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# EL PALENQUE

JANUARY

1933

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Palenque the Athens of the ancient Mayans, encompassed the culture of a great race within its four walls. EL PALENQUE, the magazine, endeavors to assemble within its two covers a representation of the literary and artistic attainment of San Diego State College.



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# EL PALENQUE

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## IN MEMORIAM

RUTH GERTRUDE BAGLEY

During her many years of service to the young people of Southern California, Ruth Bagley gave all that she had to give, for no other reward than the service itself. Her gift was a rich one. She knew literature, and she knew it as a medium through which human beings may better understand themselves and one another, to the end that human life may be more intelligent and hence more dignified. She set free the challenge and the inspiration of her own finely-poised intellect. A clear flame lighted up the material of her teaching and the warm responsiveness of her heart opened up the hearts as well as the minds of her students. This was her service, and this her reward. What more can a teacher expect or desire?

IRVING E. OUTCALT,

Professor of English







# MEAN ALL OVER

By John Irwin Cotton

**H**EARING THE SNOW at Paradise Inn was four feet deep, eight of us packed up to the valley in the community flivver. At dawn on the morrow we would leave the Inn and climb to the top of Rainier. While we were sitting around the hot, snapping pine fire, discussing our coming adventure, old Jake ambled in and sat down before the fire. He drifted so naturally into the conversation that, without any of us realizing it, he soon had the floor all to himself.

"Hikin' up Old Fog tomorroy, are you? Hm-m-m. You know, lads, that reminds me o' the first time I went up that there peak." Here he paused to roll and light a cigarette, which went out with his first sentence and just hung there, brown and soggy, for the rest of the evening. He was turned towards the fire, and from where I sat, one side of his face was a deep red, with a dark shadow over his eye, with his long, high nose cutting off the light so that the other side of his face was scarcely visible at all—just that wet, drooping weed hanging out from the vague shadows of his lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was 'long about the first o' March (he began) back in—oh, I'd say 'bout fifty year ago. Me and Roy—pore old Roy, but he never knew, I guess—me and Roy, and six other lads 'bout the age o'—well, I'd say 'long about the same as you lads here, decided we'd have some fun. We was all workin' on the salmon boats and didn't know a snow-shoe from a tennis racquet.

We got a lay-off for a week—Lord knows it's been a cursed long week for Roy—and packed right up here. O' course there wasn't no hotel like this'n up here then, but we put up in a trapper's cabin down aways and asked the trapper would he go 'long with us—told him we'd give him ten stone if he would, which was good pay then, even to herd green-horns over the hills.

Well, the trapper, he wasn't fixed to help us none then, bein' as he had his rounds to finish up before the thaw, but he said he'd get us a guide that'd do us noble—knew every drift and cave by heart; said he was just what we wanted. We thought that was great, so he goes down Paradise Valley a ways—they called it Frozen Hell back in them days. And, lads, it shore was that. Why, that night I remember we all had to gather 'round the stove when we drank our coffee, 'cause if we stepped back two feet from the stove it was so cold the steam from the coffee would freeze and fall into our cups like hail and splash the boilin' stuff out'n the cup onto our faces. See that scar?—So he goes down there and fixes it up with his friend. —Well, I don't really know as you could call him his friend, 'cause "friend" was probably somethin' our guide really never had.

His name was Paul. As for the rest of it, no one seemed to know, as



that was all he'd said it was, and one didn't ask Paul personal questions—that is no one who'd known him over an hour or thereabouts. Some o' the folks down on the lower flat calls him Paul Bunyan, and I reckon more'n a few o' those'd swear he was old Paul Bunyan himself, or somethin' like. He was a tremendous brute, all o' six-eight, and must of weighed nigh onto three-fifty—and let me tell you, there weren't no fat, just bone and grizzle.

When I first seen Paul, I wondered why the old trapper could of gone so low as to send out eight young striplin's with a mean brute like that—but I found out later he thought Roy was a cuss from the flat that had been robbin' his traps. Now don't get to thinkin' I just mean Paul's looks was mean—no, sir-ee, he was mean all over. His mind and brain was mean; he had brute instincts. But I won't say he was mean morally. Far from it—I'd of said he didn't have no morals, and never had.

Well, we all hadn't seen Paul yet, so we slept pretty tight—have you seen yore guide for tomorry?—and got up next day feelin' plumb fit. 'Long about sunrise we heard somethin' comin' up towards the cabin. Sounded more like a man shovellin' a path in the snow, than anythin' I could think o' then. We packs down our vittles quick and goes out to see who was workin' there.

I'll tell you, lads, when we saw that man a-standin' there by the door, it took some time to swallow the fact that it WAS a man. I shore wouldn't of bet four-bits on it. The old trapper had told us the night before that Paul was a likable sort of a cuss—you know, said it like Paul was an old pal—but he **did** think we'd strike up better with him if we didn't talk much to him—said Paul was some hard to get along with when he got sore at some-one. After my first look at Paul, I says to myself, "Either the trapper don't know Paul, or he's shore puttin' it mild." And I'd of bet a cookie all o' us salmon hookers would of give half our total fortune for a straight road down-hill to the Sound.

But you know how kids are. We had started out to hike up Old Fog, and so hike up we would. After we got started, though, our spirits pulled up some, and I guess it looked pretty good to see that giant swingin' along the side-hill, followed by eight husky lads—their shadows makin' a solid blue line on the snow, movin' steady towards the low mornin' sun.

For the first hour or so, Paul seemed to be feelin' better than he looked like, 'cause, although he did have a pretty sour look on his face, he was whistlin' a tune I'd never heard, and once he sung the words through, soft. "Use well every hour, 'cause it may be yore last." That kind o' made me feel funny, but I ups and asks him if he don't think the snow's over, and he says, "Yeah."

We stopped 'bout that time and was all laying' on our bellies a-lookin' over the edge of a ice-cliff. It was some hundred yards down to a milky white stream with a lot o' little ice-bergs floatin' in it. Seven of us was together, and Larry, the wag o' the bunch, was on t'other side o' Paul.

"Imagine," I heard Larry sayin' to Paul, "the lovely splash I would make if I fell off!"

"Imagine?" answers the giant in a kind o' hollow, questionin' voice.

Then, while I was lookin' off at a little glacier on t'other side o' the crevasse, I heard a funny, far-off slappin' as of somethin' hittin' water. I



looks around and couldn't see Larry, but Paul was standin' up. He motions for us to get started. I guess the seven of us looked kind o' strange strugglin' up the hill-side and tryin' to keep from lookin' back to get a squint at that mass o' man firmly bringin' up the rear.

'Little before noon we stopped in a long, tunnel-like ice-cave. It had a thick ice-roof, but the sun come through and made it look kind o' bluish. I seen it since, and it shore is pretty, but we didn't notice it then—Larry seemed to be missin'. Joe asked Paul where Larry is, and Paul, he just points back where we come from.

"I'll go back and find him," Ledell pipes up, and Joe said he'd go along too.

"Through here," suggests Paul, pointin' to the back o' the tunnel-like cave, "It's quicker."

We went on when they had left, but you want to watch out for them ice-caves, lads—well nigh onto all of 'em have quick-sand in the backs where the stream starts. That one did.

Paul was just as cool comin' out o' the cave as he was inside, but the ol' sun seemed to affect us lads. All five of us was drippin' with sweat before we'd gone another ten minutes. Vincent, the little Italian, was gettin' thirsty, and he stops to drink the glacier water. It was so cold, I guess it contracted his stomach and give him a cramp. Losin' his balance, he fell in, and sunk plumb out o' sight. His pal, Patsy, tried plenty hard to save him, but couldn't.

"My Got," Pat says to Paul, "What'll we do?"

"Guess he's gone," returned Paul.

But Patsy'd been with Vincent over half the states o' the Union; been with him since they were twelve, and workin' in the saloon in Georgetown. Patsy grabs Paul's shoulder and begs him to do somethin', so Paul tells us, "Go on. I'll fix him." We didn't want to go on, but for some reason we did.

We was setting' in the deep snow on the side-hill when Paul come around the bank. His face looks the same as when we first seen him nearly seven hours before, only he isn't whistlin' or nothin'. We waits for him to speak—Roy, and Ben and me. But he didn't say nothin', so we ask him where Pat is.

"He," says Paul, meanin' Patsy, "is with his pal."

"You don't mean you let him fall in too, and didn't pull him out?" Ben blusters, "Why, yore nothin' but a yellow, cowardly—"

If his neck hadn't of been broke just then, Ben probably could of pulled a pretty nice adjective on Paul, but our guide never gave him a chance to say it. It all happened so quick I couldn't hardly see his mammoth hand go out to meet Ben's chin—but I shore heard it hit, and I heard the crack of his spine when his head snapped back. We left Ben on ice, and started for home.

