

EL PALENQUE

**SAN DIEGO
STATE COLLEGE**

October, 1929

Vol. III No. 1



The largest one room Service floor
in Southern California

NEUNER BROS.

PHONE
HILL. 6129.
1276 UNIVERSITY AVE.

AUTHORIZED
Ford
DEALERS

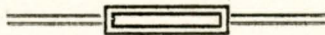
THE HOUSE OF PERSONAL SERVICE.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

The latest hits in---

Sheet Music

---are here first



ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Ukeles, Banjos, Saxaphones, all the essentials in standard makes,
at lowest prices—terms is desired

EDWARD H. UHL, *President*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY

720 BROADWAY

FRANKLIN 7333

El Palenque

VOLUME III

NUMBER 1

SAN DIEGO STATE COLLEGE

FRONTISPIECE	4
<i>Marjorie Kelly</i>	
THE CAMELS ARE COMING!	5
<i>Prof. Lewis B. Lesley</i>	
AND WHEN THE SUMMER COMES AGAIN	8
<i>Florine Markland</i>	
ALOYSIUS THE GREAT	10
<i>John Carroll</i>	
<i>Illustrated by Norton Allen</i>	
SILHOUETTE	15
<i>Roy C. Burge</i>	
<i>Illustrated by Phyllis Wood</i>	
THE TWO GENIES	16
<i>Arthur Anderson</i>	
A HOLE IN ONE	18
<i>Marion Law, Jr.</i>	
ALL COOKS ARE CRAZY	19
<i>James S. Lowrie</i>	

As Seen From This Issue

The literary situation at State College is EL PALENQUE. For almost two years the magazine has been the organ of literary expression, and has assumed that the college can create enough to warrant a separate publication. For almost two years, that assumption has been fact.

It will be noticed that this first issue contains considerable material left over from last year. Perhaps over two-thirds the contents of this issue are new offers; but that all was not new is due to the dearth of material during the opening months.

Hence, though this issue contains promising new contributors, it also contains work by staff members. The staff offers no apology for inclusion of its own work, but wishes it understood definitely that its contributions are included reluctantly, only when student contributions do not suffice, satisfy the standard, or conform to the exigencies of "dummying." Let it be understood, therefore, that the staff solicits most urgently original manuscripts from students not connected with EL PALENQUE.

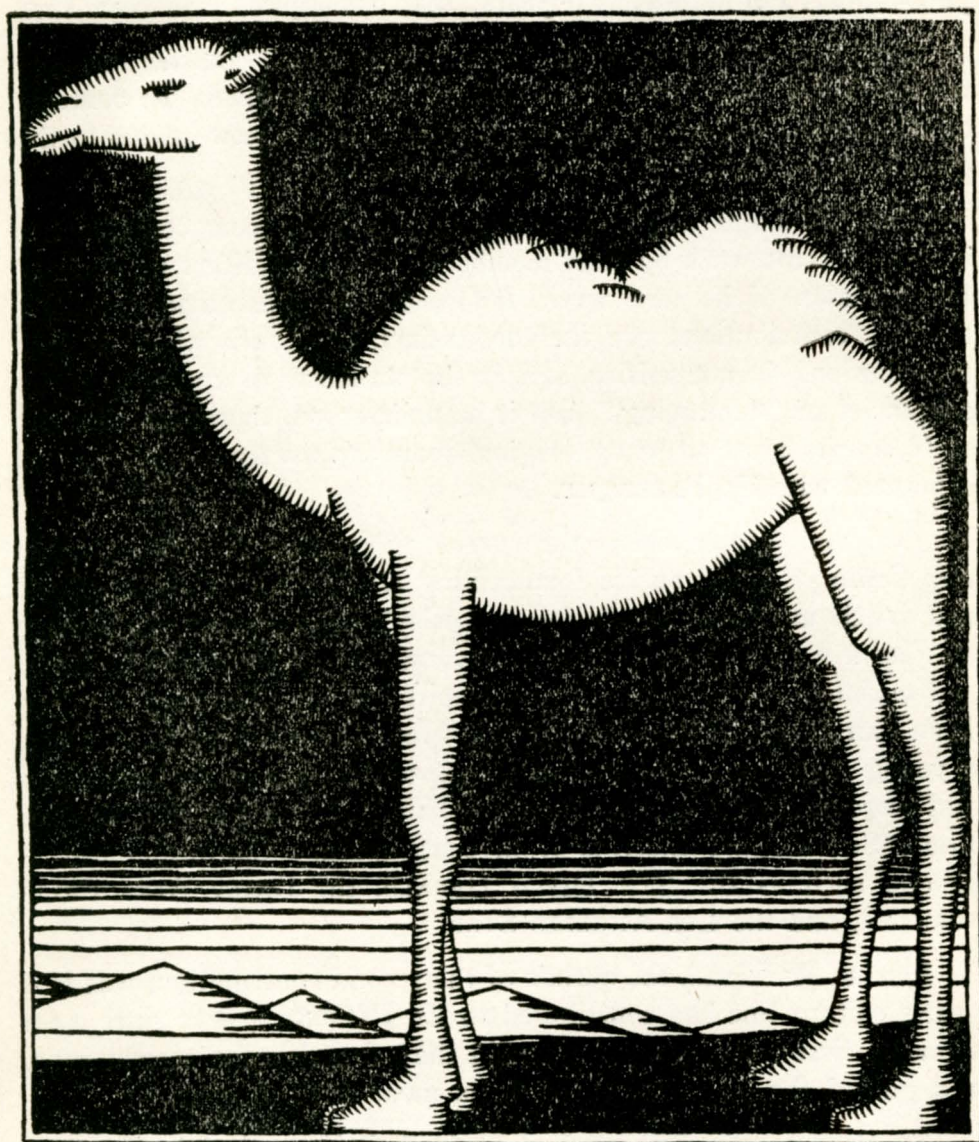
57294

Professor Lesley opens the current issue with his *The Camels Are Coming!*, based on his forthcoming *Uncle Sam's Camels*. Book and article are based on Professor Lesley's original research during his recent period of study at the University of California. The book, and various articles besides, were inspired by the discovery, not far from San Diego, of the diary of May Humphreys Stacey, who, when a young man, took part in Beale's expedition across the continent; and were further based on Beale's Official Journal of the Wagon Route Survey, and excerpts from contemporary Californian newspapers, such as the SAN DIEGO HERALD, the DAILY ALTA CALIFORNIAN, and the LOS ANGELES STAR.

Florine Markland, the author of the second contribution, was last year's editor. She has contributed to EL PALENQUE ever since soon after its first issuance; she assumed the editorship the second year, and guided the magazine through its most difficult year.

