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VOLUME III

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To Fading Acacias

ROY BURGE



*OFTLY the lambent yellow flames
That burned by day and gleamed by night
Fade in their sheltered places.*

*What once was ecstasy and youth,
Lover to the wind and sun, lover to the moon,
Fades to the peaceful love of earth.*

*On the grey upturned earth, under the tree
Falls a yellow rain of blossoms.*

Spin Of The Wheel

JAMES S. LOWRIE

"It is, after all, a matter of opportunity, what we make of ourselves, isn't it, gentlemen? Not entirely environment, because there is occasionally one who rises above his environment to make his mark, but more a combination of circumstances—luck, if you will—that breaks right for this man, wrong for that."

A coal snapped in the open grate. Flames leaped gustily, flickering shadows danced out of the lighted circle. There was quiet for a moment.

"You, Ragon, write because your father and your mother gave you a life when you were young that made it possible for you to write. I do nothing because I don't have to do anything. Turn us around and bring me up in your place and the chances are stronger that I will write, than that I won't. And you, put in Carron's place, here, would probably be engaged in business. You understand my point, gentlemen?"

"Fifteen, perhaps twenty years ago, not long after the completion of the Trans-Siberian railroad, I left Berlin and traveled over that road, down through Irkutsk to Harbin, and branched off from Harbin to Dairen. I took a boat from Dairen to Shanghai, a dirty Hakodate boat, sailing coastwise, but the best I could get. I stayed overnight in Shanghai and in the morning I went to the consulate on the off chance I would find some mail. I didn't, but on the steps of the consulate, going out, I met Harrow. Harrow and I had gone to school together, and had met twice in the five or six years we had been out. Last time we met he had been foreign correspondent for the London Daily Mail. Even then there were rumblings of war,—not loud, you know, but there.

"We met on the steps of the consulate, and I saw that he was older. He was still a young man, perhaps thirty, or thirty-two, but he looked—different. Gray-haired, a bit stooped, haggard.

"We took lunch in the American Club. You know the place, perhaps. He told me his story there."

A coal scuttled from its bed and rolled onto the hearth stone. Tongues of flame shot out and died again. Someone scratched a match.

"He had been shipwrecked off the coast of Java. Struck a reef sometime after midnight, and fifteen minutes afterward their boat was down by the head and ready to sink. Listed to port as it was, they couldn't get the starboard lifeboats off their davits. He felt her buckle

under his feet and jumped. Came to when someone pulled him by the hair onto a life raft. There were three of them on it, and they lay there for the rest of the night, soaked to the skin. In the morning they took stock, three of them on a life raft made for four, no covering, a container of water, perhaps three gallons in all, and a can of hardtack. The night had been bad enough, but the day was worse. One of the men was Hardcastle. He'd made his million sterling in the Indies and was traveling back to London. The other he called Jenks. Hardcastle was a beefy, red-faced man; Jenks was a little chap with a shock of white hair, dressed in a dinner jacket. They laughed at that the first day. The well-dressed man on the life-raft, they called him. But he was the only one of the three that knew what the situation required. In the heat of the day it was he who hung overboard and soaked himself to save drinking water. Hardcastle refused to bother and swilled a quart or more of their water. Harrow thought it wouldn't be necessary. They counted on being picked up soon, but they weren't.

"The night was bitterly cold and the day was a burning hell. The second day out, their lips cracked and puffed from the salt spray, and their hair became stiff and matted. They lay on their faces, the tropical sun burning the skin through their clothes. They burned until they blistered in the daytime; at night their watersoaked garments were like ice on their bodies. By the third day the men were covered with fine cracks that made it agony to lower themselves overboard.

"At noon on the third day, half their water was gone. Two quarts a day for three men. You see, that is not much, gentlemen, when every minute your body is aching and crying for water, and your eyes feel like red hot coals in your head. Two quarts a day; but it had to be less. And it was Jenks who first told them this. Hardcastle wouldn't believe it, would have taken the water if Jenks hadn't watched him like a hawk. Jenks knew. Knew that they were drifting each day a little farther out of the trade route, and that it was only chance, a chance in a hundred, that they would be found. So Hardcastle cursed him, and finally begged him for water; and Harrow lay flat on his face, not stirring.

"The sun striking the flat surface of the sea glinted into their faces, until their eyes became red and swollen and puffed, and bright lights flickered behind their lids when their eyes were closed. So they slowly, interminably, drifted in the sea that Hardcastle cursed along with his God, and Jenks, and his luck. But Harrow still lay flat on his face, not caring; and Jenks sat hunched up, with his head on his knees, or looked for the sail that never showed.

"Days came, and merged into night. Time had no meaning. Only

suffering. And on the fifth night or the sixth, Hardcastle made for the water can that lay under Jenks head when he slept. Harrow stirred and watched the two as they rolled on the raft, stirred and felt numb, and lapsed again into a dull oblivion.

"The sun came up to start the heat of the day, a searing heat that burned for an age, a heat that turned their mouths into dust, that choked and blinded and slowly killed them. Harrow crawled to the edge of the raft and would have thrown himself into the dull green water, but for the terrible sting of his cracked lips. It was easier to lie where he was. None of them stood any longer. Even Jenks lay without caring for the sail that might be, and Hardcastle ceased to mutter. That was the seventh day. The can that had held their water floated empty beside their raft, bobbing and glinting in the noon sun. Day drifted into night, night into morning. The raft, a dull black speck with its three sprawling bundles, turned and twisted, drifting and turning, slowly, interminably, on and on. . . .

"They were not to die. A China coaster found them and carried them into Singapore. And so, by the turn of their luck, and the aid of a dirty Chinese tramp, but most of all by the will of a little old man dressed in a shabby dinner coat, they lived.

"Ah, yes. That is the story that John Harrow told me in Shanghai. And when he had finished he turned to me and said, 'That happened a year ago this month. Today I read that Hardcastle is to become a baronet. . . . Lord Hardcastle and his million pounds, the reward of virtue. I am here. And Jenks?' He hesitated a moment. 'Perhaps you noticed the man who served your dinner? That is Jenks.'

"So you see, gentlemen, you see? It is not always what we are that makes us, but rather the spin of the wheel of life. You and I and Jenks."

The coals in the fireplace had sunk to a glowing mass. There was silence in the room.



The Leavening Of The Lump

ROY BURGE

"And therefore we should think about this and take counsel with our elders; for we are still young—too young to determine on such a matter."

—Socrates, speaking in Plato's *Protagoras*.

By some strange enchantment, on a wine-dark sea in a scattered, barren and beautiful land, Hellas had arisen, created by the gods of foam and fire, peopled with a white-violet race. The gods created the west when they created Greece. And as usual with creations of the gods, what they first created was fair and good to look upon. For one's own peace of mind, let him not stop to look into the future to see what will become of these fair peoples, for the future has a Gorgon's face, and turns his illusions to crude, cold stone.

Philosophy, says Plato, begins with wonder. And as early as one can trace these Greeks one finds them wondering about those things eternally bothering the mind of man. This early period, beginning roughly in 625 B. C., and lasting until about 480 B. C., is termed the Cosmological period, for nature and the reality of the cosmos was the mystery confronting these first westerners. "What, among the changes of the physical world, is permanent?" they asked themselves. More than philosophical inquiry prompted this question, for Greece was in an extremely perilous condition. To the east and the west, enormous empires were rising, and Greece was liable to be crushed like a tinted shell between avalanches.

But an even greater peril was creeping in, a peril too often taken lightly. Greece felt, with its seventh century woes, that it lay under some curse. The old polytheism, as seen in the theogony of Hesoid, was not satisfactory. So there grew up the devious cults of the mysteries and the Pythagorean societies. Though fascinating, their interesting ways must be left unexplained here; but they were a positive peril in that they were almost admitted by the priesthood to the temple. "With such enormous sacerdotal power, the priests would have enslaved the Greek mind to superstition and the priesthood in turn would have become an easy tool for tyrants. There would then have been no Socrates, no Plato, and no Aristotle. The mysteries were a reaction toward asceticism as a religious salvation from the political peril, but they were, in turn, equally as great a peril to Greece. The medium course

along the line of a rational philosophy, which the Greeks took, proved its salvation.”¹

Now, the Cosmologists were hyzologists, meaning that they thought matter to be alive. They were physical scientists, often working together in schools, and believing that the universe was limited, resembling a rather cosmic egg. Their division into monists and pluralists the author must leave out of the picture entirely, assuming the reader to be as ignorant as the writer. If the reader be not so ignorant as the writer, he may write a letter to *The Times*, or to *The San Diego Sun*.

The Ionian physicists, the Pythagoreans, Heraclitis, the Eleatics, Empedocles, the Atomists, and Anaxagoras, trace the ever mounting spiral of Greek thought up to the wide fields of Sophisticism, upon which their mansions of philosophy are built.

In the great city of Miletus, the jewel of Ionia, the first great star arises. It is Thales, father of western philosophy. He first of men put the question, “What is basic?” straight, and left those meddling beasts, the gods, out of the answer. What if he got the answer “water?” He broke ground for his co-worker, Anaximander, who explained as a derivative what Thales set up as a principle, adding the process of change. Evolution in its modern sense is first seen glimmering in Anaximander’s ideas of the primal slime. Anaximenes, coming a bit later, got off the track by imputing to air what Thales imputed to water. But he made the startling assertion that changes are made by motion, which alone is eternal! It is really mortifying the way these Greeks anticipated our latest discoveries.

