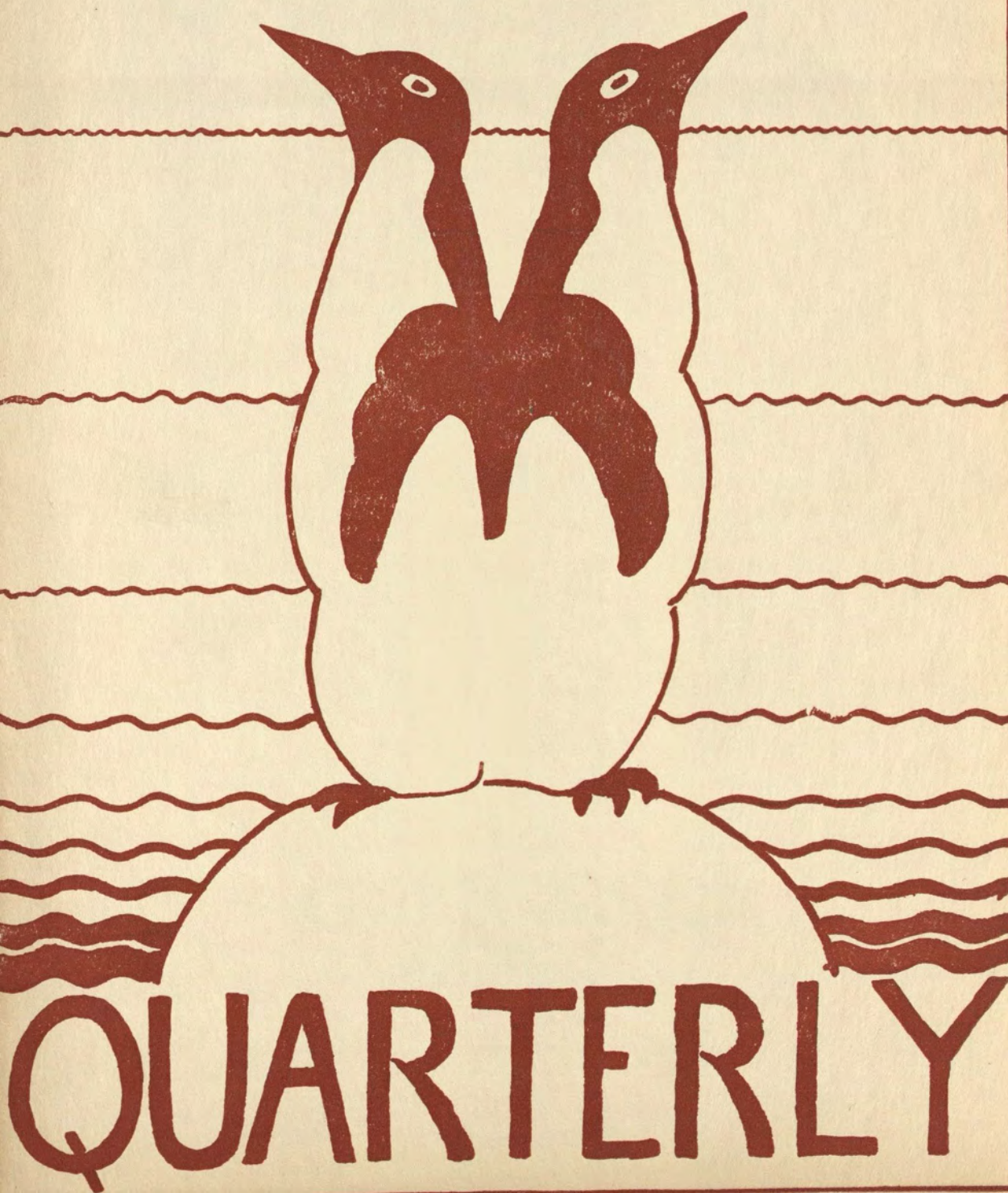
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# QUARTERLY

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*April*

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## DAME CARE

*by*

HERMANN SUDERMANN

TO all those deluded mortals who maintain that beauty must be a happy thing, this book stands as a challenge. A symphony in grey and brown, it is a wonderfully unhappy thing; the slight, scarlet flashes of contentment or pseudo-contentment, are absorbed and lost in the vast greyness. The poignant loneliness, the misery, the tragedy of this book have been welded by the competent hand of Herr Sudermann into a harmony of rare loveliness, from which emanates an atmosphere that will not let one free. The totality of this atmosphere is strong and dominant in its power, and survives long after the last page has been read.

