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EL

December

1931

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El Palenque

DECEMBER, 1931

VOLUME V

NUMBER TWO

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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.

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As Seen From This Issue

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With several new contributors, staff assistants and a growing stack of available manuscripts, the second issue of EL PALENQUE for 1931-32 herewith makes its bow.

The Editor notes with much satisfaction the growing interest in that for which the magazine stands. Other student publications may come and discreetly retire, but EL PALENQUE, with proverbial steadfastness, continues on its way. True, there have been times in the past when financial clouds hovered over its path, and adverse criticism threatened to dim its light, but slowly and surely these storms were weathered until now EL PALENQUE is one of the few entirely self-supporting literary magazines among the colleges of the Pacific Coast. The Editor and assistant staffs take this opportunity to thank the advertisers and the thirteen hundred students of San Diego State College who have made this pleasant aspiration a reality.

Criticism to the contrary, the Publication Board of the magazine has continued with its policy of past years, and the material appearing in these pages has been the result of its customary careful selection. Many manuscripts submitted for possible publication revealed a high standard of respective excellence, but inasmuch as the general trend was hardly in keeping with that exhibited in a *literary magazine*,—and EL PALENQUE will never be anything other than such, carrying on with sound tradition and the approbation of those whose intelligence warrants heed,—the Publication Board was forced to reject and return such manuscripts to their authors. It is to be hoped that all these contributors will try again, and that any constructive ideas which may occur to them will be carried to those in charge, rather than broadcast in utter futility about the campus, resulting in the all but inevitable stigma of disparagement.

To the co-operation of the Art Department for posters and cuts, to The Aztec for weekly publicity and announcements, and to Miss Florence L. Smith, faculty adviser, for advice and suggestions, the staff of EL PALENQUE is deeply indebted.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT,
Editor.



The Little Prince

BY GEORGE PAYNE

THERE HAD BEEN RAIN, and the spreading elm trees which lined the narrow streets were beaded with moisture. Yet neither the cold wind nor the wet atmosphere succeeded in dampening the boisterous enthusiasm of the people thronging the little streets along the banks of the Lliadi.

The Welsh town of Llanelly was in gala attire. Union Jacks hung from the stately town hall and grey-walled market, while the quaint shop windows were decorated with red, white and blue bunting. And why? The Archdruid had decreed that the Goosedd circle of bards was to convene in 1921 at Stradey Park for the national Esteddfodau or Annual Welsh Music Festival. It had been in answer to the bugle of the bardic heralds that the Welsh people from every corner of the world had thronged to Llanelly.

I stood under the low archway of the old, grey-walled market, and watched the procession of bards move slowly past. One by one, the neighboring gentry in bardic attire went by in their family coaches to Stradey Park. As Lady Stepney-Howard's coach, in which sat the royal bard, Edward, Prince of Wales, moved slowly by, the school children along the edge of the street, under the direction of their excited teachers, began to sing the well known national hymn, "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

As the royal coach rounded the corner into Stepney Street, I moved out of the thickly falling rain into the depth of the gloomy market. Near the gateway were the fish stalls, and behind them the spotlessly clean meat and farm produce booths. A voice from one of the fish stalls greeted me:

"Boreu da i chwi fachgen bach" (Good day to you, dear boy.)

Turning around, I saw the old fisher-wife, Peggie Ann, dressed in a red flannel petticoat and a black, white-striped apron, seated on a low, three-legged stool in the midst of her tubs of flat-fish and cockles. She had just that moment returned from her daily visit to the Old Castle Inn, and from the two growing red spots on either cheek, I knew that she was fast becoming a victim to the loquacious effects of her post-beer period.

Seating myself on a pillow of old sacking at the fisher-woman's feet, I peered up at her ruddy face.

"The Prince was a jolly chap, wasn't he, Peggie Ann?"

"Yes, yes," answered my drowsy friend, "but indeed unto goodness, a shame it is that the Prince is an Englishman!"

In answer to my ejaculation, "Is he not a Welshman?" she began the story which on many a winter's night she had heard her grandfather, the Penclawdd bard, Evan Glantawe, tell to an assembled group about the hearth.

"About seven hundred years ago, the King of England (Ed-

ward was his name) invaded this, our land of Wales. Accompanied by his well-trained forces and Queen Elinor and her courtly train, he came to punish our brave fathers, who had arisen against their land-grabbing English overlords, under their beloved Llewellyn. It is told that many brave battles were fought up North Wales way, and that so many of our fathers were killed that Prince Llewellyn decided to make a hurried visit to South Wales for more soldiers. Somehow the English received word of his leaving, and three English knights were ordered to follow the Welsh rebel. When Llewellyn was marching slowly along the banks of the Wye, those English knights, who were hiding behind some *bara-caws-a-cwrw* trees (Hawthorne), jumped upon him. There was brave fighting for you!

"In no time Llewellyn's followers were killed, but our Prince, thanks to God, escaped, although the enemy was far too great even for his sharp brand. He at once fled along the banks of the Wye.

"Exhausted with fighting, traveling, and so forth, Prince Llewellyn presently collapsed in a clump of bullrushes and tremblingly awaited his cruel pursuers. An English knight, Sir Guy de Paig, they say his name was, soon reached the very spot where Llewellyn was hiding, and seeing the red coat of the Welsh rebel, he raised his sharp lance and stuck the prostrate Prince through and through, crying: "So die all the enemies of his sacred Majesty!"

"When our fathers heard of their brave Prince's killing, they lost their bravery in battle, and soon they were all laid low by the English King.

"But Edward went with his soldiers to the newly built Carnarvon Castle, and it was like his pride to command all the Welsh chieftains from Morganwg (South Wales) to Gwynedd (North Wales) to come to his castle and kneel before him as their rightful overlord.

"While in the castle audience room, before the King's throne, Rhys ab Twdwr, always the fearless and outspoken, refused to kneel before the English King, saying, 'The Welsh people will acknowledge no overlord other than he that is born in Wales, speaks the Welsh tongue, and has lived a blameless life.'

"Edward did not seem angered, a sly old one that was he, but, turning to Rhys, he said:

"'Gather the Welsh chieftains to this, our castle, two weeks hence, and you shall pay homage to a Prince, who was not only born in this region, but who cannot speak a word of English!'

"At his words, the men of Gwalia (Wales) rejoiced, for soon, they thought, a native-born Prince will be driving out the English and putting an end to this hodge-podge of war.

"On the day appointed, the Welsh chieftains were assembled

(Continued on Page 34)

Vision

BY CATHERINE MILLER

*Do they say you have really gone?
The sound of the rain falling,
The glistening fern,
Speak only of return;
And on the ruffled grass where once you trod
The daffodils are springing from the sod.*

*What though folk whisper you have gone away,
Triumphant now, for lacking mortal coils?
Full well I know, by some strange passion taught,
When next the great salt breezes blow
And drag their misty trails upon the flats,
When next I gaze upon your old brown chair
And see your book and pencil lying there,
It is not written I shall fly my grief,
As all my sisters do,
Denying what is hewn upon the leaf,
On every lofty height.
If you have gone, it is but for a night,
And soon our lives will be as once before.*

*Why then, just then, you came and touched my hand!
("It was the wind," they say, and will not understand.)*

The Newer Courtesy

BY JOHN R. ADAMS

During the second day of my visit to Arcadia I had occasion, after viewing the theaters, art galleries, cafes and historic monuments, to step into a drug store on a homely errand. I needed a bottle of mouth-wash, and though I have, as indeed most of us have, a favorite brand, I was willing to purchase any nationally advertised product. To my great surprise, the druggist, an alert man in a red smock, had never heard of the article for which I was inquiring.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Has Arcadia no protection against colds, tooth decay, bad breath, dandruff, grey hair and athlete's foot?"

"To be sure it has," he answered, smiling broadly. "How quaint you Americans are, asking for mouth-wash when you really need ear-powder!"

"Ear-powder?" I repeated, mistrusting the meaning of the words, for my knowledge of colloquial Arcadian was as yet sketchy. But when he assured me that ear-powder was widely advertised to serve my purpose, I agreed to purchase a packet, for long experience has taught me to trust national advertisers implicitly. As we all know, they simply have to be good.