One hesitates to take up the Pythagoreans and what was virtually a theology of numbers. One is apt to go dizzy on the topic. To get the modern angle on them, one has but to go to Oswald Spengler’s *Decline of the West*, where, with sundry incantations, a modern German elaborates what Pythagoras began. Pythagoras was well on the way to great glory when he turned to politics; and everybody knows what politicians finally got in Greece—the *ostrakon*.

The Ionian physicists now pass under the analytical eye. Led by Heraclitus, they began to be interested in the substantial nature of things in contradistinction to the Pythagoreans, who stressed quantitative relations, order, harmony, and a mad welter of numbers. These physicists laughed at the naive objectivity of Thales *et al.*, in accepting change, and worked their horses into a philosophical lather on the sub-

¹Cushman, *A Beginner’s History of Philosophy*, Revised Edition, p. 18.

ject. Heraclitus ended by casting permanence to the winds and speaking dogmatically of the endless process of becoming. He asserted that "you could not step twice into the same rivers, for other and yet other waters are ever flowing on."² To judge from contemporary criticism, he was a bit muddled, being called the "dark philosopher," and, because of his misanthropy, "the weeping philosopher." His explanation of fire as the cosmic substance, or rather, the transforming material, is thrilling. Stressing the impermanence of the senses, he is to reappear in the psychology of Protagoras,—who began the leavening of the lump,—and in the Stoics. As Cushman says, "His physical theory foreshadowed the modern theories of natural law and relativity."³

The school, from such a promising start, finally went to the dogs. By the time of Plato and Aristotle, its followers had become unmethodical and fantastical. Consistent Heraclitans renounced speech and took to pointing, instead. "They criticized . . . their master Heraclitus himself as not having gone far enough in his saying that a man could not step twice into the same river; for, said they, he could not do it once, since not for one instant did it remain the same river."⁴ In a few years more they could almost have created a theology. But one must not be too harsh, seeing that Cratylus, the teacher of Plato, belonged to it.

Against the flux of the Heraclitean school one must set the rigidity of the Eleatic school begun by Parmenides. Though Parmenides was the real founder, it is to Xenophanes one must turn for light. With a lyre upon his back and a chaplet of flowers in his hair, he wandered from place to place in Italy, reciting his philosophically religious songs. Attacking polytheism, he would sing to his lyre, "If oxen and lions had hands and could paint with their hands and produce works of art as men do, horses would paint the forms of the gods like horses, and oxen like oxen."⁵ This is really theology, and hence not to be considered seriously; but it is really very good sense. So, let him be considered as the first Unitarian, and admitted into the Fold. He also offered natural-scientific theories upon evolution. Parmenides, a later desciple, carried on the attack against Heraclitus, proving that all is but one unchangeable being. But, as one can readily see, this school leaves sense perception utterly out of the question.

Zeno tried to prove the Eleatic doctrine by showing how silly its opposite was. He is remembered for the puzzles he concocted, *viz.*:

²*op. cit.* p. 32.

³*Loc. cit.*

⁴Clement C. J. Webb, *A History of Philosophy*, Home University Library, p. 16.

⁵Translation by Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophy*.

suppose Achilles and a tortoise are to run a race. Since Achilles runs ten times as fast as the tortoise, the tortoise is given a start of one hundred yards. By the time Achilles has run one hundred yards, the tortoise is ten yards ahead; when Achilles has covered the ten, the tortoise is one-tenth of a yard ahead; and so on until one drops. One draws the mad conclusion that no one can really ever get anywhere, and motion is impossible. At this point one may write a letter to *The San Diego Union*.

But the riddle of permanence and change had to be solved. The old nature philosophers and Eleatic thinkers were right in their assertion of the impossibility of Absolute change. Thus far the next group of thinkers—Empedocles, the Atomists, and Anaxagoras—agree. *They differ, however, answering these questions: What is the nature of the particles of reality of which the world is composed? What causes these particles to combine and separate?*"⁶

Anaxagoras of Clazomenae, (and one finds, strangely enough, that all these cosmologists came from everywhere save Athens), explained change by his infinitely small particles of matter called *Spermata*, or seeds, that made cosmogony from chaos by rotation. The *primum mobile*, since there had to be a first rotation, was called *nous*, or mind, and looks suspiciously like a god, but not matter. Wouldn't it be fun to have a god like that? Our fundamentalists could hymn—

Oh, Divine and First Rotation!
Omnipotent whirl!
Oh, Virgin Merry-go-round!
Bring us in death to thee,
Where we may go round and round
As we do now,
For thy sake.

Whoopee!

Whirl!!⁷

One can begin to see the way out of this welter; Empedocles and Anaxagoras were establishing the modern natural-scientific view of the universe as seen in the atomic theory which was developed by the followers of the Atomists. What these thinkers did was to take Parmen-

⁶Thilly, *History of Philosophy*, p. 31.

⁷An obvious steal upon Carl Johnson and G. B. Shaw.

ides' indivisible being and break it into infinitesimal bits which can be no longer divided, separated by empty spaces. By placing various kinds of atoms in specific places in the body, Leucippus and Democritus, the founders, roughly started physiological psychology. Thus sense-perception can be explained as an attribute of the atom and not of the thing itself. This Greek rationalism is leading to fine things.

But what had been happening on earth during this period? While the suns and the skies and the seas had been searched for a sign, was Greece waiting for a philosopher to answer the riddles of the universe?

Athens had arisen. Athens, a corruscant white glory, a garden of many waters, a fair place to intellect and beauty and quintessent perfections. On the Acropolis had been built the dreams of the gods, and a light of beauty lay on the city like a crown. In her streets walked men with firm muscles and white thighs, clear of eye, red of lip. Virgins, more beautiful than houris of paradise, and as sweet as the honey of Hymettus, paced the streets. Intellect was wedded to a god-like body.

So wise were this race that, it is said, in the region of the Agora six new sins had been invented.

II.

It is night in Athens. The full moon, slanting down to the west, has laid a long rhinestone path on the waters of the Corinthian Gulf, faintly ruffled by the first breezes before the dawn. To our backs the colossal statue of Athena watches unceasingly. Below lies Athens, with marble porticoes and tessellated walks glimmering in the soft white light. Should we but turn, the vast white columns of the Parthenon would meet us, looking as if carved of moonstones, self-effulgent. But it is Athens we watch. It is but a few hours before the dawn, and Protagoras has come by ship from Abdera. The old order passeth. Man is to be the measure of all things.

Philosophy has gone far since the theogony of Hesiod. Inquiry of a free and penetrating variety begins to manifest itself. Everywhere one sees new concepts replacing the old. Herodotus begins to distrust fable, and critically studies history, with such splendid results that his pupil, Thucydides, becomes the finest model of the art. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides point the way of change. Hippocrates, by distrusting old ways and applying the physical theories of the philosophers, becomes a name for physicists to conjure with.

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Sedgewick Is A Writer, You Know

NORBERT J. MAURER

"I've just had a letter from my boy Sedgewick. He says he wants to drop out of school and take a studio-stable apartment in New York." Grover Cleveland Smith drew out his chair at the weekly luncheon of the Jonesville Rotary and contemplated his head of lettuce with a smile.

"Sedgewick is a writer, you know," he went on to Rutherford Hayes, the well-known realtor. "The fact is, he's been a novelist ever since he was a freshman, two years ago. He's going to write some fine novels as soon as he can get into the right environment. Sedgewick has been an environmentalist for over a year now. He spent last summer in the Adirondacks, because he didn't want the home contacts here in Jonesville to make a sentimentalist out of him. None o' the really great authors have been sentimentalists, he says; and he has to guard himself every minute so he won't be one.

"He went to the Adirondacks to harden his personality, and as he spent most of his time at a horseback camp, I imagine he succeeded.

"He hasn't told me yet what his novels are going to be about. He's afraid the ideas'll leak out and some publishing house will want to commercialize 'em. That's one reason he hasn't written any of 'em yet. As long as they're in his head, he feels they're safe; but the minute he'd put them on paper, one of the publishers that advertise books and put them into stores to be sold and pays the authors big money might git hold of him, force him to sign a contract, and make a popular author out of him.

"Sedgewick says he'd rather die than be popular. He says an artist must shun popularity; and if that's true he certainly must be an artist, because he's managed to shun popularity so far.

"Another reason he hasn't written any of his novels is his fear that somebody might run across an uncompleted manuscript an' steal his characters an' plot. It'd be just like some unscrupulous person to take a great piece of literary art an' come out with it as his own. So Sedgewick ain't taking any chances. He's waitin' till he can have his own studio. I asked him the last time he was home if he thought he was doing right, making the world wait for his productions, but he said he doubted whether the world was ready for what he was going to write.

"You wouldn't think Sedgewick was only nineteen to hear him talk. Sometimes he sounds like a man of twenty-one, at least.

"I had in mind to make a banker out of him, provided I could get him to wear garters. He's going to be big and kind o' important looking. He wears shell-rimmed glasses as good as any assistant cashier I ever saw. I sort o' thought we could mix him in among a lot of vice presidents, between the tellers' cages and the front door. We really haven't got enough vice presidents for the amount of space, an' I'd kind o' like to dress it up a little. I hate all that bare tile flooring next to the directors' room. Sedgewick would cover some of it up, an' it wouldn't cost much.

"Most all the banks have got a lot o' nice looking fellows that sit at clean flat-top desks an' write the new customers' names in their pass books an' talk baritone to them. They're called business getters, an' they're all right, too, if some old head can sit nearby and keep them from driving business away. They make a bank look important, more so than the old fashioned way of letting the customer see the vault door through the bars.

"Sedgewick could take a job like that. At least, he wouldn't hurt the business after the people got used to him. I know several bankers that have done that with their boys. Some of them looked pretty hopeless, too. Of course, none of them were novelists.

