

PALENOQUE
EL

MARCH

1931

San Diego Army and Navy Academy

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El Palenque

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MARCH, 1931

ILLUSTRATION	4
<i>Dorothy Shively</i>	
SEA DEVIL	7
<i>Helen C. Hill</i>	
THE BIG BLOW	7
<i>William Mann</i>	
REVOLT	11
<i>Paul Johnson</i>	
A NEGLECTVD PLEASURE OF READING	15
<i>John R. Adams</i>	
IN PRAISE OF LOLANDA	17
<i>Roy Burge</i>	
GOD WOKE UP AT MIDNIGHT	17
MR. PEEBLES DAY OF DISSIPATION	18
<i>William Hamby</i>	
NOTES CONCERNING POPULATION	21
<i>Smith L. Stovall</i>	
THE SUICIDE	25
<i>Michael J. Goodbody</i>	
AS SEEN FROM THIS ISSUE	29
EL PALENQUE	38

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Sea Devil

HELEN C. HILL.

The sea was hidden in a dense fog. Even the thunder of its combers smashing against huge rock ledges and into hollow caves came up the hundred foot sandstone cliff as if from under a blanket. Moisture gathered upon the scrawny brush that fringed the cliff top and dripped into the darkness with a patter of ghostly footsteps from the leaves of wind-whipped trees overlooking the cove. Dan was still two hours away, but to the two fishermen, climbing down the dark cliff face, the precipitate path was as familiar as their own doorstep.

As far back as Larry Saltus could remember into his nineteen years he had been tripping, sliding and feeling his way down the cliff in the early dawn behind his father's lean figure, and fighting the yellow sand sturdily at every step of the return under the heat of mid-morning sun after the day's best fishing was over.

At first Larry had followed the older man out of respect and later he had discovered that his father could not belabor him with the blunt end of a gaff hook nor administer sullen kicks at his anatomy with bare angular feet if Larry fell in behind him upon their daily trips down the cliff to the cove.

The first few years Mel Saltus had been his own good-natured self, drunk or sober, carrying his liquor as any sea-faring gentleman should, but there had come a time when Larry and his mother knew the feel of an open palm against smarting cheek, or even the smash of a clenched fist.

"It's the drink, Larry b'y. Ye mun be afther raisin' yer hand ag'inst yer ain father," Larry's mother had gently reproved late one evening when Larry, goaded beyond all withstanding, had tried his young strength upon his father and toppled that half delirious worthy into the woodbox beside the little rusty iron stove.

Larry had flushed hotly under his swarthy tan and hung his head with only a muttered word of self-defense and thereafter kept out of his father's way as much as possible. His boyish worship of his mother would countenance no more bringing of the sadness he had seen in her eyes that evening as she bent over the stove in her patched and faded apron. It was far easier to take what cuffs could not be evaded.

"Th' good priest from th' city will be afther comin' here some sabbath an' who knows but pwhat yer father will be a-signin' of the pledge," Larry's mother had put forth hopefully time and again, but the priest had come and gone and Mel Saltus had been an acknowledged clot of humanity, lying among the stacks of soap boxes, cheese bricks and tins of kerosene that filled the rear of the seaside village store.

"Father has gone to the city about the new lobster traps," Larry lied bravely to save his mother the knowledge of his father's condition. But his

eyes refused to meet hers and when she looked at him long the tell-tale color rose to his cheeks to flaunt the truth before her.

"Ye are a good b'y, Larry, a good b'y," she said slowly and slipped a hand over his shoulder where he sat on an up-ended box in the shade, baiting the lines for the next morning's fishing.

For days now Mel Saltus had been drinking steadily and still he was not drunk. He seemed to have passed that stage. His eyes strained as through at something he feared to find and his lean body, yet as hard and strong as rawhide from his days spent at the oars and lines, swayed slightly back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. Larry sensed that swaying rather than saw it as his father's form loomed but a step ahead of him, a barely perceptible darker blot against the black mist.

His bare feet ploughing through the sand of the cliff path, Mel Saltus stumbled blindly against a firmer outjutting of the stone and would have fallen but for Larry's quick hand on his shoulder. For a moment the incident shocked him into some sense of his condition.

"Stumbled! By G—! Stumbled on the cliff— —." He even failed to swear at Larry.

"Just the fog, father," put in Larry quickly with the intention of circumventing one of his father's rages. But they both knew it was not the fog. As Mel Saltus moved down the last steep bit of cliff Larry heard him muttering into the moist darkness.

"Twenty-seven years—stumbled, by G—."

In silence but for Mel Saltus' vague mouthings they lashed the baskets of baited set-line upon the stern deck of the row boat and Larry, his overalls rolled above his bare knees, kicked up a few sticks of light driftwood that would later be set to blazing in the bottom of the sand box to warm their wet, chill-stiffened fingers over. Expertly they pushed their boat into the surf that ran up the tiny cove, and scrambled aboard, Saltus rowing while Larry guided their way by keeping the boat squarely lined up with its phosphorescent wake.

Presently the pound of breakers against the cliff's base faded and the fog threw back at them only the splash and gurgle of the boat upon the oily swells and the measured rattle of the oars in their locks. Beyond that, silence. Silence weighted by a queer dread in the heart of each of the two men, alone but for the fog and the sea.

With a feeling of deep guilt striking deep within him, Larry reached for the gaff hook, its hardwood handle smooth and reassuring as he placed it beside him across the stern seat.

Dawn little changed conditions other than to emphasize the blanketing fog that folded the two men in its damp beading and the climbing sun failed to break through to them. Larry had changed places with his father and was at the oars, the gaff hook still close under his hand.

(Continued to Page 28)

The Big Blow.

WILLIAM MANN

The best guide in the northern part of the whole state was Bake Muncher. Mention his name in any gathering of wildfowl shooters and you cause a bare spot in the conversation which stretches into little ripples of comment—a natural pause during which each person chooses an interesting tale to relate of the marvelous Bake. Many a random conversation before the open hearth after a hard day's hunt extends into a lengthy recital of his exploits.

Almost every seasoned hunter has spent a few days at Bake's place in the Valley—all the dubs like to brag about a fictitious connection with this demigod of the hunting fields. His admirers are legion and vocable. Because an aura of fable and a veil of time had grown up around Bake Muncher, I cannot vouch for the impeccable veracity of this tale. But I have it direct from a hunting friend of mine who never exaggerates over three inches and two pounds per fish, four birds per bag, two strokes a hole, etc.....He is a Sentimental Lawyer.

* * * * *

(Lawyer) "When I first saw Bake I was prepared for the encounter by the scores of legends I had heard about him. Perhaps the dim smoke and dreamy warmth—the mesmerism of an open fire and a hot supper—and the hazy pictures of the day afield lent further vagueness to the tales we heard of him; perhaps each of us in our perception distorts the image of the hero to mean ourself, and his remarkable feats to sublimate our own somewhat dubious presence. So I was ready to discount the glamour as due to a complex of causes. I was not ready to admit that any such personage as the legendary Bake could exist. And when I first came upon him, I did not find it hard to apply the natural skepticism of the realist to the rosy shell of romance which tended to blur the outlines of this character.

He was at the time engaged in homely duties which lent themselves perfectly to my somewhat pathetic instinct to doubt. I often deplore the armor of the skeptic, who, in order to believe in nothing, must accept everything.

Neither was I able to find in his features, nor was there any evidence in his actions, any sign of those super-qualities which might make possible the tall tales I had heard of him. He was performing those last duties which come before the night: shutting up the barns; tending the live stock; scattering feed to the large band of wild geese which he kept captive for decoys. I had just alighted from the glaring red velvet interior of a single passenger car in a chain of freights which served this out-of-the-way section. From the depot formed by two large red warehouses which covered a great harvest in the fall, I had walked a quarter of a mile or so across rutted dirt streets so sided they might have been squares, and not roads.

When I had arrived at the white wooden house which was Bake's, the first person who met me was his wife. She was a well set up woman, Teutonic, weathered by years under the shelter of roofs and kitchen walls, kind spoken, and with the attractiveness of persistent animal vigor. She was vague-eyed and she still showed bloom, and I thought that she kept looking beyond

me at the redding sky where geese were flocking from the grain fields to the buttes. "Oh, yes," she said, "Certainly. He is out in the yard. He has his duties now, but you may go there now if you wish. I'll see about your room. You know we hadn't expected you for a day at least."

"Business," I said, "business, you know, and duck shooting," but I saw that it was unnecessary.

"Yes" she said, and then I lit a cigarette, and went out into the yard. Bake was standing with his back to me as I approached. He had on his rusty colored hunting coat, but his hip-boots had been changed for a pair of barn yard 'slippers'. The sturdy stoop of his shoulders hid his features from me, but I could notice by the set of the body that here was a frame that had been nurtured by frontier conditions. The movements, crude and ungraced, but with the deftness and sureness of necessity signified much. When he turned around and acknowledged my presence with a short grunt, I could see a heavy head, covered with a sparse foliage of hair. Because it was so dim, I could not see all his features distinctly but I was sure by other manifestations that while he was continuing his other duties, he was appraising me, his latest charge. He expressed only mild surprise at my early arrival. His answer was, "Oh, it's all right, Terese will prepare. No trouble." I thanked him.

"Going out for 'em tomorrow?" he asked.

"I'd like to," I replied.

It was getting cooler, the red rim at the west was turning an impure hue, evening was dropping its cool, dark veils and starting to hang out its nightly lanterns. It was cold when he had finished and we started in together.

He told me that there were three other fellows to go with us in the morning. They had been here two weeks; this was their last shoot and they wanted to take some birds down south with them when they left tomorrow evening. They were all good fellows, Bake said.

I met them at supper. Mrs. Muncher was there, serving. When she got through, she sat down with us and helped me get acquainted with the fellows. There was one young man from the South. He had a decided accent, and appeared to be a very polished fellow. Besides his ability as a hunter, I learned that he was a marvelous horseman. Robinson, a native son, was the second hunter. He was the best shot in the party. The third man was a large fellow named Slaughter. He lived up to his name mainly at the table. From these three I heard remarkable tales about our friend Muncher. It was around the fire after supper, and we had two hours before turning in. Bake had gone to see a guide-friend of his, so Slaughter began his story.

