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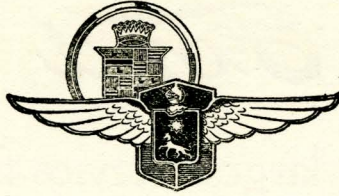
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EL PALENQUE

Volume I

SAN DIEGO STATE COLLEGE

Number 2

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1928

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RINA DE
GALLOS

VIRGINIA
NASH

Jealousy

MARION LAW, JR.

He was surprised at the expressions on their faces that brisk December evening. Dale—and his lovely blonde wife. Some years since he'd seen Dale now. How long ago it seemed—that summer when they had been friends in the woods of Maine! But it couldn't have been more than three years.

And now, in Boston for a few final preparations for his trip, that meeting. Dale had not known him at first. Dale looked older—just a little tired. The firm mouth seemed to have relaxed a trifle; the eyes were still alert, the body lithe and powerful, but there was something there that told of discouragement. Perhaps it was the unexpected droop of shoulders, or possibly the intonation of the voice. The wife was—well, typical in a way. Beautiful, but somehow not fine. Her mouth gave one the impression that it had been set in a mold; the expression was dissatisfied, even cruel. She seemed to be looking inward rather than outward.

Stevenson remembered a saying of his father's: "Yes, that's why the Great Salt Lake is salt. No outlet."

He wondered if Mrs. Miller had any outlet except for her own desires.

He had seen them leaving the Touraine. In to dinner, probably. Dale was the first to speak.

"Stevenson Lacault! Where'd you blow in from?" the same old smile. A little weary, perhaps.

"Well, well! Dale Miller!" They shook hands and beamed at each other. Three years is a long time.

"And my wife, Steve—Mr. Lacault."

She acknowledged the introduction with a smile. It seemed to Stevenson that she smiled more at herself than at him.

"And Steve," Dale had said, "come over tonight. Bernice is going to the opera. Yes, we can spend a quiet evening together—talk over Maine. . . and the woods. Fifty Commonwealth Avenue, apartment three. See you later, old man."

Stevenson fancied that Mrs. Miller frowned. Not at him, it seemed again, but more at herself.

He returned to his hotel, lost in thought. Dale here, in Boston. The idea seemed incongruous. Dale belonged in the open; he needed wide spaces, swaying trees, and grass. And water—the sea.

Dale had been where he belonged that summer three years ago. It had been rather odd, the way Dale acted that summer. Stevenson had always wondered. What was the girl's name? Virginia, he thought it was—yes, Virginia Gilbert. Tall and dark, she had been, and she loved the sea; and she had loved Dale, too. Stevenson felt sure of that.

The two had been together almost constantly: canoeing, swimming, riding. And certainly Dale had given her reason to believe he loved her. He had never spoken much about it even to Stevenson, his best friend. But once, when the two were setting up their camp after a fishing trip—in the deep, Maine twilight it had been—a picture had fallen out of his pocket. Stevenson, picking it up, had noticed that it was Virginia's. And men like Dale didn't usually carry girl's pictures.

It had pleased Stevenson. It seemed to him that Virginia would be a wonderful wife for Dale; of course, no girl in the world was really good enough for him, but it had to happen; it usually did.

Not long after that the unexpected had happened. Dale had left for Boston; a business trip, he said. He expected to return within a week, for he and Stevenson had arranged for another fishing trip the following week. Then there had been a letter. Only a few words. "May not be back as soon as we expected." And something about a girl, Stevenson remembered.

Then there was the day he first heard of it, some four weeks later. He had been playing tennis, and as he mounted the clubhouse steps someone had called to him.

"Heard about Dale?"

Stevenson hadn't.

"Married!"

"Virginia?" Stevenson asked, almost without thinking. He was puzzled. He had seen her only the day before.

"No . . . a girl in Boston. Here, look." Stevenson took the paper.

"A whirlwind courtship of four weeks culminated yesterday in the marriage of Dale Miller, prominent young New York business man and sportsman, to Miss Bernice Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Gardner. Miss Gardner has been a favorite in Boston society since her arrival here from London."

It is understood the couple will make an extended wedding-trip to India, and eventually make their home in New York.

Mr. Miller is the son of Walter P. Miller, of Miller and Son, New York."

Stevenson had been astonished and disappointed. He had not seen Virginia since. She left almost immediately. No one seemed to know just where she had gone.

Dale and Stevenson had corresponded for a time. Two letters with India postmarks and interesting stamps had arrived, and finally

one from New York. He hoped Dale would make a go of it, but that last letter held a note of discouragement that Stevenson didn't like. And then, they had drifted apart until this chance meeting in Boston.

Stevenson took his dinner alone. It pleased him to reflect, here in this luxurious hotel, that within six weeks he would be far beyond civilization, in the jungles of the Amazon valley. He would board ship that evening.

Dinner over, he smoked for a time and watched the crowd of diners. Then he strolled over to Commonwealth Avenue in the early, cold December evening. The streets were crowded; the rush and good spirit of early pre-Christmas shopping was in the air. Excitement, worry, fear and joy were in the faces he met.

And within two months he would be deep in the South American jungle, while still this thing—civilization—worked and worried and lived. Three years later, he reflected, he might be here again—the scene would be fundamentally unchanged. The same expressions, the same hurry and nervous tension.

Would this busy, restless civilization be some day lost in a jungle, even as the one they now were searching had been? He wondered.