"One fellow, down at Kokomo, was telling me at the last state convention, that his son suddenly stopped wearing stovepipe trousers along in July or August, and by September was recovered from college enough to take a job with a Florida real estate firm, with a chance of becoming a hydraulic engineer some day.

"This Kokomo fellow said his son was practically hopeless, playing the banjo an' everything. Sedgewick has never been a care to us in that way. So far as we know, from the time he left the Jonesville High School he has never touched a musical instrument or liquor. We thought once when he was home for Thanksgiving that he was usin' the ukelele secretly, but come to find out he was just learnin' to shave an' it made him nervous an' self-conscious. In fact, Sedgewick has been a mighty good boy, an' has let his mother an' me use the automobile with the top up without a word of protest.

"He says he likes atmosphere with his meals. An' when we go to New York together, he is actually uncomfortable if the hotel is clean an' the food wholesome. He knows an awful lot of coffee shops for a boy of his age. When I was a boy, going to New York with my father, I was always tryin' to sneak off an' see if I could buy a glass of beer over the counter. But it's different with Sedgewick. I've known him

(Continued on page 35)

Transience

HARRY L. ANDERSON

It was evening after the third day of warm spring showers when the little white blob of *agaricus campester* that was Horatio had grown from button-essence to the stature of a full inch, and the mentality that one might reasonably associate with a mushroom twice his age.

"Hello, young feller."

Horatio strained his eyes in the dim light, and saw a white object two feet away. It was Uncle Joseph.

"Good day," he replied very politely.

"Where'd you spring up from, eh?" Uncle Joseph's form had become clearer. He was quite wrinkled, and not so white.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Horatio.

"Haven't had eugenics yet, eh? Well, let me tell you, it is environment and not this heredity stuff that counts. Now look at me. No telling what I might not have become if I hadn't happened to crop up where I am."

It was now light enough for Horatio to see Uncle Joseph plainly. He had come up beside a rock on the edge of a slight declivity, and his top had been stunted on one side. Horatio shuddered at the proximity of the stone beside him.

"You young fellers," continued Uncle Joseph, "you don't appreciate what you've got. Now, 'tain't what it used to be when I was young. In those days—" He trailed off absently.

"In those days?" volunteered Horatio, after some seconds. But Uncle Joseph seemed to give no immediate promise of further discourse.

Horatio pondered a while and took stock of his surroundings. Green shoots of grass covered the level space around him. Some feet away was a small bush surrounded by an accumulation of dead leaves, from which projected the long, stately stem of a parasol mushroom. Horatio eyed him curiously.

"Are you one of us?" asked the parasol mushroom, gazing aloofly into space.

Horatio giggled. "I can't see more than yourself there," he said.

"I see you are very young still," said the parasol mushroom with impressive distance.

Horatio felt embarrassed, and looked the other way. A little white head had appeared near him.

By late afternoon Amelia had given evidence of quite the roundest top Horatio ever hoped to see. Such graceful contours, he thought, were not of this world. As for him, he had grown to that awkward stage when he hardly knew what to do with his stem.

It was Amelia who broke the ice. "Oo, big boy!"

Horatio sneezed and grew a little more. "Horatio," he said, with cautious dignity.

"What a pretty name." Horatio blushed.

By dusk it was settled. Horatio broached the matter to Uncle Joseph, who appeared to be buried in thought.

"Eh?" said Uncle Joseph. "Speak louder."

Horatio tried again.

Uncle Joseph's top swayed slightly in the breeze, rattling his dark dry gills. He was dodderly, evidently on his last stem.

"When I was young—" he began finally. "When I was young—" He wandered back in thought—or abstraction, and Horatio decided not to pursue that train of thought.

They finally asked the parasol mushroom, who considered the matter distantly, and finally agreed, perhaps because the ceremony offered a chance for some impressiveness.

"Are there any obstacles?" asked the parasol mushroom.

Horatio hesitated. A beetle had taken a little chunk out of one side, but it faced away from Amelia. He finally answered in the negative.

That night a shower brought to Horatio full male stature, to Amelia the round, feminine contour of a top that drooped modestly over pink gills. The same shower had carried Uncle Joseph down the declivity.

"A simple soul, if there ever was one," said Horatio, with some sense of propriety, when dawn revealed the loss. He was going to ask the parasol mushroom to hold a solemn service, but already his sense of Uncle Joseph's reality was becoming vague. Had there ever been an Uncle Joseph? Horatio wondered where he had gone, what the dim beyond was like. He imagined, perhaps with clairvoyance, a pool of mud—soft, fertile, perfect mud. Finally he contented himself with mumbling, "Once a mushroom, always a mushroom." There was a finality about this that seemed to suffice for the occasion.

Moreover, Amelia was entranced with a little group of white heads that surrounded them—seven.

"I can't believe it—all mine!"

"Ours," corrected Horatio.

Then the disturbing influence appeared. He was staring at them from the other side of the rock—a fly mushroom.

"Hello, young—" began Horatio. But this did not seem appropriate, and he fell back on the parasol mushroom's style of approach instead.

"Are you one of us?"

The fly mushroom stared back at him without blushing. "I hope not," he said.

Horatio was taken aback; he wished that he had thought of this answer when he was younger—but then, imagine anyone saying that to a parasol mushroom!

"It's not that you *Agaricus Campesters* aren't all right for common stock," continued the fly mushroom, "but I am an *Agaricus Muscaria*. I'm rather different, you know. Now take your case. Your stock propagates quickly. But did it ever occur to you what it means to bring another mushroom into the world? Do you realize your responsibility?"

Horatio wondered if he had not been hasty in claiming his share of his family.

"Do you realize the moral pitfalls that any mushroom may encounter in the world?"

"But our parents," said Horatio, "did they not think of this?"

"Your parents," said the fly mushroom, "were probably ignorant. But that is not the point. You can't help being here. But you can fill your obligation to future generations."

"But how do you know all this?" asked Horatio.

"I come from enlightened stock," said the fly mushroom. "It is heredity that counts."

"What is he saying?" asked Amelia, who had been scolding the newest progeny.

"Nothing," said Horatio; but it was not until evening that the

(Continued on page 36)



Eleven Days

RANDOLPH MURRAY

Foreword

In the summer of 1878, just forty-two years after the fall of the historic Alamo, an aged Mexican, who gave his name as Brigido Guerrero, applied to the county court of Bejar county, Texas, for a pension as a survivor of that battle. His story was that he had served under Travis in the defense of the mission, and, when the enemy gained the enclosure, entered the room occupied by two women who were also trapped in the buildings—a Mrs. Dickenson, wife of one of the defenders of the Alamo, and a Mrs. Albury, of the little town of Bejar—who concealed him under some bedding, where he remained till night, when he made his escape. His veracity was doubted by many of the early inhabitants, but he offered the court proof, in the form of a written account of the daily happenings inside the mission walls. This report, he said, had been given him by a man named Walker, who was in the Alamo.

As the applicant could describe vividly the fall of the famous mission, and as his name is mentioned by Walker in his written account, the old man was granted his pension.

Walker is known to have been a gunner in the defense of the Alamo, and is said to have been the last of the defenders to be killed. Little was known as to the actual life within the walls of the Alamo during the siege until the following report was brought to light.

This Diary Is The Property Of

W. F. Walker

Goliad

February 22, 1836

Having been left here at Bejar by Colonel Travis to watch for the advance force that is thought to be coming from Mexico, I find time heavy on my hands. The town is a record of this last few days of nightmare I have gone through. The streets are covered with the dead bodies of Mexican soldiers who served under the Mexican General Cos. We attacked him here at Bejar and forced him to surrender and retreat into Mexico. Our defeating him was a great surprise. Last evening, when he came out of the building in which I now stand, and offered us his sword, we were the most elated outfit I have ever seen.

To the south I can see a cloud of dust rising. That is the direction from which the expected forces will come. It is they; I see the sun glistening on their lances.

February 23, 1836

I am now in the Alamo with one hundred and forty-three fellow Texans, and a Mexican, named Guerrero, who helped us drive some cattle in and was trapped with us. As I walk along the platform, here by the wall, I can see the blood red flag which Santa Anna hoisted when we replied to his demand for an unconditional surrender with a shot from one of our three pounders.

I'm tired. I rode all night through the desert between here and Bejar, arriving early this morning to find the men scattered all over the town and not a thing ready in the way of defense. In a hurried meeting, Travis, Bowie, and Crockett decided to take all of the supplies possible and go into the Alamo until reenforcements could be sent for. Fannin is known to be at Goliad, and he will come here to help us. We gathered about thirty head of beeves together and drove them into the mission enclosure. All of the ammunition we could get was brought in, and everything we could find to eat. We have only three bushels of corn within the walls, as that is all we could find. Just as the first of the Mexican cavalry reached the other side of the square, we slammed the big gate shut and barred it.

There appear to be about two hundred Mexican soldiers outside. If no more than that come, we shall go out and lick them.

They have commenced to fire. Are using two Howitzers and two long guns which I judge to be nine-pounders.

February 24, 1836

Well, the Mexicans kept up shooting their little cannon all night long. The only time they annoyed me was when my watch came. They kept shooting at one spot in the north wall. I guess their idea is to break a hole in it. The guns they have are not heavy enough. I wish we had some of the ammunition they are throwing away. We haven't very much.

Travis divides us into four watches. Each watch patrols the wall platform for six hours. We spend another six moulding bullets. There are two women and a nigger boy in here with us. Mrs. Dickenson, the wife of Lieutenant Dickenson, is one; and a Mrs. Albury, of Bejar, is the other. The nigger boy is a servant of Colonel Travis'.

