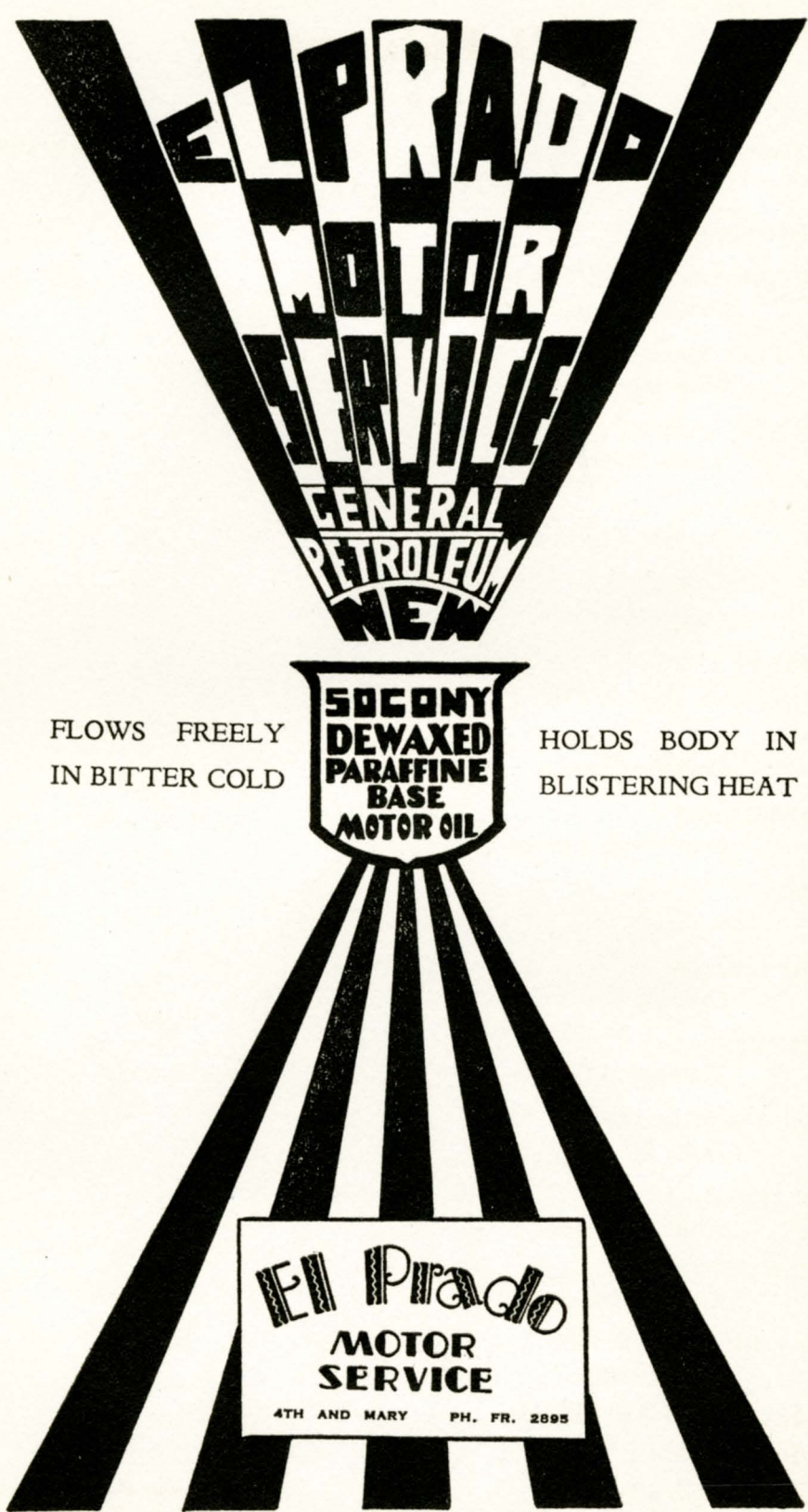


PALENQUE
EL

1931
JANUARY



EL PRADO
MOTOR
SERVICE
GENERAL
PETROLEUM
NEW

FLOWS FREELY
IN BITTER COLD

50 CONY
DEWAXED
PARAFFINE
BASE
MOTOR OIL

HOLDS BODY IN
BLISTERING HEAT

EL PRADO
MOTOR
SERVICE
4TH AND MARY PH. FR. 2895

El Palenque

VOLUME IV

NUMBER II

JANUARY, 1931

FRONTISPIECE	4
THE NEW SAN DIEGO "STATE"	5
<i>President E. L. Hardy</i>	
HOW EDEN CAME TO BE A GARDEN	7
<i>Winifred Varney</i>	
THE STRANGER AT VITEMSK	10
<i>Harriette Sargent</i>	
ILLUSTRATION	12
<i>Dorothy Cook</i>	
THE LAND OF QUIET	13
<i>Jeannette Vinton</i>	
TREES OF THE GIANT FOREST	16
<i>Dr. Alice E. Pratt</i>	
ODORS	19
<i>Dorothy Cannon</i>	
ILLUSTRATION	20
<i>Everett Gee Jackson</i>	
WINGS OF DEATH	21
<i>Sam Adler</i>	
HULA LESSONS	24
<i>Dorothy Cannon</i>	
THE WENDAGO	27
<i>Wellington Clements</i>	
FROM THE RUSSIAN	31
<i>Dolia Myshne</i>	
SUN AND MOON	31
<i>Arvilla Peterson</i>	
EMILY DICKINSON	32
<i>Eleanor Baldwin</i>	
INDIA THE WORSHIPPER	34
<i>Rose Elliott</i>	
AS SEEN FROM THIS ISSUE	37
EL PALENQUE	38

Seventy-Five Cents a Year

Twenty-Five Cents a Copy

Published quarterly by the Associated Students of San Diego State College. Entered as second class matter, July 9, 1929, at the Post Office at San Diego, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.



"We shall enter Canaan - - disciplined."

The New San Diego "State"

PRESIDENT E. L. HARDY

It is not necessary to cite the theme song with its "nest-west" rhyme, or even grand opera, with its "Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee," as evidence that there is nothing in human life more fundamental, in making that life real and valid, than the house. There are, in the list of human experiences, few more thrilling ones than the building of a new home, and not many more exciting than the actual remove to and occupancy of it. And when a college is permitted to choose a place for a new home, and to participate in the planning and building of it, all who are concerned have the opportunity to share uniquely in a collective experience that comes but once in a lifetime.

So significant is the building of our new college home that all of the State has been watching it with great interest. Sister institutions have been greatly intrigued by our good fortune. The people of our own community think of our entrance into the "new" college as one of the major events in the history of San Diego. However, we are reminded that the charms of expectation are always greater than those of realization. To this reminder, we may reply that all along, the antidote to disappointment has been present in the meeting, daily, in our program of building the new college, of minor disappointments, delays, and relegations of needs to the future, so that we shall enter Canaan quite properly disciplined by a considerable sojourn in the wilderness of a public building campaign, and with considerable prospect, also, of a sufficient number of hard trials and tribulations of adaptation to a new habitat to keep us in training. In other words, the college will continue to be so new for such a very considerable period, that living in it and contributing to its development will continue our glorious adventure.

It is fortunate that what we have yet to do will be done according to plan. The part of the college now completed indicates but two of the series of quadrangles around which future buildings will be grouped in the same style of architecture as that of the present nucleus. The structure which, in future years, will add the Music and Arts Quad., the Education Quad., the Physical Education Quad, the Commerce and Applied arts Quads, and others, to the already existing Academic Quad and Science Quad can easily be seen with the mind's eye as occupying the whole of the mesa of which the present buildings occupy only the center. In the immediate future, we expect to see the southern acres of the campus laid out in grassed playing fields, in playing courts and swimming pool, with appropriate buildings for physical education marking the middle borders. An outdoor nature theatre, an auditorium, and a student union are other projects greatly needed, soon, we hope, to be realized. From the beginning, then, and increasingly as the years roll by, we shall be

able, after breaking collegiate home ties, to return to our Alma Mater, with the refrains of the old home songs echoing in our minds and hearts.

But today we are fascinated by the prospect of the newness of our home. Will the life in it be new? Shall the wintry sun coming up from the southern sea with the new year bring us into a new day? The answer is in ourselves, and if we may believe that what we shall do in new ventures is indicated by the new things we have achieved, we have good reason to hope for new life.


"The changing college" is a favorite topic for present-day discussion. The privately endowed and administered colleges are inclined to think that they have the advantage over the state colleges in ability to hold fast to the old good and take on the new good; indeed, some of them are quite convinced that the British maxim "everything that is important is private" is well attested by them and their doings. There is a good deal of truth in this conviction, but one of the blessings of life in California is to be found in the fact that its climate is not only mild and liberal in physical fact but is kindly also to the ideas of initiative and freedom, so kindly, in fact, that the University of California is a "state within a state", and does educationally almost exactly as it pleases—is, in fact, given a constitutional guarantee of non-interference from the legislature or from any part of the public school system. The state colleges, as participants with the University in higher education, while under direct control of the state department of education, have by the wisdom of that department, been permitted to share to a very reasonable degree in the ideas of freedom and responsibility. This is as it should be, and it is our privilege and duty to conduct our college life in the interest of keeping it so. San Diego State College can honestly say that it has been a reasonably free and self-directing college, and that freedom has been reasonably extended along the line to the faculty and the student body.

What shall we do with this freedom, in our new home? The challenge to do more than we have done confronts us. Our job, as we have conceived it, has been to give the youth of this region the opportunity to become better persons and better citizens through the culture that comes from a grasp of the fundamentals in letters and science, and to become, either in preparatory ways, or in a completed training, effective specialized workers.