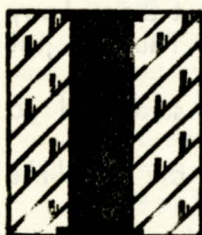
Pore Roy. When that brute put the frog on Ben, it shore shot Roy all to Hell. All on a sudden, he looked pore and weak. His eyes was squint and sunk; he was nervous and all a-tremblin'. We was goin' down a steep hill about half-way to home when he tripped one shoe up on the

[Continued on page 27]



# NEW YEAR'S INVENTORIES

By Gertrude S. Bell



IN EVERY well managed, efficient business, at least once a year, a thorough going inventory is made. The results enable those responsible for results to know exactly where the business stands; its liabilities and assets, the departments or individuals which have not paid and those which show greatest profits. On the basis of these findings and of a further study into causes of such losses or gains certain departments, commodities, or individuals may be eliminated, wasteful methods abandoned or modified and profitable ones extended.

For the past two months a faculty committee have been engaged in making such an inventory of students presenting themselves for upper-division teacher training. These students, presumably, have chosen teaching as a profession because they think they will succeed and be happy in it. This committee attempts to get together the facts about each individual which have a bearing upon his fitness for teaching. A careful survey of his record in college for two years, a medical examination, the rating of three teachers who have known the student best, scores made on all intelligence and personality tests taken, and an interview by each of the five members of the committee form the basis of a final estimate. It is hoped that this work will become increasingly beneficial to students and will result in the elimination of the unfit early enough for them to prepare for some other vocation without loss. Another result which should be the outcome of such individual studies is the discovery of certain personality traits, attitudes or habits which would seriously handicap a teacher, but which are distinctly modifiable by the student himself.

Would not some such self-inventory by everyone at the beginning of each year be of tremendous value? We know that while native endowment places certain limitations upon every human being, the possibilities of development and modification are almost limitless. Personality make-up, a bundle of loosely organized habits, is definitely the result of all one's experiences, and by further experiences can be greatly modified. Probably such an inventory should be strictly personal and private. The very fact that no one but himself would ever see it would increase the sincerity and hence the value of the study.

What should such an inventory include? First of all, probably, as clear a statement as the individual can make of his goals. The most immediate ones can be rather easily stated: the completion of a certain course, securing a diploma, credentials, and license; the securing of a position, "making good," advancing, and so on. The more remote or ultimate goals are not so easily stated. The sort of person one ultimately wishes to become: stable, resourceful, successful, adjustable, happy, and so on.

Next, one would attempt to tabulate his assets and liabilities in some



way which would enable him to strike a sort of balance, or to estimate the progress toward his goals. Perhaps each year the comparison with the inventory of the preceding years would be most significant.

What would one include in his list of assets and liabilities? Heredity, family, social background, physical equipment and condition, mental aptitudes, scholastic attainments, friends, money, character traits, emotional stability, richness of emotional life; habits and attitudes of aggressiveness, dependableness, courtesy, punctuality, honesty, persistence, system, sense of proportion, sense of humor, and so on.

If one should list in red those characteristics, habits or traits which should be modified in the interest of future success and happiness, then each year should see an honest check-up of progress.

Is this all idealistic, impractical and impossible? The only way to answer is to try it. Certainly we have too much aimless drifting through life and too little intelligence applied to planning and directing our own lives.

Probably one who wishes to make such a yearly inventory most valuable would enlist the help of friends and those especially trained in getting a much better measure of himself than he could possibly arrive at unaided. He might use some of the many rating scales or personality tests which have been devised by psychologists. The important thing, it seems, is that each person, at least once a year, should honestly face himself, all the facts he can get concerning himself, and face squarely his responsibility for making of his life something fine.

---

## WEEDS

Lois Lee

*The weeds are wet with dew—  
Tall weeds  
That brush my hands  
And moisten them  
As I walk by—  
Clinging weeds  
That entwine damply about my ankles.*

*All straw—  
Dried-up weeds—  
No life in them—  
Only with water on them,  
And the wind blowing them,  
They bow low before it.*



# FISHING IN MEXICAN WATERS

By David Jessop

Aboard M. V. City of San Diego  
Friday, 12th of August, 1932.



LAST the trip is arranged! For two weeks now I've been tearing around bothering everyone in the fishing business, trying to get this opportunity, and at last, after several disappointments, the dream is materializing. The boat is the "City of San Diego," owned by Capt. Olson, a man tanned by years on the sea. His personality is such that one at once likes and obeys him.

The trip has begun. We sailed out upon a flat sea to throb along through the night to Ensenada, which we reached about midnight. It is necessary to stop here to clear for Mexican waters.

Saturday, 13th

I passed a semi-conscious night, as one always does the first night or so out, and from my upper bunk on the top deck watched the sun creep up through a grey dawn, and finally burst out in full glory upon old Mexico. On both sides, long trim rum-runners were at anchor and the lazy port of Ensenada loomed in the distance.

The day started with the arrival of the Mexican officials, and after the captain had been ashore and had the usual harangue with the lazy, slow, and extremely officious Mexican officials, we got under way about noon.

As we pushed along close to a barren, lava coast, we mended the bait nets and made everything ship-shape. The food is very good, wholesome, and plentiful. The cook is a husky, square-jawed, ex-marine who played football against State in '23. He is very good natured and I spend quite a bit of my spare time helping him. The other whites include one, MacComber, a Scotch seaman and part time navigator; Tony Hague, congenial Swede, mate and navigator; Chief Davis, engineer, a man of few words who appears for meals and then disappears into his engine room neither to be seen nor heard between times. The rest of the crew consists of nine very cheerful Japs. They have a song they sing while pulling the nets which reminds me of the one that the negroes used to sing in Africa.

We pulled our net this evening to try for bait; but without success. All we got was about a million kingfish and croaker which we dumped back. It is very interesting, and the area covered by one net is amazing.

There seems to be no disagreement on the boat everyone has his task and does it without a word. They are very friendly and kid each other continually.

Sunday, 14th

Blanco Bay, slightly over one hundred and fifty miles south. Coffee at four and as the black east changed to grey we waited, patiently and grimly, until it was light enough to see. We were after bait, and when at



last the horizon was visible clear around and the cloudy sky had grown light enough to permit a glimpse of a bird here and there, the anchor was pulled and we cruised slowly along, following the birds and watching for Pelicans diving. After several hauls which showed nothing but very small anchovies, we turned South and fortunately sighted Pelicans within a short time. Our first try filled two tanks nearly full and the next haul was so successful that all bait wells were filled to capacity and we turned back as many more. (In all, the bait capacity is close to a thousand scoops, each of which is one dip net brimming full of silver and green fish.)

By noon we were off again, headed once more South and this time apparently straight out to sea, but really South by a quarter East. After the nets had been cleaned and hung to dry, we caught up on a little lost sleep. Just at dusk, we swung off our course enough to cut through a small school of skip-jack (striped tuna) but we did not stop. It was late and not worth while.

#### Monday, 15th

Up again before the horizon was visible and by the time day broke, we were cruising the Granger Banks in quest of fish. We passed several whales which blew their jets of spray like Old Faithful and lay drowsily on the surface. We were in sword-fish waters and I counted over twenty within an hour; each dorsal fin cutting the water like a thin, curved, butcher knife. About ten, we saw the water churned before us, and cut speed and chummed a bit. Soon the water was alive with fish, millions of them; but we found them to be yellowtail and left them unmolested. Leaving a school of yellowtail like that seemed queer to me; but here that great game fish is considered as nothing, scarcely a food dish.

Speaking of food, we scooped a bucket of squid out of the bait tank and the cook fixed them for supper. When fried, they are delicious, tasting much like albalone. They were the first I had ever eaten and I am crazy about them. Rebuking tradition, the Japs do not eat them raw; but like them fried as we had ours.

From noon on we have driven south and aside from blowing a gasket (which was quickly replaced) nothing has happened. We just fixed poles, stored nets, read or slept. Dan, the cook, made a delicious cocoanut cake and how he kept it from falling is a mystery to me; the whole boat vibrates worse than the Coronado Ferry.

