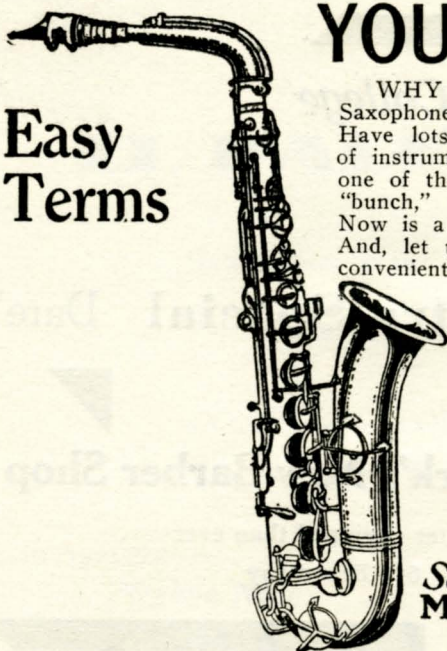


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May, 1929

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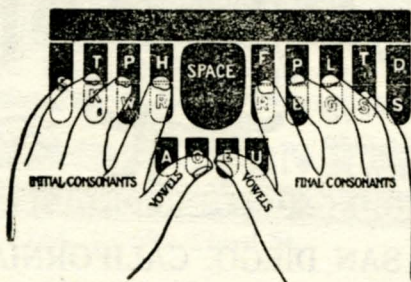
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EL PALENQUE

VOLUME II

NUMBER III

SAN DIEGO STATE COLLEGE

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1929

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"Etienne," he pleaded, "do not go on this act!"

De La Canaille

STELLA FULTON

Etienne dreamed on the high stool of the understudy. Some day she would get her chance, would prove that she could act. Jules tried to tell her that her chance would come if she were patient. She had been patient, but now, wearying of patience, she doubted. On the other side of the curtain she heard the crowd begin to gather for the play. At first only a faint murmuring reached her, with an occasional distinct voice interrupting her dream. Gradually the murmur swelled, died, and swelled again. That was the Paris mob, the rabble, who thronged nightly to the theatre for excitement and entertainment. Soon there would be rioting. The sounds from the audience increased steadily, a note of anger crept into it, voices above the din shouted of the Girondins and the guillotine. Someone shrieked an obscenity about the Pope and Marie Antoinette. A roar of coarse laughter shook the house and then again the incessant, pulsing murmur.

It was nearing time for the play to start. The bourgeoisie began to arrive and the murmur increased constantly in volume. A few of the bolder commoners ventured jeering sallies at them and their new wealth and power. The cries of "*La Carmagnole*" and "*Ca ira*" were taken up and howled from all parts of the house. Etienne sighed. How easy to move an audience like that! They were ready for anything. Any emotion would sway them. Sway them . . . With what surety she could turn their mockery of each other into a searing blast of hate when she, in the trial scene, cried out bitterly against the new government. She could goad them to frantic shouts and stampings, as well as Madame Loizel. If only her opportunity would come! The men on stage were moving about with their usual air of hurried detachment. In a few moments the play would begin.

Madame Therese Loizel swept out of her dressing room, her ordinarily impassive face perturbed, her accustomed stateliness disturbed by evident agitation. Behind her trotted the manager, even more distraught than his leading lady. Straight to the high stool at the far end of the stage they hurried.

"Tonight," rasped Monsieur Gourard, "you go on in place of Madame Loizel."

Etienne raised a questioning head.

"Yes, tonight," interrupted Madame Loizel, "tonight you may have the chance you have been wishing for. I feel strangely ill, and you know my lines nearly as well as I do. Hurry, child, hurry! Do

not stare so. It is time for the play and you have to dress."

Etienne jumped from her stool in ecstasy. Jules had been right! And she had doubted. Madame Loizel had always been so wonderful, and proud, very proud. She had said that no one should ever go on in her place—and now she had relented.

Etienne ran toward the dressing room, almost upsetting Jules, who was hurrying to meet her.

"Etienne," he gasped, a great fear in his eyes, "Wait! Do not go."

"Oh, Jules," Etienne cried excitedly, "it is wonderful! I am to have my chance. I am to go on in Madame Loizel's place. Watch me, Jules. Never before have you heard the lines read as I will read them—"

"But, Etienne," Jules begged. "You must not go on tonight! You must not!"

"Foolish! Are you afraid that I will forget, that I will fail?"

"No, no, Etienne, you do not understand." He followed her to the dressing room door, pleading with her. "There are members of the Assembly in the audience, and the Committee—"

"I will please them, never fear," promised Etienne gaily, swinging shut the door.

Jules raised his hand to knock in protest and then turned away. He sought out the manager and talked with him excitedly, earnestly. The manager only shook his head and walked into his office. Then he went to Madame Loizel, but she too would not listen.

The call boy made his rounds and Jules was forced to go to his post. Etienne rushed onto the stage, her eyes shining, excitement evident in her every movement. Other actors came onto the stage, whispering together, casting wondering and dubious glances at the eager understudy. Several of them went to her, giving her words of encouragement or admonition. Then Etienne saw Jules and rushed to him.

"Wish me luck," she begged. "This is my chance, the chance you have been telling me to wait for."

