

PALENOQUE
EL

MAY

1931

El Palenque

VOLUME IV

NUMBER IV

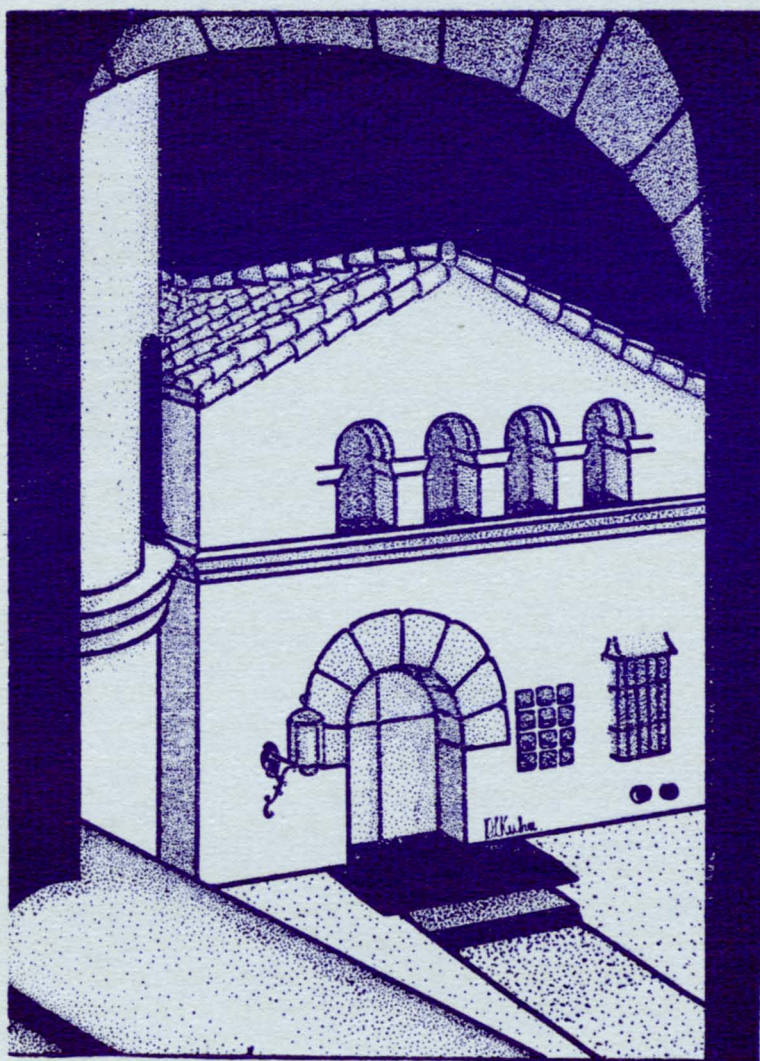
MAY, 1931

ILLUSTRATION	4
<i>Dorothy Kuhn</i>	
THE ARCHITECTURE OF STATE COLLEGE	5
<i>Richard S. Requa</i>	
LANDSCAPING PLANS FOR THE CAMPUS	7
<i>Mark Daniels</i>	
BACK HOME (Illustration)	8
<i>Dorothy Cook</i>	
MISTER WASHINGTON	9
<i>Reina Dunn</i>	
CONCERNING AMERICAN PAINTING AND MURAL DECORATION	12
<i>Everett Gee Jackson</i>	
THE NEW GASTRONOMY	15
<i>Alice Watson</i>	
MINIATURE MACHINATIONS	17
<i>Margaret Houston</i>	
TRIBUTE	20
<i>Roy Burge</i>	
<i>Ruth McGuire</i>	
THIS IS THE LIFE	21
<i>Dr. L. F. Pierce</i>	
OPUS PERFECIT	22
<i>Florence L. Smith</i>	
PROGRAM OF DEDICATION EXERCISES	23
ILLUSTRATION	24
<i>Dorothy Kuhn</i>	
THE OXEN OF LLYN-Y FAN FACH	25
<i>George Payne</i>	
ESSAY ON ESSAYS ON HUMOR	28
<i>Paul Johnson</i>	
THE APRIL FLAGELLANTES	30
<i>Harry C. Steinmetz</i>	
ALL BRAVE FREE THINGS	33
<i>William Mann</i>	
AS SEEN FROM THIS ISSUE	35
ONE NIGHT	42
<i>Audrey Peterson</i>	
LA SCENE	42
<i>Ruth McGuire</i>	
EL PALENQUE	43

Seventy-Five Cents a Year

Twenty-Five Cents a Copy

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



Architecture of the State College---

RICHARD S. REQUA

When I was asked to prepare an article for publication on the architecture of the San Diego State College, I had to confess with some embarrassment that neither business nor recreation had led me in the direction of the institution since it had taken form and substance, but that I would avail myself of the first opportunity to pay it a visit and critically appraise the buildings from the standpoint of their architecture.

The following Sunday morning found me headed eastward through East San Diego and towards the site of San Diego's newest educational buildings. Being in a rather reminiscent and retrospective mood, I was soon lost in thought and hardly became aware of my surroundings until after I had turned from the highway onto the meandering pavement of College Way Road.

Suddenly raising my eyes, I was jolted from my reverie by the sight of a looming tower in the distance, sharply silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky. "Where am I", I said to myself, "am I still dreaming, or have I mysteriously been transported back to the sunny shores of North Africa? Surely, the distant object is not of this country. Its lines and proportions are too oriental, too suggestive of the picturesque minarets, recalling delightful and adventurous days along the Barbary Coast." If the time had been sunrise or sunset I would have expected to see a Muezzin emerge from the tiny center pavilion and in a sonorous voice.....By this time I had ascended a low hill on the road and my day dreams were shattered, for there, spreading out informally before me was not a Mohammedan Mosque but a modern California educational institution. Unfortunately, the position of the tower in relation to the building group does not make the most pleasing combination viewed from the approaching road, but this perspective will undoubtedly be altered, and I trust, improved considerably when the contemplated additions have been made.

Drawing nearer to the buildings, my attention was next centered on the main entrance. Momentarily, my thoughts again flew back across the waters to quaint high-walled Mediterranean cities. Particularly did I recall my visits to Toledo and Valencia where gateways similar in form, guarded in days of yore the communication between the towns and their entering highways. The heavy band of imitation stone work around the entrance arch is particularly characteristic of the hill towns of Castile, notably in the treatment of castles and palaces of Segovia. Upon questioning an attendant, I was disappointed to learn that the great round towers flanking the entrance seem to serve no particular practical purpose. But they undoubtedly accomplished the object of the designer in giving impressiveness and prominence—let me not say obtrusiveness—to the main portal of the institution. Raising my eyes above the conical caps of these towers, I was somewhat surprised to note that the climaxing feature of the entrance is a Spanish-Colonial or Mission cam-

panile, or bell tower,—sans bells. I presume, of course, the bells will later fill the vacant arches even if they will serve no useful purpose. In judging the architecture of this institution, we must ever keep in mind that these are modern California buildings, and that considerable freedom should be permitted in the selection of such architectural features and adornments from the exotic styles as can be appropriately adapted to the purpose.

Perhaps the next feature of importance is the second story arcaded balconies which were undoubtedly designed to add further interest to the entrance facade. Here again we return to oriental forms in the spiral columns, the peculiar shape and decoration of the caps, and the suggestion of horseshoe arches. The cornice treatment is also suggestive of Moorish work which in the originals was cleverly and often intricately worked out with brick, then stuccoed or white-washed.

The long stretches of "portales" or arcades in the spacious courtyard, the "rejas" or iron window grilles, the iron work of the balconies, the cupolas, chimney tops, the lighting fixtures, and almost all other ornamentation and decorative features are suggestive of the oriental tricks used by the Moors to relieve the monotony of plain wall surfaces and the simple design of their buildings.

Unfortunately, the building group suffers from lack of color, the skillful use of which adds so delightfully to the charm of Moorish work, particularly as exemplified in Southern Spain and Northern Africa. Much can and undoubtedly will be done later to overcome this criticism by abundant and skillfully planned landscaping.

By reason of the fact that the work on the institution is still far from completed, critical comments are rather unfair at this time. Buildings and institutional groups are designed and arranged for their completed effects, and therefore, are more or less unsatisfactory in composition during the development stages.

In spite of their Medieval and oriental details, the architecture of the buildings comprising the college group is not Moorish, Spanish, or any other exotic style, ancient or modern, but definitely and unmistakably Californian. This is the style that is now being generally adopted and recognized in the Southwest as the appropriate design for buildings in this semi-tropical section of our country. It is a style of sufficient flexibility for adaptation to any type of structure, and permits the freedom to employ such features from historical styles that are friendly in our environment, and that can be adapted to present day tastes and requirements.

The freedom from studied formality of plan, as well as from sharp or tortuous moldings and other mechanically executed features of design, give the building group comprising the San Diego State College a friendly, inviting, sub-tropical atmosphere seldom found even in California's educational institutions.

Landscaping Plans for the Campus

MARK DANIELS

The gardens for the new California State Teacher's College in San Diego are planned, as nearly as possible, to conform to the traditional style of the architecture. The patios and courts are designed in the Hispano-Moresque style with a small natural garden in the east court. The planting immediately surrounding the buildings is selected to harmonize with the architecture, using the white of the walls of the buildings as a background against which to silhouette the somber greens of Italian Cypress, stone pines and Brazilian peppers.

The slopes of the canyons are to be planted in a naturalistic manner embracing as wide a variety as possible, within practical limits, so as to constitute, more or less, an arboretum that will have true educational value.

The plant lists have been selected with care from the Flora Capensis, the Floras of Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Chile and Mexico, with a smattering of tribes from the South Sea Islands and the West Indies. The problem of irrigation and care has limited the selection to those that are most drouth resistant and at the same time showy. Such trees as the Sterculia, Acerfolia, Erythrina, Calodendrum Capensis, Jacarandas, Italian Stone Pines, Torrey Pines and the Halapensis will be used freely. Formality has been confined to the entrance, the mall on the central axis and the patios. The architecture is strongly reminiscent of the styles found in Algeria, where climate and soil on the north slopes of the Atlas Mountains and the mesas between them and the Mediterranean are almost identical with our own.

