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QUARTERLY

QUARTERLY

JUNE 1933

CONNECTICUT
COLLEGE



VOLUME XII

NUMBER 4

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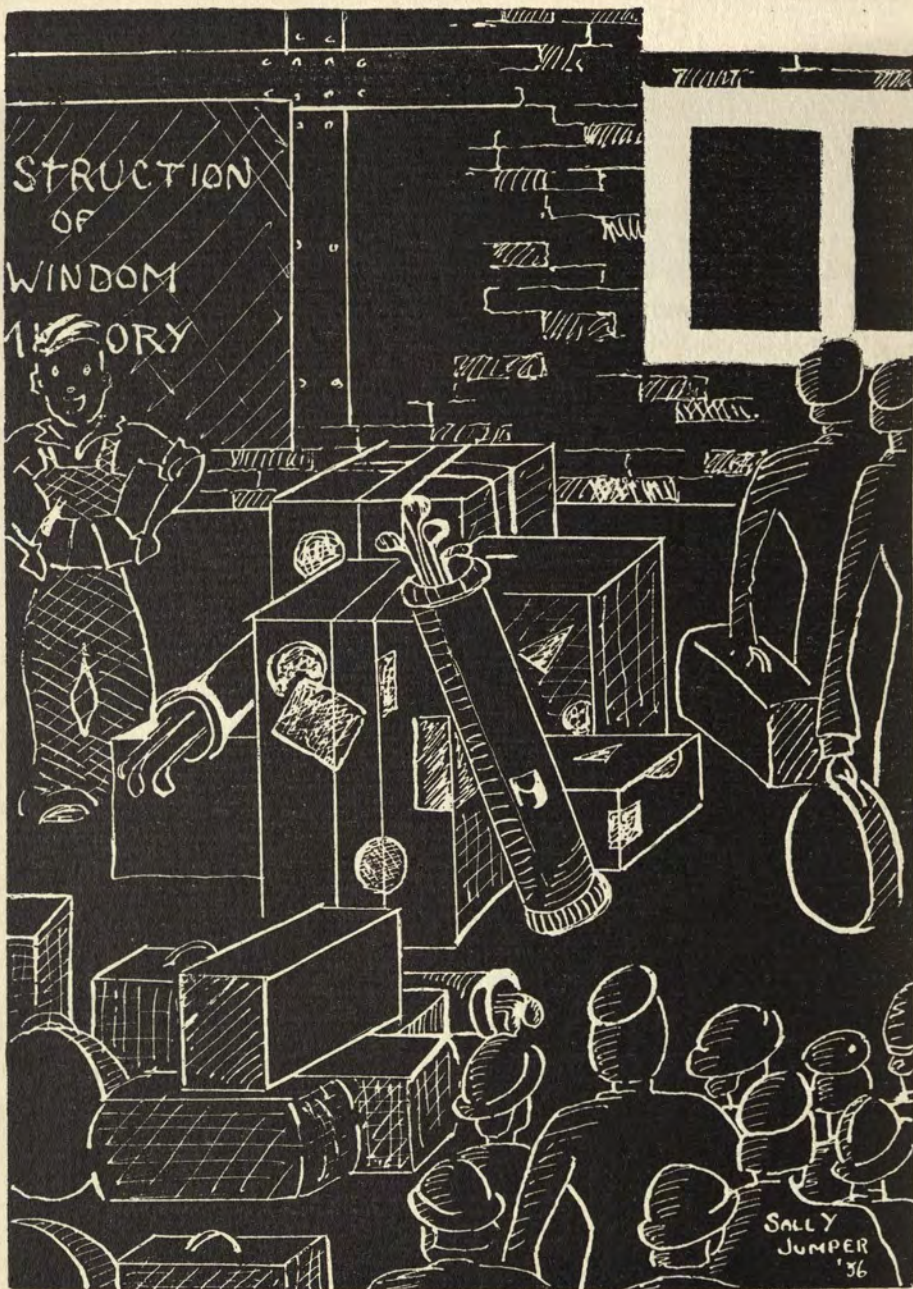
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THE RETURN OF THE NATIVES

COMMON DAY

SOMETIMES the sun rises and we wake to see a world bathed in yellow light. And sometimes we wake and the world is wrapped in gray mist or buried beneath a blanket of white snow. But usually in the springtime the world is swathed in sunlight. We rise and see a playful robin scampering to and fro on the front lawn, his coppery-red breast in striking contrast to the green of the fresh young grass. We dress and go downstairs and outside to sniff of the warm spring air before breakfast—at that hour when nature seems to have captured everything that is beautiful in a silent spell that is but momentary. The yellow sun glances through the suddenly green leaves of the trees, and traces figured shadows on the grass. As we stand on the doorstep, nothing is different or changed, everything is just as it was last year in the first days of spring. We take this all as the merest matter of course—the newly-green leaves of the trees, so delicately stenciled against the blue sky with the white clouds hovering lazily over us, the sparkle of the still dew-damp grass, the robin released by the coming of springtime, darting across the lawn and, now and again, making sudden flights to a low tree branch. All is the same as last year; it is pleasant, but it is the same. And yet, hardly more than a few days before, the snow lay in thick white drifts on that same lawn, the trees stood gaunt and bare like straight soldiers in formation, and the robin was nowhere to be seen. What a change has actually been wrought by the coming of the new season! We stand there on the doorstep and think that it is nice that winter things can once again be put away. We inhale the warm spring air and the sunlight, but we do not think of what caused this transformation; we forget that such a short time ago all was cold and somewhat bleak. All that we feel is a vague sensation of pleasure that spring is here. We forget that there was a winter. This is just another day—a common day—and although we sense its beauty and its meaning in a mild sort of way, we do not think of the wonder of the new season, of how it came about. Instead we go inside with a “springy” feeling and settle down to a satisfying break-

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fast of golden eggs and mellow-looking toast, and to the morning paper that tells us all the events of this "common day". But it will not tell us that it is a changing day, that this common day that seems like all others is the very essence of the constant and unending evolution that goes on around us and becomes a natural part of us, and is so subtle and wonderful that we do not notice it.

