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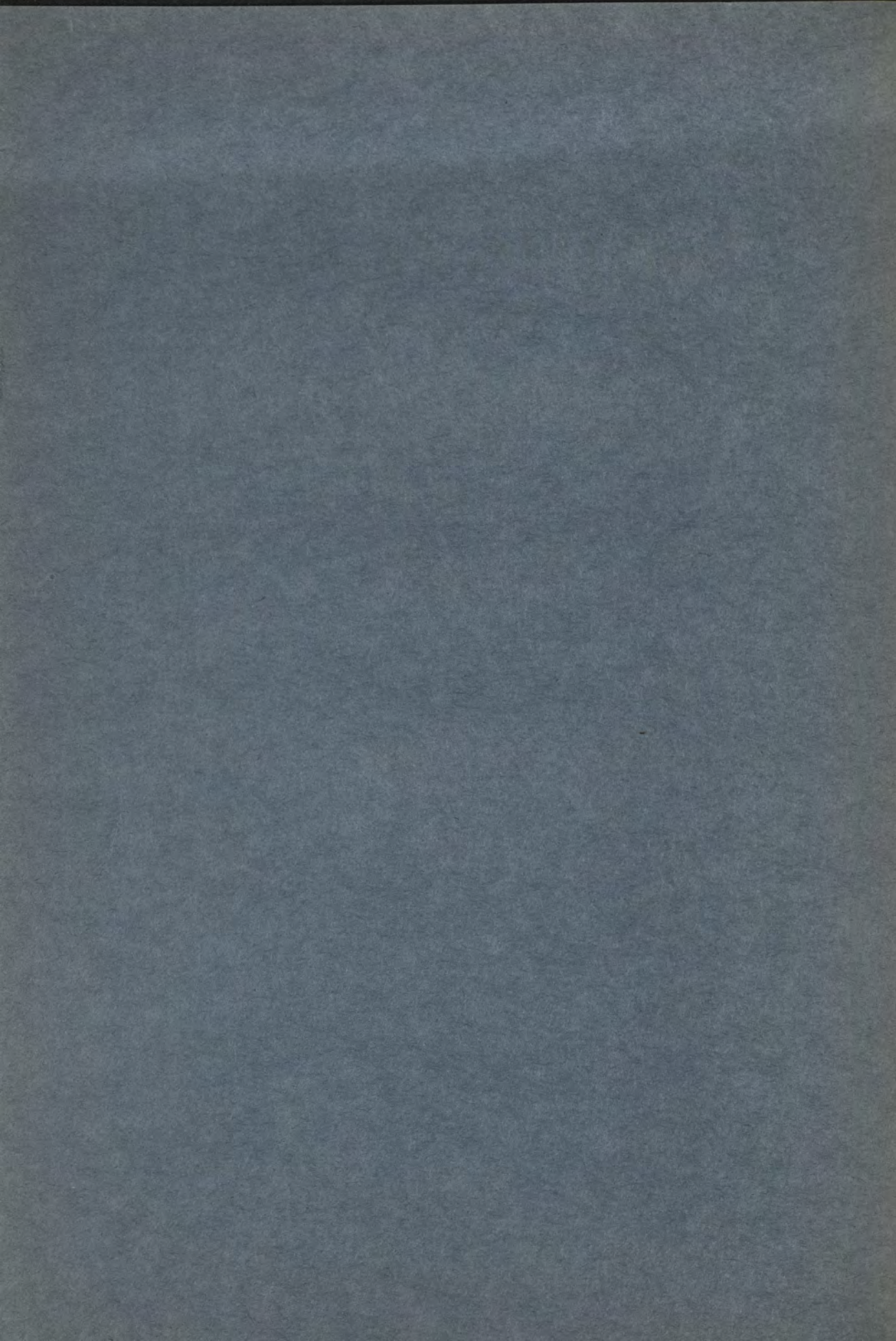
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NOVEMBER 1932

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VOLUME XII

NUMBER I

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REMINISCENCE

I PASSIONATELY and whole-heartedly want to be off to far away places. I want to follow wandering fires across darkening shires and see the mist settle down on English hedgerows. Oh, to feel once more the pleasant sensation that fills one on rounding a bend in a Devonshire lane to come upon a sun-filled cottage garden dreaming beneath the summer sky; to feel all about me the greenness and freshness of English meadows.

