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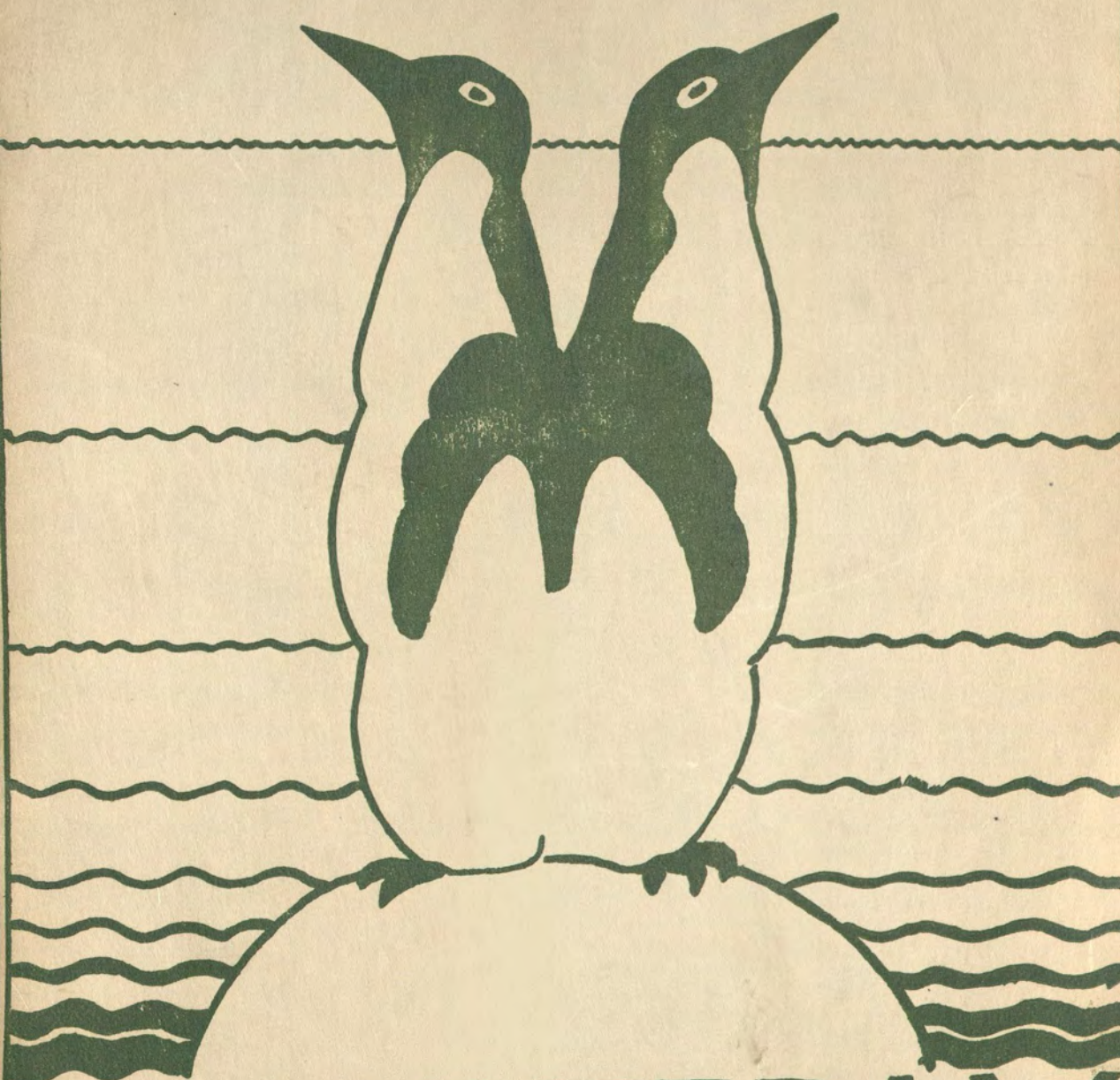
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CHARACTER SKETCH

HE IS a slight, almost insignificant little man. As he passes by with a dilapidated brief case swinging by his side, he might be a clerk in a small accounting firm, one who sits day by day on a tall stool, bending over an endless series of figures. And when one happens to converse with him—he sits instead, behind a school-room desk, with closely typewritten sheets, and a massive old-fashioned watch before him. His apparel is always the same, an inconspicuous dark and faintly striped suit, worn in places, and a neat, sombre tie. He appears slightly deformed, for his small body is topped by a large, but extremely interesting looking head. His hair is thin and greying, and the ears are enormous flops on each side of his head. There is a refinement in the high forehead and thin features, and yet he gives the appearance of a small bird with his small keen eyes that are like beads slit into the pallor of his face, and with his sharp pointed nose. One likes to watch his precise, careful movements; he moves the watch a fraction of an inch and rearranges the sheets of paper so that the corners exactly fit each other, and one feels that if these objects were not exactly in place, his entire state of mind would be disturbed.

And it is his mind that draws one to him, that gives him individuality, and a certain fine distinction. Pigeon-holed in little corners are his thoughts; when one makes an observation he opens up one of these small compartments and releases an interesting idea in response, one which might have been placed there for just such an opportunity. With an alive curiosity and real interest his mind approaches a subject and with surprising directness reaches the point of it, but his observations are, for the most part, tinged with a delightful humor. It is as if he were laughing silently and appreciatively at the attempts of humans, and yet he is never unkind in his amusement. Interested he always is, but his real understanding of you and me, of both sides to a question makes him a master of subtlety.

It is an unforgettable experience to be associated, even for a few scant minutes, with this little man, who laughs.

VERA WARDE, '34

THEY ASKED FOR STONES

Child, don't cry for a ballon,
Flaunting so round and so red;
Child, I'll buy you the moon
To hang as a lamp by your bed.

Lad, don't search for Death,
Calling it the end of all Strife;
Lad, I'll give you new hope,
Something that men call Life.