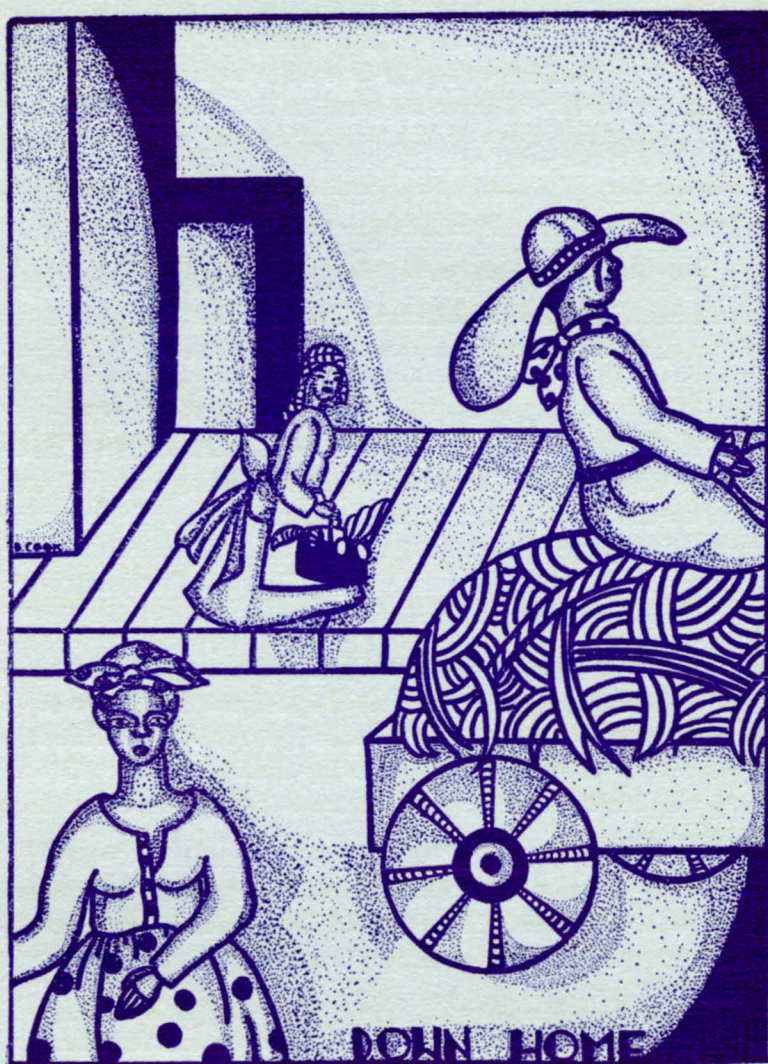
The propriety of such a selection is quite apparent. It calls, however, for a selection of plant material such as one finds in Algeria and Tunesia. Here the cork oak, the date palm, the oleander are indigenous and profuse in number. Mountain slopes are covered with heather and the landscape of the College Campus may well be planted with great masses of this gem of the Mediterranean.

The comprehensive plan embraces the development of an amphitheater with stage an integral part of the arched bridge over the canyon at the approach to the main entrance. This feature in the landscape presents an opportunity for very impressive landscape treatment that will show from the entrance causeway.

Sports fields and stadium fall naturally into the locations finally selected by the office of the State Architect and they will be surrounded by more or less towering and dignified conifers and broad leaved evergreens. It is hoped that the planting, when eventually completed, will supply shaded areas where students may work and study between periods and, should the State Exchequer withstand the pressure, it is hoped that water features may be introduced in both the informal and formal areas.

The abutting property has been so planned that there will be no traffic

(Continued to Page 38.)



Mister Washington

REINA DUNN.



ISTER JOSEPH H. WASHINGTON looked with contempt at the two "Southern gentlemen" seated in the cabin of the plane. Nausea pulled at him as he remembered the faces of that poet and his wife, strained with the shame of their humiliation. He had lived so long in Chicago, he had forgotten those prejudices which were the South's greatest pride. His slender body still ached with the sympathy he had felt when he had walked into the office at the field.

Even though they had been flying for more than an hour, the two had not yet finished their discussion of the incident.

"A niggah is always a niggah, sah," axiomized the older.

A complacent smirk gave life for an instant to the friendly vacuity of his companion's face. "Exactly, sah."

Mister Washington's broad shoulders twitched impatiently. "Just as southern gentlemen are always southern gentlemen?" he asked smoothly.

They turned towards him with the friendliness shown only to those who understood. The older smirked. "Exactly, sah."

There was no change in the rhythm of Mister Washington's rich voice. "Wasn't it Chesterfield who said that courtesy, the mark of a gentleman, was the outward expression of an inward consideration for others?" Before the other could do more than nod, he continued. "You, priding yourselves on being just a bit better clay than we darn Yankees, humiliate and shame a genius and his wife, merely because they are black. You make a disgusting scene, forbid them the great privilege of riding from Chicago to New Orleans with you—and yet you think nothing of letting your babies nurse at their breasts! Southern gentlemen! Bah!"

He chuckled as he saw them draw themselves apart from this barbarian who had none of their innate breeding which had made it necessary for them to make their superiority known at any cost.

His laughter slid across to them. Ever since he had been a boy, he had wanted to say that to some southerner. At last, he had had his chance.

Naturally, a band of silence lay taut between himself and his travelling companions for the rest of the long trip. Mister Washington had eight hours in which to try to forget that scene. He shuddered.

He watched the patterned country pass beneath them. What had made that fine looking chap accept without question the insults of lesser men? Why was it necessary? Why had he made no defense, spoken no words? Was it the inbred feeling of inferiority from which he could not break free? He shrugged.

There was no answer. "His mind forebodes his own destruction."

That night, he registered at the most exclusive hotel in New Orleans. Immediately, he called De Croix, the owner of large cypress forests, whom he had come south to see. They made an appointment for luncheon the next day. As he turned from the telephone, Mister Washington smiled. It would be a pleasure to get that land for a fourth its value, as he expected to do.

Hours passed slowly in a heat too oppressing for slumber. Tired from the struggle of emotions which had held him during the day, worn by the long flight none too easy for a man over fifty, he fought for sleep. At dawn, cold-eyed with exhaustion, he dressed and slipped out of the hotel.

For a time, he walked. Soon, the swift arrival of day made walking impossible, so he boarded a street-car, which turned down the long wharves stretching like long limbs by the side of the ugly river.

Mister Washington waited for the car to stop bobbing long enough for him to swing clear. His wide, thick, lips thinned in a smile for the conductor. Frowning, he saw his polished tan oxfords stir the dust of the cobbled street. Eleven miles of wharfage in the biggest city in the south, and not one block of it paved! That would never happen in Chicago.

He hurried into the darkly-cool warehouses, misty with the rich odors of coffee and molasses. Others, also avoiding the heat that rolled down the streets, walked under the sheds.

Pale mulatto women slid by, swaying smoothly with the baskets of lavender-scented clothing they carried on their heads. The monotonous shuffle of their sandals beat the measure for the sharp staccato pattering of pickanninies who were carrying buckets of cold beer to the black stevedores struggling to work in the heat.

Through the brilliant whiteness of the large doors, Mister Washington could see a single line of laborers, arched under the weight of hundred-pound sacks climb steadily up the plank, disappear suddenly into the hold; then run back, almost-naked bodies straight and tall, to lift another.

The chrome-yellow tube that drained the molasses from the ship's tanks into the dock's rose higher and higher. Mister Washington laughed at the men lifting it. They looked like a lot of legs to a bug. He knew he could hear their muscles swish in the dust-blue haze that lapped the city. Soggy clothing, freed by motion, slapped wet bodies.

Just watching them made the heat seem intolerable. Mister Washington turned and strolled down the wharves.

Two "niggahs" sat on a cotton bale. Mister Washington's nose wrinkled. Lazy trash! None of them got anywhere and never would. They worked only when they were hungry and quit as soon as they had enough to keep them for a few days. He gave a snort. Up north, they'd work or starve, but down here they'd find some soft white to feed them. His glance turned from them. Good thing for him he'd left the south when he was a boy.

Just as he passed them, he heard one whisper to the other, "White pappy." He stopped short. Strange patterns whirled dizzily before his eyes. A long-forgotten fear choked him. For a moment, it seemed as though his legs would not bear him. Only the horror that these niggers might touch him if he were to faint kept him from it. Over and over, pounding it into his consciousness, he repeated, "*Mister Washington, Mister Washington,*" until the very rhythm of the phrase brought him back to his—whiteness.

With each deep breath, courage returned. He opened his eyes, forced himself to look with indifference at the two niggers. Neither one was looking at him. Both were staring at a mulatto boy who was checking cargo.

It was incredible. His laugh made the startled blacks look at him. Without a word, Mister Washington pulled out his wallet, handed each man a bill, and then ran from them into the street.

As he fled from the river he hated, Mister Washington cursed at himself. "Yeah, smart, aren't you? Going down and take a look at the place you were born. Going to fool all the whites. Gonna have a laugh on all the niggahs that wasn't as sma't as you was. Fo'got, didn't you?" He caught himself abruptly. He was shambling along, just like a nigger.

Suddenly, fear burned. At one, he was to have luncheon with those southerners. Up north, he had laughed at discovery. He knew that his fingernails, his hair, the color of his skin, were those of the Italian descent he claimed. Yet now, down here where black was so black and white so white, he wondered whether that mysterious power of discovery which every southerner claimed might not have some basis in reality. Would they know? An agony worse than he had felt for that poet grabbed at his throat. He could not bear that humiliation. His teeth chattered.

With a tremendous effort, he pulled himself together. A street-car rattled by. Mister Washington boarded it. He sat in the last seat. Another passenger, a nigger, walked down the aisle. He sat by Mister Washington. The man from Chicago glared at him, started to speak, and then stopped. On the seat before him was a small wood-framed screen. There was nothing on it, yet before it sat the whites, behind it, ALL OTHERS! The conductor knew that, yet, although he could see Mister Washington, he had said nothing to him. Mister Washington stumbled blindly over the nigger in his attempt to get out. He was sure going to speak to that conductor!

The car stopped. The door opened. Resentfully, the conductor yelled, "Hey, you, why don't cha ring when ya wanna get off?"

Mister Washington found himself standing once more in the white sun, opposite Lee Circle. He found a bench under a tree. A white beggar whined. Mister Washington gave him a dollar.

A long drayage wagon, hauling cotton, passed. Its wood creaked, chains clanked, horses pulled heavily, their heads jerking sharply with each step. A

(Continued to Page 38.)

Concerning American Painting and Mural Decorations

EVERETT GEE JACKSON



JOSEPH POLLET, whose stimulating canvasses have been attracting for several years the interest of painters and who came into general notice and fame a short while ago when he won a Carnegie International prize, recently made the remark that sooner or later America will get tired of bare walls or the insipid banalities which a considerable number of our social virtuosos now apparently hire art students to put on our walls. There does seem to be something about the towers of New York, Chicago and all our cities so much like those edifices which arose in Padua, Assassi and Florence in the early Renaissance, that the absence today of a group of painters which might remind one of such men as Giotto and Massacio, suggests that Pollet may be right.

Of course, one finds mural decorations in spots scattered throughout the land, but in nearly all cases it amounts to nothing more than vast enlargements of illustrations which may have been taken from the Saturday Evening Post. Indeed, these works have often appeared in full color within the pages of that periodical, as for example, the so-called mural decorations of N. C. Weyth. They have no relation to the building, they ignore structure and as to decorative value they are often inferior to good wall paper. Compared to the beautiful modern skyscrapers, which resulted from the architect's attempt to adapt form to function rather than to any aesthetic rule, the mural decoration usually has been a mis-fit, when it has existed at all.

On the surface it is indeed a strange thing, furthermore, to learn of the usual attitude taken by even the leaders in society toward such a thing as mural decoration, especially when their interest in architecture may prove very real. People do not seem to need it or to care for it. They do not even seem to realize that people ever did need it, and demand it. This lack of interest does not seem so strange, however, when one considers the opportunity the usual American has had to become acquainted with painting. Our American architecture grew out of a real need created by living forces. No strong forces have created any need for painting. This need can only result from an appreciation of painting. Nor can one gain it by studying either Mathematics, Biology or even Literature. Until one has a real appreciation of it one will feel no need for painting.