On the letters and science side we must improve the quality of our work; we must increase its validity in human life. On the side of specialized training, we should extend the range of our work,—upward, to cover supervision and administration as well as teaching in the elementary and junior high school fields; outward to include the fields of public service training that, like teaching, find their firm foundation in letters and science. The popular idea that any educational unit that is called a college should be a college is a sound idea, and in it we have a mandate charging all concerned in the development of San Diego "State" with a very definite responsibility for the making over of the idea into reality.

How Eden Came to Be a Garden

By WINIFRED VARNEY

AY back in the beginnin' the whole earth was full a' water. There weren't no land nor anythin' but water. In them days if a ship'd sink the sailors'd only hope that some other ship'd pick 'em up, so whenever they see'd that the ship was a sinkin' they'd throw out the rafts they'd made and had right handy, cause that was before they had life-boats. Then they'd drive in and swim to the rafts an' pray for a ship to pick 'em up.

Well, one winter there was a big storm, an' there were so many ships sunk that when it was all over there were only one ship left. Now this ship, the "Eden," she were called, cruised around a long time, but they couldn't find many men from the other ships.

The "Eden", she were a good old ship. She were about fifty foot long, with a thirty foot beam. The skipper, Cap'n Adam, he were, an' as good a skipper as ever sailed the sea, had his cabin way aft on the boat deck—raft deck they called it then. They weren't carryin' cargo then, 'cause they weren't no land to carry it to, so they didn't need but one mate to help handle the crew, but they had to have a Chief Carpenter to see that they kept the boat ship shape, 'cause if they sprung a leak they weren't no chance a' ever gettin' rescued, cause they weren't no land and they weren't no other ships neither. An' they was all the officers they had. The crew, they were scattered around the fo'c'sle an' the ship-wrecked sailors they'd picked up were 'midships, all of 'em close to the sides so's they could take good care of the ship so's she wouldn't sink, cause she was an old ship, an' she'd weathered many a storm.

Cap'n Adam were the best skipper as ever sailed the seas, an' he'd weathered all the storms as all the other ships'd go down in. A grand ole man he were, too. He used to stand in the stern of the boat an' watch the whole deck. They weren't a man he couldn't call by name, an' he allus knowed where every man was. They weren't no high poop nor no well decks in them days. They was just the raft deck an' the deck below, an' the hold. The rudder was run by a big beam for a tiller, an' it took two men to man her in calm weather, but when she hit a storm they sometimes had eight or ten. They didn't have no oars or sails or steam or anythin' like that cause they weren't goin' nowhere, just cruisin' around looking for shipwrecked sailors on their rafts, and keepin' the boat headin' in or out of the wind so's she wouldn't get caught in the trough an' get swamped.

They had big tanks settin' around to catch the rain for drinkin' water, an' they ate fish, raw, 'cause they had nothin' to burn for firewood; an' manna that used to fall every night durin' clear weather.

They sure were a happy crew, fishin', an' gatherin' manna, an' takin' turns at the tiller, an' once in a while repairin' the sides a' the boat. Ole Cap'n

Adam were a good skipper an' a God fearin' man, an' he allus gave the crew Saturday afternoon off, so's they could fix up their clothes an' such, so's they wouldn't be workin' on Sunday, 'cause as he used to tell the men, "Six days shall ye labor and toil, but on the seventh shall ye rest." An' on Sunday he'd lead the men in songs an' prayers, an' testimonials, an' such, tryin' to convert the men they'd rescued from other ships.

In them days they weren't no women, an' even if they had been, they wouldn't a' been allowed on board the "Eden" cause only the skipper's wife is ever allowed on a ship, an' Cap'n Adam never 'lowed a cap'n should do anythin' his men couldn't do. Well, they didn't have no licker 'cause the manna wouldn't ferment, an' Cap'n Adam wouldn't allow it anyway. That was afore the days a' cards an' dice, an' they hadn't no money to gamble with nohow. But though they couldn't drink or gamble, an' they hadn't no t'bacca, Cap'n Adam, he thought they was wicked, cause they weren't God fearin' Christian men.

Well, 'twere a long summer that year, an' they weren't no hard winds. an' the rain filled up the tanks, an' the fish bit, an' they had plenty a' manna. The crew got to talkin' it over, an' Isaac says:

"Boys, this here Cap'n Adam has weathered more storms, an' fed more people, an' brought his ship around better'n any other Cap'n. Why this here last winter, he was the only skipper as come out alive. He's somepin' more'n a man, he is."

"Right ye be," says Mose. "Ye 'member Cap'n Philippe, an' Cap'n Aaran, an' Cap'n Ezekiel, an' all the rest of 'em? They was all God fearin' men, but their ships sank, an' they with 'em."

An' from then on they spied on the skipper, to see if he were different as from other skippers, but nary a thin' could they find he did different as the others, so they figgered he was more powerful an' the rest, an' he commanded the storms, an' had stopped 'em comin'.

"Men," says Cap'n Adam, mad as hops, to the crew when he got wind a' it. "You're a pack a' fools! You blaspheme the name a' God! Down on your knees, every man jack a' you! Down on your knees and pray for forgiveness!"

But the men would have none a' God, for, they said, if God were powerful, he wouldn't a' let the other pious skippers sink. The Cap'n called 'em down, and swore they would all go to the bottom if they didn't act like Christians an' go ask forgiveness, but it didn't do no good, an' he finally went on off to his cabin, an' prayed for 'em, an' for himself:

"God," He says, "I don't know what's up. The men are all upset, an' I can't think what ta do. Can't ya send us a storm or somethin' to convince 'em that I'm not anythin' more'n a cap'n?"

An' God sent a storm. The winds blew, an' the seas rose. There were six men mannin' the tiller when a big sea swept three of 'em over. The manna quit fallin', an' the salt water got into the tanks. The sailors couldn't catch

any fish in the storm, an' by the time it got quiet again, their provisions were all run out, an' they didn't have no water to drink. In about a week it got quiet again, an' Cap'n Adam called the men up.

"Well," he says, "are ye convinced that I'm not God?"

'Aye, aye," says the crew, 'cause they was afraid he'd call the storm back and wreck the ship if they didn't. After that they had a care how they treated the skipper. They was mighty careful what they said, an' they allus sent the bigges' fish an' the fines' manna aft to the officers' table, more'n they ever had afore.

Sunday when Adam'd try to lead the service in praise a' God, the men'd do jus' as he told 'em so's not to make 'im mad. But God knew they was scaired of Adam an' weren't scaired a' him, so he spoke to Adam one night.

"Adam," he says, "You're a pious God fearin' man, an' I like you, but there's nary another man aboard the "Eden" as is afeared a' me. Now, Adam," says he, "I'm tired a' these men. I've had to sink all the other ships 'cause the Cap'ns weren't no good, an' now even the rescued men ain't no good either. I'm gonna destroy the whole lot of 'em, Adam, 'cept you, 'cause I like you. An' this is the way I'll do it. I'll send a big storm an' wash any man as touches the tiller overboard, an' if any of 'em are left I'll send a plague or a famine or somethin' to kill 'em off, too."

Adam was pretty upset, an' he didn't want to have all his men taken, an' leave him all alone.

"God," he says, "Can't I save 'em someway?"

God, he thought around awhile, an' then he says, "No, Adam, not unless you can convert 'em."

From that day on Cap'n Adam tried to convert his crew harder'n any man ever tried to convert another before or since. He called on his men to repent before it was too late, an' believe in God, but Cap'n Adam were only a sea-cap'n, an' he made a poor preacher. Poor ole Adam, he preached 'til he was ravin', and he raved 'til he swore, an' then he prayed 'til his voice gave out, an' he couldn't talk. But the men couldn't get over their fear a' Adam, an' start a fearin' God.

Then the storm broke. The seas were higher'n mortal man ever saw 'em afore or since, an' the wind blew a gale as could h'ist a ship clean out a' water and sail her through the air. The men at the tiller were washed over, an' all that followed 'em, 'til Cap'n Adam ordered 'em out a' the stern, an' 'tried to control the boat alone, but he was no match for the elements, an' the rudder swung around 'til he had to call for help or the seas would a' taken the boat broadside, an' swamped 'er sure. The men ran to help him, an' they got the ship headin' into the wind, an' as soon as it looked nice and quiet the wind changed, an' the rest a' the crew, now all at work on the tiller were swept,

Continued on Page 37

The Stranger at Vitemsk

By HARRIETTE SARGENT

The night was full of silver straws of rain that turned to ice and pounded heavily on the doors and the double-paned windows of the only inn Vitemsk boasted. The little town lay silent in its cosmopolitan placidness near the northern boundary of the vast and unknown taiga of Siberia.

Within, three strangers chanced to meet, and with the sudden garrulosity of men who have been long alone, two of them fell into ardent conversation.

The third man sat apart, smiling faintly, and looking upon the others with beautiful eyes that made one want to look deep into them, or else to turn quickly away in silence.

"What do I seek? Feodor Alexandrovitch? Why, adventure, nothing else! I seek it alone and seize it wherever I chance to meet it. I found it on the peaceful Volga and in the oily streets of Baku. I sought it on the Turkoman steppes and discovered it in an encounter on the oasis of Merv. On the banks of the Amu Darya I looked into the eyes of a maid and read there adventure! I stood beside Lake Baikal and looked to the north. I followed my nose in that direction. Who knows what I shall find here."

Black Ivan, the innkeeper, looked upon the two who sat before the large rough table. "Here," he muttered, "men do not speak such idle words."

"Hush, *durak*," admonished the second man, he who was known as Nicholai. "He interests us."

"Fool? *Niët!*" Black Ivan mumbled in his beard as he withdrew. "Not so much of a fool as you! Adventure! Pouf!"

"I do not like the man." Nicholai frowned darkly. "He is a fool."

Tall Feodor laughed. "The chief things wrong with the world today, my friend, are too much work, too much worry, too much dislike, and too many people. The man has done no harm to you. It was my words he criticized. But come, we should like to hear what you have to tell us, Nicholai, would we not, my friend?" He turned to the third man of the group who smiled and silently raised his hand in acquiescence.