Fifty Commonwealth Avenue proved to be, as Stevenson expected, an elaborate apartment house. He entered, manipulated the inevitable automatic elevator. Dale answered his knock.

"Well, Steve!"

The two men shook hands a trifle awkwardly.

"We won't be disturbed in here," Dale went on, leading the way to a small drawing room. Stevenson noticed his walk; less lithe, it seemed to be, but still the long, steady stride—oddly hampered by the formal smallness of the apartment. Stevenson inevitably thought of an animal in a cage. Restless, the walk was, but still with hints of power.

"Smoke?"

"Thanks."

The men sat down.

"Well, Steve, what are you doing in Boston?" Dale asked, after a few moments.

Stevenson smiled. "Another expedition. South America this time. And what are you doing here yourself?"

Dale frowned, Stevenson fancied. "Bernice," he said, "likes it. I hope to get away on a camping trip next month. And we have just opened offices here, you know. Keeps me pretty busy—don't have much time for the social whirl. Now next month—"

He was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Miller in the room. "Nora can't find my opera glasses," she began irritably. Stevenson rose. "Oh, good evening," she said in some confusion, smiling that precise, inward-looking smile.

"Steve and I are going to talk over old times," Dale ventured, idly tapping his pipe on the mantel.

Stevenson happened to glance at Mrs. Miller. She was looking at

Dale, and for once the irritation of her expression was not turned at herself. Dale, glancing up, caught her expression; his own changed unbelievably. Suddenly he seemed older, weaker. Then a spark of the old Dale glowed for an instant, the eyes flashed and he looked away.

They discussed the opera until Mrs. Miller left. Then the two men settled themselves comfortably and smoked for a time in silence. Stevenson was the first to speak.

"You certainly took us by surprise that summer: why, we never did get in that fishing trip."

A momentary flash of pain crossed Dale's face. "Kind of took me by surprise, too, old man."

"How have things been since? Business good?"

Dale was silent for a moment. "Yes," he said slowly, "very good." He paused, seemed to struggle with himself. "What did you do the rest of the summer, Steve?"

"Oh, the usual thing; fishing, tennis—you know I had to leave in September for Oberlin—taught there that winter."

"Of course . . . how about the rest of the crowd?"

"Well, let's see. Merritt went to Europe to sell his car there. Noticed his last advertising campaign? And Disher is at the University of California, teaching English. Quite a forward step from Stanford, isn't it? We four sure had some real times, didn't we?"

"We did," answered Dale, from around his pipe. "Remember that girl, Steve? What became of her?"

"Virginia?" asked Stevenson.

Dale nodded.

"I think she went back to Providence. Not sure, though. I've seen her name in the paper once or twice." He watched the other man. Dale's face was expressionless. Stevenson veered the conversation. Soon they were discussing business, where the best fishing was to be had, the latest straight eight. Thus they spent the evening.

Odd, Stevenson reflected as he strolled down Commonwealth Avenue about midnight. Dale certainly wasn't happy. Stevenson remembered Bernice. Why did a man do it? Temporary infatuation—madness, it must be. He wondered what it would be like. Whatever it was like, it wasn't worth the consequences, he decided. He must keep in touch with Dale.

He returned thoughtfully to his hotel, got his grips, and ordered a taxi. "The docks," he directed. The ship was a blaze of light across the harbor. Around it the water gleamed like patent leather; somewhere a band was playing. There was a throng on the dock. Some of them looked deucedly unhappy, Stevenson thought. Pretty lucky to be spared all that. Stevenson mounted the gang plank.

.
A trifle over three years later Stevenson walked down another gang plank. He was bronzed somewhat beyond the stage of polite-

ness—almost coffee color. Apparently he had had a haircut recently, leaving an odd patch of white skin just below the hair the barber had seen fit to leave.

He strolled through the crowd without seeming to notice them. After checking his trunks he sought a taxi. "Madison Club," he ordered. From the interior of the cab he observed New York. People—thronges of people. Clatter, and noise. It almost bewildered him after those nights in the Amazon wilds. Oh well, he was always jumpy for a few weeks after returning to civilization. He must start for California soon, he decided. About a week, at the most; time to get orientated and attend to sending in his reports.

The club was almost deserted in the early afternoon. A new door-keeper who didn't know him scrutinized him curiously. He reserved a room, unpacked his grip and descended to the lobby. It was deserted; he sought a chair near the window and surveyed the passing crowds inquisitively. They all seemed to be in such a hurry.

"Why, hello, Steve!"

Stevenson turned. "Merritt! Well, old boy, I'm glad to see you."

"Man, if I hadn't seen it in the paper I'd know you'd been down there. You look like a wild man at least."

"It takes about a month to get civilized," Stevenson smiled. "Just got in today."

"How was the trip? Of course the newspapers—"

"Of course," agreed Stevenson. "Well, this time they weren't so far wrong. We got what we went after."

"Good work. Going down there myself before so very long. We're going good on the continent. Got to give them a good car in South America now. Noticed our new model?"

"I'll have to see it. Need a car myself pretty soon. In California. Going out there next week."

"Why California? Ever been there?"

Stevenson shook his head. "Friend," he said uncomfortably.

"Oh," smiled the other. He had never seen Stevenson look quite so uncomfortable. "Known her long?"

"Just on the ship," said Stevenson, absently.

"It's tough about Miller," went on the other, after a pause. "Have you heard?"

"What's happened to Dale?"

"Just last week they took him over to Staten Island—the sanitarium, you know. They say he's gone insane—*dementia*, I think they called it."