The Romanticist painters of France thought the way to give new life to painting was by way of Shakespeare or Goethe. Daumier, who did not take himself seriously enough even to think of being an artist was the only man of the time whose work was not literary but spoke the language of form. He is the kind of painter who must be the force which will create a need. Our American painters have given the Americans illustrations and sweet representa-

tions of landscapes which express within the relation of the art elements no beauty of logical structure, no orderly principle, until the popular interest in painting is very passive and often superficial. It becomes very natural to expect what we do find about mural decoration: that there is practically none, and that which exists at all has the same quality as so much of our "museumed" art.

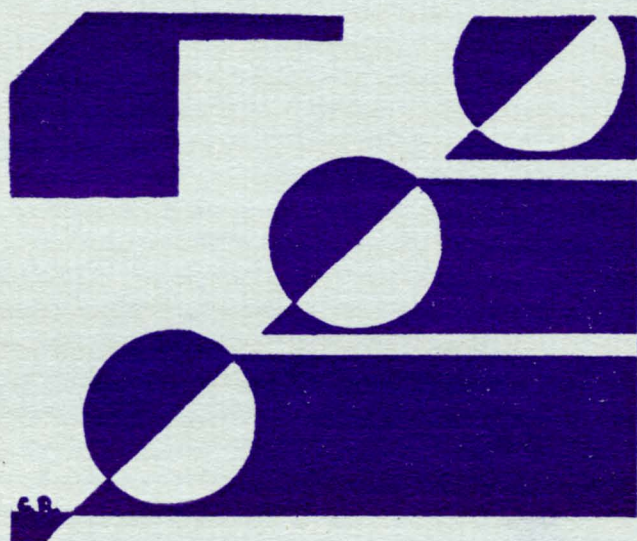
The easel pictures which we see seldom offer us any new experiences but merely repeat to us facts which are so commonplace that we cannot take them seriously. They depend for their interest to such a great degree upon ideas associated with the objects represented and not upon the power of pure form and color that most people have come to judge painting entirely as an ordinary photograph is judged, and the popular conception of painting is that it is merely "the humble servant of the objective world." As long as it remains only that it can never be of any great significance and it will never develop a deep enough interest to cause the public to consider it as fulfilling a real need. To what extent the artist may legitimately approach form from the subjective attitude is an absurd question in the end, a question which is always finally decided by the artist's work.

To say that American painting is of little importance, however, is far from the truth. The truth is merely that there is very, very much of it which is of no importance from the point of view of art and that this unimportant painting, always greeting us in such a great majority, has molded the popular conception.

At present there seems to be developing in this country two broad tendencies which are producing fine works of art and which are bringing the day closer when a beautiful building will be as incomplete without a certain amount of mural painting as it would be without a roof. Strangely, one of these tendencies is almost purely American, having begun in Mexico City, where Diego Rivera in applying his ideas about form (which were born in Paris in company with Picasso and others) to an interpretation, upon walls, of Mexican life, evolved something completely different from modern painting in France. The other results from the influence exerted by the reaction which began in France. In the first we see a careful organization of simple forms into very logical structures whose perfect balance, due to the action of opposing forces and weights, has a strong aesthetic appeal. The forms and the organization are adapted sensitively to the visual idea. Of course, this is nothing new in painting. In Giotto it is obvious. It is merely a distinct and comparatively new tendency in American painting today. This type of painting is probably more fitting for wall decoration, and was conceived for that purpose by such painters as Diego Rivera, Jean Charlot and Jose Clemente Orozco. The other tendency, though plastic and purely visual seems more pre-occupied with the expressive value of form and color than with structure. It is a much less decorative tendency and the paintings resulting from it are more individual. Both tendencies are secure despite the usual and well organized opposition. In California the Mexican influence has been felt for several years until today San Francisco has imported one of the greatest wall decorators of all times to beautify one of her modern buildings, and there are in the city native artists who are doing sim-

ilar work of great merit as well as sculpture based upon the laws of structure and adapted to architecture as a decorative supplement. At Pomona college there is a powerful piece of wall painting by Jose Clemente Orozco. This single piece has caused people to travel hundreds of miles to the college and it has been reproduced in art periodicals throughout the world until Pomona college is known in many places particularly as possessing a mural decoration by Orozco. It is interesting to know that this work was made possible by Pomona's college spirit, a spirit similar in many ways to, but possibly better expressed than that which gave to our own State College a large S on the mountain side.

What Joseph Pollet predicts concerning mural painting in America is especially interesting when we know that in California the movement has already gone along to the point where there exist numerous really fine works and where artists as great and intelligent as Rivera, Orozco and Boynton are working today in our modern buildings and colleges. It is of more especial interest to those of us who cannot help looking at certain of our own bare walls at College and seeing how perfectly they are arranged for fine mural paintings. In their present beauty, however, one shudders to think of what might be put on just such walls in the name of Art!



The New Gastronomy

ALICE B. WATSON

Happening to wonder, not long ago, whether loganberry juice or pineapple crush would be the better beverage to serve with lamb Pritanier at a little dinner which I was contemplating, I was prompted to inquire what instructions on that and kindred problems could be found in the pages of the modern American cookery books. The old ones, I found, devoted entire chapters to the proper blending of the edible and drinkable courses of dinners of any length up to sixteen items. But the beverages there dealt with were of European origin, and belonged to a class which has entirely disappeared since the War.

A very little investigation sufficed to show me that the modern cookery books were not dealing with the subject at all. Of the eleven more or less recent works on dietetics to which I had access, nine said nothing at all about beverages, and the other two calmly reprinted the instructions concerning the use of European articles, just as if those articles were still procurable. Presumably in reprinting a pre-prohibition edition the publishers had carelessly overlooked the fact that their beverage chapter is now out of date.

But the very silence of these authorities impressed me with a tremendous opportunity—of something waiting to be done. Here, I said to myself, is the opening for a new art—a purely American art, untrammelled by any of the rules and precedents and prejudices of the Old World. Here is the place and time for a New Gastronomy, the art of the proper blending of the new beverages with the old foods. And how vast its range, how infinite its possibilities. Our European ancestors were limited in their liquid resources to the products of a scant half dozen varieties of the grape, slightly diversified by the peculiarities of a few hundred different hills. Chemistry has provided us, their lucky descendants, with hundreds of different solids, liquids, and gases, and has taught us how to mix them together according to thousands of different formulae. Already the land pullulates, as it were, with various beverages, but nobody has undertaken to allot each beverage to its proper place in the structure of the artistically planned and balanced meal. The task is gigantic. I shall never complete it, but that is no reason why I should not begin. Let others follow and take up my task where I lay it down.

The basic principles of all arts are the same. The basic principles of the old European gastronomy will still underlie the new American gastronomy; but how different their application. It will still be true that beverages of great distinction and delicate flavor will not be served with the *hors-d'oeuvres*, not only because it is not easy to appreciate subtlety of flavoring with oily and sharp tasting tidbits, but also because the finer beverages must be reserved, in accordance with a very ancient rule, until the later stages of the meal, when the guest is no longer thirsty and is, therefore, better able to appreciate the charm of a fine chemical combination. I therefore, recommend the use of a very light Coca-Cola as the most suitable beverage to serve with sardines, anchovies, or whatever other vehicle may be employed for the introduction of the neces-

sary oil foundation into the stomach. This would not be suitable, however, if melons or oysters should be substituted for the *hors-d'oeuvres*; in that case a rather rich and fruity orangeade should be served with the oysters and a chocolate ice-cream-soda with the cantaloupe.

The beverage accompanying the soup and fish will of course be largely governed by the choice that has been made of the beverage and meat for the main course of the dinner. With a clear soup a small glass of malted milk chilled to about fifty degrees is never out of place; with a thick one, the understanding hostess will seek some less nourishing and more stimulating drink such as lemonade. If the soup is very thick, a slight splash of lime juice in the cup will aid in its absorption and promote a gentle flow of conversation at the table. But be sure that your soup beverage is one which will prepare the palate for the main drink of the evening.

It is, I found, a common error among Americans that there is but little variety among ginger ales. As a matter of fact the whole resources of chemistry have been brought into play by hundreds of able and conscientious manufacturers to impart a characteristic flavor to each of their innumerable bottlings. There is much to be said for the sampling, during one's travels, of the local ginger ale, the *boisson du pays* of each of the towns one visits. It is true that the essential chemicals are usually obtained in New York, but certain valuable qualities are imparted by the water of the locality.

A rare and unusual ginger ale is the finest choice that the accomplished hostess can make for the liquid climax of her dinner party. This is certainly true if the *piece de resistance* among the edibles be a richly flavored, gamey bird. It is equally true with a fine steak or chop, provided that these be served in one or another of the more luxurious styles with an assortment of highly spiced vegetables; for a plain steak I personally recommend ginger beer, but I know many people who prefer lithia water. With the flabbier meats such as lamb and veal, one obviously needs a full-bodied drink, and it will be hard to find anything better than grape juice to suit the purpose. The selection and treatment of grape juice deserves a volume in itself; it is the life-blood of the ordinary dinner, and is not without its uses at luncheon and supper; but I have to confess for my personal taste it does not go well with the rarer dishes. I like it not with *poularde Cardinale*, nor with *partridge Souvaroff*, nor *fillet mignon a la Maitre d'Hotel*; and its ruby tint is the wrong color for ham.

Make ginger ale, then, the accompaniment of the main course, but see to it that the tonality and the bouquet are suited to the meat. The trade classifications as recorded on the labels are the merestr ough outlines. The ginger ale that one producer would term "*brut*" another one would just as readily call "*dry*". The hostess who will carelessly order a bottle of dry ginger ale and compel her guests to drink it without having first personally sampled it and ascertained its appropriateness to the bird or joint is not fit to entertain good company.

The finding of the right ginger ale may be a task, but it is worth the attention of anyone who aspires to good living and hospitality. And when the

(Continued to Page 37.)

Miniature Machinations

MARGARET HOUSTON



HADES of a tire patch! What next?" Richun, skidding into the street car tracks as he caught sight of the ridge, came to a quivering halt with his shiny front bumper chattering just over the boards. Staring resentfully at the awkward, diagonal ridge of boards criss-crossing the intersection, he purred:

"Jerked around corners against signals, squeezed through jams, backed and turned like a blooming carbonated carriage horse, and now *this!* all because my fat banker must needs inspect his factory without notice!" Lifting his fenders daintily away from the plebian cars crowding behind him, he hopped himself carefully over, and, grunting, let himself down on the other side.

"Yah! Your bumper's on upside down, mister! Mustn't work 'oo 'ittle snubbers too hard!" The plumber's wagon, Rattler, was snorting at his left rear wheel. Plumber's wagons are never very genteel in their manner, and Rattler was in a hurry this morning, for his man had been sent back twice now for tools. With an elaborately careless bang, he went flying over the ditch, and clattered off on his second return trip, cocking a disreputable headlight at the darkly shining Richun, who was finding the path for his broad bows blocked by stubborn traffic.

"Such impudence from a mere—mere" Richun stopped for lack of vocabulary, as Rattler scurried off in another direction, and turned to a rather elderly car just rolling up to the other side of the intersection.

"There should certainly be some way of making these fellows be more respectful, don't you think, Colonel?" he demanded with an angry flare of too-bright nickel.