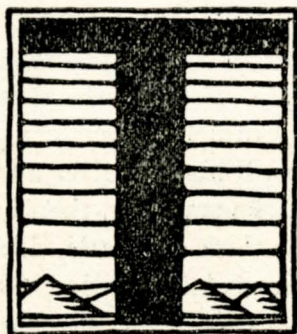
EL PALENQUE's first attempt at football is coached by Football manager John Carroll, who, in his *Aloysius the Great*, pushes the staff on to a last-minute, capricious touch-down. With this athletic feature, the name of John Carroll makes its first appearance in the pages of the magazine.

(Continued on Page Twenty-eight)



The Camels Are Coming!*

LEWIS B. LESLEY



THROUGHOUT the closing decades of the nineteenth century, weary prospectors along the southern borders of New Mexico and Arizona frequently reported having sighted camels. Such statements, invariably labelled as effects of the mirages common to deserts, suffered the fate of the proverbial fish story. But now we know that real camels did wander the desert wastes; and that the importation of these animals from the Near East to our own

country was the result of a government experiment of great importance,—an attempt to link the expanding commerce and defense of a rapidly growing nation. In the background stood the figure of that romantic militarist, that dreamer of national expansion, Jefferson Davis. A new frontier was to be won and held; the Iron Horse was to join the South to the Pacific; and San Diego was to be the port in this great plan.

But first a path must be beaten across the Southwest, and every inch of the way secured for this scheme. The result of this scheme was the first and last "Camel Brigade" which trudged its way from San Antonio Texas, to Bakersfield, California, during the years 1857-1858. If at times the story borders on the comic, that is due to the haste of the period, the confusion of aims. For now the "fabulous forties" were melting into the "fascinating fifties"; and the locale of the new decade was the Far West.

In the year 1853 Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce. At once he began to scheme for the consummation of an idea which had been suggested to him by an army officer stationed in the West: the possible military use of the camel in the United States. Davis read everything he could on the subject, and held interviews with anyone who could give him any information. For two years Davis talked camels to members of Congress, until finally, doubtless out of sheer desperation, both the Senate and the House passed an amended bill appropriating the sum of \$30,000 "to be expended under the direction of the War Department in the purchase and importation of camels and dromedaries to be employed for military purposes."

*This article is based on the author's new book, *Uncle Sam's Camels*, Howard Univ. Press, 1929.

Now arose the next problem. Where were the animals to be procured? Who was to be sent after them? Fortunately, there were two naval men in Washington, who shared Davis' enthusiasm for the experiment: Major Henry C. Wayne, and Lieutenant David D. Porter. These men were given joint command of the expedition, and put in charge of an old navy ship, the *Supply*. For months they visited various Mediterranean countries, studying camels, experimenting with them, and purchasing the best specimens. Finally Porter and Wayne, hearing of the use of the camel in the Crimean War, then in progress, sailed to Sebastopol, entered the very thick of battle, and studied the camels under fire. There the Americans learned that the camel was indispensable to the British military force: the average camel carried six hundred pounds, twenty-five to thirty miles a day; furthermore, "upon arriving at the scene of operations, the dromedaries were made to kneel in a square—forming as it were a base of operations from which others operated as infantry. . . In case of extremity, the square offered a cover under which the 1000 men could find comparative shelter behind the animals, which were prevented from rising by a hobble on the foreleg, and use their rifles most effectively."

Real troubles began when the camels boarded the *Supply* at Smyrna. A flat-bottomed boat was built; a large "camel car" was made, to fit snugly into the boat. The camel was coaxed or forced into the car; this was then mounted on trucks and rolled down the beach to the boat. Two camels were loaded each hour.

On the morning of February 15, 1856, the strange ship left for the United States with its load of thirty-three camels, on perhaps one of the most unique and interesting of all nautical voyages. One especially fine animal was on board, an enormous fellow, seven feet five inches in height, ten feet in length, nine feet nine inches in girth, and two thousand pounds in weight. Lieutenant Porter was forced to cut a hole in the floor of the deck (which served as ceiling for the camel stable) in order to accommodate the creature's hump!

What a stormy trip it was! Gales all the way across the Atlantic tossed the ship for weeks on end, made it necessary to tie the camels down in a kneeling position. But this did not seem to bother the patient animals in the least. And every care was exercised for the welfare of the camels during the long voyage: thanks to Porter, cleanliness was the watchword. After three months, Porter landed the *Supply* south of Galveston, Texas; he left at once for Asia Minor

to get more camels; and returned early next year with forty-four of the animals.

A ranch was selected for the camels, near San Antonio; there they were stationed, awaiting the government's readiness to use them definitely in the service. This opportunity came in 1857, when a new administration came into office in Washington, and Jefferson Davis relinquished his position. The new Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, had absorbed some of the Davis interest in the camels: in the fall of the same year, he ordered a survey made of a wagon route from Fort Defiance, in what was then New Mexico, to the Colorado river, near the thirty-fifth parallel.

The man chosen to head this expedition was well-known in San Diego: he had served here during the Mexican War; and shortly after that incident, he had been the first to carry news east of the discovery of gold in California—Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale. Floyd ordered him first to go to Camp Verde in Texas, where the herd of camels waited; then to choose as many animals as he needed for his expedition; and finally, to go on to California. He was ordered not only to select a new route from New Mexico to California, but at the same time to test the fitness of the camels as beasts of burden on the deserts of the Southwest. Thus did Lieutenant Beale become commander of the first and last camel corps organized in the United States.

The curious expedition left San Antonio on June 25, 1857, the camels heavily loaded, and the Mexicans much troubled by them from the beginning. Two enemies always beset the camels in their new environment: horses and Mexicans, neither ever becoming reconciled to the strange eastern visitors. Had it not been for this enmity, there is no doubt but that the camel would have been widely used for decades in this country.

Day by day the American party grew fonder and fonder of the camels, marvelling continually at their endurance and docility. The beasts ate anything along the way; lack of water bothered them not a bit. Beale waxed enthusiastic about the camels in his journal of the trip. At one time he wrote:

"The more I see of them, the more interested in them I become, and the more convinced of their usefulness. Their perfect docility and patience under difficulties renders them invaluable, and my only

(Continued on Page Twenty-three)

And When the Summer Comes Again

FLORINE MARKLAND

Peter and I sat on a log. It was almost time to leave the slanting sunlight and the falling shadows; and the peace, and the quiet, and Peter.

Beyond the pine-gorged valley came a faint and far-off calling.
"Do you hear?"

I listened, above the soft beginnings of the evening whispers of the pine trees to the wind.

A plaintive calling.

"It is a mourning dove. . ."

I almost did not breathe, waiting for his words. So little of Peter belonged to me.

"They had them in the valley where I was a boy. In the early morning they called, and again at evening when the valley was still, and the sunlight slanted, and the world rested."

I shifted my hands in my lap for the ache of beauty in Peter's voice.

