

# **EL PALENQUE**

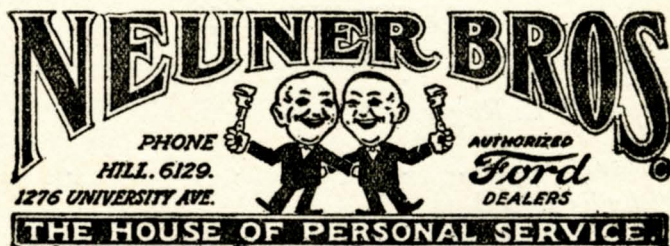
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# El Palenque

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# Palenque

SPENCER L. ROGERS

*Smugly self-confident of the supremacy and the eternity of his civilization, the average European American finds it difficult to turn aside from the buzzing turmoil of his mechanistic achievement to reflect on the attainments of other peoples and to examine the products of his own culture in relation to those of other civilizations. When he does create the opportunity to make such a comparison, however, he does not find the result gratifying to his self esteem, for he learns that outside of humming steel and electrified wires he is producing little that has not been equaled or surpassed by other races at other times. He sees in the works of other races beauty and skill exceeding that found in the works of his own.*

*In the traces of ancient Mexican civilization a most spectacular comparison may be made, especially with regard to the architecture of the Mayas, whose enduring stone edifices form visible and almost personal evidences of the aesthetic refinement and engineering wisdom of a race which flourished on the American Continent more than one thousand years before the voyage of Columbus. No city shows better the magnitude and the beauty of Maya architectural expression than does Palenque, one of the earliest of the large centres of population in America. This city dominated the western portion of the Maya empire; contemporaneously, Tikal and Copan exercised influence over the northern and southern areas.*

*At present, but six of the buildings of Palenque have been described, although more exist and are awaiting exploration in the neighboring jungles. The buildings, which are expressions of the religious life of the Mayas, rest on pyramidal eminences suggesting the religious history of the people, who, in their primitive days, had erected sacrificial altars on hills or artificially prepared mounds as the most protected and spectacular places for the sacred rituals. The largest building of the group is the Palace, which has a*



unique square tower, four stories of which remain. The five other buildings are known as the Temples of the Cross, of the Sun, of the Inscriptions, of the Foliated Cross, and of the Beau Relief. The scheme of construction employed in these buildings is typical of Maya architecture. Throughout the length of each unit run two long vaulted chambers which are completed at the top with corbeled arches. The external surfaces of the structures, which were originally finished in plaster and stucco, present strong contrasts between areas severely plain and elaborately decorated. The surfaces of the temple mounds were finished with smooth stone or stone steps.

Set in the walls of the sanctuaries were tablets bearing reliefs and hieroglyphic inscriptions of religious significance. The tablets of the Sun, the Cross and the Foliated Cross, for which the temples bearing these designations were named, are of great interest for their mythological significance. The cruciform designs of the latter two have given rise to a number of groundless conjectures attempting to account for their presence through some remote contact with Christianity. Sufficient and reasonable explanation is found, however, in the early development of the cruciform symbol by primitive man in all parts of the world as a representation of the four directions. In the tablet of the foliated cross, the cruciform element rests upon a large head, which is thought to represent the underworld. Above is the quetzal bird, the symbol of rain and vegetation. A human figure may be seen on either side of the cross, the larger one probably representing a deity and the smaller one a priest.

According to Maya myth, the city of Palenque was founded by the Votanides, the worshippers of Votan, a culture hero, perhaps dimly historic in origin, who came from across the sea, and who invented writing and a new religion. Finding the new land abundant in natural resources, he settled there, made Palenque the capital of his empire, and ruled many years. Later there came representatives of another race from over the sea, who wore long robes, an attire strange to the Mayas, and who peacefully joined themselves to the Maya empire.

The empire of the Mayas declined, and when, as another



*strange people from across the sea, the European explorers made their way to southern Mexico, they found the ruins which bear witness to a vanished magnificence. May we not justifiably conjecture as to the possibility of the coming to American shores, a few millenia hence, another strange people from across the sea? and may we not truly wonder if they will find in the then surviving remnants of our civilization, any monuments comparable in state of preservation and architectural beauty to the present ruins of Palenque?*







—Color engraving plates courtesy of Sunset Engraving Co.



# The Weeping Myrr Tree

MARJORIE HUTCHINSON



AR away in Arabia, many, many years ago, their grew a little tree in the desert. It was not such a tree as any of you have seen. It was dry and covered with only a few leaves, and these were very thorny.

In that day, and in that land, people did not live as they do now, for this story is of the long, long ago. The strongest animal ruled the desert wastes, the strongest fish ruled in the mighty seas, and to the strongest bird in the air all other birds bowed down, because they feared to do otherwise. Even in the oasis, and throughout the stretches of desert land, there were those among the plants, that by their ability to reach deep down below the parched surface, took most of the water and life-giving elements. Thus all other plants were dwarfed.

So it was that this little tree, of which I tell, had only scanty, thorny foliage. It was known as the Myrrh, and bore small green flowers, and little oval berries. Year after year it could draw only enough sustenance to keep it alive, and no more. It rustled its leaves, few and thorny as they were, by way of complaint.

The stately palm looked down upon it and said, "Why do you complain, little one? Do you not know that you can never hope to be of any value in the world? You are just a scrubby little tree, and so you must remain for always. We give our seeds to caravan traders to carry to all parts of the world for kings to dine upon, but you have nothing to give to the world. You are just a stunted little tree born to die unknown."

The little myrrh tree sighed, and wished that at least it might feel the freshness of the dew upon its parched leaves and berries. The little berries grew as best they could upon the parent trees and then in their turn wished that they, even as the fruit of the palm, might be of some value to the world. So it has gone on for years and years.

Then came a night when a great light flooded the desert. A large, trembling star shone down from the vault above, and shed a strangely brilliant light upon the yellow sands, and upon the stately palms and upon the little myrrh tree, and the sound of voices broke the stillness. Shepherds were wandering from their flocks by night and they traveled to the westward. One spoke and



said, "Did not the angel say, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people. For unto you this day in the city of David, is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord'." Another answered, "Let us go even now to Bethlehem, and see this thing which the Lord hath made known to us." Then they moved on and the desert was silent again. The night darkened around the little myrrh tree, but it raised its head and saw the stately palm etched against a deep and lucent sky. The little myrrh tree pondered all these things.