* * * * *

"When Bake was a young buck, (this was Slaughter's tale), he was fairly wild. He grew up around the town that now lies on the edge of the hunting fields. You can see the way the country looks—all made up of big horizons—thousand acres wheat fields or so, I guess, and fences only where there's cattle. You've seen the red buttes in the northeast of the valley—oh, you've been there before—yeh, the big water. *It takes the old goose to fly*

fifty miles a day from water at the Buttes to feed in the grain fields and then back again at night.

Well, I don't know whether it was the unroped country or just natural cussedness that made Bake go along the way he did. He sure grew up anyway, hunting all day, working in spells when he couldn't get out of it—not much school—well, he could lick almost any youngster around, and they grew 'em tough out here. I used to see him, or rather I have a friend who used to, coming in on a blustery fall day after dragging through the sloughs all day, and that very same night start out to the ranch with some city fellows who come up to his Pop's for goose shooting. That boy was a natural when it came to hunting; he'd crawl on his belly for a mile to get some big old honker for the sports to take back with them. Never seen, at least my friend hadn't, the time when he didn't get birds. Come a bad, dirty, blowy day, and the fellows decide to stay in the house 'stead of going out to the water filled pits and abusing themselves for shots they couldn't hang their guns onto—why that kid would go out there and bring back three limits for them. But he was a wild one—I guess I haven't told you why.

His pop used to get sore at him for never working steady at the home ranch. In those days the big crops, wheat, barley, rice, even hay, was grown like wildfire. Why, even nowadays they leave a quarter of the rice cuttings out on the checks! But the fellows that were working hard in them days are millionaires now or else own that much land. Bake's old man made a good living for his family, but he was sending a couple of Bake's brothers and his sister to college on the coast; so he'd get sore when Bake didn't want to put in his spare time working on the ranch. Bake'd rather sneak out into the clayey fields and feel the cool ground next to his belly while he was watching the thin spirals of geese flocks coming from high up down to the fields of grain below.

'One time just when the U. S. entered the war and grain was worth more than the ground it grew on, Bake's pop took him in about his wild ways. He says you're too old now, you're eighteen or over now, as I seem to remember, to be all the time huntin'. You're a man now and you've been living on this farm for a good many years. You've got a strong back, and when you're drunk you can lick a man, let alone a boy. I got a proposition for you. If you give me a hand on my harvest, I'll give you my ten gauge double gun. There's a war or something, and I've got to sell my full crop this year.

Byer's field of prime barley right next to old Pop Muncher's had gone down before flame, and a heavy hail storm had leveled down most of the wheat up north near the Buttes. So Pop stood a good chance to cash in plenty if he could harvest before the big storms broke. The geese were just lousey in these mowed down fields, but young Bake's old gun was shot away three whole inches from the muzzle; so he went to work with but half a yearning look at the constantly milling flocks that hung like bees over the big fields.

'Now harvesting on one of these big valley farms, in the days when the big ten thousand fields were still unparcelled, was a big job that had to be worked at steady until finished while the good weather lasted. The later the crop stood, the better prices for mature wheat, but if a freak storm came up it

meant a big loss. There were'nt many men this time to work out the harvest; they were all away to some war, Pop heard.

'So Bake went to work. And whenever that kid started in on a job he took it to the races with him. A top hand working for extra wages never kicks at all if the harvest doesn't go on for over four days, but Bake, he beat the horses at humping. On a usual crop, the run of harvest hands made over fifteen a day, pre-war dollars at that, and figured on a twenty hour day. Up away before the first light, and working with frosty leather that bites red meat off your fingers like some kind of bob-cat. Hitchin' teams while you feed 'em, setting 'em to them big contraptions of mowers, cutters, binders and all the rest. That cuts a big hunk out of a man's rest; two o'clock rising to get all ready and eat breakfast for starting before dawn. You've done a sizable bit of work before the sun begins to hang reddish and bluish drops of jewels on the swaying stalks. At least you think you have.

But you keep it up all day 'till you're miles from the barns. Men on horses keep track of cut areas and come around with directions to the mowing machines. It gets to be a sort of terrible dream of heat, flying dust and gulped food, and you get sort of sea-sick watching the waves of gold rolling under your clanking crate.

'But there ain't no stopping. Not with that thin grey band that means dark days over next to the foothills. The mountains that separate this coastal slope from the rest of the mainland are covered with snow and dirty weather, and it keeps athreatening to hike over on these huge prairies of grain. When it comes there's nothing to stop it, and Winter is the reaper, not man. Well, a harvester's job lasts for four days that are sure hell after the first day. If after four days there haven't been enough men to clear the fields, it's up to the owner if he wants his wheat more than his horses and machinery, to feed these blear-eyed blundering joes enough hard liquor to keep them alive and crazy for a couple more nights. Usually the cutting goes ahead with a bang—but some poor team is going to be chewed up by machinery; some poor devil is going to sleep with his hands in the blades. When all the grain's in that's going to be in, the rest of the liquor is splashed about freely and a score or more of the hardest that can still stand up finish things with a regular hell-fight. After four days on hard labor, no sleep and raw liquor, not many a man can feel punishment. So they all go out on their feet and somebody's got to come along and pick them up and throw 'em in the bunk-house where they can stay for a couple of days before they come to life again. Then it's probably storming, the first storm of the winter, and boy, those sprained joints, broken fingers and noses, raw flesh and twisted limbs hurt. A hand is welcome to fix himself up on company materials, but they won't feed him over two days. He can then store up on another few shots of whiskey and then take himself and his hurts to the next country where the harvest might be going on. In the Valley there's usually no place where there's a harvest left, 'cept the harvest of fun on the coast and that's where they usually end up, raising Cain on the coast after cutting grain in the Valley.

'Well, the time when Bake's Pop inveigled him into working for that old ten gauge, things went along just about as I described them. Only there was

(Continued to Page 31)

"REVOLT"

PAUL JOHNSON



HALL I not call a taxi, sir?"

"No, I shall walk. A taxi is too quick."

"But, Mr. Borsanoff, there is a fog tonight."

"I know. It is good. I can think while I walk."

"But, sir, it is cold, and your heart—"

The old man turned towards the open door, his face—etched yellow in the swirling gray—was kindly but annoyed.

"Petrov," said Borsanoff, "Can't you understand? It is a night of memories. I wish to be alone."

Petrov remained a silent black blotch in the doorway as his master hunched his shoulders and strode down the dim path into the dripping night.

At the sidewalk, Borsanoff looked back. The light from the windows was ribboning into the fog like sunlight through a cathedral window. Petrov had closed the door. He meant well, that servant, but how could he know what tonight meant; he had not been in his service during the early struggling years—he had come with fame. The poster's said it was Boris Borsanoff's farewell appearance in the conductor's stand, but that meant nothing to Petrov. A taxi, phagh!

He trudged slowly down the walk. He had plenty of time, and the distance was short. But the going was steep, down hill, and it was an effort to keep from running. Houses carved out of foothills, he reflected, are not places for a seventy-five year old man to live. Seventy-five...five more than his divine allotment. Why had he lived so long? Why hadn't he retired before?Music!

An occasional figure passed him on the walk, but with no word, only the swift clicking of heels anxious to get home. A car passed him—cautiously holding the road like a cat, and whining protest in second gear at the pitch..... He walked on, a dim figure in black with a frosty swirl of white at the throat.

A wet concrete wall ran along the sidewalk for a hundred feet. He stopped and rested his elbows on the top.....Seventy-five and just retiring tonight. Let's see how long he had been in America? Came over in '92; that made thirty-eight years in this country.....He thought of "Revolt", that tempestuous symphony that had carried him across the ocean. He could remember that day in Vienna. He had been at the Academy that morning, and had gone back to his room at noon, when he found the telegram. He recalled the words: "RE-VOLT" NATIONAL SUCCESS HAVE BOOKED NEW YORK SYMPHONY COME ON NEXT SHIP.....That was how "Revolt" had taken him to America.

He smiled into the mists, a rather paternal smile, as he thought of that piece. It was a child to him. It was of his soul. Its prenatal life had been

stormy; its birth had caused him great suffering, but it had carried him to fame. It had grown from an unknown composition to an international favorite. He was proud of that.....His smile faded as he thought of its history. It had been born in death ten years before it was written.

He and his family had been working as retainers for a Russian noble. He had shown great talent for music, and had been sent, by his patrons, to the best Russian conservatories. He had just returned home from the holidays, when the accident occurred. He could picture it now, as concisely as if it reoccurred there before him in the fog. He and his mother had started for a walk; as they were leaving the great gates, the young count swung in in a sleigh. His mother had stood bewildered, and was instantly crushed beneath the runners. He had jerked the young noble from the sleigh, and nearly choked his life out.

In the trial that followed, the count was acquitted and his father and Boris sentenced to Siberia. There, after endless hours of black and white monotony, the elder Borsanoff had lost his mind. He begged the guards to let him through the gates. They laughed at him, and opened the gates. Boris, that night, broke through the fence and followed his father. He found him, and together the two struggled for the border. But two miles from the frontier, his father had died.....Ah yes, it was bitter stuff that made up "Revolt."

He had escaped, true, but he wished a thousand times that he had died with his father. The injustice of it all haunted him. To believe in the existence of such conditions was to be an atheist. It could not continue that way—some day the blindfold would fall from the face of Justice, and there would be an explosion. The peasants would rise and throw off the yoke; they would slay with centuries of hate behind their swords. But more they would have to rebuild. They would use none of the old, it would be a new nation; but a strange world. They would be lost and it would take them hundreds of years to regain their strength—centuries of disillusion and monotony.....That was "Revolt."

He remembered the composing. He had the music in his soul; he had set it down on paper to purge his mind. He had spent nearly a week in his room, pouring his being into the piece. He had not eaten, except sparingly, and such was the terrific emotional strain, that he did not notice the lack of food. But his body had. At the end of the week—when the last note was written—he fainted. He was found in a coma, and for a month he was on his back. In his weakened condition, he had contracted the plague.

"Revolt" had nearly cost him his life but it repaid him. It had changed his being. The horror of his past no longer haunted him—all that was down on paper—and his life was clean for the future. In addition, though it had not become instantly popular, the piece had attracted the attention of musicians who had befriended him. He commenced to compose, and was allowed to conduct a small orchestra. His rise was rapid.