#### Tuesday, 16th

Today we fished, and in the true sense of the word. Dawn found us just off Alijos Rocks, which stick up out of the ocean like three pirate boats of old. These we circled and after fooling around all morning with yellowtail and small skip-jack, we sighted another boat. It came along side and we talked for a long time. They had been to Uncle Sam Banks and found nothing there. Finally they left, neither of the crews believing a word the other had said. They were still in sight when we ran into the largest school of fish I have ever seen. They surrounded the boat and seemed almost to jump aboard. They were skip-jack, running around eight to seventeen pounds, and in a little over two hours of fishing we had the deck covered two and three feet deep and every available space gone. Then we stopped fishing and started the real work—packing fish. All the



remainder of the afternoon we carried fish and dropped them down the shoot to those below, who packed them in ice. By nine o'clock we had the decks cleared and an estimated amount of twenty-five tons or more. My back ached and I was ready for bed, but it was great while it lasted.

Wednesday, 17th

Still at Alijos Rocks. Two more boats arrived this morning, the "North-Western" and the "Chicken of the Sea." We all cruised around a while, wasting bait on small skip-jack, yellowtail and a few large tuna that would not be caught but would follow along beside the boat like porpoises. Very aggravating to say the least.

While I was talking to one of the other boats, I caught about a dozen sharks, none of which was under ten feet long. Suddenly the most amazing thing happened! While I was fishing for sharks, it seemed all at once as though we were drifting on the rocks, although the water was clear and I knew it to be deep. Close to the stern, the waves broke and washed back and forth on a solid mass of barnacle-covered Something. There was a shout of "Tiger shark!" and even as I looked, the Thing drifted to the top. His tremendous tail stuck out of the water two or three feet as it slowly waved back and forth, easily pushing him along. He seemed to drift rather than swim and his back was covered with moss and barnacles. Our estimates ran from thirty-five to sixty feet in length; and he must have been fifteen feet across. In consequence of his presence, we found only a few fish and finally turned south.

Friday, 19th

Sunrise on Turtle Bay, the fisherman's dream. One hears much about it and yet it is just a large cove, sheltered by a reef over which the heavy surf pounds, and surrounded by steep, barren, brown and white mountains which rise straight up from the shore. We spent most of the day hauling for bait, the heavy swell making it both amusing and difficult. There is an abalone cannery here and several boats were in the bay getting bait or lying at anchor. A beautiful spot for all of its barrenness.

Saturday, 20th

Headed back to Alijos Rocks, we were able to sleep late—six o'clock. The fog did not lift until nearly noon and when we got close, we drifted, and I caught sharks for amusement, little ones about eight to ten feet long with goodly sets of V-shaped teeth. The Japs cut the fins off, and when dried will get from fifty cents to a dollar a pound for them. Consequently, the ship reeks of drying shark fins.

Sunday, 21st

I did not realize the week had gone so quickly until we had chicken for dinner. (We have it every Sunday.) This morning we awoke to find three other boats drifting beside us (we drift because the water is about a thousand fathoms deep) and between the four of us, the small school that was here was considerably broken up and nobody did very well. We put on a couple of tons of skip-jack and I had a good time catching a dozen or so good-sized tuna, and then we headed for Uncle Sam Banks, some hundred and fifty miles away. The fish out here don't fool. When they strike they don't just come up and take the bait; they hit it going wide

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# THE TEA-POT

By Pierce Harwell

**G**URGLING, laughing, singing to itself, my tea-pot rides the dancing flames. From its steaming spout pour two cups of pink-brown tea, the elixir of the East. It smells of jasmine and camellia, or orange blossom and myrtle. So tasty and refreshing is its flavor, that one is reminded of green-jade idols, and red-lacquered furniture. Come then—drain your cup! Let the magic beverage warm your stomach and your heart, for it is said that persons who drink of tea brewed in the same pot become as kin to kin and mutually share in the poetic brotherhood of the tea-pot. Some call this ancient art of tea-imbibing, Teaism, and as we take unto ourselves these cups of "The Chinese nymph of tears," we are admitted into its mystic circle, and are taught its history.

Teaism was founded by a Chinese prince who was vexed at himself for falling asleep in the midst of a sworn eternal contemplation. So vexed, indeed, that he cut his eyelids from his face and flung them to the ground, assuring himself that his eyes would not again close upon his thoughts. The next day he returned to the spot where he had parted with the offending eyelids, and found, in their stead, two small plants. Having eaten some of the leaves from these plants, he found his spirits greatly refreshed, and his former vigor restored. He then commended the plant to some of his followers, and when they, too, had discovered its wonderful qualities, they spread the fame of tea throughout China.

Tea was used at first as a medicine to cure headaches, stomach trouble, and dizziness. Gradually its persuasive flavor won it great popularity as a pleasant beverage, and the preparation of this "pleasant" beverage is recorded as follows: the tea leaves were steamed, crushed in a mortar, made into a cake and boiled together with rice, ginger, salt, orange peel, spices, milk, and often onions just to improve the flavor! But since that crude method of preparation was employed, tea has evolved through three distinct stages: the Boiled Tea, the Whipped Tea, and the Steeped Tea.

The Tang dynasty produced the Boiled Tea, and removed all the above-mentioned ingredients, except salt. The tea leaves were made into a cake, roasted until soft, shredded into a powder between pieces of paper, and then placed in a pot of boiling salt water. This stage in the development of Tea may be known as the Classic Age of Teaism. The Classic Chinese poets, Luwuh, Lotung, and Lichihlai, have sung the praises of boiled tea. In fact, most of the Chinese ancient literature was written in praise of tea.

During the Sung dynasty, Whipped Tea came into fashion and created the second school of Teaism. This school was decidedly Romantic, and the enthusiasm for tea was unlimited. Even the Emperor himself



wrote and published an erudite dissertation on the twenty different kinds of tea, and poets flourished in profusion. This Whipped Tea was prepared by grinding the leaves to a fine powder between two stones (much in the same manner that American Indians made cornmeal) and the preparation was whipped in hot water with a small whisk made of split bamboo. The use of salt was discontinued, and boiled tea became a memory.

Unfortunately, at the very height of the Romantic period, the Mongolian tribes burst upon China and devastated its lands, its civilization, and its culture. The barbaric Yuen Emperors preserved none of the traditional customs and ideals, but instituted their own crude manners. One of these was the steeping of tea leaves in a bowl or cup of hot water, and the modern Ming dynasty, which followed the barbarians, continued to steep tea. This steeped tea was merely a delicious beverage with all of its former idealism discarded. It was indeed the beginning of the Naturalistic school in China, for the tea-pot had suffered disenchantment in the hands of barbarians. Gone is its idealism for the modern Chinaman, who drinks his steeped tea in a somewhat perfunctory manner, and eats his rice because he was born in China. It is strange how similar has been the fate of the Western World's beverages. Where now are the followers of Epicurus? Who now bursts into eloquent song, inspired by a glass of sweet Rhennish wine? Ah, me! Idealism has given way to the demands of jejune stomachs!

The Japanese, though, have been more successful in preserving a trace of poetry in their tea-pots, for Japan has known tea in all three of its stages, and has not suffered the pains of barbarism to destroy its beauty. In the year 801 A. D. a Japanese monk named Saicho, brought some tea-plant seeds from China to Japan, and planted them in his Yeisan garden. The plants seemed to adapt themselves to Japan; so Japan politely adopted the plants. Tea-rooms were opened, tea-equipage was created in the true Japanese style, and the tea-masters founded various schools of Teism. The Japanese carried Teism to its highest pinnacle of development, and from it extracted their philosophy of Life.

To the Portuguese go the honor of having introduced tea into Europe, although the English have made it so popular that every devout Teaist, from king to clerk, does not consider the day well spent unless his "dish o' tea" has gone its usual route. Resting in the King's Library of the British Museum is a pamphlet printed in the year 1660 by a certain Thomas Garway, which boldly states that "among the other properties and virtues of the beverages are those of making the body active and lustie, helping the headache, giddiness, and heaviness, removing difficulty of breathing, clearing the sight, removing lassitude, strengthening the frame, helping the memory, and preventing consumption, especially when drank with milk." The pamphlet also states in a delicate manner that "the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings in the pound." Our own contemporaries have not yet had the audacity to so eulogize in an advertisement!

But the celebrated Thomas Garway achieved the goal for his cherished beverage, and tea-houses began to open throughout London. The

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# THE BLUE AMETHYST

By Florence Colby



HE ROOM was blue with the smoke of our pipes. It was my first night in London after three years with the Intelligence Department in India. Spicer Simpson had persuaded me to spend it with him in his lodgings rather than at the club.

Simpson had himself put in some years of service in India followed by remarkable success in Africa during the Great War. He now found his work in the War Department in London very irksome; since, for the last three years, one hunting trip into Abyssinia had been his only vacation. He plied me assiduously with questions, eliciting from me the most minute details about every expedition I had taken. He seemed especially interested in any contacts I had made with the natives along the upper Ganges or in the Himalayan region and I recalled his interest in strange religious cults. It was well past midnight when I launched into an account of my last trip into the mountains before leave. I had told no one of this adventure because I sometimes wondered whether I had really experienced it or only imagined it.