Paul Meyerhofer, the protagonist of the novel, is the epitome of all that is tragic, all that is hopeless in life. With the soul of an artist and the body of a peasant, he is a paradox to himself, and a fool to everyone else. Born into this world with a heritage of pain and trouble, he is pursued, from his earliest years, by worry and care. "Dame Care" is his god-mother, his guardian angel, and for her sake, Paul plods the weary path of his daily existence, relinquishing his dreams to work in the fields. Service—the word dominates and symbolizes his whole life; service for his father, for his mother, for his brothers and sisters, and even for his own conscience. It blunts the fine sharpness of his soul, and drags even his body down through the deadening mists of self-sacrifice.

Herr Sudermann has treated his characters with a sympathetic pen. He is interested not at all in the action of the plot, but solely in the thoughts and emotions that are aroused by this action. Having projected himself completely into the character of Paul, he makes him live before one as few creatures of the imagination ever do. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the extraordinary appeal of this book; the treatment throughout is purely subjective, and the effect is correspondingly intense. It is because of this intensity of emotion that one can see through the drab materialism which appears on the surface to the tragic, yet splendid, idealism which lies beneath it. Paul himself tells us of it: "Death is only terrible when one has waited for happiness all through life and it has not come."

And overshadowing all is the grey figure of Dame Care, moving her puppet with slack, tired strings.

ERNESTINE HERMAN, '34

## THE INCOMPLETE LYRE

The Relations of John Keats and Fanny Brawne

FINE and shapely with simplicity of form its characteristic, the Lyre stands against the marble column. A breeze blows across the terrace and the strings hum. Also, there are but two strings. No broken remnants can be seen; but, as if the Creator of this moulded figure had sensed, before the Lyre was completely strung, that no matter how beautiful or how poetic in character He made this instrument it would not withstand the harsh treatment of the world. So He left it unfinished. But He had put good material into this product and loathe to destroy it entirely, He left it incomplete with but two strings to carry the immortal melodies destined to be played thereon. But the great irony of these compositions lies in the fact that an untrained flighty girl, frivolous, rather pretty, played the Lyre. We can see her tuning it, twanging the strings with dainty incompetent fingers. She plays casually, not carefully; and then growing tired of her pastime, she tosses it from her, little concerned that the delicately wrought frame has broken.

John Keats lived in a period which rarely finds an equal in English literature in respect to its scintillating writers. Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Byron were all members of the group of men with whom Keats allied himself. He was a lifelong friend to these as well as to many other artists of his time. Keats was what one might call an incurably romantic idealist, squandering his money on worthless people whom he thought in need and who were careful to give him that impression. He was delicate, pale with beautiful shapely features which seem more suited to a carved figure than a human face that would show emotions and the colorfulness of a living organism. But the face of Keats did mirror his feelings and they were very delicately but very vividly expressed in his poetry.

Fanny Brawne, who is notable only through her relations with Keats was a rather "personable" young woman. That is, she was stately looking with a calm collected bearing that showed something of her poise and complete self-possession. Her hair was brown and she dressed it in the fashion of the day with ribbons twined through the high-piled mass. She was not beautiful nor was she highly intelligent. Her life was that of the ordinary debutant, a gay round of parties, dances, flirtations. She lived in the house next to Keats' and it was through her proximity at the time of Keats' brother's illness that their friendship was formed.

It is always a cause for wonderment to see a highly poetic nature, loving always abstracts, subsisting on a plane far above the masses, breathing air distilled and purified by the intellectual mind of grossness

and superstitions, allied to its opposite. In the case of John Keats, this atmosphere was doubly cleansed by his love of the beautiful and his high sense of virtue. Besides, he had never known women in the general sense that most men know them. He had eulogized their charms in the abstract but the only woman he had really understood was his brother's wife, who had moved to America.