"But before I can oblige you with this article," said the druggist, "you will have to look through the book." Seeing the mute interrogation in my eyes, he expressed astonishment.

"You are an American, and yet you do not understand the arrangement by which literature and commerce are indissolubly bound? It is an American invention."

I was about to protest when I recalled that whenever in my travels I was confronted by an especially outlandish arrangement, it was invariably recommended to me as American. On my present tour, funny food, clothing and music already had been forced upon me as American, and I had learned that resistance was useless.

While we were talking, I had noticed the assistant making several sales. A man had purchased soap, a woman had bought perfume, and at least a dozen men and women had asked for rubber gloves. Without understanding the significance of his words, I had heard a gentleman say to the clerk:

"I don't need the gloves, but I can't resist these aviation stories."

At this moment an unshaven, unkempt, sallow complexioned young man approached.

"Bird seed, as usual?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, bird seed, curse it!" the young man answered, and walked out very angrily with his purchase.

"A sad case," the druggist murmured sympathetically to me. "The poor fellow really wanted razor blades, but he can't stand tragedies. Since he will read nothing but circus stories, he must purchase bird seed, which has an absolute monopoly on circus yarns. To make matters worse, he hates canaries and is so poor that he has to eat the seed, though it's clear that it doesn't agree with him."

Soon I was informed of the curious custom of the Arcadians. Along one entire side of the shop, corresponding to the soda fountain in our drug stores, stood a long desk, on top of which were at least a thousand books designed for the entertainment of customers. Each title, I came to understand, was sponsored by a manufacturer, and the only way under the sun of getting the article one wanted was by reading the book of entertainment that was associated with it.

"But isn't it possible," I asked the druggist, "to make a pretense of liking the book in order to get the product?"

His eyes flashed with a barely concealed contempt that froze my blood.

"That," he said haughtily, "would be very un-Arcadian. It is a matter of honor among Arcadians to read the book before they use the article. As a people we may have some of the faults of which we are accused—I am not denying the possibility—but the entire world knows that we are a literature-loving people, and an honorable race, and that we never lie about our literary preferences. The occasional culprit, always detected, meets with the scorn of his fellows and the full penalty of the law."

I must have looked worried, for the druggist's tone softened.

"I don't think you'll have any difficulty with your conscience over this ear-powder," he said. "That is, if you take the Aura-beau brand, for it uses American stories that are always popular. It used to play second fiddle to the Excelsior brand, but with war stories so dead now, and Excelsior contracted for years to come, it looks like speedy bankruptcy for them."

While he was giving me more inside information on the ups and downs of the trade, I determined that, be the Arcadian conscience howsoever tender, I was going to perjure myself if necessary to get the ear-powder. Fond as I might be of detective stories, I was not going to bind myself to chew gum while I read them. So I stepped over to the desk of books, turned the pages of one cursorily, and returned to the druggist. He had my package ready for me.

"The ear-powder, you understand, is absolutely free; the cost is included in the price of the book."

When I had returned to my room at the hotel, my first action was to examine the book I had unwillingly purchased. Drawing a comfortable chair to the window, I looked out upon the square

below, where the fountain gracefully spurted purple water into a pool. What a peculiar country this was, I thought, in its incongruous mating of trade and literature. And how doubly odd it was that in Arcadia the custom should be associated with America, where, as I knew from experience, no one who thinks about money has time for even a glance at literature.

"I 'Ear You Calling Me" was the name of my book. It was a volume of one hundred small pages, (as I later learned, the uniform length of Arcadian books), divided into twenty short chapters of equal length. The title was unfamiliar to me, but as it was a book of some commercial value, I am going to describe it briefly so that the American author, whose name was nowhere mentioned in the Arcadian version, can institute a lawsuit to collect his royalties.

The first chapter described a prehistoric forest of oak, hemlock and mahogany trees. The time was a million or so years ago, and as the human characters had not yet been born, the author used his five pages for description and ethical disquisition. The stars ruled then, he said, even as now, and the whole course of human history, yet to be unfolded, lay implicit in Orion and Betelgeuse. Suddenly changing his mood, he introduced an italicized paragraph:

"This story comes to you through the courtesy of the manufacturers of Aurabeau Ear-Powder. The beauty of a clean ear, like the pearly freshness of a rose, can never grow wearisome. Remember, as you use your ear-powder, that it brings to you the charm of the eternal youth of the world. Remember, too, to write telling us how you are thrilled by the heart-gripping story."

In the next chapter, which followed immediately, the time shifted to the present. A village had grown up on the edge of the forest. Two characters are introduced, a lovely girl named Reba and a manly youth named Dick. Very tenderly the author describes Reba and Dick walking hand-in-hand through the village streets. When they reach the outskirts of the town, Dick became embarrassed and fidgeted, but finally managed to blurt out a few words: "There's something I must tell you. Will you listen to me, Reba . . . dear?"

Then the author has a few words to say, in a literary style to which translation cannot begin to do justice:

"And so have we, dear readers, something to tell you. Filth is filth, and there is no use mincing words over it. How many a best man has returned from his pal's wedding to lead a life of bitter loneliness! Watch those ears! See your doctor occasionally if you must, but by all means use Aurabeau Ear-Powder every little while. Now turn the page and find out what Dick has to say to Reba."

Nothing turned out as I expected, for just as Dick was getting started, a surprising event occurred that changed

the whole course of the story. Six Philadelphia gangsters jumped out from behind a mahogany tree, shot Dick and tried to snatch Reba away; but she ran "faster than the world-famous American gazelle," and carried the news that the town was besieged.

After a clever essay on ear-powder and athlete's foot, the fight commenced. The gangsters finally won, and shipped all the townsfolk and their faithful Indian slaves down the river, in order to keep the valuable mahogany forests for themselves. It was a sad time for little Reba, because she thought Dick was really killed. But she was a stout-hearted girl, and found a mission in life, wandering up and down the countryside, speaking to the humble natives about eugenics and the higher life. At the ends of the chapters she was able to introduce quite long references to Aurabeau Ear-Powder, telling what it is made from, how it is prepared by scientists and kept fresh, and what its many uses are. But all the time there was an aching void in her—the memory of poor Dick!

Finally she became quite an old lady, and one day as she was addressing a road gang of humble Rotarians (*sic*), she saw in the group a familiar-looking man, more dejected, thin and impoverished even than the others. Much to her surprise, and to the reader's and the author's surprise, too, it was Dick. She could hardly recognize him, because he looked more like eighteen than eighty, and he had difficulty in knowing her, too, because, despite her sixty years, she looked not a day over sweet sixteen.

After the lecture, when they were meeting alone, he told her that he had retained his youthful vigor and virility by the regular use of Aurabeau Ear-Powder. And as this passage came at the end of a chapter, he added: "*Remember the name, Aurabeau, spelled A-u-r-a-b-e-a-u.*"

He also told her that he was not really poor, but had simply been slumming with the road gang because of his great sympathy with the lower classes. He was, in fact, the prosperous manager of an ear-powder factory, but as this detail came out in the middle of the chapter, artistic propriety forbade the author from mentioning by name the brand he was making.

"Do you remember," Dick continued, "that years ago we were little more than boy and girl?"

Yes, Reba remembered that, with a sigh and a blush.

"And do you remember the day on which we last stood at the edge of the age-old mahogany wood?"

She would never forget it.

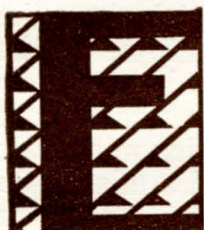
Suddenly he became nervous and fidgety again, but finally he managed to blurt out a few words: "There's something I must tell you. Will you listen to me, Reba . . . dear?"

"*You have just read about Dick and Reba, the Aurabeau*

(Continued on Page 36)

There's Just The Red Stake

BY ABRAMS MARTIN



XACTLY EIGHTEEN YEARS ago the 12th of July, of this last summer, our party set out from Khatmandu, Nepal, for its attempt at Mt. Everest.

