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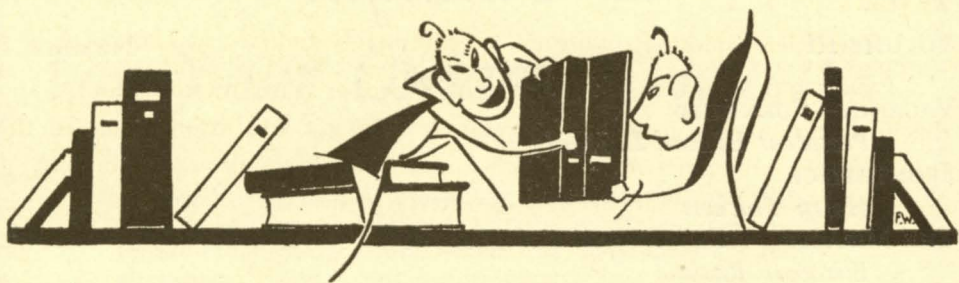
El Palenque

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Vacancy -- Furnished

PRESIDENT EDWARD L. HARDY

The sign in the window struck my mental "funny bone." In the interim involved in a curbside wait in the family car parked alongside the "chain" grocery store whence would shortly emerge a blue-smocked unit of the widely scattered personnel of "Cashencarry, Incorporated," bearing a destined carton containing miscellaneous standardized and packaged provender, I enjoyed a precious moment in playing with the ideas revolving about the paradox of a furnished vacancy. Ramsay MacDonald's "we must learn to change the furniture of our minds," wheeled into view, bringing memories of the joy of hearing the felicitous phrase pronounced in delightful voice. But the next turning of the mental wheel brought up in succession pictures of the room itself; a cheap, reed-furnished, grass-rugged, shabby room; a duco-sprayed, oleo-rugged, flashily enameled room; an odds and ends and bits room—all of these rooms furnished—and vacant.

"We must learn to change the furniture of our minds." What furniture and whose minds? The college mind, what of it—a vacancy furnished? A long and empty corridor, echoing departing clamor, with vestiges of the traffic of culture, wax-paper-wrapped, apple-cored and peanut-shelled culture?

Vacancy, furnished—furnished with noises, notes of jazz, feeble squibbs, wise-cracks, "keen come-backs," the strained hysteria of cheer leaders.

Vacancy, furnished—units, courses, curricula, majors, minors, upper division sequences and other dusty oddments.

Vacancy, furnished—applied to mental rooms, what endless lists of inventoried rubbish! Only a master could accomplish such a listing. And so, in the evening, I took down the thick black volume, confident of finding that Master Rabelais had done it. And so, I found, he had. Not directly, but most pertinently and completely in the thirty-sixth chapter of Book III, "How

Triboulet Is Set Forth and Blazoned by Pantagruel and Panurge," in which we read:

"Triboulet," quoth Pantagruel, "is completely *foolish*, as I conceive."

"Yes, truly," answered Panurge, "he is properly and totally a fool"; and this little dialogue is followed by a satiric indexing and inventoring of the furniture of Triboulet's mind, which appears in the book as a matching of doughty wits in a duet indicated somewhat as follows:

<i>Pantagruel</i>	<i>Panurge</i>
Bell-tinging fool	Civil fool
Fiscal fool	Flitting, giddy and unsteady fool
Algebraical fool	Optical and perspective fool
Model fool	Mast-headed fool
Pink and spot-powdered fool	Astrological and figure flinging fool
Pedagogical fool	Unmannerly fool
Prodigal fool	<i>Hoti</i> and <i>dioti</i> fool
Plodding fool	

According to which the champion on the left, Pantagruel, won, with the proverbial last word.

Earlier in the book, there is pleasanter reading: "How Gargantua Caused to be Built for the Monk the Abbey (College) of Theleme"; and there is a pleasant description of the furnishing of this college, which we will quote as suggesting, in a symbolic way, the proper furniture for a cultured mind. It reads:

"All the halls, chambers, and closets, or cabinets, were richly hung with tapestry, and hangings of divers sorts, according to the variety of the seasons of the year. All the pavements and floors were covered with green cloth; the beds were all embroidered. In every back-chamber or withdrawing room there was a looking-glass of pure crystal, set in a frame of fine gold, garnished all about with pearls, and was of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole lineaments and proportions of the person that stood before it."

Where, in the colleges which this Gargantuan age is building, shall I find me such a room? To what decorator of mental interiors (pupil of Plato) shall I give a commission for the changing of the furniture of my mind, a room cumbered with Victorian Whatnots and Twentieth Century Overstuffs and Menial Mechanicals? Or, shall I undertake the job myself, beginning with a spring house-cleaning of the "Vacancy-Furnished," which I call my mind? May I hope, in the "withdrawing" room of that furnished vacancy to erect a looking glass that will show me what I am and what I lack?



"As I rode through in the dead of night. . . the miracle occurred."

The Miracle

ELIZABETH RUSH

FOREWORD

Ofttimes has the tale been repeated how from the Tabard one spring morning a company of pilgrims set forth for Canterbury; but has it ever been told how, on the last morning of their journey, the merry company gathered to find that the kindly knight and his handsome young son had left in the night to hasten their steps to the shrine? And the pilgrims wondered greatly what had befallen, that the two had gone on ahead.

Sir Leon sat by the fire, reliving the years. Around the broad table of the tavern the merry company of pilgrims still sat. Their laughter was loud; their toasts were long; and the carefree young squire at the head of the board was the noisiest and merriest of the lot. The knight's eyes rested tenderly on his son's curly, bobbing head, and as he watched and listened, he saw embodied in the boy his own impetuous youth. Sir Leon feared for this son of his, filled with the reckless daring which had once led the father down paths which had no returning.

It was warm and comfortable by the fireside, however, and Sir Leon almost forgot his anxieties. The loquacious widow of Bath was right—how handsome and gay, how assured the youth was! And all day, it had seemed to Sir Leon that the living spirit which had guided him on his pilgrimage through life, had ridden beside him down leafy paths, across sunny meadows, through cool forests—the spirit of his wife, Catherine, for whom he had lived as the true knight he was—for whom he must raise this son to knighthood.

While the merry company were at meat, a group of men had come to the tavern, and now, gathered around a small table near the fireside, draining flagons of wine, they were talking in low tones—of money, of forests, of London. Words drifted to Sir Leon—then—"Gareth is a witty lad," and "His father's is a good name, suspicion will never fall on him." Sir Leon sat very still. "Oh Catherine," he prayed, "our son!"

It was hours later when young Gareth stepped noiselessly into the tavern room which he shared with his father.

"Oh, I—why father—ah—you still awake?"

Sir Leon turned from the window. "Son," he said, "tomorrow we arrive

at Canterbury."

"Yes, sire, and should you not be sleeping? It has been a long journey."

"I would rather we go on tonight," answered Sir Leon. "We can make Canterbury by sunrise."

"But father—"

"We will go tonight, my son. It is bright moonlight. I wish to tell you a tale on the way—of a time when your father was *not* a knight."

Young Gareth, facing his father in the dimly lit room, could not imagine a time when Sir Leon had not been a knight—Sir Leon, who loved chivalry, truth, honor, freedom, and courtesy—who was, indeed, a very perfect, gentle knight. Neither could the young squire imagine crossing his father. Impatiently he replied, "Very well, sir—and I must hasten to return to London—I must start tomorrow."

"You have—business—in London?"

"Why—Eleanor awaits my return."

"But you forgot—Eleanor—this evening, when you kissed the barmaid?"

Gareth flushed. "She was pretty," he said.

"A knight is ever faithful," answered Sir Leon.

"I—er—I will call John to get the horses, sir." Hastily, Gareth left the room. Sir Leon could not see his son, as he bribed the pretty barmaid, with another kiss, to deliver a hastily written note. But Sir Leon's heart was uneasy, until miles from the tavern, he and the young squire sped along through patches of dark and of moonlight.

"Son," he began then, "I have never told you why I make this yearly pilgrimage to Canterbury, nor why I especially requested that you accompany me this year. Soon I go to the far East. On Eastermass, you will be knighted. Yours, then, will be the honor to carry on—in the name of Britain, of your family—of knighthood."

A shadow crossed the young squire's face, in which were the pride and daring of the father beside him—but a daring unrestrained, self-willed. On through the night the two rode, Sir Leon continuing his story.

"Long ago, son, your forebears were of the Round Table. The fame of Sir Leon the Good was very great. His last act of knighthood, as you well know, was to kill the Green Witch of the mountains. But before the old witch died, she hurled at him a curse: 'Your son, and your son's son, and his son,' she cried, 'shall be tempted from honor. And only a miracle will save them!'"

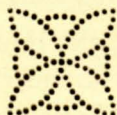
Out of a stillness Gareth asked—"And you, father, were you ever tempted?"

"I was very young," Sir Leon replied. "I was hot-headed and daring, and I loved your mother above all else. It was for her, I thought, that I risked—I wanted for her, castles and jewels—the finest in all the world. A man of the court came to me—a respected man—who offered wealth beyond dreams. I was to put out of the way a man beloved of all the kingdom. Blinded by the gold—the lies—my security in my father's good name, forgetting the curse, I started to carry out the deed. My way lay beyond Canterbury. As I rode through in the dead of the night—as I passed the Sacred Shrine—the miracle occurred. The miracle, my boy, was your mother. Somehow she had heard, and had hastened to follow me. As I passed the shrine, I saw her standing there—a perfect woman—tall, all moonlight, and all beauty"

The knight's voice trailed away on the little winds of the forest. He had forgotten the young squire riding beside him. The youth's face was ashen, but a wild, defiant light glinted in his eyes. The heavy pouch of money weighed down his belt. His brain reeled. After all, this wasn't murder—the friars *were* dishonest. The papers which he was to get were for land to which they had no right, anyway and if he did not go on with it now—Thomas the Feared was a merciless master. And afterwards, after he and Eleanor were married, he would make up for the deed a thousand times over. After all, it was not so *great* a crime—he *must* go on with it The purse at his belt was heavy. He had promised. He dared.

At the shrine of Thomas a Becket the knight and the squire kneeled silently. Fear, lighted by faint hope, made the knight's face old. The features of the younger man were drawn. Determination marked each line of his handsome face. His father, there in the dimness, watching the stern profile, saw a mask of grim hardness cross the boy's face. "Oh Catherine," he prayed, "our son!"

Of a sudden, as when sunbeams sparkle on cool waters, the youth's face cleared. The lithe shoulders squared. Radiance engulfed the boy. Sir Leon turned his eyes to the high altar. Standing there was the figure of a perfect woman—tall, all moonlight, and all beauty!