Nicholai began:

"It is gold that I seek. Gold can buy anything."

"Bah," interrupted Feodor. "Gold cannot bring you the pleasures that

a search for adventure can. 'Gold can buy anything!' I have heard that before."

"Just because you have heard a thing so often that it bores you is no sign it isn't true," Nicholai went on.

"I started in the army but left it early."

"Deserted?" asked Feodor.

"As you will. It was at the battle of Tannenburg, I - er - took my leave. General Rannenkampf had led us to eastern Prussia. Our goal was the Vistula and to reach there it was necessary to pass through Allenstein. There we encountered woods and marshes that soon put us in a hopeless tangle. The fighting was fierce in the swamps there near Osterode—a three day battle with a quarter of a million men on either side. Von Hindenburg's superior knowledge of the bogs gave him an advantage that we soon realized, and we ceased to hope. On that last day my friends Martos and Samsonoff fell. It was too much. I sickened of it and fled that night. As you see, my escape was successful, but I have been many years reaching my goal. I finally came to Verkhayansk where I outfitted myself with the little money I had—obtained on the journey, and set out to find gold. Up and down the Lena Basin I wandered, and successfully."

"Your gold has brought you happiness?" asked Feodor.

"Enough, but I longed for the society of my own people once more, and came here with the hope that I should meet other wanderers from Russia. It is Christmas....."

The third man remained silent.

Presently Nicholai turned to him. "We have spoken, my friend. Will you not now favor us with an account of your traveling? What is it that you seek?"

The man rose and looked about him. Black Ivan shuffled in and refilled the glasses with the rye vodka. The man spoke.

"I seek nothing. It is my aim to give."

The battered clock in the corner pealed out gently. The three listeners, in their strange absorption, counted—"eight - nine - ten - eleven - twelve."

Suddenly the very lights seemed dim, and the Stranger stood tall.

"On this night you have in your hearts a desire only for gold, or adventure. There is no place for love or fellowship where such selfish thoughts fill the heart. I have what the whole world is seeking, and I give you tonight the supreme gift of peace."

The sturdy door opened silently and the Stranger disappeared into darkness that was full of silver straws of rain. And the lights were brighter in the room, and in the hearts of the men was a brightness that burned.



The Land of Quiet

By JEANETTE HELENA VINTON

Once there was a young lad who became so angry with his playmate because she talked so much, never giving him a chance to say more than three sentences at once, that he decided to seek a country where women were silent and men were rulers (if there is such a place.)

Now behind Peter's home was an alfalfa field which was fenced by a forest feared and unfrequented by all its neighbors because of wise old man Boxes' weird tale: "People have never ventured into its black depths," would begin the magician, "for it is so peaceful within that one's footsteps sound like those of a giant." At this point Mr. Boxes small blue sapient eyes would become smaller and bluer as he continued. "But if one were to go far enough he would reach the 'land of quiet'."

Peter, who had heard the story so many times, could stand on his head and recite it backwards. One night as the Pringle family sat down to the supper table, Peter's father again repeated the tale for the fourteenth time, going into infinite detail. Peter sat tense, eating his porridge slowly with his ears well open. After his father had finished, Peter drank his last glass of milk, folded his checkered napkin, and thought: "If there are women in this unseen place, are they silent; and if there are men, are they rulers?"

The next morning Peter rose before the ducks began to quack, slipped on his red sweater, mounted his pony, gray as the mice which played hide and seek in his father's attic, and started in quest for the "land of quiet." Into the forest he rode, leaving behind him the sunshine and yellow butterflies playing in a field of fresh alfalfa. The further he ventured the louder the pony's steps grew until Peter became so frightened that he turned "Jube" roundabout and started back for home. He had no sooner reached the edge of the forest than he heard Katrinka, his neighbour sweetheart, singing nonsensically and endlessly as she swung under a mulberry tree with its ripe purple berries falling into her lap and beneath her freckled feet. Peter made a second attempt into the sunless depths of the woods. This time his pony's steps sounded like four hundred and twenty horses marching on gravel instead of a single horse prancing buoyantly on moss. Peter glanced about to see if an army was following him, but there was nothing but darkness and rows of trees, solemn and stately. He took out of his left pocket a handkerchief and stuffed his left ear, but this did not help matters; for then all the noise wound its way through his right ear. Once more Peter directed his pony toward home and had not gone more than a hundred feet than he said to himself: "Even if 'Jube's' steps sound like seven thrashing machines, I am going to find the 'land of quiet'." On and on rode Peter, bravely as a knight in search for adventure, until "Jube's" steps became gentler and at last could not be heard at all. This frightened Peter more than the noise. But he had not gone far when he beheld three beautiful maidens sitting on a mossy bank beneath a fir

tree braiding their hair, black as the seven crows which were hunting for green worms but did not seem to find any. When the seven black crows saw Peter they cawed so loudly that he was again reminded of Katrinka. The three maidens stopped their braiding, and all looked up at the same time.

The first one asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Peter."

The second maiden asked, "What do you wish?"

"I am in quest for the 'land of quiet,'" said Peter proudly as he straightened up in his saddle.

"Follow the reindeer path to the right of your nose," said the third maiden, as she made a gesture toward a winding path through fir trees and shrubbery.

LL

Peter followed the trail upon which "Jube's" steps were as light as a deer. Robins, building nests, and bluebirds, courting, began to sing so merrily that for awhile Peter thought that he surely must be nearing the land of Paradise. The further he rode the more delightfully the birds sang, the sweeter the air became, and the brighter shone the sun upon whispering fir trees and wooly-tailed rabbits peeking from behind bushes. After many miles of pleasant traveling, Peter saw before him a green sea with a golden boat glittering in the afternoon sun. He leaped from "Jube" and ran toward the sea. And now the sun no longer shone, but the sky was still a vivid blue. Before him were laid bunches of wine grapes such as he had never before seen. A fairy with wings delicate as a butterfly's and with hair a lovely crimson, had come and vanished. Peter climbed into the boat, which sailed toward a mass of whiteness while he ate two purple grapes at a time, never spitting out the seeds.

After Peter had finished the last grape the sea became black and the object in the distance whiter and larger. Behind him were darkness and stillness, and above him a moon silver in the blue heavens. Before he had fastened the last button on his red sweater, the golden boat pierced into a white iceberg against which black waves splashed noiselessly. Peter ascended the berg, finding it deliciously warm and crispy, and no sooner had he appeared than twelve tall maidens emerged from nowhere and encircled him. Joining hands, the twelve maidens danced in the moonlight from left to right, and from right to left, smiling as they went but never making so much as a whisper. Poor Peter, standing in the center, looked very much perplexed and disillusioned, for he felt quite inferior beside these dancing figures in flowing robes of white and with tresses fair as the snow upon which their tender feet lightly tripped. As they continued to dance over soft snow and bell-shaped flowers, their toes and lips became pinker and their eyes rounder and bluer.

Peter looked about to see if there might be someone of his own sex, but apparently man did not exist in this strange country. At last Peter made an effort to speak. Opening his mouth real wide, he asked "Is this the 'Land of Quiet'?" But his words were neither heard by himself nor by those who encir-

pled him. Not even the billows in the sea nor the crush of frost could be heard. Indeed it was the "Land of Quiet"!

Unable to stand this calmness any longer, Peter descended from the iceberg into the golden boat. As it sailed through the night toward home, Peter glanced back at the bit of a glacier barely moving like a snow-covered ship lost at sea. Each time that he looked he could see the surface of the berg, but not a soul was in sight. What had become of the twelve tall maidens clad in white?

At last the little boat touched the edge of the forest, and no sooner had Peter gotten out than together the boat and the moonlight disappeared while the sun returned in great splendour. "Jube" was galloping back and forth in order to keep warm, for it had been very chilly near the water edge. Upon "Jube," Peter jumped, and the two started through the forest, following the reindeer path where dew drops sparkled in blades of grass. As before, the air was full of music and sweetness; Birds, in the same coquettish mood, chirped and twittered in the tree tops. Peter, however, did not hesitate, but rode forth until he came to the mossy bank beneath a fir tree where the three beautiful maidens were still braiding their hair, black as the seven crows which were still looking for green worms. When the seven black crows saw Peter they all cawed so loudly that Peter kicked "Jube" right in the ribs. "Jube" did not once stop until he reached the alfalfa field, and, strange as it may seem, his footsteps while returning home were like those of a kitten, graceful and gentle.

As Peter rode out of the forest, the first thing his eyes widened at were copper-colored curls brilliant beneath the morning sun. Katrinka was in the alfalfa field chasing yellow and brown butterflies.

"Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter Pringle," she repeatedly cried when she saw her playmate leap from his pony and run toward her. "Peter, where have you been? All morning I have looked and called for you. Last night your cow "Pumpkin" had a yellow calf and my cat "De-De" had seven kittens. They haven't opened their eyes yet, and two of them have grayish, bluish stripes, and another one is about the color of a biscuit which I named "Muffins"; and I am going to give him to you, and I'll keep the other six; "Isabella," "Timothious," "Bumps," "Bonaparte," "Buff-Puff," and "Priscilla."

Peter smiled and reached for a little freckled hand.



Trees of the Giant Forest

DR. ALICE E. PRATT

"And the evening and the morning were the first day"

It was late June when, following the good truck that bore our impedimenta, a friend's auto left us one noon at our summer campsite on a forested mountainside, at the eastern verge of the area open to campers in Giant Forest. Before sundown, platform, dressing tents and stoves were established, and our comfortable cots placed some forty feet above the main camp, where a broad ledge gave safely ample sleeping quarters, tree-circled and sky-roofed. These preparations completed, we could give eyes and hearts to our loved companions of other summers, the great trees.