Outside, the yellow world watches the robin who is the symbol of spring as he hops spryly from branch to branch, and the trees sway gently in the early spring breeze. And this day that is the common day, so much like all the others, is not at all a common day.

MARJORY LOESER

APRIL 1933

We wander alone through evenings dusk
Deep-haunted by memories' dreams,
And the still sweet air, fragrant with musk
Enhances the moon's silvery gleams.
Once this brook babbled nonsense and laughter,
And echoed our light-hearted glee.
We lived without thought of hereafter
I lived just for you, you for me.
I thrilled to the touch of your lingering lips,
And loved with a fierce, deep devotion.
How soon from its heights, ecstasy slips!
How swift dies the flame of emotion!
Out of a passion, deep, tender, forlorn,
A strong, noble feeling, friendship, was born.

ETHEL LOUISE RUSS, '34

PRELUDE IN C#

THE crashing chords of Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C#* came clearly to me as I leaned back in my deck chair. Someone had unwittingly caught my mood and was playing my thoughts to me as I gazed at the seething sea. Gradually the great hills of green-black brine became a smooth sun-colored steppe, and the drama I saw was the drama of the music.

Before me marched a line of men, haggard, impossibly beaten by life, starved for all that freedom promised. Endlessly they staggered on, keeping time to the beating music in my ears. They *were* the notes, each one a living despair. Siberia, infinite cold, starvation, hopelessness were all that lay before them, and they knew it too well.

Suddenly, one of those gaunt scarecrows, whipped to a frenzy by the horrible monotony, the awful nothingness of his fate, broke from the line with a burst of wild crescendo. He struggled a minute with a guard, broke loose, and ran with such an over effort that his steps were staggering and uncertain. Right at me he rushed, and all the while the music rushed too, tormented, up and down a desperate scale.

On the face was a look of hating hope and desperation. Dark he was, and wild. His stormy hair flew out in thick, tarry strips behind the massive head. The eyes were pools of sunken red. White eyeballs glinting in the rays from the frozen sun bespoke madness. His nostrils, distended with the effort of breathing, were like those of an untamed beast. His mouth was open and panting. His tongue lolled out, parched and swollen, like that of a dog that has run too far. The face was covered with a stubby beard of countless weeks' growth—a protection against the bitter winds that had leathered his skin. His clothes hung to his half-naked frame in unspeakably filthy tatters.

I could feel his hot breath on my face, when from my side a guard I had not noticed raised a silent rifle to his shoulders. The fugitive turned and saw. Uttering the bleating moan of a dying animal, he sank down and crouched in abject submission.

Over his face swept a change such as I have never seen on human countenance and hope never to see again. Blank became those once so very living features. His mind—had it fled and left a nothingness less than death? It was a look of utter unexistence. That man no longer lived. And as the music sank back to the monotonous tread of marching feet, that dead body strode back to the line that had not even seen his brief moment of stolen living. I saw him continue his pointless, unending trudge to —————.

ELIZABETH BURGER, '35

ON HEARING OF YOUR DEATH

Someday—far distant from this time—
'Mid different peoples and a different clime,
Solemn the news will come to bow my head
That you are dead.

And I shall go away, alone a while,
To think of you, your eyes, your hair, your smile,
I will not sorrow for you, still and cold
For you'll be old.

Your once clear eyes, dulled at this later day,
Your lustrous hair, thinner, and streaked with grey,
Your once fleet limbs will lie still, youth has fled
When you are dead.

I'll sorrow for a vanished love of mine,
Once radiant, gay, and fair in some past time,
The woman who has died I will not know,
My love died long ago.

FLOYDA ANTHONY NEEDHAM, '36

INTRODUCING THE FOWLERS

AMANDA hated those Sunday morning breakfasts more than any other meal in the whole week, not because she minded having to cook the great meal of pan-cakes, bacon, eggs, and coffee. (In fact, she often thought that of all the family, she alone really liked work; it served to take her mind from herself.) But it seemed to her that the clash of temperaments constant in her family desecrated the harmonious peace that ought to usher in each fresh day of the Lord. Therefore, when a golden-brown stack of discs was accumulating in the oven and the coffee was blubbering up merrily on the back of the stove, it was with a sense of being unable to prolong the inevitable that she went to ring the old cow bell. She knew very well that her father did not approve of such clamor on the Lord's Day, but even less did he approve of shouting, and it was out of the question for her to run all over the farm in order to assemble the ten of them. She surmised that already the head of the house of Fowler would be seated at the long white table, his golden egg-shaped watch laid carefully just in the center of the Bible at the left of his place, while he sat rigidly upright watching each passing minute with increasing ire at no one's appearing. He would be wearing his black Prince Albert which she had pressed only the night before, although she had not been able to see a wrinkle in it. He would have on, too, his dove-grey tie, which matched his spats and gloves, and which made his piercing steely eyes seem a bit softer at first glance. Yes, she would have to admit that her father was a fine looking man with his curly iron-grey hair brushed back from that exceptionally high and broad white forehead. And his long aquiline nose and tapering fingers gave him an air of distinction lacking in any other man she knew thereabouts. She was proud of him, too, when she thought of how politely all the ladies bowed to him after church.

But just then she heard her mother's heavy step descending the stairs and her father's voice say sternly, "Christine, you are five minutes late."

"Yes, Randolph," was the passive answer.