Trial By Faith

*A Tale of the Poor Plowman and the Parson; and why they went to
Canterbury*

ROY BURGE

The poor parson's horse shifted from a slow trot to a walk. The parson slapped the horse gently, and it trotted again. It was uncomfortable, this ceaseless bouncing up and down; but it lacked only an hour until nightfall, and already a cold wind was ruffling the puddles of the road. The road, a mere muddy track, seemed to lead interminably over the downs that rolled faintly as far as he could see in green-gray waves. Only an occasional tree, accentuating the stillness and solitude, broke from the earth to point at the stars and the sky.

The parson stood in the stirrups. Far ahead, a darker green in the fading light, a clump of trees was at last dimly visible. He settled back into the saddle. It was not far now. He fingered the pouch at his waist. Medicines for Dame Grisely, who had been ill all summer. Just two hours ago a carter traveling down to London had brought him word that she was very ill and could not live out the night. No doctors could be found. Could he come—if only to give Extreme Unction? The carter had unspanned a broken nag and lent it to the parson. "She won't go fast," he had said, "but you'll get there." It was not far now. The parson pulled his cloak tighter and bound the flap of his ragged hat to his collar. The wind was blowing harder, wetly cold. Slowly he began to tell the beads at this girdle. "*Ave Maria, gratia plena.*" Dame Grisely had been a good woman. Her children blessed her. "*Dominus tecum*", all the misfortunes of a small tenant had befallen her. Crops had rotted. Her husband had died. "*Benedictus mulieribus.* . . ."

It was just dark when the parson came to the cottage. He was very glad to dismount, for the long trot of the horse had brought pains to his back. He unsaddled the horse and put it in a small shed that leaned against the roughly boarded house. It was very cold. He knocked quickly and entered.

The long low room which was the house of Dame Grisely was almost dark. A few coals reddened the fireplace, and two candles, one at the bed of the old lady, and the other on a small table littered with remnants of supper, made a pale illumination. A man, old, bent, raised his head slowly from his arms at the noise. The parson put his medicines on the table and took off his hat. No word was spoken. The old man mutely pointed to a bed raised from the damp floor by small sticks in one corner of the room, by which a candle burned steadily.

Dame Grisely lay very still on the rough homespun of the bed. The parson thought how strangely beautiful she looked. The struggles of her life and the pains of her illness had given to the plain face, its high forehead and thin chin, the austerity and dignity of one who had fought hard and goes down fighting. Her eyes were closed and the lips were dark in the candle light. Her body, outlined by the homespun, was very still. For a long minute the parson looked at her. Here was one, good, faithful, with children in London whom she would not let be told of her illness. Why did God choose to try this one thus? The old man by the table had sunk down again and buried his face in his arms. The parson did not know who he was. It did not matter with a soul so close to death.

Taking the medicine pouch, the parson knelt on the floor by the bed. A board creaked beneath his knees, and the eyes of the woman opened. Hauntingly beautiful eyes, the eyes of a seraph in the body of a tiller of the fields. The lips smiled faintly.

"I am here, my child." The parson's voice seemed faint. The sound of the words lost itself in the dimness of the long low room.

"I have medicines to make you strong and well again." The woman was dying. "You will be out in the sun again." In a week the winter snows would pour their bitter sleet over the land. Her lips smiled again, but the eyes were sombre and a ghost of fear lay in them. Her arm moved beneath the covers, and her hand, white as the claw of a bird, fumbled with the beads at his girdle. She knew as well as he. The parson nodded his head. Fear left her eyes. He untangled the rosary from her fingers and went slowly back to the table. He had seen death a thousand times, but for the first time he shuddered at it. He was glad he did not have time to think.

The man at the table raised his head as the parson bent over the parcel and opened it. On the top lay a slender vial, chased delicately in silver. The candle light gleamed from it. The man's eyes widened as they saw it, but his tired face did not change. His eyes sought the parson's for confirmation. With the little vial of holy oil in his hand, the parson went back to the bed. He anointed the eyes that had seen the spring and the winter come The candle burned bright and steadily

It was over. With the last rites of Extreme Unction that had placed another soul in the hands of God, Dame Grisely had died. Died. The parson shook his head slowly as he sat at the little table where the candle burned. But was she dead? She had made no movement save to close her eyes, and something had taken her. That was all. He had the strange feeling that if he were to go back to the bed and speak to her, the eyes would open. The pulse

at her wrist and throat might flutter again. The gleam of his silver crucifix caught his eye. It reassured him.

Half to himself he murmured "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." He was comforted by the words. The old man across the table lifted his head.

"What?" he asked dully.

The parson lifted his voice. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." The old man shook his head. He rose, wearily. The lines of his face seemed to have deepened. The parson suddenly noticed how much like Dame Grisely he looked.

"You are her brother?" he asked. The man nodded absently. The candle flickered for a moment, then burned steadily again. He answered, "Will you sleep here tonight? I can make a bed by the fire." And without waiting for an answer he turned slowly away.

Someone knocked at the door. A man entered. He was tall and stout, with the stooped shoulders and the calloused hands of the plowman. He went up to the parson and took him by the hand.

"I am sorry, brother," he said, "to have to come. She is dead?" The parson almost shook his head, then caught himself and nodded. "Brother," the plowman said, "my son is very ill. Can you come?"

The man making the bed stopped and came over to the table. His shadow grew large on the wall. "I will be all right, parson. I will keep vigil till morning. You are needed." His voice was very steady, but low.

Slowly the parson put on his hat and tied the flaps to his cloak. He took up the little sack of medicines. As he lifted the holy oil he turned suddenly.

"Is your son very ill? What is the matter with him?" His voice was suddenly tense.

"He has fallen from a tree, and his hips are broken." The parson's voice was calmer when he answered, "Then we must go quickly." He thrust the oil deep into the parcel as if the sight of it hurt him. The mystery and wonder of death revolved slowly in his mind.

The plowman's voice broke into the silence again. "I vow to God that if my son be healed, I shall go to Canterbury in the spring and burn a candle to the holy Martyr."

The parson's face became suddenly illumined as if a lamp burned beneath his eyes.

(Continued on Page 36)

Fine Flowers

MARGARET HOUSTON

In the clanging outskirts of Cincinnati, at the very foot of Price Hill, stands a certain row of shingled, smoke-blackened houses. There is a sullen stolidness about them as they squat behind the sidewalk, as if the dingy fronts were masks to hide what waits behind. Certainly, no one is ever seen to enter flats in the rear.

It was in one of these that Mrs. Follik lived with her daughter Marya. Perhaps it was the nauseous green of the cheap paint, or perhaps the close-pressing grayness of the smoke-gray sky, or it may be that two such people always strike fire from each other. At any rate, it must have been in June that Marya and her mother looked at each other with guarded eyes and began to wonder, behind the blank front of the house.

It had been eighteen years since Mattie Follik had followed her Jon down the gang-plank, with a bundle on her head and a baby on her hip. Of that vivid young peasant girl there now remained nothing but the hot black eyes, set deep in a face of a thousand wrinkles. In the half-dark of her kitchen, she looked to be one of the scowling Three Sisters, as she wrung out her floor cloth expertly, hung it to dry on the edge of the pail, and sat back on her heels, with chapped hands hanging over her knees.

Unexpectedly she smiled at a small eye in the crack of the door, and heaved herself up. Limping on cramped feet, she reached the door and opened it to a dirty urchin on the back stoop.

"Say, Maw says I could ast ya for s'me flowers. We gotta bring a flower to school, an' us kids ain't got any."

Mrs. Follik glanced out at her sooty flowers, dim in the early twilight. Her face lit with pride.

"Sure. You come over tomorra 'fore school, an' I'll give ya some."

She spoke with the telltale sharpening of the T's and blurring of vowels that marks the European immigrant, but otherwise without peculiarity. When the child had gone, she stood leaning against the side of the door, watching Marya pick her way down the alley. Her face tightened warily. After Marya had dodged past her into the darkness of the house, she half turned in the doorway, and spoke harshly.

"Yess, I grow fine flowers. It would do you and your fine friends much good to work so. You would be too tired for this night-wandering."

With dark eyes, she stared at Marya's dim back in the gloom, and, re-

ceiving no answer, shrugged, and closed the door against the gray twilight.

Inside, Marya was humming as she hung up her cheap coat. With an affected daintiness, she preened an artificial flower on her shoulder. Her vivid little face grimaced nervously as she glanced sideways at her mother, and several times she put a hand to her pocket, only to draw it back. At last, elaborately casual, she turned into the kitchen, her breath drawn for some speech. But her mother silently pointed to the unset table and went on stirring the peasant stew. Marya's straight nose wrinkled.

"Oh, Mom!" It was almost a pleading cry, but at her mother's expectant, angry look, Marya shut her mouth and went on setting the table. Sour milk and cabbage again!

When they sat down there was silence for a little, except for the clicking of plates and spoons. Then Marya shoved her plate back and pushed a card warily toward her mother.

"Will ya sign this, Mom?"

Mrs. Follik picked up the card gingerly, by one corner, and slowly studied the numbers on it. Her tracing finger steadied on two red figures, and she looked up.

"So, you fail, eh?" The voice was heavy with anger.

Marya's hesitating "Well, you know I've been sick," went unnoticed as the sullen red piled up in her mother's face like storm-clouds. Mrs. Follik's lips and brows fell into ugly lines with a strange ease.

"You go out nights riding with friends, and bring home this! You are too fine, then, for work, with your cough, and your two silk pipe stem legs! And I, who cannot read ten words, I work to send you to get these grades!"

Marya's face whitened wearily under the tirade. She shoved back the mop of hair from her forehead and silently waited for the end. When it came, she screwed her pouting, crimsoned mouth into a semblance of defiance, but, looking at her mother's trembling anger, didn't quite dare to answer.

When the dishes were done, and the kitchen lay damp and shining under the bare light, Mrs. Follik, at the door of the bedroom, spoke more quietly.

"I am all the time afraid, Marya, that you should be like your sister. I did not tell you. She is here now, and all I can do for her is not to tell the police!" The voice became wheedling, suspicious.

"Marya, what do you do out there with your friends?"

Marya looked at the black eyes burning slowly in the shrewd old peasant face, and shrugged her thin shoulders.

"Aw, you wouldn't understand. I've told you a hunnerd times that we dance, and laugh, and—and *talk*. But you always think we must do somethin' awful." With a sudden lilt in her voice, she turned the subject to the faded

little bird in a battered cage over the sink. "Say, Mom, when do you suppose those eggs'll hatch?"

Her mother's voice softened too. "Pret' soon!" The slow-drawn syllables crooned away into a yawn, and Mrs. Follik turned into the bedroom. Alone in the shining kitchen, Marya whirled in a silent little dance, snapped out the light, and slipped out to the back stoop. There, in the warm darkness, her face glowed dimly, like a white rose, when Michael came. Mrs. Follik, sleeping inside, did not hear the slow murmur of their voices.