Thus we see on the one hand the inexperienced, boyish poet and on the other the sophisticated flirt who, although she may have felt a genuine passion for Keats, nevertheless took advantage in any possible respect by her poised assurance. She enjoyed such light amusements as dancing with the military officers who frequented her mother's house. He hated such society, never learned to dance, and lived in the small circle of sympathetic, admiring friends. So the two opposites, one idealizing the spiritual, the other loving not so much materialism in its present sense but tangible manifestations of what the majority considers the worth-while in life. Even had marriage been possible, which it was not due to Keats' ever-impending poverty, the two could never have met on common ground.

As I said, Keats met Fanny during his brother Tom's illness which later proved fatal. It is not surprising—when you consider that this was his first experience and that it came at a time when his whole world became gray and dark—that it should prove devastating to his emotions. The loss of Tom was a harder blow to Keats than it would have been for most brothers. John had nursed him through the racking disease that had killed his mother. Throughout childhood they had been inseparable companions, confidants, finding spiritual companionship along with intellectual equality in each other's company. His love for Tom was but another manifestation of Keats' lofty nature. His love for Fanny although sensuous was not in any way lewd. He frankly idealized her as she swept him off his feet. But had it not been for his loneliness, for his overwhelming grief over the loss of his brother, it is doubtful if he would have succumbed to Miss Brawne's charms.

Their affairs progressed in the usual way. He wrote her impassioned poetry; she answered him casually, feeling perhaps some amusement in the notes from her fevered admirer. But the very proximity of Fanny seemed to rob him of his peace of mind. His studies were abandoned; his means of obtaining a livelihood became less and less as hope and despair alternated in guiding his actions. Soon he realized that he must wrench himself free of the connection that was threatening to break down the great poetic powers with which he was gifted. He decided to leave England for a trip on the continent. A faithful friend, Severn, accom-

panied Keats. On the trip, to the great horror of his companion, Keats was seized with a coughing fit—a grim foreboding of the cruel death of the consumptive. A hemorrhage of the lungs resulted and for many weeks Keats was tended carefully by his friend. Such was the poet's nature—to make strong lasting friendships which he was willing to give his all to perpetuate. Needless to say his affections were returned.

During his long illness, Keats did not fear death but rather anticipated its coming. He knew that he could never marry Fanny Brawne. Besides he was tortured by pangs of jealousy, knowing her frivolous disposition.

He somehow rallied from his attack, and soon was up and about again. Then came the merciless criticisms of the reviews about his poetry. Although Keats suffered a relapse following these diatribes—a relapse from which he never recovered, they were not the direct cause of his death.

It was rather Keats' particular temperament. Everything he did, every emotion he felt was caused by or resulted in the most feverish activity of body or mind. So delicate was the mechanism, so finely sensitive were his feelings that the slightest jar resulted in illness. The fact that Fanny had made him suspicious of her fidelity, no matter how groundless, was a part of the reasons for his break-down. His jealousy was due to his physical passion for her and was a drain on his endurance. Fanny was not the type of person who could be absorbed by a single lover. Her interests were widespread and doubtless she gave of herself to Keats as much as could be expected. When he died, she was sincerely grieved and did not marry for ten years after his death. She guarded his letters carefully and they were not published until recently. Only poverty induced her to part with his miniature.

And yet when one considers the great poetic powers of Keats, he cannot help but regret that a more maternal woman with more depth of character had been the object of his affections. Those who say that he is a sensuous man have only to look at his letters to Fanny Brawne to find ample evidence of this. But when one reads the poetry—so chaste, so full of pure beauty, it is at once obvious that Keats was something more than a victim of his own passions. His youth, his inexperience and the peculiar nature of his love all conspired to arouse his animal instincts. But his delicacy cannot be overlooked. His position in English literature is firmly established on the grounds of his amazing appeal to the physical, the mental and the spiritual needs of mankind. If his life had been prolonged, if fear of poverty had not haunted him, he would have gone far; but his life was incomplete, his desires unsatisfied.

The Lyre is lying broken. The girl, no longer fond of this type of music has gone off to try the fife, the brasses, harsher, shriller instruments. The Lyre was ever unsatisfactory; it had only a couple of strings. Her technique is not so good that she could carefully diversify the ranges of these two. And yet with an instrument so finely wrought, so beautifully fashioned who could not perform with artistic genius?