There had been persistent rumors of preparations for an uprising in Nepal. I was despatched with two native scouts to go into the hills for details. Early one afternoon, after we had been out about a week, I squirmed around a particularly difficult point of rock and found myself on a narrow ledge that jutted out into space. Two more steps and I would have hurtled into the air—and eternity. I could barely distinguish moving objects on the valley floor below; but whether they were men or beasts I could not tell.

A peculiar plop behind me, caused me to turn. The two natives lay prostrate in the narrow, rocky path. A soft, clear voice that seemed to come out of the sky, spoke a few words in a dialect unfamiliar to me. The two figures wriggled quickly backward around the point, keeping their faces covered.

Before I could follow them, the same voice addressed me in careful English, "The white Sahib is welcome. I have long awaited your coming."

My eyes now discovered at the farther end of the rock shelf, a narrow cave. Seated in the shadowy entrance was the emaciated figure of an old Hindu priest. A single garment of coarse, white cotton was wrapped loosely around his wasted body. My first glance did not get as far as his face; for, suspended from his neck by a delicately wrought gold chain, was the most marvellous stone I had ever seen. It was a blue-violet in color and about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg. Near the center there glowed a spot of intense light from which radiated fine lines like rays of sunlight.

"The Sahib will please to be seated," the voice continued.



I dropped to my heels, native fashion, my eyes still on the stone, and asked, "Did you see me from the valley, old guru?"

"No," he replied, "but I have known for many days that an Englishman would come."

"Why an Englishman?"

"Because the Universal Spirit willed it to be so."

"But I am in the hills on business for the government," I urged. "I did not come to find you."

"When the Master Mind directs, man obeys."

At the sound of authority in his voice I looked at the old man's face. Emaciated though it was, it glowed with light and vigor. The deep-set eyes held me spell-bound. I heard my own voice, as if far away, asking, "What must I do?"

"You will return to the valley. That for which you seek is not here."

"How do you know?" I persisted.

"There is to be peace for a time. The circle of great minds is not yet broken; but there is one who grows old and feeble. You will go on a long journey. You will carry the message to the new mind. The circle will again be perfect."

"What message? To whom will I carry it?" I hastily inquired.

"To the All in All, names matter not. You yet have time to reach the valley floor before the light fails. Go with your message."

With the aid of a gnarled stick, the old man rose and hobbled into the gloom of the cave. As his figure became indistinct, he turned once toward me. The stone on his breast gleamed as if filled with living fire. Then the entire figure disappeared and I was alone.

As I paused, Simpson dropped a paper weight of curiously carved red sandstone with which he had been fooling. It rolled out onto the rug and lay there in the light. We both looked at it but neither one of us made any move to pick it up. I noticed that Simpson's hands were trembling; but when he spoke, his voice was steady.

"What did you do then?"

"I was so cold and stiff from sitting on that icy perch, all I could do was stumble down the path until I found my men huddled over a fire they had kindled to keep themselves from freezing."

Simpson rose and began pacing back and forth across the room. I wondered how many times he would cross the rug before he cracked his toe on that paper weight.

He turned to me impatiently and asked, "And then?"

"Well, we hurried back to headquarters as fast as we could and there I found my leave, six months overdue, waiting for me. So, I came home, and here I am," I replied. I was beginning to feel decidedly pleased with the success of my story. In the telling I had lost the hypnotic effect of both the blue jewel and the old guru.

Drawing a chair near to mine, Simpson sat down and leaning toward me, said in a hushed tone, "You are probably the only Englishman in the world who has ever seen and talked with a true Mahatma!"

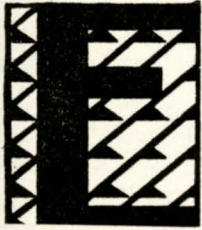
"According to the oldest Hindu tradition," he continued, "there are

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# MY KITTEN-CATS

By Frank F. Gander



ELMO LEAPED to the resting shelf in his cage, stretched out in the sunlight and began cleaning his spotted coat—his rough tongue smoothing the hair like a brush. Even in performing this homely task, he was graceful—in fact, the very essence of gracefulness. There was a smoothness about the swing of his head as he groomed himself, which told of perfect muscles, supple and strong. From his black nose to the tip of his tail, there was not a blemish on him; no scars, no fat, no leanness, no knotty bulges, but just the graceful lines of a perfectly developed animal. Not in the whole of India could a finer leopard be found. As I stood there admiring him, I felt all the thrills of the artist who gazes at his finished work, and knows it is a masterpiece.

True, I had not created Elmo, but I had guided his development. He had been placed in my charge when he was a tiny kitten, newly brought from the jungle by Frank Buck, a little spotted spitfire no larger than a common tabby. I had cared for him carefully, changing his diet from milk to raw meat to fit his growing needs, giving him bones to chew when his baby teeth were falling, and watching him daily for any sign of illness or disease. Now he was grown—a great well-muscled animal, able to kill a man with one stroke of a forepaw.

He lifted his fine head and looked at his cage mate, Sappho. She was stealing along the farther wall, her eyes fixed on my left hand which hung loosely by my side. She planned to surprise me, I knew, so I pretended that I did not see her. From the corners of my eyes, I watched her crouch for the rush. Sappho was tense now. With a bound she sprang toward me, caught my hand between her velvety paws, and seized it with her mouth, pretending to bite. With my free hand, I fondled her ears and tried in vain to smooth the wrinkles from her roughened forehead. Poor creature, she was as full of blemishes as Elmo was free of them. Her coat was rough, and no amount of brushing would smooth it out; her back was unnaturally and perennially humped; her belly sagged away down; her forelegs were widely bowed, her hindlegs crooked. Her head had none of that broadness which gave dignity to Elmo's appearance, and her neck was long and thin like a ewe's. But the crowning imperfection of all was her long, ratty tail, the last six or so inches of which flapped limp and rag-like. She was not a pretty animal, but of all the hundred odd creatures under my care, she was my favorite. No zoo ever owned a gentler or more affectionate leopard.

She had been purchased as a mate for Elmo, and I will never forget the day that she arrived. She had been shipped down to us from an animal dealer in San Francisco, nailed up in a little dark box which concealed her appearance. Fitting the shipping box carefully to the door of the cage, I knocked open the front of it, and waited for her to



emerge. As though undisturbed by all of this, the leopard lay quietly in her box. Puzzled, I rapped smartly on the box with the hammer. She cringed away and shifted toward the front. Again I rapped; she lunged through the opening and flopped down on the floor of her cage. "Something wrong here!" I exclaimed. Pulling the shipping box away from the door, I carefully inspected this latest arrival. She was no freshly caught wild creature, but one that had been confined for months in the crowded quarters of a dealer's shed. Malnutrition, lack of exercise, and a filthy cage had all left their mark upon her.

As I moved toward my new charge, she snarled, timidly, then tried to stand up. After a struggle, she sank back on her side and snarled again and again. The soles of her feet were raw and bleeding, eaten away by the filth of the cage in which she had lived. Her hind legs would not bear her weight, and I soon found that they were partially paralyzed. Each time I moved, she cringed as though expecting a blow. Here was a big task for me, if I were to make a real leopard out of this poor wreck of a creature.

I began to work with her at once, stroking her gently to win her confidence. Gradually her fear diminished, and I was soon able to apply a healing ointment to her sore feet. I brought her a pan of milk to which had been added some ground meat and a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. This she eagerly lapped up as soon as I had withdrawn from the cage.

With these emergency measures completed, I began to look more approvingly at my patient. She was larger than Elmo, almost as large as a bobcat, but the muscular parts of her body were flabby and sunken. If she had not been too long in this condition, it might be possible to effect her recovery, but it would take much patient care and labor. It would take hours of massaging to bring her hind limbs to normal functioning. As I watched her eating, I saw that her teeth were large, undoubtedly of the second set. She should have been almost grown, about three times as large as she was. I fumed with anger at the men who could bring her from the clean sweetness of the jungle and then allow her to come to such a state.

For days I nursed her, sometimes wondering if she would ever walk again. At last she was able to stand, then to walk, awkwardly. After reaching this stage, she improved more rapidly, but by the time she was able to romp about the cage, Elmo was almost her equal in size. What a great pair they were! "My Kitten-cats," I called them. However, Elmo soon became so rough that Sappho was often forced to retire to a corner, snarling.

Snarls mean so much to leopards. Most of their emotions are indicated in this way. Snarls may express fear, anger, hatred, pain, discomfiture, or defiance. Both cats snarled in discomfiture whenever their eyes chanced to meet mine. Sappho had snarled in fear when she first arrived, and one morning when I returned to work after a day's absence, I found them both snarling weakly with illness and suffering.