Then he had fallen in love. He didn't quite have enough money to get married; so he hopefully sent "Revolt" to New York. He did not hear from it for some time—then suddenly the cablegram. He was married the next day,

and the New York Symphony was under his baton within a fortnight.

The composition had made his marriage possible, it had called him to this country. It was on tonight's program.....He started. Must get along, Can't stop here dreaming all night.

Down the sidewalk; faster now, he had taken too much time with his reminiscence. He could sense the confusion of the boulevard not far away. What was this? A poster with his picture. The committee had told him about them, but this was the first he had seen. The light was poor, but he could read it. He chuckled.....who couldn't read it? The type was large enough to see in the dark.....Yes, it was his last performance—couldn't get away from that—especially if it says so in eight-inch letters. "America's Best Loved Composer-Conductor," it said. Wish Marie could be here to read that. Why had she passed away before he—she would have loved this concert....."Fifteen seasons" conductor of Philadelphia Symphony.....Four seasons at the Hollywood Bowl.....Money from concert to go towards the creation of Borsanoff scholarship....." Tears filled his eyes; she would have liked that too.

He was not alone; a voice over his shoulder said, "Oh, look, Eda, old papa Borsanoff is going to retire tonight!"

"Gosh, it's about time. Must be about eighty, isn't he?"

"Something like that. But say, that settles the evening for us; let's beat it over to the Bowl, I'm just dying to hear the old duck again....."

"Ditto, he's my favorite....."

Startled, Borsanoff resumed his journey to the Bowl.....Working girls, he thought. She would have liked that too.

Muffled figures were becoming more distinct now. The fog was lifting as though scared from the ground by the confusion there. He reached Hollywood boulevard, and crossed with a group of pedestrians at a blast of the policeman's whistle.

He walked up the green and brown roadway to the back of the huge shell, crouched in the Bowl. It was up-hill work and he felt strangely tired. It annoyed him; usually the walk did not bother him. He opened the door to his dressing room. The last time I'll open this door, he thought. Wish I didn't feel so tired, with "Revolt" on the program I'll need all my energy. A smile brushed his lips as he thought of Toscanini's cryptic remark: "Revolt" is the most strenuous composition ever written.".....And he was to lead it to-night....He felt vaguely tired.

Outside, the fog had dissipated, and a huge crowd was sitting in the open in an expectant half-moon. Every seat was filled, making an audience of twenty thousand. The fog had not acted as a deterrent.

Between the two extremes of the crescent formed by the listeners, stood the stage, immense and simple. The whole setting was one of circles. The proscenium was a gigantic arc, and the shell was given depth by a series of descending arcs: the effect being that of an elliptic cave. It was flanked on both

sides by two rotund vases of great size. Directly in front lay a large covered orchestra pit—seldom used. It too was a half circle, and was grasped by two low, rigid hedges that followed the rim until broken by a pair of steps in the exact center.

Within the shell, squatted a hundred dumpy ghosts—cloth-covered chairs for the orchestra, arranged with studied carelessness. These soon began to fill as the musicians entered in leisurely twos and threes, and commenced the inevitable, but delightful discord of tuning. The drummer toyed with his charges. The replacement of a broken string occupied a bass viol player. The brasses blared forth tentative incongruities. Gradually, the pleasant inharmony was quieted, and the hundred sat mute, awaiting their leader.

The lights went out and the audience settled itself. Suddenly, a roar of applause greeted Borsanoff as he stepped from the wings and walked to the conductor's stand. As he stood beside it embarrassed by the ovation, he looked tiny against the yawning shell. He bowed the crowd into silence and made a short speech.

"It's high time I retired; an old man like myself should be at home knitting by the fireside. A man my age oughtn't to be even out at night. But I can't keep away from my art. And it makes me exceedingly happy to have you all here at my 'going out' party."

A roll of applause greeted this pleasantry, and Borsanoff stepped into the stand. He waited a few moments for quiet, and then turning to the orchestra, tapped the great musical machine into action.

The entire program was made up of his compositions, but the first part was mostly occupied with some of his lighter, more fanciful selections. The audience was extremely receptive, and called him back repeatedly after each number. At the intermission, applause brought him back six times, and would have a seventh except that he was resting in his dressing room, and refused to take another bow. He still felt tired, and was saving his energy for the symphony to come.

"Revolt" was the last number, the third following the intermission. After the second number, a subdued hush fell over the audience. This was to be a great treat. "Revolt", in itself was one of the most popular classical selections composed, and not all of its popularity was due to its strange consummation by the Russian people a generation after it was written. Its own sensuous appeal was sufficient to insure its popularity. And to hear it flow from the baton of its composer, for the last time, was an attraction that had brought many to the Bowl.

The pause between the end of the second number and the beginning of "Revolt" was longer than usual. Borsanoff did not appear for ten minutes. When finally he stepped from the wings, his bearing was weary, and he seemed oblivious of the audience; and as he stepped into the stand, he faltered slightly, and nearly tripped. He quickly regained his balance, and waited a full minute

(Continued on Page 38)

A Neglected Pleasure of Reading

JOHN R. ADAMS



MY FRIEND Axel is a zealot whose enthusiasm has given interest to what had hitherto been to me a most boring subject. The pleasures and profits of reading have been as grossly over-estimated, I suspect, as the pleasures and profits of the stock market. The field has been rather completely covered, before and after Bacon, until any current discussion must of necessity traverse familiar ground or elaborate minor points which are novel rather than important. Such was my naive opinion, until I talked with Axel and learned how a zealot can transform a trivial diversion into a grand passion.

For a dozen years or so, more or less, I had been methodically reading through books, concentrating painfully on the content, happy in the effort to understand why (to use an example) a great poet had permitted one of his characters to say he was a part of all he met when he apparently meant the reverse, that all he had met was a part of him, and overjoyed (to suggest another example) at my increasing skill in nearly unraveling the solutions to detective stories without glancing furtively ahead to the last paragraph. But Axel laughed scornfully at such pedestrian joys. Why worry about what writers intended to say? he would ask, which is always too dismally obvious. Turn from that shallow pursuit, he would urge, and profit by discovering what they didn't intend. All originality is accidental, Axel believed, and every accident embodies the absolutely free expression of personality. In brief, Axel showed me how to find both pleasure and profit in the more careful observations of misprints, slips of the pen, and those unaccountable lapses of judgment which lead persons to write *no* when they mean *yes*.

To the uninitiated the detection of misprints possibly seems a shabby enough excuse for a game; yet like any interest it grows with practice, and I have known a worthy gentleman to struggle through one hundred and seventy-six volumes of Everyman's Library for the sole purpose of correcting (in a durable red ink) a dozen or so misprints. And that lad of fable who pored over the Britannica, from Aa to Zy, was inspired also, I am convinced, though I have never met him, by the same unquenchable ambition.

Identifying, and perhaps correcting, misprints is certain, if properly publicized, to become a popular sport (this is not Axel's idea), for it serves admirably the purpose of sport, which is, as every sportsman claims not to know, to demonstrate one's own superiority. To err is human, and in forgiving we can very cheaply elevate ourselves above the mere humanity of our authors.

Of course, in tracing misprints one wants to choose difficult game, adversaries almost able to elude capture. Hence Axel's fondness for doctoral dissertations and the articles in learned journals. Imagine his joy upon discovering in a recent PMLA, than which no publication could be more blandly innocent in appearance, two obvious slips of the pen in a single brief article of hardly fifty pages. He barely restrained himself from posting the following letter

to the editors: "To what is modern scholarship coming? Is it forever to be justly laughed at by ignoramuses? What defense can possibly be offered for the indefensible errors in Dr. Blank's study of Masfield? Such shoddiness demands a searching investigation of so-called research, etc., etc." By the time he had completed his epistle, Alex was quite serious and furious. And all of his, as it seemed to me, too-too righteous indignation was due to his discovery that Dr. Blank had prefixed an "A" to the well known title "Dauber," and that he had misquoted Edna St. Vincent Millay as saying "Euclid has only looked on beauty bare."

Though a good rage is said to be well enough in its way, and as invigorating as a good laugh, misprints can stimulate less violent emotions as well. I recently experienced a very real, though mild pleasure in discovering on page vii, line 25, of a thoroughly scholarly dissertation on color images in poetry the omission of the preposition "to." From the start I had been interested in the dissertation, by the subject and the unexpectedly charming style of the writing, but after that discovery on page vii, line 25, (so excitingly near the opening) nothing could restrain me from reading the entire treatise at a single sitting.

In connection with this particular type of misprint, I shall probably never forget the pitiful experience of a scholar who was interrupted in the midst of preparing a definitive edition of an Elizabethan poet by the embarrassing and wholly unexpected appearance of another definitive edition of the same poet, issued by a speedier or less scrupulously careful rival. From beginning to end the great scholar scanned the disgusting book, without being able to detect any error of fact or judgment. Only a brilliant idea saved him from complete despair. A demon for work, he set his graduate students at the task of scrutinizing his rival's edition, collating it with the original texts in regard to every comma, semi-colon, dash, every mark of punctuation, however humble. If one error could be found, one misprint that had escaped the eye of the proofreader, his own definitive edition would be justified. With grumbles and groans six graduate students used up their eye-sight in the vain endeavor. There was not a single error. Six graduate students flunked a seminar in Elizabethan research, and the unfortunate scholar's definitive edition has not yet seen the light of day.

As a relaxation from his arduous labors in the fields of learning, the misprint connoisseur may turn to such less pedantically accurate types of printed matter as the daily papers. The game is easy here, except in moments of extreme lassitude too easy to be interesting. The investigator is swamped with examples: letters upside down, characters transposed, lines out of place, words run together. In the course of two weeks he has encountered all of the commoner errors. Soon he becomes satisfied with repetition and is apt, unless he controls himself, to fall into a dangerous and unhealthy cynicism for which the only known remedy is a return to the paper atmosphere of fewer and less commonplace mistakes.