Because our eastern mountain slope reflected and held the light of the western sky, we naturally worshipped toward the east at sunset. In such surroundings, as twilight approaches, one understands why to the author of Genesis the days of creation began at eventide. A deep hush of expectancy pervades the forest, soon to be followed by an ineffable golden glory. As sublimation in the laboratory lifts substances from a solid directly to a gaseous state, so does the sublimity of this sunset glory snatch the soul from the realm of earth up to the realm of spirit. All of the higher trees are touched with this glow, but long after the great sugar pines and tall firs are shadow-swept, the majestic trunks of the *Sequoia gigantea*, or Big Tree, are ruddy, and their crowns refulgent with light from the vanished sun. Watching through the sunset hour night after night, we came to have a more and more intimate friendship with the Big Trees of our vicinity, and this acquaintance was widened and strengthened by another great experience—that of approaching day after the deep peace of night.

Dawn usually begins with a translucence in the east, followed perhaps by an auroral flush. These phases we sometimes lost through not waking; but almost never did we fail to watch the kindling of the *Sequoia* torches, which in July commenced at about 5 A. M. One by one — and with closed eyes I know their marching order — twenty-three noble trees visible from our cots responded *adsum* with lighted torch to the sunrise roll-call. Then followed an impressive interval during which the glow crept ever lower down the great fluted trunks before even the tallest of the firs had caught it; though the revolving earth had borne us hundreds of miles into the rising tide of sunlight, the forest as a whole was yet in shadow. In no better way could the transcendent height of the *Sequoia gigantea* be impressed upon the mind.

"How old these giants must be!" we think, trying in vain to realize the centuries upon centuries that they have dwelt in this very spot. But in the next breath we cry "What invincible youth!" for signs of decay the Big Trees have never shown — and who can limit their future? In the presence of a living thing whose past and whose future are alike dateless, we bow our

heads. The very fact that time-limits fall away when we meditate upon these patriarchs links them with the eternities beyond time, and makes our association with them a spiritual experience.

But there are also youthful Sequoias in the Park, many thousands of them from seedlings up. We used often to pause at one charming plantation of these forest children, on the trail from Hollow Log to Circle Meadow. So different are they in their first centuries of growth from their elders that the casual observer often fails to recognize them, taking them for cedars, perchance, or white firs, because of their tapering form, and pliant, drooping boughs. The once awakened eye, however, soon learns to pick them out by their bluish-green foliage, and with the help of the Park naturalist to hazard a guess at their ages. This one, twelve or fifteen feet high, let us say, with stocky form and branches all the way to the ground, may have seen twenty-five years; while those in yonder taller group, slenderized and more perfectly conical, beginning to be free of foliage at their very base, may be nearing the century mark. Sometime in its second century each blue-green stripling will prune away all of its swaying boughs and give its strength to such permanent fruit-bearing branches as the rugged, elbowed ones whose upturned arms may be seen far above the smooth bole, under the domed crown of every Big Tree.

Up there in the blue, where it "looks at God all day, and lifts its leafy arms to pray," the giant Sequoia leads its charmed life, sanctuary of birds that brim its lofty choir stalls with matin song, host to squirrels that harvest its cones. There it opens its pale yellow and green blossoms in late winter, scattering golden pollen on the snowy forest floor; there in summer it shelters and ripens its multitude of cones; and thence it sets adrift on autumn winds its phenomenally tiny seeds. Think of a tree that may in maturity reach a diameter of thirty feet and a height of three hundred, with a probable life span of 3000 to 5000 years — think of such a monarch's living dependent for its reproduction solely upon seeds whose kernel is but half a line thick and three lines long! What an amazing thing is life!

Though the Big Tree was the chief inspirer of our Giant Forest days, other noble conifers grow beside it, some of them reaching a diameter of 10 feet or more. Among these the sugar pine and the red fir (*Abies magnifica*) were of the greatest interest to us. There is a splendid stand of the latter at an elevation of perhaps 8,000 feet, along the trail to Heather Lake. Even at a distance, their bark shows a beautiful purple tinge; and if one is fortunate enough to come upon a recently fallen trunk, one finds through and beneath the broken bark exquisite hues from rose to deep mulberry. Of the cones of this fir a good specimen is rarely found, since they go to pieces when ripe, but near Lodgepole Camp, where the government was clearing ground in August for the abutments of a new highway bridge, I came upon a felled *magnifica* of fine proportions and was able to collect a few of its scattered cones, still immature and soft, but shapely and very beautiful in coloring—outside, a soft reseda, with inner tints of ruby and madder.

For the sugar pine I have always felt a warm admiration. Muir calls it "the largest, noblest, and most beautiful of all the seventy or eighty species

of pine trees in the world, and of all the conifers second only to King Sequoia" (Our National Parks, p. 109). Its pendulous cylindrical cones, often fifteen or more inches in length borne at the tips of lofty branches horizontally outstretched, are always a fine sight. But imagine one of these majestic trees laden with maturing cones, when August's sun, having softened their abundant pitch and hung a crystal drop on the end of each, flings its prismatic radiance upon this forest chandelier. It is Fairyland!

Beware, though, of camping under the sugarpines, not simply because of dripping pitch, but lest you may happen to be in the path of a falling cone. Even little Sequoia cones descending from a height of two hundred feet may bruise one most uncomfortably, as I can testify, but how much more severe must be the impact of the heavy green cones of the sugar pine! Left to themselves these would ripen on the tree, to fall the second year when comparatively light of weight; but as soon as the tender nuts have attained some plumpness under the tight scales, the Douglas squirrel begins his raids upon them.

He scampers frantically up a tree, with a rapid cut of his sharp incisors severs the stem of cone after cone, and then descends like a bolt to earth to enjoy his plunder. One morning in late August as I started down from the ledge, I heard three thuds, and realized that the trio of cones on a young sugar pine in our precincts had met their fate. As they fell near our kitchen, we had front seats for the show. With wary but rapid dodges, the Douglas approached. A cone many times his own size once in his grasp, he ripped off its scales with incredible speed and skill, rifling each nutlet of its kernel, and then sweeping on to the next. How he scolded, and with what swift fury he fell upon another Douglas that had purloined his second cone and begun to strip it!

As evidence of his activity one finds in early September in the neighborhood of every yellow or sugar pine attractive heaps of cone scales that in drying have taken on hues of amber and persimmon. These are known as the "Kitchen middens of the Douglas" and they are as sure a sign of autumn as the goldenrod and gentians of Crescent Meadow.

Reminder too, they are, that vacation days are over!

Must we depart just as the dogwood leaves are turning pink and the meadow grasses golden? Reluctantly we fix the date when the good truck shall return from the Valley. Yes—we must go; but the speeding months will bring another summer, until which time we shall often in our dreams see the golden glory of the Sequoias at eventide and dawn, and receive anew their message of divine beauty and immortality.

Odors

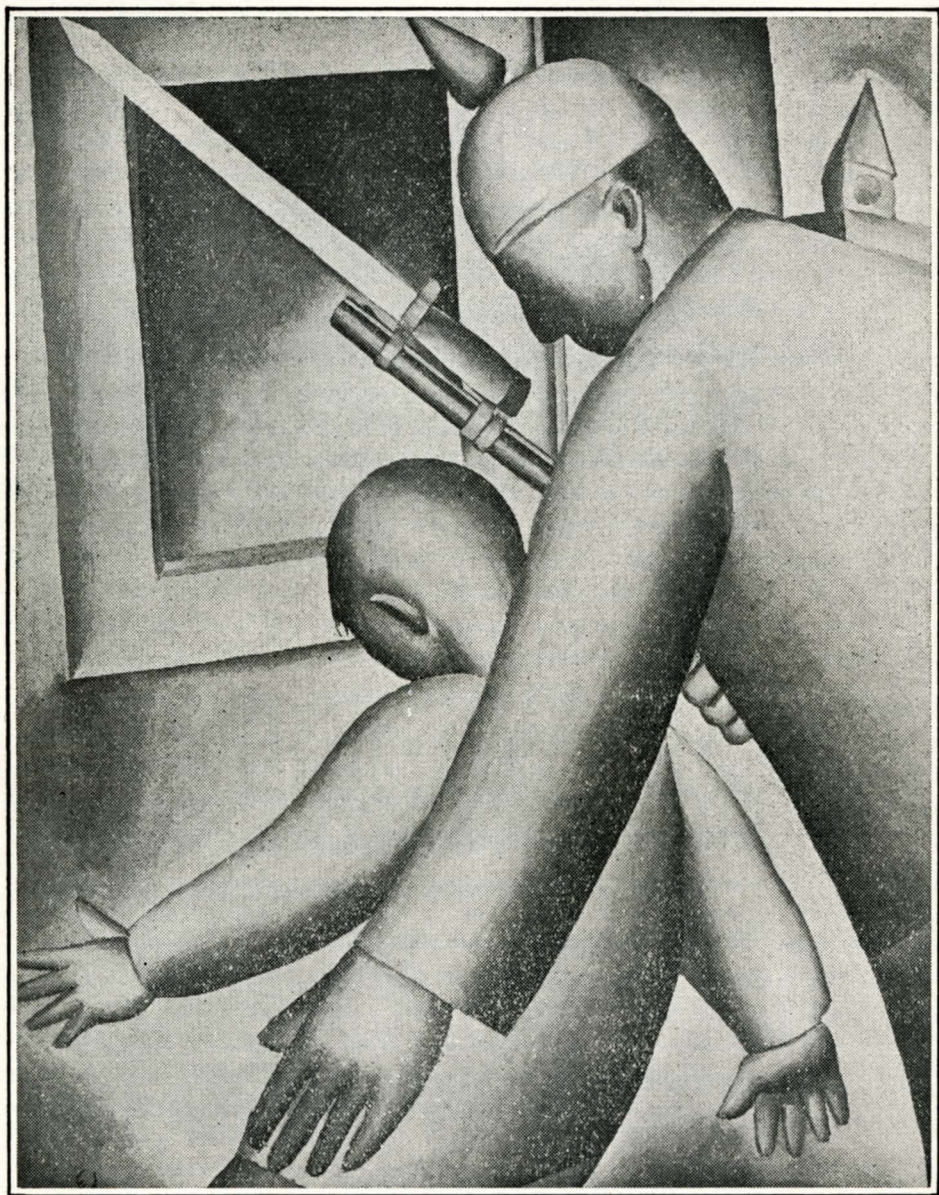


DOROTHY CONNOR

Odors make pictures in people's minds,
Of things long passed and half forgotten.
I showed a strange boy sage bloom
Waving on a hillside near a road
Where valleys spread before us
Away to a thin blue line of mountains
With a silvery sky beyond.