Days afterwards, the shepherds returned to their flocks and rested for the night near to where the little myrrh tree grew. They were speaking of all that they had heard and seen, and told of a maiden mother who was too poor to have any but swaddling clothes for her babe. She had only a manger for its bed, because the inn-keeper had put her out when the inn was full of other people.

It heard also of a great light, a light from the skies, that remained continually about the babe and illumined all the stable wherein it lay. The little myrrh tree was touched and wept as it heard of the sufferings and the want of the maiden mother and her child, and as it wept, its tears clung to the dry bark and hardened into a rich, brown, translucent substance, that scented the whole of the surrounding country. The little myrrh tree did not wish to go with the shepherds, nor did it envy the palm, that its fruit had been gathered, and carried away for adventure. It only wept with sympathy for the maiden mother and her babe in the lowly stable.

Now that night an angel came to the desert, and spoke to the weeping tree and said, "Because you have wept for the sufferings of others, you shall see the new born king, and have a place by His manger, and your name shall become known to all the world. Your tears shed here in the lonely desert, shall henceforth be used in medicines and in healing balms throughout the land."

The palm was amazed and said, "Little myrrh tree, many strange things are happening; it may be that what the angel has said is true. You may yet hope to serve kings even as I do." But the little myrrh tree no longer envied.

Now one night, not long after these things of which I have told you had occurred, a more brilliant star than any the desert had known shone from the heavens and hid the myriads of other stars with its magnificence. It filled all the surrounding land with its great lambent light and outlined the distant hills, beyond which the shepherds had travelled. This great star had risen in the east and even now was traveling to the westward.



A caravan was passing through the desert and the little myrrh tree saw many slaves. Three kings were riding on camels, while yet on the other camels were loaded burdens of costly stuff. There were boxes of pearl and alabaster. There were gold and other precious metals from distant lands. There were jewels of great worth, sapphires, rubies and pearls. Cloth of samite embroidered with rare gems lay in folds bound with cord of silk. When the cortège stopped to rest, the star dropped also. The travellers spoke of a king, the king of all kings, whom they were going to worship, and as they spoke, one of them, wearied by the journey and sad because he had lost his richest gift for the king, rested near to where the little myrrh tree grew.

Even as the little myrrh tree was marvelling at these things, the king was gathering the dried tears which it had shed for the maiden mother and her babe. He said, "How fragrant is this substance!" and held it in the palm of his hand for the others to see and smell. "Surely this is the rare perfume which our great queen of Sheba herself had ever near her, and which her slaves braved death to obtain. Already I am refreshed from my weariness. Indeed, it must be that costliest of all incense which also has a magical power of healing. I shall take it as my greatest gift to this king of kings of whom we have been told." He carefully laid it in a box that was carved from teak wood and lined with gold, decorated with iridescent opals. It was the richest of all the containers of the caravan.

So it was that the tears of the little myrrh tree had a place by the manger of Jesus. For, when the wise men were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, His mother, and they fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh.





# Plum Pudding

MARGARET HOUSTON

There was a grey, damp wind roaming through the streets that afternoon, the sort of a wind that whirrs under the eaves, snuffles at key-holes, and fills deserted rooms with hushed scufflings. It had fumbled all day at the bell above the shop door, worrying it into faint janglings that went unnoticed in the creak of shutters, the whine of branches rubbing along roofs, and the myriad rustlings of dead leaves blowing. Indeed, not one good, determined pull had been given that bell all day. The door it was attached to stayed fast shut against the wind, and in the bleak room behind it the counters held up half-emptied jars of candies to the grey light, the only customer.

Shut away in the warm living-quarters behind the shop, lonely Miss Calvert, known to the Hill as "Old Grace," heard the wind only as it shook her curtained windows, felt it only as her fire reared up the chimney like a golden horse; but she did not care even for these. Stooping over her table, she was intently measuring out bright substances. Her face, just beginning to be middle-aged, shone pink and excited under a mop of yellow-gray hair; a big apron that still could not quite meet itself in back covered her dress; and her hands, chapped with much washing, shook a little in their work. No one ever came to buy candy or cigars on Christmas, and Miss Calvert had shut the door into the shop while she celebrated.

Carefully she measured out chopped figs, shiny candied cherries, citron in transucent slices, and piles of currants. Almonds, smooth and damp from blanching, went into a bright tin cup, and candied orange peel made a brilliant spot on the oil-cloth over the table. Over everything hung a cloud of spiciness, the fragrance of cinnamon and nutmeg, the bitterness of black molasses. In defiance to the wind that whined like a wolf at her door, Miss Calvert was making plum pudding.

She felt a little disappointed when everything was done. It had been a good half-day's work to get that delicious smelling mass ready to steam, and somehow, it hadn't been as much fun as usual. Brushing back a wild lock of hair, the plump little shop-keeper dropped into a chair and stared at herself in the mirror over the sink. It was doubtful if there was a person in all Cincinnati more alone than she; but before she could coax in much self-pity, a fierce jangle of the bell sent her flying up again, this time to her door.

She reached the shop just in time to see a crack of light disappear at the bottom of the door, as the wind tore the knob from



little fingers. Before she could cross between the counters to help, a swift shadow outside the steamy window hesitated, and reached out, the door was wrenched open just long enough for a creature composed entirely of red cheeks, snapping eyes, and old coats, to bounce in.

"Gee, I was scared!" The cocoon evolved into a remarkably homely child with a gamin smile. "I couldn't get the door open and here was old man Fox comin' down the street. But whadya think he did? *He opened the door for me!* And he wasn't even drunk!"

"Mr. Fox is always drunk, Jean," said Miss Calvert, taking the note from the girl's hand, "especially on Christmas." She took the top off a jar of cinnamon hearts and began ladling out ten cents' worth. "Here, open your mouth." She dropped a miniature shovel-ful of sweetness into the obedient red cave. "You be careful not to get these wet, and tell your Ma merry Christmas for me. And don't you bother Mr. Fox and he won't bother you. He ain't half as bad as what you kids like to make out."