"Don't be too hard on the youngster, suh. Perhaps his radiator's been troublin' him lately. We all have our complaints." The Colonel had been coaxed out of too many squeaks and knocks not to know that a car's disposition depends to a great extent upon the owner's mechanical ability. He himself was enjoying a comfortable old age as the particular pet of a chauffeur who had nothing to do but take two old ladies for their daily drive. He gently eased his square old hood over the boards, with no more effort than could be excused, considering the brittleness of aged springs, and strolled over to Richun, keeping a practiced eye on the signals a block ahead.

"If you will only notice, suh, you will see a fact that I have seen demonstrated many times during a long life. Each bump or ditch on life's road has a use, suh. Fo' instance, this ditch brings out the charatah of all ouah associates in the most entertaining mannah. —Good morning, suh." This last was to Brother Assurbanipal, who was gliding toward them with his gray-painted fenders leaning toward each other for all the world like a preacher's gloved

hands. Brother "Ass" 's windshield, split in the center and slanting rakishly back, bespoke a wild youth, but he had long since donned prim bumper and disk wheels, and now travelled softly on his business as undertaker's scout. Just now he stopped and drooped his long nose over the ditch, droning psalms in his peculiar hissing tone until, spurred on by his driver, he climbed over with the expression of a Christian martyr.

"I wish thee good day indeed" murmured Assurbanipal in his hissing sing-song, turning a heavily shaded lamp upon the Colonel, but the old gentleman laughed softly in his carburetor as the pious traveller kicked the boards awry with an old-time, furtive sweep of a rear wheel.

"Old pussy-foot—" began Richun spitefully, but turned to the business of getting through the next jam, as they all slowly moved away from the intersection. Colonel heard a snicker just under his left fender, and, peering down, met the impudent, bumper-wide grin of one of the cars known as "Bugs". From his cut-down chassis to the tread of his worn tires, Bugs was shaking with scarcely repressed mirth.

"Say, mister—" he jerked the words out of a crooked radiator. "Have you seen what came to town today? Let me tell you—" Laughter choked him, and he backfired in a violent spell of hiccoughs. When at last he gained control of his voice, though, he forgot what he had been saying, and with a significant, almost revent, backward jerk of his loose fender, slid ahead of the Colonel. The Colonel followed the direction of that gesture with his rear-vision mirror, and straightened with pride. Over the bumpy intersection they had just left, smoothly, came the Master of the Road for three states around. The Colonel delayed his progress imperceptibly until they had drawn closely enough together in the slow-moving traffic for the old aristocrat to turn in well-simulated, pleased surprise to the younger. "Bugs" slid around the corner out of sight, although he would have given the very lining of his brakes for a chance to speak to the slim car ambling beside Colonel. For this was Pallas, whose family and achievements were such that he had no need of nickle trimmings or duraluminum radiators. There was a certain smooth mastery of his sleek, dark self that eliminated any possibility of stalling, backfiring, or indelicate jerking in diplomatic situations. Pallas, confident of his own known power and speed, paced through the streets of the town as the most humble of his brothers, slowing in friendly undemonstrativeness beside the fine old car who had himself been Master of the Road.

But there were new lamps watching the pair—small, round, frightened lamps set close together in front of a narrow radiator. Here indeed was a stranger—not yet initiated to the road, stealing cautiously up to the ditched intersection after the passage of all the brotherhood. Over her diminutive proportions let us draw the veil of kindness, for indeed, she was very new. Let it suffice to listen, glancing elsewhere, to the soliloquy that drifts out over the suddenly quiet street.

"Oh dear, oh dear, no-one ever told me it would be like this! There is no place open for young cars now. Those who are in, stay in the line of traffic, and won't make room for new talent. And that horrible Bugs! Laugh-

ing—right in my face! They all laugh! They all strut! They all make my life miserable! And now look what is in this street! I'm sure they put that down just to torment me! In all the thirty miles I've gone, I never saw such a horrible place to get over. And I'll have to go over it, I just know I will, and my snubbers aren't big enough for such a bump, I know. Oh dear!"

Whimpering, the stranger tried one wheel and then the other on the boards, then slowly climbed over. Settling down on the other side, she developed a miniature defiance, as her success was apparent, but, still whimpering her troubles, she trundled off, looking aimlessly for a parking place, and for a while there was peace amid the bell-ringing, door-slamming city streets.

Then, with a rush, they all came back, Assurbanipal hurrying on a call from the suburbs, Richun with his banker in the rear, Rattler with a load of pipe and tools, the Colonel gently carrying his two old ladies, and Pallas moving surely under the strong hand of his man, all, except Colonel and Pallas, cursing each other by Clock-hands and Traffic Bells. They seemed to be sweeping something before them, but were so close together that neither they nor a bystander could see what it was. Behind them streamed a noisy crowd of anonymous cars, all heading for this criss-crossed intersection. Assurbanipal and Rattler arrived first this time, however, and the gray martyr looked irritatedly down his long nose at the noisy little truck.

"Thee should learn to know thy betters", he snapped, and tried to barge ahead into the shifting maze of cars that suddenly filled the street, but Rattler deftly tucked his fenders closer to his disreputable sides and interposed a battered wheel between Assurbanipal and freedom. Richun, sliding in from the right, tried to thread the tangle, honking impatiently until the gray undertaker's car turned a bitter lamp upon him.

"Thee must take these afflictions in a Christian spirit; thou hast no license for waking the dead!" But Richun scornfully paid no heed, and Bugs, who had crept up to the very center of things, blared an impudent reply to the Brother. There was something in that knot of cars milling out the center of the street that prevented any solution, and the ever-increasing pressure of cars outside the tangle prohibited loosening the knot enough to disentangle it. Assurbanipal let fly a battery of thee's and thou's, being prohibited by his calling from downright profanity, while Rattler frankly swore on all four cylinders. Pallas, waiting patiently at the edge of the muddle, kept a keen lamp on something he could almost discern in the maelstrom, meanwhile listening amusedly to the Colonel's low-voiced comment.

Suddenly the Bug, who had wriggled up under the very nose of the soft-wording undertaker's car gave a choked shout and incontinently stalled, adding to the confusion by the measure of one mirth-paralyzed chassis.

"The Lord blesseth whom he taketh away" quoth Assurbanipal, "Why may not this helpless object be removed from our sight?" But Rattler, peering amazed at the top of a car just emerging from *under* his fender, stopped ab-

(Continued on Page 43.)

Tribute

From ROY BURGE.

Out of the night when great stars burn
And the mesa sleeps, and out of the day
When mountains watch and the heavens turn
Eternally, we come to pay
Some portion of that debt we owe
To Thee, Alma Mater. So chant it loud,
And as the swift years softly go
Men shall praise, and our hearts be proud.

Deeper than peace are thy calm, high walls
And thy strength is youth, true wisdom is there
And deeper life for him who calls
On thy power. We take and bear
The black and crimson that is meant
For thee, Alma Mater. So chant it loud,
And sing her praise to the firmament,
Sound it back from the towering cloud.

From RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL.

Fair San Diego, thou the proud
Queenly familiar of the skies,
Rearing white walls against the cloud
And towering where the blue hills rise,
Send forth thy radiant beacon light
Into the loneliness of the night,
Over dark canyons speed the white
Valor and beauty of thy right—
Fair San Diego State!

Send in our hearts, that look to thee,
That light of thine own truth to glow
That we, in grief or victory,
In triumph or defeat, may show
Thy lofty spirit, that reveres
Valorous right, and e'er appears
Hills at thy foot, the stars for peers,
Lighting the dim ways of the years—
Fair San Diego State!

This Is The Life

L. F. PIERCE

The why and wherefore of the student of Chemistry has long been an object of curiosity and even morbid interest to both students and members of faculties in different institutions of the higher learning and has been so frequently called to the attention of the writer that he feels impelled to tender an explanation which will certainly fail to answer many of these ardent seekers of light on such curious phenomena.

A definition of any field of discussion is always desirable and surely called for in this case. We will assume that our problem has to do with the higher learning. In this case, the first obligation of the staff of the Department of Chemistry is to train men and women in the science and technique of Chemistry in proportion to their desires and abilities. These people fall within three classifications: (1.) Students who propose to major in Chemistry. (2) Students who propose to enter a profession calling for a heavy preparation in Chemistry and (3.) Students who enter only the beginning course to satisfy a "science" requirement.

To meet these scattered needs, we must shape the work to take care of all as best we can. In practice the beginning course is made sufficiently comprehensive and far reaching to take care of the third by constant emphasis of the scientific method and philosophy. The net effect is that the course is one which requires a certain definite minimum of work and accomplishment. It must do this work in accordance with a definite and standard set of requirements, for the first two classes of students will inevitably go elsewhere to graduate or to professional schools. If their preparation is inadequate we may be certain that it will be discovered at such institutions. The uninitiated frequently counter with "What of it? He hurts only himself." However, sad to relate, such is not the case. He very definitely hurts others who follow behind him. Admission to these schools is invariably on a competitive basis with an average probability of about one chance in twenty-five of gaining admission. The instruction is expensive and such faculties do not look with pleasure upon an engaging numb-skull who cannot do their work satisfactorily. Their first act is to rid themselves of such an incumbrance and their second is to look up the institution from whence he came. If it appears that the institution is rather "broad-minded" in grades and recommendations, it is a curious fact that future applicants for entrance from that particular school will find their applications will be returned with a polite notice that all places are taken. In other words, we must be careful to realize that we are coining, as it were, an academic currency and if we begin to counterfeit, our product will have to pass the eyes of fairly capable academic cashiers with disastrous results all around. Therefore we are compelled to have a minimum standard which in the very nature of things cannot be excessively low.

(Continued on Page 36.)

OPUS PERFECIT

(Dedicated to PRESIDENT EDWARD L. HARDY)

*To one who stands on this broad shore called West
And scans unmeasured sea to mystery's rims,
Then turns from wondering at its unknown whims
To sense a mighty continent,—at rest,
Its mountain walls between two oceans pressed,
With calm of plain and mesa, with the vim
Of cataract, with peace of hamlet trim,
With pulsing lifeblood rush in river's zest,—
There comes respect past wondering; so we now
Behold white walls reared fair to Aztec clan,
And turn from all their promises to bow
To strong achievement, to the Builder-Man
Whose vision, purposing, has shown us how
Great monuments attest to steady plan.*

—F. L. S.

Program of Dedication Exercises

FRIDAY, SATURDAY and SUNDAY

May 1, 2, and 3, 1931

Friday, May First, Beginning at 10:00 A. M., in The Little Theatre.

ACADEMIC DEDICATION, Superintendent Vierling Kersey, presiding.

Invocation: Rabbi H. Cerf Straus., Temple Beth Israel.

Andante Cantabile—Tschaikowsky.....String Quartet

Messages and Greetings:

Dr. W. J. Cooper; Hon. C. L. McLane; Superintendent W. L.

Stephens; Dr. Marvin L. Darsie; Dr. Frank W. Thomas.

Songs:—"There's One That I Love Dearly," Arabian folk song;

"How Dy Do, Mio Springtime".....Women's Quartet

Responses to Messages:

Irving E. Outcalt; Mrs. Vesta Mulheisen; James Lowrie.

Chorale:—"Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring".....Bach

Women's Quartet, men's quartet, string quartet.

Benediction:—Reverend Lisle Hubbard.

Saturday, May Second, Beginning at 2:30 P. M., in the Quadrangle.

CIVIC DEDICATION

Academic procession of Faculty, Alumni, and members of the senior class.