Jules groaned. "But, Etienne, you don't understand! It means your death to do it, it means the guillotine! The people have been **getting** more riotous every night. Tonight there are members of the Committee. They will—"

Etienne had not heeded him. "Then you will not wish me luck?"

"Of course," Jules yielded contritely, "I wish you all of the luck in the world." He took her hand gently, protectingly. "And remember, Etienne, no matter what happens I am your friend. Always."

Etienne looked at him curiously, startled. Why all of this talk of

death? Before she could reply the signal was given for the curtain to rise.

Etienne slipped quietly to the wings and waited. Her mind was so conscious of the fact that this was her chance, that nothing else mattered. She did not see Monsieur Gouraud escorting Madame Loizel hastily and silently out of the stage door and into a carriage outside. She did not see Jules talk with the men on the stage, nor see them arm themselves with whatever they could find for weapons. She saw only the flickering oil lamps that marked the front of the stage, and the stage itself where she was so soon to be acting. Acting! Tonight was her night of triumph!

The audience was quiet now. They were anticipating highly-spiced, politically-daring drama. This play had been rumored reactionary. It dealt in a dangerous manner with a peasant, Henri, who was elevated to a high position in the new government. His wife, having no use for the new political theories, denounced them in furious scenes after her intrigue with the Pope was uncovered. When she was led to the guillotine on the previous nights, the shouts of the rabble could be heard outside the theatre for blocks.

And now members of the Committee of General Safety had been detected in the audience. Surely something of extraordinary interest would be happening that night.

Etienne's cue came and she stepped onto the stage. She chilled, as if a cold wind had blown over her. Her buoying elation slipped away from her. The massed, palidly-lit faces terrified her. The faces seemed to multiply, to thrust themselves at her, to envelope her. She gave her first speech in a trance, her senses numbed by this icy fear. She tried to look calmly at those fearsome, white ovals which represented the audience. They rose up at her, leered at her, menaced her. She heard her next cue as if from a great distance and forced herself to speak. She looked away from the faces beyond the lights and reminded herself that this was her chance. She found that she could think much better if she did not see the people.

The comedian, disguised as the Pope, capered onto the stage. The audience laughed, chortled, stamped. Etienne turned to it, staring. Were those bobbing heads with the widely laughing mouths the ones which had frightened her? It seemed impossible. They were human, wanting excitement, wanting amusement. Her fear was completely banished. She abandoned herself wholeheartedly to her part. No longer was she trembling, terrified. She was acting.

As the curtain fell at the end of the first act, Etienne rushed back

to her dressing room. She could hear the shoutings and stampings of the rabble. Again the cries of "*La Carmagnole*" and the "*Ca ira*" echoed through the building. New insults were hurled at the Pope. The mob was growing more boisterous with every fresh jibe. Etienne smiled gaily as she dressed. Now it was her turn. Tonight she was the wife of the peasant, Henri. In the next act, it would be she who made them roar.

The mob quieted as the curtain rose. Etienne was cool, self-possessed. She was making the most of all of her speeches. Her acting was less conventional and more emotional. The audience clapped and stamped. In the quarrel with Henri, Etienne was forced to wait many times for them to become quiet enough so that she could go on. They shouted their opinions on every idea that was expressed. By the time the act was ended, they were riotous.

Etienne, in her dressing room, could hear the bawlings of the mob. Heated arguments were started on the ideas of the play. Dissentions arose between factions and they bellowed at each other furiously. The noise could scarcely be quieted so that the next act could be heard.

In the third act, Etienne rose to her part with a passion and fire that Madame Loizel had not dared to give. She delivered her accusations against the government with a sincerity that was too real. Even the kicking of the comedy Pope went unnoticed in the rising fury of the mob. Her final speech rang across the angered audience like a lash across the face.

"We need laws, not blood! We need government, not the guillotine!"

Someone rose and shouted. Others took up the cry; hissing, stamping, howling. "*A bas la toile! A bas la toile! A bas les royalists!* Down with the curtain! Down with the Royalists!"

Jules met Etienne as she left the stage. "Etienne," he pleaded desperately, "do not go on this act. Let me take you away—"

"Foolish," Etienne scoffed. "Not go on! When I have the audience in a frenzy? Ah, no, Jules. I will go on again. Madame Loizel will be proud of me. Monsieur Gouraud will be pleased with me. Why, Jules, I must go on."

"But Loizel and Gouraud are not here. They have fled the city. And the people are angry. Hear them howl and hiss. Etienne, you do not understand. It can only mean your death to go on with the next act!"

(Continued on Page 23)

A Little Silver Song

GEORGIA HOGG

For the hundredth time Pierrot leaned close against the tall white post, and for the hundredth time heard the Princess croon her little melody.

"Tonight," he sighed, "tonight, let me have courage to tell her of my love. She, the lovely one, whom I adore." But deep in his own heart Pierrot knew that he would not speak.

*For she was a princess fine and fair
And he was only a clown.*

Each night that they had played, Pierrot had stood back stage against the post waiting to see the Princess as she stepped through her balcony window into the blue, blue moonlight, and as she sang he crept away softly a-tiptoe to the dressing room. There, alone, he swayed to her music, back and forth, and a tender song went up from the room, a little silver song of sadness.

*When I was a child I cried for the moon
That hung in a glorious sky.
Even as now, for you, I croon
The old unattainable cry . . .*

The song broke. Pierrot felt a jerk at his arm. The great god Sarg grumbled.