I am forty-five now—quite middle-aged—and look older, my hair being unduly grayed, and my face deeply lined from hardship, as well as from years. My friends, indeed, are inclined to think me quite elderly, and I am frequently mistaken for my wife's father, (to her secret delight, as I am convinced), and my children's grandparent.

I was barely thirty on that dusty July forenoon in Nepal. We had celebrated my birthday two days before in the filthy little Khatmandu caravanserai, over *baikan*, the heady rice wine of the East, red hill honey, and goats' livers. How gay we had been. Sergeant Tommy Binfill, Max Eggan, and I, smoking the long, black native cigars, planning our triumph. We were all a little drunk, I think. The *baikan* was strong, and there is something in Newagahr tobacco which fills the most level head with dreams.

If we had known what a tragic fiasco awaited us, I am quite sure we would have turned our mules' heads back to Benares and our jobs—Tommy and I in the branch foreign office, and Max in the assistant curator's chair of the Benares natural history museum. And yet, now that the whole affair is over and done, I know that none of us regrets it, not even Max, ill-starred though the outcome proved to be.

The morning of July 12th, 1913, saw us plodding down the Ponnar or chief street of Khatmandu, our sixteen-mule train raising huge clouds of yellow dust in the hot, still air, the sweat pouring down our faces from under our three Benares commissary Class AA sun helmets, price \$22.50 apiece.

By noon we were sweltering in the rolling green foothills east of Khatmandu. The heat was terrific. We plodded on in silence, sitting our mules gingerly to avoid contact with the heat of their bodies, and holding our arms akimbo for air circulation, like fat old hens in a summer dooryard. There was no sound but the swishing of the waist-high *umballah* grass along the trail as we passed, and the occasional minor *do la do* of the little *phatodis* in the deodar copses.

I have always had a great affection for these friendly little brown birds with their strange habit of hopping upon only one foot at a time. Max declares that they are damned souls doing penance, and that their peculiar method of locomotion is a carry-over from some previous servitude in hell where the pavements

are hot. Their mournful call he expounds as a sort of *miserere* imploring divine forgiveness. This explanation never fails to extract a disdainful snort from Tommy, who is an out and out materialist, with a withering scorn for the mystic.

At twilight we made camp to the lee of a rich cane brake, on a knoll white with tiny *djibaleeng* mushrooms, at sight of which Hahtibee, the cook, registered unbounded delight. Ah, at last the Sahibs could eat *djibaleeng*! For the *djibaleeng* are a famous Indian delicacy, unobtainable in town, and hence unknown to us.

Our cold rice and curry was brought to us, (an Indian will never make a camp fire if he can avoid it), our coffee made over a spirit lamp, and a bowl of the *djibaleeng* set before us, fresh plucked, their little stems pink and curled with the black earth still clinging on. To the taste they were not unpleasant, but strangely dry and powdery. Indeed, Tommy declared a bowl or two of road dust would suit him as well.

We ate on camp stools with the photographic equipment chest serving as a table. Our *Jhansi*, or mule men, squatted to one side. Four pitch torches stuck in the ground at the boundaries of camp insured the discouragement of possible tigers, or *kulbarg-miraji* (devil-beasts), as the Indian boars are called.

We felt like three Arabian Sultans out for a lark—three Haroun-al-Rasheeds seeking relief from a "contraction of the bosom." The *jhansi* were our faithful Viziers, the torches our pomp and ceremony. We were all-powerful here, our word the law. We were young, and the spirit of adventure was upon us. Much has happened since that pleasant night by the cane brake. Two of us have traveled many a weary mile of country, together and apart. One of us has worn away years in suffering and impotence.

We slept that night on long-legged cots, each leg standing in a dish of water poisoned with Poona berries as a precaution against snakes. The odor of Poona berries is very strong, and not unlike that of decayed meat. The only thing that made us submit to it was the memory of a young Russian whom we had once seen die of snake bite in the Sapiur valley. It had not been a pleasant death. The man had been quite black and unrecognizable when it was over. So Tommy and I smoked our fragrant Mesner's Turks till sleep carried us out of the pale of influence by odors, and Max lay with a handkerchief rubbed with some cloves, begged from Hahtibee, over his face.

On the third day began that almost incredible avalanche of troubles, which dogged us from then to the bitter end of our expedition, without either mercy or cessation.

We had just lunched on jerked donkey meat and dried Kashmir apricots. The Indian Balaam uses his ass as a beast of burden till he drops in his patient tracks, and then jerks his flesh for food. Jerked donkey meat, contrary to common belief,

is delicate in flavor, extremely nourishing, and may be kept almost indefinitely. I know of few dishes more delicious than a stew of this meat compounded with curry and *jhow*, a kind of Indian parsnip. As for Kashmir apricots, fresh or dried, the nectar of the Olympian gods could not have been more delightful—but I digress, as men of a certain age are prone to do.

We worked up a narrow pass, lush with grass and low shrubbery, and scarlet with the beautiful Himalayan rock roses which wither to an ugly neutral colored mass at the lightest touch of human flesh. No other contact affects them, and a Hindu fable has it that they are symbolic of a goddess who once descended upon earth in the experimental form of a human maiden, and found her fellow men more trying than she expected.

I noticed that Chamba, our head *jhansi*, looked worried. When questioned, he said he feared a cloudburst, no pleasant event in any case, and terrifying in a pass, as I well knew. He explained that the light, feathery seeds of the *diwang* grass along our way, though ripe, still clung to their stalks, a sure prophesy to a *jhansi* of heavy rain.

Within half an hour the downpour was upon us—a real cloudburst in a land famous for such phenomena. The next three hours were a tragic-comedy I shall never forget. The quiet, green pass was a mad river, with rain pounding down in sheets. The thunder reverberated in ear-splitting peals from rock wall to rock wall, and that strange phenomenon, the fire ball, floated back and forth above us. We lost one mule, one of the three loaded with bedding, and considerable damage was done to the rest of our equipment. But the high light of the affair was furnished by Tommy, who insisted on our holding him suspended by the ankles over the little cliff, upon which we had taken refuge, so that he could pull up the canvas hamper of cigarettes left below in the melee.

Two days later, after a weary struggle across mud, bog, shale field, rock, and pass, we began the ascent of the great Everest itself. Heretofore, we had been only in its foothills, rugged mountains though they were.

The next sixteen days none of us quite likes to think about. They were nightmares, boiled down and concentrated.

First came the man-eating Everest mountain goats, a herd of which charged us one twilight as we were making camp. These vicious animals are one of the most dreaded perils of Mt. Everest. They kill by butting the victim down with their great, whorled horns, and then stamping him to death. They attack in herds, charging broadside at a thundering gallop. We were able to escape only through the grace of a huge boulder, behind which we took refuge, and potted the leaders with our Remington repeaters until the herd became discouraged. This strategy suc-

ceeded solely because of the animals' characteristic of broadside charging. They will never separate and surround; hence we could always avoid them by keeping the rock wall between them and us.

There were snakes, too, the vicious and perfectly camouflaged white *sialkots*, or snow snakes, who live in tunnels dug in the snow, and strike without warning. We lost Haidarabad, one of our best *jhansi*, to one of these snakes, whose bites are invariably fatal. We suffered, too, from the cold and the altitude, and from that strange disease, Himalayan ague, in throes of which the patient is continually delirious and begs piteously, for celery.

All these perils were but the lions in the path. The path itself would have been quite enough to daunt the stoutest without so much as a rabbit to block it. But why need I describe it? Every reader knows the dangers and difficulties of mountain scaling—cliffs, crevasses, land slides, avalanches. In our own case the avalanches were so bad in the daytime, with the sun continually loosening and precipitating down upon us new ice fields, that we were forced for almost a week to travel by night. But even this was far from safe, for, in addition to the darkness, which magnified all danger, what moonlight there was, by some mysterious chemistry as yet uncomprehended by science, rendered the rock so exceedingly slippery that to stand upon an illumined rock was well nigh impossible. In fact, we chose darkness as the lesser peril, and skirted patches of light like so many malefactors avoiding discovery.

But we stumbled through, working steadily to our goal, the awful snow-clad peak of Everest, king of mountains, unconquered yet by man.