Just before daybreak this morning, Colonel Travis sent J. B. Benham, a fellow from South Carolina, over the south wall with a message

to the people of Texas. He is, I understand, to go through Goliad and ask for assistance there.

February 25, 1836

The Mexicans are still pounding away with their four guns. They have begun to dent the wall; so we have some work to do now when we are off guard. Travis has decided that the people outside are waiting for more guns. If they get them, they can batter down the wall. To protect ourselves against this, we are throwing up dirt against the walls on the inside. We have a lot of picks and shovels that some workmen, who had been working on the mission, left here.

Those fellows outside mean business. Two of our men will not be with us any more, as a result of last night's work. The Mexican sharpshooters are hiding in some straw huts nearby, and are taking pot-shots at anyone who sticks his head above the wall.

I hope we get some help soon. If the Mexicans out there are re-enforced, they will be able to storm us and get away with it, no matter how hard we fight.

February 26, 1836

No more sharpshooters for a while. Six fellows, of whom I was one, went through the big gate last night and set fire to those grass huts where they have been hiding. Crockett was the man who had charge of us. He's as brave a fellow as I've seen anywhere. When we started the fires, he sent us back and stayed behind to get anyone who followed. He shot three of them and got a crease across the top of his head himself.

We are running short of wood and water. It is awfully cold here at night, and we have been using too much water in the daytime. The Mexicans have broken the ditches that run into the mission; so all the water we have left is what is in the tank over by the prison.

The Mexicans are making no advances. Now and then a lot of sharpshooters will cut loose, but that is all. Their cannon are keeping up the poundings. It looks as though they will work a hole through the wall.

We are not allowed to shoot any more unless we are sure we can make a hit.

February 27, 1836

We went out again last night, the same six of us. Our purpose this time was different, however. We were after wood and water. After being out about three hours we returned minus one man. A young man from Barstow got it through the head. I don't see how

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Mists Of Karnak

RANSOM ENG

The night was dark. Kashta knew that there was little probability of anyone's walking about the temples after sunset, but as an added precaution he stood there in the shadows for a few minutes before he walked out into the wide middle court between the temple of Ra and the greater temple of Ammon.

From the center of the court he cast a significant glance at the constellation of Hydra. There seemed to be a red mist veiling the star group. He closed his eyes for a second, and looked again. . . . Then he quickened his pace, stopping only when he had reached the deep shadows beneath the massive pillars. To his right was the stone stairway that led to the temple roof. He wished that he were free to go to the roofs; there was none of that oppressive feeling there. Down there under the stairs he felt as though the cold hand of death had been placed on the ancient temple of Karnak.

Then he heard a slight rustling. There was the unmistakable shuffle of a soft sandal. The sound was behind him, but he did not turn. There was complete silence for a while; Kashta could feel the loud beating of his own heart. Then, from the shadows, as softly as the brushing of silk against stone, he heard a whisper. "Kashta," it said. "Kashta, is it you?"

Without turning, Kashta answered in a low, clear voice, "Who is it that whispers my name? Is a priest of the temple of Karnak to be whispered at from the shadows?"

"Ikhnaton speaks," said the voice.

Kashta turned and walked back into the darkness. "Forgive me, Royal one," he said. "I suspected a trap. There is no place in the temple for unbelievers. It is best to take no chances."

"Quite right," said Ikhnaton. "But you frightened me for a minute. Is it safe to talk here?"

"No," said Kashta, turning to lead the way through the dark doorway under the stairs. Once he nearly stumbled on a sudden change of floor level. But it was easier to follow when they had reached the smooth walled passage. They stopped in a cool, rock walled room. A few stars could be seen through the high, square window.

"They wrap the dead here," said Kashta. "If you will feel to

your right, you will encounter the body of one of our nobles. *Noble*, indeed! There was a time when nobility could not be purchased with a few hundred cattle."

Ikhnaton shrank back when he heard the demonstrative "thump" of Kashta's knuckles on the unwrapped face.

"Is it safe to talk here?" he asked tremulously.

"Reasonably so," answered Kashta. "I have never known anyone to come here at night. But it is still safer in here." He opened a narrow doorway in the rock wall.

They went through the dark opening into the room beyond.

"No one knows of this, to my knowledge," said Kashta. "My predecessor showed me this room seven days before he died. There are innumerable rooms like this throughout the whole temple. They are known only to those that have the secret handed down to them. The night he showed me this place, he told me the legend of Hydra. It is a strange tale. Perhaps I shall tell it to you some time."

"How did he die?" asked Ikhnaton.

"He was merely suspected of heresy. A word here, and a careless gesture there, and one day he mysteriously died. My first duty was to commend his black soul to Ra. I was sensitive about death then. . . ." There was a dull "clug" as the heavy stone door was pushed into place. "But I did not ask you here to tell you stories about the dead. I asked you here because I am uneasy. You have been careless. Your name has been mentioned in my presence, and they have watched my face for a sign. You know what it would mean if they knew. They dare not kill a king, but priests are cheap, and can be easily explained."

"If you die, I shall be alone," said Ikhnaton. "Nofretete does not believe. She even told me that she did not love me! What shall I do? What have the stars said?"

"The stars lie!" said Kashta. "I would kill her, and live in peace."

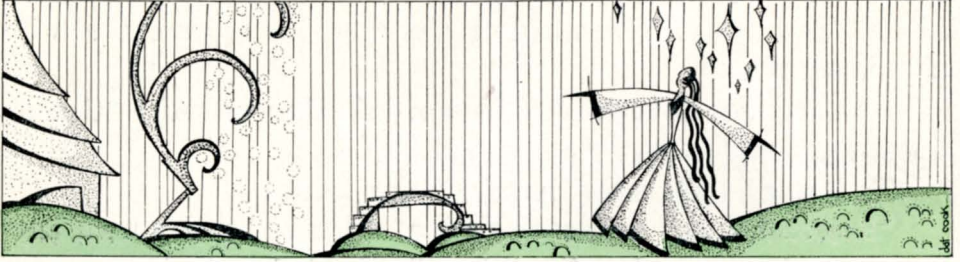
"You do not love her."

"No."

They did not speak for some time. Finally, Ikhnaton cleared his throat and said, "You showed me this room; will you tell me the legend of the Hydra?"

"It is just one of a thousand such tales," said Kashta. "But there are strange happenings supporting many of them. Every year or two someone dies an unnatural death. There is no investigation; no ex-

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Tamara

ELIZABETH L. HESSELBACH

*Tamara, Tamara, where have you been?
I called at your house, but they said you weren't in.*

*So I thought and I thought of where you could be.
I went out in the yard and under the tree;
And as I looked up, I saw through its lace
A queer little star with a lopsided face.
It grinned down at me, and I heard it say,
"Tamara's up here, and she plans to stay.
She's rented a house on that little gold star
'Cause that's where the broken toy puppies all are;
And she sings them to sleep and glues them together
And takes them for walks in the very best weather.
They all quite adore her, she'll never go back
To live in that funny old tumbledown shack."*

*"Shack? Not so loud, please," I gasped in dismay.
"Her landlord might hear you, and what would he say?
Why, he might raise the rent, or scrape off the new paint.
No, he's not quite so bad, but he's far from a saint."*

*Then the lopsided star quite giggled, my dear,
And it shook and it shook and forgot how to steer,
And it ran right kersmack through a big, big grey cloud,
And the last that I heard it was laughing aloud.
So I turned and stalked grandly back up to your house,
And I found you here feeding a little white mouse.*

*Tamara, Tamara, where have you been?
When I first came to see you, they said you weren't in.*



Balance Wheel

MARY WINDEATT

*Let us go out onto the moor
And watch the king herons pass,
And look at the blue where the white sails float,
And the green wind through the grass.*

*But—Who will wash and mend and clean,
If we go out where the winds are green?*

*Let us go through the singing night
And dream by the lifted spar
Of a stranded boat on a fairy beach
Where the dreams of evening are.*

*But—Who will sweep and watch and sew,
If we go out where young dreams grow?*

The Voices

MARY WINDEATT

*Pink honeysuckle in the sun,
Two robins in an apple tree—*

(Pots and pans. pots and pans, oh, let me !)

*Violets by a picket fence,
Spike hyacinths in mossy pile—*

(Pots and pans, pots and pans, oh, wait a while!)

*White lilies in my garden pool,
The fragrance of the Norway plum—*

(Pots and pans, pots and pans, oh, well—I'll come!)

The Best On Broadway, *Pango Pango*

EDWARD L. HEUCK

Not a breeze was stirring, not a bird was singing, no songs came from the natives' huts, the water in the bay was rippleless, even the sun seemed suspended and resting from his long morning climb uphill before starting the easy coast down. I decided to follow suit, and went inside for my customary noonday snooze. Yawning, I looked around before lying down, to see that everything in my cabin was put away,—everything that could be reached from the outside by dexterous manipulation of a long stick through the porthole. Nothing remained outside except my pride and joy, a straw hat with a beautiful, gaudy, black and crimson band; and this was safely hung on a hook over the head of my bed, too far away for any enterprising person to reach.

Between the thirty-ninth and fortieth winks, just as I was about to pass into sleep, my glance wandered to the porthole; and there I saw the smiling face of a native boy looking in, not at me, but at my beautiful hat band. Have you seen the wistful look in a hungry newsboy's eyes as he stands on tiptoe some cold, rainy evening, looking in from the outside through the curtained window of a fine restaurant to watch the fat diners enjoying a prosperous dinner? If you ever have, you can imagine the expression on that little chap's face. And our position to each other was comparable to that of the fat diner and the hungry newsboy. In place of a dinner, a hat band was the answer to this boy's prayer. For five minutes he stood there with not a muscle moving in his wonder-filled face, gazing open mouthed at this new creation of color from across the sea. I gave a yell, and his expression changed to greater wonder—this time not at the hat, but at me, whom he saw for probably the first time. One grunt, a thud as he jumped, and pattering feet told me he was gone. For a moment I felt sorry for what I had done, and grabbing the hat, I ran out after him up the hill.