"Pierrot, I'm going to put a clamp on you if you don't stop falling down stairs between your acts. You're all dirty. Look at the make-up on your face." And with that he gave Pierrot a little push that sent him sliding across the stage.

Those out in front laughed. Pierrot sat up, blinked his eyes, and with a sidewise glance to see if the Princess were watching, he turned fifteen kinds of somersaults, up and down and across the stage till he could scarcely stand. His legs began to mix themselves with his arms in the most peculiar fashion, until the great god Sarg's people cried with laughter. Even the Princess stopped to laugh and clap her hands. At that Pierrot performed a thousand and one tricks until they dragged him off, exhausted.

As he leaned back against the post the Princess walked by, and smiled. Poor Pierrot. His heart beat like a thousand tiny hammers. He did not see the Prince who stood behind him, nor did he see her give the Prince her hand. He thought she smiled for him. He turned two handsprings across the floor and leaped into his box.

Nights passed and then Pierrot was given his chance. As he waited for his turn to perform he heard the low rumble of the great god Sarg's voice. The great god talked of him.

"Pierrot's box has been broken. It's too late to get a new one now. Put him in the box with the Princess."

The Princess stepped out on the balcony into the blue, blue moonlight and as she sang the heart of Pierrot sang with her, a little silvery song that went up to the moon.

"Tonight, tonight," he crooned, in a soft, sawdusty voice, "tonight she shall know."

But the train rolled on and on through the night and still the little clown said nothing. The words stuck in his throat, and his heart beat so fast that it was two whole beats ahead of the chug-chug of the train. Suddenly something bumped against the showman's box. The Princess jumped up in alarm, and then fell back as if dead. Poor Pierrot! He was so afraid that the Princess would die. He pounded his little satin shoes against the box; but the great god Sarg was far away and did not hear. Pierrot poured out his heart and soul to the Princess that she might live for him. No longer did the words stick in his throat, for the dreadful thought that she was dead had loosened his tongue. Slowly the Princess opened her china blue eyes, and then as she listened she began to laugh.

A deep hurt twisted itself around the heart of Pierrot. She was laughing, laughing at him. She thought, as others thought, that he was always joking. That he was only a joke. Was he never to be supposed to have a heart? To love?

The Princess was delighted. It added to her vanity to have even the comic clown profess his love for her, and she turned away her head to hide the blushes of pleasure on her little wooden cheeks. Then she scornfully shook out her hempen locks.

*"He I wed," said she,
"Must a noble be.
A clown I am far above.
'Twould sadly shock propriety
And deeply grieve society
And so I'm very sorry
But I can't return your love."*

By the next day Pierrot was the laughing stock of all the marionettes, for the Princess had told them all of Pierrot's love. They hooted

him in derision. They laughed at him and teased him. Pierrot could only laugh back and turn flips and flops, but his heart was heavy, heavy as the great god's ring that he sometimes left on the stageroom floor.

The days rolled on. Pierrot began to despise the Princess for her cruelty. She twitted him and called him her lover clown, and she tangled his strings to make the others laugh. Which all goes to show that she never could have been a real Princess, for a real Princess has a tender heart and is kind to the lowly and the sad of heart. Pierrot was very unhappy, for he had loved her.

Then it happened that the showman one day dressed up his troupe anew and somehow it came to pass

*The clown was arrayed as a noble prince
And she as a serving lass.*

Twice a day, at each performance, the former princess, who was now only the serving girl, Annette, knelt at the feet of the Prince Pierrot to beg forgiveness of him for spilling soup on the royal floor—and Pierrot, who at heart had always been a real Prince, was kind and forgave her for her carelessness.

This Annette was nice to him. She smiled and waited on him with servile glances.

And then when soft winds whispered through the trees of night, and the Prince Pierrot walked through the royal gardens, a low voice came calling from behind a tree. . .

"Pierrot, I am thy sweetheart!"

Pierrot's heart leapt to his throat—and then he remembered.

*And answered with civility,
"I'm one of the nobility
And common sense will tell you
That we'd better kiss and part."*

But that night something happened. The great god Sarg himself put the marionettes to bed, and for the first time he bent down to whisper

"Goodnight, Pierrot."

The loneliness left Pierrot's heart. He was content.

Oreana

F. M.

"This here's deep enough to cover him over plenty. Let's knock off and get a drink," said a tall, lean cowhand to his digging mate, as he took off his hat and mopped a lean neck with an evil bandana.

"We better go her a foot deeper," answered Ted Jickey as he leaned on his shovel and loosened the shirt at his throat. The skin exposed was very white and fine against a leathery neck. "A man has a right to six feet under, and old Rouzy won't get much else."

The clang of steel on dirt was resumed.

"The Lord musta been experimentin' on cement, when he mixed this here batch o' sour dough. Worsen Shorty's biscuits when the Chink hops up."

"Oh, I dunno. Why d'ye suppose they'd choose this God forsaken flat with nothin' but lizards and scorpions up here in the brush, and a whole green valley down below?"

"Out of sight, out of mind. Stack up your spade, brother, and let's get that drink now."

"Comin' back for the buryin'?"

"Holy Jerusalem, no! Me for a stack of pokers till the stampede's over. Figure to come back and lay on his blanket after the lally gagging's got through with. The drink's on you if three jackrabbits lope the road fore we get down; s'on me if there ain't none cross."