When the door had banged shut again, Miss Calvert put the lid on the jar thoughtfully and started back to her room. She was wondering about William Boyd Fox, who had strutted by her window first, five years ago. A silk shirt he had worn then, and his hair had been slicked back smartly. Not too young then, he slouched past her shop now, on the way to the saloon, a cringing wreck. Then later he would come back, striding magnificently, yelling curses at the half-scared, half-delighted children.

Miss Calvert thought of her pudding steaming in the kitchen, and suddenly she tiptoed back to the street window. Wiping the cloud from the glass, she could see him across the street, standing in the shelter of a building. His coat collar was turned up and his shoulders hunched miserably to the wind. He was trying to light a cigarette, and Miss Calvert thought surprisedly, "Why, that's his last match he's trying to use in this wind." And a quite unreasonable pity hurt her throat when the feeble point of light went out leaving the man alone in the darkening gusts.

Abruptly she pulled off her apron, and went to the door. She heard herself calling easily across the street, "Oh, Mr. Fox! Do you like plum pudding?" and in a maze of astonishment watched him turn, stooping a little, to shamble across the street. She, *she* was inviting the neighborhood pariah in to supper!

He came slowly, and at each step she wondered why she did



not shut the door and retreat. But she was still standing there when he reached the curb. She could see the puzzlement fighting to the surface in the lean face. He stood outside her door, and suddenly Miss Calvert knew he was thinking, "Well, why not be like other people for a minute? Any reason why I shouldn't accept an invitation like other folks, if I want to?" He lurched in, trying to smile with lips that habit had twisted to sneers.

"Did you say plum pudding, ma'am?" His voice creaked as though the effort of civil conversation was working rusty hinges. "Why, I don't know as I've ever eat any, but it sure sounds good."

Miss Calvert was frightened. She felt as if, in madly inviting him in, she had cut away the protection of convention, and were adventuring in an unknown land. It would be best to give him something and get him out of the house. But still she kept a hospitable smile on her lips as she led him into the kitchen. There he balked, with suspicion in his eyes.

"If this is any of your reforming stunts, you can count me out." The sullen voice was threatening, and yet—almost—frightened. "I've had enough of these weepin' sisters. I don't know what your idea is, but if its that—I guess I better be goin'."

Miss Calvert stared at him, the wrinkles at the corners of her faded eyes deepening with mirth. This man imagined that she would give him her pudding just because for some unaccountable reason she wanted to reform him! With an egotism like that a man couldn't be very unhappy. For an instant she saw him as the bad boy of the district, lectured at, cried over, a sort of villianous hero with the children, and, really, stupendously enjoying his low estate, thinking that everyone was busy trying to bring him back to the ways he scorned. Suddenly, she laughed straight at his astonished face.

"Don't be silly. There's lots of other people to reform you if you need it. Just now I need someone to help eat this pudding. I always make too much." And she shoved him into a chair.

An hour later, Miss Calvert stood at her door looking after her guest. Still smiling, she watched him swing down the street to the saloon, where the light from the doors caught his face. Against the dark, it showed the lift of chin and cheek, cut through by the dark mouth that just now was quirked in puzzlement and in an unaccustomed smile. Then, head high, he swung inside, leaving Miss Calvert to stare contentedly into the gusty night.



# The Diet of Spitzbergen-auf-Dompff

HARRY L. ANDERSON

It began on the stormy Christmas Eve of 1546, while mingled snow and sleet swirled in great seething eddies against the bleak and towering eminence of Spitzbergen-auf-Dompff on the upper Rhine—ancient and unconquered stronghold of that last member of a noble line, the bold and fearful Baron Herman Guido von Wilfomdomdersputsch. It was in his pantry, to be exact.

A maggot stuck his head from an aperture in the mass of a Neufchatel cheese, paused to survey the surroundings, and a moment later emerged altogether. He was standing outside, rubbing his mandibles briskly together to counteract the frigidity of the atmosphere, when a shuffling caused him to glance back at the cheese. Another head had appeared and was gazing at him with some disquietude. They stared at each other.

"Who are you?" the newcomer finally asked.

"My name's Wilhelm," said the first maggot. "What's yours?"

The other eyed him suspiciously and seemed to ponder. "I'm Gottfried," he announced with some impressiveness, and crawled out.

Wilhelm ceased to rub his mandibles, and they looked each other over with guarded glances—all in all, as handsome and well formed a pair of maggots as one can reasonably expect to find in an imperfect world.

Wilhelm broke the pause. "I'm leaving that cheese for good."

"So'm I," said Gottfried, and assumed a more relaxed pose.

Wilhelm looked reassured. "Life's been—one damn cheese after another for me."

"You've hit it on the head," exclaimed Gottfried, forgetting his reserve in a vague flourish.

Wilhelm crawled up and down feverishly. "This eternal sameness! What is it that fills the speech, the thoughts, eyes, stomachs, of our brothers and sisters? Cheese, cheese, cheese! Ah! I can't stand this stodgy atmosphere any longer. I'm for a life of freedom, of variety, of adventure!"

Gottfried had abandoned his pose altogether, and was wriggling up and down behind Wilhelm. "I have felt it, I have felt it!" he gasped breathlessly. "Wilhelm!" He tugged at Wilhelm with his left mandible. "Let's set out together, let's share what fortunes the fates may have in store!"

The flame of kindred souls had descended on them, and, side by side, they jerked themselves in maggot fashion away from the cheese in great leaps of three or four inches.



Cold had begun to cast a chill through them when they struck a dark, looming, mass in mid-air, and trickled slowly down its side.

"Himmel!" said Wilhelm, "I didn't see that."

"Verdom!" said Gottfried, and rubbed a bruised head.

"Hello, here's an opening!" Wilhelm stuck in an enquiring head and crawled in after a moment. Gottfried hesitated outside, shivering in the cold, and sat on a soft mass that had followed them down the side. He had not decided whether to follow or not, when Wilhelm's head emerged again.

"Psst! Come on in. It's warm here and doesn't taste half bad." Gottfried followed Wilhelm's retreating form and bit a chunk off the side as he entered. It was a mild, rather sweetish, flavor, quite unlike his former environment—fruit cake, in fact.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late afternoon the next day, and fruit cake had already become their chief ingredient. They were chewing at opposite ends of a raisin.