"That summer at the camp we heard them, through the morning, and the evening, and the still afternoons. Old Sorgum said it was an owl. The very sound grew hateful mouthed by him. In my heart I would reiterate with the scorn of young rebellion, 'It is a mourning dove.'"

They should have known better than smother a fine thing, like a young lad's spirit. A wave of childish sympathy came over me; pity for myself, I guess, since the Peter of today was above a need of sympathy. So strong he was, so complete, that never again could he be really lonely.

Peter looked upon my face and grinned at my wistfulness.

"Pity them that only know an owl," he laughed; "forgive them, that never knew a mourning dove. Besides, I wasn't so sure myself, that it was a mourning dove, until later—another summer.

"I was called to the Valley, just before June. A searing blast came out of the south, desert born, withering all it touched. The houses there are porch-surrounded, and it was on an eastern porch my bed was made. I shared it with John. A small sun-shriveled boy, he was, in the collecting age; ten, or there about. His newest trophy proved to be a young birdling not fully feathered. I had chanced

upon it the evening before. Stuffed in a tiny square of screening, the bird lay gaping on its side, in the heat, with the waterpan overturned. Together we hunted up a deeper pan, with fresh water.

"Now it was morning, too hot for sleeping with the sun coming up like a cinnabar eye, sand-dissipated, and looking full on the eastern porch. I turned, and closed my eyes, weary with the heat, and lying so I recalled the cool, dim awakening of the mountain folk, when the wind has stilled, and the sundawn hovers, and the far-off plain-tiveness of bird calls fill the air.

"How startled I was then, to hear, like an echo from my mind, a faint and far-off calling. I raised upon an elbow to take thought. I wondered wherein all that sunstruck waste of sand and scrub was the substance of life for a creature of the woods. And even on the heels of my surprise, there came a feeble fluttering from within that bit of screening, 'Qu-ee-t- Qu-ee-t.' Only once the call came, and only once the answer.

"I moved to look down upon the birdling which I had thought half-dead last night, and became aware of John's grave scrutiny. His eyes were washed blue, oddly light against the sun-brown of his scrawny face. It was as if the sun had dried in him the well-spring of red blood and rosiness.

" 'What kind of bird is this, John?'

" 'Mourning dove.'

"Because of the heat, and sand, and wind, the skin on his hands clung in patches, dry and crackled, like loosened scurf. The sound of them made me scringe as he smoothed the crumbled feathers of his bird.

" 'Do you think he will pull through?'

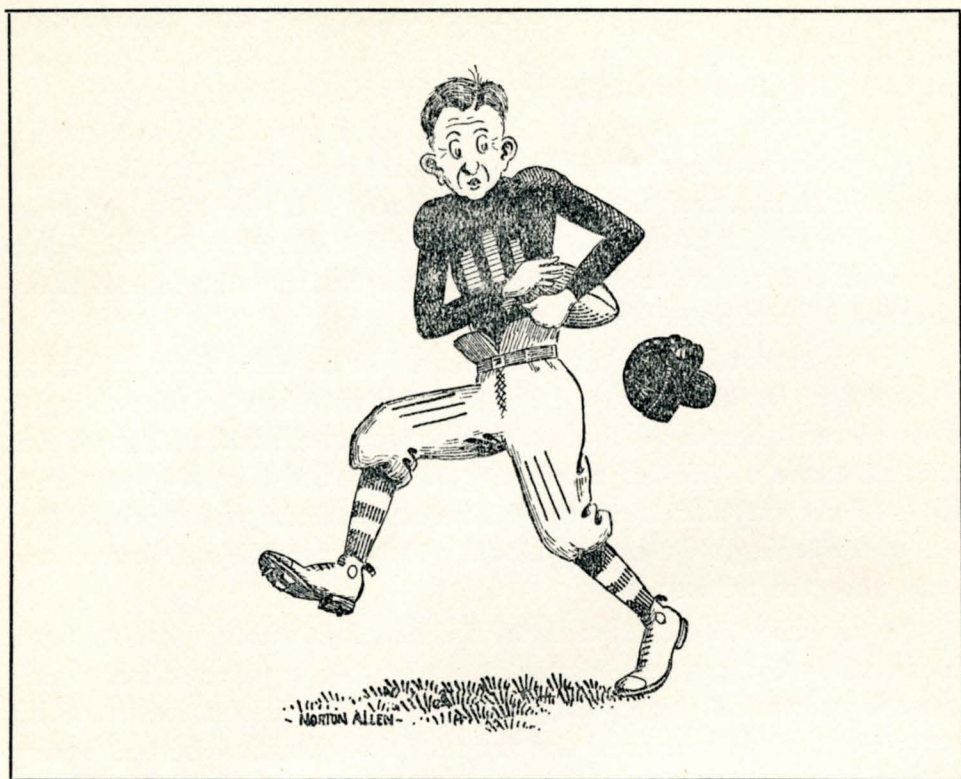
" 'He picks his own wheat this morning, and yesterday I had to hold his bill and ram it down.'

"I thrust my hands into my pockets to consider. It seemed unreal that any life could long survive in all this yellow oven. Already the little lines of heat were wavering upward, though five o'clock was yet to come. I looked again upon the puny birdling in a wilted struggle to be free of John's detaining hand, and set my mark upon his fate like any god."

" 'If he gets strong and grows, I'll give you a dollar when you write to say you've turned him loose.' "

Peter paused to tamp his pipebowl with a lean forefinger. Peter's hands were strong and sure, brown a little from the sun, and stained

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)



Aloysius The Great

JOHN CARROLL

A brilliant, blinding crackle—lightning. A deafening, crackling roar—thunder. Reverberating percussions—the guns of seventeen great nations in salute.

Then came calm—peace, and with it a new day; and in the papers of the new day a notice:

“Born, to Professor and Mrs. Aloysius Augustus Caesar Smith, a son. Weight four pounds six and two-thirds ounces. Westlake Hospital.”

The townsfolk survived the shock admirably, and lived to live again the day when the infant, with prosaic howls, was duly christened “Aloysius Augustus Caesar Smith”—not junior, but 2nd!

A. A. Smith, 2nd, was inherently of sturdy stock and managed to exist in, conquer, and live through a life dictated but not read by

A. A. Smith, 1st, Professor of Greek History at Westlake College, and Mrs. A. A. Smith (so far as we know the first), Associate Professor of Genetic Psychology at the same institution.

Soon after his sixth birthday A. Augustus 2nd was waylaid by the christening minister, the following conversation resulting:

"Well, Sonny," said the minister, "and how old are you now?"

"My name," A. A. 2nd replied, "is not Sonny; it is Aloysius August Caesar Smith, Second, and as to my age—to what one do you refer? My mental age is nine years, three months and two days. My physiological age is five years, seven months and four days; and there are others, including my chronological age, which is six years, two months, eleven days, eight hours, thirteen minutes, and forty-one point five seconds."