* * * * *

The cemetery was staked off by a rusted ornamental fence. A few of the two score graves were railed off, too. A low, scant growth of sage brush rolled up the hill and over the flat. It rolled through the iron fence and over the picketed graves. It rolled past the cemetery, and lost itself in the gray beyond. The graves were old; none more recent than a three months' baby resting here some twenty years. The graves were unloved. They were neglected. They were forgotten. One had fallen in, and lay twisted like a painful grimace on the face of the pockmarked ground. A slender marble marker pointed a white finger to Heaven.

The people stood patiently about in the hot sun waiting for service to begin. There was no minister, and when Mrs. Blake opened her Bible, the small hum of voices dropped dead still. Passivity settled deeper upon the assembled group. The sweltering sun beat down passive and relentless, and stared up from the crusted ground into the placid faces, shaded by broad brims.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want . . . "

Mrs. Rudd adjusted the handkerchief upon her thin bosom. It was her custom to pin a handkerchief down the front of her dress, which swayed about as she moved. Always the same handkerchief with a blue flower. Always the same corner used for suspension. The same small pin pushed carefully through the same enlarged holes. Mrs. Rudd drew her hair back until it stretched the skin smooth and shiny upon her forehead. A wee knot of hair rested like a cupboard knob, on the crown of her too-small head. She giggled a great deal in thin, shrill giggles, but she was quiet now, as she stood beside her husband.

Mr. Rudd was always quiet. He served on the School Board and on the Election Board. He never had much to say, and passed for a sensible man. His boys were bright and made good marks in school. He stood quietly now with his arms folded, and listened intently. Mrs. Bruce stood next to Mrs. Rudd. She was a large, fleshy woman, with pale blue eyes, and stringy yellow hair. She wore two strings of beads, four rings, and a brooch. She wiped her eyes sentimentally, whereupon Mrs. Jobe chortled.

Mrs. Jobe was a tall, brittle, energetic woman. A twinkle lay in the back of her brown eyes, and her latest pleasantry was continually going the rounds of the community. It was she who summed up the ever-growing Bruce family, as more and more tow-headed children overran the ranch, "Most men marry off their daughters, but the Bruce girls marry on." Mrs. Jobe had a passion for red, and for a daughter. Her three sons were away at the University.

Mr. Bruce and Mr. Jobe stood at one side with the other men. Mr. Bruce as usual had a tobacco pack in one cheek, and his lips were lined from being lightly pinched up, but as usual his mouth leaked brown at the corners in spite of him. He stood at ease with one foot advanced, and a casual hand wedged into a hip pocket.

Mr. Jobe was short, with a large nose and a halo of silvery hair. He was, however, more shrewd than venerable. He operated the single merchandise store.

Prominent among the men was Mr. Sneed. He smiled wide and often, showing three gold teeth. He swaggered with both thumbs hooked into vest pockets, and a generous display of heavy gold chain strung across his protuberant stomach.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters . . . "

Old Rouzy was full of Sneed's whiskey when he tottered home and burned his house down upon his drunken head. There were no

(Continued on Page 25)



WOODS-NIGHTS: LAGUNA MOUNTAIN
NIGHT I

*Incredibly still
Are pine trees on a windless night.
Etherealized into aspiring shadows
With stars peering through them,
They seem to realize
How tenuous a thing a shadow is
And how delicate is the adjustment
Of light and darkness
Into which they have entered
Beneath the firmament.*

*They know that they must be moveless,
Lest they disturb the march of worlds.
They know that they must make no sound,
Lest they mar the music
That lightens the toil of creation;
For the cosmic spirit that made us all
May be, even now (who knows?)
Projecting a new universe.*

NIGHT II

*Not still—
Not still are the trees tonight!
The wind is patiently busy*



*Shaping the loftiest tops
To their desert-ward striving.
As it works it sings
And sets every vibrant needle
And every elastic bough
A-singing.*

*Hear the rise and fall
Of the wind's infinite susurrus;
It is loud or soft, fierce or gentle—
Not to display its vigor,
Not to indulge its weariness,
Not to threaten, not to counsel,
Not to acquiesce, not to assert,
Not to deny itself;
But because its will, rooted in nature,
Sings inevitably the passion of life.*

*The touch of the wind upon the pine-tree
Is as softly molding
As the Indian potter's finger upon the clay,
Yet relentless as the sculptor's chisel
That cuts dead stone to free a living dream;
And out of the work comes the song,
As at the beginning of all things;
And the majestic stars, all unaware,
Still march to the rhythm.*

Irving E. Outcalt.

Gold Dredger Extraordinaire

ELSIE ALWAY

It was Jean Contreas, a dapper young international crook, who gave me that name. Before I began operations in the dredging class I served an apprenticeship panning suckers. As a girl in ribbons I always took my chief delight in posing as someone else. Later in life I tried at times to turn this predilection for deceit into legitimate endeavor.

I had already succeeded in crashing some of the most exclusive social functions at the Ritz, where my brother was bell boy. Here I learned how stupid Ritzy people are as a class, and how few people of any real ability would use their wealth to push them to the front. Here, too, I set up my idol of success—to excel in some particular line. Crashing the Ritz was amateur stuff compared with stowing away on the "Kraft Zeppelin" on its maiden voyage to America. To accomplish this I took recourse to impersonating a boy, requiring a quick change in a critical stage of the game. This little stunt, done under an alias, gave me a vaudeville contract that was novel and interesting for four or five performances. By the end of the first week the drudgery of the routine proved so irksome that I walked out, not even asking for my week's salary.