A glance at the well-picked bones in the cage, showed me what had happened. An assistant had fed the animals on fat goat meat. That

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# BOOK COVERS NEW

FURTHER REFLECTIONS on the DEATH of a PORCUPINE

By Olive Moore

Lovely books, and rare, perhaps need not seek justification in sense. The limited collectors' edition of Olive Moore's "Further Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" is one these. Softly iridescent cover, chastely greyed paper, handsome type, and a photograph of the author in sculpture, sharply saturnine, combine to justify the existence of the book.

There is, however, further justification: Olive Moore has provided an entertaining literary puzzle and re-enunciated, in reference to D. H. Lawrence, the critical dictum that an artist should be judged by his artistry, not by his teaching.

What might have been said succinctly and clearly in two pages has been extended to twenty which give an impression of epigrammatic conciseness. "Continents new and old come in double-bedded size. Oceans are pools in which to outstare a troubled reflection. Flowering Nature with her manifold insistence on two painfully-similar shapes, must have made a walk a disquieting experience and given to flowers an erotic significance that had escaped the bee." The interpretation of such passages provides a delightful winter evening pastime. The zest of a puzzle is present in most of the twenty pages of the book. The reader has not only the problem of judging the opinion of the author but the additional pleasure of determining exactly what the author is saying.

Through symbolism, epigram, sly reference, and pun emerges Olive Moore's judgment of the critics of D. H. Lawrence and of D. H. himself. The English puritans she dismisses with resigned tolerance. The disciples of Lawrence she satirizes sharply. "A mining village, how near a Stable. Apostles gathered, from the windy shores of literary tea-cups. To each his role, of Beloved, Doubter, Chronicler, Betrayer. Sermons from the Etruscan Mount. An Agony in the American Garden. A Last Supper at the Cafe Royal.

"So it goes, the fight above the literary remains. The angry social activity about the dead. Pleadings, justifications, counter-attacks, intimacies revealed, implications denied, until the creative artist is submerged in a Message; the life-work is reduced to the man."

The most stimulating few pages of the book are devoted to Miss Moore's thesis that Lawrence represents an emotionally adolescent approach to affairs which belong to maturity. Here, where Miss Moore evaluates two modern schools of literature, the reader questions whether epigram conceals vagueness of thought or expresses precision.

Wit the book unquestionably has, and sharp cleverness. If the conclusion that "All that matters is that he (the creative artist) takes up his brush, or his pen, or his chisel, and that that which he has done has been worth the doing," has the ring of a truism it may be pardoned as a truism obviously needed in the field of Lawrence criticism.—C. L. S.

London. Blue Moon Press. 1932.



## BUILDING A NEW SOCIETY

*(Editor's note—The following article is an abstract made by Mr. H. C. Steinmetz of a radio talk in which Mrs. Marian E. Smoor, associate professor of education, reviewed Dr. George S. Counts' powerful book, "The Soviet Challenge to America." Mrs. Smoor has graciously permitted its publication.)—W. M. A.*

There is no distinction between mind and body, between matter and spirit, between God and nature. There is no personal God. No abstract idea can be responsible for the concrete universe. Life is of matter from which mind has been produced through the struggle of part with part, of the organism with its environment. Tropisms, sensations, reflexes, instincts, perceptions, ideas have appeared gradually out of the conflicting welter of physical forces.

Psychological processes are evolved powers of control. The society of minds is an evolutionary product, justified by its clear expression of group desires. Individualism must give way to collectivism. At present, proletariat communism is the only solution for individualistic chaos. This is Russian dialectical materialism, the first of five fundamental ideas in the philosophy of the U. S. S. R.

The second fundamental is an application of the above: collectivism. Private property and land and tools of social production must be abolished. The senseless competition in material goods must end. Natural resources belong to all, and must so be administered. Public ownership and democratic control through national planning is the only way to prevent injustice, depression, disorder.

Nationalities are equal. Evolutionary evidence fails to indicate that one is inherently superior to another. Equality of national opportunity is necessary. Nationality is justified only in terms of homogeneity of interests and administrative efficiency. This is the third fundamental idea.

It naturally follows as a fourth fundamental idea that men and women are absolutely equal in kind and degree, even as they are approximately equal in number. Where the opportunity of women has permitted, they have achieved in as outstanding measure as men. The sphere of their activity has been curtailed and specialized by men, but in the history of a race the achievement of neither can be legitimately considered superior to the other. Any difference in interest is an individual matter. Women must share equal social responsibility with men, for responsibility accompanies opportunity.

The modern social order requires industrial efficiency. Collectivism is possible only if communication, transportation, and power are mobilized for the social good. The individual cannot lead a full life if all his time is consumed in ministering to his vegetative needs. Electrification frees man for the use and development of his mind. Cultivated leisure is possible only if supported by industrial efficiency. This calls for division of labor, but labor is labor, and there is no difference in its dignity, importance, usefulness. He who does not work shall not eat; participation in the fruits of an industrial civilization are earned by contribution—without inherited advantage or distinction in reward. All profit is thus a social product and belongs equally to all.—H. C. S.



## HUMAN BEING. Christopher Morley.

During the barrage of systematic philosophies and barren disillusionment that seems to characterize the mass of modern writing, Christopher Morley seems to be one of the few men who have kept a spirit of optimism and geniality. His satires are sympathetic and gentle and his work on the whole is friendly and encouraging. There seems to be an Elizabethan richness about him that finds a warm response in American readers. The popularity of "Rudolph and Amina" and "Swiss Family Manhattan" has proved that effective satires may be written without their being unnecessarily bitter or deliberately cruel. For the past few years we have had to listen to so many disillusioned young writers who have found in the world only the emptiness of their own reflection, that anyone who can write a story of the mediocre and the commonplace, with medieval joviality, earns for himself an inevitable place in modern American letters. For "Human Being" is a study in significance—the story of that elusive being, Richard Roe, in the act of being human.

Somebody gave Richard Roe a life. It is certain he did not want one—nor did he stand particularly in need of the one he got. But the donor was God or Somebody and Richard's was an exceptionally tractable and obliging soul—so with well simulated gratitude he accepted the gift, and began to build a business and a home, as one is rather expected to do with a life. He was passably successful until one day he collapsed softly on the deck of a Hoboken ferry and died.

Here the story ends, but it is here that Christopher Morley steps in quickly and with gently probing finger performs a curious post mortem into the life of a human being, an attempt to study it before it has been pickled, labelled, and put away on one of the little shelves in the laboratory of oblivion—in short, while it is still warm, gently flushed, and the importance of its existence rightfully exaggerated. And what does he find?—"A creature alternating sixteen hours of mischief with eight hours of innocence, aware of death at every street crossing, yet rarely scathed, a moving eddy of self consciousness seizing desperately upon casual laughter, an ingenious system of portable plumbing—a folder of unfinished business—the chorus of a song whose verse everyone has forgotten."

You cannot fail to be impressed by this quick, intense glance into the life of a million "Richard 'Fieldmouse' Roes," that is just a little frightening, that makes upsetting little clutches at your heart, that doesn't cease to be disturbing after you have perturbedly fingered the last page.

—G. J. S.

Doubleday Doran. 1932. \$2.50.





## THE STRANGE RIVER. Julian Green.

The three-on-a-match theme, grown rather thin of recent years, is knocked into a cocked hat by Julian Green in his new novel, "The Strange River." As a cocked hat, it represents a definite advance over the standard triangle, in that it adds to it another dimension. A triangle has completeness as a figure, but it is flat, and each of its points exists only in relation to the other two. Not so in "The Strange River." Each of its three principal characters leads a separate life of his own, and is not subordinate to the figure.

Philip Clery may be considered the apex of the cocked hat. With him are concerned two women—Elaine, who loves him, and Henriette, who is married to him. Thus far, nothing could seem more standardized. But Philip does not exist simply as a target for the emotions of the two women. His individual problem only touches the interest of the three, it is not bound up in them—and the same thing is true of each of the other *two characters*. *Look behind and through this superficial group and you will see that each of the three characters is connected with others to form secondary groups with configurations of their own.*

It may be thought that this lack of emphasis would tend either to a weakness in structure or an appearance of too obvious artisanship. As a matter of fact, neither of these faults is committed. The story as a whole is well built, and far from presenting a lifeless, artificial form, with the skeleton framework protruding through the flesh, it is, on the contrary, a very singularly convincing novel. Not only is the structure artistically satisfactory, but the surfaces are esthetically pleasing. The conscientious author has not, in his effort to present a unified whole, neglected any opportunity for lapidary care on the most trivial bits of character delineation, description, and atmosphere.