I crushed white leaves in my fingers,
And when he held my palms against his face,
I told him he could not forget me.
As long as sage grew on the desert,
He'd remember me, and when older friends
Had vanished into the thin blueness of the hills,
I would be close in the clean sage breeze.
He laughed, we parted, to meet only
In the careless street.

Whether desert breezes bear my image
I have never learned.
I only know that years have passed
And when wild sage sweetens the hillsides
I remember.



Wings of Death

SAM ADLER

I had not ventured more than five yards from our house when I was seized firmly by a German soldier. Where he had come from I could not guess. Before I had stepped out into the street, I had peered carefully through a narrow slit in the door and satisfied myself that the street was empty.

"You follow me! Don't squeal!" said the German peremptorily. "Where are you taking me? Let me loose! I don't want to go with you!" I screamed. We spoke two different, though somewhat cognate, languages; yet we understood each other perfectly. "Holt's 'maul!" the German ejaculated as he brandished his bayonet before my face. How quickly I comprehended and obeyed his German!

As he marched me down the desolate streets, I looked imploringly at the staring windows. I felt that many eyes were watching me as I was being shoved along by the soldier. Surely some one would have mercy on my ten years and release me from this somber fiend. But, after I had been dragged for about two blocks, the dread that had obfuscated me slowly abated, and I began to see things clearly—and to despair. In the grim, panoplied soldier I saw personified the mighty, relentless arm of Germany, in my tattered, emaciated, forlorn self I saw my weak, defenseless, dispersed people. Who would defend the weak against the strong? Would anyone of my race be so temerarious as to attempt to rescue me from a stalking, unseen, terrible fate towards which this dust-faced, sullen-eyed, creature was shoving me? No one, of course. Realizing that I was in the clutches of the inexorable I suddenly became resolute and calm—a mood in keeping with the spirit of generations of martyrs rather than with any inculcated spurious standard of bravery.

We had arrived in the large but deserted market-place when a tall, bearded, caftanned man with two buckets in his hands, stepped out of a crouching wooden house a few yards from us. He had obviously intended, while it was not yet too hazardous, to provide the house with water from the well in the center of the market-place. "Butsch," I whispered to myself when I recognized him. He was a foresighted but hapless fellow, a tender-hearted man whom we children delighted to tease, and had nick-named Butsch, signifying stork-like.

As he saw us come towards him, he stopped, and like a trapped animal, eyed the soldier. "Stop", bellowed the war-machine as, dragging me along, he hurried towards Butsch. Instantly the latter dropped the two clanging buckets and began to run. Infuriated, the German pursued, dragging me after him. I purposely held back so that Butsch might escape.

"Stop! Stop! I'll shoot!" menaced the German, but he could not fire the German rifle—not as long as he held me with one hand.

"Flee, Butsch! Run!" I spurred him on. "He can't shoot! He won't

shoot! Flee!" A few more yards and Butsch would round the corner. I was happy, contemplating how the enemy would be foiled. Then a slight accident occurred. The wind blew off Butsch's cap. As if shot, he halted, waived a second, and then ran back to pick it up. One may flee the enemy, but not the Law; and the Law enjoins that a Jew go not bare-headed!

When Butsch straightened himself, he looked into a pair of eyes as trenchant as the naked bayonet pointed at his throat. The German fulminated and cursed; Butsch regarded him with undisguised disdain. God had made him a prisoner; why was the German blustering?

After we had rounded the corner and continued eastward, we knew, without the soldier's informing us, where we were being escorted and felt relieved. An ominous rumbling had been heard all through the previous night and intermittently in the morning. The Germans were entrenching themselves in the Jewish cemetery, the only elevated terrain within the environs of the city. The Russians had done the same thing before they had evacuated. During the peaceful interim, the Jews had re-interred the exhumed bones and filled up the desecrated graves. Now the Germans, about to evacuate, were going to disturb again the dead, and even to force religious Jews to aid them.

The grim soldier, either because of spitefulness or fear of a conspiracy between a ten-year-old boy and a defenseless Jew, did not permit us to converse. As we approached the necropolis, a new fear made me sick. My mother—my God! why had it not occurred to me before?—my mother was entirely ignorant of my whereabouts. I had surreptitiously crept out of the house, after the rumbling had ceased, to see if there were any other human beings left alive besides us. My mother and grand-parents would go mad with fear and anxiety. Oh, if those people who had seen me captured by the soldier would only report it to my mother. To know that I was still alive would be some consolation to her. But would they venture out of their holes?

In the graveyard soldiers and numerous civilians, mostly Jews of all ages, were already heaving up shovels of black, moist soil in a frantic effort to improvise trenches for the German rear-guard. The streets, as far as I had seen, had all been deserted. Where could the Germans have rounded up so many civilians? I, however, was not allowed to ponder on this question too much; a long shovel, appropriated from some adjacent farm, was pushed into my hands, and, gruffly, I was told to dig with a will—if I cherished my hide. The shovel was almost twice my height and so thick that only with difficulty could I grip it. Lifting the shovel with dirt never became a problem; I could not lift the shovel itself, in the first place. But work I must; soldiers on guard marched up and down and released their pent up fears and discontent by striking Jews who showed the least signs of weakening.

My abdominal muscles ached; my back threatened to break; my arms were like over-stretched springs—they refused to contract. But on and on I labored, digging an empire for Wilhelm II on a small Jewish grave-yard in Poland. "Butsch" worked beside me, and, when the guard did not look, he took the shovel out of my hands and dug for me; then he turned back to his own section with redoubled efforts so that he should not be exposed to scur-

rilous and unconscionable punishment allotted slackers. In a low voice he told me short, wise stories which, under different circumstances, would have produced hilarious laughter, but now, diverted my mind from the horrible act I was perpetrating, desecrating a Jewish Cemetery. Oh, Butsch, dear Butsch! what a wise and tender-hearted man you were!

Occasionally a heart-breaking "Oi, Oi" was heard. The Jews did not complain audibly when they were beaten. The tragic sob meant only one thing; that with the soft, black, humid soil a Jew had exhumed some interred human organs—perhaps those of a relative. I turned sick at the cry, but thanked God I was digging in a comparatively new section of the cemetery where tombstones were few. I knew if I came across any human remains I would faint; and to be revived by the soldiers was not very salubrious. They had a very unique method of stimulating the circulation; they belabored the fainted person until he either revived or exhaled his last.

I was digging closer and closer to a tombstone. Butsch saw it and to divert my attention began anew to relate wondrous stories with feigned alacrity and celerity. But I did not hear them. My eyes were riveted on every load of soil I dug up. Then it happened. I did not cry, become hysterical, or go mad; my mesentery seemed to rip and all the abdominal viscera just sank down in confusion.

"Chemyaleh! Chemyaleh!" a well known voice brought me back to earth. Looking around I saw my Grandfather, huge, towering, and silver-haired, standing beside me. He took the shovel out of my hands and began to dig. The guard seemed not to notice it. Money had become scarce; for a few marks almost any soldier would be glad to go blind temporarily.

After the grave had been thoroughly excavated, I ventured up to my Grandfather. He explained to me his subvention. Learning from neighbors where I had been taken, he had resolved to see what he, or better said, his last few marks could do for me. Mother knew of his plan, and she would be somewhat relieved knowing he was with me. I, too, felt immensely relieved; the recent fainting moreover, had hardened me; and with my Grandfather at my side, I was not afraid of anyone—no, not even of the dead.

"Whzzzz..." came a blood curdling shriek over our heads, like the tremendous flapping of the wings of some monster-demon out of hell. With a quick jerk my Grandfather pulled me down with him into the freshly excavated grave. As I fell, I saw Butsch raise the collar of his caftan, press it close to his neck, and then dive into the empty grave beside ours. I did not laugh; it was too tragic a sight. He had done this unexplainable thing without knowing what he was doing.

"Whizzzz..." came another shriek, this time louder, and closer to us, tremulously I crept closer to my Grandfather. The earth about us seemed to heave and rock. "Shma, Yisroel, Adonoi Eloheimi, Adonoi Echad.....Hear Oh Israel, the Lord Our God, the Lord is One..." This prayer, the last

Continued To Page 36

Hula Lessons

DOROTHY CANNON

I had been in Honolulu a month, and so was eager for my first hula lesson. A month is the usual time required by a visitor to learn that the hula is not wicked; that it is lovely, but too difficult for the layman to master; that it is fun, and that she doesn't care if she can not master it—she is going to try learning it for fun anyway. When I had reached the last stage a friend presented me with the name and address of a fine hula instructor. I noted, to my surprise, that he was a man, not a woman. No one else seemed to have noticed that, so I supposed it was not important and went to him anyway.

I faced him with some misgivings. I had heard that Hawaiian hula teachers threw defenseless white people down and walked on them to loosen vertebrae and limber stiff muscles. He looked too capable for comfort. I was not sure that I liked men dancing teachers anyway. They should be lady-like, lacquered and abnormally slim. This one was disconcertingly masculine, five feet eleven and proportionately broad. His hair was wavy, tumbled, and a little gray. While he talked his face was vividly young and alive. He was telling me about Hawaii, and when he talked about Hawaii, he sparkled. He told me that he taught everything the old way, the Hawaiian way, the way of his fathers before the first missionaries came.