Aloysius had not changed much when he entered Westlake College. His father met him at the portal and escorted him through various strands of red tape, ending by a walk past the trophy case. Here he gave final and worthy advice, saying, "And remember, my son, never play football; it is degrading—it is brutal. That great Greek Philosopher made a statement later used by Caesar himself: 'Mens sano in corpore sano'—a sound mind in a sound body! And who ever heard of there being a sound mind in a brain pan cracked by the tramlings of cleated shoes?"

"But father—" said A. A. 2nd.

"Do not," said the professor, "dispute me. You shall *not* play football!"

"But pater," persisted A. A., "I know nothing of the activity and have a desire less than that to learn."

About this time A. A.'s mother took him in tow, gave genetically wise and maternally fond advice to her precious, and, of course, ended by escorting him to her test files, and saying to him in essence, "See? The whole football squad is a bunch of dumb-bells, so lay off!"

Well, that supposedly clinched matters. Smitty the second got straight A's and had a perfectly devilish time joining honorary societies and literary clubs and psychology cliques and relations fratorities and what nots. Then the inevitable happened—along came Pat.

Pat, of course, was Patricia; and to say that she had everything would be as futile as subtle humor at a teachers' convention—she had at least twice that much.

Well, to reiterate, along came Pat, and as she was taking both

Greek History and Genetic Psych, she spilled her notebook smack in front of Aloysius Augustus Caesar Smith, Second. Smitty hesitated and then stooped to pick up the debris—and Pat stooped to conquer. Pate met pate.

That night they attended a lecture on "Child Welfare and Development."

The next night they listened to a delightful dissertation on "The Fundamentals of the Ancient Greek Philosophical Societies."

And the third night—ah—the third night they worshipped at the shrine of a national authority on "The Pre-School Child."

The fourth night was scheduled as "Greek Culture in the Balkans," but it ended by what might be termed Pat's "Emancipation Proclamation." She first abandoned all hopes of grades in Greek History and Genetic Psychology, and then zestfully said numerous things including, "Warm blooded and passionate—like a fish. Red Hot Clinching papa—with a book. School spirit in this dump is dead and you're a contributing factor. The football team's no good, so why don't you try out for it?"

Yes, and she said sundry other things—adequate, but scarcely suitable for repetition. She ended by gently cussing poor befuddled Augustus Caesar, wafting a kiss to him, and shoving him out of the door.

Now actually, A. A. 2nd was all hot and worried and bothered for quite some time—and then he went out for football. He weighed in at one hundred and eighty, stood five feet ten inches, and came down the hundred in ten flat. But there his virtues ceased. He neither knew nor cared to know the language of the trainer.

The trainer would say, "Kill dat dummy!" Aloysius would shudder at such low dialect, mentally sketch a force diagram of the power necessary to move the dummy the required distance, and then apply just that and no more.

On the field the coach would say, "Smack that half so he stays smacked!" Augustus would instantly recall an article written by that same coach on "Sportsmanship in Football," do his little mental problem of force and distance, and move the half just out of the way.

Smitty was inclined to argue, too, about adroitness, accuracy, efficacy, efficiency, and psychological effects and situations. The coach would listen—at times—and wonder at the colossal something or other that was evidenced in that before him.

The season went on; games came and went—to the opponents. Aloysius the Second warmed the bench, and worshipped that most wonderful of all things—the person created in the mind around the nucleus of the name and face of some sweet one and only. Aloysius ran true to form; he worshipped at a distance, retired in utter confusion if the goddess would so much as focus her glance at a point directly through and really far beyond him. In the eye of his mind he was always performing deeds of valor at moments exceedingly propitious—the last half of the ninth with forty yards to go, and all that. Meanwhile, Smitty did his bit towards keeping down the splinter crop; and the coach longed for something to strike the vital spark in that human machine—Aloysius.

Then came the game before *the* game. It was a set-up, and the coach worked in all the subs—including Aloysius Augustus Caesar Smith, 2nd, who stayed in for exactly three minutes and thirty-eight seconds, at which time the game ended 58 to 0. The coach praised and appraised the players. To A. A. he said, "What a wonderful showing you made! I promise faithfully to put you in the game when my first string fullback gets conked and the other substitute fullback sprains both ankles."

Aloysius took him at his word and waited hopefully through seven practices for Fullback Burke to incapacitate himself in some way, and for substitute Fullback Casey at least to throw a knee. Fate was both kind and unkind—a very neutral situation. The day of the big game with Central Tech approached, became a fact. Both Burke and Casey continued disgustingly and depressingly healthy. Could it be that the ghosts of Aloysius' ancestors were going to fail him? It could not be—it was not so.

Along came the secret sorrow—Pat. Dad had clipped a coupon which turned into a roadster for Pat. Then along came Burke, ambulating down the pedestrians' pike, hankering for a ride. Pat picked Burke up; a tire picked a nail up. Burke stepped into the highway to fix it, and—blooie!—got knocked for a row of brick observatories. The police ambulance received a customer. One hundred dollars was offered for the hit and run driver. Fate, Smithie's ancestors, and Pat drove on to the game—together.

Aloysius right manfully warmed the bench for the first quarter. Then the worst and the best happened. Casey ran back to catch a punt, saw that he had free territory, plenty of room—and tangled

his feet. A half loop and a bank resulted—then a three-point landing of nose, jaw, and ear. He heard the game results two hours later.

The coach summoned A. A. 2nd, and spoke a few brief words of encouragement: "You're all I've got and the rules say eleven men on a side so getahel out there and try and keep out of the way."

A. A. went. He played safety and safely for two quarters. Score still 0-0. Then Central Tech kicked. Aloysius came out of the fog and recovered the ball on Central's 40-yard line. He discovered some thirty or forty enormous tacklers bearing down on him, and he strove mightily to retreat in various and sundry directions. He skirted behind his own goal and again headed out. At this point the gun went off, signifying the end of the fourth quarter. But according to rule the game ended only when the final play was completed—and Aloysius was all hot on rules; so he carried on. He was tackled on Westlake's ten-yard line, and lit on his conceited head. A kindly team mate took the tackler out, and thus quite effectively removed him from Aloysius' path of progress. A. A. arose and again moved forward, this time activated by a gently seething film of red which crept over his vision, then backward and inward. In other words Aloysius saw red—the blood of his ancestors was at last boiling. Forgotten were problems of force and distance, and calculations of just enough and no more. Aloysius Augustus Caesar Smith, 2nd, was at last fighting mad, and the coach and players and trainers were inarticulate with joy. The remaining 90 yards were covered in 9 seconds; and to the left of Aloysius were Central Tech tacklers—and Westlake team mates; and to the right of Aloysius were Central Tech tacklers—and Westlake team mates; and over all volleyed and reverberated shouts and cheers from the thundering herd, from the multitude gone mad.