On the sixteenth day we made the summit, Max, Tommy and I with three *jhansi*, the rest having been left to await us three days below. It was just after sunrise, with the sky still pink and lazuli. There we stood, the first humans ever to set foot on this envied spot, though many had tried before. I shall never forget the majesty of that moment, the rare, pure air, the tremendous sweep of country below us. Far into cold Tibet could we see, far down to the lost, misty lowlands of Nepal, with range upon range of snowy peaks between. That brief ecstasy amply repaid our three weeks of struggle and suffering.

Brief ecstasy, I say justly, for not more than an hour later, the exceedingly thin air made a longer stay impossible, after we had erected our marker, a four-foot red, steel shaft thrust in the ice, and had taken our photographs, and our altitude record, we were on our way downward again, nor had we proceeded four hundred yards when a section of ice on which two of the *jhansi* and Max were standing, gave away and crashed down the de-

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Once In Camelot

An Epilogue

BY ELIZABETH KILBOURNE

She crouched upon a stone bench in the shadow of the wall as one who would hide her misery from the world, and he, looking upon the peace of towers and trees and wide gardens stretching toward the gently flowing river, sighed for the sadness that men brought to this beauty.

"Why, demoiselle—demoiselle Lynette! Is it thou, indeed? And in tears? Now must the very heavens weep for sympathy!"

So said Gawain, and smiled in kindly fashion upon the girl who faced him with quick anger in her eyes.

"Then are they most impertinent!" she retorted. "Look you, Lynette hath no need of sympathy."

"Not even that of Heaven?"

"Nay, Heaven doth not pity duty done," she said, and turned away.

But Gawain strode easily beside her and questioned softly: "Duty? How mean ye, fair Lynette? Surely duty should not wear so sad a garb at this gay time, for with the morn are thou, Laura, and Lyonors all to be wed."

"Think ye I had this forgotten? Dost think Lynette needs thy words? Needs, indeed, aught of thee?"

"Perchance," he put in. "For look ye, Lynette, never hath Gawain turned himself from any distressful damsel, nor . . ."

"Nor any," she interrupted, "who come seeking champions?"

Silently he faced her, then gravely spoke:

"Thou art unjust. Had the king permitted, thou knowest well I had championed thy cause, but thou didst come unto the court demanding much and giving not one word of information; and, when Arthur rightly did deny thee aid . . ."

"Rightly!"

"Aye, and thou most quick and haughty—as thou ever art, Lynette—did take it ill, though, indeed, save it had been my impulsive self, I doubt if any of the knights would have volunteered."

The girl laughed bitterly at these grave words, and mocked him contemptuously.

"Ah, Gawain, Gawain the clever, the wise, thinkest thou, most reasonable Gawain, that I knew not of thy so famous impulsiveness? Thinkest thou thy fame so small that even at Lyonesse we had not heard of Gawain the impulsive, Gawain the venturesome, Gawain . . ."

"Gawain, the king's nephew!" he finished, and laughed. "Why, then, it seems ye laid your plan to catch me. My grateful thanks, fair demoiselle, but why not Lancelot and thou wert about it?"

The girl met his mockery with a sudden seriousness that gave her an unexpected dignity and sweetness.

"Nay, Gawain, thou art over bitter. I do ask thy pardon, but thou must see that only thou or Lancelot would satisfy our besieger, and Lancelot—Lancelot . . ."

Again he broke in:

"Lancelot hath no eye for any maid except . . ."

Here he, too, paused and frowned. Lynette, watching, saw the quick trouble in his eyes and something more—a sorrow, a depth of pity—which moved her strangely. Of a sudden impulse she laid her hand upon his knee, and smiling, spoke.

"Why, seest thou, Gawain, my hopes and plans need not concern us now, since all are answered and Lyonors is free and . . . to be wed the morrow's morn to as fair a knight as lives, save only thou and Lancelot."

"Nay, saving none!" he cried, and added, "for see ye, Lynette, Gareth is pure of heart, true and unspoiled, a better man than either I or Lancelot—or any other of the Table Round. In the years to come ye may hear fairer tales of some of these others, but I, who am his brother, tell thee there abides no finer knight in all the breadth of this fair land than Gareth!"

So said Gawain, and flushed and smiled at his own eloquence. Yet there was in his speech a depth of earnestness, strange indeed, to find in him, usually so flippant and casual. So thought Lynette, who stared and laughed:

"Gawain, thou most amazing man!"

"Amazing, because I praise mine own kindred?" he queried, and feigned a touch of haughtiness.

"Nay, nay,—but thou art seldom so serious, or praise so whole-heartedly. Pray thee, Gawain, wherefore this sudden change?"

"Wherefore indeed, good brother, and why this fulsome praise?"

It was a new voice that spoke, and they, turning swiftly, beheld a goodly youth, whose laughing face was clear and open and from all evil free.

"Gareth!"

Both man and maid had started as they beheld the intruder, but Gawain, with the practiced ease acquired from long residence at court, bowed mockingly.

"My lord, we spoke of thee but now."

"And with most fulsome flattery, Sir Brother," returned Gareth in kind.

"Nay, then, could we insult thee to thy face?"

"Hast done it regularly i' the past. Why not again?"

"Nay, then," (it was Lynette who spoke), "only praise is befitting one who hath become so famous—and a bridegroom, to

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Old Mother Goose

By FRANCES BOYD

How could a simple assignment bring back such a multitude of associations, and such a warm, happy feeling, shot with sudden delight? The lesson, to study twenty Mother Goose rhymes, had sounded silly—juvenile, for on every college face there had appeared a tolerant grin such as all methods courses are likely to evoke. But this one was different, as I discovered when I took my old, tattered nursery book from the shelf. Its broken back and jumbled pages spoke of many hours of happy use. The illustrations, with their old English quaintness of costume and scenery, and their round, chubby childishnesses, thrilled me. I felt myself change back into a happy child to whom all things held beauty and delight.

I turned the pages and found the adorable picture of a little girl teaching three fat, white bunnies, and the one of the cunning little kittens, all bonnetted and beribboned, crying over their lost mittens; and then, the picture of the fat, running pig with a crooked tail, the one I always insisted I could hear squealing.

These pictures brought back my brother, Dana, who shared only my childhood. His memory became vivid, as the drawings rewhispered little secrets he had told me about them. He had liked the full-page illustration of the cats at school. Their naughty pranks had filled him with sympathetic delight. The little kittens, slyly winking, giggling, studying, eating, and playing, all as much like small boys and girls as picture cats can be, brought to mind every single thing he had said about them. It was as though I were reliving the days of the picture cats with him. I saw his lovely, little-boy face, with its serious expression, his blue, blue eyes, and the shock of yellow hair that always stood straight up and out. He grew more real than the pictures in the book, and as I began to read the verses, his words and the unspoken ideas written in his laughing eyes and eager fingers as they lingered on the pages, told me far more than the rhymes themselves.

Soon I left the nursery rhymes and Education 126 was completely forgotten. I came to "The Three Bears," "Red Riding

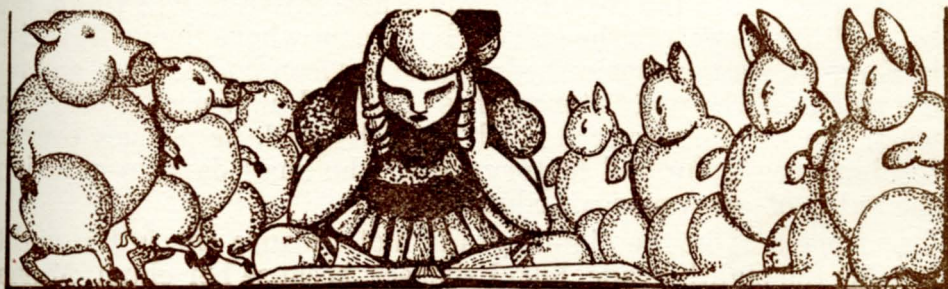


Hood," "The Three Pigs," and on to "Jack and the Bean Stalk," all the while watching Dana grow up. He had admired Jack, but he had thought the first two little pigs were very silly, and liked only the third little pig who had foiled the wolf. I, too, had said I thought the first pigs extremely foolish, while I secretly grieved for them.