"In the old Hawaii," he said, "the older people taught the children very young all the things they needed to know. They taught them to do everything at first very slowly, and very carefully. They had the best canoe paddler show the boy just how the paddle should go into the water; just how he should lean and push and just how to twist the paddle in the water. The boy did it at first very slowly, then when he learned to do it just right, he went fast."

"Oh, the old Hawaiians had speed. They had speed that would surprise you. Their speed was even greater than the white man's fastest aeroplane or steamboat. Your steamboat takes many hours to go to Maui. Old Hawaii had a legend of how one of our boys came from Maui to Oahu with three strokes of his paddle, and the stones of the sea floor could be heard to rumble and roll about on the bottom with the surge of the water. Believe it or not—" (Don't blame me, that is really what he said) "but that was speed—speed and force. Even your powerful engines don't stir the stones of the sea into motion. That boy practiced first very slowly. That is how you must learn the hula."

I wondered if my hula was expected to roll the stones of the sea, and my misgivings returned. His face no longer shone. He was very business-like. He called a girl away from a typewriter and said we would begin without music, and would I take off my shoes. I took off the shoes and stood on a lauhala mat, woven from the slender palm-like leaves of a native tree. He sat down and began telling me how the motion of the feet was the basic or underlying principle of all hula steps. I could see that it would be. The girl began

to step right foot to the right side, left foot beside it, right foot to the side again, left foot away to the left, right foot beside it, left foot to the side, right foot away to the right, and so on. I tried it. My feet took the same steps but my skirt didn't do the same things. I tried stepping farther but it didn't help. He said, "No, bend your knees," I did, but the strain was terrific. When I had tried until I was ready to drop, he said, "I think you have it fairly well" and bellowed "Piilani!" I wondered if it were swearing in Hawaiian, but a little girl appeared and he said "This is my daughter, Piilani." I was relieved. She was a little girl of about nine years, and did not look mistreated, so I felt better. She smiled and went to stand directly behind me. He said, "Common motion." A small, firm brown hand clutched either side of my hips and gently but firmly pushed them out of line a little way, back again, then way out and back, then to the other side a little, and back, then way out and back.

He said "Hold her shoulders" and the girl of the typewriter held my shoulders still. "Now bend your knees." I bent them. "Now, common motion," and the small brown hands firmly pushed my torso about while my shoulders were held gently but firmly in one place. I learned to bend at the knees and the waist without moving elsewhere. I really couldn't move elsewhere—there were no other parts left that were not being held still. I was doing the hula! It took two mechanics and a pilot to make me, but I was doing it! My unaccustomed knees and spine were complaining about it—but I was doing the hula. I looked at the earnest, handsome face of the Hawaii man, then down at the small brown hands carefully pushing my weaving torso in age old motions symbolic of an ancient pagan prayer. Suddenly I thought of my Methodist grandmother and burst out laughing.

The earnest face broke into a broad smile. My teacher said, "There, she likes it, let her do it alone." My two mechanics let go, and I did the hula alone and unaided—for about three seconds, before I lost the rhythm. Everyone laughed with delight that I was pleased with their dance, and my tutor began telling me the story of the hula he meant me to learn.

The word hula is the Hawaiian word for dance, and there are hundreds of hulas, just as there are hundreds of our dances. The old hulas all had religious significance and were prayers. Some were prayers for the trade winds to blow, rather than the sultry storm-bearing Konas; some were for fruitful crops, for good health, for rain, sunshine, children, victory in battle, favor of the gods, and for the peace of Pele, the goddess of fire, who might bury them with lava from a volcano, or shake down their homes with an earthquake.

The foundation of the Hawaiians' lives were the trade wind, which gently waved the palms. They imitated that motion in their dance. Against this constant background their lives were lived, so against this background of motion they told their stories with the movement of the hands, arms and head.

The story I was to tell was descriptive of Honolulu Harbor; its beauty, peace, shelter and fame. I was to learn to step, swing my hips, hold my shoulders still, and wave my arms about, telling a story with them in symbolic gestures of unknown antiquity. I was to tell of a coral-bedded harbor, once the haven of mat-sailed out-rigger canoes but now holding smoking steamships,

sliding sampans and graceful pleasure yachts, with here and there a wistful rag-sailed out-rigger canoe dodging the leviathan craft.

As the lives of the people had changed, new symbols in motion had been interpolated among the old, to express the new situations, but never at the sacrifice of simplicity.

When my teacher was sure I understood, he bellowed again, this time for Rebecca. Another shy, brown child, a little older than Piilani, came in, followed by a small satellite, equally brown and even more shy. The satellite was, possibly, four years of age.

"Now we will have music" said my tutor. The typewriter girl went to the piano, Piilani and Rebecca moved behind me, and the satellite took up her stand in front. At a nod from their father (yes, they all were his) Rebecca, being tall enough to reach them comfortably, seized my shoulders, Piilani my hips, and I, perforce, began to hula. The small one in front of me showed me how I ought to look, the tutor told me how best to achieve that result, and my two mechanics earnestly forced my stiff body to move where it should move and remain still where it should remain still.

I retained my gravity by sheer force of will power at first, then later through weariness, though the children did most of the work. When I could do the common motion and the round motion all alone and unpushed, they began on the figure eight, carefully twisting my hips to trace a figure eight over the floor. After about the seventh try at pushing me about and letting go only to have me describe sevens, nines, and zeros rather than eights, Rebecca helpfully drew a figure eight on the floor with her finger to make sure that I knew just what they meant. Even that did not help much, so finally they gave up and decided to concentrate on my arm movements, since these really told the story.

Before I left the islands I could move my stockinged feet over the smooth lauhala mat as casually as if it had been waxed oak instead of dried leaves softened and polished by a process passed down through generations of soft-voiced brown women. I could twist my body without the aid of my two helpers who now danced beside me, though I could never hope to equal their grace and abandon. If I thought of my Methodist grandmother at all, I wondered if she rolled over in her grave with common motion or figure eight.



The Wendago

WELLINGTON CLEMENTS

It's an ill wind ----", a summer guest gave a mirthful climaxing twist to an afternoon of discussion on the cabin store porch.

"Yu vacationers know a danged sight about it dunt ya? Gad! if yu'd ever ---", the speaker broke short, set his teeth, wiggled uneasily in his chair, stared for a far-seeing moment of his rough, stubby fingers, then deliberately arose and moved almost absentmindedly down the steps. Jacques Durjet presented an impressionistic picture as he strode off, hands in pocketss, head bowed, huge shoulders drooping. The assembled "old timers" and the "city bird" sat in uneasy silence for a few moments and then awkwardly broke up.

John Warren apologetically told Gus Stevens, manager of the General Supply and Post Office, late that afternoon, of the reaction of old Durjet to his words earlier in the day, "— then he slowly got up and walked away, sort of discontented like. "Gosh, I'm deucedly sorry if I—"

"Didn't ya know about Jacques? He got caught up thar", Gus pointed knowingly to the North, "in the Wendago country three years ago. He's hardly dared breathe since."

"You don't mean that silly, superstitious stuff—."

"Don't be too sure about *that* being 'silly' and 'superstitious' ", Gus corrected. "Folks har 'bouts place a load of credit on them things. When I fust come here I sorta smiled at all their stories 'bout *The Wendago* and that—but I've come to learn that there's a load behind them stories."

"You don't mean to tell me—?", John Warren inquired hesitatingly, "—I hate to be a wet rag, Gus, but I can't make a bit of sense out of that stuff. It just—well, it makes me laugh!"

Gus Stevens set his lips disprovingly, turned his back on the "city bird", and went on sorting mail. These folks were hard for John Warren to understand.

John Warren began to understand better however, a few days later. Old Jacques, driven to desperation by the needs of his family, suddenly disappeared. It was the first time he had left home in three years—since the day he had come quivering, blubbing back from a trip into the Wendago country. He left behind a note to his wife and family which read:

"Am goin out on a huntin trip. Am going to my favrit spot. Keep happy and don't worry. If I am treadin dangrous places and takin chances, its all cause I gotta git food fer yo' uns. (Always remember that).

JACQUES DURJET.

The final sentence, which I have put in brackets, was originally part of the note, but the writer had penciled that out. A "city bird's" curiosity brought

about closer examination and its disclosure. Durjet never returned, nor little did the superstitious folk of Moose Horn, Northern Maine, ever expect to see him again, and they shuddered as they thought about it.

Before the vacation season was over John Warren was ready to listen to Gus Stevens and his "superstitious" stories. He somehow felt that he was partly to blame for old Durjet's finish—he had laughed at him in his plight. Warren insisted on the story of *The Wendago* in detail.

The Wendago country, to natives of Moose Horn, was their greatest fear and yet their very *raison d'être*. This nearby territory, famous haunt for hunters, had in addition another far greater significance among the guides and members of their families of the village. It was the *unknown, uncertain* aspect of the spot, which controlled their very life and happiness, that stood out in their minds.

There was an *indescribable, indefinite something* which haunted this game infested country. It was something impossible to picture, yet the gripping feeling of it to one caught in its hold was a certain, awe-inspiring reality. Sometimes the peace of the territory went on year after year, season upon season, without this dreadful, mysterious interference. And then it would come, tormenting some visiting hunter or guide. One of the strangest things about it all was that *The Wendago* had a distinctly personal significance. That is to say, it never bothered more than one of a hunting party; and, as true as the legend itself was the saying, "One never sees *The Wendago* twice and lives."

A few sportsmen of distant cities had experienced it and had been advised never to return. Guides, otherwise hardened and fearless, who had come in contact with *the thing*, became suddenly meek and lost all hankerings for the woods, for, "One never sees *The Wendago* twice and lives." Those who had once come into contact with it would stand quaking from head to foot as they endeavored to explain the sensation, hopelessly trying to picture that which defies description.