"Wilhelm," said Gottfried hesitantly, and a little concerned.

"Yes?"

"I'm beginning to feel a little—frivolous. Are you?"

A rather mischievous and contrary glint entered Wilhelm's eyes. "No," he said, and squirmed with a desire to shimmy.

Just then the fruit cake seemed to sway for a moment in mid-air, and came to a stop with a bump.

"Hello," said Gottfried, "I just had a funny feeling inside—seemed to float around a bit and give a sudden jerk."

"Must be your end of the raisin," said Wilhelm. "If you had any sense," he added recklessly, "you'd choose the same end as I do."

Gottfried looked up. A mad glint entered his eyes, and he dug voraciously into his end of the raisin with the air of one who seeks proof before pronouncement. Suddenly he tossed his head up.

"My end's soft," he announced triumphantly, with his mouth full.

"Mine's sweet," spluttered Wilhelm.

"Mine's oozy!" yelled Gottfried.

"Succulent!"

"Juicy!"

And that was the last that passed between them before they went the way of all those who advance before their day; for just then they helped to form a soft, sweet, oozy, succulent, juicy bite for no lesser person than that last member of a noble line, the bold and fearless Baron Herman Guido von Wilfomdomdersputsch himself.



# Feliz Navidad

CONNI GRUBER

AND

JOHN S. CARROLL

Life had no more experiences or mysteries for Lucretia. She had studied and worked—her instructors—until midway through the junior year at college. She had drained her cup of life—at least, so she told her diary. But what to her were dregs were really the first few drops from the first spoonful of the brimming cup. And now the cup itself again approached her lips. Lucretia found herself assigned to apply the theory of her journalism class, and “cover” a Christmas programme at a recreation and social center in the lower and poorer part of the city.

Suffice it to say, then, that the day, hour, and minute had arrived, with Lucretia just ready to intrude her petite (and really quite nice looking) self through the swinging doors that led into the great beyond—the laboratory of the social worker. She entered.

*“Feliz Navidad!”*

*“Gracias, igualmente!”*

*“Buenas Pascuas!”*

A pleasing babble of voices filled the tiny auditorium, as neighbors exchanged cheerful Christmas greetings. Of a sudden a hush fell, and Lucretia’s attention centered on the platform at the far end of the room. She stirred restively, and then moved over to a busy looking man.

“Say, mister, what’s all the noise on the stage?”

He looked at her curiously and answered her courteously. “Them foreigners, the Mex, they puta on show; dema good, too!”

The lights turned low. Slowly the players filed in, dressed in strange, and to Lucretia, fantastic costumes. The play began. The story developed scenes from an almost forgotten time and world. It was all simplicity and sincerity. Reverence there was, and understanding. It was the Christmas story of one nation, yet of any nation, brought poignantly home; an old story, but a loved one.

Continued on Page 24



# The Silver Vigil

FLORINE MARKLAND

Mary sat with her babe in her arms, and watched the limpid bar of light that spread across the flooring like a carpet, strangely silvered. And as she watched, the white bar moved, and moving came to shine upon her mantle, upon her bosom, upon the sleeping infant cradled in her arms, and there it rested. And having found its seeking the light was filled with music and the heavens sang.

Mary rose to move down the silvered carpeting until she stood beside a window in the full Star's rays. She put back her mantle to uncover the face of the sleeping Jesus, and lifted Him into the silver night.

"O Jehovah! All through the night your lighted watch is keeping; all through the night your white Star shines; all through the night your cradle songs are singing—for the little Jesus."

She stood, a silvered altar, offering her babe into the light of heaven.

"Who comes?" she said at last, turning toward the door.

A woman, startled, half-stood, half-stooped against the silver night. A long while she stood immovable, gazing upon the shafted prayer of Mary and her babe.

"I meant no harm," she faltered. "It is but to rest—"

Gravely Mary regarded her, and put forth her hand.

"It is for you," the gesture told.

Across the shadowy threshold of this stable the woman entered, but she saw not the shadows and the darkness. She saw Mary, and the quiet peace of Mary, standing in the silvered radiance of the night.

Slowly the woman moved through the shadows, drawn to that radiance, until she stood beside the window, and looked upon the sleeping face of Mary's babe.

"It is as a light," she said. "And thou, thou hast the look of shiningness. . . ."

"But woe, woe is me, for my lamp is darkness, and my light is gone." Then she, too, put back her mantle to uncover the face of a little child.

The lamp was darkened and the light was gone. The child rolled sightless eyes and cried a puny cry.

And Mary yearned in tenderness upon his sightless eyes. She moved into the shadowy dimness and spread her mantle upon the hay, and there she cradled Jesus. Then Mary took the sightless child and him, also, she laid upon the mantle, in the hay.



*"It is as a light," said the other woman. "And thou, thou hast the look of light upon thee!"*

*And even as she spoke, across the floor there moved a silvered lucence, and moving came to shine on Mary's mantle, seeking Jesus.*

*The little Jesus stirred and opened His eyes into the Star's full beaming.*

*Then to the sightless child the gentle Mary stretched compassionate fingers; and the white light followed. Profoundly clear, it followed Mary's fingers as she touched the child.*

*And when the shafted light had touched upon his eyes, he lifted his hands in laughter. . .*

*For whereas he was blind, now he saw.*





# Hano-Hano-Hanalei

JOSEPHINE ISRAEL

A broad-shouldered Hawaiian stood knee-deep in water digging a ditch. The sun glistened on his bronzed arms and made little pools of light on his face as it shone through his lauhala hat. He worked close to the ground, a ditch-digger, but his eyes were on the high mountains which surrounded the little valley where he lived.

"Alfred too much lazy kanaka," his old grandmother used to say of him with derision, as she industriously wove lauhala mats and pounded taro to make poi for dinner. Alfred Alohikea was always gazing towards the mountains, thinking about them, glimpsing their splendor. The fish would nibble at his net, but he would not see them. In his soul the mist of the beautiful waterfalls was gathering and clamoring for expression. He had gone to school up to the fourth grade, but he could speak little English; he could hardly count. He would rather lie under a cocoanut tree, fanned by the gentle sea-breeze, and play on his ukulele, than fish or work. Because he had never studied music he made up his own words as he played. One song was his favorite; he sang it to the waterfall on the mountain back of his house—that fall was so tireless, forever moving, swaying in its white-jewelled beauty as it danced in and out of the ravines down the mountain.