"Dale Miller?" incredulously.

"Yes."

"But—why, why he was the soundest, healthiest man in the crowd—"

"I know. I haven't seen him for some time. They had a child, you know. Cute youngster. She must be three or four by now. But Dale's out at Staten Island. Went last week."

"Well I'll—I'll . . . Dale, insane . . . say, say, I'm going right out there to see him."

"I'd go too, but I have a board meeting. Remember me to him, Steve—be here tonight? All right, I'll see you here. So long."

He found Dale sitting on a terrace in the sanitarium grounds, gazing moodily out over the bay. For a moment Stevenson studied him, before announcing himself. Broken-down, wasted, discouraged—the mouth, strangely weakened, had taken on an expression of cynicism, of utter discouragement. The hand that held a cigarette shook as Dale shifted uneasily in his chair. The whole body seemed to become tense for an instant, then slumped dejectedly.

"Dale," said Stevenson quietly.

The figure started nervously, then turned. "Steve!" Dale rose.

"Sit down, old man."

The two men were silent for a time. "I suppose you wonder why I'm here," began Dale, wearily.

"Well, I just got in today. Met Merritt at the club."

"Trip successful?" listlessly.

"Yes."

Dale's eyes shifted restlessly out to the bay, then he turned and regarded the ivy-covered building among the trees for a moment, and looked back at Stevenson. Only for a moment did his gaze hold; then the eyes fell.

"Steve," he said, brokenly, "remember that summer six years ago? Just the day before I left for Boston I was on a hilltop something like this—only then I was free . . . free, man, with the world before me." His voice rose. "God!"

He was silent for a moment, while his eyes shifted restlessly. His hands clasped the arms of the chair nervously, then relaxed, only to tense again. "Remember that girl, Steve? She was with me—we had been driving. It was on Blue Hill Bay—remember that bay, Steve? I was just going to ask her to—to marry me, and . . . I saw a ship—a ship . . . free as the gulls about her funnels. Bound for strange ports, half across the world . . . Steve, I didn't ask her!" He twisted in his chair as though some force were crushing him. "Look at that damn iron fence, Steve—look!"

He seemed to grip himself, became calmer. "Steve, my reason's just as normal as yours. Dementia, that damned doctor called it. Steve, what does it mean when even doctors can't be trusted? They all have their price—every one. You wonder why I'm here . . . jealousy, that's why. And I didn't know what kind of a place it was. I thought it was just some kind of a hospital. Steve, I'm in here for life . . . for life!"

"Good heavens, man—"

"There is nothing to be done . . . the papers are signed, and no other doctor will take the case. The great Doctor Richardson—you've heard of him—has pronounced me incurable, 'dangerously

unbalanced' . . . I saw it over his own signature. God! He told me I needed a rest."

Again the eyes looked across the bay stretched below them.

"But good Lord, man, *why?*"

"Jealousy, Steve," He pulled a snapshot from his pocket. "Look at this," as he passed it over to Stevenson. "Steve, that is the dearest little girl that ever came into this world . . . little Elyse. She came just after you left three years ago . . . and Steve, do you know that little girl would never have a thing to do with her mother?"

He paused, shifted in his chair, and was silent.

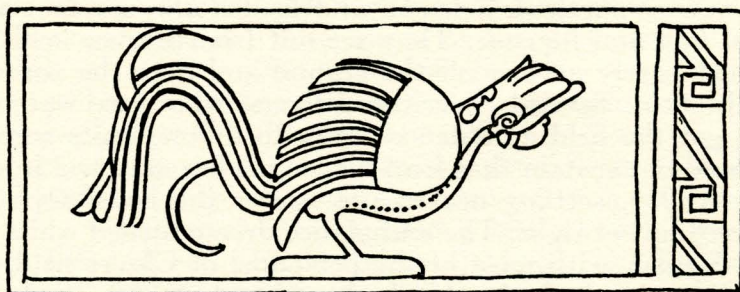
"Oh, I don't blame Bernice for being jealous," he went on, wearily. "That would be hard on a woman, damned hard. Elyse adored me . . . Bernice, well, you can imagine. Steve, she has taken the child . . . my God, Steve, don't leave me here!"

.

In California, less than two months later, Stevenson received a telegram.

"Dale Miller died yesterday.

Merritt"



The Jenny Passes

DOROTHY CANNON

Probably every one who ever flew an army airship noted with mingled regret and relief the order that no more *Jennies* (J. N. 4's) be flown by licensed pilots in the United States. The regret was due to a concealed affection for the ship in which each war flier learned; the relief partly due to a knowledge that the ships were really dangerous and partly to a dawning hope that some real ships might be forthcoming.

To a layman, the ban on the *Jenny* would probably seem about as pointed as an order that no more 1914 Fords be permitted on public highways. If the machinery can be made to run, why not run it? If a man owns a *Jenny* and wants to rebuild, why not let him, if it will fly?

It is said that one gentleman who owned a *Jenny* originally intended to carry two gasoline tanks and two people, reconstructed it to carry many gasoline tanks and three people. He tried it out with one tank full of gasoline and no passengers. Since it worked so beautifully, he sold it.