Lady, seek not to be stoned,
Dragging your shame with bowed head;
Lady, I throw you no stones;
I offer you sweet, white bread.

MARGARET HAZELWOOD, '33

—AND NAPOLEON

PETER had never realized before how big and scary the chairs in the library were. He hadn't remembered that everything at home was as big as that—everything. His father's desk, the chairs, the lounge, the whole business. Only Peter himself was not big—Peter and his father. And that was the awful thing. There is a chance for you if your father is a decent size, but if he isn't—well, things are pretty hopeless. There is no use in spinach and potatoes and cod-liver oil if your father is little, too.

Dr. Allyn, absorbed in the perusal of a treatise on the World Court, was quite unaware of Peter's scrutiny. In fact, he was so absorbed that he permitted his glasses to slip to the end of his nose and completely ignored the presence of his son by murmuring sotto-voce, "Splendid! Splendid!" and obtaining a little variation with, "Ridiculous! Preposterous!" There being no particular reason for answering this, his son maintained a sad silence.

And this was Peter's hero—this guy with the awful specs, the nose that beaked like a hawk's, and the hands that were as white as a girl's. This was his hero—this man whose furniture swallowed him up as completely and ridiculously as it did Peter. Why he had never thought about it before Peter could not say, but coming back from school like this and seeing Dad proved a lot of things that he'd never even dreamed of.

It had never entered his head, for instance, that Dad could never have played football or hockey or baseball or—well, that he could never have played anything. It had never occurred to him that Dad must have been called things like "Pee-wee" all the time and never even minded it. Why, when you came to think about it, he must have been a regular "dig" or he couldn't even be Dr. Allyn.

Scrunched very low indeed in the arm chair, Peter had a strong desire to cry. All the things he knew about—Caesar, and the "Iliad," and the World War—what good were they to a fellow who would never be high enough to even rest his head on the back of his chair. There was no use in kidding himself about the spinach and things. He would never play football. All his life he would have to take the lip of guys like Hank Turner. He would have to marry some dumb-bell. Even Barbara said she couldn't stand dancing with a little man.

Now there was Barbara. She would never want to play football or sock down Hank Turner. And she was taller than her father now, and only thirteen, too. Peter would have cried if it hadn't been for the fact that it was bad enough sitting there being Pee-wee without blubbering and being just a baby. He almost put a stick of chewing-gum in his mouth for a bracer, but he knew very well that Dad couldn't stand chewing-gum. He whistled instead. After he got a feeling a little looser inside he ventured to interrupt his father.

"Dad, when you were a kid did you ever eat anything or do anything to see if you could get bigger?"

Dr. Allyn looked up at his son—absently and *over* his glasses. Peter wished he wouldn't do that. It made him look very old, and very small, and not a little silly.

"No, Peter," he said without interest, and returned to his papers with the virtuous air of one who has answered adequately a question he hadn't heard.

Peter felt a little bit better. Well, of course, if Dad never tried to be any bigger—. But then, what an awful poke he must have been. Why he probably never even wanted to play football or anything. All he ever wanted to do was study, probably. And now all he wanted to do was to sit and read stupid papers about wars and things or go to conferences. In the funny empty feeling in the pit of Peter's stomach there was more involved than his loss of faith in the interest of the Romans and the Gauls or the greatness of Julius

Caesar. Peter couldn't put it into words. It was just the feeling that he could cease bragging about his Dad from now on—because, after all, there was nothing to brag about. Peter got up.

"I guess I'll go to bed, Dad," he said very casually.

Dr. Allyn put down his papers and really looked at the boy. Had Peter bothered to notice, he would have seen a very kindly glint in the eyes behind the spectacles.

"All right, son." And a trifle wistfully, "How does it feel to be home again? Think you can stand it all summer, eh?"

Peter was very small, but he was a gentleman. He lied manfully.

"You betcha life," he vowed with enthusiasm. "It's swell."

But, laboring wearily up the stairs, which were as big and discouraging as all the rest of the house, he could have no way of watching his father. The Doctor was staring blankly off into space and feeling for the first time in many years a terrible sensation of inadequacy and failure. He had intended revelling in a good heart-to-heart talk with Peter on this first night home.

Being home again had no pleasant glamor for Peter. What with the whole gang growing up and with being too small to take Hank Turner down a peg when he got so puffy, things were pretty bad. But when somebody discovered that "Pee-wee" business, Peter gave it up as a bad job. A very bad job indeed, since the Romans and the Gauls were no longer consolation and it made him sick to watch his Dad just reading and then typewriting, and then reading and then typewriting. But he only mentioned his tragedy once.

It was at lunch one day, and Dr. Allyn was feeling unusually talkative. He was without his glasses and papers, and he was asking Peter all about school and everything. Peter led up to it very carefully. He began talking about football, and finally he said, "Dad, did you ever try to play football?"

His father didn't laugh. He just smiled very queerly, and looked at Peter for a couple of minutes without saying anything.

"Football? well, I'll tell you Peter, I tried it rather persistently once upon a time, but I wasn't very successful."

Peter sat on the edge of his chair and his eyes glistened.

"What didja do about it?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Do?" The Doctor's eyes had a funny far-away look in them. "Well, I'm afraid you'll be disgusted when I tell you, Peter. I-ah-cried about it—ah—quite a good deal."

"Uh." Peter sank back into his chair rather listlessly. "Dad, do you suppose Barbara will get to be six feet high? Do you, Dad?"

"I hope not, son. She wouldn't be very comfortable. You know, Peter, you don't have to be large to be a real man. Look at Napoleon and Caesar. I forgot that—once upon a time."

And that ended it. But it fixed just exactly nothing. Peter could no longer be impressed by Napoleon and Caesar. Anyway, Dad himself was trying to fix it so there would never be another war for guys like that. Peter followed in his father's footsteps and did a bit of crying himself after that. He also determined resolutely never to read at all, if he could help it, and to flunk a lot of things when he went back to school. You didn't have to be a sissy even if you were a runt. When Barbara and his mother came home he would show Barbara that size wouldn't help her much when he got after her. It held for her too that Dad was a little guy with specs and nothing to do but stew over dizzy old papers.