The "Strange River" is of course the Seine, which flows through Paris, washing—silently—many shores, reflecting—darkly—many faces, touching—coldly—many lives. Along its banks are many footprints, some of which, like those of Philip Clery, follow it for a space and turn away again, and others which approach it directly and do not turn away. It is a powerful leitmotif, and its effect would be even more startling had the author found it possible to restrict himself to the river as background, instead of wandering about Paris and its suburbs with each of his characters in turn.

—W. M. A.

Harpers. 1932. \$2.50





## TO A DISDAINFUL CONQUEROR

Mary Regina Fitzgerald

*Wanting to be won and worn,  
Like sparkling jewels,  
Or, rather like a medal  
Shown as your first prize,  
I stood before you.*

*I had forgotten  
That rare jewels  
Are kept in golden caskets  
Which themselves win awe.  
Forgotten also that  
When medals are too easily won  
Without a thought of winning them,  
The victor holds them valueless.*

*Being free to you  
And seemingly as free to others,  
I was not taken.*

*Defeat has brought me wisdom:  
When you see me next  
I shall be guarded  
Like a precious jewel,  
And like a medal  
Be displayed as prize  
For only highest merit.*



## GLIMPSE

Lillian Campbell

*Her face so young and yet so sorrowful  
Haunts even the happiest moments that I know.  
Once only I saw her, but remember still  
The sullen bitterness her dulled eyes show.*

*For her I found no pity and no love,  
Only amazement at what life can hold,  
What hidden suffering distort a child  
Into a thwarted woman, early old.*



## As Seen From This Issue

As we go to press, a new calendar year has just begun and the prospect of a new semester is alleviating the strain of impending Finals. At this period of change, it is interesting to the staff of El Palenque to note the growing activity along literary lines among the students of State College. Despite the depression, we have exceeded last year's subscription list, with a prospect of more sales to come.

During the coming semester numerous outside opportunities are open to college students interested in creative writing. Besides the yearly Phi Beta Kappa essay contest, announced in our November issue, there is the Quill contest for writers of the short-story; and there is also the annual poetry contest sponsored by First the Blade, this year edited by Gamma Psi, literary fraternity of State College.

This latter project is one which deserves not only the best wishes but the active support of students of San Diego State College. The organization in question, a comparatively young but very active one, has undertaken a grave responsibility and an extremely heavy financial burden in editing this volume, which—in previous years—always has been underwritten by the student-body of the editor school. Considering the honor which the editorship brings to this institution, we feel that the students should be willing to lighten that burden so far as possible by the purchase of copies of the book—if in no other way.

In the present issue of El Palenque, we have endeavored to carry out our previously expressed policy of a varied entertainment for our readers. We trust that it meets with the approval of our readers and beg leave to call to their attention the following contributors new to our pages: Miss Florence Colby author of *The Blue Amethyst*; Mr. Frank Gander author of *My Kitten-Cats*; and the Misses Lillian Campbell and Lois Lee who are represented by a poem apiece.

We wish to reiterate that it is our policy to seek and place before the readers of this magazine, new writers and new types of writing.

ELIZABETH L. KILBOURNE  
Editor.



### SHORT STORY CONTEST

The AMERICAN COLLEGE QUILL CLUB offers the biennial Edwin M. Hopkins prize of sixty dollars for the best short story submitted by an undergraduate in any American College or University. The winning manuscript will be published in the *Parchment*, the Quill Magazine.

The deadline for manuscripts will be March 31st, 1933. Three copies of each story must be submitted, typed on standard letter-head paper; must be at least 3000 words in length; and must be submitted under a pen name. The true name of the author together with a certificate from the registrar that he is a regularly enrolled student, must be enclosed in a sealed envelope. The manuscripts should be mailed flat.

ALL manuscripts should be sent to the High Chronicler of Quill; Mrs. Ethelyn M. Hartwich, 3906 N. Stevens, Tacoma, Washington. Further information may be obtained from the High Chancellor, Dr. L. J. Davidson, University of Denver, Denver, Colorado.



## MEAN ALL OVER

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hock o' the other and he went rollin' down-hill straight for Paul. Naturally, he was yellin' for help and makin' a lot o' noise, but Paul, he just steps out o' the way, and lets Roy roll. I can see him rollin' yet. He may still be for all I know.

'Long about that time I begin to really see into the nature of Paul. And the only way I can figure it is that he must of been Paul Bunyan himself. You know, Paul Bunyan made this mountain—and I don't think no one but the maker could of took such an attitude to other humans. I think he was just tryin' to safeguard the sanctity of his mountain from pryin' eyes.

But when we was only about a mile from this here valley, I heard a crackin' of ice behind. I turned around and there was a huge hole behind me—I was alone. Then up through the ice come a terrible thunderin' yell—it was a yell which only Paul Bunyan could have made. It was so fierce and so bloodcurdlin' that its echo went from hill to

hill all down the Rocky Mountains and into Mexico, and back up to the Yukon. It takes the echo a year to reach the end of the range and come back, and every time it returns it shakes down tons o' snow and ice into the valley. It has a certain form, and seems to say, "Use well every hour, 'cause it may be yore last."—It's due back here tomorry.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, good night, lads. Hope you sleep plumb tight." Deftly removing from his lips the soggy mass that had been a cigarette, old Jake lit it and got to his feet.

As he finished, the door was pushed open, and a huge hulk of a man entered the room. In the fire-light his shadowed face looked ragged and mean, and the blaze reflected a passionate gleam in his eyes.

"Oh, lads!" called Jake, nodding towards the giant, "Yore guide for tomorry! We call him Paul."



### POETRY CONTEST

"FIRST THE BLADE," the California anthology of student verse, is being published during the current year of 1932-33 by the Gamma Psi, Honorary Literary Fraternity of San Diego State College. This contest is open to any regularly enrolled college student. General and special prizes have been offered, particulars as to which may be obtained from a perusal of the posters now on display on various bulletin boards.

Publication date for this volume is scheduled for the latter part of May; however, a reduction of twenty-five cents from the regular price of a dollar and a quarter may be obtained by those who place a cash order before the date of publication.

The local sales campaign is under the direction of the members of Gamma Psi, or an order may be placed through the editor of El Palenque.



## FISHING IN MEXICAN WATERS

[Continued from page 14]

open. Several times when a twenty-five or forty pound tuna hits, going in the opposite direction, it either breaks the hook or straightens it out. The lines are only three or four feet long and when the fish come to the end, the jerk is terrific. The yellowtail are a pest; for they eat the bait and get on our hooks by the million. When they come around, we are forced to move on.

This morning one of the boys standing in the racks was lifted up by a big wave and set out in the ocean. He was recovered unhurt and lost only his pole; but it was a tense moment, made especially so by the voluminous flow of Japanese excitement.

Monday, 22nd

Alas, the fishing industry is doomed! Today we saw at least a dozen purse seiners. They surround a school of fish with their nets and kill them all, large and small, and throw the undesirables to the sharks. Our fishermen are very bitter against them and reasonably so, for they are very destructive.

Zane Grey and all his moving pictures could not have presented a better sight than I witnessed this afternoon. Just as the sun was nearing the horizon, and the pinks and golds were chasing the greys away, out of the sea not a hundred yards away rose the majestic figure of a marlin swordfish. High into the air he soared and arching at the peak, slid down again, sword foremost, into the blue with a crash of white foam. Again and again, he reappeared in successive

leaps, magnificent in length and grace. The fading rays caught his silver side, reflecting the approaching sunset like a tinted rainbow, all glistening as though lacquered. I sat until dark with the camera, but although I saw many more jumping, they were all too far away or in the wrong light.

Tuesday, 23rd

This fishing game is a funny proposition. Today we hauled for bait three times in Magdalena Bay. Two of the times the bait was in the net and swam out and the last time half the school was in the net and the other half swam under the boat and into the net. We could see them going in by the million. We made such a haul that we filled all our tanks and let out five times as many more.

Thursday, 25th

"Roca Partida," or Split Rock, rises up out of the sea hundreds of miles from anywhere, and not over fifty feet long and two hundred feet around. We paused long enough to make sure no fish were there and to dodge a couple of good-sized manta rays, and then pushed on, bucking a heavy south wind. Tonight she is taking them over the bow, and from the galley aft is awash with green and white sea. Just a slight blow . . . Half the crew is occupied trying to solve a rope trick the captain showed me. It's a honey! and no one has found out yet.