I have written perhaps too unrestrainedly of the pleasures of this pursuit. Now what of the profits? There must be profits, Axel reminds me, or the pleasures would be too unmixed for enjoyment. It is well known, I take it, or at least it ought to be in this great day of universal education, that great oaks grow from little acorns. It is also a matter of historic record that when Columbus reached America he was looking for a smaller object than a continent, namely, a passageway to India. In both instances, small has led to large. Is it not at least as probable that from the painstaking observation of the minutiae of the printed page, the unconscious revelation of human blindness, some unexpectedly valuable kind of knowledge may result? Axel, with a truly scientific detachment from any prejudicial hypothesis or expectation of exactly what it may be, is devoting his life to the problem of finding out. Despite ridicule and neglect, he, like the celebrated Mr. Cheevy, keeps on thinking.

In Praise of Lolanda

ROY BURGE

Sing Lolanda's soft soft caresses
And her lovely eyes and hair,
And the sweetness of her greeting
When upon the lawn we're meeting
Where in shyness she confesses
She would love me if she dare.

She's coquettish, and we know it,
(There are others on her string)
But in keeping us still hoping
Bright of eye and free from moping,
Our love grows the more we sow it,
So Lolanda's beauty sing!



God Woke Up at Midnight

God woke up at midnight
Hearing a thristle's song
And with his eyes still dream-dimmed
He worked the whole night long.

In a moon-frosted garden
With every beauty near
He took a puff of star-dust
And fashioned you, my dear.

Mr. Peeble's Day of Dissipation.

WM. HAMBY

J. M. folded his napkin methodically, reflected that his orange juice and crackers had tasted rather good that day, rose, left beside his customary dollar an extra fifty cents, smiled congenially at the approaching waiter, and walked leisurely away from the speckless, linen covered table. J. M. did not like orange juice and crackers, but some days they were better than others. He was glad this was one of the days.

On the sidewalk outside, James Martin Peebles turned around and watched the slowly decreasing swing of the grilled cafe doors as they lost momentum. On one of the gently swinging doors, the left to be exact, he perceived a fly who was doing nothing more interesting than walk. This made no difference to J. M.; even a fly gave chance for speculation. And nothing gave Mr. Peebles a more delightful feeling of superiority than speculating. He traced the movements of the fly along one of the grills, and, because he felt a trifle dizzy and light, wondered what it was like to be a fly. To determine more clearly he worked out a problem, just as he thought a fly would; he tried to see if it was possible to get from the big iron grill in the center to the little support on the side without flying. After a few seconds he concluded it was impossible; he would have to fly, or at least hop. He could never make it by walking. Through speculating on the fly he turned his attention to the doors themselves. Just as he was looking at the second grill from the bottom his left knee gave signs of being a little unstable. He wondered if it was his stomach. He dismissed the thought and again stared at the doors, mildly resentful. It was not these doors in particular that grieved him, it was all grilled doors. They were one of the reasons he disliked eating; most of the cafes had them. Grilled doors always reminded him of prisons, and steaks, and dungeons, and he did not like prisons, and steaks, and dungeons; they made him feel sick at his stomach; he had a weak stomach, anyway. He shivered at the thought of a steak, and remembered the difficulty he had had getting plain doors for the front of his Linoleum Building.

The air was warm and the sun played and danced on the nickel and shiny bodies of passing machines. J. M. watched the heat waves of the street wriggle, twist, and disappear, and felt queerly troubled about his middle region. He cogitated on that a moment. It might be the ham he had eaten for breakfast, or the chocolates. Martha had no business leaving bon bons lying around. She knew he was susceptible to things like that; she ought to help him more. She was his wife; he would make her be a little more considerate of his stomach. With a firm jaw and defiant expression he looked about to see if anyone disputed him. He saw only the doorman smiling pleasantly at the passing people. Now that, thought Mr. Peebles, still a little angry with his wife, is a nice job. He would not mind working if he could be out in the open, breathing fresh air. But he had to be cooped up in an office all day, slaving for someone who left bon bons around the house. All at once, simultaneously with an empty feeling, he hated the linoleum business, every dot that made up a foot of pleasant looking linoleum. He hated the board of directors, who had no

imagination, like Granton. He hated the bank for the stupid people they employed. He hated the cafes for their horrible food. He paled a little. He hated going back to the office, which meant dictating to secretaries who could not understand anything; arguing with the board, being pleasant to people he hated, and riding in elevators that made him sick. Why should anybody waste such a perfect day in a crazy, overheated office, with all sorts of silly persons running around. He glared at people going by to see if they could answer him. No one seemed to be able to, so he went on thinking. No, everybody should be out somewhere in the open. The park he thought would be a nice place. With a jump he realized that was it; that would solve all of his problems. He would cut the board meeting and all of the damned speeches he had to listen to there, and go to the park. He would go and spend the whole day, there with nature. He sneaked a look at the doorman to see if he suspected, for he felt almost like a traitor, not attending the board meeting. But the doorman looked just as he usually did, so J. M. hailed a taxi. With a last look at the doorman he climbed into the taxi and whispered his orders. He hoped the doorman had not seen his chauffeur drive away. He had told Charles to be back for him at two. He looked at his watch; it was only one-thirty.

The sun played and danced more furiously on the nickel and shiny bodies of passing machines as the taxi sped forward. Mr. Peebles settled himself comfortably in the rear seat with his legs sprawled, and wide apart in a V. He even slumped a little. It was surprising how much pleasure there was in a little slumping. Of course, he could not tolerate men who did it continually, but once in a while when no one was about, J. M. believed it perfectly legitimate. Mr. Peebles looked out at the next door car but finding nothing of interest began a systematic study of the back of the taxi driver's head. He had a nice neck, not too thick and not too thin. J. M. remembered seeing a neck like that before. Gilmore had a neck like that. Yes, Gilmore had a neck exactly like that, only Gil's was a little lighter in color. Perhaps the taxi driver did not bathe often. He had heard they didn't. The driver had nice hair too, a sort of dark brown. It was not at all like the hair of the boys that called on his daughter. They all had blonde or black hair plastered close to their heads. The taxi driver's hair was light and fluffy. He wished his daughter would pick a sensible boy. He was getting sick and tired of hearing the mob that collected every night. They made too much noise and stayed too late; it was disgusting. He must speak to Joan when he got home about it. Mr. Peebles stopped thinking and nodded. The rocking and swaying of the car made him drowsy and he closed his eyes and imagined how the park was going to look. He could almost touch the cool trees and ferns now.

The cab gave a lurch and Mr. Peeble's head snapped backwards. He carefully opened his left eye preparatory to become fully awake. Next he opened his other eye and blinked them both twice. Yes, he felt much better. The queer feeling of lightness had left him, and now he felt quite heavy, like one of Martha's cakes. She made abominable cakes, he mused sleepily. The car lurched again; that was queer, his car had never seemed as springless as this before. Coming out of his slump and sitting straight up he saw that it was not his car after all, but a taxi. J. M. looked at his watch; it was two o'clock. That was the time Charles was to have met him at the Royale Cafe

and taken him to the board meeting at 2:15. He tried to remember what he was doing in a taxi, but the last thing he could recall was standing in front of the cafe mentally criticising his wife for leaving bon bons about the house. His failing to remember anything was another one of the tricks his poor stomach played on him; he was quite sure of that. He made a resolve to change doctors tomorrow. But he felt disgusted with himself, for he sensed that he had been going somewhere for a very important reason; something that was to have changed his whole life. He looked outside; there was nothing there to help him. He looked in the seat; there was nothing there. Nor was he carrying anything. He wondered where he could be going this time of day, and what it was that had pulled him away from his board meeting. Well, the taxi driver would know where he was going. He leaned over and addressed the back of the light brown hair.

"What did you tell me your name was?"

"I didn't tell you."

"Well, tell me now then."

"Williams, sir."

"Very good Williams. Where did I tell you to drive me?"

"You said to drive around, and then take you to Central Park."

"Did I say why I was going there?"

"No, Sir, you didn't."

"Well did I say anything that might have given you a hint?"

"No, Sir, you just looked a little silly."

"Central Park; a little silly; that's strange."

"What, Sir?"

"Nothing. Oh, Williams."

"Yes Sir."

"Drive me to the Better Linoleum Building.....And Williams."

"Yes Sir?"

"Please hurry."



Notes Concerning Population

SMITH L. STOVALL

The population of the world in 1800 was about 850 million; it is more than two billion now. The white race numbered 30 million in 1000, 210 million in 1800, and it now numbers nearly 800 million.

As a rule man has reproduced himself in the most natural manner,—just as flies do, for example,—through giving birth at all times to the maximum possible number of babies. This maximum number is some fifty to sixty babies per year per thousand of the population. This population, so long as this rule held, was kept in bounds principally by natural causes,—disease, famine, wars. During these good old days, the average length of life was 20 to 25 years.

The white race has had its marvelous increase in population, not because of any increase in the birthrate, but because of an increase in the food supply and a decrease in the deathrate from the application of engineering and medical discoveries,—pure water supplies, proper sewage disposal, vaccination, riddance of mosquitoes. The white man's average length of life at present is nearly 55 years.

The white race spread and increased through preempting the unoccupied places of the earth. In 1600 it was confined to Europe. It now owns and controls the two Americas, Australia, Africa, and all of the larger islands. The colored races have been largely confined to Asia. Though their birthrate has been and is higher than that of the white race, it is for this reason that they have shown a much smaller increase. They are capable of increasing, given a chance. Japan has increased to a total of 86 million with a present yearly increase of 900 thousand. Java, with the help of Holland, has increased from three million to 36 million in a little more than a hundred years.

About 1850, the white race began to reduce its birthrate. This reduction, because of its continuance, has provided the world with something to think about. So long as the colored races can be kept within Asia, the matter of their increase will be taken care of, as of old, through disease, famine, wars. We have only to look at the increase in the populations of Japan and Java to realize what will happen if the Chinese should break out of China and the Hindus out of India.

Our most disturbing present day world questions arise from the fact that the reduction in the birthrate of the white race has been different for its different branches. The English have secured control of most of the World's open spaces. France now has a population almost stable. The world war very largely grew out of the fact that the birthrate of Germany greatly exceeded that of France. The most disturbing influence in the affairs of Europe today largely is the matter of difference in the birthrates of France, Germany and Italy. The Balkan people, who have the highest rate of all the white race, are yet to be heard from.