There is a new crop of "dim-wits" in New York every week—big splashes in small pools, who want to interfere with the course of the North Atlantic eddy. Posing first as boy, then as girl, I began following the cards as a means of extracting the gold from the crude ore. As a female I played bridge, as a male, poker.

The police identify a card sharp, not by his face, sex, or alias, but by his approach to the victim. Using the same approach twice was, to me, triteness. The gang I worked with finally became a bore, because of their hackneyed "sucker bait," with consequent larger and larger hush money to the police. Without even the formality of good-byes, Jean Contreas and I broke for the ocean liners. Sir Robert Peal, the organizer of our whist club, warned us that we were too young-looking to work the ships; but every card-sharp has to learn the "ferries" sooner or later. Four trips netted us a tidy roll, but I began to feel the ennui that comes of repeating the same old pose.

I always had a great liking for analyzing individual humans. I found the average one aboard a boat was poverty stricken in body, soul, and spirit. Without the usual diversions, movies or the dance, he walks about the deck in a daze. Four days out finds his little stock of social and intellectual contributions quite bankrupt; and then is

when we card-sharps come out from retirement, thrust in the sickle, an' reap.

On the European side of the fourth voyage I left Jean in Paris, where (after all) there is little to thrill a woman. In the line of my profession I booked a "wagon lit" for Monte Carlo mostly for the novelty of looking upon a square "wheel."

On a steep slope of the Riviera just inside of the boundary of Monaco, is the "Little Casino," an exclusive place for Ritz people, furnished with portable fixtures of every sort. It opens at midnight, closes at daylight, and opens again elsewhere at another midnight.

The happy transoceanic crook wears a little pin changed quarterly that serves to keep him from preying upon others of his kind. It was this pin that served to introduce me into the brand new racket of importing American capital into Monaco.

Contrary to expectation, on rejoining Jean at Havre, he readily fell in with my latest plan. We rested up on a return voyage to America. The night we were to sail back for our new venture Jean received a telegram that his mother in Ohio was dying. It begged him to come at once. As his train left a half hour after the ship sailed I finally induced him to come aboard with me and claim his deluxe cabin, which was next to mine with a communicating door between. After presenting his passport and being identified as my *brother*, he slipped off the boat unobserved while the visitors were leaving.

The first day I spent in arranging my male and female wardrobe for quick changes. The second day I singled out a prospective client who proved ideal to the purpose in hand, a millionaire cement manufacturer from Fort Dodge, Iowa; a millionaire by virtue of a peculiar quality which the blast-furnace slag, in his town, possessed. When ground fine it made an excellent grade of cement with no further preparations.

In my male character I posed as one of the "Warings" from Boston, a desirable social connection for a midwestern cement manufacturer. Soon I was introduced to his daughter, a somewhat raw-boned, coarse person, a little taller than myself, domineering like her father. I suspected her, and not without good evidence, of smoking cigars in her cabin. What a male impersonator I could be with that woman's frame! I still think a gland was supernumerary somewhere in her torso. She fell hard for my finely chisled features and black, shiny hair, which, as a girl, I wore in a rather enticing wind-blown effect. After a few sessions of mutual admiration on deck I found she had played right into my hands.

She had a brother aboard who had not shown up for three days, being secluded in his cabin, writing a satire on the typical New York night club. I hate to admit it, but it was the sight of him on the evening of the third day that put me into woman's attire with the best make-up I could devise. The father and daughter saw the family resemblance at once, so no introduction was necessary.

Now how a son can be so different from a father and a sister is something to mystify the eugenist. Winning over the son proved a more difficult, but withal, a not unpleasant task. I apologized for not having met my brother's friends before, assigning as reason my extreme susceptibility to sea-sickness—a ruse supported by occasional trays of soup and fruit I had carried to myself the first days.

The elder Andrews, as you shall know him, immediately began criticizing my brother for refusing to play poker with him, a game that proved to be the old man's best sport next to his race-horses at home. In detail and great length I explained how my brother was an extremely lucky fellow at gambling. In fact he never lost. But this same great advantage had cost him the loss of many friends; and when at last it estranged a friend whom he valued more than life itself he had sworn never to gamble again. Here the old man shot a shrewd and quizzical glance at his daughter, who lighted up with a greedy smile. I followed this advantage by imploring them not to invite my brother to break his vow. I pointed out that we, as a family, were well supplied with funds and that breaking brother's vow would do them no good and only injure him.

Soon the phenomenal good luck and sad experience of my brother became the talk of the boat. Because of their unholy curiosity concerning him and because of his study of native types in the third class, my brother did not show up on the salon deck thereafter except by night under the dimmer illumination of moon and artificial light. In the meantime my story of brother's vast gambling luck was further substantiated by a wealthy passenger whom I had fleeced on a previous voyage. He recognized me one day in my male character.