Five minutes passed.

In the hospital Patricia was reading the final score to Burke and Casey.

In the stands Professor and Mrs. Aloysius Augustus Caesar Smith, 1st, were excitedly conversing:

"I am reminded," said A. A., 1st, "of the noble sports of the Greeks!—the Spartans!—and the Caesars!"

"And I," said Mrs. A. A. (so far as we know the 1st) furtively wiping a tear of joy from her eye, "see quite clearly that it is a case of racial instinct, and portends the betterment of the strain."



Silhouette

ROY C. BURGE

Tall trees on a clear night without moon have but two dimensions. Silhouetted against a star-radiant arch, they are intricate designs spun from black paper pasted against a sequin dusted sky. No depth mars their fantastic design. To walk down an avenue of trees on a night without moon is like pacing the corridors of a strange world; endless corridors hung with ebon lace, upon deep amethyst walls strewn with jewel dust of diamond, and ruby, and topaz. So precious are the patterns, that Benevenuto Cellini would have traded all his cunning goblets and intricately chased medallions for one feather spray from the smallest limb. And these things are mine, on a clear night without moon, nor would I give them to a king, though he offer me chariots encrusted with glass, or a necklace woven of the thoughts of God.

The Two Genies

ARTHUR J. ANDERSON

There was once a great monarch, who ruled a powerful and populous land. He was a good ruler, and systematic. He studied learned efficiency methods nightly until the flame of his favorite lamp drank all the oil, and his head burned.

One morning, at nine sharp, he sat on his throne in the Pavilion of Reason and, as usual, pressed the button marked, "Prime Minister." This officer shot up through a trap-door labelled, "Prime Minister: keep out," and pushed a button inscribed, "Council of Reason." And immediately a noble concourse of bald heads and white beards popped up in place, and began to voice thoughts and ideas.

Upon this occasion, the council decided that the most imperative necessities of the day were: a man-carrying bird; a combined mouse-trap-pencil-sharpener; a box in which to capture reflections; and a marvelous machine to blow sixty-thousand soap-bubbles a minute. But before the microphone could record the king's approval, a thousand electric alarms burst the august buzz of ideas: a messenger had dared to break the cordon of guards into the sanctuary of Reason!

His majesty jumped up, sputtering with hot ire.

"Knave, how dare you break thus into this hour of thought? Know you not that we receive our messengers from two to three after noon? From nine until ten we think!"

"But, so please your high majesty—"

"Out, fellow! Begone! We shall hear you during the sixth period, with the rest of the messengers!"

And he pressed a button marked, "remove"; and the audacious messenger disappeared, sliding through a chute to his place in the sixth period waiting line.

The monarch ran his fingers through his stacombed locks, setting his crown awry, and said, "To business; time passes." And he took out his watch, and set it on the table before the throne.

Then he rubbed his ring; and lo, there towered before the assembly his servant—a huge man of shining steel, his copper fingers spitting blue sparks, his wire head buzzing.

"High majesty, I am Science, thy slave to command. What dost thou and thy noble company require?"

"We desire a bird which shall carry men; a tool which shall

snare mice and point pencils; a box which shall entrap a reflection—in color warranted not to fade; and a contrivance which shall blow sixty thousand rainbow-hued bubbles per minute. Moreover, let copies of these marvels be placed in the capitols of each city marked with a cross on yonder map, for duplication if needed. And let all men honor and respect them; for they are the product of the Great Genie Science. And let my words be multigraphed, and telegraphed to all sections of the world; and let the photographs the pressmen even now are taking be radioed to all parts of the land, that all shall see the wonderful working of the Great Genie Science.”

So the scribes rattled their typewriters: the press photographers snapped their pictures; and all did as they were told.

Science, the Great Genie, produced the great bird, the mouse-catcher-pencil-sharpener, and the reflection box; but as he came to the bubble-machine, the last bell rang. The Great Genie Science, seeing his time flown and the bell rung, left half the bubble-maker in the Pavilion of Reason, spraying thirty thousand rainbow-hued bubbles to burst among the grey-green and yellow acacia trees, each minute; and went clicking and buzzing off to his land of What Next.

The council left with due reverence; and the king took off his spectacles of Clear Vision, and put on those of Elevated View, which he would need when the next bell ushered in the hour of Philosophy and Mind.

The impatient messenger waited apprehensively, under careful observation. The court statisticians calculated the coefficient of correlation between the sum of the letters in his name, and the figures of his age, and determined therefrom that he must wait until the last on that day. But there were many messengers; and the hour was short: he had to wait until the next day.

The next day he prevailed upon the ushers to admit him first; and his message was:

“So please your high majesty: the northern, western, and southern states are all in rebellion against the latest mechanical governors and mental tests. They have declared you no king, have found a leader, and are following their own Genie—a huge spirit with flaming hair, burning eyes, and great might!”

“Ah,” said the King. “That explains why our communications have received no response. At least the machines were not out of order.”

(Continued on Page Twenty-seven)

A Hole In One

MARION LAW, JR.

I have reached that stage in golf where one decides, every time he plays, to give it up, the decision holding until one can find time to don his plus fours again. This stage, as every golfer knows, usually accompanies scores of about 120 on up; a rather severe critic maintains he can always tell when I have been playing by the large amount of freshly turned earth in the neighborhood of the links. This is of course an exaggeration, and shows very clearly the mental calibre of one who considers such foolishness humor.

This particular occasion was to me of vital importance. There was present a young lady upon whom—at that time—I was desirous of making a good impression. My rival—in all other respects one of my best friends—had teed off with a most excellent shot (for him), the ball landing within fifty feet of the far off green. He had never done this before; his manner, however, indicated that he was not quite up to par today.

Selecting my pet brassie I advanced to the tee. Having teed the ball, I proceeded to go through that intricate and very solemn process known as “addressing the ball.”

Golf etiquette demands that this be done as follows: gaze fixedly at the ball for about thirty seconds, meanwhile moving the arms and the club with a sort of rippling motion. Suddenly look at the far off green, scowling as though you feel it might not be there next time you looked for it. Fix your attention again on the ball with your most severe expression, swing the club backwards about three feet, then bring it down gently in contact with the ball once again, and then swing clear back, steadily staring the ball quite out of countenance, and bring the club down with as much grace as your cramped muscles will permit.

The outcome of this procedure cannot be predicted; the ball is liable to go in any direction. This case was an exception. There was a clean-cut “click!”; the ball sailed up and out, as if borne along by wings, then began gracefully to descend. A hundred feet from the green it alighted, rolled a little; up on to the green, appeared to hesitate a moment, and stopped out of sight.