One day Bill Milihai heard the song which Alfred Alohikea called "Hano-Hano-Hanalei."

"Your song too much good makai," Bill, who had been out of the valley, exclaimed. "Why you not sell it?" he urged, trying to induce in his friend the flare for money. Alfred Alohikea went very reluctantly, with many backward glances at his favorite cocoanut tree, to walk on hot sidewalks in shoes too tight for feet that had never known shoes before. He felt, somewhat ruefully, as though the whole Kilauea Volcano were lodged at his feet. He wore a high-collared white duck suit, a suit which made him feel as if he were bound with many strips of the iron-like hau bush bark. The city was no place for a kanaka, he told himself sorrowfully, and selling a song was not fun. He mourned for his home in Hanalei Valley, that deep depression in the mountain-side, a depression, Alfred often thought, which looked as though Madam Pele, Goddess of the Volcano, in shaping the island had playfully run her finger down the mountain side. What was the ten thousand dollars offered



Alfred for his song, compared to his cool, cocoanut-sheltered valley? He would even welcome having his old grandmother scold him for being lazy! "Maikai good; s'pose I go to California and sing for record company," he agreed with Bill. "But no good if have to live like this!" and his gaze swept the small room where he and Bill, shoes and coats off, were trying to rest. What was money to one who did not know its delights, who did not feel its attraction?

But Bill would urge, "Think of the luaus you can give and the hula girls you can have. Why, with ten thousand dollars you will be as rich as—rich as—" but he could think of no simile that would appeal to Alfred. For who in the valley had ever dreamed of having such a sum of money?

At last he persuaded Alfred Alohikea to accept the offer to sing his song in California. In San Francisco "Hano-Hano Hanalei" was a success. No one could sing it as could Alfred Alohikea, for the waterfall about which his song was written seemed to have danced, beat its beauty like purest gold into his heart. There it so lived and surged that he made others feel its lure. Although they could not understand the words, they sensed the beauty symbolized in his song.

One day Alohikea came back to Honolulu with his ten thousand dollars and a cane which he had bought in Los Angeles. He gave a thousand dollars to Bill Milimai. To his friends he gave a great many luaus. He invited everyone to these big feasts, where he served the delicacies of the islands. On long fern-laden tables he had placed huge bowls of poi, into which everyone dipped his finger; and with it he served shrimps, crawling, scratching, trying to get out of the koa bowls where they had been placed fresh from the stream. His lomi-lomi salmon and cocoanut pudding were famous; an innumerable other delicacies, including raw fish, enticed his willing friends to his home.

Between luaus and friends, his money was soon gone. Then he decided to be a legislator. To be sure, he could not make speeches; but that did not matter. On the platform he would say, "You vote for me and I'll sing for you." The crowd, weary with long unintelligible speeches, would welcome his every appearance.

Alfred Alohikea would say, "I may not be able to talk in legislature, but I will take my ukulele and sing for you." He was sent to Honolulu, and at the close of the four months' session of that representative group, he received eight hundred dollars. With this he bought a sampan and prepared to sail back to Kauai and Hanalei

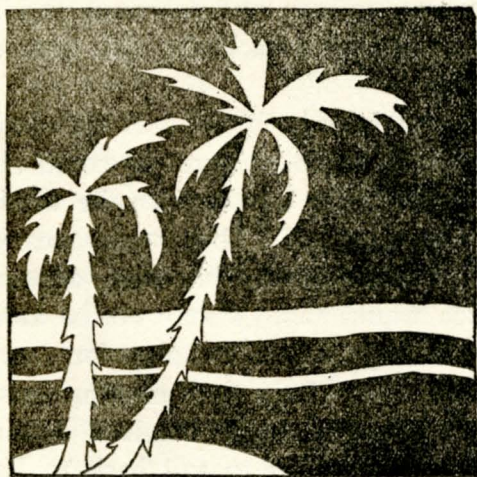


Valley, a weary, foot-sore hero worn by a civilization which he had conquered with his song, but which had beaten him with its social trifles. One could not sing and sit in the sun in legislature; one did not walk barefooted along the paved streets; the life in Honolulu had not agreed with him.

He returned to Hanalei Valley—its beauty and its comforts. Gone were the city clothes and pinching shoes—out under the cool, coconut tree he could sing and play as much as he liked, disturbed only by the lapping of the waves on the beach and the distant voices of the children calling “Hele mai oe--wiki--wiki,” as they played in the taro-patches.

He lay dreaming of his own childhood, a bronzed statue laid carelessly on the grass. “Alfred, Alfred Alohihea! Why you not catch fish for kaukau—too long time your net hang in the lauhala tree!” The golden-brown statue that was Alfred reached for his ukulele, not daring yet to steal a glance at his stately, white-haired grandmother. “Hano-Hano Hanalei, epa ke-ka,” his voice fairly aching with beauty, melted into the sunshine and shadows of the Valley. There were no radios or records to catch his song—there was no clamoring audience, but never had Alfred Alohihea sang so well.

“The gods were kind to you,” his grandmother told him in Hawaiian. “They gave you one of their most precious gifts, a real Hawaiian voice. But now you must catch the swift-swimming mullet for dinner and dig in the taro-patch.” And she was surprised to watch Alfred splash into the blue waves—looking for fish, as though he enjoyed doing it. The ukulele lay fallen on the ground.





# The Other Wise Guy

JAMES S. LOWRIE

(Being a story of the Christmas time. The characters are two, Mrs. and Mr. Gallop. The time is Christmas eve. Outside the snow is drifting down whitely, lightly, until all but the houses are blotted out. Somewhere in the distance a street lamp casts a dim, yellow light through the swirling snow. Three figures approach its glare. The first lurches through and is gone; the other two hurry silently along, pass into its spot and out again. They are Mr. and Mrs. Gallop. Now they approach the door of a nearby house. Mr. Gallop, who is carrying a long box under his arm, turns back at the door. He catches Mrs. Gallop's eye and enters. The door shuts behind them, leaving the street deserted once more. We hesitate, and then enter their house.)