That incident reminded me of how I used to enjoy eating with my fingers, because Dana said it made things taste better, and of the times when I would even pick up worms and play with them because he did. I used to sit by him under the cool trees in the twilight, before bedtime came, and listen to his tales of Indians and cowboys, of Santa Claus, of angels, and even of God; all these so touched up by his little-boy enthusiasm that even Mother would not have recognized them.

My thoughts strayed on and on to days I could not bear to think of longer, when, on turning to some misplaced pictures in the back of the book, I returned to fairyland. Here was a picture of the little wind makers, with their nets, and one of the tiny leaf-menders, sitting on huge green leaves, very busy with their enormous spools and needles. Dana had liked these, for they were all little boys, and I had liked them, too, because they were so cunning, and because they were little boys like him. I turned another page, and there *he* was, "Little Boy Blue." Dana was always Little Boy Blue and I, Little Bo-Peep, to my romantic child-mind, probably because his favorite color was blue and mine pink, which sounded very much like "peep" to me.

But— Oh! I was supposed to be analyzing these nursery rhymes! And here I was dreaming through the pages, wandering from one memory to another. I looked closely at the rhymes with all the college mind that I could summon. I searched intently for appeal and content, for drama and rhythm, but these elements just would not segregate themselves. The jingles flooded into me a glorious whole of happiness and warm familiarity. I felt as a little child who looks upon the world much as he does upon his picture book, with wide-eyed faith and wonder. And all that I could see in and between the lines of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," or "Little Jack Horner," or, in fact, in anything I chose, was a loved child-face, with laughing eyes and a sweet, little-boy expression.



The Rock of Plymouth

By MOLLY ROBINSON



MISS, Miss! Didn't George Washington ever tell a lie? *De veras?*" A pair of puzzled Mexican eyes question me.

"No, Angela, Washington never told a lie."

"Well, he was very funny, Miss." (Angela's tone implies that he was not only funny, but feeble-minded.) This, the result of my month's effort to impress an American standard upon the Mexican

mind!

Angela performed well as Mother Washington in our playlet of the cherry tree legend, though her dark eyes and bronze skin made her a somewhat bizarre colonial dame. Still, she had come out nobly with, "My son, I am proud that you have told the truth," and it surprises me that her private opinion is not of the traditional stamp.

Angela is fourteen, already tall, lithe, and beautiful in the Mexican fashion. The best blood of Spain and of the Aztecs mingles in the flush which warms her cheek. She is of the Mexican aristocracy, proud to belong to one of the best families of a good-sized Mexican city, where she is a pupil in the "American school." Her classmates are also Mexicans, and are likewise pupils at the "American school," tyrannized over by a frigid spinster from New England, whose heart has not yet been warmed by twenty years under the hot Mexican sun.

Angela's mother is glad to have her in this alien school. Here she will learn English, adding to her social prestige and enhancing her chances for a brilliant marriage. And in case (oh, great misfortune!) a suitable marriage cannot be arranged, some of the nicest girls are beginning to work in offices and it is easier to get a position if one knows English. Forgotten is it that the literature, language, and history of Mexico can be of any importance to her child.

Early any morning you may find Angela at the American school, among the group of Mexican children, playing their native games, or gossiping in quick staccato Spanish in the iron-fenced courtyard. Soon the New England school mistress will tinkle the bell, calling them into the stern school room where they will recite in English, lessons memorized from American books. I am among the teachers who will listen to these lessons. I am sorry for Angela when she stumbles over a hard English word, or puzzles over a foreign geography and history. But who shall dare to question the value of an American education?

Angela is in the eighth grade, not because she is the right age for the eighth grade, but, I suspect, because her chum, Maria

Luisa, is there. Angela simply *wanted* to be in the eighth grade, and because her pique and consequent departure might mean the loss of several hundred pesos to a certain New England pocket-book, there she is. But, after all, it does not matter, if education is to consist of memorizing the textbooks written about a strange land. One might as well memorize the eighth grade book as the seventh, or ninth.

Patiently, day by day, Angela learns how a band of Puritans, animated by a love of reformed religion, colonized the north-eastern American shores and annihilated the Indians dwelling there. This is strange to Angela's young mind, for her ancestors on one side were worshippers of Quetzacoatl, and it is Indian, not white blood, which prevails in Mexico. Still . . .

She reads how, under the machine system, shoes are made in huge New England factories. But her own are made by the cobbler around the corner, and she asks: "Miss, why do they do that way?" Pondering the hunger and desolation which have come with "doing that way," I can only wonder, too.

She learns how to spell long English words, but cannot grasp their meaning. She does long arithmetic problems in pints and quarts, but goes out to buy her milk by liters. She learns about hot water heating systems, but may never see a furnace. It is all quite tedious and silly, but Angela has Mexican patience, and is interested in progress. Progress consists in advancing from page twenty to page twenty-five in her book. Pretty soon, if she works hard, she will know the whole book. Then will come the quarrel. Angela will want to take up a more advanced book. The New England school mistress, mindful of the cost of American books in Mexico, will discover that Angela cannot name all the battles of the Civil War. She will conclude that Angela does not know history, and presently, after a pathetically stormy session, Angela will review the old book once again.

Well, there is still the consolation of going out at recess and damning the school-mistress in Spanish (that lady does not *habla Espanol* as yet!) And there is still the consolation of consuming a large bun full of fried *frijoles* and several pieces of dusty candy sold by the pedlers at the gate. Having committed these crimes against health and sanitation, Angela will be off for a game of hop-scotch, punctuated by hot-blooded quarrels and gay Latin laughter.

All too soon the bell rings, summoning her back to a rigid desk, and the tedium of lessons. But in one way Angela staunchly refuses to be Americanized. She will not worry. She has come in late to school; she will come in late from recess; and not all the "stayings in after school" can change it.

Eventually she is back to an oral reading lesson, with much emphasis on the sixteen different pronunciations of all the

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A Tyrolean Holiday

By ALVINA SUHL



AND WILL IT RAIN TODAY? Yes, without doubt. The more important question is, how much, and how hard will it rain? Will we be able to get a picture from some point of vantage during a brief interval when the clouds lift? Will we need our umbrellas and raincoats?

These were our first questions during the two weeks we spent in the mountains of southern Bavaria and western Austria. There was never any question of our staying indoors, for our host was determined that we should see the surrounding country in the short time we had allowed for the Tyrol.

Tyrol is the country of the eastern Alps, part of which lies in Germany, the greater part in Austria, and since the war, the southern part is owned by Italy. The Alps are the highest mountains in Europe, and we were prepared to be impressed with their grandeur. Of course we knew that this eastern section was less high than the Swiss Alps, but still we were seeing the *Alps*. Somehow they failed to impress us, we, who were used to thinking of mountains in terms of the Rockies. We missed the massiveness of our western granite mountains, which makes them overpowering. These limestone masses had been so eroded by ice and water that their bulk was gone, their height no longer imposing, and their tops so ragged that they looked delicate and frail.

The Tyrolean Alps have charm, rather than grandeur. It is a charm of unbelievably green meadows, dotted with flowers of nearly every hue, of picturesque chalets with flower-decked balconies, of tiny, neat fields of hay, of clear lakes and blue-green mountain streams, of dark pine and spruce forests and purple heather, of wide, inviting paths at the end of which one is sure to find a *Gasthof*, or inn.

The forest litter has been cleared, the paths and benches are in perfect repair and every available level spot is in crop. There are no wild, open spaces. Rather, one has the feeling of a carefully arranged stage set.

It would be impossible to think of the Tyrol without the vacationist. Here is the fish merchant from Hamburg, the banker from Frankfurt, and the shipping king from Glasgow, but they are no longer to be identified as such, for part of their holiday in the Tyrol is to go native, and that means Tyrolean dress, which furnishes a complete disguise. The village of Mittenwald, where we spent our holiday, reminded me of a dress rehearsal for a comic opera.