Brother took an early morning lighter ashore at Plymouth to interview a friend, agreeing to meet me at Nice. In the meantime I had been won over to accompany the Andrews on a conducted tour across France and down the Riviera to Venice. Now I could step freely into the character of my own sex. I succeeded in breaking through the rather cynical reticence of Tom Andrews, the son. With him I found Paris quite intriguing after all—not drunken parties, as Jean would have insisted upon, but the opera, the little students' clubs on The Island, the artists' concerts high

(Continued on Page 20)

The Extracurricular Cat

ARTHUR J. ANDERSON

On the doorstep our cat sitzet; every time anyone passes him, he also blitzet. He does not "kammt sein goldenes Haar," as did the Lorelei; but certainly he sings his songs with much the same end in view. There is this difference, though: omitting the fact that his aria from "Die Katzerwalkure" could not possibly attract any skipper no matter how blinded by the blitzing of his hair, we are all acquainted with his tricks and manners.

Anyway, there he sits, as sour faced a tom-cat as ever sat. He is in disgrace; in deep dishonour. And not for the first time. Moreover, his especial patron is away, and the household is out of milk and his favourite variety of mackerel.

In his career as house-cat, he enters his full share of extracurricular activities. He was a conservative, quiet cat in his early days. But of late he has become interested in glee-club, including late rehearsals and occasional oratorio. He is inevitably drawn into the rough game of Dodge-the-Boot. Worse: it is whispered—well, enough to mention that there has been a very charming young black cat hanging around for some days. Alas, how are the mighty fallen!

But he is not free of attending inconveniences. Apparently Mr. Philoctetes and Miss Black both indulge in temperament. One audition of their duets, whether in rehearsal or recital, convinces us conclusively. But there is further proof: our extracurricular cat winces when petted—a sure sign of Miss Black's long claws.

When invited in—as no doubt he will be tonight—he shows himself as spoiled a feline as was ever burdened with the name of Philoctetes. Mean friends hint a deserved retribution; some drop veiled remarks about the S. P. C. A.

Meanwhile, Mr. Philoctetes continues his wild parties and Miss Black's company; his dish of mackerel grows a beard of mold; the milk in his saucer retires within itself, concentrating into a yellow enamel later to be scrubbed off. He disappears for days—doubtless on a tour of concerts, wild nights, and Miss Black—leaving us in comparative peace. But like death, taxes, and Monday morning, he always comes back.

A loud, soulful yowl *adagio ma con spirito*: the Lorelei awaits without.

Gold Dredger

From Page 18

up on Montmartre, the rides on ambitious mounts through the Bois du Bologne. There was purchasing of little curios in Versailles, sometimes riding interminably in the subways, with the consciousness of the jostling crowd gradually dimming.

At Nice I had all but decided never to see my brother again. I was watching for a flaw in my new-found happiness, but saw none.

Then one night my brother came suddenly upon the scene. If you remember, Nice is situated within easy striking distance of Monte Carlo. It has one very magnificent casino built on piers out over the blue Mediterranean. The lights, the music, the dancing, proved a magnet that drew our romancing feet thither. After a dance or two Tom drew up by the wheel just to demonstrate, as he said, how unlike my brother he was in gambling luck. He tried and I tried once, twice, winning each time. Perhaps he saw a strange detachment in my face, a peculiar eager glint in my eyes that haunts the gambler's nights. Stuffing our winnings into my purse he drew me rather reluctantly away. But old, suppressed instincts rose in me. I feigned reasons for retiring early and, at my hotel, hastily bade Tom good night. Going at once to my room I drew out the male make-up and, alone, I spent the time at the casino until it closed at one a. m.

Next day my brother explained to the Andrews and others of the very exclusive, conducted tour, how I had met with an old boarding-school chum, who had insisted upon taking me out to her villa, there to meet the mother and brother. Tom looked disturbed, but joined the party on a gawking trip to the famous casino at Monte Carlo. Now as a member of the party in my male character I worked carefully. Although I steadily re-

fused to bet, I was a world of information for the rest of the party, who bet rather conservatively, considering the aggregate wealth they commanded. Tom was uneasy, walked hither and thither, tried to pump me for information about my sister. When could he meet her? Did I think she objected to him socially?

Thrilled by suddenly winning fifty dollars, then depressed by losing a hundred, the elder Andrews accosted me in a rasping tone. He recounted a dozen reasons why, if I did not care to gamble for myself, I could still play the wheel for my friends. So far we had been gambling in the French room with French money. Seeming to consent, I made one stipulation. Knowing my luck here they would not let me play the wheel more than a couple of turns. If my friends would swear eternal silence I would play for them at a more exclusive place under the one condition agreed upon—that I would not only give them the winnings, but also the original capital given me. So agreeing, the party left for the portable house near the border. The elder Andrews shrewdly foresaw just such a train of events. He had laid the plot with a view to collecting the original capital of the American war loan to Europe. He had a sizeable amount of capital on him as did also his friends.

The American money was forthwith changed into the official currency of the sovereign state of Monaco; and the gambling began with me directing each play. I had warned the party en route to the casino concerning one hunch that always brought me luck. I always played the wheel with fresh money, never with winnings. So the game went merrily on, the Americans changing thousands of dollars into Monacian currency, I playing it in high stacks, and

the cement manufacturer covertly stacking the winnings in a suit case in neat piles. When it was apparent that the visitors' original capital was all but exhausted, the manager, in full dress, accosted me roughly and refused to let me play longer. Furthermore, in broken English he warned me that this place, owned and operated by the State of Monaco, was permanently closed to me and was likely to go bankrupt from this single night's proceedings.