I want to come into Salisbury in the dim evening, and find a welcome in the calm beauty of the cathedral spire and the slow hum of drowsy streets where centuries-old houses smile placidly at the progress of milk carts and bicycles from behind the safety of surrounding green hedges. I want to climb the creaking stairs of the inn to a high old canopied bed in a room where medieval England muses forgotten in a musty corner under the eaves. Salisbury is a pleasant place, where every turn calls up the ghosts of vanished forms. Dr. Johnson's gouty figure can be seen frequenting the bookstall in the tiny street leading to the cathedral enclosure. Bishops in pontifical garb glide mysteriously beneath the portals of the cathedral, whose broad lawns are redolent of the lissome footsteps of curates long dust. On days when wind and mist and rain blow down, ghostly Druid priests mutter strange incantations upon the hills overlooking the town, while their hoary locks and robes are shaken by the unheeding wind. Every rumbling cart in the narrow cobblestone streets finds an answering echo from timbered dormers and overhanging eaves.

While Salisbury is one of my best loves, I feel that there is something about the too flaxen-haired, blue-eyed quality of the prim loveliness of the cathedral of which I would soon tire. The dim moodiness of Exeter, however, crouched upon green lawns like an aged and indifferent seer brings me endless delight. I love the ancient greyed sternness of its Norman towers, and its vesper stillness as the long tapers gleam in the strange, rich half-light and the choir boys chant. Its bells sound sweetly upon the mellow air of a Devonshire evening. What a wealth of fanciful conjurings rise up when one thinks that these same bells have sounded in

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the ears of Elizabeth the queen, and of scholars and saints before her. How many monks, bent over some rich manuscript with only rushlight for the illumination of their task, felt an answering stir of reverent devotion at the sound of these bells.

I want to sit beside inn-fires in Cornwall where Arthur holds lonely court on the rocks of Tintagel while the centuries darken around him. Merlin sleeps beneath a dim crag in Wales with his garments gathered about him and his magic fled from England. But is it fled? For me there is magic in every inch of her soil. My heart leaps up at the first sight of the hill-cupped harbor of Plymouth where Drake's tenpins and bowls still sound nightly upon the quay. Stonehenge, Glastonbury, Bath, Clovelly, Barnstaple, York, Chester, Warwick, Tintern—how sweet those names rest upon the tongue! Every inch of me cries out to be off, with the music of sunny skies and daisy-carpeted meadows in my heart; to be off in search of that laughing loveliness which lingers around every corner in Britain.

I want to browse amid the academic haunts of gowned students in Cambridge, and to watch the centuries blend and blur in the misty waters of the Wye. I want to feel the melancholy rush of wind across the Devon moors on a dim gray day when the ghost of John Ridd stalks along the ridges in search of his Lorna Doone. I want to sit upon the back of a ridiculous little donkey and essay the steep and tortuous streets of Clovelly, where salty seafaring gentlemen narrate yarns as they mend their nets. I want to swing out into the morning sunlight of Piccadilly, to thrill to the splendor of Buckingham's gold and scarlet guard, to pass hours in the satisfying stillness of the Tate Gallery.

Oh there are countless lovely, haunting things I want to grasp and enjoy to their fullest measure while the infinite godhead of delight still holds out to me his most splendid promises of fulfillment. With the shepherd lad who sang to the mountain-tops, I want to sing, "The sun shone, the bees swept past me singing; and I too sang, shouted 'World, World, I am coming!'"

BETTY OSTERMAN, '35

AS YOUTH LIKES IT

GAIL had always had things her way and the girls at college insisted that she always would. It was a tradition at Consmie that anyone called Gail Bird would immediately command things in her vicinity and she was the only one of that name there. Besides, she had beauty and incidentally money and a Packard roadster and clothes and . . . but why go on? In spite of all these advantages, charms, and possessions, she remained unspoiled until in her Junior year, George happened. When George was introduced to Gail, who proceeded to be natural (see "How to be Popular at All Costs," a blue book with a cellophane jacket), he merely grunted and looked past her.

At this unseemly conduct everyone stared straight ahead, while Gail tried to correct George's mistake, but he, base youth, did not appreciate her effort. Soon, in the middle of one of Gail's speeches, he took his hat from the table and said, "Sorry, I gotta be going." Now George, too, had beauty and incidentally money and a Packard roadster and clothes and also a peremptory manner. Here you see we have two of a kind and as you doubtless know, it was Shelly who said, "Nothing in this world is single, All things by a law divine," etc.

We now have the beginning of a plot and all that remains to be done is to finish it. It is obvious that we must make Gail and George conscious of each other and there are any number of ways in which this might be accomplished:

(1) They might have crashed into each other in their two Packards because neither would give the right of way to the other. This way has the disadvantage of demolishing the roadsters which might come in handy later on.

(2) They might both have been on a college picnic together where they were caught in a rainstorm. Why should it rain and why should there be college picnics?