Processional:—"Entrance of Montezuma".....Hadley

College Orchestra, Fred Beidleman, Conductor.

Invocation:—Very Reverend John Hegarty., Saint Joseph's Church.

"The Glory of God in Nature".....Beethoven

Glee Clubs and Orchestra

"Happy Song".....Gaines

Glee Clubs and Orchestra

Addresses of Welcome:—Mayor Harry C. Clark; Edgar F. Hastings;

Mrs. Vesta Mulheisen

Presentation of Buildings:—Charles B. Leonard; Terrence B. Geddis;

Betty Ann Naquin; George B. McDougall; Alphonzo E. Bell.

Acceptance of New Buildings and Campus:—Superintendent Vierling

Kersey.

Announcements:—President Edward L. Hardy.

College Hymn:—"Fair San Diego"

Processional:—"Marching Aztecs".....Beidleman

Laying of Corner Stone:—George W. Marston; Levi C. Kincaid; Mrs.

Pauline Black Emery.

Benediction:—Dr. John Bunyan Smith, First Baptist Church.

Sunday, May Third, 2:00 to 5:00 P. M.

Faculty and student body will be at home in the offices and in the college halls and laboratories, to all citizens who may wish to inspect the new college

From 2:00 to 3:30 P. M., a special organ recital program, broadcast from Balboa Park, by Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart, will be presented by radio in The Little Theatre. The College orchestra will play in the Training School Auditorium from 3:30 to 4:00 P. M. A faculty recital will be presented in The Little Theatre from 4:15 to 5:00 by Christine Springston, piano; Fred Beidleman, violin; and Waldo Ferguson, baritone.



The Oxen of Llyn-y Fan Fach

GEORGE PAYNE

When at last we reached the top of one of the little hillocks, I threw myself down amongst the sweet-smelling heather, and with my head between my hands, gazed at the river below. I watched the slow-moving stream as it flowed past old, ivy-covered, square towered Norman churches, and through quaint old-fashioned villages, in one of which Llewellyn, the last prince of Wales was captured and slain by his Norman foes. The river was the Wye, dear to the heart of Wordsworth, and only five miles from where I lay was Tintern Abbey, that dark, green, majestic ruin, rendered immortal in one of the most famous poems that the English language can boast.

"Let us be going, Beetle", said my companion, speaking in the time-softened, but almost bookishly correct idiom of the place. "We have far to go and the path is steep."

We got up, filled our lungs with the sweet-scented mountain air, and with faces towards the distant, blue tinted mountains, pushed our way through the heather. It was a long climb along a narrow sheep trail, and before we had reached the brow of the next hill, our destination, we stirred up many a whirring plover from the ground. When finally we caught sight of the cluster of white-washed buildings on the edge of the protected lake, Mrs. Llewellyn, the farmer's old mother, in black flannel skirt and white shawl, was standing in the low white porch. As we came up she opened the little black door into the house hospitably, crying "Well, well, boys bach! Is it come to see old Mam Llewellyn you are? Come right in and sit by the fire, and I'll tell Getta to make some tea."

After seating us comfortably in the hearth, she bustled across the sanded flag-stone floor to transact some important business with the many-colored earthen-ware dishes arranged on the black-stained Welsh kitchen dresser that rose from floor to ceiling. On it were arranged plates of blue, red and yellow; tea-plates, dinner plates and old pattern soup-dishes lay against the wall, insolent in the superiority of their age. Above, hanging from large, black, iron hooks driven into the rafters of the ceiling, were whole sides of ham and bacon, salt-cured the day before.

When the dairy maid brought in the tea, the lady of the house joined us. For a while we talked of village affairs. She had not been down to Aberadw in years. A good thing, too, for she would never be able to live with motor-cars and steaming, noisy engines near her. From talking of new things, the conversation turned to old and the tales told by ancients of this very place. With snapping eyes and quick-nodding head, the old lady told us the tale of the Oxen of Llyn-y Fan Fach, whose trail might even now be seen in the dark waters outside her door.

"Long, long ago, on this our farm, there lived an old lady and her son,

Gwyn. Every day, when Gwyn took the cattle to graze, the sly old cows would edge down near the lake, where the grass was sweetest. One day as Gwyn was walking along the banks of the mere, watching the cattle, he gave a shout of wonder, for there was the most beautiful lady the boy bach had ever seen, standing in the water, combing her long black hair with a golden comb. Gazing at her fixedly, the boy bach loved her so much that he held out the barley bread and cheese his mother had given him for lunch. But the lady shook her head, saying:

"Cras dy fara	:	O thou of crimped bread
Nid nawdd fy nala"	:	It is not easy to catch me

Then she plunged under the water and disappeared.

When Gwyn told his mother about the vision and the strange words that night, she said that there must be a bad spell about hard baked bread; so next morning he started out with half-baked bread. You can imagine how anxious Gwyn was that day, but it was not until almost evening that the lady appeared, and then only to say:

"Llaith dy fara	:	O thou of moist bread
Ti ni fynna"	:	I will not have thee

Then she vanished under the water, but before she sank completely out of sight, she smiled so sweetly that boy bach determined to try once more, this time with half-baked bread.

The next day, sure enough, the lady came walking across the lake, herding some cattle, and looking more lovely than ever in her milk-maid's red flannel petticoat and sunbonnet. And when she saw the half-baked bread, she smiled and came to him out of the water. "But," she said, "if you strike me three causeless blows, I shall leave you forever." But Gwyn's joy left him as he saw her glide swiftly back into the lake. The last thing he saw before she disappeared, was her shoe, curiously tied with an angle worm.

He was in despair, and rushed to a great rock that overhung the water, thinking that he would jump after her. But at that moment an old man and two maidens, exactly alike, rose out of the water. In amazement, he heard the old man say:

"Mortal, thou wishest to wed one of these my daughters. I will consent to the union if you will point out the one thou lovest."

Poor Gwyn looked at the maidens and could not see the least difference between them. But one of them thrust out her sandal just in time, and he recognized the odd lace formed from an angle worm. So boy bach won his lady, but the old man cautioned him:

"Be a kind husband to her and I will give, as her dowry, a rich gift of cows, horses and sheep. But remember, if thou strikest her three causeless blows, she and all that is hers will return to me."

But Gwyn loved her so much that this did not worry him, and they were very happy for many years, for they were blessed with three sons. When the

eldest son was seven years old, there was a wedding some distance away. When the day arrived, Melferch, for that was the lady's name, said the way was too far to walk. "Very well," said Gwyn, "While I go back to the house for a bridle and saddle you can catch a horse, and we'll ride." As he turned towards the house, Melferch called after him to bring her her gloves which she had forgotten. When the farmer came back, however, he found her just where he had left her. Pointing to the horses that were grazing nearby, he playfully flicked her with the gloves and said, "Go! Go!" But she looked at him sternly, saying, "My husband, that is the first causeless blow."

This was the first, and the second came when, years afterwards, Melferch burst out weeping at the joyful occasion of a christening, for, she said, "This poor babe is so weak and frail that it will have no joy in this world. Sorrow and suffering will fill the days of its earthly existence and in pain and agony shall it depart. And, husband, when you tapped me on the shoulder to ask why I weep, you struck the second causeless blow."

After this, Gwyn was very careful, for he was so happy with his wife that he knew he could not live without her. But some years later the child whose christening they had attended died, and at the funeral Melferch suddenly burst out laughing. Her husband was so shocked at her outrageous conduct that he struck her, saying, "Why do you laugh?"

"Because this babe is happy and free from its life of pain" was the answer, and without another word Melferch rose and started off towards their farm, "Esgair Lllaethddy". When he saw her leave the churchyard, Gwyn realized that he had struck the last causeless blow and that he had lost her forever. With his head bent on his breast he followed her up the winding path that led to the farm in which they had lived so happily together. Arriving at the farmyard gate, he heard his wife calling:

"Mu wlferch, moelferch
Mu olferch gwynferch
Pedair cae tonn-fach
Yr hen wyne bwen
O lys y Brenin
A'r llo du bach
Sydd ar y bach
Dere dithe yn iach adre!"

Brindled cow bold freckled
Spotted cow white speckled
Ye four field sward mottled
The old white faced
And the grey Geigen
With the white bull
From the court of the king
And thou little black calf
Suspended on the hook
Come thou also whole, home again.

(Continued on Page 43.)

Essay on Essays on Humor

PAUL JOHNSON

While the fad for passing laws is still with us, there should be statutes prohibiting the further publishing of war and gangster stories, mysteries, and essays on humor. I have read several papers on the latter subject, and have found them feeble creatures scarcely deserving to live. Recently I read two of them. One was by John Erskine, and the other by a person whose name I forgot with no trouble at all.

John Erskine, besides being a serious minded professor, has a reputation as a humorist. Having read two of his light novels, and having enjoyed their better moments and patiently trudged through their plateaus, I anticipated much. But I was disappointed. He took Humor—capering innocently in the sunshine—threw it upon an operating table, gassed it, and proceeded with the scalpel. The whole affair was treated with great seriousness—without the trace of a smile—so much so as to cause the reader's face automatically to lengthen to equine proportions by the time the last organ was tagged.

To the reader, standing at the writer's elbow, the various trinkets exposed upon the forceps seemed unrelated to the subject from which they were removed. After a certain length of time, the evil worm of Doubt began to gnaw at his mind. He commenced to feel suspicious, and to doubt the validity of some of the parts exposed. Was that last dripping paragraph taken from a patient's body, or was it clawed from an old encyclopedia in the morgue? Was he dissecting Humor after all, or was the anatomy lesson being taken from a near relative?

It was all vastly confusing. Added to the bewildering minuteness of the operation was the doubtful identity of the one under the anaesthetic. For example, Erskine inferred that humor is derived from human action, and that the Bible is the most humorous book in print. A bit amazing, but did he get the right body?

The other essay was entirely different. Where the latter seriously and methodically dissected, the other writer approached his subject in a light hearted manner, doubtless frisking about on the lawn before settling down to the typewriter. But his approach was just as bad as Erskine's; his failure equally dismal. He divided humor into various types, and illustrated each with a joke. The innocent reader approaching the essay was instantly attracted by the vast array of anecdotes. This, he thought, should be entertaining. But as he progressed, he laughed, not at the jokes but at the unfortunate writer. The jokes were flat, and—worse—each was carefully explained. At the conclusion, he spread his final illustration over nearly two pages to its ultimate sad demise, in something like the following manner:

Jack: "Who was the ladle I seen you with last night? (It will be observed that this is going to be a play on words or a pun, centering around the

word "ladle". This is made possible by the double connotation of the word. In the answer the point is given.)

Jake: That was no ladle—(The word is again stressed so as to make the point sure-fire.)—that was my—(The point, or quip, in the American fashion is saved for the last)—knife. This is followed by a complete explanation of the type joke-type, who was the butt, and just what it illustrates.

Stephen Leacock used this method in discussing humor. His illustrations served as samples of the humor of nationalities. But, despite evidences of respect for the reader's intelligence, he did not progress much above the level achieved by the other writers.

His essay suffered from the same complaint that do the others under discussion. The main weakness lies in the approach of the reader. The reader sees an essay on humor and expects to laugh. In the case of Erskine, he is smothered by the sententiousness of the writer. He is grieved that the writer could take such a subject seriously. He feels a vague animosity against him as though he had bitten his own mother or debunked Amos 'n Andy. In the second case, the reader's hopes are unduly aroused by the scent of jokes; but he leaves the essay with his shoulders trailing the ground, and a bit of froth on his lips. "The idea! Explaining those gosh-awful jokes!" And that goes for Mr. Leacock as well.