The rapid decrease in the birthrate of the United States has brought us a

bunch of pretty problems, all loaded with the greatest of uncertainty. Never in all history, until recently, have women had any say as to the number of babies to be born. They heretofore have been regarded as the property of the men for the most part, and have been bred as the men have seen fit. There is ample reason now to believe that their future say will have material weight. Higher education, throughout history, has been a dysgenic influence on peoples. During the middle ages scholarly persons had to be either monks or nuns. A person, with a leaning toward higher learning, had to forswear all ideas of married life before he could pursue his studies in a monastery or nunnery. It is thus that the church for more than one thousand years continuously bred out of the general population those people who were inclined to the pursuit of the different branches of higher learning.

Higher education, at the present, is yet more dysgenic. College population does not reproduce itself. This applies not only to the scholarly, who comprise probably no more than 10% of the college population, but to the other 90% as well. Higher education is the one institution of modern times that is the most discouraging. An institution of higher learning must ever seek new population, with the knowledge that these new people, through availing themselves of the marked advantages offered, will doom themselves to extinction. No such institution long could keep going were it entirely dependent for its students upon the children of its graduates.

The so-called differential birthrate, a comparatively new phenomenon, is fast becoming a disturbing question. It is believed a differential birthrate within a nation may be quite as potential for stirring up trouble as differential birthrates between different nations. Due to the slow spread of the knowledge of the instruments of birth control, the most ignorant one-fourth of our population is now believed to be supplying at least one-half the total baby crop. In California a Mexican, a Japanese or a negro mother supplies two babies for every one supplied by a native white mother.

Within our present expected life of 55 years, a birthrate of 18.2 per thousand of population is needed to produce a stable population. The birthrate for the United States as a whole was 18.9 in 1929; that of California 14.8. Since immigration has been all but stopped, any future increase in our population must be a natural one. The indications are that this natural increase will be very small.

Seemingly, one of the most powerful causes of the recent very rapid decline in the birthrate is that the matter of raising children not only has ceased to be a profitable undertaking but has become a most expensive one. It is a good thing, presumably, that educators and philanthropists have given us child labor and compulsory attendance school laws. Twenty-one of the states of the Union now show a birthrate inadequate to sustain a stable population, and this inadequacy varies directly with the efficiency of operation of these laws in those states. Oregon with a birthrate of 14.1, Washington with 14.6 and California with 14.8 will be lacking children for their schools before long. Alabama and North Carolina, with a birthrate in excess of 24, will not have to worry about a shortage of children for some time to come.

Since a stable population, possibly a decreasing one, is upon us, it is well

to mention a few of the problems sure to turn up soon. A country of stable population is a country of old people. This country to date has been a young people's country. Our population at times has had as many as 50% of its people under twenty years of age. A stable population will contain roughly one-third under twenty, one third twenty to forty and one third over forty years of age. It is probable the United States now has its maximum number of children! Think, if you can, what effect this may have on the business of teaching. During the past quarter of a century immense sums have been spent for educating the young. Thousands of teachers have been trained and put to work. Certainly the class, twenty to forty, is now paying about all the taxes possible. Industry will no longer use men over forty. In the future these men will be almost as helpless as that class of the population under twenty. Undoubtedly a good part of the money and attention now devoted to those under twenty will come eventually to be devoted to those over forty. This is all the more probable for the reason that each person over forty has a vote.

We will continue no doubt to be intersted in parks and playgrounds, but more and more of their space will be given over to horse shoes and other games suitable for old men.

Jobs for the educated will grow scarcer, and the competition in securing what jobs there are will become more and more strenuous. In a few years, people will not go to college, as now, with the idea of preparing for a better job. Job seekers will be taken care of in trade schools. The college population will be smaller than now and will be made up almost entirely of those interested in learning for learning's sake.

Seemingly, the most desirable thing in the world just now for our cities is bigness. All of them, large and small, are hoping to grow. The total advertised increase in all our cities for the next twenty-five years is of the nature of 75 million. In the light of data now available, these claims are absurd in the extreme. The most liberal estimates give the United States an ultimate increase of 50 million. Data more and more clearly indicate that, without changes in our affairs not to be foretold, the United States probably will never have a population greater than 150 million,—an ultimate possible gain of 28 million.

Will our own fair city continue to double every ten years? The indications are that this is most improbable. Now that the nation as a whole is to increase very slowly henceforth, if at all, adjustments of importance and of great number must be made. Happy the city whose officials critically scan all proposed expensive improvements in the light of the knowledge of future population growth.

The Suicide

MICHAEL J. GOODBODY



WORTHINGTON WATSON sat in a deck chair. The deck chair sat on the deck of the Loafer. And the Loafer belonged to J. Worthington Watson. The sun was beating down with fierce intensity. It made a vividly discernible line along the deck, missing the toes of the great Watson by a margin of about three inches. A steward approached and after a brief introductory cough, announced that he was the bearer of a telegram. A pudgy hand reached out of the shadow and took the filmy yellow envelope. The steward bowed and retired.

Suddenly the air was rent by a stentorian bellow. A sleepy world woke from drowsy inertia and the bellow produced the captain. The captain, a thin, unassuming character, had been taking his usual cup of tea and had nearly spilled the entire cup down the front of his always immaculate shirt-front and coat. He stood before the owner and bowed. J. Worthington Watson creaked to a more upright position.

"Captain, how soon can we leave?"

"Immediately, sir, the boat is always ready to put to sea."

"Good," said J. W.Worthington. "Get all hands on board at once and heave out. A nice tide running and a good breeze coming up." Once more he relaxed into the deck chair and the captain departed in dignified haste.

On the bridge the captain muttered a few terse commands. The whistle bellowed like J. Worthington. Four blasts and once again the boat returned to quietness and repose. Four blasts were always given when the boat was going to pull out with the tide. The crew, which never strayed beyond call of the whistle, always made haste and reported for duty at once.

J. Worthington Watson was a model of business efficiency. He expected efficiency from all whom he employed. And it is worthy of note that he received efficiency from all sides. A well trained crew kept a well groomed yacht ready to sail on an instant's notice. A well trained captain sailed without definite sailing orders, and a well trained cook performed miracles in culinary art. The crew took its orders from the captain and the mate. The captain took orders, (whenever the owner saw fit to give any,) from the great Watson. The cook, well, he took orders from no one person, this being due chiefly to the fact that he had been in the employ of J. Worthington Watson for the past ten years.

When the entire crew had been accounted for, bow and stern lines were cast off and the Loafer slid into the stream. A long blast from the throaty whistle and the yacht scampered down the channel with colors flying gaily to the breeze. The crew bustled about in orderly confusion. A burly, bearded individual stood over them. The brilliant sun seemed to accentuate his flattened ears and badly broken nose. He twisted a faded officer's cap in grimy hands. This was Spud O'Day, first mate. How he ever became to be associated with

the Loafer, its genteel captain and its multi-millionaire owner, no one knows. Conjecture had it that he was a body guard and it is known that he accompanied J. Worthington Watson ashore on all occasions when the Loafer was moored in foreign ports. At any rate, he was a wonder as a first mate and amply sufficed as a second and third mate too.

On the stern, Sven Olsen the cook stood looking at the fast disappearing dock with wistful eyes. He had just had time to snatch a hurried kiss and wave farewell to his darling Lena. Sven had met her in the first year of his employ under the Watson flag and was now reported to be engaged to marry the fair Lena. He may have been a slow worker but on the whole he was a sure worker. Lena would know her man when she finally got him but her man would know her too. There would be no illusions to disturb this marriage. And so it was that the cook stood on the stern and gazed sadly shoreward.

J. Worthington Watson sat in his deck chair amidships and watched the shore speed by through half closed eyes. The immaculate captain paced nervously on the bridge and wished that the owner would give him some hint as to the ultimate destination of the boat. J. Worthington knew that the captain was worrying, but he also knew that the boat would have to stop at the customs station for clearance. Perhaps by that time he would have made up his mind as to where they were going. The redoubtable Mr. Watson was a strange man, he had strange ideas. Sometimes it pleased him to make other people worry.

The boat was now heading South and the full afternoon sun shone warmly upon the recumbent figure of the great Watson. He smiled and stretched his fat legs. The sun was nice. It made him lazy. The telegram on his lap fell to the deck and with a half suppressed sigh he dropped one weary arm and retrieved the vagrant message. The contents of the telegram caused him to frown. He forgot about smiling. He forgot about the warm afternoon sun. His narrow eyes scanned the yellow slip slowly.

"HORSES AND HILLS STOP DO THEY HAVE SOLES."

The message was brief and damnedably to the point. It was in code but J. Worthington Watson had originated the code. He did not need a code book to tell him this bit of news. When translated the message read, "MARKET LOW STOP YOU ARE RUINED."

With a worried sigh J. Worthington Watson returned the message to its yellow envelope and gazed at the placid blue sea. His body seemed steeped in repose but every nerve was quivering inwardly. His mind was working at top speed. His pudgy hands were warm and moist. They clenched and unclenched in unconscious action. J. Worthington Watson's first impulse had been one of extreme helplessness; now, however, he had decided upon a course of action. He had ordered the boat away on the spur of the moment but he was glad that he had done so. He would sail to the tropics. Thank heavens the boat had always been kept in readiness. Once in the tropics he would lose himself in the teeming life of another world. And no one would ever know what had become of J. Worthington Watson, one time Baron of Buffalo.

He allowed a thin smile to play about his lips as he reviewed his plans. There was no mistaking the smile now. J. Worthington Watson was well

pleased with himself. The old Watson bean was functioning perfectly. Once again the master mind had scored a victory. The famous mind that had built thirty-five cents into thirty-five millions was still alert. There was a difference, however. Where once the man had been ambitious, he was now passive. Where he had once desired power he now desired peace and obscurity. It was a strange metamorphosis but still it seemed quite natural. J. Worthington Watson was glad that the struggle was over. He was glad that once more he could sink into oblivion with no thought or care of the future.

The Loafer slowed to a steady glide and then, amid the throb of motors in reverse, it slid to a stop at the Customs pier. J. Worthington walked to the gangway and waited for the captain. Soon that individual put in an appearance and the two men walked up the dock to the Customs office. The Loafer cleared with Samoa as its destination. The two men returned to the boat and the lines were again cast off.