The new owner took a friend and loaded the machine up with plenty of fuel and luggage. They set out from Clover field for San Diego, just barely getting off the ground and over the wires at the end of the field. Several experienced flyers, who were watching the take-off, got the field ambulance ready to follow, quite sure that a *Jenny* could not sustain that load for long. They watched it sail over the little valley, settling nearer and nearer the house-tops until it finally went out of sight. The ambulance driver turned white around the mouth, and, with most of the personnel of Clover field, started toward the spot where the ship had vanished. No one spoke, for all of the men were thinking of what they would be likely to find. They knew that, though many types of ships can be completely demolished in a wreck and still give their passengers a chance, the *Jenny* usually crushes its passengers and then cremates them on the spot in a sudden blaze of gorgeously colored flame.

The ship was totally unrecognizable, but the passengers and pilot had few injuries, though the street was running with gasoline which, miraculously, had not ignited the wreckage. The pilot had guided the

Jenny between two houses, and had accidentally dragged a wing along the side of one of them, with just enough force to turn the ship around and pile it up tail first against the opposite curb. He explained that the engine had died quite completely while they were still in the air, and that when he realized they were going to crash, he shut off the fuel. The gasoline that was in the street had come from a ruined wing tank, and was not near the hot engine.

One long, lean Texan, who had said nothing during the agitation of the others removed his pipe from his mouth and drew a deep breath. "Well, little Jesus was sure in the front seat with you that time!" The government ban has been necessitated because that "little Jesus" did not make it a too consistent practice of riding with people in home-made *Jennies*.

A short time after the order to stop the flying in *Jennies*, a farewell dance was announced for the Officer's Club, Rockwell field, "in honor of the departing *Jenny*." Since the squadron from Los Angeles was to fly down *en masse*, the evening promised to be memorable. It was a gala occasion for men who had not met since the last summer camp. Dignified colonels and revered flight surgeons shouted with laughter over tricks they had played at camp.

One man whose face was flushed as though he had been standing near a hot stove, seemed conspicuous in the group. People whispered of him: "That's Lieutenant - - . He cracked up in a *Jenny* about six months ago. He was testing it, and the wings folded upon him. It came down in a great flame. The whole side of his body where it is flushed now was charred. They thought he was gone for good, but they pieced him back together again. See, his hand is red, too."

During intermissions between dances the "welkin rang" with silly high-school parodies. After considerable hilarity, the *Main Event* was announced. Everyone stopped dancing, and the commanding officer of the post called for volunteers to go with him after the "coffin of the deceased." Two-thirds of the men in the room left their ladies standing in the middle of the floor. In a few minutes there floated back another verse of one of their idiotic songs, punctuated periodically with "Ready, heave!"

Presently one man returned panting, drew himself up to attention, and said solemnly, "We will now proceed with reverence in our hearts—shut up, you sap—out upon the field where for these many years our beloved—yes, I said 'beloved'—*Jenny* has been trying to kill us all off. There, my friends, where she has often departed on her journeys, is the place from which she will make her last departure, for fields beyond horizons. We all remember—" (There were sounds of engines growling near.) "Oh, here they come—come on out."

On three big trucks outside the dismembered parts of many *Jennies* were silhouetted in the moonlight. The night was cold and clear. The huge trucks with their loads of doomed airplanes, seemed somehow grim, in spite of all the laughing men. They rumbled heavily, inexorably, like monsters on parade.

The trucks roared their way from the buildings to the landing field. Giant wings and body parts were unloaded and piled into a tall tepee pyre; and finally, after pressing the crowd back, three men touched blazing papers to the pile. A few little blossoms of flame burst forth, then with a roar like a small cyclone, the whole pyre exploded into wildly tossing flame, and all the buildings up and down the line stood out clearly in the eerie yellow light. The heat was so great that the crowd fell back about fifteen feet, leaving one black figure standing alone against the flames. He was at attention, his hat across his chest, and facing the scorching heat. Somewhere a silvery cornet played taps. The black figure did not move. Another figure left the crowd and halted a few feet from him. When the last note of the melody drifted up with the sparks toward the stars, the man turned, put his arm about his wife's shoulders, and moved once more with the crowd. But, as he turned, they could see that one side of his face was flushed.

The restrained silence was snapped off by someone starting to sing a foolish song. The crowd moved away, the men pausing now and then to look back at the tall fire, which was shoving black skeletons of framework through the gold flames.

A voice called back, "You were one fickle little dame, but we loved you just the same, Jenny, old girl!"

Let Us Love Well

RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

Let us love well! There are full many things
To bid us cease from love, and mock his ways.
Change is a law that even love obeys,
Forgetting his own dear rememberings.
It may be, one day, that the mystic rings
Of your bright hair will hold no lure for me,
That my low murmur in your ear shall be
Less than the song a vagrant sparrow sings.

There will come days to crowd these hours, and they
Will in their turn be years, and years have power
To touch with blasting fingers youth's white flower
And dry the very tears of love away.
Ay, there is Death, that fondest hearts doth sever. . . .
Press lip to lip! We may not love forever.

"Up to Oxford"

H. H. MATTHEWS

For hundreds of years the scholarly world has been coming "up to Oxford," and from there, "going down" to every corner of the globe, carrying with it Oxford wisdom, Oxford peace, and Oxford joy of living. For generations the enquiring mind and the curious critic have been coming "up to Oxford" in an endeavor to see and taste the magic of the distinguished city. To the few have the gates of the real Oxford opened; to the many it has remained an enclosure of high, forbidding walls, iron gates and frowning towers.