LOUISE SALES, '33

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### SAMUEL'S DELIGHT

HOW Pickwick would have loved the queer little city of New London with its squat two-story stores and its tumbled down hovels. His eternal little note-book and pencil would be ever busy as he jotted down sage comments on the billowy woman who sells grapes and persimmons, on the leery, cosy Crown, waiting like a musty old spider in a dusty, stale smelling web, on the small little shops that outfit children from birth to graduation, that display cheap, limp hanging dresses, and that go on annual bankrupt sprees for months on end.

State Street, with a pattern all its own. State Street, at seven-thirty of a Sunday morning when the crippled man lurches like a broken jumping-jack down the street, groaning and muttering to himself as he passes the Neptune Hotel and the evil, flaring Tattooing sign; when the little tattered negro boy with the scared face and the half-lidded, twisted eye looks longingly at the ghastly, oozing cardboard pastry on display in the window of Ye New London Grille; when the hollow-eyed, many-toothed individual washes down the doors of the aforementioned cosy Crown.

Main Street, on Saturday afternoon, surging with tiny crowds who storm the red-front chain stores, who come away from the bakery bearing poisonous, shiny pumpkin pies and gooey cream puffs; who stand pinching the withered tangerines in front of the numerous fruit stores with their neat, orderly piles of lemons, oranges, and fat round cabbage heads.

Bank Street, where a man may buy purple ties, orange shoes, liver-wurst and green felt hats. Bank Street, where sailors lounge in the doorways, and children, lured by red and green posters, pay long hoarded pennies to see young boys put on the spot, to laugh at Bimbo, and to shriek at Frankenstein.

New London, whose shop windows outdo life itself with their glaring contrasts—where a long, graceful white evening dress, crimson

belted, faces an array of glittering saucepans and pink bottles of orchid bath salts. New London, where stately old buildings, Moorish, Spanish, Colonial, crumble and give way to mongrel gray frame houses, flaunting heavy, ragged lace curtains. New London, presided over by a tall gray statue who looks down on gob, college girl, taxi-driver, and who remains eternally unmoved. Why, Pickwick, your fat little note-book couldn't hold it all.

MARGARET HAZELWOOD, '32

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## OCTOBER NIGHT

THERE was dark witchery in that October night. The sky was blue, blue—as if some giant, childish god had gleefully spilled over it a Gargantuan bottle of ink. Against it, the trees were black, tossed and shaken like so many housewives' mops. Hidden in the deep indigo, the frightened stars loaned to it an eerie lucent quality; and high, high up in the sky the moon was a yellow copper plate. Still and quiet, it was the one unmoving thing in a moving, restless world.

The wind tugged at me. It pulled my hair, and shouted in my ear to come along. I breathed deeply of the air, heady, intoxicating, and ran. But the wind left me far behind, and ashamed, angered at my human clumsiness, I rested for a minute.

And then——

I thought I saw a goblin, brown and freckled with a snub nose and bright friendly eyes. I tried to follow him, but he was gone, and I heard only his thin, tinkling laughter borne swiftly away by the wind.

I tip-toed around a great, jagged, black rock, and hesitated just without the magic circle of the moon's pale gold light. And there, seated crossed-legged in the exact center, very still, listening to the harsh grating of branches above him, was the goblin—all in brown except for his bright, green mittens, and his steady, yellow, goblin eyes. And he was just wiggling his toes. Then, suddenly he disappeared again, moving more swiftly, more quietly than the ever-changing, entangled shadows of the trees.

Oh, why did the goblin run away? He wasn't frightened. And the wind—I shared for a moment its fierce, exulting joy. Why did I have to lose it? I could but worship the night's dark beauty. Was I always to be denied understanding? Hating my meanness, I reached my door, and

reluctantly, I closed it against the dark witchery of that October night.  
GRACE CAVIN, '34

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## INTRODUCTION

**I**N the years that used to be, a sturdy people inhabited the territory which now comprise the states of New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. These tillers of the soil were called Yankees, and many were the tales of their native shrewdness, thrift, and ingenuity. However, these traits were tempered by a sympathy and understanding that made friends for the Yankees all over the United States. The quick wit, the nasal twang, and the shrewdness of the Yankees characterized them wherever they journeyed.