At times Amanda thought she partially understood why there were so few outward clashes between her parents, who were so very unlike in most particulars, but who were so equal in stubbornness. Now she realized that her mother won through passivity what her father thought he gained through his dictatorial manner. And as her brother, Eugene, came in slamming the kitchen door behind him, she whispered to him with a wink, "Bet mother stayed up in her room this morning powdering her nose just to show father who's boss."

But Gene did not seem to understand, for he looked surprised and exclaimed, "What, Mother? Naw, she's afraid of him too, like all the rest of you."

At that Amanda merely closed her lips in the straight line that was becoming more and more habitual with her, and turned over another piece of bacon in the pan. But since the family was now fast assembling, she picked up a holder, and hauling out the platter of steaming cakes, made for the dining room. In the hall she met Eva, shaking with those little hacking coughs which had long been habitual to her. Amanda thought she looked thinner and paler than ever this morning, and it occurred to her that it was a shame that Eva had not been blessed with raven-black locks and a thin delicate nose. They would have made a person, destined, as was Eva, to being always white and delicate, look ever so much more interesting than did Eva's washed-out red hair and pendent nose. She was so sweet too. What a shame! And involuntarily shifting the platter to her left hand, she put her arm about Eva's tiny waist and held her close to her as she entered the room.

Gene was already nibbling at his applesauce, under the disapproving eye of his father, while his mother graced the foot of the table, ponderously stately as usual, staring out beyond father to the fresh, dew-cool morning, her pudgy fingers playing unconsciously among the strings of beads on her mighty chest. And Diane, with the baby on her lap, looked up radiantly, her close-cropped curly black hair caught up piquantly by a rosy ribbon, as Eva slid quietly into her seat between Eugene and father. No one was speaking save the baby, who prattled

as she rocked a spoon up and down, and cooed when it caught up a beam of sunlight, for each person was conscious of the impending storm. Down the hall, the grandfather-clock struck out the warning note of the quarter-hour. And then the storm broke.

"If those girls think they can make us wait all day for their fussing and prinking, then they have another guess coming." Father pounded out each word on the table with his fist so that the empty cups clattered in their saucers and a drop of milk sloshed over the edge of the pitcher and trickled slowly down the side leaving a filmy path in its wake. Then, pushing back his chair with great wailing squawk, he strode to the foot of the stairs, and as he did so, Sam, the hired boy, attempted to slink into his seat next to Amanda's mother, but he was not to escape so easily, and her father, turning upon him, hurled, "And as for you, you lazy good-for-nothing, trying to sneak in behind my back, the sooner you learn the meaning of the word, promptness, and," looking down at Sam's hands, "of the word, soap, the better it will be for you. Now get out there at the pump and make yourself presentable on the Lord's Day!" He stood there imperiously pointing out of the door like an enraged Napoleon until Sam slid sheepishly past him. Then turning, he thundered up the stairs, "Down here this minute, Henrietta, Genevieve!" and returned impressively to his seat amid an intense silence.

Amanda sighed as she hurried back into the kitchen, thinking of the number of times this very scene had been enacted. When she again entered the room, Henrietta and Genevieve were sitting with heads meekly bowed across from their brother and sisters, Genevieve nervously arranging and rearranging the silverware at her place, Henrietta ostensibly drying her mouth with a napkin in order to hide a tremulous quiver which just would curl it up at the corners.

When at last she was seated, with Sam, who had taken his place as unobtrusively as possible, her father finally took up the Bible and began in a sonorous voice to read from the third chapter of Isaiah, "For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem, and from Judah, the stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water.———" Amanda no longer heard what her father read, for

she was watching Genevieve's breathing make her long ringlets bob up and down in a beam of sunlight like a spring of polished copper lustre. She wanted to burst out laughing at Genevieve this morning, for in her haste to descend at her father's peremptory orders, she had had to leave her hair half up in curling rags so that, viewed from the front, she now resembled a composite of pickaninny and little Lord Fauntleroy. Amanda wondered why Genevieve still insisted upon curling her hair so elaborately. To be sure, she had always been vain that her hair resembled her father's, yet she was now nearly forty, and for the last year or so even poor old Charlie Walthrope had not been calling. And, save for her glory of hair, she was really quite plain, with her thin lips, long bulbous nose, and piercing blue eyes. Even quiet, matronly Henrietta, whose raven locks were now beginning to show a few silver threads, had sweeter, less pointed features.

However, her musings were brought to an abrupt close, when her father closed the Bible, mumbled grace, and immediately demanded his coffee. After food was brought, the strained feeling among those about the table slowly lessened and the usual lively table-talk arose. To catch Genevieve's comments on the advisability of wearing her new shawl to church that morning, her mother, who was slightly deaf, was leaning across in front of Sam, who, spread out fan-like along almost half of the table, was silently stowing away quantities of golden pancakes. And Henrietta was questioning her father about the hymn for the morning. Eugene, who had viewed all the goings-on with a rather scornful smile, now slapped the baby's hand, which had been tugging fretfully at his watch chain. Naturally the baby cried out, and her mother begged, "Oh, let her have it Gene; she won't hurt it."

While Henrietta, looking up from her conversation with her father commented, "Honestly, Diane, you spoil her unmercifully. Don't let her have everything she wants."

"What have you to say about?" flung back Diane hotly. "She's not *your* baby."

The arrow hit its mark, and Henrietta caught her breath, flushed deeply red, and subsided. Amanda sighed, wondering why their family

could never seem at peace. There, she knew Gene would curse at something before the meal was over. Now his fork having slipped and stuck him in the finger, he had muttered a low "Damn!" thus bringing down upon his head his father's wrath.