The most important defect of these essays is their genesis; they should never have been written. The subject is such a difficult one to handle, that it is instant literary death to those who approach it. To my knowledge, no satisfactory essay on humor has been written. This is due to two facts; the unfortunate mental set of the reader, which has been discussed; and the illusive quality of humor itself. It absolutely defies definition.

It is easy to catalogue the things that make us laugh, but it is harder to explain why. Psychologists have attempted to define humor as the sudden realization of one's superiority, but the theory is hard to follow. I laugh when my grandmother falls down stairs because I am superior to my grandmother: I am not falling down stairs and she is, the simpleton. You laugh when you pull a chair out from under a person because you feel suddenly superior to him: you have power over him,—you can send him to the chiropractor's. But what kind of a mental acrobat is he if he laughs? Also, if superiority accounts for humor, our natural superiors should have the keenest senses of humor, and frost bitten snobs the most genial dispositions.

Possibly there is more to this theory than I believe, but I am inclined to the thought that the definition is one that affects psychologists alone. They may have their own unique sense of humor and not know what the rest of the world laughs at.

There are other theories, one of which infers that a sense of humor is a sense of the fitness of things. Doubtless humor has a stabilizing influence, but that doesn't explain those episodes involving custard pie. Most of these theories break down in fact.

(Continued on Page 36.)

The April Flagellantes

By HARRY C. STEINMETZ

As I write it is exactly nine years to a day since the scenes here described entertained and distressed me. Today, I presume, the events of that time are being repeated, for in the Far East custom dies hard and there still lingers the strange, fierce lure of asceticism. Other Americans are standing awe-struck and nauseated before the bloody forms upon the ground. It will be many an eventful year before they will forget the sickening swish, swish of the flagella.

It is the morning of April 14, 1922, in Manila. The hot sun rises without prelude. It is the beginning of the dry season, and the first carramatas and autos stir up the dust of the side streets. Near the equator people work early and rest much. Toil is difficult enough at any time, but later in the day it is insufferable. By 7:30, stores and schools are open and business has commenced. Today there is a slight concentration of traffic upon the La Loma road; in the dry and unfenced rice paddies north of the city will occur the annual and ancient humiliation ceremony of the flagellantes.

Always showmen even in religious fanaticism, the Filipino participants wait for a crowd. Here and there about the field are quiet little groups, mainly of men, in the center of which or modestly half hidden by a ragged bush, one man leisurely changes from clean clothes to unpressed cotton trousers. Then he winds rope tightly about his legs, waists and arms. Conversation among his companions lapses. Nearby awaits the master-of-ceremonies, with glass-studded paddle in hand and a pile of cat-o-nine-tails on the ground beside him. It is nearly ten o'clock, the sun is high and vicious, the visitors stand uncomfortably waiting, fascinated.

Presently a half-naked penitent saunters up to the manager, kneels for a moment, crosses himself, then bends his bare back. Three times the paddle whacks against the flesh, and each time rises dripping. The penitent quivers, a woman gasps, cameras click. Some one pushes a crown of thorns upon the penitent's head, from below the front of which a rag hangs over his face. The manager hands him a whip, and the gruesome events of the day are under way.

Muttering prayers and with regular but faltering tread the poor fool begins his painful pilgrimage over the hot ground. The course is about two miles long, but winds here and there over only a couple of hectares of land. With every step the penitent rythmically swings the reddening scourge over his shoulders against his raw back. He holds his right elbow in the hollow of his left hand until the right arm tires; then he shifts the scourge to the other hand without missing a beat. The sun is fierce and he has no hat; twenty minutes of those direct rays would lay a white man out. For hours the penitent will trudge on, sweat and blood marking the path behind. He will step on long bamboo thorns with his bare feet, but they will only recall him from stupor to renewed self-flogging. "So this is religious freedom," a young naval officer at my elbow murmurs with a slightly hysterical laugh.

Other penitents begin. All will have begun by noon. The naval officer and I see a man preparing himself; his back is rough with the white scars of former occasions. Through a native boy we inquire why he does this. The man stares at us but answers. "He say when his wife die she ask him always do this for her," we are informed. Barbarous vicarious propitiation! We remonstrate mildly, for already the man's black eyes shine with the crazy glare of ascetic purpose. I recall that the fanatical Moros of the Southern islands are of the same race as this Christian Filipino. "His wife must have been fond of him," the officer comments drily. "Yes, anxious to have him join her." We move off disconsolately.

During the day about a thousand Americans drive out the La Loma Road, one-third of the American population of the city. Fifteen natives hit the trail. It is Saturday and Filipino school children pour on to the field. Many of them are chased away; most of them seem as disturbed as we. It is a hopeful sign. A Spanish mestizo informs us that the priests no longer encourage this practice, in fact, have been agitating against it for years, but have been unable to stop it on account of American guarantee of freedom of religion. No member of any faith wishes a precedent to be set for governmental interference. Formerly hundreds chose this manner of soliciting forgiveness and the protection of the saints, or were assigned to it for penance. Now only a few cling to the old practice, and the number is smaller each year.

Whack, swish, splatter go the whips. We see men following the penitents with bottles of salt water in hand; now and then one tips the bottle up and fills his cheeks, then spews the salt water over the raw back before him. We decide to hie to the Army and Navy club for refreshment, then return for the ending of the ceremony.....

It is several hours later. Here and there on the field lie crumpled forms. If they revive sufficiently, they will stagger on to the end of the course, otherwise relatives will care for them. We are informed that if a penitent does not last until he arrives for the final beating at the little grass shrine at the end of the field, he will be expected to try again next year.

At the shrine each penitent sinks painfully to his knees in the dust before the image of a brown virgin and her babe. He stretches his arms wearily to the sides; the major domo, belt strap in hand, walks behind him, and then suddenly kicks him hard between the shoulders. The penitent falls face down in the dirt, arms out, feet crossed, in the form of a cross. Now from one side, now from the other, the manager beats him three times, finally with the buckle. At each exchange of side, he steps on the prostrate figure. This ends the flagellation.

If able, the flagellante gathers himself together and staggers to a sluggish stream nearby, where the raw flesh is "cleansed" and the pain "released" with the filthy water of a carabao wallow. One flagellante aids another to dress and depart, or relatives come to the rescue. Nothing is said. If now and then a flagellante dies or suffers virulent infection, few hear of it.

* * * * *

Historical research is prediction of probability given a backward reference,

with all possibilities fixed and unmodified. The origin of flagellation is therefore uncertain, and perhaps unimportant. It was first mentioned in the heiroglyphics of ancient Egypt, and it was not unknown to Greek and Roman reformers as a protest against civil corruption and social libertinism. In 737 A. D. it did service in France as a religious penance, and about 900 Abbott Regino of Prussia recommended it to other zealous monks. Between 1200 and 1500, flagellation was practiced intermittently on the continent when the need for religious revival or the presence of famine or disease or war seemed to warrant it.

Three outbreaks were particularly vigorous: about 1260 during the struggle in Italy between the square towered Gwelfs and the swallow-tailed Ghibellines, at the height of the black plague in 1350, and about 70 years later when dissatisfaction with medieval papacy began to spread. The first degenerated into an international brawl; the second no doubt contributed to the virulence of the disease; and the second succeeded as an advertising scheme. About 1400 bands of flagellantes flogged themselves in public for 34 days at a time, one day for each year in the life of the gentle Jesus. The whole miserable business was condemned by the Council of Constance in 1415, and the last appearance in Europe was in Germany in 1481.

Now there are but two countries where the ancient practice is followed in the name of Christianity, old Mexico and the Philippine Islands. The Spaniards arrived in the Islands 106 years after the condemnation of the practice by the Council of Constance, 516 years ago. Flagellation has been limited to the environs of Manila, the old Spanish capital. Historically, responsibility is clear.

Verily social inheritance is a potent thing, and blind belief is a psychological monstrosity. Flagellation and other forms of immolation, the casting of babies to the crocodiles, fasting, and other such deprivation—these practices have caused some of the old mental philosophers to ponder over the possibility of an instinct toward death. Faced by cruel forces beyond comprehension and control, egocentric in an impersonal world, the primitive mind seeks to propitiate the inevitable with a mad and premature self-sacrifice. In such a way is freedom of will asserted. Frustrated in both adaptation and rationalization this seems the only escape.



All Brave, Wild Things

WILLIAM MANN

There are certain things in Nature which bolster my elan. They are things which evince the vast orderliness of the Universe in homely and common terms. A white moon, riding high in a sea of tattered wracks; wide, reflecting waters; wild life in many aspects; the sweet close music of coldly caressing wind; a damp, sticky, salt smell: these things make for the growing soul. Only in such situations have I ever forgotten myself and begun to feel the ineffable tone of Truth and Beauty.....have I heard the music of the spheres.

At the south end of a very charming bay there is a set of mud dikes through which a rippling alley of a river debouches into the wider waters. The bay itself is very cosmopolitan and haughty, for it has lapped gently the sides of distinguished marine travellers, and it has even caressed the charms of famed beauties. Barnacles that have separated from pilings in far away and bizarre outposts have ridden into San Diego bay on austere foreign ships and become honored guests. And the history! Oh, but there have been times. For instance there was the time when the Spanish monks first blessed this beneficent region. Then the large flocks of laughing geese and brant and many wild-face scooting ducks lined the shores and lay in great dozing rafts in the gentle cradle of the bay. But times have changed since then.

The bay has become very fickle. Now it truckles to riches, high places, and urbanity. It has willingly suffered the gross affronts of all these lofty sorts when they strew their refuse into the waters, and it accepts the indignities of dingy wharves, intolerably noisome fish canneries, and many other impositions, in order to be able to socialize with the elect. Like a sleazy coryphee, it has sacrificed its beauty and dignity for a mere transitory sop. But the humble mud dikes are more democratic.

* * * * *

One of the dikes is a long crooked finger curving far out into the bay, the farthest flung outpost of protective embankment. On this bit of shore I have often enjoyed the glory of existence. The place must have been especially created for those who find pleasure in watching wild life. A confusing arrangement of mud dikes, enclosing ponds and lakes of varying sizes and shapes; sandy beach following along the dike which stretches out as a first line of defense against the encroaching waters; clumps and rows of struggling tule grass; barnacle strewn stretches, very painful to bare feet; deep lagoons and sloughs reaching far up through the maze of encircling dikes, the waters blue and tranquil in the heat of midday, sometimes black and tossing when storm clouds threaten; dark sucking mud that extends far out into the bay at low tide; these I remember as the ingredients of this delightful spot. Here the angling river pours its sweet offerings into the brackish bay. Here rest the legions of wild fowl, here they feed and sleep. On the west rise the mountains, where lie the fresh water lakes of succulent grasses and tender plants. To the east lies

the restless sea, separated from the bay by a narrow strand. In the encompassment of these regions, so loved by wild water fowl, myriad swarms of geese, swans and ducks used to gather, but now there is only a dwindling remnant. And this is fast vanishing, for its home is no longer inviolate.