The European man on a vacation in Tyrol, and for that matter the American, too, adopts the dress of the country: embroidered leather shorts, varying in color from pale buff to black,

according to the length of time they have been worn; a collarless shirt, and short sleeves. The suspenders are a marvel of color, and distinctive because of the cross-piece in front. The more venturesome will wear the green conical hat of plush, or velour, with the brim up in back and down in front, decorated with a chamois brush, or an eagle feather, and as many pins or flowers as individual taste may demand. Very thick-soled oxfords are the favorite foot gear. The legs may be bare, or the calf covered with a knitted band that looks like the top of a golf sock. In any event, the ankles are bare. The final touch to this costume is the walking stick, embossed with metal stickers indicating the points of interest that the owner has visited. The women, as is characteristic of the female of the species, are in more somber garb—stout walking shoes, woolen skirt and sweater, a feather in the hat and a stick, and it is generally she who has the knapsack of the group—that is, if they are Europeans!)

A holiday in the Tyrol is a strenuous time. Regardless of the weather, everyone is out for a walk, or to climb a peak. Walking is the national sport of the Germans. The entire countryside is criss-crossed with trails carefully marked. In the center of every village, and at any important cross road, are huge maps indicating the trails and the signs which mark each. So, if one wishes to walk to Seefeld, one must follow the red and white crosses, and this sign will appear on a tree where there is any doubt of the trail. A greater inducement for walking is the frequency of benches, from which one may contemplate the wonders of the mountains, and the great number of inns and taverns where refreshment and gossip are available. Automobiles are forbidden on all but the major highways, and so the peace of the countryside is undisturbed, except for the cowbells and the bicycle horns. But if one fancies a walk down a road undisturbed, beware the cyclist who gives one brief warning and assumes that the road is his.

Two less universal sports are swimming and mountain climbing. The Alpine lakes are beautiful with the blue-green water that betrays their glacial origin. Although it takes courage to plunge in, the reward is an exhilaration never to be forgotten. To climb a peak takes more courage and endurance, for five thousand feet over slippery rock surfaces in the early morning hours is a real challenge. The high peaks may mean an expedition of several days, the first spent getting to the shelter hut above the snow line, and then waiting there until the weather will permit the rest of the climb. These higher peaks are shrouded in clouds most of the time and not even the most seasoned guides will venture to climb over glaciers unless the weather is clear. The enthusiastic climbers maintain that every climb is worth the effort, and that the view from the top is a full reward. I, for

one, preferred to contemplate the cool, serene beauty of the Karwendl, and the Wetterstein from below—glorious as the view must be from the top.

It is also possible to hire a car and follow the main highway through the larger villages. The chauffeurs are local men, the cars very old, and you will careen down the mountain grades at a speed that will explain the popularity of walking.

But, whatever your taste, be the weather bright or in its more fickle, cloudy mood, you will be outside, following a trail to a peak, or to a lake or tavern. You will return tired, probably wet, but carefree, and then, after supper, you will follow the holiday crowd to the cafe to be entertained while drinking your coffee or beer.

The performers are the villagers and most of the program is

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Leaf and Petal

BY MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

*Put these away within some quiet place
So that the essence of this April time
Will sing of love and of what might have been
If there had been a reason or a rhyme.*

*The fragrance of magnolia in the dusk,
The purple shadow of an iris flower—
Take heed and put them carefully away
To live again some other distant hour,*

*So that from out the darkness of a night,
From out the shade of future years to pass,
Your eager hand will warmly grasp my hand
As Spring once more goes walking down the grass.*

*Then as the withered petals crumble slow
Into a dust, forgotten, dull and dry,
We will be shy and sweet and young again,
And dream old dreams together, you and I.*

FOG

By CHARLES WATTAWA



ONDON in the fog: Mr. Reginald Jackson had heard of London fogs, for indeed they are famous, but he had never expected to find himself lost in one, completely obliterated, cut off from human associations, as he now seemed to be on this, his first night in the world's largest city.

Picture, if you will, a young man of thirty-eight, moderate height and weight, brown eyes, and a very peculiar color of reddish-brown hair; dressed in a ready-to-wear American tweed. There you have a brief description of the young traveler, now tired and hungry, wandering aimlessly in the thick, oily mist which seemed to hang like a smoke-screen, blotting out the sun and shrouding everything in a grey veil.

The reason for Mr. Jackson's predicament is to be found rooted in self-conceit. Having taken lodgings that afternoon in a cheap, but scrupulously clean boarding-house, and coming just at a time when the landlady—a large, rotund, kindly soul—was pouring her four o'clock tea, he had taken a snack with her and then started out, bent upon "seeing the sights," as he expressed it. Some two hours' walking had carried him into a district so inhospitable of appearance that he had turned back, but became confused as to the way he had come. A true American, Mr. Jackson felt that he could surmount any obstacles and find his way back without assistance. Unfortunately the fog settled down upon him, and, being still in a quandary as to his whereabouts, he decided to make inquiry. Knocking at several doors elicited no answer. Not even a policeman was to be found.

Mr. Reginald Jackson was one of those few indecisive young men who profit by a bit of luck. The death of a distant relation, some few years previous to this time, had set him up to the extent of some fifty thousand dollars, which amount he did not at once proceed to squander, but saved, adding to it from time to time by means of his meager earnings, which resulted from his position as stenographer to a certain Mr. Butterminck, dealer in silver-fox furs.

It had always been Mr. Jackson's idea to travel (like his father before him; but he, poor man, remained subject to an inferiority complex all of his life, and consequently poor) and see something of the world which he had known only through books and moving-pictures. So, upon the anniversary of his thirty-eighth birthday, he had resigned his position and purchased a ticket for one of the best boats, setting forth for England as soon as transport difficulties would allow him.

The cold fog, soaking through his light clothes, was chilling; Reginald began to experience a tickling sensation in his throat, which forewarned of the cold to follow, a suffering to which most indecisive men are often subject. He stopped to light a cigarette, but could find no matches. The fact that he discarded the "weed" in a fit of petulant anger is indicative of his chaotic state of mind, for he seldom wasted anything, and indeed his fingers were yellow-stained from smoking many cigarettes too close to the butt.

A shadow, moving hurriedly through the dense gloom, suddenly came into view. The figure wore a large sports jacket which muffled it up to the eyes.

Mr. Jackson's failing pulses quickened as he turned his steps to intercept the stranger.

"Beg pardon, but could you tell me where I am?" he inquired politely.

No reply. The muffled human continued to walk steadily on. Mr. Jackson skipped nimbly after, feeling that here at last was a way out by which he meant to profit at any cost. Cold and hunger make even a timid man desperately brave.

"Look here, I'm a stranger in this part of the city, and I have lost my way. Could you direct me to Hampstead Road?"

A few paces away a gas-lamp flickered dimly, now and then lighting up a few feet at the base of the post. The individual addressed stopped squarely underneath this beacon and drew back the collar of its coat.

Mr. Reginald Jackson stared, shamefully. Two brilliant grey eyes stared as rigidly back.

"Well?" The young lady relaxed perceptibly, apparently satisfied as to the pacific nature of her questioner.

"I beg y-your p-p-pardon," stuttered Mr. Jackson; "I h-had no idea . . ."

Not every man could stammer as efficiently as he.

The girl smiled and waited patiently for him to regain his composure.

"The fact is . . .," here Mr. Jackson felt a tickle in his nose, and seizing his handkerchief in the nick of time, sneezed vehemently into it. "The fact is . . . I'm lost!" Such was his haste to impart that vital bit of information before another upset to his physical being should render him totally incapable of speech, that he blurted forth the last words like a young school boy crying out his troubles on the arm of a friendly "bobby."

"Well, so am I!"

This last remark so startled the first confidant that he jerked violently, thereby dislodging his new felt hat into an adjacent mud-puddle. The girl laughed.

"I'm sorry for laughing at you," she said and was instantly

contrite. Her apparent sincerity soothed Mr. Jackson's already seared nerves; and, with a grandiose wave of his hand, he passed off the incident, leaving his hat to float majestically down the curb toward the open drain.

"Now, then," said Reginald, "as we are in dire misfortune together, we must immediately work out our salvation."

And so they proceeded, Mr. Jackson peering at any and all street markings, while the girl obediently followed after.