"For shame, Eugene," his father roared. "To curse on the Lord's Day is to sin doubly. Leave the table this minute and go ask your Maker's forgiveness!"

As Gene sidled out of the room he leaned over and tweaked one of Genevieve's Fauntleroyian curls, whereupon Amanda, in the excitement of the moment, could not resist a snicker and a murmured taunting, "Goldy locks!" Her hair was a sore point with Genevieve. Consequently she came back with a sharp:

"That's enough, Mandy Fowler; I don't notice that your locks are anything to rave about."

"Genevieve!" reproved her mother. "That's no kind of a remark for a girl your age to make. Beg your sister's pardon."

"I'm sorry," mumbled Genevieve mechanically, and thereupon she busied herself with drinking the last drops of her coffee.

"Always wrangling, always bitter," thought Amanda. "Why can't we *ever* be pleasant to each other?" However, with this last clash the remaining group about the table fell into silence, and Amanda was glad when at last they all rose and left her to do the clearing up. Surely it was almost pleasure working alone in peace, for this constant clashing, which seemed only natural on week days, appeared to her to be almost sacrilege on the Lord's Day. So sighing again and setting her lips in a thin straight line, she began piling the soiled plates and coffee cups upon the tray.

BARBARA BIRNEY, '35

RAIN

RAIN is my favorite kind of weather. I make this statement in my right mind, in full possession of all my faculties, although some sun-lovers have doubted that; and I am prepared to defend my opinion. I could begin by describing the April showers that bring the shy violets and merry crocuses, but I have no doubt that such a familiar start would irritate anyone reading this essay to such an extent that they would destroy it immediately. That is insignificant, however. The fact remains that I like rain. I like everything about it from the circle around the moon before a rainy day, to the gurgling gutters and the leaves lying plastered to the sidewalks after a storm.

I find it pleasant to wake up hearing the drip of water from the eaves, or the rush of drops against the window pane. All along the street I can see quaint figures, in long loose coats, carrying vari-colored umbrellas, and looking, from my high window, like so many live mushrooms. I like to pull on my boots, button up my raincoat, pull my hat down over my ears, and stride forth expectantly, my hands thrust deep in my pockets, into the driving rain. I can lift my face to the fury of the elements and laugh, defying them.

Incidentally, I wonder why man always takes such pleasure in defying the elements, as though they actually bothered about what might happen to him. The rain drops run down my face and trickle off my chin and I think it fun, not even caring that my nose is getting redder and shinier every minute. By the way, rain water is good for the complexion. That is an argument in its favor, though of course it may be obtained in a drier way by putting a pail outside your door. I like the rain because it fits my moods, or my moods fit it. When I am happy I exult in being gloriously wet, and when I am sulky it beats down upon me in an equally sullen fury, while sunshine would seem insipid. Many times, too, in a burst of temper, I have gone hatless and coatless into the pouring rain, returning thoroughly soaked, and in a cheerful frame of mind. That remedy never seems to fail.

Then, there is the comfortable side of the matter. A storm outside, emphasizing so much the warmth and comfort of an open fire under a sheltering roof. I should not enjoy the rain so much if I had no shelter to which to return, no cozy armchair in which to curl up with an apple and a book, contrasting my comfort with the cold rain outside. On the whole, though, I think that is a rather too conservative and lazy way to weather a storm. Having a flair for the dramatic, I prefer to climb to some high spot and "laugh in the teeth of the gale," though there is a bad let-down in returning home cold and wet, to hang my stockings over a radiator and to shiver before the kitchen stove.

Another phase of rain is its humor. Rain often seems to me like a person with a perverted sense of humor. It falls so unexpectedly, sending shoppers scurrying into doorways and automobiles. Then when the streets begin to fill with folk well-equipped for wet weather, the rain ceases and the sun peeps out again. Doesn't it give you a silly feeling to carry an umbrella and gaiters through the streets when the sun is shining its brightest?

I like the rain for its beauty, too, the cool, silent, misty mornings, when trees and houses are strange, shapeless lumps in the white fog; the leaden blue-gray skies, and the breathlessness when there is a lull in the storm; the shriek of wind and the crash of water on windows; the reflection of street-lights on the shining, black pavements; and the patter of rain on leaves or a cabin roof. All this merely leads me to repeat my first statement. Rain is my favorite kind of weather.

FLOYDA ANTHONY NEEDHAM, '36

JADE

A BUDDHA, carved of the rarest jade, lies on a velvet bed under a piece of crystal. From my earliest childhood, I have had a burning desire to take this aloof, cool, chaste bit of beauty, and selfishly keep its wondrous loveliness hidden from the realistic, calculating world. This apotheosis of beauty, this epitome of loveliness is the pattern after which I should model my life.

The delicate shadings in the jade represent the periods of life. I am hardly aware of the change in color. The head of my talisman is a creamy, smooth green, depicting to me the period of adolescence. It is the time in life when ideas are but dimly formulated, when it seems as though the world were made for the express purpose of being a plaything. Life, like the jade, was untainted and pure. One was inscrutable, and lived in a world of imagination. Whims and fancies were kept under a cloak of suave indifference which even one's self failed to pierce and understand. To most people, life was an open book like the smooth surface of the jade. What was underneath the outer coating no one knew.

The body of the Buddha is a dark, turbulent, cloudy green recalling to mind the solemn passing of youth to manhood and womanhood. It is no longer smooth and undisturbed. The unanswerable questions of life break into the dormant mind wrecking peace and former security. This green changes in the light as do the moods of this period.

The base of the Buddha fades into a mellow green, a finished product. It is proof of a life ready to retire to the shades of the uneventful! On the extreme left is an indescribable shade with nothing of the beauty of the other colors; it is a sickly green, as if representing the horde of disillusioned, those whose lives were wrecked by the Fates.