"Joseph?"

No answer.

"Joseph?"

Nothing yet.

"Joseph Gallop, where are you?"

"I'm imble, thumble-thwig-thwig-thwig."

"What did you say, Joseph?"

"I seg, imble-thumble, thwig-thwig-thwig!"

"Joseph Gallop, I can't make out a word you say. You sound as if you had a prune in your mouth."

"Well, what of it? I said I'm trying on my whiskers. Can't you understand me when I say I'm trying on my whiskers? I can't go and take off my whiskers all the time just to tell you what I'm doing, can I? Besides you're going to have to fix these things. I ain't going to spend the whole evening holding up the corner of my whiskers in my teeth. These whiskers taste like the last guy that wore 'em eat onions. I can't go around with a mouthful of onions and whiskers all night, can I?"

Continued on Page 26



# The Monday Morning Custom

FLORENCE JONES

Innumerable visitors pay tribute to the three queens of the Louvre. The Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and Monna Lisa, besides their royal companions, consisting of other beautiful paintings and famous sculptures, attract visitors of many races and nationalities from the city of Paris itself.

On Sundays, when no royal admission is levied, and when, consequently, the halls of the palace are crowded, it must be very interesting to the queens,—especially, I feel, to Monna Lisa, a profound student of human nature,—to watch the different types of humanity coming and going, admiring and scrutinizing. Pale, hollowed-eyed Russians, exiled forever from their native land; squat, talkative, middle-class French women in the usual black cloth coats; pairs of Parisian sweethearts strolling by arm in arm, oblivious of their fellow-humans; widows with black veils and sad faces; earnest young artists with long bobs, side-burns, and broad-brimmed felt hats—all go slowly by in the Sunday crowd of real and would-be art-lovers.

The admirers of the royal inhabitants of the Louvre, however, consist not only of those who live in the surrounding city, but also of visitors who have traveled from distant lands. The most numerous of these strangers are Americans, who, perhaps, however long they may have anticipated a visit to the royal court of art, are the ones who understand the least.

Because of the Americans' lack of understanding, a comparatively new custom has come into being—that for which Miss Heywood is responsible. Herself an American, a graduate from Stanford University, and an intimate friend of all the court nobility of the art of the Louvre, she has been appointed by the French government to the position of interpreter of the pictures to tourists from across the Atlantic. Out of this appointment, the Monday morning custom has arisen. In any place but Paris, such a name would

Continued on Page 29





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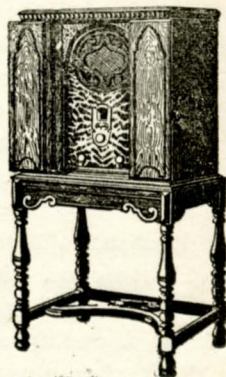
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## FELIZ NAVIDAD

(Continued from page 15)

The shepherds were there, the Babe, the star, and the Three Wise Kings.

At the end of an hour Lucretia moved her cramped self nearer to a window, and again for two hours and more she was swayed by emotions rising out of a race of people; and something of the sacramental, devotional element reached her, too. She, who was so recently tired of the eternal sameness and apparent monotony of life,—she, who was only an alien listener. The curtain fell. The actors proceeded, singing, to the kitchen, followed by an enthusiastic audience. There the hostesses worked with a cheery and hospitable friendliness that fairly made the kitchen glow with emanations of goodwill to all comers.

And Lucretia. . . . Between helpings of syrup and buñuelos, perhaps she considered the end, and yet the beginning, of a new, an absolutely new, experience. She had seen *Los Pastores* (*The Shepherds*), a play of Christmas, a part of Mexican peasant life, springing from a source so deep that no one can ever say, quite truthfully, "Here it began,"—or, "Here." It is the memory of a people, and as such it was played before the not so blasé eyes of Lucretia, the journalist.

The writer of feature articles now made her way to the social hall of the building, and there met a veritable representation of a combined World Court and League of Nations. It seemed as if all the nationalities of past and present were there, and that each one tended to lapse into occasional staccato sentences in the mother tongue. The languages were many, but the key-

note was one—cheer, friendliness, and the joy of the Christmas season.

True, the atmosphere itself was rather redolent of canneries, tire factories, and fishing boats—all building to a sum total like that of a swamp foreign in nature and somewhat forgotten. But Lucretia soon forgot to notice. Inside of five minutes she was deep in conversation with a seemingly Spanish gentleman. (Young—good looking, too, after the Spanish manner.) She mulled and culled her meager knowledge of Spanish now two years neglected.

"You *habla* the—You *spika da Ingles*?"

"Yes, indeed, madam, nothing else," he returned.

"Oh, pardon. Perhaps you could tell me—does this sort of thing take place here every evening?"

"No," he replied, assuming an attitude reminiscent of the classroom. "For example, this week's activities feature the Christmas motif. But we are active all the time with music, dramatics, arts and crafts, adult education, and home activities." Then he dropped the formal diction and spoke the language apparently nearer to his own interests. "And boy, we have some of the meanest ball clubs here you ever saw. Tomorrow the Aztec club plays the Montezuma club in the Christmas finals, and what I mean it'll be a fight to the finish."

She smiled and stared a little, then moved on to seek further information from various other members of the social gathering. As she came, the news of her coming preceded her, and characters of peculiar and apt abilities crossed her path. One by one they had their say. Lu-



cretia learned that "Meestair For, he teacha the leather class plenta good for Christmas presents."

... That "Señora Panunzio, she show me so meenay, meenay things what I not know before."

... And "My family are no living in a poor shack like before—my husband save money and we do not eat only rice when the fish run not here."

Finally one little Japanese woman seemed to express the keynote of feeling when she said, "I used to live on the wharf; now I live in a good home. All my children go to school, and I myself think what you call this Christmas week is for us a Christmas all during the year."

"And did the Neighborhood House do all this for you?" asked Lucretia of another woman. "Well, it help very much. Dr. Panunzio, who have charge, make things nice for us here; so we go home and make things nice there, too."