But one night Peter awoke hearing an awful racket in the living-room downstairs. It sounded like a fight, and a good one. And the loudest voice of all belonged to his father. He slipped out of bed and tip-toed downstairs as quietly as he could. Outside the living-room door he squeezed up against the hat-rack and listened.

There were a lot of men in there—about ten of them. And they were all charging around the room and shouting like the dickens. Peter recognized with a gasp the Board of Trustees. Only they were a lot different. Their collars were funny, and their faces were very red. They were waving their hands quite a lot, and their voices weren't as snooty and high-brow as they usually were when they said, "Well, well, Petah! And how is the little man this morning?" Peter almost tipped over the umbrella stand when he saw the Rev. Dr. Crofton bang his fist on the table and howl, "Dammit, sir!" in a voice fit to raise the roof.

Then an awful thought struck Peter. They were howling at Dad—all of them—a whole room full. With a sickening fear he looked at his father. Dr. Allyn sat well back in his chair, his glasses in his hand. His face was very white, but he was smiling. His son realized that his collar alone in the whole room was as it should be. He alone looked just as he might have looked saying "Good morning, Peter." At least he looked that way and yet he didn't. His eyes were funny. Sort of hard and sparkly like light on chipped glass.

"Just a minute, gentlemen," he said as Peter righted the umbrella stand. His voice was quiet, but as crisp as steel hitting steel on a cold morning.

Every man in the room stopped shouting. To put it mildly the Board of Trustees gawked at Dad. "This is absolutely my last word on the subject. I will not countenance such a bigoted view. Understand me, gentlemen. Stearns remains in this school while I do."

It was so quiet that Peter was afraid they would hear him breathing out there in the hall. But they weren't listening for him. They were just standing there gawking. Dr. Crofton, reflected Peter, looked like a big fish that has just been landed. That is, he did until he closed his mouth and stepped over toward Dad.

"Now don't take that attitude, Doctor," he said, and his breath coming so funny chopped his words up into queer jerky gasps.

"I'll take your decision now," from Dad in that new voice.

Again it was so quiet that Peter didn't dare lean across the umbrella stand and look. After a minute he could hear Crofton rasping around at clearing his throat. Then, "Very well, Doctor. We are helpless, of course, if you take that attitude. Stearns stays, but we are not in favor of it. Would it be possible to persuade you to reconsider the matter for a few—"

"Not at all. I have decided."

Peter ducked up the stairs as far as the landing and waited while they went out. They looked terribly hot and mad and—well, licked and licked plenty. He waited a few minutes before he sneaked down and looked into the living room.

His father was sitting there just looking straight ahead at nothing. His face was still white, but he wasn't smiling now. He looked old and tired. Peter could see white streaks in his hair where the light hit it just off his ears. Even with Peter standing right in front of him he didn't seem to see anything.

"Daddie," said Peter, "what were they all yelling about?"

His father's eyes, blank and old and just a little sick, turned from the mantelpiece to Peter's face, but they just changed direction. They didn't see him at all.

"You ought to be in bed, Peter," he said, without actually talking to anybody. His mouth was moving; that was all.

"Why do they want to kick Mr. Stearns out, Daddie?"

His voice was still funny and far-away. "They don't know themselves, son. Just some things that they found out—things that have happened. You wouldn't understand, Peter. It isn't anything that one of them could have helped either."

Peter's heart swelled until it almost cracked his ribs. "But you wouldn't let them, would you, Dad?"

"No. I wouldn't let them." Still just making his mouth go.

Peter slid around the desk and stood very close to his father. His eyes fairly shone.

"Dad," he said exultantly, "Napoleon was an awful little man, wasn't he, Dad?"

This time his father didn't even answer. He just half nodded.

"But he had the whole world scared, didn't he? Gee! They couldn't scare him!"

Dr. Allyn's eyes suddenly focussed on his son. The funny look had gone out of them. There was only a sorry look that made Peter choke up, just watching him.

"That's right, son. They couldn't scare him. Shall we go up to bed now, Peter?"

Half way up the stairs Dr. Allyn had an inspiration. "You know, Peter," he said, "if you keep on at this spinach and exercises I wouldn't be at all surprised if we had a strapping big full-back in our house one of these days.

And then Peter spoke up, from the very depths of a heart that tumbled all over itself with pride and anticipation.

"I don't want to be big, Daddie. Honest. I druther be a little guy with guts, that can—well, do things with people and make 'em play square. Honest, Dad, I druther be a real guy like you—and Napoleon."

ESTHER TYLER, '33

LUNCHEON AT C. C.

—in the manner of James Joyce

ONE HALF HOUR, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, the hands never move until you look away.

"Christ is not a historical fact."

An historical fact—grammar hammer wammer dammer—life's little tragedies. Why is Elsie's skin greenish grey?

Subterranean manifestation of gastric desire. Hunger by the clock. Is hunger an emotion?

"Pass this note."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating. You can look at the pudding and say,

'Well, it looks pretty good, but what kind of a stove was it cooked on?'"

Why pudding? Why any mention of food at 11:55? I dreamt last night that I was on a train. It stopped and I got off at a station.

Rustling, scraping, premature assumption of clothing in the mass.

"Faith had to be made hard."

Brrr—the bell. Feet move, step, weight is adjusted, progress is made from Fanning to Thames.

"There ought to be a moonlight saving time."

Burr of wood on wood as chairs move back . . . clink go the glasses . . . the butter drops yellowly from the knife on to the plate with a squishy little thud . . . paper napkins sigh. Thousands of trees are destroyed in this manner every year. A warm, vague scent of meat-stock hangs over the yellow stars of the forsythia leaning in at the window, gesturing aimlessly. A submarine is coming up from the harbor, poking its gray snout ever higher in the water to snuff the spring breeze. Glurg, glurg, goes the water into the heavy round glasses.