(3) They could both have flunked the same exam and called upon each other for sympathy. But, they did not attend the same college and

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it would be practically impossible for them to take the same exams on the same day.

Any method will do; however, the fact that they were conscious of each other and there is no denying it. After that Gail and George were spoken to, about, and of, together. (Note:—It is quite fortunate that the college George attended was but a few miles distant.) Gail took a Home Economics course the second semester of her Junior year and everything augured well for the future. George applied himself to his work so that when he graduated in June he could have the means to be financially independent. Not that he would have to have the means, but George's philosophy called at least for a pretense for the "why" of his wealth.

In June, Gail, in pink and blue, went to see George graduated and her gray eyes were fixed with anxious pride on him as the president carefully moved the tassel of his cap from right to left. It was over after that and soon the two were on their way to Gail's family's estate. They drove slowly, consciously breathing in the sunny beauty which surrounded them on every side and thinking the thoughts of the characters of a recent novel they had read in which the hero and heroine drove slowly, consciously breathing in the sunny beauty which surrounded them on every side.

When they reached Gail's home, her sister, newly finished in a school on the Continent, met them, gayly bounding down the old manorial steps to greet them. George, in his previous visits to the Birds had heard about this live, young person, but he was unprepared for her innocently smart appearance and her knowingly naïve chatter. Her name was Storm and George was puzzled by her.

Here it might be interesting to note that when the hero is puzzled, it is a bad sign and you might expect anything to happen. You have doubtless gathered by now that George is the Hero. Gail sat and listened to all her sister was saying and was charming in a more mature way than her sister. (You may now sell your book on "How to be Popular at All Costs" to a freshman for two-thirds the original price and get "How to Shine in Society Even Though You Have a Younger Sister." The color of

the book is the same and it will make no serious difference in your library plan.)

Finally, Storm was called for by a proper young man with yellow hair and honest brown eyes. She left George and Gail with George wondering just why Storm's escort should call forth such dislike from him. Gail realized George's trouble and diplomatically arranged that Storm and George should meet but rarely, for had not George been destined for her according to Shelley?

At the end of the summer, with the turning of the leaves, Gail decided on an October wedding. George was very happy and he said so. Gail was very happy and she said so. Storm was maid of honor and she said nothing. However, the plot is becoming complicated and we must figure out a way to end it. Here it occurs to me that any way I conclude it my readers would have done differently, and rather than risk the jibes of the knowing, I leave you to come to any conclusion you wish.

GLORIA BELSKY, '35

A woman walks where no trees lift their spars,
Holding her apron out to catch the stars.

They told me all her story when I came.
Until her husband found a better site
To build a home, she lived for forty years
Content to find her pleasure in her lamps,
Whose simple beauty was the best she knew.
She loved each chimney and each burnished bowl,
The softness of the light from wicks trimmed low.

"Gas lamps are new," he said, "and need no care."
She wept their ugly newness and their light
And hid her treasures in an empty room.
One night a pipe burst somewhere in the house,
So loud it shook the windows in the town;
And she alone was taken from the flames
That rose and rushed like wind in timber tops.

She thinks the stars the safest lamps of all,
So wanders out to catch them where they fall.

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

PUNK AND MOSQUITOES

NO matter how hard you may try, no matter how much you may wish to become an author, you cannot, I warn you, ever successfully use this method of writing a novel unless you have the prescribed characteristics: extreme youth, a desire to become famous, and a passion for mystery stories. Completely, inevitably you will fail if you attempt to follow my rules after you have passed your thirteenth birthday. So young folks, gather 'round, and I will tell you what to do to obtain everlasting fame! Let pride and a sense of importance be with you during your work; for you are now of the initiated, privileged above all your former comrades to carry on the noble work of sending chills of horror down the back of a fascinated, spell-bound world! Let no unseemly conduct—either of batting balls or playing dolls—disgrace our cause. Stare every man in the eye, and scornfully reject advice to rest and play. One last chance I give to the faint of heart to withdraw from the ranks, for the way is long, and beset with temptations, obstacles, pencil-chewing, and mosquitoes!

And now, my friends, draw near, and listen well to what I have to say. Down at the end of the sandy, shore road is a tall, grey shabby house, with windows uncurtained and drear, with the yard full of high, unmowed grass. It has been many years uninhabited, and in the attic under the eaves is a real old mystery novel, just what we need to help us in planning and writing our story. Aunt Jenny has the keys to the house, and you must persuade her to let you borrow them for a little while. Now try the rusty keys in the front door, one odd-shaped one at a time, until you find the right one. Tiptoe quickly upstairs, up to the second floor, and unlock the door at the end of the hall. The attic is now open to you. Do not be afraid: the ghosts have long since deserted the place for warmer, more comfortable quarters. Mount the steep staircase quickly, duck down under the eaves in the darkest corner, and there you will find, in a small, mouldy bookcase, a thick, yellow-paged book with its cover and title page missing. This is to be your model and guide in writing

your mystery. Take it home, and tonight, when the lights are low and the house is quiet, gather around the fire and read it aloud, taking turns. In a few days you will finish it, and then the real work begins.