When industry first began to develop in the New England states, the alert minds of these Yankees enabled them to realize that a machine age was to follow, and they became leaders in the movement. As the machine age became a reality, the pioneers who were in constant contact with this change, sacrificed their Yankee individuality to the god of progress.

At the present time, the din made by the wheels of industry drowns out the stories of the Yankees, and few realize that they still exist. Nevertheless, in small villages situated obscurely among the mountains of Connecticut dwell a few of the natives of long ago.

It is for the illumination of any who appreciate these old settlers that I attempt to give an account of my adventures among these remaining Connecticut Yankees.

## THE DEANS

**T**UCKED up in the northwestern corner of Connecticut is a small settlement called Falls Village. The territory included in the township is extensive, but the population is small and scattered.

The center of the town is occupied by a large mushroom-shaped watering trough. Three dirt roads lead from this central point. One disappears under a distant railroad trestle and reappears again as Dublin Street, where some six or eight wooden houses are carelessly situated. The second road leads to the suburbs of the village, past the yellow brick bank, the combined postoffice and dry goods store with its crowded windows, and a furniture store rich in its antiques. The third road passes by a squatty white wooden structure courteously termed The Berkshire Hotel; across the street from the hotel are Bartlett Brothers Grocery

Store and the only gasoline station in the village. On each of these three roads are a few dwellings which become farther and farther apart as you proceed to follow the road.

It so happened that on my first visit to this miniature metropolis, I met two of the really old settlers. By following the unpaved highway which led past the postoffice, Father and I were soon driving along a narrow county road bordered by cultivated fields whose undefined boundaries eventually sloped upward and were transformed into a rocky mountainside. Suddenly I perceived a tiny house which squatted apologetically in the shadow of the great mountain looming up behind it.

Not a vestige of paint remained to show that this small dwelling had ever felt the soothing movement of a painter's brush; the yard enclosing the house was littered with chickens, dogs, a millstone, and an old rusty cart-wheel. In front of this house, we stopped and got out of the car.

From behind the house a small figure appeared clad in brown overalls. He was about five feet tall and seemed extremely thin. As he approached, I noticed that his skin seemed to be of a leathery texture and color, in the midst of which his black eyes sparkled impishly. With hand outstretched he walked toward us, and almost shouted, "Well, if it ain't Will! How are ya anyhow?" and he smiled exposing his toothless gums.

This was Shell Dean. He and his wife had lived in this shanty for years. No one knew when they had first arrived, but everyone did know that the Deans were "squatters" on the Perkins' farm. Shell had run away when he was fourteen to become a drummer boy in the Union army during the Civil War. Three fingers of his left hand had been blown off by an exploding shell and it was because of this misfortune that he had gained his first name. Whether he had any other, I have never known. Many were the tales that he told to his colleagues of the glories of the Civil War.

He and Hat, his wife, practically lived on glory. He was smart enough to get along without doing much work. Hat took care of the chickens and the house, and the villagers never called on Shell without bringing some offering of esteem. No one ever expected to receive anything from the Deans in return, but simply took them for granted.

We passed around to the front of the house, and there sat Hat Dean in the narrow front door smoking a corncob pipe. As far as I know she always wore the same costume—a dark skirt, white shirtwaist, and a white apron. Her hair was pulled back from her face severely and ended in a small round knob which remained on the back of her head by will power alone (as far as I could make out). Her hair, eyes, and skin were all of a yellowish tint and seemed somehow to be a natural climax for

her thin person. She remarked curtly, "Glad to see you, Will," in a lifeless tone and went into the house, taking her chair with her.

Father and Shell sat down on the narrow step and talked of many things while I explored the surroundings. As I went around the corner of the house, a cow came around from the opposite direction, much to my surprise and discomfort. Indeed, I encountered several cows and not truly delighting in their cuddly company, I returned to where Father and Shell were still recalling old times.

Father tried to encourage Shell to talk of the Civil War for my benefit, but he must have thought I wouldn't appreciate it, for he remarked, without a change of expression, "Why, I've fit more battles with Hat than I ever fit in the Civil War!" but his eyes twinkled all the while. He enjoyed hearing Father chuckle.

"What were they fighting about, Shell?" asked Father trying to lead the old fellow to tell one of his thrilling yarns.