Assuming my most bored expression, I turned to my companions. He was showing her his new mashie.

All Cooks Are Crazy

JAMES S. LOWRIE

The three of us lay stretched on our backs on the after hatch, smoking and watching the stars. Dusk had fallen, and the sea was dark in the fading light. Smooth but for ripples tossed by a low warm breeze, it stretched far away, out to the edge of the world and beyond. We had been talking about ports, and ships, and women, and men. It was old Jimmy O'Rourke who mentioned that all cooks are crazy. We assented. Everyone knows that cooks are crazy. No one had ever heard of one who wasn't, some way or other.

Old Jimmy dangled his left leg over the edge of the hatch and kicked his shoe off. It clattered on the deck and rolled a few feet. Drawing his leg up, he scratched his instep meditatively, and cleared his throat.

"Well, speaking of cooks, of course they're all crazy, but some are worse than others. Now there was one on the Lydia S. that was clear out of his head." He paused to knock the askes from his pipe. "We had been out of 'Frisco to New Zealand and were coming back, before the old duck went off his bat. Too much booze, I guess, for his constitution. He was old and crabby, anyhow, and it hit him all of a sudden. At first all he did was to throw pans at anyone who came in the galley, and curse something horrible; but then he began to twitch all over and finally got violent. The bo's'n and the chief engineer caught him one day makin' a dive for the rail, and they jumped him—not that he was much of a cook, you understand, but as a matter of policy. Well, they wished they hadn't, because even though he was only a little runt, he pretty near chewed a thumb off the bo's'n. He was tough all right. They put him in his cabin, and he lay grinding his teeth away until he had them pretty near all ground out. That was all right with the bo's'n, too, but the skipper ordered him muzzled, and they tied a stick in his mouth to save further wear and tear. By that time the odds was two to one that he kicked off, but somehow he managed to crawl through. He got better, too, and used to lay on his bunk glaring at everybody that came near. His cabin was right in the middle of the deckhouse on the aft side, so that you could go along either way up to the bridge."

Old Jimmy paused to draw a square on the canvas of the hatch with a burnt match and dot the place of the cook's cabin.

"The trouble was that the man on watch on the fo'c'sle head had to trot back every half hour and see how the old guy was coming along. That's all right in the daytime, but at night it was different. I've never had much use for a nut, anyhow, and this one was pretty bad. He couldn't exactly talk, but made a sort of a growling noise; and every once in a while one leg would jerk up with a snap. He could move around all right, but he twitched and mumbled all the time.

"As it was, I got along for two or three days. Every half hour from ten to twelve, I would turn on the light in his room and see if he was all right. He would lie there glaring at me, and snarl like a dog. By this time he had only one tooth left in the middle of his mouth, one old fang that he would gnash around like a whole set.

"Along about seven bells one night I went back aft to look in on him. I didn't care much for the job, but I stepped up to the screen door and stuck my arm inside to turn on the light. My face was about two inches from the screen, and I was fumbling around for the switch, when I felt something on my arm. I snapped on the light, and there he was, that old devil, standing with his face about three inches from mine. That one tooth of his was working overtime, and his eyes were rolling around glaring at me; and I swear it now, I couldn't move a hand. I was froze, froze to that spot until the bottom of my feet began to prickle. I don't know yet what I did. As I figure it, I must have turned a back somersault to get away. I know I was cruising forty before I left the deck, and I doubled that down the straight-away. I could feel his breath on the back of my neck and that one tooth digging in just above my collar. I was headed toward the port side, and would of made it all right; but I had to turn along the side of the boat. I jibbed over to make the turn, but I was going too fast. Someone had left an orange crate along the rail, and I crashed my port leg through that thing. I drove it all the way up to my knee; but that didn't stop me. I careened off that rail, and kept going on one leg, with the other dragging—box and all. All the time I imagined that guy pouncing on my back and sinking his tooth into my neck. I was so scared I made a dive at the bridge ladder and forgot all about the stove-in box. I caught on the third step, and I crashed into the brass rail. The next thing I know I was lying on the deck below with a smashed-up orange crate on one leg and ten feet of brass rail draped around my neck. The old ship was rolling then like a cork in a bottle, and star shells were popping and crashing all over the place; seven or eight million red hot stars were coming and going

through a fiery cloud, so that I felt like the inside of a blown-up rocket. By the time I found my head was still connected, the skipper had bounced out on deck, with his nightshirt flapping in the wind. The mate on watch jumped out of the wheel-house, and both of them stood looking at me as if I were a meteor that had flopped on their deck. I lifted the brass rail from off my neck, kicked the orange crate overboard, and told them that the cook was running around loose with a razor. This last was a bit of addition to explain the orange crate and all, you understand. We started out on the look-out for him, the skipper cautiously walking ahead, his slippers slapping on the deck, and his nightshirt flapping around his ankles. The mate came next, bent over, peering from right to left, carrying his sextant in one hand, all set to either fight or run as the occasion warranted; and I brought up the rear—all set to run, mostly. I had a left-over piece of orange crate with me, but never had a chance to use it. The three of us sneaked around the corner towards the cook's cabin, but he was gone. We never did find him, and the chances are no one ever will now. He must of jumped overboard without waiting to tell us.

"Yeh, as I say," and old Jimmy stopped to tap his pipe again, "Cooks are crazy."

EL PALENQUE

El Palenque is a review of letters, published quarterly by the Associated Students of San Diego State College. Editor, Arthur Anderson; Publication Board: Florine Markland, Marguerite Lucas, John Carroll, Roy Burge, Harry Anderson; Art Editor, Phyllis Wood; Business Manager, Lincoln Bankerd; Advertising Manager, Mitchell Saadi; Circulation Manager, Oliver Ross; Faculty Adviser, Miss Florence L. Smith, Associate Professor of English.

Manuscripts are encour-

aged from students, alumni, and faculty members. They should be sent to the editor, in care of The Aztec, or dropped in the El Palenque box, near the English office.

* * *

El Palenque has been entered in the U. S. Postoffice as second class matter for mailing.

* * *

The advertisers have made it possible for El Palenque to appear this year. The staff urges that its readers mention the magazine in patronizing them.

U-N-I-V-E-R-S-I-T-Y
BOOK AND GIFT SHOP

FOR CHRISTMAS

you will find here a large selection of imported and domestic

GREETING CARDS

also many unusual, beautiful, and inexpensive things that make ideal

GIFTS

Browse around our large stock.

AND

you are bound to find the ideal and ever welcome present amongst our

BOOKS

We make your Christmas Shopping a pleasure so

COME TO

THE UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP

529 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Between 5th and 6th

And When the Summer Comes Again

(Continued from Page Nine)

from the colors of his palette. There was a smudge of crimson lake, along a rim of golden hairs on the high side.

"Did you have need of sending the dollar, Peter?"