We have gathered here on Tova's porch for our first afternoon of actual composing, and since I know you are all anxious to do the most important things first, I suggest that you begin by deciding the title of your books, the number of chapters, and your pen names; once these are decided, all you need do is decide on a plot and write it up. The method for finding the plot is this: sit at the table in profound silence, shading your eyes with your left hands, and at the end of ten minutes let each one tell his story, making it as spooky as possible. The best story only will be used; that is, the one which contains the most secret tunnels, ghosts, trap doors, and buried treasures. When you have chosen the best story, each of you write a first paragraph, and the one who writes the best will be the author henceforth, the others giving suggestions as to spelling and word order. You have had a strenuous afternoon, and may go as soon as your "representative author" has written the first page of the "representative plot".

The second afternoon of work is to be, not on the porch, but in a place more favorable to hard labor—in a rowboat anchored a little way off shore. Thus separated from land, you will be free from the interruptions of civilization, and can accomplish another step towards your goal—the writing of the second page. But remember this: on no condition are you to return to land until that second page is finished. It is one of the rules necessary to strengthen your will-power and accustom you to working under difficulties. It will inevitably rain—first a fine, soft rain, then a more determined one; sand fleas will sport about your nose, ears, arms and legs, but do not be daunted by these trifles. Persist to the end of the second page, and come ashore in triumph!

During the next few days relax, write a little now and then, and prepare yourselves for the third difficult afternoon of work. On the first hot, breezeless day meet near the old grey house. Bring with you pillows, notebooks and pencils, a box of matches, and two packages of punk. (If you have planned your time correctly it will be Fourth of July week, and

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punk will be easily obtainable at the red and yellow store up the street). Now form single file, and with your equipment march down the fields until you come to a tiny stream crossed by a narrow plank. Over the plank and through the marshy lot you go, until you come to a little hillock, sheltered on three sides by bushes—the only really dry spot in the field. Here is your destination. Set down your loads and place your pillows in a semicircle, with your notebooks and pencils near them, arrange yourselves comfortably, and get to work. Set your punk and matches aside: your first five minutes will be relatively comfortable without them. At the end of five minutes do not be surprised to see big fat mosquitoes roosting on the exposed parts of your body. This is just what we expected. Now is the time to make the punk ring. Take the long, brown sticks, set them up in the earth in a circle around your little settlement, and light them carefully. As a rule, not more than one a minute will go out. Keep them burning, relighting them when necessary, and thus make a regular smoke barrier to protect you against the marsh insects. For the next ten minutes work as hard and as fast as you can, for by the end of that time your period of most efficient labor is over. From that time on, the barrier becomes less and less a barrier, and the mosquitoes dart in in numbers appalling. By the time your page is finished you will bear the marks of the invaders, but cheer up. The last trial of your endurance is over and you are now on your way to fame. Pick up your belongings and file away home, but leave the punk ring standing as a memorial of your labor.

During the last day of work signs of treachery appear in our circle, proving that there has been conduct disgraceful to our cause: a thimble on Mary's finger—have you been playing dolls, Mary? Is that a baseball cap sticking out of your pocket, John? Go now. I see you are tired of our little game. Oh well, I will make you famous in another way, another day.

[Two little girls of my acquaintance actually had these experiences, more or less as they are recorded above. The original manuscript is now in my possession, and shows the result of much patient industry and bad spelling. The number of secret drawers and hidden passages in it is amazing; however, I have always been puzzled as to how they happened to leave out the plot.]

LOIS V. SMITH, '35

TO WHAT GOOD?

MOMENTS come now and then, when you find yourself alone, with no one but yourself, your thoughts, your feelings, to keep you company. Sometimes it's a marvelous feeling, not only because you like yourself that day, but because you can have a chance to take stock of what you think, what you feel about what's been going on; what may happen; and what you do.

There are other times when perhaps you're a little lonely, a little depressed. Often when you hear or see a famous artist, as a pianist, a singer, a great actress, or when you read the work of a fine writer, you wonder (if you are like me and have no extraordinary talent) why God put you on this earth. It's all very well to read and hear from every side, that the world needs all the people who are just "middlers," that class which holds no geniuses, no great talents; but it's a little hard on that class.