Friday 26th

Getting into the real stuff at last! Southern Island, the waters teeming with fish, lots of birds, all very romantic; but this place is



peculiar—the fish fly and the birds swim under water. Today we saw millions of Tuna jumping, but they refused to bite. I caught a three pole fish all by myself on one pole. He weighed sixty or seventy pounds and was one of the largest caught to-day. It was pure luck that I landed him; the hook must have stunned him temporarily. If we can only get these fish to bite, the trip will be a success in no time!

#### Saturday, 27th

Grotesque Clarion Island. The steep cliffs rise up chinked and grey like the walls of a mediaeval castle, moss and guano covered, with turrets and peculiar designs made in the cliffs by the veins of lava. The top is more or less flat and rolling, covered with green grass. They say it is inhabited by wild pigs, but almost impossible to reach. It was rough this morning and when we scouted for fish, pushing along at the regular speed of ten knots, a school of porpoise swung in just in front of the boat, and presented as beautiful a display of swimming, arching, and jumping as I have ever seen from fish of that nature. Imagine eight or ten fish of that size clearing the water at once and going fifteen to twenty feet each jump. As usual, I missed the best display with the camera but got some of it.

The fish did not show up today. They are peculiar that way.

#### Sunday, 28th

As the fog lifted and the red encircled sun finally arose, it uncovered a sea of fish. They jumped by the millions, and though we drifted amongst them and threw over the choicest bait we had, they would not touch it. Finally,

we left in disgust.

Headed back northwest, we have spent another day of lounging, washing and playing pitch.

#### Monday, 29th

With the mercury up around one hundred and ten degrees, we conceived the idea of sitting on the deck behind the bait tank and hanging onto a rope. The deck is smooth, and awash with one to three feet of water all the time, so it gave us a continuous cool sousing in water only eighty-two degrees.

We sighted a school of hungry tuna about five P. M.; but they were too small, only six to eight pounds; and consequently, no good to us, as ten pounds is the legal limit.

#### Tuesday, 30th

En route to Uncle Sam Banks. Dan and I beat the Captain and Mac five straight games of pitch, a record for the "City of San Diego."

#### Thursday, 1st

Back to Alijos Rocks and again they were good to us,—scarcely over seven tons, however; but the best we have done for weeks. Tonight, after fooling around with a handline and successfully landing two or three wary tuna, I rigged up a light and caught some forty or fifty of the biggest flying fish I have ever seen. They must have averaged around three or four pounds. It was like netting ducks as they flew past.

#### Friday, 2nd

Picked up a few more wary tuna early, and headed for Morgan Bank, south of Magdalena. Travelled all day; washed sox; sewed shirts and mended belt; felt dom-



estic. This game of pitch has become a regular after-dinner challenge, the Captain and Mac vs. the cook and myself.

Saturday, 3rd

For quite a few days now we have been wondering where the rest of the Tuna fleet was. Tonight we found out—anchored in Magdalena Bay. We came in for bait and found twenty or thirty boats. Evidently, we have had as good luck as anyone.

Monday, 5th

Cruised Uncle Sam Banks all day; talked with other boats who had anywhere from zero to ten tons. Our forty tons looks like a full load.

Much to my amazement, I saw several Manta Rays jump today—leap clear out of the water. Imagine a fish the shape of a stingaree jumping! but then it is the unexpected that happens in this business.

Tuesday, 6th

Breakfast at four as usual; fished—unusual; and not a soul aboard, save myself, knew that I was celebrating my twenty-first birthday. I **celebrated** by taking off my wet

boots and putting on a clean shirt and combing my hair for supper. Quite a celebration. Now if only I had something to vote on . . .

Thursday, 8th

Today we headed north for good, twenty-eight hours to San Diego, I was told. Well, out of a clear sky, the trip is ending. One more day,—make the best of it.

Friday, 9th

Busily occupied in cleaning ship, holystoning the decks, shifting ice, etc., the familiar landmarks passed by unobserved. Ensenada, Point of Rocks, Coronado Islands, Point Loma, Quarantine—customs, immigration, Broadway Pier, what! Home already? The trip is over; passed in a flash and as I look back I get a hazy mental picture of incidents which stand out; eighty pound tuna streaking through the water at the speed of an express train; forty-five foot sharks; tons of skip-jack; Turtle Bay; Clarion Island; boats; birds; fish; green and blue seas. It all passes now before me as a pleasant dream, a month happily, honestly and practically spent and now ho! for the artificialities of the more conventional game of life!





## THE BLUE AMETHYST

[Continued from page 18]

always twelve men of superior mentality dwelling somewhere in the world. They are not known to each other by name nor to the people among whom they live. By fasting and meditation they are able to transfer thoughts great distances, and even to encircle the earth in a unity of thought and action."

"Do you believe all that?" I asked.

"Well," he hesitated, "There is much yet for me to learn; but there are other cults in the world that have similar beliefs. Take for example, the copts of . . ." Here he was interrupted by three taps on the door and old Jepson entered with a tray of hot drinks. He set the tray down, turned toward the door and suddenly pitched forward on his face. At the same moment, there was a report as loud as a pistol shot.

Together, we got the old man onto a couch. Simpson poured a few drops of hot whiskey down his throat, while I hastily examined his body. There was no sign of injury anywhere. Slowly the color began to return to his lips. After a bit he raised up, yawned as if he had been asleep, and then noticing where he was, he rose abruptly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I had no intention of stopping here, sir," he stammered in confusion.

"Never mind, never mind," soothed Simpson, "I have kept you up too late."

"But, sir, I have been asleep, sir. And such a queer dream as I have had, sir. I saw a beautiful blue stone, sir, and a voice said,

'This is sent by Suter-Ra to guide and protect your master.' Such a queer name, sir, I know no Suter-Ra."

Simpson gently propelled old Jepson toward the door. As they moved, the light fell on the rug. The paper weight lay in a shattered heap where Jepson's shuffling feet had struck it; and in its midst gleamed a blue stone so nearly like the one I had seen on the mountain that I uttered a gasp of astonishment. Simpson turned back and to-gether we examined the fragments. What he looked upon as a curious trinket given to him by an old Coptic priest in Abyssinia, had really been a cleverly constructed casket for the stone.

Simpson examined the stone for some moments and then exclaimed, "Oh, I remember, now! Sutra-Ra was an Egyptian priest who lived sometime between 1100 and 1150 B. C. The stories about him say that he always wore a large blue amethyst emblazoned with the rising sun, which was supposed to endow him with great wisdom. The Hebrews, too, attributed supernatural powers to the amethyst. They believed it had the power to induce dreams and visions."

When I finally left him to go to bed, Simpson was turning the stone over and over under the light. His eyes were intently fixed upon it as if he expected to read some message there. He seemed not to notice my going.

The next morning, when I awoke, I found a note from Simpson stating that he had taken the stone to



an old Arabian astrologer and that he might not be back for several hours. Before I had finished my breakfast, I received a summons to report to the central office at once, prepared to go out to Egypt on special duty. I did not see Simpson again before I left London.

\* \* \*

Three months of hard scouting in Eastern Darfu gave me little time to think of my queer experience in London. I had been detailed to locate the cause of a peculiar restlessness among the natives of the Upper Sudan. Instead of caring for their crops, they gathered in the villages for long conferences of a religious nature and spent much time in rhythmic chants and solemn dances. I met with little success until I overheard a witless old woman muttering, "Lalibela, Lalibela, the light! My feet are worn out. I cannot go."

If Lalibela was the seat of the trouble, I must get there before the natives; so I hastened to Khartoum where I could secure camels for the short-cut across the desert to Abyssinia.

The night was dark and hot when I came into the city. I could not settle down to reading in my room, so I climbed to the roof for a smoke. As I emerged from the narrow stairway I saw the faint lines of a figure leaning over the parapet. At the snap of my match, he turned toward me and in the first flare of my pipe I recognized the one man I most wished to see. It was Spicer Simpson.

My usual buoyant greeting was somewhat checked by the quiet reserve with which Simpson turned to me. To my eager questions he replied simply that he was waiting

for the moon to rise, before starting for Abyssinia. I cursed my luck that my camels were not ready. Then I tried to persuade him to wait for the morning; but he insisted that he must go as soon as the moon rose.

As I pleaded with him, a streak of light appeared in the east. There was the shuffle of protesting feet in the street below. Simpson gripped my hand and with a hurried word that I did not understand, dashed down the narrow stairway. I turned back to the parapet and leaning over could just distinguish two camels and their riders as they turned out toward the desert. Vainly, I shouted to Simpson that I would overtake him before the next night-fall; he did not answer and an irregular building jutting into the street soon hid riders and camels from my view.

More trifling things occurred the next morning to delay my departure than I would have believed possible. I did not get sight of Simpson the next day as I had hoped. A forced march the second day brought no better luck; nor did I get any sight or trace of him during the week that followed. When I left the desert, I changed from camels to mules and pushed on; but still I traveled alone.