"There will be a meeting of Honor Court at 6:45 tonight."

Bump! It's the soup. Vegetable—oh, halves of carrots floating despondently in it, twined with red threads of tomato pulp. Pass plate—pass plate—salt and pepper, please. Sloop, sloop, sloop, rhythmic seven-fold intake of soup.

JEAN B. NEAL, '32

ON HUXLEY

ALDOS HUXLEY, grandson of the Thomas Huxley renowned for his enlightening and disturbing ideas of the "eighties," was born in 1894. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. Following his marriage to Maria Nys in 1919, he was connected with the editorial staff of the *Atheneum*, in London, and served as dramatic critic on the *Westminster Gazette* during 1920-21. Since then, Mr. Huxley has won success in several branches of writing; his essays have been included largely in three series, *On the Margin*, 1923, *Along the Road*, 1925, and *Jesting Pilate*, 1926; among his stories are *Chrome Yellow*, 1921, *Mortal Coils*, 1922, *Antic Hay*, 1923, *Young Archimedes*, 1924, *Those Barren Leaves*, 1925, and *Point-Counter Point*, 1927.

Over this wide range of material Mr. Huxley has experimented with the intellect and the body, love and lust, art, science, religion, and philosophy. In his first novel, *Chrome Yellow*, he appeared as the ridiculer of many human experiments, and in this he was charming in his malice. In his later novel, *Point-Counter Point* he is bitter and didactic, and his wit takes the form of a brutal satire. It is in this novel, which is a great one, that Huxley is seen as the man. It is his habit to be deadly in earnest, yet at the same time to be entertainingly atrabilious. For this reason it is often difficult to hear the satirical overtones of Mr. Huxley's prose. However, in this novel it is quite probable that he has given to one of his characters, Mark Rampion, the philosophy of life to which he aspires. His belief in the man who has harmoniously developed both the spirit and the body, who has acquired a perfect equilibrium with "mind and consciousness and spirit at one end of the balancing pole and body and instinct and all that is unconscious and earthy and mysterious at the other," is revealed here. At present he is too much the intellectual; he does not appear to have reached a median between the world of thought and the world of reality. He has an intelligence to the point of being simply human. He is sufficiently a man of scientific knowledge to comprehend realities, yet he has a certain poetic vision which has given him the philosophy of a thoroughly balanced life and which will lead him to it successfully.

In all the works of Huxley there are certain literary "signposts" which point to his handiwork. In his essays, as in his novels, there is a satire which at times tightens into didacticism, and there is consistent ridicule of all phases of human activity. His amazing brilliance in argumentation is stimulating, yet at times the fine edge of his bitterness is worn off and he is surprisingly querulous in his discussion.

A second noticeable quality of Huxley's is the thoroughly enjoyable device of casting into the expository material his critical and entirely reliable opinions. This habit is particularly noticeable in his essays in which he digresses from the subject to discuss vagrant thoughts.

A third characteristic of Huxley's is his interest in the intellectualist. Invariably Huxley's attention is concerned with the ideas with which he will attribute his characters rather than with the action he will cause them to undergo. He writes "novels of ideas," and to him the plot is so insignificant that it need hardly exist except as to form a background on which he may place his characters. With a suave literary grace he ingeniously draws a character, endows it with surprising ideas and causes it to disappear from one setting only so that it may reappear in another setting with a new set of ideas to discuss. This is especially true in *Point-Counter Point*, in which an aristocratic, highly intellectual London society discusses his ideas throughout, and in which the characters of Mark Rampion and Phillip Quarles are outstanding as intellectuals of a high order. In *Chrome Yellow* the character of Mr. Scogan arouses Huxley's interest so that he too appears highly intellectual. If it were not for the brilliance and amazing versatility of the author's mind the atmosphere of high intelligence would not reach the point it does, nor would it create the interest it undeniably does.

Still a last quality of Huxley's which is peculiar to him and which is certainly one of his most satisfactory characteristics is his style. He has the genius for invariably using the correct word to express his meaning. He knows the value of word connotation to such an extent that the reader experiences that appreciation which comes from recognition of a word or phrase that is a true vehicle for the idea. His vocabulary is limitless, as is his knowledge. He discourses in a concentrated, epigrammatic style which is a fitting container for the strong flavour of his ideas. There is a vital quality to Huxley's writing in its forceful and vigorous tone, and there is a note of excitement in its ironical and satirical overtones.

Often I think of Huxley as an artist who draws with swift, sure strokes of the pen caricatures of men, and cartoons of many of the human phases, love and sex, art and religion. For it is true that he exaggerates for effect and makes his point by overemphasis. Huxley is in earnest, but it is necessary to look behind the ridicule and distortion with which he disguises his idea and to discover that *actually* he is serious. *Point-Counter Point* itself is an album of cartoons. In this he is brutally cynical toward love and marriage, art and literature, yet each picture he has drawn of these is a suggestion of a situation which might result from a complete departure from convention. Huxley could not, even in the broadest senses of the word, be called a moralist. He enjoys his satire and cynicism; undoubtedly he experiences immeasurable joy in his ability to laugh at human attempts, but at the same time he is secure in his own belief so that he can suggest the real and genuine in life. If this were not true Huxley would be judged as a fanatical, unbalanced genius whose intelligence has been quite perverted, rather than as a consummate artist whose brilliance of mind and genius for writing are of the greatest contribution to this period of literature.