My reverie is broken; I raise my head to see my talisman smile with austere coldness, and as if moved by some unseen fate, it drops to the marble floor in a thousand minute pieces. I wonder at this sign from the gods. Did it mean that utter destruction was the only logical ending to this life? I realized my loss, only a memory remained of the most beautiful thing that I had ever possessed. Suddenly I knew the answer. A memory is the only lasting thing in the world.

MARGARET MYERS, '36

DIVORCE

SHE stood in the middle of the room with the picture in one hand, the wrapping paper in the other. It was a lovely room, luxuriantly and modernistically lovely—so was the girl. She gazed for a long time at the picture. It was an intricate sketch, very cleverly done, of two peasant women standing in a wide white village road. Near them was an old gnarled tree, a community wash trough, a two-wheeled cart with shafts dropped to the ground, the wheels covered with dusty, dried mud. The women wore bright colored dresses, and their faces were happily animated as they gossiped together in the midst of the simplicity of their rural surroundings. The sketch radiated charm, artlessness, an intangible sort of happiness in spite of the type of life represented,—or perhaps because of it.

The lovely girl gazing at this sketch, looked around at the room in which she was standing. She saw a creation of black and silver over-emphasis of triangular lamp shades and triangular furniture;—a room radiating wealth and a girl radiating a vivacious energy which had to be catered to with amusement and excitement. The girl then turned over the card found enclosed with the picture. It merely said, "You can see how incongruous all this is with your life. Both are exaggerations. Couldn't we try once more to remedy that?—Lee."

Lee stood in his modest studio where he painted at his leisure, enjoying life for what it was worth at the price he wanted to pay. Near him was a cage in which a beautiful red cockatoo strutted. It was a handsome bird, an extravagant bird from China, "colored like the peach tree blossom" and as gorgeous as its name. It looked as though it should belong to beautiful gardens where it might fly at will from one beautiful tree to another in a background of luxury to match its body. The cockatoo had arrived a month or so after Lee had sent the etching. A card tied to the cage standard said, "This bird won't be happy in a cage. It can't adapt itself to that which it has never known. It would be better to set it free.—Anne."

There are newspaper reports of the divorce proceedings of the wealthy Anne Stetson and the distinguished Lee Traverse.

RUTH FAIRFIELD, '35

FOG

OUTSIDE the fog hung dim and grey peopled with indistinct noises of sorrow, sighing in the soggy darkness of the night. Inside she sat with her head pressed against the window pane, the palms of her hands making colorless splotches on a colorless glass, her eyes staring into the obscurity, discerning now and then a hesitating shaft of silver light. She sighed and now the room seemed to have borrowed a little of the greater sadness without. "In Egypt there was once a sphinx-like figure covered with mist," she thought, and lost the thread of the idea to form memories from the small bits of light.

She remembered first a swift trip with a friend in a smart green roadster, a stop for dinner in a small tavern, and how the family had worried until they arrived home to climb the front steps with the wet mist clinging to their faces and beading their lashes. She thought of Easter in London; of Dover on a spring evening; of a summer morning in Berlin and of Paris on an April night. She shuddered a little over this last. She remembered thick mist and a speeding cab on the Rue de la Paix just before the Place de l'Opéra with hazy, off-color lights flanking both sides of the street. She saw the heavy touring bus as it bore down on her and then chaos. She shuddered again. The fog was lifting now.

Here she remembered her grandfather, a stern old judge with soft white hair and an ice-blue twinkle in his eyes. She heard him call to her on misty evenings to come to him in his study. "Teeny, come and read me some poetry. I've had a hard day." She would go and sit on a footstool before his big armchair and after giving the fire an unnecessary poke or two, would begin

"In the Luxembourg Gardens below the Queens of France
Brown-legged urchins scamper with hair and eyes a-dance."

She would smile a little roguishly, "You know, Grandfather, I think you were one of them!" and he ruffling her hair, "Come now, Teeny,

I am too old to remember." No one else called her Teeny, but she held the name close. A little later in the evening, Grandfather would go to the window and say, "The fog is lifting," or "The mist is pretty thick," as the case might be. They would talk in cozy comfort the rest of the evening.

Her aunt came into the room and she felt her crowd of memories sweep quietly past her into the great colorless outside. Her aunt asked, "Is it still foggy, dear?" She hesitated before answering and saw the drops falling indifferently from the noiseless, dull trees. Then she said, "No, it's raining now."

GLORIA K. BELSKY, '35

THE CIRCUS POSTER

I wish I were a poster,
A gaudy, scarlet poster,
With a yellow clown a-tumbling in his play.
With a lithe and limber acrobat to swing across my top
And under him blue letters that would say:
 The circus—The circus—
Come see the three ring circus
The greatest show ever produced on earth
 With a side show, a side show
 A marvelous great side-show.
Come and split your very sides with mirth.

Yes, I wish I were a poster,
A rainbow colored poster,
And the little boys would stare in great amaze.
At the daring bare back rider on her prancing, dancing horse,
And the lettering beneath it where it says:
 The circus, The circus,
Come see the three ring circus,
The greatest show ever produced on earth.
 With a wild west, a wild west
 A huge rip-roaring wild west.
Come and split your very sides with mirth.

FLOYDA ANTHONY NEEDHAM, '36

"HANDS"

YOUR hands are slender, white and scrubbed, you wielder of the long sharp knife. They have that supple, strong look, by which all useful things attain a certain frank beauty. Over the back of them and down to the base of the fingers, is a spider web of blue veins. Aristocrats your hands, not born aristocrats, rather self-made. The fingers are tapering and firm, with white, well trimmed nails, and here and there, is a yellow stain, that even your hospital soaps could not remove. The palms are soft as a baby's, and unnaturally white, are filled with a myriad of tiny wrinkles. No calluses here, from the wielding of a pick, or from grasping the handle of a plow. Such hands may coax life from the soil, yours give life back to sick bodies. Confidently, you grip your shining instruments and quickly and surely your hands move about their task. Lithe and dexterous, they go back and forth, strong and confident, never blundering, seeming fairly to give out life through those sensitive finger tips. Kindly, healing hands, which mend what God has made and man has injured—a Surgeon's hands.