What is the open sesame, the master key, which unlocks the treasures of that ancient storehouse? Was it not Emerson who said, "If you wish to bring back the wealth of the Indies you must take out the wealth of the Indies"? Oxford, like a rare and beautiful musical instrument is peculiarly sensitive to the hand that touches it. If it is a curious, critical, bantering touch, the instrument returns only jangling discords and harsh dissonance. But, if the touch is delicate, and sympathetic, with what unwonted and exquisite symphony of harmonies will it not reward its friend?

The lingering mediaevalism of Oxford has not yet been completely expelled by the advent of the Great Western Railway which has made it virtually a suburb of London. When, several decades ago, it was first proposed to extend the railway from Didcot to beneath the august shadows of the spires and towers on the Isis, it was objected to by the champions of the old regime that irretrievable injury would be done both to Oxford manners and Oxford morals by bringing the place into immediate contact with outside existence. The townsmen, it was urged, would be less passively obedient subjects of the academic rule. Undergraduates would be constantly relieving their studies with trips to the metropolis, even the Common-room—that apartment consecrated to grave talk or discreet humour, and crusted port—would soon acquire a perilous likeness to a London Club. All that was feared and more than was feared, have been accomplished. Town and gown still lead tolerably harmonious lives, but town has an independent existence and trade of its own which it had not in the pre-railway days. College fellows, and even College fellows who are tutors, live almost as much in London as in Oxford; while among the guests at the high table in college halls, London guests, very often of high distinction, may frequently be seen. The institution of married fellowships has brought to Oxford an element of domestic life which is entirely new. The establishment of a military depot has given Oxford a society which it little dreamed of in bygone days. There are dinner parties and dances in nearly as great abundance during

term life as at Bath or Cheltenham. An entire colony of professors, tutors and lecturers, with their wives and children, has sprung up on what a few years ago was vacant ground. Where once the "pale student paced solitary" are nursery maids and perambulators; while audacious engineers have even dared to unite these new homes with one of the most picturesque thoroughfares in Europe—the Oxford High Street—by a tramway, even as in any American city with its street railway.

The fascination of Oxford lies partly in the peculiar union of city and meadow. On one side of a high wall are the busy city streets with shops of every description, tea rooms and motion picture theatres, while through an old gateway or down a narrow lane are College gardens, lost in the deep charm of an unruffled quiet, and medieval buildings wrapped in the history of centuries of thinking; and beyond them, stretching down to the river, are meadows knee deep in grass and daisies and buttercups, with old paths winding their way to the boat landings. On fine days the students do all their reading on the river, the Cherwell, alongside of which Addison walked and thought. The river life of the Oxford College man and woman reveals the comfortable, pleasant way in which education is conducted in an institution which has had seven hundred years in which to experiment in educational methods. Who would not be happy if he could take his books, an apple and a sandwich, and a few comfortable cushions, and spend hours on every fine day, spring, autumn and summer, in a punt tied to the bank under an overhanging tree?

Into Commemoration Week in June, there are crowded interesting affairs for the College students and their families. Fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers come from every corner of the British Isles and from many remote places in all parts of the world, till every available space in Oxford and vicinity is filled to overflowing. So large is the number of visitors that tickets of admission which are given to the students are in great demand. Each College has its own particular event to look after. Christ Church may be preparing its Quad to receive the King and Queen in honor of its five-hundredth anniversary; St. John's may have its garden filled with a huge marquee for the big ball; another College may be preparing to give a garden party to the King and Queen. But the most important event is *The Annual Act*, the Encaenia.

This noteworthy gathering takes place in the Sheldonian Theatre which was built at the expense of Archbishop Sheldon, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and presented to Oxford. This quaint old theatre, opened in 1669, is partly surrounded by a high, open, stone fence. Each one of the many posts is surmounted by a colossal head of some famous scholar of the ancient world. These figures, worn and mutilated by the elements, give one a rather ludicrous welcome to the stately building. According to the traditional custom, the men in the audience stand on the main floor in front of the semi-circular raised seats of the Chancellor, Doctors, dons and their wives.

The ladies sit in a balcony surrounding three sides of the theatre; and the undergraduates occupy the upper balcony made celebrated by the freedom of speech allowed. For centuries clever comments of all descriptions have been hurled down upon the heads of those receiving honorary degrees or reading prize essays.

The Procession, as it is called, is composed of the Noblemen, Heads of Houses, Doctors, Proctors and Gentlemen who partake of Lord Crewe's Benefaction to the University. They meet the Vice-Chancellor in the Hall of Wadham College "at the hour of half-past eleven o'clock"; whence they will "go in procession to the Theatre". As the ancient iron bell tolls out the hour of noon, and while it is yet ringing, the massive carved oak doors of the Theatre swing open to give entrance to the Procession.

The Honorable Henry C. Ley, Musical Director of Christ Church College, seated at the organ, sends *God Save the King* floating over the audience as the ladies, in the first balcony, rise to greet *The Procession*, and the gentlemen, who are standing on the main floor, and the "undergrads" who fill the famous second balcony, stand gravely at attention.