There are many times when you review, as a girl, all the things that you can do. You can play a little tennis, swim well, write a little bit, sing well enough to be unafraid to lend your voice to the gay chorus, act a little bit, and play the piano in an "all right" way. But you finally arrive at the conclusion that no one grows ecstatic with "oh's" and "ah's" over any of your exhibitions. This, even though you don't want to be a grandstand player, seems rather depressing. It gives me, a "What good am I?" feeling.

Men have their work, and they are doing something worth while, but what of the girl who is not poor enough to have to work, not wealthy enough to be a great philanthropist? She can marry, bring children into the world, and be a good wife and mother. That is a job, a fine worthwhile job, but it doesn't seem to be enough, it doesn't seem to be reason enough for being placed on this great earth, to live, to work, to be happy and unhappy and at last to die.

I want to feel that the world needs me and my small part, to feel that I am not merely living but that I am also doing.

You may be very humorous, make your friends laugh, and call your mission in life "bringing joy to those around you"—but no one wants to play the clown all her life.

Does the wish ever come to you to be a great actress, to make people laugh and cry? Do you ever feel you want to write good books that will make people think and feel in the right way? Do you ever want to go down to the Kentucky Mountains and teach ignorant people the right way to live? All these things, or one, I want to do. The "middler" asks herself how any of these things are possible. Is the answer "try hard"? Or should she just let herself be carried along?

I often raise my face to the skies and form with my lips the question "Why am I here? Am I just to be another person? Isn't everyone here for a purpose; and when shall I find mine?"

What is the answer to these questions? No one can answer them but myself. When I am an old woman, again alone with my thoughts, the answer will probably come, "You, being one of those 'middlers'—have lived your life as well as you knew how. You have brought your share of happiness to those you love. You have never done anything great, but you have carried on your part in life, and that is all you are here for."

WINIFRED DeFOREST, '33

They say I shall forget—I know
That nevermore those memories
Will leave my tired soul, will go.
For still the dregs of ecstasies
Remembered haunt my soiled being
And drag me down to cringe in shame;
My blurring eyes are weary with seeing
The halo of them round your name.
Why should this be—that life and love
And happiness should turn from me?
E'er will I have the remnants of
A mutilated travesty.

ERNESTINE HERMAN '34

GALLANT DREAMER

IT was in the Grand Central Station on a holiday week-end, when a man in grey plunged around a corner and bumped headlong into a man in brown.

"Oooof!" said the man in brown painfully.

"Damn!" said the man in grey. "Why the devil don't you—Good Heavens! Charlie!"

"Eh?" said the man in brown. "Why—Jimminy crickets! How are you, old man?"

"Great! Great! Say, we've been combing the earth for you, and here you are browsing around right on Forty-second Street! What's the big idea?"

"Why, as a matter of fact, Steve, I'm just in town for a couple of hours. Catching the Twentieth Century at noon. You'll be a ruin if you try to comb for me."

"You're telling me? I hunted three weeks in San Francisco last Fall. Your last wire— Say, would you mind telling a guy—"

"Oh—yes. You know, I've been sorry about those reunions. Just never could seem to make 'em. But I haven't slipped up on wire at one of 'em, eh, Steve?"

"Yeah," said the man in grey. "But what the deuce are you doing? We sort of expected to bail you out at least once while you remade the world. Visions of an execution in God-knows-where, the victim too stubborn to let his friends—Shucks! You might have let us in on it, Charlie!"

"Good night! Do you mean to say you fellows are still fuming over my growing pains? That's rich! *I* got over 'em in a hurry. Why, to tell you the truth Steve—under your hat, of course—I've been bootlegging for years. Swell little racket!"

"Oh," said the man in grey. His voice was a little flat, and a certain glow went out of his eyes. "Bootlegging." He hesitated. Then, "You should have heard Jimmy Lennox at the last banquet. Gave us a regular

scorcher on the way we pooh-poohed those notions of yours. Gallant dreamer rotting in jail, and all that. Funny." He shifted from one foot to another. "I—er— Look, old man, can't I run you to wherever you're going? Car's right here?"

"Why, if you don't mind. My man apparently didn't get my wire."

Its occupants strangely silent, the big car moved quietly through the roar of traffic to a particularly royal-looking apartment house. The man in grey winced slightly as his eyes took in the imposing edifice.

"Your garret, eh?" he inquired. "Well—er—look me up next time you're in town, Charlie."

"I will, old man. Thanks for the lift."

As the car moved down the street, the man in brown leaned thoughtfully against the post of the canopy, oblivious of the watchful eyes of a rather monumental door-man. A taxi drew up at the curb and deposited a beaming youth in sparkling white flannels.