VERA WARDE, '34

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR

They've sung of it so many times before,
 Those fortunate enough to come when spring
 Was something new as well as young. No more,
 Needing a voice, can poets choose to sing
 Of spring moons there's a superfluity;
 They stretch in long lines back to Solomon
 Of green buds only ingenuity
 Can please the public with what's once been done.
 Discretion may have muted then my voice
 When I am new with spring from head to feet.
 But not so with my heart; it has no choice.
 It sings and sings and need not be discreet
 When early green is running everywhere
 And wind brings down white blossoms to my hair.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

TO A YOUNG MAN

They tell me, and perhaps they're right,
 To grab my heart and hold it tight
 When I'm with you. Because despite
 Your charming manner you have quite
 Enough for two of worldly knowledge,
 While I, alack, am still in college.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

YANKEE SKETCHES ON SUGAR LOAF HILL

ABOUT two miles out of Falls Village along the Cherry River road is Sugar Loaf Hill. It is really only a long mound which is shaped rather like an old-fashioned sugar loaf. Spring comes early to Sugar Loaf Hill, and carpets its slopes with trailing arbutus and pale anemones. In the summer, the banks of the nearby stream are dotted with deep purple violets and fleshy white blood-root blossoms. The gorgeous yellows and reds of the maple leaves clothe the hill in the autumn, and the snow keeps it warm in the winter.

Will Page and Abbie, his buxon "better-half," live on the hilltop in a sprawling white house. Will is a farmer through and through. He is a small wiry man and usually wears dark brown trousers and a mustard hued flannel shirt. His suspenders are his one extravagance, and when I last saw him, he was wearing a bright blue pair. Will's hair and moustache are thick and as dark as his twinkling eyes. His speech is slow, but his wits are quick, and few indeed are the occasions when he fails to see the humor of a situation. He is an active member of the village society, and is held in great respect by the townspeople.

Abbie is a hearty bland woman of noble proportions. She is at least an inch taller than Will and about three times as heavy. Her taste unfortunately runs to pink gowns of uncertain cut, and to elaborate "bosom pins." Her hair is light—practically colorless—but it redeems itself by making little curls around her chubby face. When she looks at me with her wide blue eyes, she reminds me of a tremendous baby. Abbie is a model housekeeper and a master cook. Of late years, her speed and efficiency have diminished a bit because her feet give her "a mite of trouble."

The last time Father and I visited the Pages it was late autumn, and as we rode up the stony country road to the farmhouse, Abbie was just ambling across the front lawn with the chickens' dish in her pudgy hand.

"Oh lawsy!" she exclaimed, dropping the dish as she threw her hands up ecstatically, "If it ain't, Will! Glad to see ya! How you've grown, now! Ain't she gettin' to be a young lady though?" I took a deep breath after this outburst—someone had to!

"Come in," she urged, fairly pushing us up the three worn steps into the kitchen. "Will's got the gout, an' he's as ugly as sin. Honestly, I don't know what we'd do without the radio to keep him amused! Look who's here!" she called delightedly.

Will was in the "settin'-room," which, incidentally, served as both the dining room and parlor. Here stands a table which is always kept set, as though the Pages were eternally about to have a meal. On a smaller table in the corner is a dusty portable typewriter of unknown vintage. Near it is a radio which was playing a tune, as Will said, "like the World War." Such a blast I have never heard! In the center of the room stands a stove which throws out a terrific amount of heat. Will was sitting slouched down in a big chair with a red knitted slipper on his gouty foot which was resting on another chair. The Sunday papers lay scattered about in a comfortable fashion.

Abbie at once pounced on the papers, as well as anyone her size can pounce. "Land's sakes, Will Page! You kin make more mess n' any other five men I ever seen!"

Will grinned and shook hands with father. Then came the inevitable talk about the stock market, for Will Page was a shrewd financier. He had saved money and was cautious about investing it, so he liked to hear the latest reports from the brokerage houses.

Abbie heard the conversation begin, too, so we repaired to the kitchen. She was

preparing to wash the dishes; I offered to dry them. During this process, Abbie rendered a monologue without being conscious of it at all.

"I hed the most awful time last week," she began, whanging the dishes around in the dishpan. "You see, Will got a cheque for quite a sum, and I was gettin' ready to go to the Ladies' Guild over in the village. Well, I always put cheques in the draw of thet little table over there," pointing a dripping forefinger at an apologetic looking black table. "I don't know what I thought I was doin', but when Will came after me at five o'clock down to the church, he says, 'Abbie, what did you do with that cheque? I was going to put it in the bank.' Well, I was so scared I couldn't think, an' we hunted all over the house an' couldn't find it nowhere! Will was so sort of good about it all, you know, thet I felt worse than ever. Finally I just set me down an' cried, an' then I felt better, so I started to hunt again. And do you know where I found it? On the table in with the mail from the day before! I was so relieved, I tell you, I just shook all over . . . Why, I couldn'ta felt worse if I'd found Will dead out in the barn!"

I was offering consolation for this sad affair when Will came limping out into the kitchen.

"Say, Abbie," he said, "How about gettin' out some o' that cider in the little barrel downstairs? It oughta be good by now, hadn't it?"

"Lawdy, yes!" and Abbie was on her way to the cellar with a big earthenware pitcher in her hand.

"Has there been much trouble with fishermen lately?" asked Father.

"Yes, hed a lot of fun before my foot started actin' up," said he with a grin. "Three young fellas was fishin' and I come along with thet long barreled shot gun o' mine, and scared 'em most to death. 'Tain't loaded," he added with a grin, "but how was they to know?"

Abbie reappeared from the cellar at this point with the pitcher full of spicy golden cider, and a large apple for me. Will Page's cider can't be equaled; it has a tang of its own, and as for the apple—well, it was all that apples are advertised to be.

Father finished his cider and rose to go. "I've had a good time, Will," he said, "and your cider is better than it ever was before! If I hear any more news from the front, I'll write you the details," he added as he put on his coat.

"Thanks," said the gouty one, as he prepared to come to the door with us, "Come over again soon. We don't see much of you anymore, you know. We'll save some of that cider for you."

When we opened the door to the car, there was a bushel basket of apples, a dozen eggs, and six bottles of cider on the floor. Protestations were of no use. "Take them home to your mother," said Abbie. "She'll like those nice fresh eggs!"

Will came to the door again with a harassed look on his face. "Abbie, the minister's comin' over to see how I am? Hev you got a clean shirt for me?"

"Got a lot of 'em!" she returned brightly.