Warm summery days, days of blue skies and blue waters. Days that were meant for laziness and days that were spent in laziness, by J. Worthington Watson. The Loafer plowed onward through seas of calm surface and beautiful coloring. For two weeks the course had tended to the South and for two weeks J. Worthington had done nothing but sit in the sun and think. It was only natural that two weeks of thinking should produce dire results in the mind of the thinker. At the start of the cruise J. Worthington had been well pleased with the outlook before him. Now that he had spent so much time in such deep thought he was not sure that his course of action was the best that he might have planned. He had thought himself into a state of utter dejection. Thoughts of meetings friends unexpectedly. Thoughts of living to read of the failure that he had made of life. Thoughts of many kinds insisted upon injecting themselves into his mind until he was nearly driven to distraction.

At last he hit upon the big idea. The idea that was really a Watson idea. The idea that would prove his true genius.

J. Worthington Watson had decided to commit suicide. The decision was the result of careful thought and all due consideration; therefore it was worthy of a true Watson. It was not an end merely to justify the means. It was more; it was the only outlet for a man broken in both body and spirit. Tears of self-pity trickled from the puffy eyes of J. Worthington. All the beauty of the tropic world was dimmed until it seemed to be drowned in rain. With an angry toss of his head J. Worthington shook the tears from his eyes and glared about him, much on the order of an enraged sea lion.

Walking to the rail he stood looking down at the foamy water in a contemplative mood. He wondered how it felt to drown. He wondered if there was much pain connected with the process. His mind reverted to a book written by that bard of the sea, Jack London. He remembered that the end of the book had been devoted to a man committing suicide by drowning. He also remembered that the process had been painless and comparatively simple.

The water beneath him looked cool and inviting. It seemed to call him with hidden strength. It seemed to offer more than the world around him. J.

Worthington Watson was tempted. He looked at the ship about him. No one was visible except a sailor busily engaged in polishing brass near the bow. It was a splendid opportunity. Should he jump? No, someone would surely see him and then his efforts would have been in vain. Better to wait until nightfall when no one would see him, no one but the gem-like Southern Cross that always rode through the sky and spied upon him when he least desired it. And besides, he wanted to jump off the stern. It was much more dignified and practical. By going off the stern he would be behind the boat and soon lost in the darkness of the tropical night. Yes, it would be better to wait until nightfall.

J. Worthington Watson ambled back to his deck chair and sat down heavily. His mind was strangely at peace. He felt rested. Now that he had made up his mind to commit suicide he felt as if a heavy load had been lifted off of his shoulders. He suddenly remembered that he was hungry. He smiled inwardly to think of a soon-to-be-dead man speculating about food. Oh, well, no one would be able to say that a Watson had been afraid to face death bravely. He took a certain almost fiendish delight in bellowing for the cook and ordering a special meal of great size for that evening.

Came the evening and J. Worthington Watson sat down to one of the best meals in his existence. Sven Olsen had miraculously produced a roast duck garnished with the most appetizing of dainties. A bottle of rare old wine stood at the Watson elbow and there were tid-bits, relishes, sauces.

The ship's clock had tolled well past nine when J. Worthington Watson arose from the table to smoke a last earthly cigar on the deck outside. Passing from the dining salon he was struck by the mystic beauty of the tropic night. Stars glowed in the heavens with a bright, penetrating light. The Southern Cross hung suspended like a huge Christmas seal, or so it seemed to J. Worthington Watson. A mellow moon was just pushing its way through the watery horizon and shedding a path of silver along the water. The yacht was like a magic carpet, that is, a magic carpet with a steady undulating motion.

J. Worthington Watson looked at his watch. It was half past nine. He walked to the stern and stood deep in thought. His mind, racing at top speed, reviewed the past life that he had led. He saw himself as a youth suddenly overcome with ambition. He saw the steady rise of thirty-five cents to thirty-five millions. He saw the exclusive clubs. The gay old dogs continually nudging one another and telling slightly soiled jokes. He smiled, reminiscing. Women, not many, but still satisfactory in their own right, came floating like lost images from a wayward world. All of this and more did J. Worthington Watson see as he stood on the stern and meditated upon his approaching departure.

The moon had now risen high into the sky and its path had widened until the entire sea was lit up with an almost unearthly light. The astute Watson smiled tenderly. It was well that the fates had seen fit to give a nice night for a send off. He regretted only one thing and that was the fact that there would not be more people present to see him on his way. He wondered vaguely if people ever wished a suicide a pleasant voyage. Such thoughts were depress-

(Continued on Page 35)

Sea Devil....

(Continuer From Page 6)

Mel Saltus, like an angular shadow against the lighter grey of the fog, squatted upon the stern deck running the set-line, pulling the dripping line up over the side, removing the great flapping fish from the leaders, rebaiting the hooks and letting them slide back into the water under the stern, a monotonous repetition over a mile or more of anchored set-line, but the fish boxes in the bottom of the boat gradually filled with golden and calico bass, or an occasional pop-eyed, red-scaled grouper flopped helplessly about and then stiffened in the salty air.

There were the usual signs of depredations by the eels: stolen bait, lines tied into myriad knots or tangled beyond salvage, and on many hooks the eels themselves twisted and squirmed evilly to be greeted by a curse from Mel Saltus and a blow or two from a club, formed of the end of a broken oar handle, then thrown, lifeless but still twisting, back into the sea.

Once, in pure ill-humor, Saltus flung a live one into the fish box at Larry's feet where it squirmed and thrust its pointed nose about among the fish, seeking a way of escape. Larry said nothing. The company which bought their fish would pay the same price for eel as they did for the bass, if there were not too many in the shipment.

"Fog will be lifting soon," Larry commented a bit later, resting on his oars and brushing the black, damp hair back from his forehead as a stiff breeze began making avenues about them and disclosing the dull, rolling water.

His father clearly did not hear. He was still mumbling to himself and several times during the morning

Larry had thought he heard something like, "Stumbled. Stumbled on the cliff." Once he had looked squarely at Larry, though Larry doubted if his father even realized he was there, and had said solemnly, "It's coming! It's coming as sure as H—."

Larry's strong fingers brushed the handle of the gaff hook. The delirium his father feared was close, all too close. Mel Saltus fell to mumbling again and returned to his lines. He removed a big flat hallibut from a hook and gripping its ugly slimy body at the gills turned to put it in the fish box.

Kneeling upon the slippery deck, his lean body yielding easily to the lift and drop of the seas, he peered down the short length of the row boat uncertainly for a moment. His eyes became fixed with growing horror upon the fish box and his body stiffened while his lips formed a wild cry.

A five pound bass, stiff in death, was *standing upon its head* at the top edge of the fish box. Its tail wobbled and swung from side to side in the air, solemnly, in a ghastly death dance. Very slowly it traveled, head down, eyes staring, over the box side and into the bottom of the boat. Another was swaying and weaving its death-stiffened tail, following close behind the first, while a third was lifting its rigid body from the box after the others, like crazy soldiers in single file.

Mel Saltus shrieked again, too terrified to move and Larry dropped an oar to grasp his gaff hook. The thing he had feared had come.

Following his father's staring eyes, he, too, saw the soldier fish—and more. The gaff hook came into play and he held up the twisting black

(Continued on Page 30)

As Seen From This Issue

There is much to be noted in a short space that one typewriter is embarrassed. In the first place, it seems that our contributors are discovering an unlooked-for propensity for humor. And in the second place, we wish to welcome the influx of freshman vigour both in this issue and in the board. Mr. Hamby and Miss Anderson are both convincing proofs that there is enough incoming talent to permit Palenque to grow. Also, to let you in on a secret, there will be at least two more freshmen represented in the next issue.

The faculty have been kind, as usual. The superb clarity of Mr. Stovall's chuckle to be found in "A Neglected Pleasure of Reading." Indeed, more than the usual number of chuckles lurk in our pages this time.

We wish particularly to thank the art department for its cooperation. Palenque affords a fine chance for practical problems in the illustration classes, but certainly, the art department affords us the very best of material. Our initial letters this time are the first to be made on our new plan of building up an alphabet. May we continue as well as we have begun!

Meanwhile, we can say to our readers, with the air of a small boy with a lollipop behind his back, "Wait until next time. Then you'll see something worth seeing." So many surprises are jumping on the keys of the typewriter to be written that we must stop and take time to discipline them. So, "Wait and see."

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At The

Fountain

(AZTEC SHOPS)

Sea Devil....

(Continued From Page 28)

body of the eel his father had thrown into the box. To its long snouted snake-body hung the dead fish, like beads along a string, still moving obediently to each writhing of the eels iron muscles.

"See, father," he said. "The eel has only threaded itself through the wide gills of the fish in twisting about trying to get out of the box."

The older man brushed his wet hand over his eyes.

"I thought — I — it was —" he

muttered brokenly and tried to hide his trembling. Abruptly Larry looked away.

"It will be coming dinner time soon and mother will be waiting," he commented in a voice held rigidly steady. "We must be taking in of the lines.

Involuntarily both looked up to where the morning sun had finally worked through the fog to shine upon the golden sandstone cliff and disclosed a small column of smoke that they knew came from the little iron stove where Larry's mother was busy preparing for the return of her men.



George's

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD



LOBSTER, STEAK AND
CHICKEN DINNERS

Cardiff-By-the-Sea

Nestor

The Big Blow...

(Continued From Page 10)

not very many good rubbery young hands this year, and there were freak storms that threatened with more perversity than the regular high mountain storms. Also the machinery that Pop had was pretty rusty. Most of what he was using was borrowed from his neighbors who had lost their crops before. So there was a lot of incidental hell along with what a fellow could usually expect. There was also a bit more lubricating oil, to keep a fellow from talking to himself too much.

'Young Bake was working a machine and his gullet at intervals. He was singing the loudest of all, probably because he was drinking the most. He took the strongest horses in the bunch, for he would go down the side of the field and turn right back, cutting and shocking as he went, making four miles of the thickest stand, in less time than it took the other five outfits to take one turn up the short side of the field. Oh, that boy was a singin', shouting, working fool for the first three days of the cutting. But on the fourth day three hands quit, (the IWW I think,) and Bake, swearing to wring ten thousand necks if he got gypped out of his ten gauge shot gun, had to do double duty. Besides this he kept after the rest of the men who were beginning to go to sleep every time they stood in one place over fifteen seconds. He was rushing all over the place that day, and on the fifth night he didn't even get his four hours respite because of repairing one of the machines that had broken under the strain. And that night a wind came up that made Pop so nervous he decided to bag what he had and keep cutting and bagging at the same time after this as long as the liquor held out.