Waveringly the man in brown moved forward.

"Say, Buddie," he muttered huskily, "could you give me a nickel for a cup of coffee?"

ESTHER TYLER, '33

AUTUMN

Down in the valley
The blue of the autumn mist
Has blurred the color of trees,
And ghosted up the hillside
To shroud the ruddy leaves.

Out across the marsh
The stream from the ocean tide
Slides under the lip of grass;
And a dusky bird goes winging,
Etched against a fading sky.

Down along the road,
Where cluster the homes of men,
The frost-painted leaves are gathered;
Smoke from the fires is sifting,
Acrid and grey, into the mist.

ANN D. CROCKER '34

A MARXIAN INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE

IN studying the socialism of Russia today, one is apt to forget that its ramifications include not only the economic and social phases of society, but also the intellectual and literary developments. Marx, the great father, with a profundity and completeness that astounds one, has extended his socialism to the interpretation of art, music, literature; the Marxian viewpoint in regard to literature, in particular, is a fascinating one.

All Soviet literature today is flowing in a certain definite, fixed channel, which deepens with every succeeding month. In this broad river are fused the two separate streams of proletarian literature and independent creative writing; they are merging one with the other, in their long progression to the ultimate sea of the literature of a classless society. Just under the surface, one senses the turbulent, vibrant life of the class struggle, the striving toward a more perfect society; this underlies all true proletarian literature. As everything in life is a product of its economic background, Soviet literature reflects the spirit and ideals of socialism. In the same way, our present intellectual sterility and degeneration is a product of the system of decadent capitalism under which we are now living.

Literature works hand in hand with the economic and industrial development of the socialistic state. In order to enable the new man to perceive the unity and coordination of the great plan of socialism, the writers of Soviet Russia must show in their books the unity and mutual interdependence that characterize her industries. They themselves must participate in new enterprises and constructions, suffering in their failures and triumphing in their victories. A living connection must be formed; literature must foster and strengthen the consciousness of a coordinated whole.

In the scheme of Soviet literature, there is no place for "art for art's sake", just as there is no place for art dissociated from politics. All art, of any sort whatsoever, must have a purpose; it must not be simply the

spontaneous overflowing of an emotional state of mind. An author's sympathy for socialist construction reveals itself in his writings, in his work devoted to the cause of this construction. If his writing is of any real value, it will naturally follow in the lines dictated by socialist policy. Naturally, this involves a readjustment of the individual mind and conscience, and a reorganization of the creative work of man. Furthermore, the purpose of art is not to paint reality—this is a fallacious bourgeois conception. Art is always weaker than reality, when it deals with objects that are visible. Its natural scope, its natural function is to depict those things unseen, hidden to the understanding.

And what are these unseen objects? The death pains of old Russia mingling with the birth throes of the new U. S. S. R.—the mysterious yet palpable force which is changing the character of a whole nation—the spectacle of the creation of a myriad of “visible objects”, on a stupendous scale—the sight of a glorious struggle, which gives new life and hope to the minds and hearts of men.

ERNESTINE HERMAN, '34

●

LULLABY

Tonight in the dusk someone comes singing;
Tender the song, and low,
Mingled with night wind and branches swinging,
Laden with silver snow.

Alone in the night waits a dream, entreating
You, little loved one, you;—
Sleep, for the spell of his song will be fleeting
Even as visions do.

Out in the dusk and the storm he is calling,
Dimmer his voice, and thin.
Lower, my own, are your lashes falling,
Slumber,—and let him in.

ALMA BENNETT, '33

USES OF DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE

I CAN think of no really disagreeable people among my acquaintances, but what is to hinder the invention of hypothetical people? It ought to make a fine equation; consider: hypothetical people + hypothetical uses → practically impossible results. Now that the idea has occurred to me I should like to have an encounter with one of these hypothetical, disagreeable people. This must be Midsummer's Eve—for I am sure I see one waddling toward me, with a scowl on his face and acid on his tongue. And it is a long tongue; I can discover it already writhing and hissing.

I too shall practice being disagreeable, like the villains of the melodramas, who seemed to enjoy themselves much more than did hero or heroine, until, of course, the fateful finale. My course, therefore, is to attend rehearsals only, and to escape before I feel around my neck a noose. This synthetic ogre who has appeared helps me to appreciate the restraint of the only slightly Satanic moments of some of my friends, but gives no assistance in my villainous rehearsals. This being has not the correct constituents to help in increasing my efficiency at being odious and rather disappointing. He has no sense of humor at all, and even in odium and disagreeableness a sense of humor is essential. His lack of intelligence and wit disposes of him as a foil for my disagreeable efforts, my most hopeful use for him. What next? I have plucked my disagreeable man out of thin air, but he will not serve the purpose I had hoped he would, he is not absorbent enough to be a penwiper, and he does not seem to evaporate whence he came.