"Don't think I'll need more 'n one," drawled Will slowly.

As Father started the car and the two cats and the lean hound scurried out of the way, the Pages called, "Goodbye! Come again soon!" and they waved to us till we were out of sight.

"They are real people," said father thoughtfully. "They are sincere and honest. They are good friends of mine, and I appreciate their kindness. They are Yankees."

SERENA BLODGETT, '34

THE STEADFAST BEACON

MARGARET FULLER

FAR OUT over a choppy sea the Beacon gleams, lighting the tips, darkening the shallows of the whole rippling surface. A swift wind hurls against that steadfast pile of stone on which man has erected his gallant challenge to the mystery of the sea. The waves may pound or lie like sleeping hounds that dream of cruelties. They may slip joyously or fiendishly, but always over the churning depths floats that beam of inspiration of cheer, of hope, of guidance which symbolizes intelligence in the seas of life and which no man or woman personified more absolutely than did Margaret Fuller.

Because Margaret came from a long line of fighting Fullers and because her father determined that his first born should be given every opportunity for intellectual development, she was destined from the cradle to be a superwoman, a strong, dynamic force. But more than this her nature was one of glowing warmth, of ardor that filled all with that ecstasy that enabled her to fire scores of men and women by nothing more—nor less—than her presence.

Many have considered Margaret's youthful training, her voracious reading, her precocity, a deplorable misuse of a keen mind. However, it appears to me that had not Margaret Fuller learned to use books as toys, to create playmates from the classics, to converse in Latin idioms, it is true she would have been spared her childhood nightmares; but her era would have lost a scintillating wit.

Her father's intensity as regarded all her youthful pursuits is seen by the fact that at the age of seven, Margaret's chief friends were friends of her imagination that acted with her incitation from out of their colored bindings, and the chief members of this colorful crowd were from Shakespeare, Moliere, and Cervantes. Her father had been elected to Congress at this time so that he could no longer superintend her education directly; but exhibiting the ancestral purposefulness, he gave strict orders that Margaret was to write original passages of Latin in her letters to him. When, on his frequent visits home, he discovered that the child was growing continually more short-sighted, and, worse from his point of view, that her attitude was becoming one of disinterested self-sufficiency, he decided to send her to a school in Boston. Coming from Cambridgeport and associating with the sophisticated young ladies from Boston, Margaret must have appeared countrified. But there was a proud lift of her head, a poise, that gave her at all times a look of superiority. She was ten at this time but she looked much older. She held herself aloof from the others because she had nothing in common with them. She thought them silly; they thought she gave herself too many airs. But they admired her in spite of themselves because they soon found that she was far brighter than they.

This was not the case with Margaret, for she soon found that there was no one with whom she could enjoy companionship, so she plunged deeper into the great store of imaginative friends whom she could manage to her own tastes.

At the age of thirteen, Margaret had acquired no social grace. She could talk; she had a well poised head; and she had beautiful hands. Beyond this her entire personality was seeped in her imaginative encounters, and there was no trace of the brilliant social acquirements which were to be hers.

After the school in Boston, Margaret was sent to the Misses Prescott's school in Groton, the sole purpose of which appeared to be the repression of all youthful outbursts. It is painful to read the accounts of Margaret's life there. The discipline induced her to use all her varied and competent forces to try to shatter all attempts to repress her. She

indulged in weird dances; she recited poetry; she attempted all sorts of effects with rouge, earrings, and colored sashes. She soon ruled the girls with an iron hand. Her influence at first was bad. But after a lesson in humility, during which she almost died of fever, her influence became a valuable asset to any of the girls who were under it.

When Fuller was out of office again, he recalled Margaret; and at the age of fifteen we see her—her regal head, her somewhat languorous movements, her near sightedness which made her appear awkward although her sense of rhythm prevented her from ever being really awkward. She had besides a desire to be bright because she considered herself plain. And there was about her an ardency that gave her most minute mannerisms a magnificent individuality.

At the age of sixteen, incased in an unbecoming dress of startling pink—of Timothy Fuller's chosing, Margaret made her debut. It was on this occasion that a Mrs. Farrar discovered the girl and soon after the party took her in hand. The Farrar household was one where intellectual pursuits were tempered with the grace of social accomplishments. It was here that Margaret learned the relation that these two factors have in the formation of a balanced cultured individual.

It was at this stage in her development, when Margaret was coming into contact with young men, that she voiced to herself her determination to do something toward leveling the two different planes of existence of men and women. She vowed that inasmuch as her idea was borne out in all she read—namely that women were self-sufficing and should have the same opportunities for developing their capabilities as men—that she would blaze a trail into that unknown (in the nineteenth century) Women's Rights.

Margaret at eighteen! A strange creature, indifferent to the romantic dribble of those her own age, ignorant as how to play, but how far developed in wisdom! She was growing in tolerance; and as a matter of course, with her tolerance for human nature, she desired to know more and more of the undercurrent of thought. She was not interested in surfaces, but she tried to avoid the mistakes of superficiality. Her personality was richly colorful; she created a stir wherever she appeared.

It was in 1829 that Margaret Fuller met James Freeman Clarke, newly graduated from Harvard. She was nineteen and might have married him and become a minister's wife. But she preferred to build up a stronghold of friendships. She wrote him and after a while he came to depend on her advice.

Let us look at Margaret Fuller's ideal of Friendship and perhaps we shall see why the supreme experience of a devouring love was denied her. She had built the foundations of her ideals in soil rich in the beauty which she needed for existence. But this beauty was not to be found in the material world; it was only in her imagination. There was truly no one equal to her in her immediate sphere. Hence her friends—in her own sense of the word—were of limited number; her lovers none.

But let us not be blinded to the fact that American letters had not yet yielded its first crops. Such men as Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Alcott, and Longfellow were not yet discovered.