Therein lay the answer to the unusual success attending the efforts of the Neighborhood House—"They make things nice for us here; so we make things nice at home, too."

Perhaps Lucretia dimly realized that after all the dregs of life were still untasted. She finally left for home, a very tired girl, only partly grasping the many opportunities for service in the field of the sociological laboratory. Within her mind was yet to come the realization that the Neighborhood House is the start of a nation-wide movement, far reaching, valuable, in obtaining sociological data and in service to mankind.

## 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 S. Carroll, Roy Burge, Harry Anderson; Art Editor: Phyllis Wood; Business Manager: Lincoln Bankerd; Advertising Manager: Mitchell Saadi; Circulation Manager: Oliver Ross; Publicity Manager: Richard Nelson; Faculty Adviser: Miss Florence L. Smith, Associate Professor of English.

Manuscripts are encouraged 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.

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

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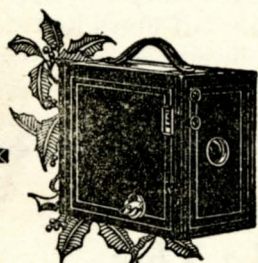


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## THE OTHER WISE GUY

(Continued from page 21)

“Those whiskers are all right. You stick them on with a little glue and don’t say a word more. And be ready to leave for the church in five minutes. If you’re so much as one minute late, you’ll account to me. And remember to bring your sack. Have you your pants and coat? Remember, five minutes.”

Mr. Gallop stands before the glass in his room, adjusting a long, flowing beard. He has a bottle of glue in one hand and is plastering the whiskers on his freshly glued chin. They stick, and he sets the bottle down. A round, red cap covers the top of his head extending well down on his forehead. The tassel hangs on one shoulder. The shoulders themselves are covered with an extremely red and woolly coat, lined at the bottom with some white fur, or possibly a width of cotton. His well-rounded stomach is encased in breeches of this same violent red. His feet are shod in shiny black boots that reach almost to his knees. In short, Mr. Gallop is dressed to represent the venerable Santa. Mr. Gallop is Santa Claus.

The whiskers jerk and we hear something that sounds like “Phew.” Again this, “Phew,” and Mr. Gallop lifts his mustaches to blow out a portion of glue. His mustaches drop again in place, and he gives one final glance at himself in the glass, hitches his red pants up higher, and reaches for a brown sack that has been lying on the floor. On the way from the room, he switches off the light and closes the door softly. He has taken seven minutes.

(The time is an hour later. The place, a church filled with fond



mothers and performing youngsters. It is the usual Christmas program of children doing their song and dance acts. As usual, too, the place is hot and gay with a riot of colors. There is a chimney and a Christmas tree. The tree is decorated with festoons of tinsel and dozens of lighted candles.)

"Your part will be short, Mr. Gallop. Just crawl in through the back of the chimney and stand beside the tree. Make your announcement and then, if you will, make the distribution of the gifts. A bag of candy and a bag of nuts to each child."

"I just gotta crawl in through the chimney and then say, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I am, . . . ' and so on. Is that all? And then hand out them nuts there? And how do I get back? Do I crawl back through this chimney here again, or what? That chimney don't look so strong to me."

"As a matter of fact, I think it will be all right if you go off the stage through the right here. A bag of nuts and a bag of candy to each child."

Mr. Gallop is not especially comfortable. He evidently wishes he were some place else. He wipes his steaming forehead with the point of his beard and then feels to see that the glue has not given way. It has not, and he kneels down to enter the chimney from the rear. The last line of the "Night Before Christmas" sounds, and he emerges on his knees from the chimney. The church is now in an uproar. The children, upon seeing him, have given way to their emotions and are stamping and whistling. There are mingled cries of "Santa Claus" from the younger children, and

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W. NICHOLSON

"Raspberries" from the children not so young. They are all, regardless of age, standing ready to spring into line. Mr. Gallop walks forward to the tree. His knees are trembling violently in his red pants, while his face behind its foliage has a blanched and set expression.

"Ladies and Gentlemen and Children all. . ."

The children stop kicking each other in the shins, and the noise dies down a trifle.

"Ladies and Gentlemen and Children all. . ."

There is another shout of "Raspberries," but Mr. Gallop struggles on.

"And Children all. I am St. Nick. I have for each and every one of you a present from the far north."

A glazed expression comes into Mr. Gallop's eyes. His whiskers jerk, but no sound comes out. There is a sudden sagging of one side of his face. Then a muffled sound like glue spit into a whisker. It is glue spit into a whisker. The whisker is slowly leaving its accustomed place and is diving for his chin. He clutches hurriedly, but the job is done. He stands dazed, a yard of mustaches and white beard dangling from one far corner of his chin.

There is an awful hooting. A wall of laughter rises and slaps him on his naked face. Far away and dimly there is the cry of "Raspberry! Raspberry!" Mr. Gallop leaves by the right wing.

(It is still Christmas eve, but much later. Outside the snow is still falling, swirling as it nears the ground. It is very thick, and the only light comes dim and yellow from a nearby street lamp. Two figures approach slowly, haltingly.



They hesitate for a moment under the light and speak. All we can hear is something that sounds like, "Imble, thumble, thwig - thwig - thwig." Arm in arm, they lurch out of the spot of yellow light, into the darkness and the swirling snow. As they leave we notice that one is a portly gentleman dressed in red breeches and coat. A red hat is cocked rakishly over his right eye. It is Santa Claus, carrying his whiskers under one arm.)

### THE MONDAY MORNING CUSTOM

(Continued from page 22)

suggest wash tubs and clothes pins, but in that city it takes on quite a different meaning.

On Monday mornings throughout the autumn, winter, and spring, in beautiful sunshine, or in grey pelting rain, American visitors to Paris make their way from all parts of the city to the Louvre, on that day open only to themselves and a few other groups. Arrived, they check their umbrelals or bundles; buy a twenty-cent ticket; rent for two cents, a camp stool; and congregate in a large group to await Miss Heywood. She is to conduct them before certain of the Louvre nobility of the realm of art, and there to perform her duty, and pleasure, of interpreting.