'It stayed dark for a long time the morning when the sixth day should have dawned. There was first a high fog of grey scudders that were whipping off the High Sierras, bringing with them the bitter cold of snow that was packed on the mountains ten thousand feet high. An old devil of a wind was cuttin' loose away up there above the clouds; every once in a while he'd break

his way through to down below and then's when the grain would bow heads with a deep slow sigh, and the horses' manes would ruffle and whip around their heads, and men would chatter or curse and pull at the stiff cold canvass coats to draw them tighter. Then's when you could see the diffused glow that must have come from the sun, but the cold brush of the uncertain mists that hung on the tail of the wind kept away any thought of its warmth. Horses stepped quicker, unconsciously accepting the challenge of old man storm; men forced machines to a faster pace as they prayed for a good thunder burst to drive all hands to quarters.

'Pop was out there watching proceedings with tears in his eyes—but they came from that damn mountain breeze, as he put it. He saw the grain which was worth the gold it resembled, shocked into bundles, lying in little rows of piles, just as the machines had dropped them after shocking.

'For miles these precious bundles stretched, clean to where the differentiated scene merged into a hazy blur of yellow, to be cut by the black fence of the Stock Riter farm. To the west, where there was still a considerable stand, the machines were working at top, cutting and shocking. As soon as the rider gets back, I'll slip him a drink, thought Pop, and then send him out to tell these fellows to start getting the bundles up pronto. I'm pretty sure this storm ain't going to break at all today, but I ain't going to take any chances on what is cut for what is left standing. This is six days anyway. There comes that breeze again. Like an old witch, sweeping with a frosty broom.

'But the rider never did come in. He fell asleep on his horse, and this amiable beast, full of an abiding respect for its lord and master, quietly stopped and dozed off without a thought of the frightful turn the weather was taking. And it really was turning most dirty, and Pop was having serious doubts about his grain and his profits and his machinery and men. So was Bake, about his shot gun. The hands, alarmed and ready to knock off at the first opportunity, started lifting up their blades and clearing the decks for a straight run homeward before the wind,

which was now roaring down on the flats with ice in its teeth.

"It's a hell-bent hurricane," somebody shouted.

"Then some red-eyed numbskulls on the trailing machine began unharnessing their horses and riding past the other boys on their freed animals. The fool on Bake's machine that tried this one was clouted on the ear so effectually as to leave him not the slightest concern for the immediate future.

'At first Pop began to swear when he saw that here and there his bundled wheat was beginning to be dragged along as the heavy wind swept its brisk brushes over the bristley fields. When he saw that the men were coming in without gathering what could be saved, and even unharnessing out in the bare, he took a little nip and set out in that direction.

'By the time he met them, though, the sky was so black and the wind had abated its fury in so treacherous a manner that it was no use to try and get the men to turn back again. The geese which had been rapidly leaving the fields now disappeared entirely—a bad sign. Pop was an oldish man, and no sucker. He knew that even a fresh crew wouldn't have stood much chance out there in the open when this thing broke. That stuff is gone, thought Pop, wait until these guys come out of it and try to get their wages. But where the hell is young Bake? "Hey! Who saw Bake? You boys on the Stock Riter machine. Where's that kid of mine?"

.....Out of the enclosing void, this black theater to which the darkness and the laughing wind gave a vague roof and far walls.....A huge theatre, whose walls and dark dome were lost in distance or darkness, or vague soughing sounds.....across the cold vault, heard over the whisper of gathering ghosts—a cry, in answer, borne by the wind and tenderly crushed.....Born by the strong wind, a heady foe.....

"Away back ther, ohhha, way back where the ssssohhhh ackes are piiiiled duhhhh. Heesa withhuh traacotr (a high note trailing low), near the sssaaaakunshed."

Pop felt like catching young Bake and dragging him in by the ear, but he decided that he had better go along with the men to the house and see that they took care in putting up the stock and

machinery. He climbed up into the nearest machine and took the reins from the red-headed driver, who had been snatching forty winks.

'It was getting darker and the cold witch's hands began to shut up the stiffly plodding horses and harrassed men in a net of baffling storm. Then the cook put a light in the window and saved the men and animals from marching clean past the houses. Out there in the wide bare field the wind was beginning a terrific swirling dance as it gathered its weight into a tremendous momentum. In the house the racked workers were piling beds, clothing, food and whiskey down into the cellar. Three oil lamps hanging on the wood rafters illuminated the stone floored cellar where a rough sort of housekeeping was going on. Assorting of beds, setting up the stove, getting ready for what they knew was a hurricane.

* * * * *

When Bake found that he could not keep the men out on the field to gather before the storm broke and scattered the shocked wheat, he jumped off his machine and started to run towards where the tractors were kept on the other side of the sacking shed. He had stayed in the goose pits during many a bad storm, and he felt a special rancour against this storm which threatened to gyp him out of his shotgun. Fortified by the beverages which the hands had been using to keep going, he determined to gather and sack the whole ten thousand acre cuttings by himself. But the brisk walk does his thought processes good. He begins to realize the illogic of his plans. As the final fillip to a wavering decision, the brusque wind rudely grasps his canvas shirt tail and jerks it from its mooring. A cold, very cold blast of air travels down into these regions quite bare. With a yell Bake jumps into the sacking barn and slams the door shut. Outside the wind hollers and laughs. "That's the least of my little tricks. Wait until the whole family gets together, we'll have a war dance. Whoopee," and it goes whistling around the corner of the shack.

In front of the sacking shed—a lot of little plains breezes; a few long summer puffs; a whole family of ocean blows and off-coast whistlers; some regular old gales and cyclones from the middle west; even a couple of rare minty

zephyrs that snoop around high mountain springs and sylvan groves; and one old grey beard, the coldest and oldest of them all, a mournful old codger who polishes the surface of the highest glacier in the Rocky Mountains. They keep agoing round and round, and whooping it up in an ungodly cold manner. They take big solemn turns around the field, all in the same direction, getting up steam to turn the world over; with a few of the young ones like him that grabbed hold of Bake, and slapped his young flanks right red, whistling along the sidelines exploring.

In the half light inside, Bake could see the outlines of the big piles of sacks that might have contained husked and yellow grain. No chance now, he thinks ruefully, the wind's too bad. Why it's even blowing into here. It's making it awfully chilly, little draughts pouring in from all sides, slipping through all sorts of cracks.

'But this shed's pretty strong, he thinks, and even if its draughty it's not as cold as the cellar. Don't think this hurricane can blow it apart. Think I'll stay above for awhile, leastways till I

can get some sacks to take below.

He starts to gather a few sacks to give him a rude comfort in the safety of the cellar. As he does so the barn sort of sways at the knees. It starts to rock and groan like an old boat in a heavy sea. So he rushes to the heavy trap door, lays down his sacks, and slowly, yet with frightened haste, strains and heaves the huge wooden affair backwards.....but just as he is about to take that fateful last step to safety—the house gives a shiver, a groan and a convulsion which hurtles the kid to the heaving floor. Then it is buffeted and jerked about by the hurricane. With a desperate wrench Bake thrusts the floor away from him. He staggers at first, bumping into the walls, tripping over sacks, but finally the floor is steady. Then he tries scurrying down the stairs, to the cellar, but a heavy blast straightens him up, forbidding entrance. He can see that light is coming up through the trap-door. In wonder he gazes down at the grayness that means so much.

The room is dark. This hole, through which the air rushes is light. It is suspended, not over the black pit

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of a cellar, but over—air—nothing but solid air. "Hell," says Bake.

As the barn rises on the forces of the winds, the room becomes steady. It does not pitch and roll, but rides smoothly around on the placid crest of the hurricane's more peaceful elements; while below the gyrations and movements are violent and baroque. As Bake's barn climbs, a calm light enters through the trap door, and Bake finds that he can see below.

The farm houses, less solidly constructed than Bake's shed, or ship, as it now is, have been smashed to bits by the less restrained members of the windy brawl. Above the roar of the storm Bake hears a hoarse bellow. He sees a dappled plump balloon which is the family milch cow being borne aloft by the revolving currents of air. And then for awhile she is carried along directly under the barn, until she arrives at the vortex of the wind which is coursing through the trap-door, bearing the barn upwards. Bake jumps back from the opening just as the cow shoots into the room. The cow, Buttercup by name, immediately ambles into a corner.

"Lucky we got up here right away with the heavy old boys," Bake remarks as they swing majestically around.

He sees the field below, and thinks of his Pop's ruined wheat. The thousands of bundles are being swung round and round in a kind of frolic by some young typhoons, just teething now.

"Well," he soliloquizes to the cow, "Wish I could do something about it." He sighs and watches the cracks in the floor widen and contract as the house is twisted about.

'As, if Destiny herself had spoken these words, an occurrence takes place which has all the Bertillion marks of divine interposition.

'One of the little disordered piles of sacks which Bake had carried to the edge of the trap-door, slides down to the rim. At the very edge of the opening, where the up draught is replaced by a natural out-draught, the sack is suddenly whisked out of the barn and borne rapidly down to the field, a thousand feet below. Bake watches, amused to follow its downward course. That's the way we'll be going in a minute, he thinks. Down, down, whirling around and down and then dragged around down there on the ground, just like that.

'But why does he stop so quickly in this brief interlude? Why does he catch his breath and strain over the opening?—The better to see?

'Why, the sack being dragged over the field is becoming fatter and fatter, like a swelling balloon. It is filled to bursting, and then, too heavy and compact to be whisked about longer, is released by the sportive young cyclones. We can only come to the same conclusion that Bake does at the moment. What fills the sacks so heavily is, can be, nothing but grain. And looking below a little more sharply, Bake sees that the bundles of wheat have been split open and the rich heavy fruit stripped off the long stalks. Like a sea of bright pennies the stripped and polished grain whirled round and round on the flat field.