He was accustomed to the noonday heat; I was not. His solid legs could climb those steep hills far more easily than mine, which were soft from weeks of disuse on shipboard. Not wishing to lose me and my hat band, he would keep just about seventy-five yards ahead of me, just safely out of throwing distance. At the next clearing

which we came to, I threw the hat after him. Hearing it hit the ground and sensing a let up in hostilities for the moment, he also stopped. There was the hat half way between us. We both sparred back and forth. I would walk away and he would come closer; I would walk toward my hat and he would retreat. We both tried sitting on a log. After a half hour of this profitless game, I decided to change my tactics. Picking up the hat, I started with my back toward him over the very trail we had come.

Now, in catching a stray mongrel, these are always the tactics to use. First, bait him with a bone, which you throw, as I did the hat, about half way between you and the dog. As he advances, you also advance slowly, and just at the time he grabs the bone, you should be in jumping distance to grab him before he can make his getaway. If this does not work, as it did not with the native boy, go and pick up the bone; turn your back, and walk unconcernedly away from him. If he is hungry enough and wants the bone badly enough, he will be right at your heels after several yards, where you can talk business at closer terms. But the native boy was not at my heels, as I had expected him to be, when I had gone several hundred yards slowly down the mountain side. Getting over the surprise at not seeing him behind me, I turned to continue my way downward, only to be almost bowled off my feet on seeing him sitting as nonchalant as you please across the very path that I had been traveling. His arms were loaded with mangoes, paw-paws, and other whatnots. I had to laugh at his cleverness, and he laughed back at me. I advanced with my goods, the pride of the Market Street show windows, to trade with good will for his goods, the best on Broadway, Pango-Pango. And all the while he kept playing around with a big stick that he would grasp between his toes, just as we would grasp a stick between our fingers.

By the time all this had happened, I was almost undressed, seeking relief from the pressing heat of my clothes. He understood my unenviable plight, and laughingly said, "Swim," the most pleasant word he could have uttered. For modesty's sake, I kept my pants on, but envied him with only his breech cloth. Coming into possession of my shirt as well as my hat, he put them both on, and, with the biggest and happiest smile on his face that I ever can hope to see again, he led the way down to a shark free lagoon between a coral reef and the beach. He outswam, outdove, outfloated, and outsmiled me, getting the greatest enjoyment in the world in doing so. And shaking the water out of his straight hair, he would laugh and point downward to some bit of coral

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The Punk Palooka

HELEN C. HILL

"Socker" Walters had been handed a tough one. He knew, because he was on the receiving end of the red leather gloves that thudded at will into his face, rattled against his ribs, and slammed ruthlessly into taut abdomen muscles; but still he came in, came in, came in. It was all he knew how to do,—take a dozen to land one. Head lowered and fists circling slowly before him, he followed Maletta about the ring, taking it, looking for the one opening to deliver his wild haymaker.

Maletta scored a quick one, two, to Walters' head, and then a heavy blow right over the heart, that stood him back on his heels for an instant; but he only came back harder than ever with a jab that slid off Maletta's glove, and a wide swing that missed entirely. Maletta seemed always to be just out of reach, always going away. "Socker" was after him again, fists in the same position, circling slowly before him, head down. A sizzling right seemed to come from nowhere and explode against his chin just as he let loose another swing and felt his glove take Maletta full in the chest. Maletta fell back against the ropes and slipped away to the right as "Socker" came in once more; and then Maletta was down on one knee, and the referee was motioning "Socker" to a neutral corner.

"Maletta slipped on a wet spot in the canvas," said one of the pressmen to his neighbor, who was pounding away at a battered typewriter, and watched the referee's arm come up for the count. But Maletta was on his feet before it could descend.

"Down for no count," wrote the typist, and saw Maletta change his tactics and fly at Walters with both hands spreading red destruction. It would take Maletta a good many of the points he had piled to overcome that slip.

The region above "Socker" Walters' purple silk trunks was a tortured red, and the lights over the ring glistened on the dark stream that flowed from a split lip. A moment before, the white shirted referee had wiped the blood from a cut above one eye that was blinding him and making him a sickening sight for the thousands of fans noisily packing the big, smoke-hazy arena. His seconds, working on him between rounds, had said over and over, "Cover up and box him, Walters. He's a tough one." They thought they knew everything. He was doing the fighting, wasn't he? And he wasn't taking orders from anyone.

Bore in, take it, watch for an opening. . . .

The final gong rang, and it was Maletta's arm the referee raised as victor. Maletta's black hair was still parted cleanly in the middle, and his teeth flashed in a friendly smile as he offered his gloved hand to Walters. "Socker" Walters barely touched it—because ring etiquette demanded it—and turned abruptly to his corner.

"Fool referee!" he growled to his handlers, as they hung a blood spattered towel about his neck and draped his red dressing gown over his shoulder. "Couldn't he see I had the fight right in my hands, all sewed up, through every round? I was just waiting for a good chance to land on the point of Maletta's chin. He didn't floor *me*, did he? I finished just as strong as when I started, and Maletta's puffing like a steam engine. Couldn't hardly keep his arms up. If the round hadn't ended when it did. . . . The timekeeper's got it in for me, anyway. He musta seen I was goin' to win and hurried the gong." "Socker" Walters knew better than to raise a squawk about it, though. The fans didn't like a squawker.

He climbed down through the ropes, and the scattered applause came to him like a tonic. He was a great fighter—always gave the fans what they wanted. He ought to be a main eventer. It was just bum breaks, like this fight, that kept him down in the prelim ranks. Why, way back in 1917 the officials were jealous of his popularity and saw to it that he didn't get the breaks he shoulda had.

Down close to the ring side sat "Big Bill" Morgan, race horse king extraordinary, his huge bulk and sleek racing thoroughbreds known from Agua Caliente to Epsom Downs as symbols of square play and supremacy of horse flesh.

"Sir, that Walters is nothing but a punk palooka," said a young Mexican next to him, in the slight spacing of syllables and a softening of vowels that would have betrayed his nationality, even if his dark, handsome face had not. Carlos was one of Morgan's most trusted followers and worshipped his employer whole heartedly. "He was fighting like that at Camp Kearny in 1917. He has not improved. He has no brains."

"Mph!" grunted Morgan in what might have been assent, or negation, or absolute neutrality.

"He will never get anywhere at the game, sir."

"He is getting old," said the big man gently, in a surprisingly soft voice for so large a man.

"Yes. He is thirty-three, perhaps more. He should be finding

something else to do." A shrug of purely Latin origin. "Two—three years more, and he will be out chasing freight cars. Is that not right, sir?"

"Mph!" said "Big Bill" Morgan, and settled comfortably into his aisle chair, taking a satisfying puff from his fat cigar. The more popular fighters on the program stepped into the ring and skewed their feet about in the tray of powdered resin before taking their appointed corners.

The ravages of the fight cleaned as well as possible from his face by the skillful fingers of his handlers, and dressed in his street clothes, Walters came out of his dressing room, running his big, awkward hands over his stubble of sandy hair in an attempt to make the front of it lie flat, and pulling at his sleeves that never seemed to be long enough to cover his thick wrists. He pushed down the aisle leading into the arena, past sailors, marines, a negro or two, policemen, and civilians, in a tight pack, and spoke to the men as he passed.

He slapped a sailor ungently on the back, and said, "Hello, Jack. How'r'ya?" and tried not to notice the surprised look in the sailor's eyes, nor the half-hearted, "All right, Buddy," that came in answer. He walked on around the octagon shaped arena along the aisle that separated the bleachers from the ringside seats, and waved his arm at all and any of the audience that happened to turn their eyes his way. A thrill warmed him at each wave. It was great to have people look at him, point him out as "Socker" Walters. He walked around almost the entire arena before he reluctantly turned down an aisle toward the ring to watch the fight that was in progress.

"By golly! If there isn't old 'Big Bill' Morgan," he said to himself, recognizing the big man as a thousand others had that night, by the newspaper photographs he had seen of him. Walters sat on his heels in the aisle beside Morgan and stretched his battered lips to a grin. "How's the race horse king?" he asked.

There was surprise in Morgan's eyes as he shifted his huge body enough to see who was being so familiar, then the round face lines changed to a smile.

"You're Walters, aren't you?" he asked, with a wave of his hand toward the ring, and for an instant the lights burned on a diamond worthy of the man who wore it.

"Sure! I just dropped a decision up there a few minutes ago. I guess everybody knows I shoulda had it if the referee had been any good. That's what the fightin' business needs worse'n anythin' else—good refs."

"You've been in the game a pretty long time, haven't you?"

"Sure! Been in it long enough to get ring-wise, and know when I'm bein' done outa what's mine. Now look at those palookas millin' it up there. They ain't neither of 'em been in for more'n a year. What do they know about whether they get the square decision or not? But they're lucky, bustin' into a semi-final on the card. Of course, San Diego isn't much of a place. They wouldn't rate that in any other town."

"Ever think of doing anything else?"

"Who? Me! Hell, no! What'd I wanta change for?"

"Can't keep at it many more years, can you?"

"Say, I got lotsa time to bust into the big money, yet. Just give me a few square decisions, and I'll be steppin' with the best of 'em."