"I dunno as I know what they was fightin' about," he returned with a grin, "but there was them as did."

It was quite evident that Shell wasn't in a narrative mood, so we left him, after promising to come again soon.

As we drove off, Hat came to the door and waved to us. She had a large carpet bag in her hand. In answer to my inquiry about the bag, Father explained that Hat Dean was a wonderful woman.

"She's one of the best nurses in the world," he told me. "She will go at any time to help anyone who is in trouble. You should have gone into the house. It's as neat as wax, and Hat is a grand cook. She's not given to talking," he added. "She is a real Yankee."

SERENA H. BLODGETT, '32

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### BARTLETT BROTHERS' STORE ON SATURDAY NIGHT

FROM my seat on an upturned box I could see everyone in the room as clearly as though they had all been figures in a picture. It was late autumn and the nights were beginning to bring a spicy tang with them, so the assemblage of villagers sat quite close to the thoroughly inadequate looking stove, which I must confess was not really inadequate at all. In fact, it threw out volumes of heat, but the villagers sat stolidly puffing their pipes and didn't appear to notice it at all.

Father and I had arrived at the store about a half hour previous,

and after being welcomed by the Bartlett Brothers—Peter and Jonathan—had made our way to the back of the store where we encountered this odd group. At our arrival, there was a general movement much like the waving of the antennae of startled insects as each of the three men removed his pipe from his mouth to greet us. The greetings over, we took seats on upturned boxes, and the three smokers immediately popped questions at Father with the rapidity of a machine gun, before they settled down to ordinary conversation. While they were thus engaged, I learned quite a little about them.

The gaunt fellow with the husky voice was Charley Belden, some relative of the Bartlett Brothers. His rumpled dark hair, deeply furrowed face, and slow broad smile somehow reminded me of pictures of Lincoln. He sat with his long legs intertwined very strangely, displaying yellowish shoes and dark brown trousers which were obviously new, for the crease in the trousers looked as sharp as a letter opener. His shirt was a vivid blue and his tie matched it. Perhaps the blue seemed brighter because there was such an expanse of it; his coat hung in back of him on a nail which protruded from the wall about three inches. He puffed slowly and blew clouds of smoke into the tiny room. It really made no difference for the farther wall was already invisible. Charley had a booming voice and now and then slipped a word into the conversation edge-wise as best he could.

The noisy member of the group was Oscar Perkins. Oscar was really a marvel of liveliness for his age. He had a fringe of white hair which continued from the top of one ear around to the other ear. From the front I got the impression that his forehead extended from his bushy eyebrows over the top of his head to his hair line. His eyes were blue and as busy as his little white goatee which bobbed up and down as he alternately chewed and talked. He was as alert mentally as a sparrow in spite of the fact that his left hand rested upon the handle of a stout cane, and that he was quite bent with age. His white hair and beard made a strange contrast with his dark clothing, and he seemed almost ghostly. Oscar, however, was remarkable for two other reasons. At one time, he laughed and he happened to be looking in my direction! I learned later that Oscar's false teeth had once been the pride of the village—that was twenty-five years ago—but now the teeth were all broken out and he wore the gums just the same. He really managed very well without the teeth as far as I could see. The other remarkable thing was connected with his accuracy in spitting tobacco juice into the open door of the stove. He was infallible; I had a feeling that I could be as sure of Oscar's aim as of death and the days of the week.

It was a good thing his aim was perfect or he might have hit Seth Jenkins, a wizened little old man, who sat close by the door of the stove. Seth was as perky as a game cock, although his face was a mass of wrinkles, and his teeth were of various lengths and spacings. His wide open black eyes and his buttonhole mouth gave him a perpetually startled expression. From his puckered lips drooped a corncob pipe which he patted affectionately now and then to make sure that it was still burning. He sat in a shadow and kept silent except to argue with Oscar about the date of some event which happened way back in nobody-cares-when. The comical part of it was that a period of one year was causing all the dispute! Finally Oscar spat sharply into the fire, which hissed spitefully as though it agreed with Seth, and remarked spunkily, "Wal, yer so stubborn that it won't do me any good to say annythin' more anyhow. Go on with your story, Seth." And Seth's buttonhole mouth fairly stretched with triumph, as he finished his tale.