At last they found it, or rather she found it, for it was feminine instinct which ferreted out the tiny guide to straying travelers, perched high up on a rotting pillar. Ah! the blessed feeling of security that enveloped the honorable Jackson's heart. Very confidently he drew out a tourist map of the city, which he had hitherto forgotten, and together they traced their way back to his lodgings.

Mrs. Butterminck opened the front door to the weary transients. She perceived, instantly, what was needed, and hastened away to prepare hot coffee.

With the landlady discreetly occupied in other portions of the house, Evelyn Brant and Reginald Jackson reinforced themselves with cold meat, cheese, rolls and steaming coffee. Introductions had long since been gotten over with, despite the unusual character of the situation. Conversation remained at a premium, however, during the meal, but when the two were seated before the roaring fire, and had lit cigarettes, Mr. Jackson broached the subject as to where his guest lived, and if he might escort her home, presently.

Now, to those of you who may have guessed that Mr. Jackson had already become greatly enamored of his fair charge, this undue hastening of her departure may seem an absurd thing. But let me say, that it was ever Mr. Jackson's way to do the opposite of what he really wished to do, because Conscience led him with a tight bit. He had heard, moreover, that such chance meetings as this were not to be construed as in any way admitting a stranger to assume more than a mere casual acquaintanceship. Nevertheless, it was only eight o'clock.

And so, in that brief hour that quickly passed, Evelyn Brant heard the whole of Mr. Jackson's life and aspirations. And he in turn was surprised to hear that Miss Brant was twenty-eight years of age, (he had surmised about twenty-one), and lived alone at her studio, a modest little flat on Piccadilly Circus.

"Shall I be seeing you again, Miss Brant?" inquired Reginald hopefully, as he paused on the first step leading to her house.

Miss Brant smiled dreamily. Loosening the fingers of her glove, she withdrew the right hand and held it out to him.

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Once In Camelot

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boot."

"With the fairest bride in all the world!" added Gawain, keen gaze on Lynette.

"Ah, now, I bethink me," the younger man also turned toward her, "I had sought thee thinking to find thy lady sister. Canst tell me aught of her?"

"Alas, seest thou we have quarreled, and so—and so..."

"Quarreled! Nay, then, of what? May I not act the peacemaker?"

"Of what?" Gawain broke in hastily. "Of what do maidens quarrel? Lyonors hath, belike, maintained that thou art a somewhat better champion and more courteous lord than any other, at which Lynette,—being a most clear-sighted and unbiased observer,—hath demurred and cited some other, such as a certain he yclept Gaheris. At this undoubtedly was much denial and some most ungentle pulling of hair—nay, then, ask thou the demoiselle if I speak not sooth."

"Why, truly, thou hast ever a nimble wit, Gawain, but if thou, Gareth, wouldst have word with Lyonors, methinks I glimpsed her kirtle through the trees; nay, 'tis gone..."

"And I after. Is't this way, Lynette? Thou wilt pardon me?..."

He went swiftly, almost running, out of sight among the trees. Gawain considerably turned his back and inspected the leaves overhead, humming

softly. Presently the lady spoke:

"Thou seest, Gawain, it is thus."

"Yes, dear my lady, I do see, most plainly. Thou hast made it most clear; but, bethink ye, thou might have kept him and thou hadst not spoken..."

"Nay, there was Lyonors."

"Must Lyonors, then, come ever first?"

"Why, so it seemeth. So hath it ever been. And, seest thou, it is right; for 'Unto him that hath,' saith the Scripture, 'shall more be added unto.' So wags the world, Gawain."

"And—thou?"

"Lyonors loveth Gareth. Gareth loveth Lyonors."

"And thou?" persisted Gawain steadily.

"Oh!" she shrugged, "there is always—Gaheris!"

"Poor—Gaheris!"

"Nay, there are those who might—who do—envy him. 'Tis a noble dower!"

Her voice was very bitter, but the man's matched it as he returned hotly:

"Why, yes, see ye, there be many fools who see only the length of their own noses. There be even those who do envy Arthur, the king!"

Puzzled, she regarded him for a moment, and then slowly comprehension came, bringing the blood to her face.

"Thou—thou meanest?—'Tis said—one hears..."

"Nay," his tone was vexed

and he bit his lip, "forget it, I pray thee. My tongue, seest thou, is ever quicker than discretion. Wherefore forget my unconsidered words, I beg of thee. I only meant . . ."

"Thou art right." She spoke very steadily. "But thou hast forgotten one thing, Gawain. Foolish I may be, and am, but never, ah, never disloyal!"

"And what is loyalty? To how many people may one owe loyalty, think ye? I am loyal to my friend, and to my kin, and to my king. Yet what if loyalties cross? What, then, shall I do?"

"Alas! Lynette, trust not to loyalty. There is no more twisted path that one may follow, as well and good have I learned. Loyalty? Ha! Many a night have I walked the ramparts yonder or tossed on a sleepless couch, and all over this question of loyalty. I' faith, 'twill be the death of me e'en yet!"

"But," she questioned him, much puzzled, "an one cannot trust to loyalty, what remains?"

"I know not—I only know that there is little happiness or peace for any man save those few wise ones who have learned to pay a little meed of kindness as they go—a smile, a word. I know not what is right of all this tangled way of life, but surely none was ever harmed through being—kind."

"And what," she questioned, as he had done, "what, then, is this kindness?"

"Kindness?"

He paused, half-smiling, turning a leaf between his fingers, rolling and bending it until it powdered in his hand.

"Kindness?" he asked again. "Oh, 'tis the doing of a deed, the speaking of a word which will be helpful or bring joy unto another. A word, a deed, given with a smile for another's sake—that is kindness, Lynette."

"But that," she stared in stark amazement, "that is religion, Gawain. Art thou religious, then?"

Swiftly his black brows drew together in a frown as he answered roughly, "Nay, thou art surely simple to give such a name to me. Well doth the world know that I have left religion to the shavelings with my blessing. Let them mumble over it their Latin words—we of the world, and especially of the court, need something closer than this immaculate ideal!"

"Gawain!" she gasped. "'Tis heresy!"

"Blasphemy!" he said, and flashed his sudden smile at her. "But, seest thou, Lynette Heaven is far away and the court—and the devil—very near, and so I set myself to keep mine own rule of life—and break it quite often. But when I am dead at last, look ye, they may write of me: 'Here was a man who sought to be kind, but had too many loyalties.' Nay, demoiselle, I pray thee be not loyal—but only kind—and I will sleep o' nights, as far as Gaheris is concerned."

Smiling, Gawain looked upon the maid, but, lo! the tears again were gleaming on her cheeks, and there was a look of sudden faith, a very glorification, as one who sees a vision, in her face. Softly and clearly, as though she took a vow, her words fell one by one:

"I *will* be kind, Gawain. I swear it thee. And—I—will—smile!"

Then suddenly she turned and left, yet paused ere she was gone.

"And may God thee bless, Gawain!"

But Gawain, being alone, stood very still beneath the trees; and because there was

none to see and only the river to hear, it did not matter that there was no smile nor jest upon his lips.

Very still he stood and looked from gleaming towers to gleaming river and all the beauty of nature that stretched between. And then Gawain the gay, Gawain the strong, dropped his head in his hands and whispered brokenly:

"Ah, Lynette! Lynette! Too many—many—loyalties—in Camelot!"

And the river, flowing past, repeated softly: "Too—many—many—loyalties in Camelot!"

Water Song

BY CATHERINE MILLER

*O bind my hair with a myrtle leaf
And tie my heart with a pain;
My love has up and gone to the sea,
To the hard blue sea again.*

*And who could say him nay, oh, nay,
My love with the lean brown hands?
And the call of ships in his every word
And the lure of foreign lands?*

*And who could say him nay, oh, nay,
My love with the smiling eyes?
With the dash of spray in his laughing voice
And the rolling billows' rise?*

*O bind my hair with a myrtle leaf
And tie my heart with a pain;
My love has up and gone to the sea,
And left me home again.*

THE ROCK OF PLYMOUTH

(Continued from Page 23)

English vowels. A low whistle outside the window interrupts the slowly progressing story of Rip Van Winkle, and a mischievous light darkens Angela's eager eyes as she turns to look. *Por supuesto!* It is Pepe, her youthful *novio*. Cautiously she gives him a seductive smile through the open window. But, alas! In no time the New England lady has hastened out to frighten Pepe away, and returned to move Angela to a small front desk where there is no open window. Oh, well, ... never mind. ...