A story comes down to these people of the tragic end of an early settler there—De Fargo by name. The facts cannot be traced exactly, but still it hangs tenaciously on the lips of local dwellers.

De Fargo, it seems, was a reckless, irresponsible sort and a half breed. But he was known in his time as being a very good guide. He did not share in the current fears of the villagers, and was inclined to sneer at those who did. It came his lot at one time, while in the deep timber, to find himself confronted with the horror of *The Wendago*. He came back to Moose Horn a quite humiliated man and soberly walked about in silence for many days. Then, suddenly, he seemed to have an almost maniacal twist of mind. He sneered once again and poked fun once more at superstitious fellow villagers who warned him of his danger, for they knew well enough the cause of his long silence. But he was the very personification of defiance now. He would listen to no one. Those who knew and understood these things shook their heads and pitied him in his plight. Thinking of it had weighed heavily on his mind.

To the distress of his friends De Fargo soon undertook to guide again.

It was a party of three men from New York who intended to hunt in the heart of the Wendago country. De Fargo eagerly consented to pilot them. The village of Moose Horn scarcely seemed to stir the next morning late as the party set out. The silence was awful. No one spoke to anyone else; yet each villager knew in his own mind *that he was looking on De Fargo for the last time*. And he so at ease about it all!

De Fargo did not come back with the three sportsmen, nor was he ever to come back. The story of his end was told as vividly as possible by the hunters. When the party had gotten but a day past the border of the Wendago country De Fargo began to act queer. He returned to his semi-conscious state and jumped at every little noise and insisted that the wind in the trees was talking to him. That night he would not leave the fire, but sat around it keeping a lively blaze, while the others slept. He slept not a bit—at least he was sitting in that same wakeful position when morning came.

During the next day his reticence was even increased. He spoke seldom, and when he did he only muttered something about "a storm in the air" and the cursed "buzz" of the wind. Along late in the afternoon it began to get cold, and just as dusk came on snow began falling lightly. After evening mess disagreeable flurries became evident in the air and the wind began to blow high in the trees. The night was to be a lonesome one for them all, but more, much more than that, for De Fargo.

The New Yorkers decided to turn in early and insisted that De Fargo do likewise. He was weak from lack of sleep, but yet his continual vigilance and fear of *something* buoyed him up. He had to be dragged protestingly to his tent and consented to remain there only after one of the others had promised to stay with him. De Fargo's queerness had them all on edge by now.

De Fargo did not go right to sleep. He lay there staring at the top of the tent with his large, abnormal eyes. The other man watched, his hand on his gun. A man in De Fargo's state of mind might do anything. The wind howled through the pines above. Little did the New Yorker know that the tortured man could hear strange words on the wind as it periodically gushed past, roared off into the distance, seeming to circle out across the valley to the distant mountain range, and then return again. It was saying to him, "The Wendago-o-o wants De Far-r-go-o-o", and it was at the point of driving him crazy. Each time the wind roared past it seemed to do so more furiously, and to De Fargo it said more distinctly, "The Wen-n-n-dago-o-o wants De Far-r-go-o-o". Then of a sudden—when the storm outside seemed to be at its apex—it all subsided and a quiet snow fell. The New Yorker dropped off to sleep. De Fargo turned over and covered up his head.

All was quiet until about midnight. Then nature outside seemed to be scurrying into activity again, as though to herald the new day. The wind in the trees was again gathering impetus and again began to hum those chilling things intelligible only to De Fargo. In spite of the bundling about his head

he could hear, "The Wenda-a-a-go-o-o-o wants De Far-r-r-go-o-o-o-o", and ever increasing, "Wa-a-a-h De Far-r-r-go-o-o-o".

Of a sudden the New Yorker was startled to life by a terrific scream. He sat up and had pulled himself to consciousness long before the blood-tingling, siren-like scream had subsided. De Fargo was not at his side! Something moving on the ground at the entrance of the tent attracted him. His eyes met there the pleading, speechless face of the guide. *De Fargo was being dragged, feet first, sleeping bag and all, out of the tent.* The sportsman made a dive for his disappearing friend, caught him luckily by the shoulders, and pulled him back by his side. The storm outside seemed to lull a bit—that type of lull which usually precedes the height of the blast. De Fargo, now having found his voice, was hysterically repeating, "Oh-h-h, my burning feet of fire—my burning feet of fir-r-r-e".

As soon as De Fargo had been quieted a little and his trembling body wrapped, the New Yorker rushed out to get the others. They had not heard the commotion above the storm. He had no sooner reached the other tent, pushed his head inside, than the pent-up storm broke. There was a sudden, powerful gust, the wind whirled, branches rained all around—then a snap, a rasping, twisting crackle, and a huge limb fell across the return path to De Fargo's tent.

It was with some difficulty that the three men frantically made their way to De Fargo—to the spot where De Fargo *had been*. *The guide was gone.* One of the three men imagined he could hear in the distance, above the turmoil of the retreating wind, the ringing plea, "My burn-n-n-ing feet of fir-r-r-e, my burning feet of fir-r-r-e," but it might have been, Wa-a-a-h, the Wendago has got De Far-r-r-r-go-o-o, De Far-r-r-r-go-o-o-o-o".

When daylight came the hunters found a clue which gave them hopes of still saving their friend. Bloody footprints were found a few yards from the tent. The men eagerly began to follow them. As they progressed the scarlet imprints in the fresh snow began to draw farther and farther apart and were steadily increasing in size. At length, yards separated each footprint from the next and they were reaching enormous dimensions. And then the search came to a sudden end. The impressions in the snow disappeared all together and no others could be found - - .

John Warren sat looking thoughtfully out of the window of the rambling old train which was taking him out of the Maine woods, away from Moose Horn, a period abruptly punctuating a most curious vacation. He was looking out into the Great Woods and wondering—wondering about people—their powers over themselves—the power of mind over body.

From the Russian

DOLIA MYSHNE

Love without a slinking doubt and love your best
And threaten, if you threaten, not in jest;
And if you lose your temper, lose it all
And let your blows straight from the shoulder fall.

In altercation boldly speak your view,
And punish, but when punishment is due;
With both your hands forgiveness give away,
And if you feast, feast till the break of day.



Sun and Moon

ARVILLA PETERSON

I threw a brass ball
Against the sun—
It clashed like a Chinese temple gong
And the sun scowled.

I took a long knife
And sliced the moon's smile—
And the moon smiled twice.

Emily Dickinson

ELEANOR BALDWIN

To write of the poetry of Emily Dickinson is inevitably to write of her life and her surroundings, so faithfully was the one the expression of the others. Economy and straight thinking were her heritage from generations of Puritan ancestors; and economy of words and depth of thought are the outstanding features of her work—if we forget for a moment that shy elusiveness, that trembling sensitiveness, which is such stuff as genius alone is made of.

All of life can be found in a single household. Abroad it may wear a different dress and speak a different tongue, but everything we need to fit us for eternity is at one single hearth and under one narrow stretch of sky. We do not marvel, therefore, at the profundity of this woman who in youth never traveled far and who in later years seldom passed the limits of her own garden. Yet we marvel unceasingly at the mind that could compass with a few short lines a truth so tremendous that a listening world might well be amazed. These lines are often poorly constructed, sometimes guilty even of grammatical fault, and not infrequently possessed of rhymes which are not rhymes at all; but the strong frugality of them, the stark reality, like a lean tree naked against a winter sky, catches us by the throat.

Birth and love and death were all there in the New England household of the Dickinsons when Emily Dickinson moved among us. Her girlhood we may believe was like that of any other delicately bred child of a stern Puritan father. Of her mother we know little except that she was of a domestic temperament and could have bequeathed to her brilliant and mystical daughter nothing except gentleness. There was also under that roof the dignified father, the younger and devoted sister and the adored brother—till in the course of time he married and made his home close at hand with the wife who was nearer and dearer to Emily than her own kin.

It was "Sister Sue" who first knew Emily Dickinson for the great spirit she was, and to her we are largely indebted for the preservation of the poetry which came from Emily's pen. During the poet's lifetime almost none of her verse found its way into print with her permission. So exquisite, so acute, was her sensitiveness, that she shrank from publicity as one whose heart and home had been opened wide for the gaping world to see. This is undoubtedly the reason why so many of these gems of her singing and philosophy have come to us rough and unpolished. We know what her discrimination might have been had it behooved her to re-shape a word, a phrase, a line, for our delight.

Emily Dickinson had as a girl the normal, expectant dreams of youth. She looked forward with a natural joy to love and marriage and motherhood. She was even something of a coquette and must have worn a yellow rose in her

dark hair. This coquetry, this laughter, is in her writing, but not for long. As life grows, her lips are still whimsical, but her eyes are sad. She has come face to face with love—and turned away.

It is said of her that she had no "love-disappointment." No, she had no love "disappointment," for with her always was the warm, supporting knowledge that, large as was her gift of love, so large was its return. Let us call it "love-renunciation," rather, since the man who held her heart was not free, and Emily Dickinson was never fashioned for compromise. It was not the morality of her people that spoke to her—her mind and spirit had pierced to deeper and more eternal truths than mere conventionality—but it was the clear and certain realization that all of love foregone was yet a more endurable disaster than love which hid its face. So in her poetry is this terrible renunciation of a soul for whom parching thirst was more acceptable than turbid wine.

If love had gone unrequited, we might have read a crisp and caustic phrase in verse sultry with morbidity. Instead her work is fused with elemental things, melancholy which is the melancholy of November skies and the dying year, with an honest contemplation of the grave and what may lie beyond. Occasionally she is ironical, but without bitterness, and we are aware of a quaint and elfish smile about her mouth.

Yet life and love and death are not all the beauty of these poems. Nature in them is as fresh and living before our eyes as the earliest spring violet, as formidable and wild as a giant tree writhing in the wind, as swift as a flash of lightning.