Soft milk-white, artificial, like the petals of a hothouse flower, are your hands, lady in the pale green gown. They show hours of scrupulous care. Oils, creams, perfumes, and lotions are applied daily, and every day, your finger tips are manicured. Your hands are so very colorless, except for their cruel blood-red tips, so devoid of creases, of any suggestion of a wrinkle, that they are uninteresting. They are selfish, ruthless hands. They take all that is offered them and continually reach out for more. Your hands cling like ivy vines and sap the strength, the very life blood, from all they touch. The palms are sweet and unstained. They know no work, for they have no need to. Other hands keep yours uncalloused. Other hands, that are roughened by hard labor and sometimes stained with blood—stained red, like the tips of your fingers. Unhealthy things, your hands. They are either lying in languid, self-satisfied repose in your lap, or fluttering about aimlessly like demented things. They make me think of some poor lifeless plants, grown under a stone, un-

wholesome, sickly white things. Arrogant, grasping hands, which destroy what God has made, what man has made—the hands of a lady of luxury.

Your handshake is hale and hearty, Plowman. I can feel the warmth of your labor-roughened palm. Your hands are full of life, absorbed from the moist earth in which you work. The fingers are short and blunt and your nails full of rich, black loam. Even the creases in your palms are full of dirt. These are honest, direct hands, a little unskilled, but so well-intentioned, so hearty, so sure of themselves. Tirelessly, they scatter the golden grain on the earth and then pat the dirt over tenderly, almost caressingly. Your hands are hard and muscular with red knuckles. They handle black soil, golden wheat, and slender seeds. They are hands which know the feel of a plow, the roughness of a spade handle, the smoothness of ripe grain, and the caress of spring showers. Generous, unselfish hands, which till God's earth that man may live—the hands of a laborer.

K. WOODWARD, '35

VIGNETTES

WHAT started me off on the subject of sketching, I think, must have been those funny little vignettes that so subtly illustrate and decorate the *Roundabout Papers* of William Makepeace Thackeray. Some of them are real little pictures—scenes of a country town, with a bridge in the foreground, and shambling houses behind; or little sketches of people. There are funny ones, too, that look almost as though they had come from the clumsy fingers of a child.

When we were children—my brother, sister and I—we formed a club, and gave it the intellectual name of the "Sketchers' School." It was a most secret society, and we held our meetings on the top shelf of the nursery closet, a precarious spot. It was quite a feat to get up to the shelf—one had to climb up the closet drawers, swing by one arm on the clothes rod, fling his legs on to the shelf, and then pull himself

up by sheer muscle power—and it was several months before my younger sister could belong to the club, for of course, one had to be able to sit on the shelf. Our object was, as I remember it, to study drawing so that when we were really old, say seventeen or eighteen, we could earn a living as artists! We would sit on the shelf, clutching a pad of yellow paper, or sometimes, some of mother's best notepaper, and would draw laboriously for hours. When one had finished he would allow his picture to be criticized by the other two members. Perspective and proportion were factors not even dreamt of—we discussed the drawings in regard to the originality of subject, the possibility of recognizing it, and the heaviness of line. The artist was allowed one privilege—he could explain first what the picture represented. Sometimes we saw quite clearly what he had intended—after a full and detailed explanation, at least! The club didn't last very long, however, for we moved away, and somehow never quite recaptured the glamorous secrecy of that particular closet shelf.

Next we had a spell of drawing long and minutely chronicled histories of people. We would take a piece of paper, as large as possible, rule it into twenty or more sections, and then draw in the details of So-and-So's life. There would be a portrait of Belle-Marie at the age of six months—such a circular and wide-eyed creature she was then! And there she is at the age of five—gangly-legged little infant trotting off to school with a satchel of lunch which was almost as big as she was. And, oh, that sad time when she fell into the pool, which was almost as large as a puddle, and practically drowned, only Billy-Boy saved her with his shoe lacing (which appears to be a man-sized rope in the sketch!). Such adventures as this damsel had between the ages of one and twenty. To be twenty years old was the limit of our imagination at the time. At that age our picture heroes had gone through school, college, marriage, grandmotherhood, and even death. In fact, I believe that had someone asked us the age of our parents we would have answered without hesitation, sixteen or seventeen. Those life charts were great fun, and I wish sometimes that I could recapture the joy we experienced in making them. Such cavorting of thick legs, such dainty gyrations of mitten-

shaped hands, such belashing of pop-eyes, such billowing of corkscrew locks, as we gave our pencil characters.

After a time, when we had grown to grammar-school age, and had lost that naïve perspective, such as one might see on one of Lamb's china teacups, we lost also our desire to become famous artists. We were pinned down to the drawing of prisms and blocks, and bowls of stiff flowers, and all the creative impulse seemed to disappear. The impulse to sketch has not gone altogether, however, for poor as I am in the field of art, I still get an immense satisfaction out of going to the woods, or to the beach, to sketch some twisty tree, or tossing boat.

I'll never forget my first experience with oils. A friend of mine and I had been sitting for our portraits, and as a reward for our patience, were allowed to have a wee bit of canvas and free access to an old be-smearred palette. We set to work, smothered in old smocks, and painted portraits of our favorite dolls. Such lovely results as we achieved—a round white smooch of thick paint, dotted with two aquamarine blobs and a scarlet gobbet of paint was the head, and a sticky halo of a curious green shade represented the hair. We were proud that day, I remember!