The next evening, Mrs. Follik, home from work, stood looking at the bird cage with darkening eyes. Two little scraps of birdlings had long since given up life as a bad job, and the other yawned its enormous bill but feebly, while the mother flitted her feathers in another corner.

Again her face fell into the grooved lines of fury. There is something sickening to most people about an anger that desires to kill. Some such primitive need of expression curved Mrs. Follik's fingers around the quivering, yellow wings. Her voice was crooning again, but with the steel under-purr of some hunting-cat.

"So you wouldn't keep your family, eh? Little *loafer*!"

The fingers tightened, and a quick snap of the wrist quieted the little, scratching claws. In cold anger, Mrs. Follik looked down at the yellow fluff in her hand. It was only after minutes that the regret crept into her eyes. . . .

* * *

At the quick knock, Mrs. Follik turned, her face setting into a mask. At the door she looked at the official envelope held out to her, with shamed eyes. Haltingly, she motioned it back to the grinning boy.

"Please—read it for me."

When he had gone, she stood fingering the paper. The police—her daughter. . . . The veins on the top of her hands had swollen, and they stood out in thick blue cords under the skin. Under them the swift tendons jerked and writhed, pulling the fingers against the paper. Outside, the cars clanged by the blank house-front, but in the kitchen there was only the rustle of the paper being twisted, and straightened, twisted and straightened by the brown fingers. For a long time, the blunt fingers jerked at that paper, until the veins shrank, and the wrinkled skin grew cold, cold.

Then, out in the smooth summer dusk, Marya came lilting home, a queer little happy-song coming with her like a cloud about her dark head. She giggled at the passing wink of the work-man next door, and pranced up the board walk, a slim, stamping shape in the darkness.

"I have no daughter who would give her sister to the police. You are not my daughter. You are worse than that other. I have no daughter."

(Continued on Page 36)

Sinaloa Scratchings

DONALD L. BRAND

If ever by chance or through academic necessity you have examined a map of Mexico, doubtless you can recall the unbroken chain of the Sierra Madre Occidental, which commences with the American border near the Arizona-New Mexico line, and forms approximately the eastern boundaries of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Nayarit, terminating abruptly in the great east-west rift of the Rio Grande de Santiago. Squeezed between the eastern Sierra wall and the western ocean, lie the lands made famous by Núñez Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado—explorers, Guzmán and Ibarra—conquerors, and such missionaries as Kino and Pérez de Ribas.

This long coastal strip of northwest Mexico has served since prehistoric times as a corridor for the passage of cultures and peoples in both directions, the most famous—because historic—being that of Spain into Arizona and California. Despite its position as the true mother of California, northwest Mexico's history has been woefully neglected since Bancroft's monumental tomes. This neglect is even more evident in the realms of archaeologic and geographic research, although the west coast of Mexico was the traditional route of the Aztecs out of the north.

In order to evaluate the problems afforded by such a large little-known region, the University of California's Geography department sent out last December a party of three (Professor Carl Sauer, Doctor Gottfried Pfeifer, and the writer) to make a half-year's geographic reconnaissance.

Debarking at Mazatlán, Mexico's greatest Pacific port, we were conveyed in a lighter the two miles from ship to shore, and there we set foot in one of the most picturesque tropical towns of America. Tall slender palms fringe the bay and the islands of the inner lagoon, which extends for miles southward to merge with mangrove *marismas*. The twin-spired church dominates the town, its pink, blue and white houses in compressed blocks occupying a rocky peninsula between bay and ocean. Along the Avenida Olas Altas, which skirts the ocean front, are the houses of Mazatlán's aristocracy, as well as the town's one tourist hotel. The local "lovers' lane" is the *avenida's* northward continuation, which curves between ocean spray and rugged cliff, with many

little offset stairways which lead to cement bowers or *glorietas* erected upon the wave-menaced rocks.

In our work around Mazatlán, we commonly started our trips in *camiones*. These are trucks outfitted with wooden cross-seats, a large top, and no wind-shield. In order to catch a *camión*, we go about nine o'clock to the heart of town—the large barnlike market—and stand on a corner until the truck with the desired destination painted on its sides comes cruising along. The driver agrees to call at our lodging place, and an hour or two later the *camión* appears, partly filled with passengers. We load on—but we do not start off yet. Our truck weaves up and down narrow streets, pitted with hog-wallows, or bumps over the cobblestones of the paved avenues, until all passengers have been collected and the truck is jammed full, with corpulent rural matrons, grubby-faced children of all ages from unweaned babies to sugarcane sucking youngsters, a husband or two, and a miscellany of chickens in cane crates, mats, baskets, *ollas*, and other household goods which seem to go wherever the owners travel. At last we are ready to depart, and out of town we drive, past the large brick brewery, the cemetery with its walls perforated with rifle loop-holes made during the defense of the town in the revolution of last year, and onto the surfaced highway which is the chief monument to Sinaloa's beloved road-making governor and political martyr, General Angel Flores. Governor Flores worked up from stevedore to general of division and leading candidate for the presidency, but died (of ground glass, it is reputed) before the election.

On one occasion we took the night train south to Acaponeta, in the state of Nayarit. Railroad travel is by classes in Mexico—the difference between first and second class being chiefly whatever exists between cushioned seats and wooden benches, together with about a forty per cent disparity in ticket cost. Being rich *gringos*, we kept our caste by riding the more comfortable and less crowded "cushions". At every stop the train was surrounded by a mob of food vendors, for the Mexican travels "on his stomach" as truly as did any of Napoleon's armies.

In the interior, away from train and truck, we traveled by mule or horse, renting the *bestias* from village to village at a *peso* (about forty-seven cents) a day per animal, with another *peso* for the *mozo* or guide. The unsophisticated natives of the interior were almost without exception a poor, courteous and kindly people. The men dressed in straw hats, cotton shirts and trousers, and leather *guaraches*. They earn a living by gathering firewood, making charcoal, growing a little corn and beans, raising a few pigs, chickens and cows, and doing occasional work on nearby *haciendas*. The women dress much after the Victorian style, with long and ample Mother Hubbards, many petticoats, cotton stockings, and shoes. Life for them is a ceaseless drudgery of

grinding boiled corn for the *tortillas* with a stone *metate* and *mano* (except in advanced centers where there are public mills termed *molinos de Nixtamal*), making salt cheese, packing water considerable distances in *ollas* balanced securely on the head, grinding coffee, boiling the never empty pot of beans, and patting out the cornmeal *tortillas*, which form the staff of life. The girls, always fully clothed, are usually kept busy looking after their younger brothers and sisters. The boys seem to lead the most carefree life, and in their earlier years make out quite nicely with but one short shirt for total costume.

Life in the country is verily the simple life. Houses usually consist of one real *adobe*-walled and palm thatched room, with a cane and matting annex for the kitchen. Pigs, chickens, dogs, and burros live with the family. Often we have been awakened during the night by hogs grunting and rooting under our cots in friendly curiosity. The local sanitary commissions consist of pigs, dogs, and buzzards, aided by the hot and dessicating sun. Baths are infrequent affairs, but when taken are in the adjacent river or *arroyo*—the men and boys going in nude, while the women and girls retain their slips.

Meals are rather stereotyped in rural Sinaloa. The common *menu* consists of corn *tortillas*, salt cheese, eggs or some kind of meat, coffee, with beans for dessert. The coffee is among the world's strongest, and is made by pouring cold concentrated coffee liquor into a glass and adding hot water. If the hostess wishes to serve a real delicacy, she will provide canned salmon or sardines. Forks and even spoons commonly are a minus quantity, and one eats both liquids and solids with the aid of broken pieces of *tortilla*, held in both hands. Throughout most of Sinaloa and Nayarit, a meal can be procured for the equivalent of twenty to thirty cents American, but in Sonora the proximity of the border has made a *peso* the flat charge for a meal—which may vary from *tortillas* and beans to soup, chicken, vegetables, and dessert. The Chinese almost invariably provide the best meals.

Despite their poverty, the people live seemingly happy lives as long as there is food of any description to be had. Dances are commonly held once a week in every community, and they are well attended. On the day of a dance, a red flag is hung over the central plaza to advertise the event. Siqueros, a sleepy little town on the Rio del Presidio, will serve as a typical example. About dusk a section of the dusty *plazuela* in front of the church was roped off, sanded, and watered. Then the local band struck up the piece of the hour, "Oiga!" and the dance was on. In the light of the one guttering gas jet above the band, the faces of the dancers seemed deadly serious but not unhappy. Doubtless manouvering *guaraches* and slippers over a sand-and-mud floor is sufficient cause for concentration. Although urged to dance, we pleaded the

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The Why, When, And Where Of College Drama

SYBIL ELIZA JONES

At Yale, one hundred years ago, Timothy Dwight said, "To indulge a taste for play-going means nothing more or less than the loss of that most valuable treasure, the immortal soul."

At Yale, today, stands the finest equipped college theatre in the world and the outstanding school of the drama in this country.

These two statements summarize the development of dramatic art in American colleges.

The worthy founders of our nation possessed a strong sense of the Socratic "dutiful good," little realization of the Aristototelean "beautiful good," and oftentimes a lack of comprehension of the Christian "loving good." Consequently they established colleges offering the dry bones of knowledge.

Later generations discovered that "that most valuable treasure, the immortal soul" was not enclosed in "dry bones"; it was not lost but enriched through human sympathy and understanding, and through wholesome cooperation in creative expression. This broadening vision introduced into college curricula subjects and activities to develop the "beautiful and loving" good as well as the "dutiful good." Among these were the cultural arts.

Dramatic art entered American colleges through various channels, yet always upon the insistent demand of youth itself. Students realized that the field of the drama afforded them rich opportunities to express hidden dreams, to create, to establish contacts with the thought and lives of other people and countries, past and present.

Twenty-five years ago there were only two professorships of dramatic literature in our colleges; today there are many. Only a few higher institutions of learning are without some course in dramatic art.

Closely allied to the literary courses in thought, but not time sequence, are those in playwriting and dramatic construction. In 1928, over one hundred and five such courses were offered in the larger colleges alone. The most noteworthy single course was one of ten weeks, offered at the University of Pennsylvania. It was conducted not by college professors, but by five playwrights outstanding in certain fields of modern drama—Lord Dunsany, Rachel Crothers, Langdon Mitchell, Jesse Lynch Williams, and Gilbert Emery.¹

¹Plays by all of these authors have been presented at State College.

The finest regular courses in playwriting and construction are those of Dr. George Pierce Baker at Yale, and Dr. Frederick Koch of North Carolina. Two of the best known playwrights trained by these men are Eugene O'Neill and Paul Green. On the Pacific Coast, Professor Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington offers the best work in these lines.