"Yes, I sent the dollar when I heard. His letter said the white cat did for the bird."

Peter knocked the ashes from his pipe.

He helped me to the car.

"Goodbye, Peter."

He waved a broad salute, and I moved off into the gathering darkness.

* * * * *

There are two pictures I remember best of him. One I lived, and one I only dreamed. I seem to remember how he stood, hands pocketed and feet out-thrust, like a god, to settle on the fate of a half-feathered dove.

I wish he could have known I did not miss his meaning. I wish he could have known I've learned to forego pity. No one, I guess, can grow beyond aloneness, but I, too, can never again be really lonely.

And when the summer comes again, I shall have earned the right to go in the twilight to his mountain, where a faint and far-off call comes from beyond the pine-gorged valley; and once there, I shall have earned the right to lift my hands to the sky of crimson lake, and answer:

"Oh, Peter, be glad I did not think it was an owl!

"Give thanks I knew it for a mourning dove!"

The Camels Are Coming

(Continued from Page Seven)

regret at present is that I have not double the number."

And again:

"It is a subject of constant surprise and remark to all of us, how their feet can possibly stand the character of the road we have been travelling over for the last ten days. It is certainly the hardest road on the feet of barefooted animals I have ever known. As for food, they live on anything, and thrive. Yesterday they drank water for the first time in twenty-six hours, and although the day had been excessively hot, they seemed to care little for it."

An amusing episode occurred near Albuquerque. All along the way, the camels constantly amazed the natives. At this little settlement, Beale was taken for a head showman; a crowd of curious Mexicans gathered around the expedition, a slouchy-looking ruffian acting as interpreter. Looking at a wagon which Beale's men had painted a bright red, the native began:

"Dis show wagon, no?"

"Yes," replied Beale.

"Ah, ha! You be de showmans, no?"

Yes, sir."

"What you gottee more on camelos? Gottee any dogs?"

"Yes, monkeys, too, and more."

"Whattee more?"

"Horse more."

"Whattee can do horse?"

"Stand on his head, and drink a glass of wine."

"Válgame Dios! What a people these are to have a horse stand on his head, and drink a glass of wine!"

And Beale, closing his account of the incident, says:

It Won't Be Long Now

before Christmas is here. So you'd better hustle down to Stationers' Corporation to pick out your gifts.

There are loads of appropriate things for sheiks and shebas and even for Dad and Mother—Books, Fountain Pens, Art Goods, and such.

**STATIONERS...
...CORPORATION**

1030-40 SIXTH ST. SAN DIEGO
LOS ANGELES...HOLLYWOOD...SAN FRANCISCO
TELEPHONE...FRANKLIN 1344.

THE
JOHN W. SNYDER
COMPANY

INSURANCE
of all Kinds

Fifth at Laurel

ONE DOES NOT
HAVE TO BE A
CAMEL

TO MAKE USE
OF THIS OASIS



DICK'S
College Pharmacy



Cheerio!

**Our . . .
Christmas Cards**

are gay, colorful ones, ablaze
with Christmas Cheer. And
by choosing yours now you
will escape the hurry and con-
fusion of last minute buying.

Personal Cards Too

BUNNELL PHOTO SHOP
1033 SIXTH STREET

"We left our friend explaining to his audience what had passed, and filled with admiration for the nation, one of whose humblest individuals possessed a horse capable of standing on his head, and drinking wine."

From Albuquerque the expedition continued west, and finally arrived at the Colorado river, opposite what is now known as Needles, on the California boundary. There Beale faced a problem which might have delayed the expedition a great many days. He had been told that camels do not swim; nevertheless, he ordered the largest and finest animal brought to the river. Beale's relief, when this camel took to the water and swam boldly across the rapid river, can readily be imagined. He thereupon tied the camels each to the next one's saddle, and soon, without the slightest difficulty, swam them all to the opposite side, in gangs of five.

In November, the Camel Brigade marched through Los Angeles and on to Bakersfield, where Beale had a large estate—the famous Tejón Ranch. Here ended the first half of the Wagon Route Survey.

During the winter Beale took a few of the camels up into the high Sierras, in order to disprove the theory that camels do not thrive in the cold. So successful was that experiment that Beale had to bring the camels down from the mountains in order to keep them from growing too fat!

That January, Beale returned with only fourteen camels to Fort Defiance, in order to test the fitness of the road he had just surveyed, for winter transit. He ended his journey late in February, 1858, and, in his last journal entry, wrote:

"A year in the wilderness ended. During this time I have conducted my party from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and back again to the eastern terminus of the road, through a country for a great part entirely unknown, and inhabited by hostile Indians, without the loss of a man. I have tested the value of the camels, marked a new road to the Pacific, and traveled four thousand miles without an accident."

Back in Washington again, Beale made a strong plea for the further use of camels; but to no avail. The Civil War was on its way. Camels were soon lost in the growls of dispute over the paramount question of states-rights.

* * * *

At this point, the reader will ask: what became of the camels left at Camp Verde, at Beale's ranch at Tejón?

It is a long story. During the Civil War, the Texas camels were charges of the Confederate government, and were badly treated throughout the conflict. After the war, those in Texas were sold at auction to work in circuses, or on various ranches in northern Mexico and Texas. Those in California were auctioned off by the Navy Department at the Mare Island Yards near San Francisco. Many of them were purchased by mine owners in Nevada and Arizona; but they were finally turned loose to wander those regions at will.

For years these camels roamed the deserts of the Southwest. The mere sight of them frightened mules, horses, and drivers. The drivers shot the camels, pursued them into their desert refuge. It is reported that in 1877 a small party of Frenchmen

WALTER DIBB

Mfg. Jeweler



Think of us for SPECIAL ORDERS of DIAMONDS and RINGS—as well as for your Fraternity Jewelry.



Sefton Building

Third Floor

FIFTH AND C ROOM 40

Make
Book-buying . . .
a year-round habit

Late fiction
Biographies
Juveniles

A FULL LINE OF
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Hutton's Book Store
and
Circulating Library
1143 SIXTH

San Diego's
NEW
FOX
THEATRE
Opens
Friday
Nov. 8!

SEVENTH & B STREETS
"More Than a Theatre—
An Institution!"
Direction Fox West Coast
Theatres

**More Truth
Than Poetry**

When you are told
the good points of
Peppy's Sandwich
Shop, don't take it
for granted—nor turn
it down—

INVESTIGATE
PEPPY'S
SANDWICH SHOP
across the Campus

rounded up between twenty and thirty of the animals, broke them to pack, and took them from Tucson, Arizona, to Virginia City, Nevada. But this experiment failed, and the camels again wandered free. Boundary commissioners, running the United States-Mexico line in the early nineties, reported seeing camels frequently in the region in which they worked. Today there are descendants of the original herd still wandering about the wastes. Thus ends the story of the camels of the West.