This resolute black bump that sticks out like an admonishing godly finger is jealously resented by the sycophant bay. Twice daily the treacherous waters creep jerkily over this black guardian, which courageously humps up again after a few hours. But slowly he is being worn down. The sun is finding it increasingly difficult to dry out the Monster's oozy back—every day little chunks slip off from the side into the smirking, lapping bay.

Not only the tides, but the feet of men, have worn this gaunt old watcher. Increasing numbers of them traverse the dikes, most of them not at all sportsmen or naturalists. The ducks and occasional geese view these two events with trepidation. The dike with its grasses and molluscs is gradually being washed away, the resting and feeding places are going. Man is not only an indirect enemy, he is an immediate menace. His blinds and guns betray many of the great songless birds. But I remember how, when I first discovered this spot, and it was still my private preserve by virtue of the "No Trespassing" signs, I explored the whole region. I found the ducks, studied their behavior, found an unexplainable satisfaction in observing the harmonies of the natural plan.

On the last dike especially, I have been accustomed to sit hidden, observing the wild life as it hastens on its way from resting place to resting place, from bay to mountain lakes, to choicer ponds and sloughs. It was at ebb tide when, concealed by my blind, dug out of the black, chunky mud, I noticed the high flying flocks, towering upwards as they passed over the treacherous dikes. It is always interesting to speculate on their comings and goings, their short hops and their long, fatiguing migrations. Here is a bunch from the flat salt marshes to the south, as attested by the dried, flaky skin on the legs of an unfortunate one; here is a migratory band, their members gaunt and thickly feathered for the cold; here is a home boy, reeking with the smell of molluscs and widgeon grass.

After one of these long, hazy days, days made indefinite by time-unrecognizing pleasure, comes the beautiful night—night made enjoyable by the hot day, the exciting sunset, the fatigue of evening. The bay turns into a cauldron of molten red gold, as a huge sun hangs motionless on the horizon, hovering before it plunges into the extinguishing blue of the ocean. Whirring black dots splash precious drops of gold as they alight in the smooth ponds. V-shaped flocks swing over the red sun, sharply cut in black profile, bound for Mexico.

* * * * *

And then there is the bay of the night. Black darkness until the moon; a freshening wind; little wavelets starting to lap-lap up against the shore—the insidious assault of the jealous bay. But I still have three hours before the tide drives me shoreward. Soon there springs up a wild wind, whispering woe-ful melodies of lands afar off—the wide, lonely stretches of the great salt

(Continued on Page 41)

As Seen From This Issue

Our Incredible Year is over, and it is time to take stock. This last issue is in itself a summary of what we have tried to accomplish. Mr. Requa and Mr. Daniels, both men unconnected with student affairs, have given proof of the outside interest that is growing up about the magazine, by their articles; Dr. Pierce, Mr. Steinmetz, and Mr. Jackson each represent a department in college new to Palenque pages; new student names attest the growing appeal to the writers hidden modestly in the mass of the student body, and finally the art work is at last the completion of our cherished scheme—the choosing of illustrations, initials, and end-cuts from a variety in the same way as the choosing of literary material is carried on.

Although there have been a good many disappointments and worries lurking by the path of this Red Riding Hood, we think the year has accomplished some worthwhile things as we come to this last dedicatory number. We have afforded a means of expression to some fifty-four people, whose work we have printed, to say nothing of those whose work we are holding over for next year, or are returning because it does not fulfill our needs. Of these, twenty-four have been students interested in writing, nineteen of whom had never before appeared on the pages of Palenque; fifteen have been students doing art work, whose names have not always appeared on our table of contents, but whose work has “made” the appearance of the magazine; nine have been faculty, whose contributions, from nine different departments, have been invaluable in making the publication of interest to the whole student body; three have been alumni, and three outsiders, who are really not “outsiders” because their interest lies in part in this school. Considering this, we can almost see the roots of El Palenque stretching out and down, reaching toward every cranny and corner of the College, to gather up the talent there.

We can make no predictions, for we have learned the painful lesson that promises are rarely fulfilled, but we can leave the helm of this ship whose planks are bending under the weight of its cargo, with confidence that, as our re-born College in its new swaddling clothes will solve the problems that lie before it, Palenque will solve its resultant problems just as surely.

But, being human, we will venture one wee prophecy—that each Palenque editor at the end of the full year, will be able to quote:

‘Time and Space decreed his lot
But little Man was quick to note;
When Time and Space said Man might not,
Bravely he answered, “Nay—I mote.” ’

Essay on Essays on Humor....

(Continued from Page 29)

Humor, like beauty, is indefinable. There have been countless stimulating definitions of beauty, but they are incomplete, and reserved for the unfortunately non-sensitive. It is enough to be able to appreciate beauty; it is sad to have to define it. Definition makes the natural mechanical. With humor, there is nothing definite to put your finger on; it is elusive and ethereal. We don't know why we laugh, and it's not necessary that we do—it is enough that we do.

And so when essayists attempt to write on humor, they have not much to write on. The only possible treatment of the subject is from the outside. Unfortunately it permits surface analysis: we may catalogue it. But if there is anything more feeble than such an analysis, just bring it around and we'll time them to see which expires first.



This is the Life....

(Continued from Page 21)

We are frequently brought face to face with the idea that a course in "pandemic" chemistry is a crying need. First, permit me to point out that the term "pandemic" does not of necessity refer to pandemonium. It does have the idea of a course which is supposed to be particularly rich in culture and appreciation of chemical science and which is likewise singularly devoid of hard and exacting work of a gruelling sort. There is no question but that a course can be put on and is put on in many institutions which is largely philosophical and descriptive in nature. Likewise, if attention is given to demonstration work the course can be made into a gorgeous show in every sense of the word. In proof of this, the writer cites the popularity of the numerous "chemical" acts in vaudeville twenty-five years ago. It is perfectly true that we see these acts but rarely now on the stage but when we recall

that practically any really progressive pastor is willing to devote a Sabbath evening hour of worship to a very complete exposition of the work of Einstein, including the most intricate details of reasoning and when we recall that any sort of stage is hard to find, the matter becomes very clear.

After all, there is no philosophy of life which is more kindly and satisfactory than the one of "live and let live". In view of this, the writer looks with toleration upon such courses and concedes that they might be evolved to such a point that they would have a modicum of culture and appreciation of things chemical. Depending upon the skill of the man offering the course, it could be made most attractive and popular and doubtless heavily patronized.

However, as set forth at the beginning, the first responsibility is to the three classes named and that is a fair sized task and calls for considerable effort on the part of the men presenting it. When we realize that these men must turn out a product of a minimum standard of excellence in a field which involves mathematics including all the applications of the calculus, physics, German and French and perhaps Zoology, it is at once apparent that insistence on accomplishment on the part of the student is the only thing consistent with self respect and a sense of duty to the body politic.

If the state sees fit to give one a free ticket to a good show, it is of course taken and the show enjoyed in proportion to its merit. The show may even be uplifting, educational and cultural in addition to being a good entertainment. There is however but one show regularly staged at public expense for all and sadly enough, the deliberations of the national legislative bodies are at a fixed seat rather than touring a regular circuit.

The natural question arises as to whether the body politic can or will afford the regular staging of such shows, for shows they must essentially be. We have two proverbs to the effect that experience is the teacher par excellence and that contempt is usually the child of familiarity.

From the chemical point of view, it would seem that the best way to comprehend the implications of the equation of Nernst is to have actual experience with the vagaries of the hydrogen electrode and certainly the familiarity gained from a discussion of it in a course in pandemic chemistry could do nothing else than produce a certain, if unconscious, contempt for the process as something "really quite simple after all!" Specifically on this point, the past five years have seen at least a dozen elementary expositions of the practical application of the equation of Nernst to one of life's problems. These pamphlets have been aimed at a class of men and women trained far above the average and out of some forty members of the craft well known to the writer, there are at most three who have the slightest idea of what the whole stir is about.

The demands of democracy must be heeded. If it is the will of the tax payer that there exists a crying need for this sort of thing in any field, and he is willing to pay for it, we will certainly have it. But regardless of the exotic tastes of our "composite citizen" his regard for the security of his property and skin is of such a degree that he will likewise insist that the development of pure science on a plane of exacting standards, slavish labor and genuine devotion be permitted to go forward as best it can.

If the reader has been at all stimulated to any degree of interest by the foregoing, he will find the entire idea as applied in a broad sense to all the activities of the true higher learning in a most excellent and stimulating treatise by Dr. Abraham Flexner entitled "Universities, American, English, German" and published by the Oxford Press.

The New Gastronomy

(Continued from Page 16)

correct *civée* has been discovered, how rich, how noble is the reward. To the splendor of the bottles with their gilt foiled patent tops is added the

amber glint of their contents under the soft glow of the electric lights. The top creaks for a second or two under the pressure of the patent opener; the bottle is tilted for the volatile element to escape; the mouth creams into foam; the dazzling liquid falls into the wide shallow glass; the bubbles wink and go on winking, as if the splendor of the banquet were too much for them; the primordial joy of life begins to awaken in the guests; that noblest of all the products of modern science, carbonic acid gas, begins its uplifting work.

Cheese may be gentle, strong, or brutal, and the beverage accompanying it will depend upon its character. A gentle cheese may be turned loose with an iced Postum; they probably will not hurt each other, whatever they may do to the consumer. A strong cheese should be introduced to a glass of root beer. I have been looking for a place to bring in that once very popular drink, raspberry vinegar—as introduced to me by my

Bowman PRINTING Company



"Sticklers for Service"

Printing of Every Character
From a Card to a
Catalog

"As You Like It"

Phone, Randolph 4434
4010 Orange Ave. Phone, R-4434

grandmother—and I can think of nothing better to do with it than to turn it into the same course with a really brutal cheese and let them fight it out. I don't care which wins.

At the coffee stage it was once the custom to serve little glasses of highly aromatic syrups prepared by various brotherhoods of France and Germany. These of course have long since ceased to be procurable. They were not unpleasant to taste, and for that reason their proper purpose—which was strictly medicinal—seems to have been lost from view. America has no lack of aromatic syrups of medicinal characters, the names of whose makers are often just as euphonious as those of the monasteries whose medicines used to be served at the end of a meal. Why should not the waiter pass round with a tray containing an assortment of Smith's Blood Bitters, Jones Snakeroot Extract, Brown's Wild Strawberry Elixir, Robinson's Slippery Ellum Bark, and Miller's Mysterious Indian Remedy? The guest who requires an unusual private tippie of his own, would "bring his own", or take what looks most like it. The ladies would pick by the color. A couple of different elixirs, carefully poured out and topped with cream, would attract admiration, which would be increased if the elixir makers would take to using *art moderne* bottles.

But the task of the New Gastronomy is too much for an individual. It ought to be done by the Rockefeller Research Fund, or the postgraduate department of some school of household science. Nevertheless, here is, perhaps, the genesis of an art of the future.

Landscaping Plans for the Campus....

(Continued from Page 7)

The abutting property has been so planned that there will be no traffic street on the Southern boundary of the Campus, thus permitting students to pass from dormitories, apartments and fraternity houses to the

walks of the Campus without crossing traffic arteries. With the great numbers of automobiles that will inevitably drive to this Institution on gala days and for sports meets, it has been deemed imperative that as many avenues of egress and ingress as possible be developed. The plan provides four major entrances to the south boundary, each leading to the major boulevard system to the south and west. On the north of the Campus lies the yet undeveloped property of the Bell-Lloyd Investment Co., who contemplate a type of development that will greatly enhance the beauty of the vistas to the north of the College grounds. Fortunately, the Bell-Lloyd Corporation, through whose generosity these first plantings will be accomplished, are the owners and developers of the residential properties immediately surrounding the College grounds, and the same Landscape Architect is planning an appropriate landscape treatment for the residence properties that will harmonize with the treatment of the College Campus.