What is this? There are now two of them! The mathematics of the disagreeable world are disturbing; all from nought, and two from one. At last, however, I have a hint of the one and only real use for truly disagreeable people. They must be allowed to take pot-shots at each other, and thus keep quietly out of mischief. Yet everything is not as peaceful as it should be, and there seems to be fur flying, or nails scratching. Where are those combatants? I can see only half of each, and now none of either. This, then, must be their real purpose, to play the rôles of the gingham dog and the calico cat.

"AMERICAN BEAUTY"

"American Beauty" by Edna Ferber, is a book that should be great, both because of the undoubted ability of its author and because of the richness of her subject. Anyone who has read "Cimarron" or "Show Boat" will entertain little doubt as to Miss Ferber's talent for reproducing vividly and well the picture and the spirit of definite phases in American tradition. And surely there can be little that is American that can overshadow the New England tradition. Unfortunately, in "American Beauty" Miss Ferber fails to ring the bell.

If we are to fully enjoy a story of a family's vicissitudes over a long period of years, there are certain things that we are within our rights in expecting. First, there must be a predominating spirit running throughout—something more than the mere accident of birth that unites the characters. Second, if there is to be tragedy in the story, it must be tragedy of character, not tragedy of circumstance. And third, the author's attitude must never change. In all of these things Miss Ferber has gone wide of the mark.

She starts off with True Baldwin, a broken-down Chicago financier, returning to the Connecticut village of his birth where, at the command of an eminent nerve specialist, he is to take up his residence and fulfill the frustrated desire of his youth by seeking out one Judith Oakes, member of one of Connecticut's oldest families. True finds his native district sadly changed. The old houses are gone or demolished. Polack men and women are working the tobacco fields. He knows no one. But the fine old Oakes mansion stands intact. And in its fields they find a young gentleman with a Polish name, an English face, and the first name Orrange.

From here Miss Ferber transports us easily to the Connecticut of 1750 and the stirring story of Capt. Orrange Oakes, Cavalier, Baronet, and gentleman. The reader finds fulfillment of his expectations in this section of the story. For it is a brave picture we are given of the gallant captain, of Noel Champion, his giant cousin, of Judith, his amiable con-

sort, of Temmie, the elfin child whose ashes lie beneath the hearth-stone in the great dining room. We see the grand mansion assume its imposing shape at the cost of infinite labor, directed by the far-away hand of Percival Wren in England. There is something glorious about the brilliant, courageous cavalcade that we see riding gayly over the wooded Connecticut hills. Here we catch a real glimpse of the spirit suggested by the title. We feel all the glory and romance of the country which, Orrange Oakes informs his friend Wren, is not unlike their native Kent, except that the sky is bluer, the trees are taller, and the hills are greener. "It has," he writes, "a grander and more rugged beauty—a kind of American beauty."

But the vision passes swiftly. Something is definitely gone when we come to the Jude Oakes of 1890—to Big Bella, her drunken cousin and sole descendant of Big Noel—to her neice Temmie, modern edition of the Colonial child. For Jude Oakes is a horrible picture of New England spinsterhood. She is warped of mind and unlovely of body. And it is she whom True Baldwin has loved through all his life. The story of Temmie and her struggle to project the glory of the past into the bleakness of the present is harsh and unlovely. The present bleakness too predominant to be counterbalanced by it. Drunken Bella, the dwarf Jot, sex-repressed Jude—they have nothing in common with that story.

Miss Ferber deals with the influx of Polish peasants into the Connecticut valley. But the whole spirit of the situation seems to have escaped her. No definite attitude is indicated. When Temmie marries the Polack hired man the reader's instinctive distaste is neither heightened nor alleviated. She brings up her son, in the face of all opposition, thoroughly endocrinated in the Oakes tradition. She dies and is buried beside Judith "amiable consort." And eventually the boy Orrange is left, clinging passionately to the birthright of his family, but forced by circumstance to try to dispose of it. At this point we go back to 1930—to True Baldwin and his daughter. And we are left with the vague impression that True's daughter will marry this English, Polish, American.

Now, matching the story up with our requirements, there is no predominating spirit throughout. Perhaps Miss Ferber intended one, but she

has failed. For the spirit of the early part of the book is almost stifled in the stark person of Jude Oakes. No amount of romantic dreams on the part of Temmie can come up to the force of that character. In Jot, the simpleton, and in Big Bella, the sot, there is too much verification of Jude's position to be counteracted by Temmie and her son.