Many factors operated to bring the experiment to disaster; but no doubt the greatest factor was the Civil War. First of all, the war took Major Wayne, the camels' best friend; and prevented Beale from protecting them from their many enemies. Few officers at the army camps understood the camels; every Indian and mule-driver did his best to get rid of them. And at the close of the war, the railroads narrowly restricted the field in which the animals could be employed. Idleness killed these beasts. They soon passed out of the historical scene; but not before they had aided in the solution of the problem of how to hold the new West for the United States Government.

A well-known historian of the westward movement, Frederic L. Paxson, writing of the camel episode, has said:

"It is certain that the attempt to solve the problem was real, and that this was one among many efforts to lessen the isolation of the scattered camps and to draw together the dispersed colonies of Americans throughout the West."

HERE

is
the first
EL PALENQUE
of 1929-30,
the result of
the staff's hard work.

NOW

is your chance to help
by
Subscribing . . .
Contributing . .
Boosting
Patronizing its Advertisers
**YOU CAN HELP
DO IT**

The Two Genies

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

But for all his confidence, he was disturbed. He even went so far as cancelling the agricultural consultation during the tenth hour; and ringing for the council of Reason, the Prime Minister and the generals; and finally for the Great Genie Science.

And the Great Genie produced a telescope called Psychology, with which the king and his generals scanned the rebels, but could understand nothing. Then the Genie brought up a machine which would bombard the insurgents with Dry Facts, with Cold Reason, with Statistics; with Theories. But though the revolutionists were sorely dis-

turbed by the terrible bombardment, they remained hard, and unconvinced.

Their Genie, in return, pelted the king's camp with missiles, which the ruler and his council called Superstition, Tradition, Bigotry, and Selfishness: for the rebels would not accept their theories.

At last, both Genies were persuaded to fight each other. So they took up their lancets of Research, and started to pick each other to pieces.

And the Great Genie Science pricked the rebellious Genie in the heart; and forth streamed much smoke; a babble of mingled laughter, tears, talk, and poetry; and much music. The rebellious Genie punctured the Great Genie Science's head; and vile reptiles of jealousy poured forth, amid a dark stream of ignorance, a musty odor of superstition, and a vast assortment of cogwheels that would not fit.

Then the king caused his communication machines to announce a conciliation meeting, to which the chief disputants came. Both factions shook the Pavilion of Reason with their claims for victory, even on the last day of the peace conference. The king noted the violent oscillation of the seismographic indicators attached to the roof of the hall: and fearing lest the dome collapse, he stepped on a pedal marked "ventilation." The walls dropped with a jerk into slots—and the gathering saw, through the roof-supports, the two convalescing Genies supporting each other lovingly. And then all realized the solution.

As Seen From This Issue

(Continued from Page Three)

James Lowrie's name is another new one on the magazine's pages. He introduces himself with a yarn of mad cooks. The writer is a new arrival to San Diego State College, from the University of Minnesota.

The opening issue this year is unique in its omission of poetry. However, there is little distinction between polyphonic prose and some modern poetry; therefore Roy Burge's *Silhouette* is submitted fearlessly. The writer has been associated with EL PALENQUE ever since its first appearance, and, in fact, was one of the three students who started the literary expression movement which the magazine represents. Faithful association, such as his, is what has kept the literary standard traditional and consistent.

Marion Law is another who helped EL PALENQUE start. His association with the AZTEC as columnist, and his frequent participation in student activities, make his introduction unnecessary here. He finishes, with *A Hole In One*.

The writer of *The Two Genies* modestly admits being this year's rather uncomfortable editor of EL PALENQUE. The joy of contributing depends largely upon the side of the editorial board contributed from. But no; one does not apologize.

The October issue of EL PALENQUE is the first to be closely associated with the Art department. Last year there was a warm cordiality between the magazine and that department; this year there has been started a real working partnership.

The first step has been the choice of a new cover, from the results of a project assigned the class in advanced

design. Results were so outstanding and satisfying that final choice was difficult. The editorial board chose Milford Ellison's design, which appears on the cover of this first issue.

Both frontispiece and initial letter to *The Camels Are Coming!* are the work of Miss Marjorie Kelly, of the Art department, so that the opening story is exclusively a faculty presentation.

Norton Allen is a name appearing for the first time on EL PALENQUE's pages. He drew the cut illustrating *Aloysius the Great*.

Phyllis Wood has been largely responsible for getting together the cuts in this issue; and herself has contributed the cut illustrating *Silhouette*. Her prominence in the Art club and the Three Arts guild needs no comment in this column. Assuring smooth working of EL PALENQUE with the Art department, Phyllis Wood has taken the position of the magazine's first Art editor.

BEST SELLERS

The following list has been compiled by Hutton's, the Artemisia, the University Book Store, and the Stationers' Corporation:

Preface to *Morals*.....Walter Lippman
All Quiet On the Western Front

.....Erich Maria Remarque

Dark Journey.....Julian Green

They Stoop to Folly.....Ellen Glasgow

Field of Honor.....Don Byrne

Ex-Wife.....Anonymous

Hans Frost.....Hugh Walpole

In the Wilderness.....Sigrid Undset

Atmosphere of Love.....Andre Maurois

Salt Water Taffy.....Corey Ford

Falcons of France.....Nordoff and Hall

Beethoven.....Romain Rolland

Lorenzo the Magnificent.....David Loth

When All Is Said
and All Is Done

You'll Always Find
There's Only One



**Normal
Bakery**

W. NICHOLSON

Across the Campus

Do You Like This El Palenque?

LINOTYPING SERVICE that
has all the features of
Artistry, Efficiency, Econ-
omy and Speed may be had
at Warner's.

The Type used in this issued
furnished by

Harry C. Warner

LINOTYPING

831 EIGHTH STREET

For Your Outdoor Activities

Whether it is for motoring, camping, hiking, golf, tennis, fishing or hunting, choose whatever you need from Muehleisen's big stock of high-quality merchandise. Here you'll find everything for the outdoor man or woman, boy or girl.

Your selection from this storehouse rich in outing suggestions will be guaranteed by an established concern with years of experience.

Here at Muehleisen's you can get up-to-the-minute information on where to hunt, fish, motor, etc.; also any other information that you may desire on athletics or other outdoor activities.

EVERYTHING FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN
MUEHLEISEN CO.
1050 SECOND ST
BETWEEN BROADWAY AND C

**For
Handy
Service**

**The
STUDENTS
CO-OP BUREAU
Your Store**

**Stewart Printing
Company**

"The Home of Good Impressions"

Magazines, Newspapers
Stationery, Blank Books
Pamphlets, Office Supplies
Printing of Every Description

833 EIGHTH STREET

Franklin 1784