Youth demanded other phases of drama to satisfy its desire for group expression. Bringing plays to life supplied this need. The early attempts at play production were generally in one of the following ways: a classic play studied in English class was produced by a willing though inadequately equipped instructor. The results were laborious and heavy. Students wishing to "liven the old school up a bit" and save it from the curse of provincialism, introduced a "sure fire" Broadway comedy, and hired a professional coach (generally a fourth rate actor out of a job). He literally "put on the play"—hired costumes, scenery, etc., told the students how to make every gesture, speak every word, and take every position. At the performance, imitations of the hired coach cavorted around in shopworn and antiquated costumes and scenery, while their long suffering relatives and friends wondered if they would ever be the same again. The students themselves realized that they were getting nowhere.

In other colleges where the utilitarian instinct was strong, it was decided to put on a real college show, to raise money for some much needed object. Donald Clive Stuart gives an apt description of this infant prodigy—the "college show generally purported to be original but it was usually an imitation of the latest musical comedy or revue" with the proper amount of local color and favorite collegians to assure a crowd. Everything was hurried from its initiation to its completion. *Bang-Boom* and the show was on.

When it was off, the students sensed that again something was wrong. They still were not creators but imitators, and the whole matter of dramatic production had more to it than they realized. So, they fired the hired coach, formed dramatic associations, demanded production courses and a member on the faculty trained in dramatic art.

In 1928 there were over two hundred dramatic associations and societies in our larger American colleges, and courses covering every phase of dramatic production—voice, interpretation, pantomime, directing, art-directing, staging, costuming, lighting, stage-management—in short, all types of workshop and creative dramatic activities. Colleges no longer "put on plays", they make productions. From the inception of the play to its final presentation, it is the students' project, under the skillful leadership of faculty members trained in dramatic art.

After dramatic art had become a permanent factor in the curricular and

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Monkeys In The Zoo

SPENCER L. ROGERS

The Simian family group basked contentedly in the warmth of a Sunday afternoon. The head of the family declaimed eloquently on some topic of apish interest, while his spouse clasped the baby to her bosom in maternal affection. All was peace and satisfaction within the four walls of wire netting.

* * *

Papa Simian gazed out through the spaces in the wall of his home and beheld three members of another species. He fixed his attention on the paternal member of the group. He saw a black dome, under which peered a perspiring face. Projecting from the upper lip of the face there was a growth of hair shaped into an artificial symmetry. Beneath the face, there was a collar of porcelaneous texture bound in place with a gaudy hued cloth band. A tightly stuffed coat and waistcoat appeared below, each bearing useless buttons and buttonholes. A horse's tail rather than a cow's flesh was responsible for the fullness at the shoulders of the coat. The chain across the front of the waistcoat was possibly a symbol of the wearer's enslavement to the dictates of a psychic civilization. Papa Simian completed his survey of the figure by a glance at two accurate creases in a pair of trousers and two highly polished leather cases which housed the lower extremities of the creature. Through an ineffective effort of his hand to relieve the constricting effect of his collar, the individual concisely demonstrated the gravity of his sartorial burden.

Meanwhile Mama Simian had been peering out from her corner at the female of this other species. This being's head was adorned with a tightly fitted covering of warm felt. At the back of her head a burdensome overgrowth of hair was painstakingly conserved, being arranged into a knot and fixed in place with metallic fasteners, so that it might interfere as little as possible with her simple activities. The face under the hat was daubed with mineral substances of several shades, the darkest being applied to the mucosa surrounding the oral cavity. The creature wore as a bodily covering a long sweeping garment decorated with useless buttons and lacework. The waist line was established by the fiat of a fashion dictator rather than by anatomical requirements. Her foot coverings bore no conformatory relation to the structure and function of the organs, and in fact seemed to interfere to some degree with her self-locomotion.

Mama and Papa Simian together looked at the third member of the group, a young male. He was proportionately much less attired than were the parents, possibly due to the fact that with this species the hardest period of life is

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Brown Bread

EDWARD HEUCK

I have been fed on brown bread so much that I am beginning to loaf. When I say that I have been fed on brown bread, that is just exactly what I mean, for I never eat the stuff of my own free will. But brown bread is not the stopping point; if it were, I could stand that as a penance to the great God Calorie for being guilty of having an acid stomach, or whatever it is they call it. But No! Not only am I pelted with brown bread on one side, but from above I am almost drowned in a deluge of apples, oranges, prunes, and raisins; from the other sides a regular tornado of cabbages, spinach, and shredded wheat fairly sweeps me off my feet; from the ground below, there comes an upheaval of carrots, turnips, and beets that shake the very foundations of my good nature and threaten a complete demoralization of my self control. It was the last bowl of bran flakes that broke my back. One of my natural rights, my freedom of eating, is being sacrificed on the altar of modern Gastronomy. The impending crisis is upon me; therefore, as an oppressed minority, I propose to stand for these rights, intrench myself here and now, and "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The government reports that in the last twenty years there has been a gradual falling off of the numbers engaged in productive labor. It is further pointed out that where there were a hundred per cent twenty years ago, there are now only ninety eight per cent of the people engaged in building up, creating, producing, and adding to the sum total of worldly goods in existence. In other words, the last twenty years have seen two per cent turn their energies to destructive labor, to tearing down what the other ninety-eight per cent have created, to devising ways and means by which they may live on the sweat of the worker's brow. This all means that the group attempting to tell others how to live has increased fifteen hundred per cent. Two per cent of sixty million people is one million two hundred thousand, roughly speaking, and excluding from this group one million barbers, ministers, and bartenders, there is a net gain of about two hundred thousand people who are lying awake nights scheming and devising encroachments upon my liberty, who in the daytime carry out these hellish plans against me. The worst of it is that this army is constantly increasing in strength. When I was first born, their ranks had just started to increase; and as I have grown, so have they grown, always keeping enough to fight me. By the time I am ninety years old, if they do not starve me before then, and if the increase keeps in proportion to that in the

past, there will be only ten of us engaged in productive labor. Ten of us working to keep sixty million! Each of us will have six million self-appointed guardians of our health. What will happen to the world when these nine and myself die? The past history of the world is replete with the struggles of a minority who held the key to the salvation of the world, and as they felt, so I feel that it is my duty as a citizen of this world to protect its future existence, to show the light of truth to those who otherwise might be led to join the ranks of the Brown Breadists.

The Brown Breadists are a treacherous enemy, fighting in an underhanded way which enables them to creep up and take their victim by surprise before he is aware of their presence. False reason, ridicule, unprincipled followers, lies, sedition, and snooping are the guns which the unwary must face. When one sits down to a breakfast of brown bread toast, bran mush, and shredded corn, he is in reality sitting down to the same food that a farmer feeds to a cow as a filler, and to which he adds quantities of water which makes the bran swell and the cow feel full. And when one eats this food, he feels as that cow felt, the more food the more water. The Brown Breadist's bible, the calorie book, says that too much milk cannot be drunk, as one's calorie content is increased out of proportion to one's needs. Coffee is taboo. Water is the only alternative with which one may blow himself up to a comfortable size. Then when the "breakfasteur" finds that it was false reason which persuaded him that this stuff was food, and he becomes thoroughly disgusted and decides to throw away his calorie pad, he spies on the inside of his cereal box a beautiful picture of a happy man enjoying a breakfast of what seems to be strawberries. But why should a cereal company advertise strawberries? So he looks further and spies a bale or two of shredded oats hidden under the berries. Next day, sitting down to breakfast, he figures out, from his calorie sheet, the ratio of the number of strawberries per bale of hay. Fudging a little on the strawberries he starts in, and manages to finish his fodder diet. But behold, the trickery becomes apparent when in a day or so he finds that he has broken out with a crop of hives, and by the time they are gone and the "breakfasteur" is immune, he is informed that strawberries have gone out of season. Turning back to the old filler, he becomes resigned to his fate and is cured of any more detours from the track laid down by the calorie book. Once I thought I could beat the game, and persuaded the family that a good bowl of oatmeal mush would be appropriate, especially as the weather was cool and I had an extra amount of work that would eliminate the excess calories which this food would supply. The mere thoughts of my successful argument aroused all my spirits, but my good humour was only momentary, for through some sinister channel my desire had been apprehended, and through the same sources my little sister was

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Sonnets From Dust And Shadow

IRVING E. OUTCALT

W E MET where the four great highways meet, four men,
Strangers, indeed, yet kindred; in our eyes
Burned the same question. But four-fold surprise
Died in dismay at four-fold failure when
We saw what this meeting meant. The world-plain, then,
Hemmed in by the four world mountains and the skies,
Held not the Answer! Promises were lies!
We had sifted all: could one man hope again,

When four had failed? In bleak despair I turned.

My mountain of the morning—I could see
Its bulk at last. The high peak shone with snow.
Dark woodland hid my cabin home below,
Song-filled, thrilled, I knew how, with mystery.

Had I left the Answer there—unbeeded, spurned?

Dust and no Answer where the great highways meet;
I breathed the dust of deep-trod paths in vain.

Late, late, I left the crowded, futile plain,
And up, by the shadowed ways my morning feet
Had traced, I passed my cabin, cool and sweet,
To win the crest before the day should wane.

Surely the sun would friend me!—Spare the pain
Of telling: victory never is complete!

But I've ranged my forest in the sunset light;

I know my mountain, now, its crags and scars;
And from its shoulder I have seen the sea,
My gray Pacific, rising endlessly;
And darkling, by my cabin door to-night,
I'll read the Answer in the distant stars.

May 15, 1930.