The Procession last June was an array of striking contrasts. Tall white-haired Senior Dons in robes of heavy red silk with huge scarlet sleeves and funny little black hats atop their dignified heads, Doctors in black robes with scarlet sleeves and the same funny little hats, The Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin, P. C., Prime Minister of England, looking short and squat in flowing robes, his sleek, dark head rising between two enormous scarlet silk sleeves. Next to him the Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellico of Scapa, with every appearance of being a keen, shrewd business man, and none of the gold braid of the usual Admiral. Gaetano de Santis, Professor of the University of Turin, very Italian, very dignified, very handsome, with heavy iron-gray hair and long beard and snapping black eyes, in contrast to the tranquility and composure of the rest of his personality. The Honorable John Fortescue, Librarian at Windsor Castle, "long, lean, and lank" with the stoop of the indoor man who leans much over books and whose face has ceased to reflect the books of the out-of-doors and the sunshine. Brigadier General the Honorable Charles Granville Bruce, C. B., looking all that a general should: tall, erect, commanding, keen of eye, every sense alert, his scarlet robe slipping back and revealing the khaki uniform beneath. Beside him the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, Chancellor of England, tall and fine looking, English blue eyes, English red gold hair, an amused English smile, and the characteristic nonchalant manner of the Britisher "to the manner born" who by nature is resolved not to take himself seriously or to allow any one to think that he is taking himself or anything very seriously.

Each of these men, about to have conferred upon him Oxford's

(to page twenty-eight)

Pendleby Honour

HARRY L. ANDERSON

"I say, old top."

Sir Hubert stopped at the sound of the voice and turned frowning toward the owner.

"Good evening, Mr. Ruggles," he said rather distantly, and adjusted a monocle carefully in his left eye. What tommyrot had Ruggles got on his mind now, he wondered.

Ruggles drew closer, smiling confidentially. "I thought I better tell you, old chappy—" He came still closer. "You're in for it to-night at the board of directors about those bonds. Too bad, really, I must say."

He paused expectantly, but Sir Hubert only glared at him through the monocle and felt to make sure that his long, immaculately white beard was in place.

"It's about those Siberian bonds. Remember, I warned you about them?" Ruggles' smile wavered timidly before Sir Hubert's glare and he stepped back a pace. "You've got the corporation in forty thousand pounds. Said you'd be personally responsible. Great shame, old chap. Very sorry, really. If you had only taken my—"

Sir Hubert brushed past without a word. More bunkum, he said to himself. Still, there might be something in it this time. Even Ruggles wouldn't start something like this with no basis. He passed two acquaintances ungreeted as he walked briskly up the terrace that led to his home, his cane tapping at every other step, and the end of his beard blowing to one side with the evening breeze.

The butler met him at the door. "Letter for you, sir. The messenger said it was very urgent."

"Very well, Henry," said Sir Hubert, entrusting his top hat and cane to the butler, and entered the drawing-room with the letter. "H'm—British Investment Corporation. Look's as if Ruggles might be—" He ripped it open at one stroke and scanned it hastily without so much as adjusting his monocle.

Dear Sir:

The board has just been informed that the Siberian bonds, for which you have accepted responsibility, have dropped in a sudden panic, already making a loss of forty thousand pounds or more to the corporation. Your presence is desired this evening

at seven sharp at a special meeting of the directors, and we shall expect a detailed explanation.

Yours faithfully,

James Borwick, Bart.
Secretary.

He stood still for some moments, his thoughts traveling rapidly. So, Ruggles was speaking the truth for once. The words, "for which you have accepted responsibility," floated before him. He was a fool to have pledged his fortune, but Ruggles, with his jeering manner, had been present and one couldn't let a chap like that scare one out. That was before the last summer at Monte Carlo, and besides, all the talk about oil fields to be developed seemed to come from stable sources. Well, the board could have what was left—perhaps ten thousand—but he wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing him at a disadvantage; moreover, Ruggles would make it a point to be there. It was a Pendleby tradition that a Pendleby's word once given, or his intention once stated, it would be carried out if there were any honourable means to do so, and if not—A gentleman, a Pendleby, might lose everything but his honour, but there was always one way to preserve that.

Ten minutes later, he had made his decision. "Henry—a whiskey and soda, please."

"Yes, sir." The answer came from the adjoining hall, and a moment later Henry had set the soda on a table before him.

"Henry—I am going on a long journey tonight. The longest I have yet gone on. Perhaps it is to a somewhat warmer climate." Sir Hubert smiled, but the butler's face remained a professional blank. "Here, you may need this for an emergency." He handed the butler a roll of bills. "The responsibility of getting the house in shape for the change will rest on you. You may keep the balance. That is all."

"Very good sir, thank you sir," and Henry returned to the hall.

Sir Hubert turned to a wall cupboard, extracted a small bottle after some rummaging, and set it beside the whiskey and soda. He smoothened his coat methodically, leaned over to flick some dust from his spats. No one could accuse a Pendleby of performing an act in any other than the right and proper way, that much was certain. Seating himself calmly before the table, he picked up the bottle. "H'm, I wonder who left it open," he muttered as he turned it over the glass.

The yellowish, oozy contents began to flow out slowly, and Sir Hubert counted the drops. *One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five.* Something black came out with the sixth drop and sank slowly to the bottom of the glass.

Sir Hubert glared at it, then adjusted his monocle. But there was no mistake about it; it was a big bluebottle, disgustingly mushy. And its legs, which had parted company with the body, were waving around in different parts of the glass.

Sir Hubert coughed, setting the bottle down with a click, and poured the mixture into a flower pot. Then he returned to the cupboard, but a moment later stood gazing blankly at the wall. No more there, and pistols were so confounded splashy.

A loud knocking on the street door aroused him. A strange voice and that of the butler mingled for an instant, and then the butler tapped on the door.

"Come in," he said gruffly.

Henry entered with a letter on a tray. "Urgent message from the board of directors, sir."

"Very well. By the way, Henry, ask the cook for some strong ant poison. You may go." He glanced casually at the contents of the message.