"How'd you like to come rustle hay for my horses? Reckon I could make use of a good two fisted man like you."

Walters looked up at him from under jutting brows. Could Morgan really be serious in offering him a little two-penny stableman's job when he had a good chance of being champ some day? He wouldn't turn him down too hard. Morgan was too big a man to be hard-boiled with; but, gee, what a laugh! Stableman! Valet for a bunch of horses!

"Guess I gotta get goin'," he said abruptly, and got to his feet, shaking his head vaguely at Morgan. He retreated up the aisle.

When the fights were over, "Big Bill" Morgan and the Mexican, Carlos, moved slowly with the crowd to one of the exits.

"Hello, Bill!" called a loud voice, and Morgan found Walters standing proudly in the tide of men and women pushing around him, eagerly drinking in the looks that came his way and the low spoken, "That's Walters—you know, 'Socker' Walters. He fought in the——" The rest would be lost as the speaker gained the street.

Carlos helped to make way for his employer and slipped a hand affectionately over Morgan's huge shoulder. "The punk palooka!" he exclaimed contemptuously.

"Mph!" answered Morgan, and it might have been assent, or negation, or absolute neutrality.



The Leavening Of The Lump

(From page 11)

Like a flower, the work opens itself to man, and what a great commotion there is while man examines it! The research of the Greeks penetrates everywhere; into natural-scientific fields, into mental disciplines, into the state. Rules are formulated for aesthetic appreciation, and for admiring the body of one's lover; for judging swimming, and for fighting a Spartan. Philosophy is leavening the lump.⁸

Coupled with this philosophic experimentation is another factor which made subsequent development possible. Athens was supreme after the wars with Persia were over and the avalanches of strife stopped. Through the Delian Confederacy, the wine-dark Aegean was hers, from Byzantium to the borders of Egypt. Her argosies brought silks from Babylon and exquisite jewels from Egypt; the world spilled its treasures into the shops that flaunted them in the Agora. Cimon prepared the Acropolis, building the south wall and hiring Phidias to cast the great bronze Athena, whose glittering spear was seen far to sea.

The Rotunda, the king's porch, the painted porch on the walls of which Polygnotus traced his battle of Marathon, the Theseum; these sound like a catalogue of the masterpieces of art and architecture. Poets, dancers, philosophers, teachers, lovers, architects, and sculptors flocked there. Independence of thought and action blew with the winds. The old traditions and ideas

were criticized and often cast out. And since they could not be removed without substitution, teachers were demanded for the new studies, for preparation in oratory and dialectics.

These new teachers were the Sophists. It is a name one may adopt for convenience only, and in the interest of clarity. It is convenient, since it is a word with instant connotation (which connotation will shortly be examined), and a clarifier, since it limits the class to bounds with which one can hope to deal. From Protagoras of Abdera one must start, for with him one may deal definitely.

Protagoras is the first clear star of Sophisticism, perhaps the greatest of them all, since he epitomizes the movement. The great idea that the important factor in the processes is the mind of man was ever before him. The importance of this idea cannot be over-emphasized, though one is prone to minimize it, since it is now an idea so basic that no one stops to consider it. So, into the white glory Protagoras comes, chanting, "Man is the measure of all things."

Protagoras offered to Athens "virtue" or "excellence" in place of "truth" or "wisdom", and taught a higher education than elsewhere obtainable. He did not, like later Sophists, claim to know everything; but he did claim to offer an approach to knowledge which had heretofore been neglected. Given the weapons and training in the use of them, the war against ignorance

⁸Thilly, *A History of Philosophy*.

was more than half won. Dialectics, grammar, rhetoric, and oratory were the weapons. With these, the student turned to the moral and political doctrines of the day, and great was the fall thereof. Yet this destruction caused by scrutiny and penetrating analysis leveled the old that the more glorious new might arise. "Morality was to be based on reason, and not, as in the older period, upon custom and traditions as revealed in their religious thought and institutional life."⁹ In the time of Protagoras, the moral earnestness was still prevalent, even among the better informed, and the great determination of the later Sophists for victory by any means was but little in evidence.

There was another great Sophistic star who drew almost as many of the fair young men of Athens. This was Georgias of Leontini, who, coming on a mission from Syracuse to ask aid of Athens, brought rhetoric with him. This rhetoric was largely forensic, and led directly to the sophistry of politics. Georgias is the author of the companion piece to Protagoras' "Man is the measure of all things, of what is, that it is, and of what it is not, that it is not." And he went a bit further, stating, "(a) Nothing is; (b) if anything is, it cannot be known; (c) if anything is and can be known, it cannot be expressed in speech." This is pushing the matter a bit far. He is here using Zeno's logic against the constructive ontology of Parmenides. This is a learned sentence. It cannot be my own, yet I cannot place where I saw

it, if I saw it, of what I saw, that I saw it.¹⁰

With his thesis, Georgias goes directly against Protagoras, who, though saying that cognition is a matter of the individual, recognizes some background substance of *noumenon*.¹¹ Grote has a most logical interpretation of Georgias' thesis. He believes that this was Georgias' method of "diverting his disciples from studies which he considered as unpromising and profitless."¹² Socrates later banned physical speculations even more pointedly, and that is a decided boost for Georgias.

Now the younger generation of Sophists must be dealt with. The handling of their case is a bit difficult. On one hand are the hurled anathemas of Plato, and on the other the scholarly praise of Grote. Thilly, professor of Philosophy at Cornell University, leans toward Plato, but the course is probably a bit more mid-stream.

About this younger generation of Sophists lingers the faint perfume of decadence. Nothing is too great to be assaulted. Schopenhauer must owe them a great debt for their theories of the law's being made by the weak to restrain the strong; that morality is a snare and a delusion. One must watch a bit, however, in judging these men, for it is practically only through Plato's *Dialogues* that one knows them. But the younger generation enlarged the outlook of Greece by showing that after all man is but a wretched beast. What enraged the people of

¹⁰Nifty paraphrase of Protagoras by the author.

¹¹Kant's word for an existing substance behind phenomenon.

¹²Grote, *op. cit.*, p. 369.

⁹Monroe, *Brief Course in the History of Education*, p. 57.

the time, and especially Plato, was that they could not be downed by argument. They had been trained in dialectic, eristic, and the subtle meaning of words. What a picture one could draw of the daily conflicts in the Agora, with some brilliant young Sophist, delicately scented and showing an intriguing length of white thigh, triumphing by popular acclaim over some bitter-browed seer who was probably right, but who could not prove it.

And that is the great error with many of the later Sophists who began to desire victory at all costs whether the goal attained were right or not. Fallacies have no business in thinking, especially if they are logical fallacies; they are too dangerous. What had begun with enormous power now was dribbling away. But the influence of the Sophists was felt throughout Athens. Never was Athens so well governed, since the ministers had specific training in their positions. Pericles himself, who was the greatest Athenian of them all, received sophistic training. In that school he learned adaptability, a requisite for those in power, if they are to rule successfully. The delight with which the Sophists were received by intelligent Greeks speaks well for them.

It is an often urged thesis that the Sophists corrupted Athens. But the days of Miltiades and Aristides were quite as corrupt in political and social life. When one tries to force stupid modern morality on the fifth century before Christ, there is bound to be a shock. From the fall of Rome to day-before-yesterday man has refused the delicate virtuosity of the body and considered it as an engine to keep a mind going

to God. As Henry Jackson, Regius professor of Greek at Cambridge, points out, it is "antecedently certain that defection from the ordinary standard of morality would have precluded the success which the Sophists unquestionably sought and won."¹³

III.

*Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.*

*I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah, she doth depart!*

*Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly;
He took her with a sigh.*

From the Rosetti Ms. of Wm. Blake

The Sophists were an interlude in the progress of philosophy. In the hundred years of their power, they performed the colossal task of preparing the ground from which later thought could build cosmogonies. For the first philosophers were on quite the wrong track, and had their conservatism not been proved incorrect by the Sophistic left wing, the old school would have soon vegetated into a sterility which would have taken centuries to outgrow. Socrates, as expressed by the company of Plato and Aristotle, would not have received the stinging impulse to erect upon the only possible basis of philosophy, the mind of man, his great works; and

¹³Showing what Cambridge can do to a man.



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without this great trinity, the Renaissance would have been but a gilded gleam in the night, instead of the great power which made a barren Europe leap into glowing life. The world would be centuries behind its present progress, and though one may question the fruits of that progress, with its parallel frightful destruction, the Spenglers have distorted the perspective with dark prisms, and this world is the finest and cleanest in the history of man.¹⁴

To leave the sweets to the last, one must now consider the evils of the Sophists. In part two, a partial list of them has been given; but there are others.

Sophism exaggerates the differences in man, and the Sophists fail to see, in their brilliant and necessary destructivism, certain fundamental agreements. The grains of truth in the doctrine of Heraclitus and the flux of the Ionian physicists expressed by Sophisticism do not constitute a whole. For man has being and consciousness and must live. Life would be intolerable were man to spend his days doubting objectivity; there is too much else which cries for attention. It is of great importance to know that one's senses may not be correct, but those same senses are all with which one has to work.

Again, and as the result of similar logic, the abolition of all codes, whether they be political, social, or moral, is but the result of shallow interpretation. Although the losses occasioned by absolute rigidity of code are terrifying, total loss of code would destroy civilization itself.

¹⁴This sounds suspiciously like Dr. Frank Crane, doesn't it?

The measures proposed by Sophisticism are proposed in the most highly civilized of western nations of the day. The Sophists fought from shelter. They would have stood no chance had they been crying out against a growing civilization. But the pendulum was slowing, and "away with the impediments and the pendulum itself!" they cried. The argument finishes itself.