Mister Washington...

(Continued from Page 11)

"High yaller", face expressionless as a newly-cut pine plank, clucked at them softly. His cracked shoe punched in the brake.

"High yaller", despised by both blacks and whites, thought Mister Washington, an ugly duckling with no hope of being either a black or white swan. Had he been a shade darker, he could have joined the stevedores on the docks. Had he been a shade lighter, he could have gone north and "passed over", as Joe had done.

Mister Joseph H. Washington returned to the hotel.

"A message for you, sir," said the clerk. SIR! From a white clerk!

"A message for me?"

"Yes, sir." Ah!

"What is it?"

"Mr. DuCroix telephoned to say that he would not be here until two o'clock."

"Is that all?"—Make him say it again.

"That was all."

Try again, say something, make him say it!—"Send up a boy with some ice."

"Yes, sir."—It was done.

Smiling once more, Mister Washington paraded through the lobby, the lobby filled with southern whites. Once in his room he removed most of his clothes. He sat in a rocker, his feet on the bed, and began to rock gently, waving a palmetto fan.

Merely rocking the chair soothed him. Gradually, fear was disappearing. He was a fool. He had let himself be caught by emotion instead of permitting his intelligence to function. Now, he knew there was no danger of discovery.

The nigger bell-hop knocked, brought in the ice, took his tip, and then lingered as all niggers do. Only a northerner resents his sociability.

"Sho is hot," he grinned. "Ain't had nothing like this foh a long time.

Ain't so bad fo' white folks, but it sho is hahd on us niggahs."

Us niggahs! Mister Washington knew it was only a general phrase, yet he hated and feared it. The obvious simplicity on the boy's face angered Mister Washington. Fool not to know! He forced himself to speak slowly, steadily. "I can't see why the heat is worse for you than for us whites."

The shoe-button eyes smiled. "White folks don't lahk us when it's hot. Down heah they say you can tell a niggah on a hot night jus' by de smell. Dey say dey can tell one even iffen he's almos' white."

The fan broke under Mister Washington's grip. "Get out, you niggah!" he shouted. In a moment the boy was nothing more than a surprised scurry of withdrawal.

Mister Washington felt a cold chill tingle down his back. In agony, he rocked straight out of his chair. Feverishly, he started to do something, anything. He lifted a brush

Welcome, Alumni

—WHILE ON THE CAMPUS VISIT THE BOOKSTORE.

—YOU MAY FIND SOMETHING YOU NEED IN CONNECTION WITH YOUR PRESENT DUTIES—BUT THAT IS REALITIVELY UNIMPORTANT. WE JUST WANT YOU TO DROP IN AND SAY "HELLO" AND TALK OVER OLD TIMES.

The Bookstore

(AZTEC SHOPS)

from the dresser, laid it down on the table.

The heat pushed heavily against the window. It sucked in and out of Joe. Round drops covered him, burned him. He reached over to pull down the shade. He jerked. It tore and fell.

"Lord!" The force of his breath drew taut a hair that was hanging down over his lips. He went into the bathroom and jumped into the tub. He scoured his pale brown body with a scented soap. He poured alcohol over himself, standing there until it evaporated. Then, Mister Washington sniffed at his arm.

By the time he was ready, it was after one o'clock. He sat and tried to read, but fear made time grow vast. The strain and the sleepless night weakened him. Reality began to slip from him. Pictures formed. He saw the poet's face, the "high yaller", the mulatto at the dock. He could see himself walking down into the lobby to face Du Croix. One foot slowly pulled the other away—eyes seeking in vain to find a faceless space. Heat would drip from him. White words would follow him. Joe felt the drops of heat slide down his back. Oh Lord! They weren't sweat, they were white folks' eyes sliding up and down him, finding him out! He moaned. Round and round the room he walked.

Suddenly he saw himself in the mirror. Eyes stared back into eyes. Gradually, confidence returned. This man facing him was *white*! He owed it to the poet to stay that way.

Once more, he bathed, rubbed alcohol into his smooth skin. Once more he dressed in fresh linen. Quietly, without fear, Mister Washington left his room and went down to the lobby. It was almost two. He sat near the desk, where he could hear anything which was said.

Shortly after, two men came in. One of them asked for Mister Washington. Mister Washington looked at them. His chuckle returned to him. Even if they knew, nothing would be said. They wanted the money too much.

Firestone Tires

Batteries and Accessories

Modern Lubrication Methods.

Markel's Motor Service

25th and Broadway M-9816



MOTHER'S DAY is MAY 10
—You will find cards for this
and every other occasion in our
complete stock.

Also remember our
3-Hour Photo Finishing Service

Bunnell
PHOTO SHOP
1033 SIXTH ST.

All Brave, Wild Things....

(Continued from Page 34)

marshes and their sea to the south—the crazy lakes in the high mountains—the wide hot fields of the northern valleys. It is a wind of sibilant sounds, of sobs and sighs, a sad wind of desolate places. The solemn chant of the inexorable surf as the waves wash rollingly, champing foamy, sandy teeth on the coarse shore, gives a constant undertone. Above these noises of the world itself I hear the long drawn out *scaip-scaip* of the ducks who feed on the shore line, as the water gradually swallows the land and loosens the strands of deeply anchored widgeon grass from the oozy mud. The glow from the city across the bay shows me where blackness, rippling, covers blacker blackness, stolid. I hear the weird plaintive whistle of the male paldpate. Above me I can hear but not see, swiftly passing flocks. Their wings

beat a steady tatoo on the yielding air.

A heightening transfulgence heralds the coming of the moon over the mountains. Huge and orange, it gives only a white, reflected light. Riding wide in the wind, a dignified procession of four swans in stately flight journey toward extinction. A flock of foolish spoonbill dip suddenly toward me in my silent post, and settle contentedly in the protected shallow waters a few yards distant, where they diligently employ themselves dabbling the succulent eel and goose grasses. Teal—feathery projectiles, dash crazily over the low bank—swerving suddenly up, down, and away again. I can see long lines of speeding ducks as they sweep swiftly by in martial array in the silver luminescence of the now low hanging moon. They look like pendant bees, black dots in formation. Distant geese bugle in a manner that quickens my heart beats. All brave, wild things.

* * * * *

Hello, Alumni

—WE'RE NEW TO MOST OF YOU, BUT WE'LL INTRODUCE OURSELVES AS THE "CAMPUS HANGOUT."

LET US SUGGEST THAT YOU DROP IN FOR REFRESHMENTS DURING YOUR VISIT TO THE NEW CAMPUS.

The Fountain

(AZTEC SHOPS)

A desultory rain starts. The wind has become a boisterous jubilant fellow, rushing, roaring, bursting over the resolute guardian dikes, bending the suppliant reeds which make weird music as they part their furious assailant into chords and strains of a curious song. I start my homeward journey over the dikes, slipping and splashing in the gathering rain.

One Night....

AUDREY PETERSON

A sea
Of twinkling darkness
Stretched beyond
The sand dune's
Paled light
And hanging low
A silver-threaded crescent
Dipped to catch
The ocean's spray—
As if quite anxious
To be caught
And rocked to sleep
Upon those gliding waves.
A star—
Of brilliance thousandfold—
Spread forth
Its shimmering carpet
To the eager shore.

La Scene....

RUTH MCGUIRE

A pearl gray cloud spilled water
On a dull brown piece of earth,
Then sped away in pinkness,
Bowling along with mirth.
Earth sent a turquoise lyric
To a bird in cherry red—
And bid him chirp in amber
For folk in the pansy bed.
She laid an April carpet
Down aisles of forest green,
And bade a purple butterfly
Rest on a silvery screen
Of snow white, filmy milkweed
That had stretched too far to look
While Sun, with a laugh of crimson
Tossed crystal into the brook.

'Point Loma'

The Home Brand

—of—

CANNED FRUITS

VEGETABLES

and FISH

None but the finest foods obtainable,
fresh packed, are permitted to be
sold under this brand

Distributed and Guaranteed by

Klauber Wangenheim Co.

and for sale at
your Neighborhood Store

"POINT TO POINT LOMA"

on your

:: Retail Grocer's Shelves ::

Buy--

Your Band and
Musical
Instruments at

25% to 75%

LESS in the

**REMOVAL !
SALE !**

**Southern California
Music Company**

720 Broadway

Miniature Machinations....

(Continued from Page 19)

ruptly his vitriolic flow of language. Then, bursting out in the manner of Assurbanipal, "Prithee, what the hell-eth have we here?"

A small, desperate snort of rage answered the taunt, and out of the tangle, as a water-melon seed is shot from between two fingers, shot the miniature stranger, no longer shrinking, but offensively impudent, reckless with the fury of a kitten cornered by curious children. With a wriggle and a twist, freeing herself from their tormenting bumpers, she darted over the ditch and out onto the open road ahead of all the heavier cars, leaving only the sound of her newly-awakened voice ringing shrilly in their ears:

"Toot! Old brass-bonnets! Go wipe your carbureters!"

A few minutes later, when an emotion surfeited traffic jam had sorted itself out without casualty, Pallas caught up with the baby car, and slowed his smooth stride enough to slant a friendly nod and murmur "Welcome to the road, young-un! Look out for soft shoulders." The small thing grinned the length of its bright bumper in embarrassment, as the kindly hood beside it swung off, singing the pulsing Song of the Road, leaving the shiny, scurrying black beetle trundling happily behind.

The Oxen of Llyn-y Fan Fach....

(Continued from Page 27)

Out of the barns and meadows rushed the bulls and cows joyously and joined their mistress. The little black calf that had been killed and now hung salt-cured in the kitchen came to life again, descended from the rafters and rushed to Melferch's side. Caressing her cattle, Melferch called at last:

"Y pedwar eidon glas
Sydd a'r y ma's
Dewech chwethe
Yn iach adre."

Ye four grey oxen
That are in the field
Come you also
Whole and well home!

Out of the field, dragging their muddy plow behind them lumbered the oxen, and, putting her arms around the necks of two of them, Melferch moved off toward the lake and disappeared just where the sun made such a blaze on the water that Gwyn could not look there. But the oxen, dragging the plow, made a muddy furrow that ran straight out to the golden sheet of fire where the sun looked at himself in the lake."

* * * * *

The old lady stopped, looked at us sharply, then went to the door and pointed with the finger of faith to where, in the clear waters of Llyn-y Fan Fach, a long, straight, muddy furrow ran out and stopped.

El Palenque

El Palenque is a review of letters published quarterly by the Associated Students of San Diego State College. Editor, Margaret Houston; Publication Board: James Lowrie, Virginia Barnes, William Hamby, Florence Jones, Ruth McGuire, Sam Adler; Circulation Manager, Ruth McGuire; Art Editor, Dorothy Cook; Faculty Advisor, Miss Florence L. Smith, Associate Professor of English.

Manuscripts are received from students, alumni and faculty, and should be sent to the Palenque office in the Library tower, put in Palenque box among the faculty mail 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.