'Quickly Bake acts. 'Oh, this is too good. All I have to do is throw out each sack and then it will be filled below by the winds,' he tells the cow, joyously. "Here I have a big pile. I'll slide one by one, each sack out the edge of the door, with the open end facing downwards." He waits between sacks. He makes sure to let one sack out for each hundred pounds. "Hooray!"

Soon Bake becomes so skilled that he knows exactly when to loose his empty sacks. He covers every square inch of ground. Every kernel of wheat he salvages. As he keeps swinging round and round at his great height above the field he slowly covers all the huge acreage. The foolish little breezes down below, having such a good time, don't mind filling Bake's sacks. In this manner Bake succeeded in sacking all of the grain.

So after a while, Bake looks down on the field now dotted by bulging sacks. The ground around these sacks has been swept clear of all the scattered grain—ten thousand acres of wheat has been threshed, gleaned and sacked by a destructive cataclysm of Nature. But we still have a young man and a cow in a comparatively new barn floating around on the same uncertain hurricane which so erratically first thwarted and then miraculously aided them.

When the last sack had been whirled flapping earthward and the last sporting winds had filled it heavy with stripped grain, the day was turning late and young Bake was becoming tired. Caus-

ing him some alarm, the heavier old winds away up here were starting to disperse to their more serious duties afar. But Bake was one of those naive and charming souls whose brows remain unwrinkled by the cares attending on the lesser immediacies of life—so he felt less concern for the eminence of death than a natural curiosity as to how the old barn would alight and where. He also remembered his ten gauge shotgun.

As the sun hurtled through the racing clouds, the vigor of the wind abated and Bake felt the big barn settling slowly down on the lower levels of the whirling hurricane, instead of ascending. But he was not to see his descent, for while he was still ever so many feet up in the skies, night fell, and Bake and the cow, worn by the experiences of the day and suffering a natural hang-over, fell asleep without ceremony.

While they slept, and in the darkness, the barn returned to earth.

* * * * *

'As the golden sun rose up over the blue mountains to the east, and gave to every insignificant brown clod in the fields a disproportionately huge shadow, young Bake woke up with a tongue like a bath mat. The sacking shed was sitting in the middle of the field. The first thing that Bake did was to climb through the shattered door and then strike off for where the farm houses had once stood. He tripped over one of the sacks, and as he did so, kicked some of the contents out on the ground.

"That's awful large kernels," said Bake as he stopped to examine.

The grains which had come out of the sack were extraordinarily large, and lighter than the average. Of several sacks which he investigated the contents were the same.

"Why, it's puffed," declared young Bake aloud.

"What's puffed?" asked a voice below his feet.

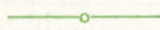
It was Pop. He was in the uncovered cellar in the midst of a pile of beds and clothing. Most of the other fellows were asleep.

"It's a good thing you hollered," said Bake. "I'd've fallen in if you hadn't. Where's the grub?"

"The grub's all blowed away," said the old boy, "so we're eating the wheat

you saved—it's good with milk, but we have no milk."

"Well, here comes the cow. I had her in the barn with me. Hand me a pail....."



The Suicide....

(Continued From Page 27)

ing. He decided to smoke one more cigar before jumping. A fresh cigar was lit and its odor mingled with that of fresh paint and varnish. J. Worthington Watson sighed. He was sorry to be leaving this world. He stiffened his back and threw his shoulders into a more military attitude. Inwardly he cursed himself for being a sentimental idiot. Good cigars always made him sentimental, however. Perhaps that was why he had held on to life for the length of time that he had. Perhaps that was why he was delaying his suicide now.

J. Worthington Watson's meditations were interrupted by the ship's bell tolling ten o'clock. It was time to be going. Without thought nor heed for personal safety any longer, he stepped to the railing, scaled its moist heights and stood poised for an instant in bold silhouette against the whiteness of moonlight. Suddenly he stiffened and leaped forward off the stern. He closed his eyes. He fell for miles. He lost all count of time. Then his progress downward was checked quite abruptly. So abruptly that J. Worthington Watson felt and heard one leg snap perilously. In a dull and rather uninterested manner he sensed that something was wrong. He did not feel the coldness of water. No, instead he felt himself to be swinging. Swinging back and forth like a giant pendulum. As his eyes became accustomed to the sudden change of position and the darkness beneath the ship's stern, he took stock and discovered that somehow, in some manner, he had become entangled in a length of rope and was now hanging head down off the stern.

A near smile of resignation played about his features as he swung back and forth in the light of the evening breeze. He made no attempt to extricate himself, for, after all J. Worthington Watson was a fatalist. Three cigars fell with a

soft "plop" into the sea. J. Worthington sighed profoundly. Blood was beginning to pound in his ears and he was fast becoming decidedly uncomfortable. The unusual Mr. Watson was beginning to think of extricating himself when he heard the steward's voice calling his name from somewhere on the deck above.

"Mr. Watson, wireless message. Wireless message for Mr. Watson."

"Hang the message and get me out of this," the pendant Watson yelled.

Twisting himself around he looked up to see the calm face of the steward staring down at him. "Wireless message from shore, Mr. Watson."

"Forget the message I tell you. Get some help and pull me up." J. Worthington Watson was fast becoming exasperated. The steward disappeared. In a few minutes he returned with the mate and several sailors who soon had the ruffled Watson on deck.

In answer to their unasked questions he merely stated that he had slipped and gone over the side. Luckily his foot had slipped into a coil of rope and he

had been saved from drowning. He then paused to curse the mate soundly for his inefficiency as a life guard. The men were sympathetic and the steward waved the radiogram. Snatching the slip from the unresisting hand of the steward, J. Worthington Watson had himself carried to his cabin where he proceeded to decode the message. The substance of the dispatch was astounding. A small whistle of surprise, and the startled Watson slumped into a chair and regarded the paper with unseeing eyes.

His eyes strayed heavenward and a brief prayer, unorthodox in origin but entirely satisfactory in content came silently from his soul. "Lord, I thank thee; miracles don't come very damned often but when they do—Lord I thank thee." The message recalled his glance and through the jumbled words of the code he again read, "LAST WORD IN TELEGRAM MIS-SPELLED STOP YOUR FORTUNE INTACT."

J. Worthington Watson reached for his code book. Turning to the code word for "ruined" he found that it was spelled s-o-l-e. Turning to the spelling

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s-o-u-l, he found that in code it meant 'safe, intact or all right.' The great Watson smiled. Then he seized a pencil, and in place of the word "sole" spelled s-o-l-e, he wrote the word "cigar"!!

El Palenque

El Palenque is a review of letters published quarterly by the Associated Student Body of San Diego State College. Editor: Margaret Houston; Publication Board: James Lowrie, Florence Jones, Roy Burge, Virginia Barnes, William Hamby, Ruth Maguire; Circulation Managers: Ruth Maguire and Jack Stevenson; Art Editor: Dorothy Cook; Faculty Advisor: Miss Florence L. Smith, Associate Professor of English.

Manuscripts are received from students, alumni, and faculty. They should be sent to the Palenque office in the Library tower, put in Palenque box among the faculty boxes, or given to any member of the staff. Suggestions or criticisms are welcomed.

The financial skies of El Palenque are lightening. The staff urges readers to show their appreciation of the kindly suns that are causing this bright prospect by patronizing the advertisers.



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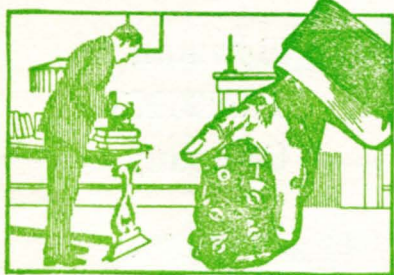
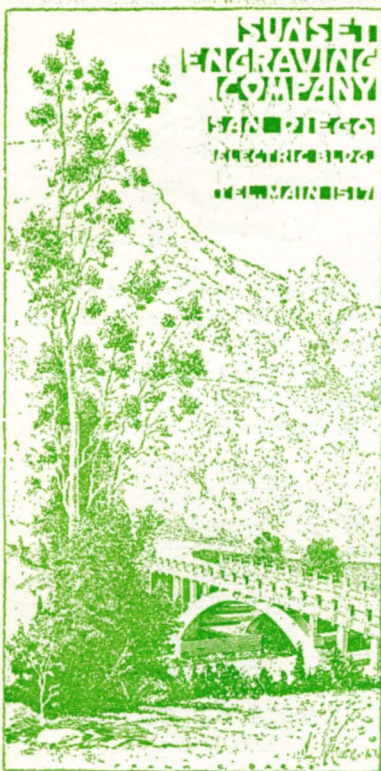


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"Revolt"....

(Continued From Page 14.)

for the crowd to compose itself. Then he raised his baton and led the orchestra into the slow musical current.

The music was like smooth glistening machinery, speeding and whirling. The brilliant beginning—picturing a gay people—spun and whirled in joyous cadence. Peasants danced, and gypsies strummed. Light hearts laughed in colorful bazaars. But above it all sparkled the mocking tinsel of wealth. Fifty violins shivered ecstatically, but through it all, winding on the viol strings, echoed by French horns, and thundered on the drums, there wound an ominous note of discontent, writhing like incense smoke, that suddenly burst upon the orchestra in screaming agony. War! Revolt! From fast spinning circles of sound, whipped to fury by the drums and brasses, there rose blind hatred and blood. In the fierce coils of streaming music, brother hacked brother, and tinsel and laughter were drowned in blood. The mad whirlpool spun faster and faster and suddenly flew asunder, scattering sound. From the wreckage a clarinet twisted a mocking note of triumph, that rose higher and higher, faltered, and then dropped. Then slowly, slowly the current of sound settled into dull monotony. A drab tale of a people disillusioned: without glitter, without God.....Borsanoff carried the shimmering violins into nothingness on a wide, slow sweep of the baton.

His hand drifted down to his side, down through intense stillness. His head bowed. He reached for the stand with a fumbling left hand, clutched nothing, and toppled forward onto the folio. Two men of the orchestra leaped to his side, and caught him just as he slid towards the floor.

The audience gasped, and jumped to its feet. As the two musicians assisted the limp figure from the stage, the crowd knew as well as did Borsanoff that he had just played his own mighty funeral march.