This seemed to delight the Americans greatly. Gathering up all their winnings, and even the original capital, which I also handed them in Monacian currency, they piled into taxicabs and descended upon their hotel with the biggest news scoop in years—"Americans Clean Out Monaco." How would that sound to the race-horse fans back home?

The taxi's refusal to accept the currency did not arouse their suspicion. The concierge, at the hotel, was given a roll of the money to impress him with the genuineness of the story. Then he discovered to them that the currency was from an old box of worthless, debased paper money that represented Monaco's only attempt at making her own currency.

The police found the little casino had closed; its operators had disappeared. Even the operators found to their chagrin that after we had split the winnings, I had, in the confusion, substituted some padding in place of their share, thereby enabling me to appropriate the entire sum. This was the first and only time I ever double crossed one of my profession.

After burning all of my man's make-up in the fireplace at another hotel, and obtaining a good night's rest, I appeared at the hotel of my friends, in tears, carrying a little bag. The Americans were clustered around the telegraph stand, anxiously awaiting notice of the arrival of funds. Old Andrews was cussing out Europe in

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general, and planning a military invasion to recover his funds. To my surprise Tom's face wore an amused expression. He was not long in spotting me. He hurried over, and taking me to a secluded spot in the hotel, motioned me to a seat beside him. Again the tears came, and Tom's cynical countenance gave way a little. "So you expect me to believe that you knew nothing about this. Well I have noticed something queer about your behavior toward your brother, and it's going to take a lot of explaining." A pair of well-timed, but now involuntary sobs, served as an introduction to my story. I was going to warn him, as I have many other men on various occasions, that no matter how things looked, he must believe in me and trust me; but now that I meant it I couldn't utter a word. Without seeming to be affected by my suppressed emotion, Tom went on to say that it served the old man right and might cure the gambling propensities of some of the other greedy old loan sharks, who likewise lost in the venture. This remark comforted me somewhat, but I still had not recovered my voice, so I stooped over, picked up the bag, set it between us, and opened it. There were the entire losings of the night before, in the identical denominations of American money. Tom looked incredulous for an instant, gazed abstractly at the wall, then finally at me. I didn't look up, but had a feeling somehow that my case was won. Tom seemed in no haste to replace the stolen funds; so recovering my voice I told him how I had succeeded in impressing my brother (who had attempted to get me to fly with him) with the enormity of his sin. My brother had impetuously risen, handed me the money in the bag, and parted from me with the words, "You will never see me again!" This brought fresh tears to my eyes. Tom comforted me and as-

sured me his confidence in me was fully restored.

Now, in the year 1940, I find being the mother of four children is quite enough excitement for me, and has variations which I had not known in my early profession.

De La Canaille

From Page 8

Etienne shook her head stubbornly. "They are angry, yes, and excited. But they have been so every night before and have done nothing. They would not harm me. I did not write the play. I only say the lines. And this is my chance. I must finish it, Jules, I must."

"No, Etienne, you cannot! There are members of the Committee out there. Something terrible will happen tonight, and I am afraid for you!"

Etienne still smiled. "I am not afraid, Jules. I am going on."

During the fourth act the mob was never quiet. They muttered, grumbled. They ceased their shoutings and sat sullen, ominously angry. Even the punishing of the Pope failed to elicit the usual gales of laughter. The passage in the play dealing with the accusation and arrest of the wife aroused the people to a vast howl of enthusiasm. As she was led off the stage they screamed and pounded their approval.

"A bas les royalists! Qu'elle meurt! Qu'elle meurt! A la guillotine! A la belle guillotine! Ca ira! Ca ira! En plus! En plus!"

Etienne thrilled to their applause. "You see, Jules," she boasted, "they will not harm me. I am pleasing them."

The trial scene began. The wife mocked and ranted at the people's government and the institution of the Terror. Etienne put her whole soul into the lines. She gave them with a sincerity that was devastatingly convincing. Again she reached the fatal lines, and delivered them forcefully, dramatically.

"Down with the Terror! Down with the Committee! We need laws,

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not blood! We need government, not the guillotine!"

Hate like a flame burst through the mob. Screaming and bellowing they stampeded toward the stage. Members of the Committee pushed their way to the front. Frantic yells resounded through the theatre. "Qu'elle meurt! Luez-la! Assez! Assez! A bas les royalists! Assez!"

Jules rushed to the curtain and lowered it quickly. "Come, Etienne," he cried. "Hurry! Maybe I can save you. Quick! The back door."

Etienne stood stupefied, incredulous. "Do they want—me?" she gasped, "Why they can't. I have done nothing."

Jules tugged at her arm. "Come, Etienne, come quickly. There may yet be time."

Etienne turned in bewilderment but it was too late. A member of the Committee had gained the stage.

"Where is the author?" he shouted.

"He left for the provinces two days ago," one of the men answered.

"The manager, then. Where is the manager?"

"He has left also."

At that moment the crowd broke through the door. Jules shouted. The men snatched their improvised weapons and gathered in front of Etienne. Straight toward her the mob rushed, muttering, shouting, threatening. "A la guillotine! A bas d'elle! Luez-la! Kill her! Qu'elle meurt! A la guillotine!"