There really is something worth while in this painting idea. That sketching club, and the subsequent history outlines, kept us quiet for many a rainy afternoon, and bleak winter day. Even now a pad of sketch paper and a lead pencil can work wonders in whiling away a dreary train ride or the like. "Oh, it's fine," you may hear some parent say, "very fine,—as long as the child doesn't let his artistic creations run wild all over the living-room wallpaper, or the bedroom furniture!"

ANN D. CROCKER, '34

AN ADVERTISING NIGHTMARE

ANYONE nowadays can have a nightmare without going to sleep or even to bed. Suppose we follow Mr. Smith, an elderly gentleman, on his way home from the city. Mr. Smith has a nervous temperament, and has just been visiting his doctor to find an antidote for his frequent nightmares. While waiting for his train he looks about him and his eyes fall upon a huge poster advertising Sealpacket handkerchiefs. He sees a very red-faced gentleman in the midst of a huge sneeze, his eyes closed, his nose wrinkled, his mouth wide open. Mr. Smith feels uncomfortably sympathetic and turns away seeking a less upsetting view. It is no use. He recoils from the hideous sight of a huge set of false teeth in the act of biting a terrified woman. It is only a poster advertising toothpaste, but it is several minutes before his nerves are quieted. Luckily his train now arrives, he climbs aboard and settles down to read the "Post." Glancing at a column of advertising he sees an old-fashioned boy protecting a little girl. "Touching," he murmurs, and reads further. It is an ad for coffins. Poor Mr. Smith. All through his journey similar sights greet him; a woman with footsteps across her face, a child screaming with the agony of a burn, another falling directly before a speeding car. It is with great relief that he reaches the serenity of his home in the suburbs. Even there he is not safe from these horrors, for from his window he can see, in the vacant lot next door, a lion about to spring. It depicts "Nature in the Raw" and is a cigarette advertisement. In despair, Mr. Smith pulls down the shades, turns off the lights and goes to bed where he may have the comparative pleasure of an ordinary nightmare.

FLOYDA ANTHONY NEEDHAM, 36

BOOKS

OLD and NEW



ANN VICKERS

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

IN *Ann Vickers*, lately thrust on an unsuspecting public, Sinclair Lewis continues to portray, as he did in *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, the superficial mind and manners of typical Americans. As usual, he protests loudly against the stodginess of the American middle class and their smug conventions. Incidentally, he comments adequately on the social history of the period between 1901 and 1931. The reader turns pages bristling with capital letters and learns, if he wants to, about the Feminist Movement, Social Work and the Social Worker, the growing pains of Communism, all the virtues spelled with big letters, and their opposites spelled with little ones. The author holds the mirror up to middle class America, which, if it is true to form, will be too sleepy to even recognize itself.

However, in spite of the general catalogue of movements, organizations and conventional institutions usurping much space in the book, Mr. Lewis, perhaps unwittingly and by the way, has created a living, breathing character in his heroine. Magnificently human, Ann Vickers is woven into a background which is slightly uninteresting and markedly technical. Telling us little of her physical appearance, Mr. Lewis quickens Ann into life with careful analysis of her personality. It is in depicting characters that he displays masterful artistry and each person is carefully drawn and accounted for to the last detail.

Perhaps one of the most effective parts in the book is the satirical emphasis Lewis puts on the lack of intellectual stimulus in colleges. This condition, Mr. Lewis points out, often stifles initiative thinking in its conception, or else if the victims are hardy enough, they may, like Ann Vickers, wait until their "education" is finished and then start a life of intelligent and significant thinking.

There is much that is good in this book and too much that is bad. Sinclair Lewis is hampered by plot and his interest in American social history, yet the reader appreciates the book for its characters. At present it seems as though the author, like "Alice through the Looking Glass", must run to stay in the same place, but we like to speculate on the book he might write if he neglected to comment on the Babbitts of life and made no attempt to reform anything or anyone. Ann Vickers fails because of these two characteristics; without them—we have yet to see.

GLORIA K. BELSKY, '35

MOLIERE

"Tartuffe" and "The Misanthrope"

COMPLETELY immersed in the deluge of modern drama, one is apt to find trouble in rising to the somewhat clearer air of the old scheme of things. In our craze for reality we seem to have lost sight of the wisdom of dealing in universals, of letting the particulars take care of themselves. We are so intent upon getting all of a man's nature before our footlights that we somehow find ourselves getting more of the details of his dress and routine than of the details of his inner workings. I defy you, we murmur complacently, to show me a pure and simple Tartuffe anywhere in this world. Psychological drama, we call it, and we become so interested in the workings of a man's neurons and dendrites that we forget entirely the workings of the whole man. An interesting point, but hardly a discussion of Moliere.

Moliere, shall we say, played the game of universals on the stage. He assumed that all men are different—eternal clamor of our new dramatists. But he also assumed that all men are similar. He recognized something that we have not yet grasped—that the art of drama, like any art, is restricted. The whole is impossible to art, but the essences are necessary. In the long run his game is more natural than our own.

It is simpler and easier to enter into a thing with the frank avowal that this is not the whole truth. There is no antagonism aroused toward the absorption of what truth there is. The other game of claiming complete reality puts one on his guard for flaws—antagonistic, unable to play. I have never seen Tartuffe, but I have seen *a* Tartuffe in a hundred different people. And that was my assumption. I cannot imagine encountering Huxley's creation Burlap anywhere. I assumed that I could.