Miserere, Domine

MARY WINDEATT

*Across the garth in sombre file
The humble friars go their way,
Cross and candle, book and bell,
(Miserere, Domine.)*

*All the stars are hid by clouds;
Darkened are November skies;
But the holy candle light
Is a beacon in their eyes.*

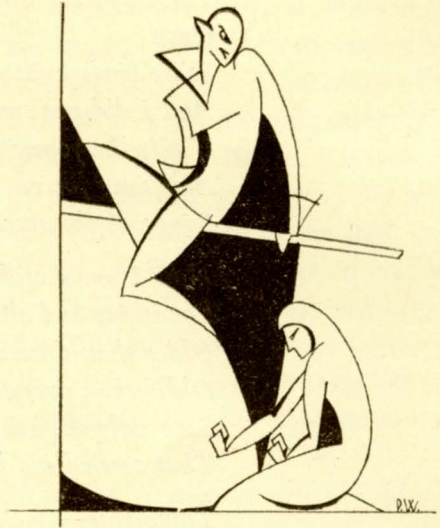
*"De profundis clamoravi . . ."
Soberly their footsteps pass;
Soon the night is peaceful, silent—
Save the wind across the grass.*

Two Of Me

ELIZABETH L. HESSELBACH

*It seems there are
Two of me*

*One of me
Sits on a fence
In a green doublet—
And laughs
And wiggles its ears
At the other of me,
Who carefully picks up
The scattered prisms
Of my heart.*



Transmigration

ELIZABETH L. HESSELBACH

*I gave myself
Unto you
And became what you might command.*

*I was a tree
Green and tall and beautifully slender;
And the sky reached down
That I might touch it,
And the clouds became tangled
In my stretching arms
And laughed quite helplessly
At my silly songs
Until the wind came
And scoldingly sent them away.*

*I was a red brick chimney
And I sat on my roof content,
Knowing my roof to be
The most beautiful of all roofs.
And I sat and smoked my pipe
And watched the sun rise in the morning
And set in the evening.
Sometimes
The very new moons would come and talk to me.
Once
Some birds built a nest on my rim
And I did not smoke,
While the young birds grew and grew
And sang for me in chirping, tiny voices
Songs of the secret things that are in the air.*

*Now I am a cliff
Lonesome and aloof, windblown, bare,
Older than time or gods,
Older than everything
Save only the sea
That carried me here.*

Tomorrow—

Babies Bother Me

Some Sidelights on the Baby Problem and How I Solved It.

JAMES LOWRIE

If they knew what I was thinking, they would stop their cooing and spitting at me. I know of nothing that looks and acts more like a slug than a fresh baby. They all look as if they would burst with a splash if pressed too tightly, and I'm not fully convinced that they won't. Seeing one of these red-faced little tipplers screwing up its face ready to moan (if it looks as if it had just swallowed a handful of shot, it's a baby; if not, it is probably something else—possibly a doll), I am thankful that there is such a thing as a maternal instinct. Say what you will about fond mothers, the kissing, jiggling, patty-cake, peek-a-boo, uppsy-wuppsy, little-fluffy mothers, it's all true, but it's one of the sound precautions of Mother Nature. If it weren't so, you know and I know that there would be a whole lot less babies who would ever live to greet the hang man.

They call it maternal instinct. I prefer to think it a form of partial or total blindness. If you are unacquainted with babies, let me tell you that when young they are tragically red and covered with fat wrinkles. Their legs are bowed, their faces contorted. They are bald. When I think that sometimes they are kissed on these bald heads, I blush, and thank God I never knew I was a baby.

To get back to babies again, if they knew what I thought of them, they wouldn't be so confidential. They stand in street car aisles and stare at me. They wobble and lurch and hold me by the leg. Perhaps they expect to be picked up and scratched behind the ear. I don't know. Anyhow, I am afraid of them. I have tried patting them on the head. Somehow it doesn't work. I am either not a natural born baby patter, or I am not a good actor. I always feel that if I could slap them like a horse, or even pat them soundly on the head, it wouldn't be so bad, but that just isn't done. Babies, it seems, are not constructed to stand slapping like a horse or patting soundly on the head. When it does become necessary to unwrap a baby from one of my legs, (this fortunately enough, isn't often now), I can feel a sickly grin freeze on my face. I try to be tender and generally poke them in the eye. I untwist one arm at a time and try not to wrench it off. After I have unfastened the same arm six or eight times, I gently heave on the back part and pull the thing off like a corn-plaster. I have never yet found it necessary to kick a baby or to walk off a street car with one sticking to me.

After prying a baby loose, there is always the problem of what to do with it. Usually there is one mother to one baby, but mothers seldom help. They

trust to the innate goodness of strangers, and expect the jaundiced eyes of their fellow sufferers to glow at sight of their children. In view of this, one has either to drop the child back into the aisle, hold it on his knee, or hand it to someone else. As I say, I am not a baby holder. Neither have I the heart to drop an infant where it may be stepped on. So I glare at the woman in the seat across from me and plunk the child in her lap. As it is not her baby, she passes it to a motherly looking woman with no children of her own, who feeds it a carrot and kisses it on the head.

It is odd, but young children seem to be semi-public property. Old women wearing bonnets poke them under the chin and feed them out of paper bags. Red faced men with mustaches jiggle them on their knee and whistle at them through their teeth. School girls stand and stare at them round-eyed. The world's an oyster for a baby.

If babies do not get you from the aisle side, they will stare blankly at you from over someone's shoulder in front. They stare blankly and dribble. They blow bubbles and froth at the mouth. They have cookie crumbs all over their chins. Once a baby ahead of me plastered a wet ginger snap all over my forehead. I wiped it off, and he followed up with a soggy cracker. The cracker caught me flush on the point of the chin and left the baby with a clear field. I am not one to argue with an armed child. I have done so, but the mother invariably intervenes on the part of her family. And believe it or not, a mother is like a wild cat with four young, masquerading behind the innocent face of a mouse. Try getting rough with a baby sometime and find out for yourself.

My experience with children has been entirely unfortunate. There was one I gave the nickel to. It had been bubbling and sizzling beside me for some time, when finally it made a pass at my necktie. It got the necktie and proved to be a hard driver. I played cavalry horse until my eyes began to bulge, but if I tried to slacken off a bit, all the fun was gone, and the young muledriver let out a dirty yell. Finally, in desperation, I tried to buy it off. I held out a nickel to it, and with a dive it picked the nickel out of my hand and speared it into its mouth. It was just my luck to have the nickel get half way down and then jam. Jam it did, and the baby started wheezing like a broken barrel organ. The mother killed me with one look and then pinched her offspring in the middle and slapped its back and finally resorted to excavating. At last, after shaking him by one foot, he regurgitated; but it was all very unpleasant.

After that I lost my morale. It took me a week to pull myself together. Even yet I dream occasionally of children clanking about full of odds and ends of metal and nickels. From my experience I would say, keep them away from automobiles. Or muzzle them.

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Macrometric Education

JOHN S. CARROLL

"If to do were as easy as it is to know what were good to be done, then princes would be kings and poor mens' cottages princes' palaces."

The above quotation is given here for use as a figurative anchor to the leeward, to keep the text of this discussion from departing too far from the mundane plane; yet the very heading, "Macrometric Education", truly exemplifies the aspirational seeking for a higher position on the educational plane that sweeps outward into life and upward into knowledge. It is the middle junctures, where this educational plane either rises into knowledge or seeks a stagnant level at the start, whereof I speak; for at these points in our scholastic lives come the need for education guidance to bridge the gaps between the junior high school—the senior high school—and college.

Dr. Uhl, in speaking of this subject, has said; "Such guidance has always been conducted—sometimes carelessly—even whimsically;" and "whimsical" seems a most apt term, expressing as it does a half-hearted attempt at guidance by people who really are more in need of guidance than those whom they seek to lead into their own private path of educational righteousness. And so the question arises; "What shall be the course that these counselors should follow?" Such a course can be and has been defined in many vague, generalistic and theoretical terms, but again an almost complete and practical definition of the best course can be found in a careful consideration of (1) the Counselor's relations with student, parents, and community, (2) the record card of the student's past work and the present record as attested by various tests, (3) the approach to, and the making of, decisions in regard to the higher education, and (4) the dangers, values, methods, and problems of guidance and enlightening advice leading to self-direction.

In order to place the discussion of these prime points upon a concrete basis, a "Type" case will be traced throughout. The Type has already received the benefit of modern guidance in the grades, and will in the junior high school, for in those schools guidance has been consistently in the fore. Soon the Type goes through a period of transition, and merges, full blown, upon the threshold of the arbitrator of his fate, the molder of his plastic career—viz., the Counselor.

The Type enters the Sanctum; in a manner conglomerate of the bold, the hesitant, the reticent, and the indifferent; there to begin a three-year period of relationship. Out of that relationship may be born a genius, a mediocre, or a dud, as the fates decree. The Counselor (a rather perfect character, I fear,)

at once takes steps that will place him on an entirely friendly basis with the Type. The personal welfare of the Type soon achieves a parity with that of the Counselor's own, and the Type, in return, places himself quite firmly in the guidance program of the Counselor.

But now another element enters into the idealistic arrangement; enter the parent, and that entrance may be inspired by rage, indignation, curiosity, or cooperation. It is the duty of the Counselor to bring about a state of affairs that will lead to cooperation. The parents have ideals and ambitions which they want realized in their child, the Type; and woe indeed to the Counselor if he cannot show them that the program being followed by the Type is, if not the same as they have already selected, an abridgment that is better. In accomplishing this act of consummate diplomacy, the Counselor must not lose sight of the fact that the environment of home and community extend limitations to aspirations that must be considered.

So enters into the fast growing list of possible complications the problem of the community. Caesar up-to-date might well say, "When in Rome, roam around like all the other Romans." In other words the Counselor must be well aware of community activities. His participations must be of such nature that the Type and his fellows will readily, even fervently, believe that the Counselor is "a good egg", "a swell guy"; and they must aspire to emulate him, not merely condescend to follow.

Suppose the Type has, in some way, transgressed. His record card, on file in the office of the Counselor, testifies against him. His general I. Q. is not on a level with that of the work done in junior high school. Not a cardinal sin, perhaps, yet entirely sufficient to bring him before the Counselor. The Counselor has carefully studied various charts, records, and the like, and from them has reached a decision which, if put into effect, would result in a drastic revision of the Type's curricula. But one more thing must be considered, namely, the extenuating circumstance of personal being. The Counselor questions the Type, hears his explanations, looks upon the problem from the view-point of the Type. Then he again places the problem in the balance. This time he finds that his previous decisions have been completely attenuated, and the Type is sent forth with admonitions as to future conduct, but with no change in program. The Counselor, being full wise, has made due allowance for the fact that, even though set laws, schedules, or regulations seem necessarily to be ruthlessly followed, the exception proves the rule. Further, the Counselor looks for express exceptions to the set rule and therein finds a completely new field of Counselor endeavor. He finds that the exceptions are catalytic agents that are ever seeking, unconsciously, to keep alive the action and reaction that prevents the field of education from becoming a reagent that produces results

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As Seen From This Issue

Lament To Exams

A VERY SAD SONNET

(With apologies to William)

*That time of year thou may'st in me
behold*

*When, in disgrace with Fortune and
men's eyes,*

*I bow my knees, which shake as if with
cold,*

*And trouble deaf Heaven with my boot-
less cries.*

*What potions have I drunk of sirens'
tears*

*At wretched errors that my pen com-
mitted*

*Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to
fears,*

As I at each exam have sat, or sitted!

*When to the sessions of sweet, silent
thought*

I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,

*And with old woes new wail my dear
time's waste . . .*

*All this each student knows; yet none
knows well*

*To shun the Heaven that leads men to
this Hell.*

—F. L. S.