The fantastic idea comes that, had this woman been a flower, she would have been a delicately petaled thing in the deep wood; had she been a creature of wings, a white moth flying in the night; and, a tree, a silver birch beside the water, quivering and responsive to every air of heaven—and yet so stable and sound that hurricanes could not uproot her.

Emily Dickinson captured for us the most elusive of elusive thoughts and confined them in a brevity of words. She did not guess the extent of her power and never dreamed of solving the eternal questions on her lips. Her poetry was the emotion of every day, sharp as an indrawn breath. A little thing was to her the symbol of the infinite. And because she shaped her images against the background of immortality, they will endure.



India The Worshipper

ROSE ELLIOTT

One can't travel long in India without realizing the important part that religion plays in the lives of the Indian people. The whole town of Benares is devoted to the Hindu religion, in fact it is called "The Holy City of the Hindus". In my opinion a better name for it is "The Dirty City of the Hindus". Without a doubt it is the most dreadful place I have ever seen. The town is full of temples, dirtier places one can't imagine. As all animal life is sacred to the Hindus, their temples shelter all kinds of animals, from snakes to cows. They wander about the main places of worship without anyone's ever thinking of stopping them. (Imagine a great shaggy goat or cow slowly ambling up the front steps of one of our churches.) Many of the temples receive their names from the nature of the animals inhabiting them. There are for instance the Cow Temple, the Monkey Temple and the Snake Temple.

One of the beliefs of the Hindu is that if he bathes in the sacred Ganges and then while drying in the sun says his prayers, all his sins will be washed away. So great huge stone steps have been built to the water's edge where on platforms for the purpose the faithful perform their morning's ablutions. However, it is only the husband that needs go through this daily cleansing. His



YOU WILL WANT
SNAP-SHOTS
OF COLLEGE LIFE
IN 1931—

Remember

3 HOUR
SERVICE

At PHOTO FINISHING
Headquarters

Bunnell
PHOTO SHOP
1033 · SIXTH · ST.

BEST OF LUCK



FINALS and then moving to
your new campus.



Remember that our light lunch-
es will put you in shape for the
rest of the afternoon.



NICHOLSON'S
BAKERY

The Big Cone

INVITES YOU

**to try a
Tasty Milk Shake
and a
Toasted Sandwich**

Park Blvd., South of Campus

THE CO-OP YOUR STORE

A PATRON OF ALL THE
COLLEGIATE ARTS

*Aesthetic
Athletic
Academic*

**Buy Your
El Palenque
at the**

**STUDENTS'
Co-Operative Bureau**

devotions will do for the whole family. A widow, though, must perform her own ablutions.

The burning ghat is another custom of the Hindu religion. When a person dies, his body is placed on a pile of wood and set afire by the nearest in kin to the dead man. After the body is consumed, the ashes are sprinkled over the Ganges. Of course, appropriate ceremonies accompany all this. The morning we made a boat trip up the Ganges to see the burning and bathing ghats, we saw a man lying on the bank of the river apparently asleep. When we returned from the excursion, we noticed that he was still lying in the same position. We wondered at this thinking it strange that he should still be there, especially as it had begun to rain. We questioned our guide and were told that in all probabilities the man was a beggar who had come to the banks of the river and had died there. He would have to lie there until enough money could be collected for the burning ghat ceremony. It was explained to us that the man was not to be pitied for he was blessed because he had died on the banks of the Ganges, that being one of the dearest wishes of the true Hindu. For this reason the sick and the dying from all India try to reach Benares before they die. The streets and temples are full of fakirs and religious enthusiasts inflicting self-torture for real or fancied wrongs that they have committed.

Fortunately, many of the temples, shrines, and mosques in the other cities of India are very beautiful and hold nothing in common with the filthy temples of Benares.

As Seen From This Issue

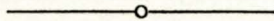
We present this issue with a justifiable glow of pride. Here is proof that El Palenque has emerged from the last stage of uncertainty into an era of solid forty-page numbers. In this issue, we have achieved our goal for a complete turnover in the names of contributors. Only when each issue presents a hopeful crop of new names can the magazine be considered safe, and we note that only three familiar names stand on our table of contents. Do not misunderstand us—new contributors must stand on their own merits, and our “regulars” continue to be the slender back-bone of El Palenque, but the health of the magazine depends upon the growth of a large body of contributors from all sections of the student body.

Faculty, alumni, and students have made possible a new experiment in Palenque history. We have tried to infuse a Geographical flavor into this issue. Russia, Poland, India, Hawaii, the forests of the Great North, even Eden, in Miss Varney's delightful sailor-yarn, are represented. A wealth of material appeared like magic from a surprisingly travelled student body, but the exigencies of space and time forced us to hold much of it over for other issues.

We particularly wish to note the faculty contributions. Mr. Everett Gee Jackson, of the Art department, has been generous beyond our expectations in acquiescing to our timid plea for a “cut”. We present our humble thanks to him, although we still cannot see exactly why we merit such beneficence. Dr. Pratt and President Hardy have both been kind enough to give us articles of great interest to every student in, or of California.

Further roll-call would be embarrassing to the amount of space left us by our contributors. It will suffice to say that we are building editorial day-dreams on the basis of the interest shown in this issue. It is hardly necessary to say that we are holding many contributions either for revision or for use in later issues. We wish also to note, for the benefit of timid souls, that, although material may be published under a *nom de plume*, the editor must have some idea as to the identity of each contributor, for obvious reasons.

Our usual acknowledgements of gratitude toward the art and English departments are, if anything, more fervent than ever. To Miss Benton, particularly, for our posters, we give thanks.



Wings of Death

Continued From Page 23

one on the lips of a Jew before he dies, came out from the excavated graves about us, as if the very dead, trying to stifle their doubt, found it necessary to testify audibly to the existence of a God. As if endowed with wings, this prayer spread and permeated the whole cemetery. The graves, the Tombstones, the air, the shrubbery—everything seemed to chant this declaration of impending doom. I began to cry hysterically.

“Whizz..zz..thud.” This time it passed so near and struck so hard by

that, when the percussion had subsided, I felt my grandfather to see if we were still alive. "Heraus! Heraus!" shouted the German soldiers. The Russians, it appeared, had spotted our efforts at fortifications and were bombarding the place with heavy artillery. Like a herd of wild horses running from a conflagration, the civilians scurried out of the graves. All was pandemonium; men bumped into each other, knocked one another down, trampled on the fallen, muttered incoherent phrases—but no one knew just where to turn for safety. The soldiers ran about shouting confusing orders, to which no one paid the slightest attention.

"Come", my Grandfather muttered between white lips, as he pulled me after him. Running low with me close at his side, he headed towards the east. Without any reason, many among that half-demented mob followed us. I looked back many times; but Butsch I could not find amidst those who followed us. Scarcely had we covered one hundred yards when a death-bringing "whizz" shrieked over our heads. We fell to the ground stunned. When, after a few minutes of recuperation, we raised our heads and looked back we saw, in place of the hill which we had just left, a huge, black crater. "Butsch! dear Butsch!" I sobbed convulsively.

The bombardment ceased. The Germans quickly evacuated. After an hour of hoping and waiting, uninterrupted by any heavy firing, my Grandfather took my arm, and started swiftly for home. "A new army, new troubles," he said laconically.

How Eden Came to Be a Garden

Continued from Page 9

kickin' and screamin', into the water by a monstrous sea. An' then the wind died, leavin' Cap'n Adam the only man alive on all the seas, an' they weren't no land.

Well, Adam, he tried to steer the good ship "Eden", an' he had a hard time of it. Whenever he wanted a drink or somethin' to eat, he'd watch 'til the sea seemed real still, then he'd run for it, grab what he wanted, an' try an' get back afore the ship lay over in the trough.

God saw what a hard time poor ole Cap'n Adam were havin' of it, so he fin'ly says, "Adam, it's a hard life ye lead as the only man aboard a ship. I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll change this good ship "Eden", into a piece a' land, with a garden on it, with trees an' vegetables, an' everythin'."

An' God done it, jus' as he said, an' Adam found himself in a beautiful garden, on land instead a' on the "Eden", so he called it the "Garden a' Eden", cause it were what the good ship had become.

Well, Cap'n Adam, he lived peacefully in the Garden a' Eden, 'til he got lonely, an' God sent Eve to keep him company. Adam, he were just a poor mariner, an' Eve she weren't like the sailor men, an' she got him in trouble—but you know that story.

An' ever since that day, though Adam's sons be good men at sea, an' God loves 'em, He gets kind a' impatient with 'em when they're on shore, 'cause they allus get in trouble.

El Palenque

El Palenque is a review of letters published quarterly by the Associated Students of San Diego State College. Editor, Margaret Houston; Publication Board: James Lowrie, Roy Burge, Jane France, Florence Jones; Art Editor, Dorothy Cook; Advertising Manager, Durlin Flagg; Circulation Manager, Earl Ludwick; Faculty Advisor, Miss Florence L. Smith, Associate Professor of English.

Manuscripts are encouraged from students, alumni, and faculty members. They should be sent to the editor's office, or dropped in the El Palenque box in front of the office. Suggestions or criticisms of each issue are welcomed from all, as helping to make the magazine more representative of the student body at large. Anyone interested in the magazine in any way is invited to see the editor as soon as possible in the office. Office hour: 2:00 to 2:15 every day, minimum.

The advertisers have made it possible, as usual, for El Palenque to appear. There have never been more auspicious omens for the magazine than there are this year, and the staff urges readers to show their appreciation by patronizing our financial backers—the advertisers.

BUESCHER Band Instruments

Headquarters
of the now
popular
PIANO
ACCORDIAN
which
has taken the
country
by storm.

See Them
Here!

MAKE Southern California Music Co. your music headquarters. All through 1931 you will want to increase your musical pleasure. So remember that no matter what your needs are; be they pianos, band instruments, radios, phonographs, records, sheet music or lesson books, we have everything to satisfy them.

Southern California
MUSIC COMPANY
-720 - 722-Broadway-