When Margaret was twenty-four, her father died, leaving her in charge of the education of her younger brothers and sisters and postponing indefinitely a trip she had long anticipated to Europe. It was when she was seeing her friends off that she first had a chance to meet Emerson. Her friends, who knew the Emersons intimately, asked them to keep a friendly eye on the girl. So Margaret finally was invited to spend a few days in Concord. She was wildly excited. She wished more than anything else to make a conquest of Emerson's mind; she realized that they must have many common interests.

Emerson was habitually alone many hours a day both for rest and for his work. Into the little garden where he pattered around aimlessly, Margaret Fuller came—a silence-

devastating bombshell. So she changed the slow cycles of the Prophet's days into jerking elliptical graphs. His icy reserves were always maintained; and she realized that should she desire to be near his thought it would have to result from her own intuitive searching and struggling. It was through Emerson that she met Bronson Alcott and became a teacher in his school which aimed to stress the spiritual side of child education. The most significant outcome of Margaret's connection with Alcott was the formation of the Symposium Club, which came to be called the Transcendentalists because the word was big enough to cover everything. The club was formed by an informal discussion of some Unitarian ministers concerning the narrowness of the church.

The Transcendentalists were iconoclasts in the temple of hypocrisy. They were actively attempting to disperse the gloom of Puritanism, the dull staidness of Unitarianism. Surely Margaret Fuller personified the dispeller of shadows wherever ignorance, or staid mediocrity lurked. She attended these meetings and always her comments were the most vital, the most relevant, blending, as Dr. Channing noted, "feminine receptiveness and masculine energy." When they planned a magazine *The Dial*, Margaret was made editor with Emerson as one of her assistants.

The Dial was to be a free organ for voicing opinions and for making people think as individuals rather than sheep. Emerson and Margaret Fuller wrote to their young revolutionary friends for contributions which succeeded in raising a storm of protest from other magazines jealous of the quality of the paper. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of the chief opposers of the movement.

It was about this time that Margaret met Thoreau, whom she greatly admired. He was then staying with Emerson as the working man. During this time Margaret Fuller took long walks with Emerson; she opened her whole heart for him; she strengthened his belief in talismans and other superstitions. But as always she had to resort to her imaginary world for solace. And so she wrote a letter to Beethoven.

The Transcendentalists to the mind of George Ripley were not progressing. He then conceived of Brook Farm—that gloriously impractical experiment in which such men as Hawthorne, Alcott, and Ripley took part. Margaret, Emerson, and a few others of the group were not interested in the experiment but visited occasionally. Margaret did not take it seriously; it was enthusiastic, sincere, idealistic; but there were times when spontaneity over-reaches the boundaries of good taste.

Margaret and Emerson at this period—Margaret was about thirty-two—were often together. Margaret always found peace at his home. They discussed, argued; Margaret was finally reconciled to his reserve. Their discussions were mostly concerned with the spiritual life. Emerson always clung to his purely idealistic interpretation while Margaret sought the ideal through the real. All the while from every corner came the shrieks of reformers.

James Nathan, a German, came into contact with Margaret Fuller. He was sensitive and sought comfort and sympathy from Margaret. She soon was madly in love with him. But he was harsh, unsympathetic with her great ardor, and took advantage of his power to hurt her.

By this time the anguish of this disillusionment had become a little deadened, Margaret set out for Europe. She wished to meet Wordsworth, Carlyle, and those others who were setting their worlds afire. Her visits gave her a sense of serenity, and it was through them that she met Mazzini, the leader of the revolution in Italy, where she was destined to meet Count Ossoli, that sweet, gentle, prosaic counterpart of Margaret's dynamic nature. Ossoli was of the royal family but his sympathies were with the revolutionaries. This made his position dangerous and since Margaret was a Protestant he could not gain consent to marry her immediately.

It is delightful to see Margaret in her fulfillment, her final development. Ossoli gave what her heart needed; she knew that she could always find food for her intellect. Margaret married the count when she was thirty-seven. Her son was born in a remote mountain village outside of Rome.

And now the little family was to set sail for America. Margaret had misgivings about the voyage. She examined the vessel carefully and took all sorts of precautions to insure the safety of those she loved. Everything except her horrible premonitions seemed to bode well. One night the commander of the ship announced that they would land next morning. Everyone was joyous. Margaret was longing for her own country after the corruption she had seen on the continent. She wanted to find a place for Ossoli in her world. But she never had a chance to realize her dreams for that night a hurricane swept down the coast; and just outside the harbor, the boat went down.

Emerson, "The Enraptured Yankee," the sage who had found in Margaret an inspiration—and a glimpse into the Eternal Feminine—could only deliver her funeral oration. That Emerson repelled her, had stifled something lovely and growing in her is not to be doubted. But that he drew on her strength, sought cheer and intellectual nourishment from those walks when their feet tread on moss and their heads together looked down from the exalted, though not dizzying, heights of the spiritual, is also certain. In her he, as many others to a lesser degree and with less to give to the world as a result, sought and found assurance for an idealism which would otherwise have died at birth.

However great this one Prophet, Emerson, the love voice in a bigoted generation, another phase of Margaret Fuller's influence is found in the group of women whom she stimulated to critical, constructive thinking. Her Saturday morning seminars were reminiscent of those Greek women who, in that purely idealistic civilization gathered around a single outstanding member of the sex and discussed in the manner of their brothers the hypothesis of life.

And today, the Beacon is still beaming over the troubled waters. There is a sturdy strength about it that those other lamps try to emulate. They seem but little Japanese garden-lanterns—so frivolous, so ineffectual. But over the horizon, born of an attitude, nurtured on ideals, trained by independence, comes a new race of women. In their souls are the strong rays of light that do not characterize the facetiousness of woman suffrage, but hold the golden glow of intelligent inspiration, a light that will illumine with new knowledge and culture even the Statue of Liberty.