At least, that is how many of us will feel. Fitting, too, in this last issue of the year, is such a brilliant faculty array. The

interest of those who know they know is what EL PALENQUE needs. But students have not been idle. There are almost enough contributions left to make another issue. With the permission of the writers, EL PALENQUE will keep certain manuscripts for next year.

We are editorial in tone this last time. All our faculty manuscripts, for instance, are of the discussion type; and EL PALENQUE gains thereby. President Hardy has accorded us the privilege of printing a special article: may he favor us similarly in the future. Miss Sybil Eliza Jones' survey of college drama is another of the type of article we determined early this year to deserve. And Mr. Brown's editorial discussion of the existing school song we think valuable because of its genuine criticism.

Alumni have been kind. Spencer Rogers always has been faithful to the worthwhile activities of State College (even to Shakespeare, whom he loathes with a burning hate). Donald Brand left some years ago, made good (as O. O. MacIntyre would say) at Berkeley, and now has accompanied a geographic-archaeologic expedition to the west coast of Mexico.

Featured in this issue is the Medieval motif. A glance at the art work, and at the stories by Elizabeth Rush and Roy Burge easily explains why. Miss Rush, of course, is prominent with *The Aztec*. Roy is always our friend—even if he has been elected to Kappa Delta Pi.

Mr. Outcalt leads the poetry division, and has permitted us to print two of his sonnets. And again we have such stand-bys as Mary Windeatt, who has not for-

gotten us for *First The Blade*; and Elizabeth Hesselbach, who appears in EL PALENQUE for the second time—not the last, we hope. Ransom Eng and Marguerite Lucas appear in a new poetic capacity; and Audrey Peterson is a new and promising participant.

Fine Flowers heads the miscellaneous list, and features our future editor, Margaret Houston, with something outstanding, which does justice to both editor and EL PALENQUE.

James Lowrie and Edward Heuck are here, we think, at their best. Both shine in their humorous moments; both are adventurers, and have seen the world at its roughest as well as at its funniest.

John Carroll's discussion of the present advisory system is our educational student written article. Though the contest we announced some weeks ago was no inspiration, apparently, to the some twelve hundred students of education, it was nevertheless not without result.

The quality of art work is maintained for us by Phyllis Wood, aided by Helen Thickett and Fennel Wallen.

And so we finish a successful year. Quality—support—finances—interest—all these are good. Next year's staff has much to work on, as well as much to improve. Miss Houston can do it.

Meanwhile, Compton Mackenzie, a prominent English writer, supports the thesis that in a century music will replace literature. To this, our prophecy is added: EL PALENQUE will then be whistling the best tunes.

Fair San Diego

Probably ninety percent of the students who sing *Fair San Diego* do so without the slightest idea of what the song means, without ever having asked themselves what the sense, if any, of any given line is. Exactly so does one parrot the lines of our old Mother Goose Rhymes,

of which one has often learned the words without knowing what they mean. The possible ten per cent who think at all on the matter have perhaps had an idea that the song is not all it might be, but, for sentimental reasons they have not wished or dared to express their ideas on the subject; for, after all, a college song is something almost sacrosanct. It might be well to examine the song from a purely logical and reasoning point of view, to see whether it will pass muster in an age that believes in frankness, sincerity, and freedom from buncombe. We shall find the words of many of the lines to be about on a par with the little rhymes children often invent when they are angry at some playmate; verses in which the only prerequisite is that the last words of the lines shall have some sort of rhyme. Let us consider the first couplet:

*Fair San Diego, we will praise
Thy name through all the coming days;*

These first lines might be passed without serious criticism, although there is some doubt in my mind as to just how many of the students who pass through our portals will "praise her name through all the coming days." Many who transfer to other schools will, I imagine, soon forget their loyalty to San Diego to transfer it to the new institution from which they will graduate. Others who fall by the wayside are not likely to remember us with an enormous amount of affection. A certain number of those who graduate will, we hope, look back to their college and college days with affection and gratitude.

*Thy faith in us will lead us on
When we have crossed our Rubicon.*

The first line expresses a very fine sentiment. Let us hope it is true. But what is the meaning of the second of these lines? Some students admit, on being questioned, that they do not know

what it means. Others have the idea it must, in some way, refer to graduation. The expression "to cross the Rubicon" goes back to the times of Julius Caesar, and refers to his crossing, against the orders of the Roman Senate, the Rubicon, a small river between Italy and Cisapline Gaul. So the expression has come to mean "to take the irrevocable, decisive step by which one is committed to a hazardous enterprise." It would seem that graduation from college hardly means the making of any great, irrevocable, and hazardous decision in one's life. For that, if referring to a career, has usually been made long before the candidate has received his degree. "Our" Rubicon suggests that this must be the one great decisive step of our lives. If, on the other hand, this line does not refer to graduation, then what on earth does it mean? I suspect it came into existence because "Rubicon" provided an easy rhyme for "on" of the preceding line.

*And though we win the world and
fame,
We'll ne'er forget thy precious name;
Far down the years as we look back,
We'll love thy scarlet and thy black.*

Of the first lines of this group, the same thing might be said of the first lines of the song. Of the last, however, one might comment that many who have graduated already will look back to "thy purple and thy gold;" while those who come here in ten years, or twenty, may be looking back to "thy orange and thy green," or almost any other combination of colors.

*Though thy old walls fall to decay
These friendships blest will live for
aye;
'Tis best to ever loving be,
Like him who taught in Galilee.*

The first couplet expresses a very legi-

timate hope which may be realized for a few of the friendships formed here.

In the second couplet, leaving aside the very badly split infinitive, there seems to be very little excuse for dragging into a college song "him who taught in Galilee." These two lines form a very silly bromide and are certainly very far from the truth.

*We walk in Godly Liberty—
Thy truth doth make us truly free.*

The first of these lines does not mean anything. What is Godly liberty? If this is the kind of liberty that God enjoys, then the line is certainly not true. And certainly our human liberty has very little about it which could be called Godly or even Godlike. Concerning the second line, it is devoutly to be hoped that most of the students will absorb at least a small portion of the "truth that makes us truly free" which the faculty are trying to cause them to absorb. If they do so, then there is sufficient justification for this line.

*Though we may die and live anew,
Fair San Diego we'll be true.*

This is, if possible, the silliest couplet of the whole song. If it has any meaning, it is that after we die and are translated to the other world, be it heaven or hell, we shall still be loyal to San Diego State College. Leaving aside the fact that we do not know whether there is any existence beyond this earthly abode, the idea that we shall carry over to some other existence such relatively small and unimportant things as college spirit, is extremely ridiculous. Those who go to Heaven might conceivably have the time and leisure to think of the pleasures of college life; but what of those of us who are in the other place? I suspect even that those of our present student body who are still *alive* let us say fifty years

from now, will have little place in their thoughts for San Diego State College. *Mortui requiescant in pace.*

The song obviously goes back to an epoch where sentimentality was more in vogue than at present. And even with sentimentalism we can have no quarrel, provided it is dignified, sane, and sensible. But it would seem that in the San Diego State College of today, a four year institution, with twelve hundred students, the time is ripe for some student or alumnus to give us a better college song than the one we now have, a song of the institution we are growing to be, and one we could sing without wondering whether those who are listening to us are as aware of its poverty as we are ourselves.

—L. P. Brown.

The Nature Addict

The true test of the hiker is his reaction to weather. The hiker passes; but weather continues. No matter how enthusiastic, man cannot sympathize with his climate. He cannot take weather flip-pantly, he cannot take it seriously; for it has beaten the Sphinx's face, it has dis-respected the straw hat.

Nevertheless, the hiker sets out ignoring—defying—the inexorable, constantly inconstant elements. He has compromised between comfort and respectability; his sweater sleeves no longer confine his arms; his trousers will not stand many more thorns; his shoes cannot fraternize with many more sharp stones. He prefers tan to a hat; he prefers wet to a rain-coat. Usually he prefers talking to listening or looking.

Noted at home for saving himself trouble, he will deliberately pick the most unkind routes—or better—make his own. Mysteriously winding paths, romantically overhung with green; wide roads skirting green hills and rubbish dumps; roughly shaven surveyors' or power line clearings; steep, enigmatical roads arousing suspicion of bootleggers—or real estate dealers—these he studiously shuns. The incurably initiated likes to pull himself up a

sixty-degree incline by precarious grass-tuft holds. He breaks through a jungle-growth of high chaparral—powdered with summer dust, beaded with winter wet. He encounters and overcomes the slippery deceit of mud, the insidious entanglement of barbed wire. By preference, his way leads him up; for there the chaparral is low, the top is level; and he has mastered.

The expert also can stop talking, point to a lately quivering blank of grey-green bush, and hiss, "Shh! a rabbit!" He comes upon last year's style in snake-skins—and takes it along. Perchance he meets Mr. Snake himself—not, however, intimately or very cordially. Then there is the inevitable grass-hopper, spry and strenuous, who imitates a distant truck; and the road-runner, whose tracks in the dust may have come or gone.

The hot blast of noon on the hilltop, the clammy draught of dusk in the valley, both delight the hiker. He feels the spice of squishing home in oozy shoes after a treacherous stone has betrayed him into the stagnant creek. He thrills to a soaked tramp through a misty soft rain or a splattery hard rain, with water dripping from his nose, from his hair, under his collar. He likes the sun to peer from the West into his eyes, and cast his bright shadow on a yellow bank.

He has drugged himself with nature; he must wear off the narcotic. And so home, emanating a tired peace, boastful health, and sharp sage.

On A Certain Condescension In Those Who Write

One of the new attitudes which authors have assumed toward their reading public of late years is that of a very noticeable condescension. In times past, writers acted, through courtesy or tradition, or some other equally out-of-date mode of thought, as if their readers were more or less of their own level of intelligence, and they spoke as if to equals. That is not to say that writing was not at times didactic. It often was, and to such an extent that many of our grandfathers must have sought their Bibles for solace.

But this thing of which I speak is something entirely different. It is an air, a twist of phrasing, a subtle wording that says, "Naturally, this is beyond your comprehension, but, take my word for it, it's true." There is much the same difference between attitudes as there is between slapping a friend on the back and telling him to take a bath.

And that is the way I often feel after reading something in the more sophisticated manner—much as if I had been caught stealing in Woolworth's, or had sneezed in an old lady's face. I read over a list of one hundred or one thousand or perhaps one million things that the average American believes (the average American being—as you are aware, a crass dullard), and when I am through I hasten to assure myself that there is of course nothing there that I believe, and I laugh to myself that there should be anyone so extraordinarily ignorant as to believe these things. I laugh to myself, but it is a weak-kneed laugh that rattles around in my larynx and ends in a cough. Then I hurriedly turn over a number of leaves and try my luck at poetry. Increasingly often, of late, it is something that runs like this:

*"The—e liQ xxxtQ le m loQ use "" x?
s—q67ue;aeaked,"*

then winds up in an extra flourish of exclamation points, asterisks, and the same little mouse still squeaking. Or if it is not a mouse, it is a

*"great round glutinous
moon,
that scratches its ankle
and humps its back
like a two-horned
tripod
on a ridge-pole;
turning
to face the dawn with a
sneer
like a handful of pea-green
glue."*

Which, of course, is all very metrical and filled with symbolism for the mind properly attuned, the only drawback being that I find it more and more difficult to keep properly attuned.