Miss Heywood herself is nearly as interesting a subject for study as her noble friends. She is rather large in both dimensions, her height giving her the necessary amount of dignity, and her circumference proving her cosmopolitan love for a sturdy American breakfast, and a goodly array of dainty French pastry well supplied with whipped cream. She is full of life,

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and is instinctively a leader, possessing an almost too dominating personality.

Always, the moment she arrives at the Louvre, and joins her group of compatriots, everything is in a bustle. She announces coming excursions which she personally sponsors, and future events interesting to Americans away from home. Finally she decides to start the morning lecture; everyone immediately picks up his camp stool, and follows her up one of the beautiful stairways, into, let us say, the Grand Gallery, where she stops and gives the command to pitch camp, figuratively speaking. Immediately resounds a clatter of camp stools as the flock seats itself in front of a picture of St. Sebastian, one of the famous members of the Louvre nobility.

Miss Heywood proceeds: "Now, when you walk through any art gallery in Europe, you will never fail to be hit in the eye by a picture, or several pictures, of a poor fellow tied up against some pillar or tree, and resembling a human pin-cushion, so full of half-buried arrows is he. You'll always know him to be St. Sebastian." Suddenly a horrible clatter interrupts her; and looking down the hall, the assembled group see two or three guards of the Louvre moving a ladder from a nearby room into the Grand Gallery.

"*Mais, messieurs, comment puis-je parler?*" expostulates Miss Heywood in her rapid, but very American French. To the crowd, "How do they expect me to talk, with that racket going on?" Then remembering that she is dealing with temperamental Frenchmen, she suddenly lapses into a winning way, talks

sweetly, and wreathes her face in smiles, which are immediately returned. The ladder is quietly left in the middle of the hall. She continues her lecture in peace, telling how St. Sebastian came to be in such an unfortunate condition, why he is so often portrayed, explaining perspective, and really acquainting her bearers with Perugino, the artist.

Then the command to move is given once more, and there ensues a migration to another of Perugino's works, in front of which Miss Heywood further develops her ideas and theories. The whole performance is accomplished in an hour, which flies by so rapidly as to seem only half its true duration.

And next week Miss Heywood continues her pleasant duty of the Monday morning custom.

---

#### AS SEEN FROM THIS ISSUE

This is the season of year when people strive above all to do something for someone else. To accomplish this end, one person may fight strenuously through the tawdriness of some bargain basement; another may sit quietly at home, ponder a while, and then, with a stroke of the pen, gladden the hearts of many for years to come.

It is this person who sits quietly at home, who thinks and lays foundations for future benefits, whom we must emulate.

San Diego State College, in a year's time, moves to its new location. Educationally speaking, it will be able to function with a fair degree of completeness. The Associated Student Body is not so fortunate. It will have a future of wonderful possibilities, but the only act-



uality is a plot of ground located at the extreme southeast wing tip of the main building. On this plot of ground the student body will doubtless pitch a tent and call it the Student Union Building. And in that tent will be housed all student body activities such as the Students' Co-operative Bookstore, all managers' offices, all publications' offices, social halls, cafeteria, and organizations—in short, every conceivable student body activity.

Naturally, the idea of the Student Union's existing in a revival tent is preposterous. There exists one definite solution of the situation: the substantial increase of the Student Union Fund, to enable, when the time comes, the start of necessary activities.

Here is the vital proposition—if you have any schemes, ideas, plans, whereby the Student Union Fund can be swelled, if you possess that magic pen which gladdens many hearts, then write to any of the Aztec publications.

It is you who must build for the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

And while *El Palenque* is on the subject of ideas, why would it not be a good idea for students to submit one hundred-word ideas and opinions on any subject of campus interest, to *El Palenque*? Does this issue, for instance, have the Christmas atmosphere the board thinks it has? Or anything else. If the plan

is any good, *El Palenque* undertakes to print the five best submitted, in next issue.

Meanwhile, look at all the new contributors! Spencer Rogers, alumnus, now at San Diego Museum, still outstanding here in drama; Marjorie Hutchinson and Margaret Houston, good workers in the literary field; Josephine Israel and Florence Jones, who write from their travel experiences; and Conni Gruber, embarked, we understand, on a journalistic career, collaborating with John Carroll. The staff of *El Palenque* expects that these new contributors, and many others who submitted work generously, will add to the firm foundation on which the magazine now stands. Concern-

## IT Won't Be Long Now

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

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ing familiar writers, *El Palenque* says nothing new, but appreciates their unfailing support.

Like the myrrh tree, *El Palenque* is generally retiring by disposition. But the occasion of a first colored frontispiece is enough to destroy any modesty. *El Palenque* wastes no time in being merely modestly jubilant over Phyllis Wood's frontispiece and initial letter.

Again the staff repeats its gratefulness to the Art Department, especially to Miss Kelly, for the gratifying co-operation of the advanced design class, which produced the end cuts. These were submitted competitively; and those used, in the order found in this issue, were done by Florence Wig-

gins (the first two), Leone Schaer, and Helen Jackson.

Next time *El Palenque* plans to be a spring number, more or less light in nature. For its success, let prospective contributors bear the fact in mind in giving the staff their best co-operation.

The present issue has kept up the policy of expansion of interests into various departments of State College. To some extent the attempt continues successful: as the reader has seen, this number includes material of archaeological and social interest, besides the usual high standard purely literary work; and—the staff hopes (if it is not too old-fashioned)—some of the atmosphere of Merry Christmas.

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# **EL Palenque**

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**L**AST June, a program planned by the new editorial and business staffs for the new year, included better stories, better art, a better literary magazine. Last issue was the first issue under the new program. It was on schedule time and up to expectations.

**T**HIS issue was to be a holiday number with Christmas stories and the Orinetal atmosphere. It is. But more, it has a feature that was scheduled for next May, **COLOR!** This marks not only another forward step, but one which is six months ahead of the staff's greatest expectations.

**I**F YOU like this issue, its art, its stories, if you would like to see **EL PALENQUE** continue to improve until it is on par with the best in the country, and if you have any school spirit—you do—then subscribe and send another subscription home or to friends up North or back East.

## **As a Christmas Gift**

a subscription to **EL PALENQUE** would have  
a triple blessing

Happiness to the receiver  
Joy to the giver  
Support to **EL PALENQUE**.