Dear Sir:

The board wishes to inform you that Siberian bonds have risen miraculously within the last half-hour, due to the announcement of definite plans for the development of natural resources. The board congratulates you on your good judgment, and considers the special meeting unnecessary.

Yours faithfully,

James Borwick, Bart.
Secretary.

Sir Hubert's monocle fell, clinking against each button of his coat until it stopped with a jerk at the end of the string. He turned, with the open letter in his hand, and gazed steadily at the empty wine glass.

A light tapping on the door again aroused him.

Henry entered. "Sir, here is the ant poison."

Sir Hubert eyed it absently for an instant. "Oh, yes. Tell the gardener to put some around the rose bushes in the garden."

"Very good, sir, and—"

"Yes?"

"I forgot to ask you sir, about what reservations to make."

"What reservations?"

"For the long journey you are starting tonight, sir, to the tropics. The trunks and valises are all packed."

Sir Hubert coughed softly. "Why — reservations to — South Africa."

Nocturne

GLADYS F. WITTET

Night comes swiftly to the hillside when the sun has slipped down into the pocket of the western hills. From the window of my writing-dining-room I can see the spread of the Bay, carefully tucked in between the shadow of Coronado and the deeper gloom of Point Loma. The ships at anchor gleam like fairy caravels, their wireless sparks attendant *Ariels*. Down the winding road from the beaches headlights flash in regular procession.

Around the curve of the shore pants the fuming, fussy steam engine, flirting its trailing, grimy skirt of swaying coaches. The round globe of quiet is shattered into bits by fierce whistle blasts. The thud of coach on rail and tie becomes more rhythmic as the train gathers speed, a soothing hum marking the engine's progress up the canyon. A plodding yard-engine takes up the beat with its tolling bell as it shuttles back and forth like a fretful hen marshalling her chicks.

Over the city an amber haze softens the outlines of factories and office-buildings, glowing deeply around the pyramided masses of *El Cortez*.

On the street below flows the ceaseless current of scurrying motors, flashing up the dark stream of the pavement like shiny dragon flies. The heavy roll of oil and gravel trucks beats against the thick silence of the hill. There is a grinding of gears and a sharp shriek of brakes as a car approaches the main stream of traffic. A thrashing motorcycle seems about to fly into rocketing wheels and gears, but steadies down into its monotonous *put-put-put* and disappears. From a neighboring yard comes the insistent and slightly mournful bark of a small dog, followed by the quieting admonitions of his young master.

There is a lull in the flow of sound and the gentle murmur of the crickets soars into a throbbing, dancing song, shrill and piercing. A searching breeze dives through the yielding eucalyptus branches, bends the heavy pepper fronds, and looses its sweet scents of green things growing.

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Periphery

By C. M. J.

"A day of almost continuous rain, yet for me a day of delight. I had breakfasted, and was poring over the map of Devon (how I love a good map!) to trace an expedition that I had in view, when a knock came at my door, and Mrs. M. bore in a great brown-paper parcel, which I saw at a glance must contain books. The order was sent to London a few days ago; I had not expected to have my books so soon. With throbbing heart I set the parcel on a clear table; eyed it whilst I mended the fire; then took my pen-knife, and gravely, deliberately, though with hand that trembled, began to unpack.

"It is a joy to go through booksellers' catalogues, ticking here and there a possible purchase. Formerly, when I could seldom spare money, I kept catalogues as much as possible out of sight; now I savour them page by page, and make a pleasant virtue of the discretion I must needs impose upon myself. But greater still is the happiness of unpacking volumes which one has bought without seeing them. I am no hunter of rarities; I care nothing for first editions and for tall copies; what I buy is literature, food for the soul of man. The first glimpse of bindings when the inmost protective wrapper has been folded back! The first scent of *books*! The first gleam of a gilded title! Here is a

work the name of which has been known to me for half a lifetime, but which I never yet saw; I take it reverently in my hand, gently I open it; my eyes are dim with excitement as I glance over chapter-headings, and anticipate the treat which awaits me."

George Gissing never enjoyed any such carefree purchase of books, any such implied leisure and peace, as the quoted words would indicate. He lived and died in poverty; but in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* he sublimated his life-struggle with hunger, and wrote calmly of it as of a thing of the past, lost in the felicity of an idealized approach to dissolution.

The cosmic division of the book into Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, with suitable comments enclosed, provides a great deal of Nature pathetically antiquarian. Peace and serenity, the reflective life, seem preserved in a dream. The entire effect of the volume is one of anachronism. For that reason alone, it is worth going through again; if choppy sentences, "lean, athletic prose," begin to tire your reading palate, Gissing will steady its functions.

* * *

Speaking of memoirs,—try re-digesting Wilde's *De Profundis* flavored by the recently published additions thereto. The standard edition suffers from numerous deletions; filling in these gaps with Lord Ramsgate's translation from the German gives a complete Oscar Wilde,—an Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie

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Wills Wilde of whine and whimper.

After plugging through Wilde's inverted commas, Robinson Jeffers' *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems* is a good antidote for arid estheticism.

* * *

Two years ago Doran published Hervey Allen's *Israfel: the Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe*. On page 529 appeared a reproduction of an old engraving, showing Longfellow seated beside a small table upon which reposed a smaller whiskey glass. Rumor has it that certain interested persons caused the glass to be expunged from all but the first hundred sets printed; rumor has it that copies of the sinful hundred are worth some seven or eight times their original price.

There are no sets left in San Diego bookstores. I have one.