If I were normal, there is no doubt that I should learn to interpret question marks and caret marks and asterisks quite in the run of things, but I confess my dullness when I say that it is as hard for me now to appreciate their meaning as it ever has been. So when I speak, as I did at first, of condescension, it is perhaps only my own weakness that I am labelling.

But there is another phase of the matter of which I am more certain. Biographies have always played an important part in national literature, for great men are, or were, rarely great until they had passed through the hands of Boswell. Now that we have come to the point at which, looking back some hundreds of years, we can safely say, "So and so was a great man," we find that after all we have been deluding ourselves. Christopher Columbus was an arrant braggart. George Washington a dyed-in-the-wool liar, and Abraham Lincoln something of a travelling salesman. Benjamin Franklin? The first Rotarian. So there we are. And the worst of our plight is that we can't argue this matter out. If we hem and haw a bit mentally, it is only necessary to think of the author's raised eyebrow, his curled lip, to make us scuttle back into the shelter of a complete agreement. That limbo of outer darkness, the stamping ground of the average intellect, is too ready to receive those who dare defy the pragmatic.

There is only one thought that sustains me—that all this is not true. I do not mean that all these people who lift their eyebrows and look about with sneers on their faces are not right in part about the great American Commonwealth; but I do mean that their attitude is not true. They are *poseurs*, and their cynicism is a mock cynicism. Some have a deep and abiding hatred for the commonplace and the vulgar; others mock professionally, for the money, and add to the tawdry with a cheap and facile wit. Most of the latter is sham, and as such lasts only as long as its novelty. But what is good even in this literature will survive.

—J. S. L.

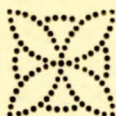
Trial By Faith

(Continued from Page 12)

"To Canterbury? God works miracles there. It is a holy place, blessed by the Most High. I too would like to go to Canterbury." In Canterbury, he thought, God may show me why . . . Then the light died from his eyes.

"Come," he said, "your son has need of us. Dame Grisely is at peace."

The old man sank down on the table again. Over his head the parson made the sign of the cross and murmured something that was lost in the silence of the room. The candles, one by the living and one by the dead, flickered in the draught from the door as the parson and the plowman left. Then they burned bright and steadily again.



To A Night Blooming Cereus

Pale drop of gold
And born
While Night lets down its velvet folds—
Art thou, of silk—so soft,
Of light—so fine,
And fragrance—that bespeaks of wine,
To be enjoyed by human eyes?
To see is but to stand transfixed
As though a miracle of God
Did here unfold.
Ah! Certainly 't would be too much
To seek a glory such as thine
For longer than one drop
Of that soft starlit curtain.

—AUDREY B. PETERSON

Fine Flowers

(Continued from Page 15)

The voice broke out above her, on the steps, the words dropping plummet-wise, falling cold in the warm peace outside.

The stillness flowed in again between the woman on the steps, and Marya, open-mouthed, below. Down the alley, a mother called her son in from play, and the tired whimper of the child drifted listlessly through the dark. A little choking sound gathered in Marya's throat, and struggled to escape. The words began again.

"You cannot come here. Go to the streets where you belong. You are bad, wandering at nights. But more than that, you are no sister to that other."

Marya drew in her breath harshly. Words banked up behind her lips, but the other voice broke up into a scream.

"Get out!"

The dim figure on the steps leaned forward, raised claw-fingered hands. Marya turned and ran, her left hand to her mouth—the hand with the bright gold ring.

Mrs. Follik turned slowly into the house. Outside, the streetcars clanged past the dingy row of houses, whose sullen fronts seemed masks to hide what waits behind.

Monkeys In The Zoo

(Continued from Page 21)

during development, as by the time maturity is reached the effect of conforming to various requirements of current usage causes physical degeneration.

* * *

The boy said: "Look at the monkeys!"

The woman said: "Aren't they funny!"

The man said: "They seem almost human!"

* * *

Papa and Mama Simian turned aside their faces, raised hairy arms to their mouths and laughed—where destiny had provided them no sleeves.

Sinaloa Scratchings

(Continued from Page 18)

unwieldiness of our boots and remained spectators. At another town, however, we were guests of honor at a dance held in a room paved with unevenly laid bricks. Here we did the honors by dancing with the daughters of the local dignitaries, all of whom danced better than the average American college woman. After the dance was over, nearly a bucket of brick dust was swept up, product of four hours of dancing. Although most of the dancers went home and to bed at three in the morning, the more convivial ones joined the band and paraded up and down the main street until sunrise, alternating between swigs from *mescal* bottles and strains from musical instruments.

Our archaeological expedition followed the group of old north-west south-east valleys of the states of Sinaloa and Nayarit, roughly parallel to the Sierra Madre, composed of old conglomerates between hills of tilted and folded metamorphic sedimentaries, which are frequently capped or marked by recent volcanoes. These old constructional valleys have been cut across by the fourteen or fifteen rivers which take their sources in the Sierra Madre. Most of the major rivers have developed flood plains and deltas which are often dotted with recent volcanic hills. These fertile and well watered river valleys form a succession of economic units, from the famous Fuerte basin of northern Sinaloa to the great Rio Grande de Santiago of Nayarit.

Archaeologically, the whole coastal river valley region was found to be rich. In the tangled *monte* of the southern valleys, we discovered numerous artificial earthen mounds and several large truncated pyramids, plentifully covered with potsherds, clay figurines, spindle whorls, stone axes, pieces of obsidian knives, and other artifacts which date from a culture

ancient at the time of the Spanish conquest in 1530. Many a human sacrifice to strange gods must have taken place on the ceremonial pyramids, while the lesser mounds probably served as refuges from the floods which at times sweep the country—such as that one which four hundred years ago drowned thousands of the Spaniards' Indian allies. The most beautiful pottery ware was found in the valley of Culiacan, a few miles down stream from that oldest of European towns in America north of Compostela. There we found several square miles covered with mounds, seemingly "melted down" *adobe* houses. The associated pottery included a highly polished and engraved polychrome ware which compares favorably with the finest of indigenous New World ceramics. One of the most interesting discoveries was that of several large clay pipes modeled on *caimanes*. I filled one up with Mexican tobacco and had the dubious satisfaction of getting "pipe drunk" with a pipe at least four centuries old.

At the river Mocorito there appeared an abrupt change in culture and speech; for the southern advance ceramic culture and use of the Mexican (Aztec) language, of which we found a few survivals in the mountains of central Sinaloa, gave way northward to the crude culture of the Cahita peoples, whose descendants are the modern Yaquis and Mayos. Having virtually completed our reconnaissance of Sinaloa, we moved camp toward the end of March into Northern Sonora where at present we have made several interesting finds relative to the *trincheras* culture of the so-called Altar desert.

Incidentally, on a day early in May, out in the famous thirsty reaches of north-western Sonora, we spent seven hours in driving our faithful Ford some three hundred yards—thanks to a nearly continuous bombardment of successive rain and hail storms, which turned the desert *playas* into great shallow lakes, and made us "all wet."

The Why, When, And Where Of College Drama

(Continued from Page 20)

extra-curricular life of the American college, then, that institution extended its dramatic activities to meet the needs of the surrounding communities. For twelve years Cornell pioneered in this work under the able leadership of A. M. Drummond, director of its university theatre. Today, every county fair in New York state has its Drama Tournament, the winners going to Cornell for the finals. The University of North Carolina has made its state the leader in school and community drama. The Carolina Play-makers have several times journeyed to Washington and New York demonstrating their activities, which have given to North Carolina the first state endowed theatre in the United States. Let us hope others will soon follow and the final dream of a national theatre be realized.

Thus, the American college has gradually developed into a creative center for educational dramatic activities. It extends its service to all people, young and old, that come within the radius of its influence, through lectures, circulating libraries, exhibits, travelling companies, written and personal advice upon plays, directing, staging, costuming, lighting, and the various phases of production.

Missouri possesses the most active state teachers colleges in this respect; and Professor C. M. Wise, formerly of Kirkville, Missouri, is rated as the most outstanding dramatic educator in the teachers college field. Educational play tours, and the tournaments conducted for high and rural schools are two of Missouri's nationally acknowledged achievements.

At San Diego State College in 1925, there was only one specialized dramatic course offered. In five years' time, through project and workshop methods, playwriting, interpretation, directing,

producing, conduct of community and school dramatics, stage design and craft, costume design, and other allied subjects have been added. We have supplied schools and organizations with plays, directors, and advice as to production details. A brief summary of last year's activities speaks for itself.

Our production schedule included two modern three-act dramas, one revival of an early American play *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, in classical and modern dress, an interclass one act play tournament (16 one acts,) one original long play and several short ones, two assembly skits, five Community Chest skits, eight one acts given for different community organizations, four publicity skits, five radio programs, and two Freshman Day plays.

Approximately ten thousand people were reached through the various dramatic activities of State College, and the sum total of participants was four hundred. Costumes and scenery were designed and made, and valuable equipment added.

Former State College dramatic students have filled and are now filling teachers' and directors' positions in these subjects in secondary schools and colleges, in the community and recreational field, as well as among religious and social service institutions.

This year to our intra-mural activities we have added inter-collegiate with our entrance into the Southern California Colleges' Tournament at Redlands. With no auditorium, inadequate equipment, and few facilities, this college has established a recognized little theatre. The future dramatic usefulness and growth of San Diego State College depends entirely upon the students themselves. The faculty can arrange a well-balanced, broad activity program in dramatic art, comparable to that in our leading state colleges, but it is the students who must carry this out. The final solution of the why, when, and where of college drama is theirs.

Queen Of Darkness

*Persephone, in the mantle of green
Broidered with gold by her own pale
hand*

*Sat in a throne carved of ivory,
Lost in a dream of a lost bright land.*

*Green, green and gold, and gesturing
dreams of a far bright land.*

*She saw there the shadow of leaf and
bough
Checquering the brightness of carpeting
grass.*

*Saw, too, the wealth of the full harvest
moon
With stateliness treading her cloud bor-
dered path.*

*Sun, sun and shade, and all the bold
freshness of new springing grass.*

*Silent and still in the soft pressing gloom,
Lost to the shadows that trembled and
swayed*

*Round the carved throne and the mantle
of green,
Sat darkness's queen in bright dreams
arrayed.*

—MARGUERITE LUCAS.