After the tenth argument between Seth and Oscar, Father pulled out his watch, looked at it, and announced that he had to be getting home.

"Come agin, Will," invited Charley Belden cordially. "Was a pleasure to meet ya."

"Yes, Will," said Oscar in his high nasal tone, "drop over to see me n' Alice. She still knows how to make that bread puddin' you used to like!" and he cackled knowingly.

Seth followed us to the door. "Come agin, Will," he echoed, "and, say, send us some of the news from up state, will ya? You know our papers git here two days late n' we hate to miss ennything!"

"I'll certainly do that, Seth," replied Father. "Now I must go. Don't keep Oscar up after his bedtime!" he added as Seth trotted back to the depths of the store.

We said good-night to the Bartlett Brothers, who were piling five-pound bags of sugar into a mound on a counter, and took deep breaths of fresh live air as we walked home.

SERENA H. BLODGETT, '32

## MASCOT DAYS

ONCE upon a time, when Connecticut was a young college and her students believed in activity, Mascot Hunt was in its prime. Now it is a mere travesty of its former self, saved each year from extinction, by a rapidly shrinking majority. A returning Alumna recalled vividly the spirit that once swayed the campus during the March Mascot seasons of the nineteen twenties.

Mascot Hunt on campus was not then a mere Saturday afternoon outing. It lasted for days. How the class of '26 found the Mascot of the class of '25 and hid it for three days, without the knowledge of the Juniors, is a college epic.

The gift that year was a lantern. An ordinary watchman's lantern was decorated with the colors of the two classes and tied up in a shoe box. The Juniors had made cunning plans to hide their Mascot well. By night they concealed it deep in an uninteresting brush pile over near the State Road. The pile was of the variety that defied inspection.

Unfortunately for the Juniors, the captain of that area for the Sophomores was Lois Gordon. She was both a clever and a conscientious leader. A week before the hunt she had gone over her territory looking for possible places that the Juniors might consider suitable for hiding mascots. She noticed the pile of brush and decided to arrange it so that she would know whether or not the pile had been touched. There were some old bottles lying by the pile. These she placed artfully about so that the pile could not be touched without the removal of the bottles.

The hunt began, at six in the morning, as all hunts should. Lois worked over her territory thoroughly. She observed that other possible spots which she had marked were not tampered with. Just before her ten o'clock class she came to the brush pile. The bottles had been moved!

With Lois was another Sophomore and a Junior guarding the site. The other Sophomore wanted to look into the pile as a possible place of concealment. She lacked Lois' more certain knowledge.

But Lois had a better plan. Lois, for the benefit of the Junior, said that she didn't think the pile was worth bothering about, that she had to go to class and not to do anything to it.

Lois went to class, but she did not hear much of the lecture. Her mind was a ferment of plans for getting possession of the mascot.

That night there was a basketball game. The Juniors had a false rush down by the river. While everyone was tearing across field and railroad track, Lois with two other Sophomores and Miss McKee for a chaperon went over and searched the brush pile. To their delight they

found a package. It was not a decoy, but the real thing. At this point their joy was rather dampened by the problem of where to hide it. They were hardly prepared for such an emergency. They considered the matter wildly and finally put it in a dog house back of Mr. Lambdin's house.

Lois now had to secure another lantern from the night watchman and hide it in the original place, so that the Juniors would not be suspicious. To further keep them unsuspecting, the Sophomores were not told of their success. They continued to hunt, not aware that they were now the defenders.

The result was that a Sophomore came upon the package in the dog house. Great was her excitement. The Juniors had no interest in a dog house. They were as unaware of this second discovery as of the first. The secret now spread through the ranks of the Sophomores. Once more the mascot was securely hidden.

For three days the two classes braved sun and rain from six in the morning, until seven at night. They went indoors only to attend classes and to sleep. Studying was done on duty. The Senior class served coffee and doughnuts at intervals, without class discrimination. For three days the Juniors smiled complacently and Sophomores giggled softly behind their backs. Even Juniors became suspicious of indifferent Sophomores and on the fourth day, during Art Apprec., the Juniors staged a rush.

Classes were deserted and Juniors and Sophomores poured over to the reservoir where the siren shrieked. By a circuitous route the Juniors set off for the spot where four days before they had concealed the lantern.