Objectivity cannot be dismissed by a mere flourishing of rhetoric; and as the sophistry of culture led to the sophistry of politics, such was the need and the haste to destroy that the forest was not seen for the trees.

The way that the Sophists played with morals and ethics is rather a bad point; but it must be realized that they had raised these two out of the depths of custom and tradition to a reasonable and rational plane, where they could be effective through human choice in the matter. Once this level had been attained through their teachings, it was a comparatively easy matter for later great thinkers to brush aside the later petty subjectivism and narrow self interest, and from the new base build nobly. Thus did the greatest philosophy grow out of a negation of philosophy.

Of the Sophistic contribution to education, mention has been made. Secondary education was their great gift to Greece and the world. Of the teachers in the special fields who took but one subject, such as eristic or rhetoric, less can be said, for they ceased to be educators, and became teachers. But intelligent Greeks went from master to master, and hence received as broad an education as their fathers had.

The debt literature owes to the Sophists is the greatest. Protagoras taught the poets their method and their style. To bring his students where they could understand and justly criticize, he taught grammar, and for the first time distinguished the three genders of nouns, the tenses of verbs, and the kinds of sentences. To teach oratory, he first taught the basic principles of speech and rhetoric. The later masters owed their facility to these teachings. The Sophists were teaching literature at their best when Plato was writing his *Republic*; and Demosthenes owed the power of his *Philippics* to them. But is it not strange that the teachers of the art were not able to use what they themselves taught? Hippias formulated meter and euphony, while the word distinction of Prodicus began the first dictionaries, and hence began that scientific terminology with which, in closing, this study declares.

So hail and farewell, O Sophists! Respect to you and your pupils; admiration to your teachings! And imagine the hilarious effect of wearing one of your *chitons*!

Sedgewick Is a Writer

(From page 13)

to sit around the Biltmore hotel for three hours just to see a dramatic critic or playwright give his hat to the check girl.

"I want to do right by the boy, but sometimes I think I'd better let him set up his studio. It won't cost me any more than what I've been payin' out for his college expenses.

"Sedgewick says he feels stifled in college. There's no one there who thinks the same thoughts as he does. He says he wants to go where he can find two or three kindred spirits. Considerin' what kind of spirits I was lookin' for when I was



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up there, I don't have any license to criticize the boy.

"I've got a good notion to promise Sedgewick that if he'll be lenient with the faculty for a short while an' put up with their short-comings till he gets his diploma, I'll finance him in any basement, cellar, or stable he wants in New York, for a year.

"After all, Sedgwick is a writer, you know."

Transience

(From page 16)

sight of seven inch-tall heads revived his pride.

By next morning Horatio had aged visibly. Amelia was merely more mature—perhaps in comparison with the rest of their family, which had attained her stature, but not the poise that comes to a mushroom with experience. And at intervals all around were more small white heads.

"I say," said the disturbing influence, "have you ever heard of birth control? You can't let your race get out of bounds, you know. No good will come of it."

Horatio would have felt hurt if part of his family had not already disappeared over the declivity. As it was, he felt alarmed. It seemed, moreover, that his granddaughters showed more stem than was proper; but nothing he or Amelia could say would influence them. And then, suddenly, from beyond space, there rushed two grotesque masses, who began plucking up his family one by one. They took the parasol mushroom, but knocked the fly mushroom over. Horatio they left alone—because his top was wrinkled, and his gills black. And he stood there all the time, powerless, speechless—rooted to the ground.

Next day he still stood, more wrinkled, but erect. And all the morning of the next he stood shrivelling, silent, staring straight ahead, merely thinking, waiting. That noon, the rain clouds blew away, and the heat of the sun beat

down on him. Something gave way within him. Tarry drops began to trickle down from his gills, and suddenly his top fell off, leaving his stem to curl in the heat. And at that moment, a bunch of yellow faces seemed to unveil all around. The crocuses had come.

Eleven Days

(From page 19)

any of us got back. We were down by the river getting our water when a Mexican patrol of about ten men all but bumped into us. We got back with all of our loads except what young Jackson was carrying. It was awful for us to leave him out there for those mangy Mexicans to mutilate, but we couldn't do anything else. They burned him. I heard Mr. Bowie say he saw the fire.

I have been over the place now. Up to now I had no idea as to the size of our cage. The outside walls are two and a half feet thick and about eight feet high. The main area, or square, of the mission is one hundred and fifty yards or so long and about fifty-four yards wide. The square is somewhat narrower at the south end. On the southeast of the square is the church, with walls all of four feet thick, and, I judge, twenty feet high. This building is not yet completed, as it has no roof. We are using it as a magazine and barracks. From the northeast corner of the chapel attached to it, a wall extends northward one hundred and eighty feet or so, then westward at right angles, enclosing the convent. The convent is a two-story adobe building, one hundred and ninety feet long and eighteen wide. It is divided into apartments, which we are using for an armory and barracks. The prison is a one-story structure about one hundred feet long and seventeen feet wide. From its southeast corner there is a diagonal ditch surmounted by a strong barricade, with an entrance in the center. The whole is about two and a half to three acres in extent and formerly had a good supply of water from two aqueducts which



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the Mexicans have stopped flowing.

Fourteen guns are mounted at various points about the walls. Of these, three of the heaviest were placed by General Cos before he left here.

We have found some corn. In my prowling about today, I discovered between eighty and ninety bushels in the prison. I wish I could discover some ammunition.

February 28, 1836

Still no word from Bonham, nor is there any help in sight. Our position is getting serious. Our force of one hundred and forty-one men has been standing off two thousand or more Mexicans for five days now; yet everyone here is just as cheerful as can be. To watch them, one would little think that certain death is just the other side of the wall.

The Mexicans have taken to dropping shot inside the walls now. We are not allowed to walk out in the open any more except when on duty, and then must keep as close to the wall as possible.

March 1, 1836

We have gotten some help! Captain W. J. Smith arrived here this morning about three o'clock. He had with him thirty-two men. He and his men walked right through the Mexican lines, and the enemy don't know yet that he got here. His news from the outside is encouraging. Fannin is said to be coming with five hundred to a thousand men and some artillery.

The new men are mostly from the States. They don't seem to mind the danger of this position any more than we do.

March 2, 1836

We have been watching for signs of Fannin. No one can understand why he hasn't arrived yet. He must come!

The Mexicans are getting more and more restless. Two of the new men got theirs last night. Mexicans close to the wall got them while they were on patrol.

March 3, 1836

Bonham is back. He returned last night. It looks as though the Alamo is the last place we who are

here will ever draw the breath of life in. Fannin has failed us. He might come through yet. He is having great trouble with his cannon. Streams are numerous in the country he is crossing, and he has difficulty fording them. He won't come on without the cannon. Bonham left him about eighty miles away. He must get here before more Mexicans arrive, if he is not to be too late.

March 4, 1836

We are to die. Santa Anna was reinforced by three thousand men early this morning. He now has five thousand men surrounding us. We may be stormed any minute.

Travis called a meeting at noon today. He spoke to us in a way that I shall never forget. He told us of the cause we were fighting for and of what he thought it meant to the people we are protecting. Then he spoke of the danger of remaining here, pointing out the fact that it means certain death. At the end of his talk, he drew a line on the ground with his sword, and asked all those who were willing to remain to step across it. Every one did. I know I had a good chance of getting through the Mexican lines to safety, but with a cause like this to fight for, and with leaders like those we have, I'd be a fool to think of my own safety.

March 5, 1836

It will be dawn in an hour. From the bustle outside, I know we are to be stormed then. Every man about me has his post. Everyone is cheerful. I've lived a long time—I do not regret dying. My only hope is that my cause will win a future battle.

* * *

Thus ends the account of a man who spent eleven days in the Alamo mission, surrounded by a great number of bloodthirsty enemies. He, with his one hundred and seventy-eight comrades, died in the famous Alamo siege. On the last day, the Mexican forces charged at dawn, to be repulsed three successive times. On the fourth charge they beat the defenders back, and fought their advance from room to room until every

defender, with the exception of a Mexican, who was hidden in one of the rooms, was killed. The defenders died bravely, clubbing their rifles when they no longer could load them.

After winning their ghastly victory, the Mexicans piled their former foes in a huge pyre and burned them.

Mists of Karnak

(From page 21)

planation. The whole temple is pregnant with secrets that will never see the light of day."

"The secrets of the dead should be left undisturbed," said Ikhnaton.

"Is a king any the less a king in the dark?" asked Kashta. "Your words are braver in the sunshine."

"You have not told me the story," said Ikhnaton. He felt that Kashta was laughing at him.

"There are innumerable legends about the temple," said Kashta. "Most of them are too terrible to be written in the sacred records. Of these, one of the most fascinating is about Amenothès. His reign was back in the Middle Kingdom. You undoubtedly remember part of the story from the inscriptions that were left at Luxor. But the unrecorded part of the story is the most interesting. Like you, he married a very beautiful woman, and the legend says that he loved her passionately—as you undoubtedly love Nofretete. But, strange as it may seem, she also loved him."

"Strange indeed," muttered Ikhnaton.

"Unfortunately, Amenothès had within him the desire to know truth. He was not unlike myself in this respect, except that I have no burdensome woman between me and happiness."

Ikhnaton said nothing in the pause that followed.

"Under the guidance of an astrologer of this temple, he became versed in the study of the stars. Just another instance, Ikhnaton, of a king that wished to be a prophet! One night when Amenothès was on the

roof, the stars told him strange, unbelievable things. He returned to the palace, to find his wife with another man. The legend has it that after killing the other man, he laid a curse on her, saying that as a penalty she should go through life after life with the man of her choice. He returned to Karnak, stopping at the sacred lake to wash the blood from his hands. She followed him, but something prompted her to step into the lake. The water is very deep close to the east side of the lake, and she drowned there. Perhaps she had no wish to live; and again it might have been divine retribution. Who knows?"