LOUISE SALES, '33

SONG OF THE RED WINGS

Ear to ground, I heard them clamouring aloud
 Let us die who lie here, turning and scheming
 In our thin irrevocable shroud.
 The slender panels at the earth's edge gape awry
 In the sun; and the sky is on us; and we do not die:
 Give us to complete our insufficient end!
 It is not fitting that the winter-buried should descry
 The sun returning, or the summer dreaming—
 (I heard the red wings cry:)
 Let us die, O, let us descend!

MARY SCOTT, '32

RESUMÉ

I'M JUST a poor old Senior figuring out a comprehensive survey of what I have gotten out of college. Now that's a little problem, a sword of Damascus of four years' length, that hangs over every student's unprotected head. They begin it in Freshman English. Major advisors carry on the good work. Fond relatives sharpen the edge, and tea acquaintances help to fray the knot. And then the college physician comes along and adds her little word. Finally, the thing gets you and you, oh traitor to the lighter self, begin to ask—"Just what *have* I received from this four years' toil?" After due thought and much consideration I have compiled a list that goes like this:

Freshman year a moonlight sing on a clear, cold night in February. The pale moon darkened all the gay campus coats; etched the Seniors' faces, giving them black little mouths and dim, staring eyes.

A Christmas pageant that was a thing of warm, glowing color, and hushed beauty. A pageant, followed by carol singing in a crowded quad where sophistication and austerity were warmed by the flickering candlelight and a feeling of Yuletide good-will.

Amateur play rehearsals on a scenery-strewn stage where high-pitched girlish voices rose above the pounding of hammers, and self-conscious actresses stumbled over the paint pails.

Sophomore Hop in a Knowlton salon softened by amber lights—Sophomore Hop in flame colored taffeta—and a man with laughing gray eyes.

A hockey game where slight figures, casting slender shadows, race down a long, dark field as the sun sets coldly in the west.

Messy notebooks that contain supercilious Poohs, word games, and now and then a sparkling flash as some prof warmed to his work.

Crowded Service Leagues resplendent in wine-colored satin, royal blue silk, and soft black velvet.

Basketball games with shrill feminine cries, the plop, plop of quick feet, and exhausted players sucking oranges.

Odd, unimportant little bits of information—the molar of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the sanity of Hamlet, the simplicity of the algae.

A roly-poly Freshman sister from Portland, and a tall, sophisticated miss from St. Paul who filled me with unholy awe.

Student Government meetings with a rustling of paper and a splattering of applause as feeble speeches come to an exhausted end.

Autumn, with Bolleswood a glory of purple beech, golden oak, and russet sumac.

Spring nights with new green leaves weaving a lace-work about the campus lights.

A friend with blue eyes and an elfin smile.

The donning of the seniorial cap and gown, the beginning of a glorious end.

And thus, my list grows and grows, with items that will add nothing to my place in the economic world—items that will never feed the hungry mouth, but always they will clothe the graying mind in scarlet and gold for ever and ever.

MARGARET HAZELWOOD, '32

DON MARQUIS

SOME PARENTS seem to find a peculiar type of self-expression in the cruel naming of off-spring. Back in 1878, a particular set in Walnut, Bureau County, Illinois, found an evil satisfaction in loading upon one solitary and defenceless infant the entire title Donald Robert Perry Marquis, without even wondering whether or not the child

could bear up under the strain. I imagine he did, for in 1912, a gentleman named Don Marquis published a book, *Danny's Own Story*.

In a recent hurried survey of that gentleman's works I have discovered that the laying aside of such a pretentious label is the characteristic action for Don Marquis. For he is no producer of high literature. He is merely an understanding human being, with a good sense of humour, real ability for serious thought, and the atmosphere of "Just folks." His work is first, last, and only the portrayal of the minds and hearts of simple people. He is an essayist, a novelist, a writer of short stories, and a playwright.

His essays are inclined to be humorous. *Prefaces* and *Hermione and Her Little Group of Serious Thinkers* are good examples. The former is a whimsical toying with the Universe, cataloguing it neatly under such headings as *Preface to a Book of Fishhooks* or *Preface to a Book of Safety Pins*. It is not exactly witty. The whole book at one dose would probably produce homicidal mania. But it is just what it pretends to be—light, amusing, something to be chuckled over.

Hermione has a different flavor. There is a taste of satire there. Our friend is rambling through the diary of Hermione, a young lady of very serious and very determined thought, who tends toward ecstasies over the *Great Cosmic Urge* and other intelligent matters. It is comparable to the diary of Christobel in Anne Parish's *All Kneeling*, but it has been touched by a gentler hand. Marquis sees only the laughter to be gained from lovable foolishness. Miss Parish sees the bitterness of harsh, unlovely selfishness. There is a difference in understanding here. Hard sophistication is not the weapon of Don Marquis.

His versatility as a playwright may be summed up in the mere statement of two of his best plays, *The Dark Hours* (The drama of the Crucifixion) and *The Old Soak*. In the former we get a glimpse of a man who can really think and find expression for his thoughts. There is merely a dramatization of the Bible, it is true, but it is a delicate, beautiful dramatization. Despite its subject it is still in good taste.

The Old Soak is very different. It is the story of the drunkard who "comes through" for the sake of his family. It is neither original nor very funny, and it has a distasteful moral tone, but it is appealing. The people talk as they would talk. The situations are the situations that would exist. The character study is good. It is the sort of thing to be expected from Marquis. His short stories resemble it a great deal, but they have an additional punch and force.

I enjoyed Marquis. He is not clever. He is no great maker of literature. He is not very original and he is not very funny. His style is erratic—full of slang and with little form. But he knows people—the sort of people I know and always want to know. He sets them down in a way that brings them sympathy. *Who's Who* tells little of the man. But his works tell much of his heart. It is an easy heart to know. It is a simple and understanding one.

ESTHER TYLER, '33

THREE RIDERS

On down the road they clattered past:
Fame and Wealth and Love.
"Will you not stop?" I cried aloud,
(The cold moon laughed above)

For down the road I watched them go,
On horses swift and wild.
And not a sign made Wealth and Fame,
But Love looked back and smiled.

DOROTHY LUER, '34



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