It is delightful, for a change, to see a villanous villain, confident in the belief that he never existed and unperturbed by the fear that he is a victim of a maladjusted childhood and is therefore more pitiable than dispicable, more tragic than comic. It is a great relief to laugh freely and let your conscience go to the dogs.

Laughter is the genius of Moliere. Unlike Swift, he knows how to use it. The things that you laugh at are neither too mean nor too great for ridicule. Orgon's anxiety over the state of health of his beloved Tartuffe, in absolute disregard of his wife's illness, is assuredly funny. Only an imbecile could be ashamed of laughing at it. From the supreme hypocrite Tartuffe down to the garrulous Madame Pernell or the servant Dorine, the characters are funny. Moliere has not taken them to heart any more than he has taken to heart the law of probability. It is part of his jolly game to extricate Orgon from all his difficulties by an imperial edict, just as it is part of his game to have Alceste speak of bestowing his love as if it were a matter of decision. All things are possible in these comedies. Therein lies their charm.

All things are possible in Moliere except one thing. It is impossible to confuse your values. Tartuffe is always the hypocrite. We must always see him as such. He must be unctuous, grovelling, and obvious. Alceste is always the misanthrope. He must be stern, savage, and unapproachable. He is not a man. He is a characteristic, with all of its good points and all of its bad points. We recognize this quickly, and we act accordingly.

Moliere, then, is thoroughly amusing. His assumptions are funny; his characters are funny; his situations are funny; his lines are funny. But he is more than amusing. He has utilized the weapon of laughter as it should be utilized—freely, spontaneously, with a purpose. And his purpose is not limited by his own small likes and dislikes. He has seen big things in a big way. The laughter he creates kills what obviously should be killed. It is not a bitter thing. It is a fair, clean weapon. Obviousness is its strong point and its essence.

Of all things on earth the least desirable for ordinary mortals is to appear insipid. After seeing "The Misanthrope," one thinks twice before he gushes over his every acquaintance or before he attempts to bite that acquaintance's head off. In the face of "Tartuffe," one thinks twice before he lapses into the last stages of hero worship, or before he attempts posing as the Archangel Gabriel. Impersonally Moliere aims his blow at human frailty. Impersonally we accept it and personally we profit thereby.

He admits the impossibility of Tartuffe and we accept it. Aimed at no one and at everyone, the satire of Moliere is far removed from that of our modern Huxley. Huxley has not given us *the* hypocrite in "Point Counterpoint." He has given us *a* hypocrite, distinct from reality yet supposedly real. His mixture of caricature and realism has been fatal. No one can feel akin to the savagely portrayed Burlap, but we are all potential Tartuffes. In that differentiation lies the genius of Moliere.

ESTHER TYLER, '33

THE NEW SPIRIT IN GERMAN POETRY

A NEW spirit is found in the laboring caste of the post-war Germany. I use the word caste, in order to show the difference: it is not merely a working class which will, as soon as its circumstances improve, rise and join the middle class, but a group which has its own music, its own literature, its own customs; in short, it is a self-sufficient group, in that, as it develops these mental and cultural activities, it still retains its primary occupations and social conditions.

Out of this caste, then, have arisen poems written in simple straightforward language, revealing not merely personal thoughts, with selfish interests, but great, inclusive rumblings that have grown in the hearts of all, but which could be voiced by only one: the poet. This new poetry is entirely unpretentious. It points out to us that for the present, at least, ideals for the future are out of the question for them; that the all-important problem is unity, in order to get the necessities of life, and, if possible, a little of the happiness.

The following poems, I believe, are exemplary of the mood and thought of this caste. They were taken from the Book *Jüngster Arbeiterdichtung* chosen by Karl Bröger.

ONE AM I

by E. GUNTHER

One am I . . .
One am I of the many, many,
Who, full of ardor, strive towards the highest
Who, full of courage and daring stretch for the glowing sun,
Who, tho oppressed by want and sorrow and filth
Still rebel.

THE C. C. QUARTERLY

One am I of the many, many,
From whom longing seeks rest in its dreams,
Whose volition is glazed with shackles,
Who nevertheless feel weak strength impossible
So degrading.

One am I, and so must be,
Of the many who here drag the fetters of slavery
Until our liberated power rescues us,
Until righteousness and freedom exist.

The day will come, when the Spirit,
Which now in twilight, in misery grovels,
Like a mighty chord through all heaven sounds,
And Circles around the Light,
And the blessed sun.

translated by EDITH RICHMAN, '34



WORKERS ARISE

by ALFRED THIEME

This is the case.
You too rise from your poverty,
Go forth to your brother
Wherever he may be found:
Before the anvil,
Before the fire-pit,
In the quarry,
In the shaft that lies deep below the daylight.
Rise up, at once, without delay,
And say unto him:

THE C. C. QUARTERLY

"You too are tortured by the lash of hunger,
You too are the companion of sorrow,
Sister of destitution,
You too were born with the curse of the times!
You are a lonely soul, as am I
Without power, without rights, enslaved,
An eternal unblessed slave
In the treadmill of the day's torture!

But,—you, and I, and the endless others,
We are the infinite measure,
The many, the masses,
The caste of the lowly,
And if we stand together,
Shoulder beside shoulder in an endless queue,
We would be mighty as no others have been,
Our voices would be the command of the hour,
Proclaim to them this very day the new law:

Each one who toils and controls and creates,
Shall have ample daily bread,
Shall have clothing for work and feast,
Shall have a hut, in which to live,
Shall have enjoyment of the good in life,
Shall have the right to be a person,
As is fitting to him
Who toils with his hands,
Who, with his thoughts day and night,
Devotes himself to the community,
To the people."

Thus, arise at once, without drawback or hesitation
And go to your Brother,
Tormented and plundered,
Whose life is passing,
And tell him this!

translated by EDITH RICHMAN, '34

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