Then, the tragedy of Jude, Bella, Jot, and Temmie is due to circumstance, not to their own natures. There is a hint that Jude's pride was the cause of her repressed nature, but the picture we are given of Connecticut barren of real men so far overbalances that of her inherent nature that the latter is never considered. Bella is in the same situation—so is Jot. And Temmie finds her tragedy in the stern emptiness of her surroundings more than in the impossible quality of her dreams.

Miss Ferber has done a very lamentable thing. She has mixed the romantic and the realistic attitudes, and the result is extremely bad. It would seem that she is trying to point a moral concerning the necessity for new, red blood in New England. If she is, she has missed a great deal. For the romantic quality of the Polish settlement has as great possibilities as had the story of Orrange Oakes. And it seems to have escaped her. Ondy, Temmie's husband, is too vague. He is neither real nor unreal. He is almost irrelevant.

Perhaps Miss Ferber intended to gain force by this contrast of two periods. She has done so. But unfortunately the thing emphasized is merely her own poor taste and lack of real artistic sense. For sex-repressions, mental abnormalities, physical degeneracy are not in the world of that first Orrange. The New England of barren women, decadent men, tradition-sullyng society is too far from the spirit of the New England described to Wren. And the ending of the book is not decisive. We do not know True's daughter. We have little sympathy for the young Orrange. The moral—if a moral was intended—is left dangling.

One can not help reflecting upon what a glorious book Miss Ferber could have written had she dealt only with that first Orrange Oakes. A great spirit pervaded that part of her novel. And fast upon that consideration comes another. How much better it would have been had she never written at all than that she should have given us this bare,

unlovely picture of doubtful authenticity. The New England tradition means much to many of us. It is hard to see a hand that might have glorified, hurl a wad of mud across the face of "American Beauty."

ESTHER TYLER, '33

TRISTRAM IN BRITTANY

Isolt,
I have but one song, child, and that a dirge
Of youth and love bereft; so do not urge
Me sing.

I have but one song, I, who time ago
Sang for a singing court where strong men know
The songs of love as well as those of war.

And since
I have not yet grown used, for all my strife,
To looking on the empty face of life,
Forbear.

What would I sing. Of what good is a voice
That throbs through tears? A singer with no choice
Of songs, but only one, one and no more?

One song
That sings itself until the brain is dull!
A song which, being sung, will leave no lull
Of peace,

But comes again and still will come again
Until the heart is dumb and taut with pain.
A dirge of youth and love bereft, I say!

Oh God!
Where is the good in anything to come
When there are no more eyes with depths to plumb
And lids to kiss tight shut? No hands to lay

A snare of dreams, a slender thread that grows
To bind a man's heart closer than he knows!
A thread from which he cannot break away!

Oh no, Isolt, I cannot sing to you!

MARJORIE SEYMOUR, '33

QUARTERLY BOOK REVIEW

THE RUNNING FOOTMAN

IT is an English spring with bright green meadows and soft green buds and John Deere is running along a country lane. His lord's coach is not far behind, thirty feet is the specified distance, and although he has some difficulty in keeping this space between himself and the horses, John Deere runs proudly enough. He holds high his stick that has a hard-boiled egg in its end and squares his shoulders under Lord Bringle's livery. * * *

The road to London is one hundred and fifty miles long but they are doing it in two days, so this gives John one night to rest. He lies still, sprawling his aching limbs, feeling his heart throb all over his body, breathing painfully and in jerks. In the morning he runs on, scarcely seeing the road ahead, but anxious to acquit himself proudly in her eyes. He had the great good luck to help her into her place in the rumble of the chariot and her kind recognition spurs him now when his knees fail, holds him up when he would fall. * * *

When you leave blood on the rim of a villager's cup and when grown men look aghast at your tightly drawn skin and staring eyes, you know it's time to stop. He heard her say she wanted the flowers, though, so what matter that he must run way beyond Gypswyck for them, only to turn around and run back? With the flowers packed in moss in his leather bag, his clothes soaked with rain and sweat he moves slowly, breathing so loudly that men in the fields beyond turn to stare. A miracle is working and legs that no longer feel at all push on; a heart that should have long since burst still pumps. Already dead he runs and runs.

This was John Deere, supremely humble. He ran first to satisfy his mother's ambition, last for a governess who scarcely knew him from the other servants. He had never hoped for her love, but he had hoped that she might have no lover but him for a while, he, who could have her only as a distant, lovely thing to serve. His love was the kind that comes seldom, asking no satisfaction, but raising him to a plane where he lived so beautifully, so quietly and so alone that tears for him fall very softly.

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