Lois, who you may have realized by this time had quite a lot to do with the mascot, went directly to the brush pile. The Junior Mascot chairman began to take the pile apart. The Juniors sighed with relief, for the in very midst sat *the* shoe box.

The president of the class took the lantern out of its wrappings and started down the State Road with both classes in her wake. She swung the lantern triumphantly at arms length.

But Lois had something to say. She pointed out to the cocky Junior that this lantern lacked the class ribbons which would make it authentic. The executive stared at the trophy incredulously. It was just a lantern.

With tears of mortification in her eyes that Junior flung the offending lantern into the road, where it lay, a wrenched and shattered piece of iron. And that is the end of how the Sophomores outwitted the Juniors in nineteen twenty-four.

GERTRUDE BUTLER, '32

## WIND RHYTHM

Swirling tonight in the trees came the wind,  
 Eager, impetuous,—flinging his hands  
 Over the pines and they swayed at his bidding,  
 Over the poplars that sighed to his touch.  
 And out of the night that was giddy with swinging  
 Lifted a startled song, higher and higher.  
 Melody rose in the cool seething darkness,  
 Shrieked in the woodland and sobbed at my window,  
 Sobbed till I opened it, kneeling to listen,—

ALMA BENNETT, '33

## IMPUDENCE

If I could but admire like the rest;  
 Not feel this aching urge to emulate;  
 Accept your genius, leave to you your quest;  
 Respect, not seek to be among the great!  
 Content myself to stand with those outside  
 The fields of your Elysium, too glad;  
 I watch, to know that I am now denied  
 Of songs unsung the splendid pain I had!  
 No, you whose eyes look up and dim the stars,  
 You whose voices rise to meet the spheres',  
 I would be one of you! Let down the bars  
 To one who dares to think of you as peers.  
 Excusing boldness as a little sin,  
 Please, could you stoop to let a novice in?

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

You came too early;  
 I had yet to learn  
 That stars which shine like candles  
 Also burn.

You left too early.  
 I can only try  
 To hide the scars of climbing up  
 Too near the sky.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

## EXCHANGE

*The Horn Book*, February. We like the piquant, elfish frontispiece of the *Horn Book*. *Moment of Snow* is particularly good, for it so successfully catches the glint and softness of white flakes, and the cool delight of laughter. And we like *Dolls* and *Moment Musicae* for a light treatment, well-suited to the spirit of the two themes. *The Horn Book* is an excellent college magazine.

*The Pharetra*, February. The deliberate choice of a theme for each issue of the *Pharetra* gives it a new unity and originality. The sea sweeps through the magazine, taking the reader with it, from the wistful visioning of *I Cannot Tell the Wonder* to the bright, sensitive pictures of *Last Voyage*, and the swaying rhythm of *Sea Water*. If pleasure can be derived from such a sense of unity enlivened by frequent touches of variety, the *Pharetra* gives that pleasure by including such bits of delicate beauty as *Happiness*.

*The Quill*, Fall Number. Here is superior secondary school material. *Dinner by Candlelight* possesses a certain transient, quiet beauty, and is in tone and composition, light and graceful. The brief poem *Autumn*, vivid and clear, caught our attention. It is promising.

*The Sun Dial*, October. *The Sun Dial* is rich in its variety of material, and in its transition from a monthly to a quarterly publication has become, as the editor predicted, a magazine more presentative of the wide interests of Flora Stone Mather College. The criticism of O'Neill is vigorous and convincing, but might we suggest that a consideration of O'Neill's last production, *Mourning Becomes Electra* might slightly modify the critic's point of view? The sonnet, *Rebellion*, expressing youth's revolt against human mortality, and revealing a naive delight in sensory experiences, reminds us a little of Rupert Brooke.

## TIME OUT

I leaned my head upon my hand,  
And shut my eyes, to feel the ease  
Of nothingness, to think of trees  
And wind and spring upon the land;  
To be alone with Fancy's band  
Of lonesome little memories;  
To send my soul o'er stranger seas  
Than man-made ships may yet command.  
I shut my eyes, and as I wept  
The clock's small hands soft stalking step'd.

Jean B. Neal, '32



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