As I ascended the long slope of the plateau of Abyssinia, the ground was trampled as if great herds had been driven over it. Thousands of feet must have passed that way.

I came into Lalibela near sunset. I had to leave my mules and baggage well outside the old city and proceed on foot. All the people were moving in an orderly manner toward the center of the town. As



opportunity offered, I wriggled my way among the moving natives until I came out upon an open space facing what seemed to be a shrine or chapel, hewn from the solid rock. While the approach from the west had been gradual, on the east there was an abrupt drop of thousands of feet to vast plains below. I listened carefully for words that I might understand; but the great mass of people was very quiet. I was torn between the desire to flee from those close packed, hot, sweaty bodies and curiosity to see for what they were there.

Softly at first and then growing louder, drums began to beat in slow rhythm. In perfect unison, the multitude swung round facing the east. At the same moment, the pale light of the rising moon began to spread along the horizon. The natives raised their arms high and stretched their hands toward the moon in supplication. Their bodies swayed to the throbbing of the drums.

I turned back facing the shrine. While the shadows were yet heavy, a tall figure came out onto the raised platform in front of the chapel. As the light of the moon began to creep slowly up the steps and illuminate the strong body clothed in a simple garment of coarse, white cotton, the drum beats grew softer and I sensed that all were again facing the chapel. The light crept up to the broad chest and seemed to be held there by a large blue stone

which glowed with inward radiance. Then the light moved on up to the face. My hands suddenly grew cold. I felt as if I were stifling. Then with a mighty effort I lunged forward crying, "Simpson!"

Strong black hands reached out and dragged me back, stopping my cry. The figure on the platform appeared not to have heard me. He stretched his uplifted hands out, palms up, turned them slowly over palms down, as if showering blessings upon that black mob. Then he passed into the chapel and the doors closed with a dull thud.

Again the drums began to beat. A wild chant of joy broke from the throats of that vast throng and they began moving off in every direction. I was carried along with them, my mind in such confusion that I could not plan what to do. Toward morning, worn out with trying to get out of that black mass, I slumped down in the angle of a building and slept.

When I awoke, the sun was well up. The natives had "walked" again and the old city of Lalibela was quietly going about its ordinary business. I began to make careful inquiry for one named Spicer Simpson and for the meaning of the ceremony of the night before. Concerning the latter, I could learn nothing and the investigations of the War Department could only report that Spicer Simpson had disappeared in the desert after leaving Khartoum for a hunting trip into Abyssinia.



## THE TEA-POT

[Continued from page 16]

worthy Pepys informs us of its spread and use by noting in his famous Diary in 1667; "Home, and there find the wife making Tea, a drink which the apothecary tells her is good for her cold." Alexander Pope often extolled the qualities of his "Tay" in heroic verse, and Cowper observes that Tea is a drink "which cheers, but not inebriates." Dr. Samuel Johnson penned his most readable essay in defense of tea, when Jonas Hanway, founder of the Marine and Magdalen Society, denounced tea as the worst of poisons, and the secondary cause of all the moral, religious and political evils that distracted mankind. Dr. Johnson attacked the enraged Jonas Hanway with such vehemence that the latter retired from public life. In his essay, Dr. Johnson declares himself to be "a hardened drinker in use of the infusion of this plant, whose tea-pot had no time to cool, who with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning." Queen Victoria, upon ascending the English throne, gave as her first command, "Bring me a cup of tea, and the Times." The Chinese made tea a reality, and the Japanese made tea an ideal, but the English made it a habit.

And so, from my little tea-pot come brilliant threads which weave

themselves into the Tapestry of Time. But there is more than history in my tea-pot, there is subtle philosophy inculcated to everyone who will accept it. After drinking several cups of tea, one still does not know what the taste of tea really is. It is not bitter, and it is not sweet—but that indefinite flavor is its secret, its charm, and its ministry. Tea symbolizes everything that Plato, Confucius, and Jesus have taught. It points the way as the middle road, and whispers to us in its delightful manner that, somewhere between the sweet and bitter of life we may find the perfect.

We have heard it said that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," but the pattering coolies on Shanghai road have their cup of tea in common with the well-plumed ladies in Grosvenor Square. The Parisian "coquette" may commune herself with wine, and the Peoria spinster may flush herself with ice-water, but both may revel alike in their tea. The low as well as the high, and the poor as well as the rich, all belong to the aristocracy of Teatism. There are no rulers, no gods, no castes, or slaves in the Teistic Empire, and East does meet West—in the Tea-pot.





## MY KITTEN-CATS

[Continued from page 20]

means calamity for the cats—three of them were dead; a baby ocelot, a beautiful little jungle cat, and a bobcat. Sappho lay on her shelf, snarling feebly at empty space. Elmo paced restlessly to and fro, dejectedly sat down for a moment, then again began his restless pacing. Hurriedly, I prepared doses of powdered arnica nut, concealed in bits of liver and kidney. Elmo seized the first greedily, ate another in a half-hearted way, and rejected a third. Sappho would not eat at all. Loading a small piece of meat with a large dose of the medicine, I took it to her, opened her mouth, placed the pellet as far back on her tongue as I could reach with my fingers, then closed her mouth, held it shut, and placed my fingers over her nostrils to stop her breathing. With her first gulp for air she swallowed the pellet, and I released my hold. She snarled at me resentfully, but I patted her head, and she became quiet. Her snarls were never very serious ones. With perfect safety, I could interrupt the fiercest of them by placing my hand in her mouth.

With Elmo, it was quite different. He had never been so dependent on me as had Sappho, and as he continued to grow, he became increasingly difficult to control. He was so rough in his playing that my arms were always criss-crossed with scratches which he never knew he gave. He never learned to adjust his blows to my tender skin. He began, too, at times to assert his independence by defying me. It sometimes hap-

pened when I fed them that he would grab both portions of meat before the less agile Sappho could secure her share; then I would be forced to take the broom to him. As I went toward him, he snarled magnificently—his ears laid flat, eyes narrowed to slits, and lips drawn away from his glistening new teeth. After one swat with the broom, he seized the larger piece of meat and retreated to the highest ledge in the cage. Sappho would then run and get the remaining piece.

There were other times as well, when Elmo presented difficulties. Once as I was sweeping his cage, I drew near to where he was lying on a shelf. As I pushed the broom back and forth, my head moved up and down, and knowing this would be a tempting target for the big cat, I took care to keep out of his reach. It was fortunate for me that my judgment of distance proved better than his, for as I worked, something swished past my cheek, and Elmo almost fell off of the shelf. He had struck at me with a blow which probably would have killed me outright had it landed squarely. Yet, he had not been rebellious, nor was he penitent afterward, merely humiliated that he had missed.

He developed the bad habit of lunging for me as I started to leave his cage. He would come sliding on his shoulder and grab my boot-ed foot in both of his sharp clawed forepaws. When I broke him of this, he began springing at the door as I closed it after me. This made my exit from the cage an



act to be executed with utmost care and precision. A fumble might prove fatal.

Sappho gave me none of these troubles. She was always gentle; although one day she did almost put out one of my eyes. I had been sitting on the floor of the cage, playing with her, when quite suddenly she stood on her hind legs and clasped my head with her forepaws. It was just done in play, but one hooked claw pierced through the skin just below my right eye. Finding that she had snagged me, Sappho stood patiently while I unhooked the claw from the wound. But this was an accident and largely the result of my own carelessness. Until she became so heavy that she was difficult for me to carry, I used to put a collar and chain on her, then take her in my arms out where visitors could pet her. She never seemed to like these trips but bore them with an appearance of resignation.

Soon after both cats had reached maturity, I left the zoo and did not visit it again for about six months. The leopards were in a big new cage in one of the canyons; so I went down to see them. As I came within sight of the

place, although still perhaps a hundred yards from it, I could see Sappho on top of her den and Elmo stretched out on a log. Almost at once, they left their places and came toward that corner of the cage which was closest to me. When I came near them, they gave every appearance of joy at seeing me again, rubbing against the wire and following me as I moved along the side of the cage. I crawled under the guard rail and with one finger, stroked them through the openings in the wire.

For a year and a half, I visited them at frequent intervals, and always they came to meet me, no matter from which direction I approached. Their new keeper told me that Sappho had become friendly with him, but Elmo was unapproachable.

I went out of town for several months, and when I returned, they told me that Elmo had "gone bad." My little Kitten-cat had become a dangerous animal, and no man dared enter his cage. Sappho was dead. Her poor, misshapen body had been unequal to the task of cub bearing. She died, and I was not there to care for her.