"A remarkable story," said Ikhnaton. "What happened to Amenothes?"

"The constellation of Hydra was red that night," said Kashta. "It is red as blood tonight. The night is clear, and I am going down to the sacred lake to have a look at the mist of Karnak."

"What happened to Amenothes?" persisted Ikhnaton.

"They say he jumped from the temple roof," said Kashta. "The priests say that death comes to all who desecrate the temple. Amenothes had committed murder without asking divine permission. My own idea is that he was dizzy, and that he fell off. There is no railing there."

"I would not go, if I were you," said Ikhnaton.

"And what effect could lake mists have on my blackened soul?" asked Kashta. "There are few people that have spoken so many righteous words in the presence of so many blasphemous thoughts as have I. It seems that Ra himself has been unable to settle a certain score with me." He laughed, and Ikhnaton felt a cold shiver crawling up his spine.

"Let's get out of here," said Ikhnaton.

The stone door opened . . . and closed again.

They were about to leave the room, when they heard the sound of slow measured footsteps outside the window. They passed and walked

on into silence. The faint breeze wafted through the window the poignant odor of an exotic perfume.

"Nofretete!" gasped Ikhnaton, starting toward the door.

"Wait," said Kashta, grasping his arm. "Don't act hastily. There is no plot too ingenious or too diabolical for the priests in this temple. This may be a trap. You had better stay here while I investigate."

There was no one in sight when he reached the door at the foot of the stairs. He walked toward the lake. Perhaps he would be able to see the mist. He walked confidently at first, out from the buildings, and down past the wall where he had often stood reading the inscriptions of Merenptah. When he passed the pylon, he noticed that the moon was rising. His heart started to beat faster. The statues of kings seemed to be laughing at him in the moonlight. He could see the glimmer of the lake. There was a ruffled path on the water that met the path from the land. Then he stopped suddenly. His feet were wet! He passed a confused hand over his eyes, and then, for some unaccountable reason, he knelt and washed his hands in the waters of the lake.

Then his confusion left him; he came to the realization of his ridiculous predicament. What if someone chanced to see him there! His sense of humor returned, and he retreated into the shadows. From there he looked carefully about him. There was a dark figure on the other side of the lake. He cautiously made his way back toward the temple.

The statues of kings were laughing in the moonlight, and Kashta laughed too. Ikhnaton would be frightened—he was alone with a half-wrapped corpse.

When he returned, the moon was shining through the small square window. Kashta looked amusedly at Ikhnaton, who was standing very straight and firm in the center of the room.

"As a king should stand," said Kashta.

Ikhnaton did not answer.

Kashta saw the details of the room through a red mist. The square of moonlight rested like a vague blanket over the cold body on the stone bench, and then ran up the wall. The end of a crooked branch, extending across the window, left its fantastic shadow on the wall above the body. Kashta stepped back, suddenly realizing the terrible significance of the symbol. Its crooked shadow was like that of a serpent! The shadow seemed to writhe He looked again, and there came to him memories of a time when he once wore the symbol of royalty; how he once read a strange message from the "serpent constellation," Hydra. . . . And there was another memory of an ancient curse, that was curiously connected with the poignant odor of an exotic perfume.

He turned falteringly to Ikhnaton, and peered into his pale face. On his headdress he saw the symbol of royalty, the gleaming gold of a coiled uraeus. The serpent again! Could he never free himself of that accursed symbol? He wanted to tear the writhing shadow from the wall—to blot Hydra from the sky—to trample the gold uraeus into the dust.

Ikhnaton's eyes were cold, and deep in them Kashta saw glimmerings of ancient hate.

As Kashta advanced, Ikhnaton retreated toward the wall, until his back struck the table on which lay the half wrapped body. There was recognition in his terror stricken countenance as Kashta's hands sought his throat. . . .

* * *

When the warm body dropped to the floor, Kashta's reason returned. There was blood on his hands, but he felt that he should not wash them again. And his feet were still wet. The red mist was in his eyes again. . . . There was still the redness of Hydra. Perhaps he could see better from the temple roof.

When he reached the roof, the whole sky was red, and Hydra burned like live balls of fire.

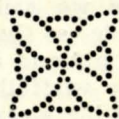
Then he heard a rustling as soft as the whispering of silk against stone.

"Ikhnaton," he called through the mist. He felt a sharp pain above his right ankle. He jerked, and kicked a writhing viper into the center of the roof.

He placed his arm over his eyes; he stumbled forward for a couple of steps. He felt dizzy.

Then he turned toward the sacred lake. There was a white mist forming and it was coming toward the temple of Karnak. A form resolved itself from the vapor, and he could smell the familiar odor of an exotic perfume. When he stepped forward to meet the advancing mist, the whiteness changed to dark. . . .

Hydra burned red in the sky.



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, Roy Burge, Harry Anderson, John S. Carroll, Edward Heuck; Art Editor, Phyllis Wood; Business Manager, Wilbur Hildreth; Advertising Manager, Mitchell Saadi; Circulation Managers: Eugene Vacher, Oliver Ross; Faculty Adviser, Miss Florence L. Smith, Associate Professor of English.

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The Best on Broadway

(From page 25)

straight hair, he would laugh and point downward to some bit of coral or shell lying on the bottom some twenty feet below, and dare me to dive with him, until I could hardly drag myself on the beach.

As I lay on the sand with him, smiling a conversation where he lacked words, I had to admire this little fellow who was not so different from our own little waifs. His lack of excessive fat showed too plainly that large meals were not the customary thing with him. But that broad smile that exposed two of the whitest rows of teeth that I have ever seen told me that his happiness in life did not depend on a meal or two.

That night, I watched him sitting on a piling as we sailed, he who could be made so happy with a gaudy-banded hat and a white shirt. He seemed so wistfully longing to go where that big steamer went, to lands where everybody had many hats and white shirts. I rather hope that he never goes away, but stays where he is and enjoys himself. And who knows? Perhaps some day I can slip back there again with another hat or two and a white shirt, and learn something else from him.

As Seen From This Issue

THE MAGIC WORD

I

Wherein the young student wishes for, attains, and uses a magic word.
*I wish that I were capable
Of a word inescapable.*

*My wish comes true. The word, now
mine,
The co-eds claim is quite divine.*

*I whisper gently in her ear,
" . . . And Whatnot, dear?"
She capitulates.*

II

Wherein the student puts his magic word to a final test. (His free

verse is now just plain bolshevik).

*My luck—so, anyway it seemed—
Had done me dirt.*

*My grade in Advanced Philology
Was but a lousy "D."*

I talked to the prof.,

Expounded with telling force

Futile phrases that came to naught.

Then an oratorical outburst

*That climaxed in one strong, fell
swoop:*

*" . . . And Whatnot, prof., and
Whatnot!"*

*The prof. then wept and sobbed, and
said, "That 'D'*

Was a clerical error.

*You were very clearly deeply
wronged.*

Your grade is 'A.'"

HO HUM.

—John S. Carroll.

Isn't that the Quetzal's tail feathers?

Well, here we are again, Vol. III, Number 3, with poetry, color, and a most worthy company of writers. Considering our age, we-*El Palenque*—are really quite youthful, bouncing up through the spring sun and rain, and the campus weeds, while our young fancy turns to—well, mushrooms, green and gold, magic, love, and anything but work. Excuse us while we gasp our last yawn. As John Carroll said above, HO HUM. . . .

Now we can score a point in our favor, by showing material submitted some months ago, which we could not then use. Next issue our readers will see us use contributions not fitting, for various reasons, in this one. That is how we have to work; we can print only those manuscripts which conform to the atmosphere we wish, the policy we have adopted, and the thankless complications of dummyming. We estimate that we have invented at least seventeen new profane epithets since we took this editor's job.

But let us turn to look at the realization of a policy we announced and started early this year. The introduction of the first research prob-

lem by a student—Roy Burge's "The Leavening of the Lump"—gives a dignity essential to a magazine like *El Palenque*, even in spring.

And we have poetry, with color. This feature—we have never intended to ignore poetry—brings two new names, Elizabeth Hesselbach and Mary Windeatt, both of whom have written much else just as charming. Mary Windeatt, in fact, has even produced for professional publication. And there is Roy Burge, shining among us this time in both prose and verse.

Four old names we have: James Lowrie, humor editor of *Campus Cacti*, and established contributor; Harry Anderson, associate editor of *The Aztec*, also an old faithful; Roy Burge, greeted above and again; and John Carroll, who introduced this column, and really needs no introduction in return. New names are many: Norbert Maurer, who, with some more similar to what he has given us, might rival Will Rogers;

Randolph Murray, whose acquaintance with Texas has given us his "Eleven Days," and, we hope, material for more work; Helen Hill, showing a mature experience with her literary ability; Ransom Eng, active in artistic fields; and Edward Heuck, a world-rambler, who writes from his own life.

For our color panels and the mushroom cut, we thank Dorothy Cook; for the initial letter, our Art editor, Phyllis Wood; and for the tree end cut, Frances Otwell.

Another thing *El Palenque* is doing is reaching for any who show interest and ability, and introducing them to publication board work. There is ability in State College. We have proved that. *El Palenque* welcomes any interest; and has been joined informally already, in fact, by a number of promising students, who, we intend, will make of *El Palenque* a tradition—not merely a *fiat* tradition, but a permanent institution of dignity,—even in spring.

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