After school, Angela will meet Pepe around the corner and if they can evade the watchful eyes of the school-mistress, he will walk home

with her. That is, *nearly* home. All the long way to that spot he will pay her pretty compliments, and make her rash promises in the romantic Latin fashion. But Angela, wise with the wisdom of her fourteen years, knows that he has never heard of Washington, nor the sixteen pronunciations of the English vowels; and there will only be gay laughter at his romantic sayings.

At home she will spend the afternoon in the sunny patio, caring for the younger children, doing fine embroidery and singing strange Mexican songs to the accompaniment of her guitar, dreaming of the time when she will have married and left the chills of *los Americanos* far behind.

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The Little Prince

(Continued from Page 8)

in the great banquet hall of Carnarvon Castle. There was Gryffed ap Cynen from North Wales, Istwyn ap Cyrgan from South Wales, and many more. As they sat around the hearth, the Welsh chieftains agreed that, as their new Prince was born near Carnarvon and spoke no English, he must be a Welshman indeed. One North Wales chieftain was daring enough to whisper that the good Llewellyn was father to some lowly maiden's boy and that he, no doubt, was to be their Prince. But while the chieftains were discussing this wicked thought, up got Blodwynn, the singing

bard of Istwyn ap Cwrgan's train, and to the gold-tinted notes of his little harp, he sang a beautiful song. It was about Arthur and his knights and the statement of Merlin that Arthur would return once more when his beloved Wales needed him. Certainly, thought our fathers, as they awaited the arrival of King Edward, the resurrected Arthur was to be their new leader. But they again were wrong. The bugle had not yet blown, and the band of knights with Arthur at its head still slept in the banquet hall, beneath the "Rock of the Fortress," at the head of the Neath Valley, near

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"While the argument about the good Arthur was going on, the royal herald sounded his bugle. The King was coming, and with him the Prince, the new leader of the men of Wales!

"Down on their knees sank the chieftains, and with their foreheads against the rush-strewn flagstones, they thanked God for this new blessing.

"The English monarch, smiling like the very devil himself, came walking slowly toward his kneeling subjects. Following at a respectful distance came a white-robed nurse of the royal family. Edward turned to the trembling chief-

tains, and pointing to the week-old infant in the royal menial's arms, exclaimed:

"My subjects, behold your Prince! He was born in this, our castle; he speaks no word of English, and of truth his life is blameless!"

The tale was over. As I arose from the pile of old sack- ing on which I had been sit- ting, Peggie Ann put the fin- ishing touches to her story.

"Ever since that day," she told me, "the eldest son of the English King has always been the Prince of Wales. And as my old grandfather always said, so say I—Welshman or no Welshman—God bless the Prince of Wales!"

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THE NEWER COURTESY

(Continued from Page 13)

lovers, in the story entitled 'I 'Ear You Calling Me.' This story has been printed for your amusement through the courtesy of the manufacturers of the only safe ear-powder in the universe. Aurabeau Ear-Powder is for sale at all good drug stores. We are confident you will enjoy using it as much as you have enjoyed reading this marvelous story."

I had reached the bottom of page one hundred. Through a printer's error or through circumstances over which no one would admit having control, I should never learn what Dick

asked Reba or what Reba replied. In a fit of childish petulance I picked up my packet of ear-powder and hurled it through the open window into the pool below. If its moisture-proof wrapper is only one-half as good as advertised, that packet will rest calmly beneath the bubbling water of that quiet fountain until the day of judgment.

As soon as I recovered from my fever, I returned to my native land, where I could buy a good cigar without being forced first to read the secret memoirs of the royal court of Abyssinia.

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THERE'S JUST THE RED STAKE

(Continued from Page 17)

clivity with a roar like thunder. The two *jhansi* had been carrying all our photographic and altitude recording equipment. We never saw them or it again. Max, who had been standing on the near edge of the avalanche, and had barely been included in it, we found half buried in snow and ice fifty feet below. He was unconscious with a severe concussion, and a crushed hip. That we ever got him back to Khatmandu alive seems unbelievable, but the fates permitted us that favor, and Max is alive today, though he will never walk again.

It was some time before we realized the far-reaching consequence of this terrible acci-

dent. So concerned were we with ministering to Max, that it did not occur to us for several days that all evidence of our having reached the summit was lost. There was nothing left but the marker, and that, obviously, would help us not all until someone else achieved the summit also—and if that someone were not a person of scruple, why need he reveal at all the evidence of our priority?

We were young though, and hopeful, and all the way back to Khatmandu, during the rare intervals not devoted to Max, Tommy and I assured each other that our word would be enough.

I shall not pain myself and

Prize Contest!

Again the annual PHI BETA KAPPA ESSAY CONTEST affords students with literary ability the chance of winning prizes of forty-five, thirty, or fifteen dollars' worth of books. The selection and treatment of subject is to be a matter of personal choice, and the judges are instructed to base their decisions on the evidence of personal thinking on the part of the contestants.

Prospective contestants should beware of bad English and typographical errors in their manuscripts. All papers must contain between two and three thousand words, must be written under fictitious names, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the author and his institution.

Those wishing to enter the contest and who are enrolled in San Diego State College on March 31, 1932, should hand in THREE copies of their essays to Miss Florence L. Smith, faculty member in charge, on or before April 1, 1932.

whatever readers I may gain with setting forth the bitterness of the discovery that our word was not enough—the hedging, the looks of polite disbelief, the cruel jollying, half venomous, and half innocent, but equally painful, and finally the open and definite statement that we could not be credited with the scaling of Mt. Everest until more concrete evidence of our accomplishment was produced.

What could we do? And what can we do now? Nothing. Then, Tommy and I had neither the money, nor the heart, to attempt another expedition. Now, we are too old, and have, besides, turned half-unconsciously, fatalist. What is to be, will be, we think. Perhaps some day

other men will reach the top. Perhaps some day the world will hear of our red, steel stake. Perhaps some day we shall be believed at last.

EDITOR'S NOTE: State College is fortunate in having Mr. Martin among its students. He is internationally known for his expeditions into Australia, and among certain little known islands of the East Indies, as well as for the ill-fated Himalayan expedition, about which he has been kind enough to write for this magazine. Mr. Martin is a special student here in the geography department, which he praises highly. He is leaving next summer for an exploration into central Tasmania.

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A Tyrolean Holiday

(Continued from Page 26)

folk dancing. The men do an interesting dance which gives the effect of a mock boxing contest, while they keep time by slapping their leather breeches. Most of the dances are done by one or two couples at a time, the women whirling in a circle about the man, who does an intricate step while he slaps his breeches, the soles of his shoes, and claps his hands above his head. The orchestra at the Post kellar, in Mittenwald, was composed of two violins, three zithers and a guitar. These villagers were exceedingly versatile, for after having seen them dance and yodel one evening, we saw them next in a performance of one of Ganghofer's plays—

the story of a Tyrolean wood-cutter. The cast was made up entirely of farmers and craftsmen from the village, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. The most outstanding actor was the local blacksmith, who was also one of the best folk dancers.

Tourists and vacationists are the special industry of the Tyrolese, and I am most grateful to these latter for my recent holiday, of which I recall following dark forest trails, swimming in two icy lakes, climbing into a small hay-barn to escape a drenching shower, and sitting for hours about a coffee table with a panorama of the Alps before me.

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FOG

(Continued from Page 29)

"I'm free 'most any evening..."

"Shall we say dinner at eight tomorrow night, then, and the theatre afterwards?"

He waited until he saw the light go on in her sitting room. Then, such was the feeling of confidence in his surging

heart that he dismissed the waiting taxi, and set about to find his way home alone. He arrived there as the church clock struck ten!

The fog had completely cleared away, but the poetry of a first romance still lingered in Mr. Jackson's heart.



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