Brown Bread

(Continued from Page 23)

informed that raisins with oatmeal not only were delicious, but added, as well, some iron that was necessary for something or other. Whereupon the mush turned out to be not an oatmeal mush with a few raisins in it, but a raisin mush with a few oatmeals in it. Now cooked raisins may be all right, but I prefer mine either dry or in liquid form. However, I am not whipped; the next time that I suggest oatmeal mush, I shall do so after I have cooked it myself. That is the way it goes: when one is about to rebel against the calorie book, he is always conceded something which for the moment raises him up to new heights of delight, only to drop him immediately so hard that if he is an average man, he cannot raise himself again to opposition, but is forced to comply meekly to its demands.

SPRING.....

WARM DAYS..

.... and nothing seems to
suit the appetite.

.... Just try a light lunch.
Some Salad, some Cake,
some Cold Sandwiches,
some tasty Pastry.

.... Then life's worth liv-
ing again.

NORMAL BAKERY

W. NICHOLSON

Do you like this El Palenque?

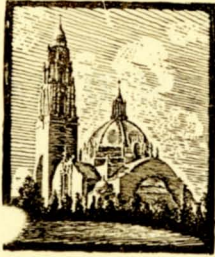
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Student's Co-op Bureau

— YOUR STORE —

If by chance this person is an extraordinary individual and does resist a first battle, he is immediately overwhelmed by a torrent of ridicule. Not only do the original followers ridicule him in public, but the weakened combatants, who have allowed themselves to be vanquished, will attempt to hide their defeat as quickly as possible by trying to identify themselves as one of the number who were formerly their oppressors. They accuse this extraordinary individual of being old fashioned. He is pointed out as an eccentric, one of the old school, an ultra conservative, a creature more to be pitied than censored. He is told that such and such a thing is not being eaten in public, or at least in polite society, any more. Good old substantial foods, such as steaks, beans, onions and garlic are made the subject of the most humiliating and compromising puns, humiliating to the man who would ever dare to think of eating such plebian food, and compromising him as connected by some shady relationship to the most monstrous of species of human beings which, one is told, because of its failure to inhibit its gastric desires, is almost extinct. One becomes like a spoon of salt in a bowl of sugar, a wet blanket to the party, a flea on a monkey, a boy out of step in a parade, a peal of laughter at a funeral. Soon the man who cannot face this ridicule, this Ha- Ha- Ha- Ha-ing, the snobbery and contemptuous pity of the majority, will be driven like a hunted and wounded beast, like a thief and a murderer, to the seclusion of some hidden lair where he may find safety and peace. He who will dare to eat a bite of old-fashioned food, and yet will not be willing to face the "Do You eat That" of his neighbor, will probably be forced to some insalubrious den of vice and crime where this food will be bootlegged, or where the diner is at least guarded from the prying eyes of the outside world while he dissipates in a bean debauchery.

The only peace now left to me is in the wee small hours of the morning, when I have finished poring over scien-

tific data with which to fight this malicious propaganda. Then I can crawl into my bed, where I dream beautiful dreams of great festive boards, heaped with hot white bread and biscuits covered with the forbidden jam; stacks of hot-cakes steaming in piles of four, sagging under an excessive load of the fattening butter; bowls of the unnutritious corn beef and cabbage; and platters of the acid-making pickled pig's feet and catsup. But lately I have been threatened with losing even this pleasure; I have a feeling that my nocturnal orgies have been detected. There is a strange feeling that comes over me in my sleep, and last night the dream came fitfully, and then quickly vanished. Could it be possible that some departed spirit has come to torment me? Every little noise awakens me in a frenzy of fear and cold sweat. Every shadow seems like a leering, peering face that is going toward my pillow, perhaps to see whether I have by chance a contraband cracker hidden under it.

Adventus

*When the white moth sleeps and the stars
come out,
When the roses slowly droop,
And the soft winds die and the shadows
fall
On the weatherbeaten stoop—
The dear loved ones come slowly home
In the light of the waning moon,
While the nation sleeps and the swallows
rest
In the hushed dark lanes of gloom.*

*When the lilies fold and the lilacs dream,
When the dew is on the trees,
And the brown bee hides and the whole
world sleeps
In the silent mystery—
The dear loved ones go slowly by
O'er the clover-spangled grass;
And the poplars hush and the brooks are
stilled,
As the faded memories pass.*

—MARY WINDEATT.



WEST COAST THEATRES

—“Where Palenque
Readers All Go—”

FOX
Fox North Park
Fox California
Fox Egyptian
Fox Fairmount

WALTER DIBB

Mfg. Jeweler

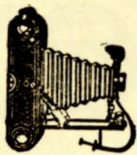
Think of us for SPECIAL
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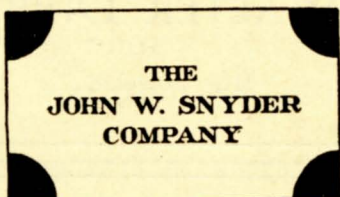
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*Some night you will awaken with a start
To find me in the shadow of your room,
A smile upon my lips, but in my eyes
The ancient memory of a bitter gloom.*

*And you will stare and gasp with blank
dismay*

*As I come forward to your oaken bed,
To haunt you with a silent, wistful look,
For all the heartless things you ever said.*

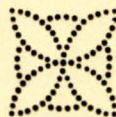
*You will be baggard in the clutch of
fear,*

*Not knowing what to think nor do nor
say,*

*But cursing in a mute and utter grief
A clever tongue forgotten how to pray.*

*And though I call you not, yet you will be
A frenzied terror, recognizing me.*

—MARY WINDEATT.



Hymn

*O mother of the world!
I love thy pale wan skies,
Thy lights that roll and rise
And tinge the pearling mists
With fairy amethyst.*

*What peace, what might is thine
When from a trembling tree
Floats crystal melody
As young larks sing.
O Dawn—thou art a lovely thing!*

—MARY WINDEATT

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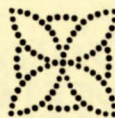


Babies Bother Me

(Continued from Page 28)

Not long ago I was forced to sit ahead of a little innocent looking curly headed tot. I had a premonition that something would happen, and as usual I was right. First I could feel hands exploring the back of the seat. Then something swished past. I sat very still and stiff-necked, hoping that I was wrong. There came a soft gurgle and a liquid, "Aag-g-g-." I sat still quieter and a little stiffer. I was hoping fervently I was wrong. I wasn't. With a "Whack!" she brought her properly moistened hand against the back of my neck. It nearly carried me out of my seat. I could feel my face flaming up to the roots of my hair. But there was the matter of dignity. I wiped off my neck and tried to be nonchalant. I even turned, trying a feeble grin. It grew feebler. It lay down and died. Then she leaned forward and blew a bubble in my eye.

As I say, my experience with children has not always been fortunate. I am afraid of them. They make me nervous. Now when I see a child with a mother attached, I get off the street car. If it is too late and they are already making for me, I put on an evil leer and lurch in my seat. Sometimes I can manage a drunken hiccough. So far this has worked. The mother looks reprovingly over her nose at me and holds Junior tight to her bosom. People around me move a little farther away and rattle their newspapers. But I am content to lose the public respect if only babies will steer clear of me. As I mentioned before, I am afraid of them. They make me nervous.



Macrometric Education

(Continued from Page 30)

indicative in no way of the personality and individuality entering. A concrete resumé of this paragraph establishes as a basis for test consideration the factors of physical being, family history, personal and development history, history of school progress, examination in school work, practical knowledge, economic efficiency, social history and reactions, moral reactions, and psychological tests. Again, however, let it be emphasized that these tests and data can more truly be looked upon, not as inevitabilities, but as probabilities.

The Type is safely past all uncertainty as to his junior high school status and is now looking forward to continuing his education in institutions of more advanced learning. His true friend, the Counselor, is still with him; and together they enter upon a study of all possible information in relation to senior high school curricula leading to college entrance. The Counselor, through a special class, or if possible, through individual cases, presents a comprehensive list of colleges and their entrance requirements in general, and the entrance requirements in particular in regard to the specified course which the Counselor and the Type have tentatively selected, after a careful survey of occupations through education.

The Type now enters senior high school and completes two years of work; besides finishing the high school course of study, lays out, with the aid of the Counselor, a tentative course of study to be followed in the freshman year of college. This course of study is laid out so as to be within the limit of the Type's ability, and is so arranged as to continue in the main, the type of work in which he is primarily interested.

In such brief fashion have we seen the Type through junior and senior high school and into college. That his educational guidance will be continued in college is but in keeping with the policies of our better colleges and universities. As we look over the program of educational guidance accorded the Type, we can see, however, certain dangers, certain values, arising from the methods and problems encountered. Of the dangers we have but to reiterate the statement against rigid, mechanical, unsympathetic guidance; failure to allow for the Type's capacity, interest, and initiative. Arising from these we have the lack of adequate exploratory apparatus and facilities, which condition exists in some schools due to educational waywardness or financial difficulties, the two usually existing together. The values of educational guidance, from the tentative orientation to the academic-career, life-career stage, are manifold. If, however, all important projects when completed are exemplifications of a definite result obtained from definite plans under definite leadership, it is easy to see and understand the true innate values of guidance under the auspices of a skilled, talented Counselor.

Without perspective, this problem of guidance is like the facets of a gem. Each one, viewed closely, seems the most important. But a more distant true perspective view locates the faceted culmination in the person of the Counselor. His is the problem to solve of relative intensities as reflected in the successes of his charge, the Type. A paraphrase might well be made thus: Inspirational counselors are not plentiful, yet every faculty should have one or more. They are hard to define—for a Counselor inspirational to one is not always so to the next. Perhaps, however, what may be known as an inspirational Counselor is one who inspires and instills a desire for true study and high attainment in a large

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percentage of the Types with whom he has contact. He makes the Type feel that he has latent ability to do great things, but that he must work and strive to do them. The Counselor helps to conceive within the heart of the Type the desire to attain, and then helps to fulfill the desire.

God, Two Candles, And A Moth

*Two candles have burned there, side by
side;
Both have burned their lives away.
I see nothing now but the black, charred
wicks
In the glow of the coming day.
The one lured a moth with its bright
warm flame;
The moth tasted brightness with its wings
And died.
Now the blood red hue of the unborn day
Shows them there, side by side.*

*The other had its flame beneath the arm
Of an old bronze statuette.
There is a blackened spot on the gilded
arm
Where the flame and metal met.
But the fire-stained arm shall be cleaned
So that Dawn shall not know of the
light
Nor shall it be known that the silver
winged moth
Flew into the candle of night.*

*But in the purple stillness of tomorrow
Another moth, its death will have met
In the flame that shall melt the polished
arm
Of the old bronze statuette.*

—RANSOM ENG.

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