Before the mob could reach Etienne, Jules' men had pushed forward. At the first of the rabble they swung, clubbing them back, taking them by surprise. The instant the rush had been checked, Jules turned to Etienne. She was standing where he had left her, pale, shaken, but not afraid, facing the mob challengingly. An ominous rumble swept through the crowd, grew to a mutter, rose to a menacing roar. Etienne continued to face them, proud, unflinching, defiant. Someone shrieked "Traïtesse," and the roar became a sinister bellow of rage.

"C'est elle que nous voulons! Trait-

resse! Traïtresse! She is the one we want! **A la guillotine!**" The mob howled, forcing its frenzied way forward. This time no amount of effort could hold them in check. The members of the Committee seized Etienne roughly and hurried her from the stage. Jules tried to reach her through the press, but was surrounded, blocked. He fought wildly, tearing at the people nearest him to force a way out. When he finally freed himself, Etienne was gone. He rushed from the door and to the carriage that was taking her away.

"Etienne," he cried, "Etienne." He swung onto the carriage step. "Etienne," where are you going? . . . not the guillotine!"

From the dimness of the great coach, Etienne smiled wanly at him. "I was true to my part, Jules," she said, "I go to the guillotine."

The carriage lurched, throwing him from the step, and moved away.

Oreana

From Page 13

relatives. There were no mourners. The Rouzy doz was chained to the bed, and burned up with the house and his master.

Ted Jickey, the cowboy digger, joined the outskirt bystanders. He was a sociable chap. He couldn't stay away from folks even at a funeral. But he didn't know why he came, and he slumped uneasily on one foot.

"He leadeth me into paths of righteousness . . ."

Three school children came puffing up and pushed into the crowd. Plump, placid La Verta Bruce stood beside her mother. Slender, wiry Hassel Norcock teetered on his toes beside his tall, gaunt father, the stage driver. Mr. Norcock teetered on his toes, and worked his Adam's apple up and down. He could stay only a few minutes—the mail had to be carried on over to Castle Creek.

The very thin Millson girl squirmed into the inmost circle, looked about her with curiosity and finally came to rest beside Mrs. Lockhart. Opal Lockhart stood a little aloof, with her

head tilted back, and a hand at her hip, in a theatrical pose. She had been an actress until her voice, through accident, sunk into a mere throaty whisper. She looked upon this little world through narrowed lids. Her husband was a mining man. Occasionally she accompanied him as near his mines as this little outpost of the mountains, twenty miles from a jerkwater railroad. The thin little Millson girl smiled up at her, and she smoothed back a strand of unruly hair from the child's eyes. They liked each other. Perhaps the only friend Opal Lockhart could claim in this God-forgotten waste.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Jimmie Roos and the school teacher came up the hill. It was Miss Painter's duty. The school teacher's business was everybody's business. Jim looked the crowd over and faded away. The Catholics hadn't come.

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me . . ."

Mrs. Blake had been a Millson; one of the hard-headed Millsons. She was very religious, and her greatest pride lay in her abject humility to the will of the Lord. She had eight children. Every morning she took up her well thumbed Bible and retreated to the shade of a distant and favorite sagebrush, to meditate and pray. The three oldest Blake girls did up the morning housework, cooked dinner, and looked after the family, until their mother chose to return again, filled with absent-minded holiness.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

A spotted lizard ventured out of a small bush, but quickly turned off of the parched, baked ground into the grateful shade.

"Let us pray."

There was a general forward movement of heads. The passive group stood still, and salty, in the streaming sun.

"They're going to pray. Shut your eyes." La Verta nudged the very thin girl who looked curiously about. Mr. Sneed had spat out his tooth-

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pick, but he did not close his eyes.

"I guess you don't have to tell me how to pray, La Verta Bruce. I'm a Baptist on Sunday and an Adventist on the Sabbath—and you're only ever just a Mormon."

In the face of such testimony, La Verta subsided.

"Let us close with 'Nearer My God to Thee.'"

One face in the group was far from placid. Suffering crept into the very turn of her posture. Only a month before Miss Painter had returned from burying her beloved Theresa. A younger sister, the gentle and good Theresa. Miss Painter stood isolated in and by her pain.

The hymn over, the group broke up and split into two immediate factions. Mr. Sneed and his satellites traveled down the shoe-deep dust road and were received into the stale beer aura of Sneed's saloon.

A few twos and threes straggled along by themselves.

The second main group gathered around the godly Mrs. Blake as she

advanced down the hillside in firm, narrow, righteous steps.

Opal Lockhart hadn't smoked for three hours. She was watching her chance to slip away and relax over a cigarette. That is how she happened to notice the "Kid's" actions. For the Millson child lagged behind, too. She was going slowly from bush to bush.

"Odd," thought Opal Lockhart and forgot to be annoyed at not being alone. She never smoked in front of the "kid." The "kid" didn't even know she smoked.

"What is it you are doing?" asked Mrs. Lockhart.

The child started up instantly on the defensive. When she saw who it was she smiled her wistful little smile, and held out a hand with a bunch of grey, smelly sage blooms.

"It's for Mr. Rouzy," she explained. "Mrs. Rudd took his wreath—but of course she brought it." She amended with characteristic fairness.

"And the other hand. Who are they for?" gently probed Opal Lockhart.

"He oughtn't to have burned his dog up," the child blazed out fiercely, ever on the defensive. "Nobody prayed for the dog." And she leaned over and planted two tombstones of sage.

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