* * *

Periphery is not a Book-of-the-Quarter club, or a "suggested bibliography." It is only a record of one person's literary wanderings. Perhaps March's pilgrimages seem rather to be hibernations.



EL PALENQUE is a review of letters, published quarterly by the Associated Students of San Diego State College. Editor, Donovan Bess. Publication Board: Roy Burge, Carl Johnson, Art, Phyllis Woods. Business Manager, Jack Hunter. Advertising Manager, Charles Burch.

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Woodrow Wilson and Education

LEWIS B. LESLEY

Woodrow Wilson. Life and Letters. (Youth, 1856-1890. Princeton, 1890-1910.) By *Ray Stannard Baker*. Doubleday, Doran: Garden City. 1927. \$10.00.

The work of Woodrow Wilson as an educator has been buried, in recent years, beneath the interest in the meteoric political career of the erstwhile President of these United States and progenitor of the League of Nations Covenant. But at last an ardent admirer has presented to us, within the compass of two fascinating volumes, the story of Wilson as student, teacher and university president; that is, up to the point in the life of the hero when he first steps forth on to the stage of politics.

Wilson was always the dreamer, spinning the web of his theories ceaselessly, ever hoping that he might ensnare enough intelligent support for his ideas. Along educational lines we see the man at his best as a romanticist, enemy of all of the hampering traditions of the profession in which he spent most of the years of his life. Even in his early years as a student Woodrow Wilson's father was after him to make the most of his days at school, admonishing him to remember that "the mind is not a prolix gut to be stuffed; it is a digestive organ, it is an assimilating organ, and what it does not assimilate it rejects and gets no profit from."

To Princeton Wilson went just at the time that institution

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of higher learning was in the throes of a struggle for control between the fundamentalists of the faith which had founded the university and the new and modern group which sought to keep it alive. Here was another object lesson to the future university executive and while in the midst of that quarrel, even though an undergraduate student, Wilson set for himself the life-task of remolding modern education "nearer the heart's desire." There followed the years of futility in the law profession, the return to teaching, and finally the offer of a professorship at Princeton. Little did the Board of Trustees suspect what they had ahead of them for Princeton when they brought the energetic young Woodrow Wilson into their midst.

First of all Wilson introduced the tutorial system to the amazed faculty and student body of Princeton. Scholars and students were to be brought into close association, master and pupil must mingle in quadrangles of the most beautiful type conceivable. Courses were coordinated into general fields for study, and emphasis was placed upon "guided education" as contrasted with "free electives." The main insistence of Wilson in this new idea was upon synthesis, and that task was placed upon the tutor who had only a few students under his direction and who was supposed to see that his charges were exposed to a curriculum at least "representing the round whole, and containing all the elements of modern knowledge." Wilson ex-

plained the scheme one time to the Board of Trustees as follows: "Gentlemen, if we could get a body of such tutors at Princeton we could transform the place from a place where there are youngsters doing tasks to a place where there are men doing thinking, men who are conversing about the things of thought, men who are eager and interested in the things of thought Wherever you have a small class and they can be intimately associated with their chief in the study of an interesting subject they catch the infection of the subject; but where they are in big classes and simply hear a man lecture two or three times a week, they cannot catch the infection of anything, except it may be the voice and enthusiasm of the lecturer himself."

And the ideal has gone on at Princeton since its inception in 1905. Professors and tutors have had before them Wilson's ideal: "Breadth of view with accuracy of treatment, no formalism." Conferences, as idealized by Wilson, were to be kept free in spirit, broad in method, regardless of the spirit, rather than the letter, sound at the basis." To the system the early students sang:

"Here's to those preceptor
guys,
Fifty stiffs to make us
wise."

What Wilson succeeded in doing was to raise the respect for scholarship among the undergraduate body, and also to revolutionize the current attitudes



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"Up to Oxford"

(from page seventeen)

highest honors, so different in manner, so different in appearance, so different in temperament, nevertheless alike in power, ability and achievement, having accomplished a noteworthy and successful undertaking, presented an interesting study, to the foreigner looking down from the balcony above, as he listened with grave attention to the Vice-Chancellor droning out the Convocation Address, all in Latin. The distinguished persons replied in Latin, received their scrolls and returned to their seats.

The Professor of Poetry delivered the Creweian Oration, in Latin, in Commemoration of Benefactors to the University, the Prizemen recited Prize Compositions in Greek, Latin and English, the Vice-Chancellor dissolved the Convocation and the Procession moved out of the Theatre as *Two Trumpet Tunes and Air* pealed from the organ loft; and the world-famous Encaenia was over.



toward higher education throughout the country. It was due to Woodrow Wilson and his practical idealism at Princeton that Antioch College was freed to experiment along the lines of a newer industrial college, that Alexander Meiklejohn has been permitted to establish his remarkable experimental college at the University of Wisconsin. In the realm of higher education as in the realm in international cooperation, Woodrow Wilson is recognized as a pioneer, a leader whose concepts, considered revolutionary to the extreme during his lifetime, are being adopted universally by a grateful following.

* * *

Best Sellers

(Compiled for El Palenque through the courtesy of the Artemisia Bookshop, Carpenter's Bookstore, and Hutton's Bookstore, San Diego, California. The report is for February.)

FICTION

The Bridge of San Luis Rey,
Wilder
Claire Ambler *Tarkington*
A President is Born *Hurst*
Writer's Moon *Walpole*
The Grandmothers *Wescott*

NON-FICTION

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