EL PALENQUE
10¢
FALL 1936
The New El Palenque

This issue of El Palenque is a new venture. It represents an attempt to combine the best qualities and characteristics of the old El Palenque, a magazine of entirely literary productions, with those of Campus Cacti, a humor magazine non-existent for several years.

The Editorial Staff has attempted to carry into effect this policy in the belief that if it succeeded it would give to San Diego State College a publication which would suit the taste of more readers, and at the same time embody high literary quality.

Our thanks go to all those who have helped in the making of the magazine. We hope that they will see their efforts justified by the issuance of a new and better El Palenque.

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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.
said, "Well, one thing's certain, we can't get her started. The house over there probably has a 'phone. You go ask the folks if you can use it. Call the garage in Harding and have 'em send out a man to work on this thing we call a car."

Ned said, "Sure," and started to get out, when he saw a big grey cat was sitting on the front steps of the house. He slammed the car door shut. "Oh, no!" he says. "You go."

Well, I suppose things had of been different if I'd insisted that he go in. He wouldn't of paid no attention to the telephone conversation and we never would of heard about the gold. But I knew Ned hates cats. We had a teacher once who said he had a cat allergy, and there's something about them, their fur or something, that makes him sick. So I figured it'd be less work for me to go do it myself.

The lady was in the kitchen. She said, sure I could use the 'phone, it was in the dining room, and the garage ring was three shorts and a long.

The 'phone was on a party wire. Everybody this side of Grasshopper's on the same line. It's mighty convenient, the only trouble being that most ranch women don't have time to hang on a receiver and hear everybody else's business. Well, anyway, I took down the receiver and found somebody was talking. I started to hang up, when one word caught my attention. That word was "gold."

I listened for quite a few minutes, then put the receiver back very carefully. Pretty soon I tried again and this time I got the garage.

We had to wait about an hour for the garage to send out a man. Most of that time we sat on the running board of the car, or walked around the yard. The woman wanted us to come in the house and wait, but Ned didn't like the idea of sitting along side of a cat, and I didn't want to have to talk to anyone. I was pretty busy thinking.

I was thinking that old man Wilkinson down at Bancroft sure had the luck. Finding three bags of gold dust under his barn floor! No work about it, just tripped on a loose plank in the corner of his barn, pried it up with his toe and there was the gold. It had him so excited that when he called his son in Harding to tell him about it, he gibbered. Funny old guy—Syd Wilkinson. Just this morning I'd been telling Ned about him and his wife and how they kept the old hotel in Bancroft. Bancroft's just at the edge of Grasshopper, at the foot of the divide. It's the oldest town in the state,
and once it was the biggest. But hardly anything's left any more—just a hotel and a post-office for the ranchers. But once—well, that was the real wild west. Cowboys and miners and bandits, and later on vigilantes and lynchings. You've heard of Harry Carter? Well, he ran Bancroft for ten years, 'till finally the vigilantes was strong enough to run him out of town. They was afraid to lynch him, y'see, and he swore he'd come back some day and get even. But nobody ever saw him again.

But folks hadn't forgot about him. Here was old Syd, brought up on stories of the early days in Bancroft, and believing that this gold he'd found had probably been cashed by Carter himself. And kind of afraid that Harry Carter—dead or alive—wasn't going to stand around and let his gold dust get taken. Of course, when Wilkinson told his son that, his son just laughed, and said not to worry, he'd get out Bancroft the next day and take care of everything.

It was kind of funny—sort of like a story—thinking, suppose Carter did turn up. That was impossible, of course. He must of been dead at least twenty five years. But suppose somebody that looked like old Harry turned up? I bet Wilkinson'd turn over his bags fast enough then.

Well, I don't know what made me think of it, but I did. I thought, "Ned looks something like Harry Carter does in that old picture of him they used to have in the saloon." He was pretty tall and thin, with dark hair and very black, heavy eye brows. Ned was tall and thin and had dark hair. If his eye-brows were darker and he had a bandanna tied around the lower part of his face, I suppose he'd look as much like Harry Carter to old Wilkinson as Harry would himself, especially if the old man was kind of expecting him.

At first it was just an idea to fool with. Then the garage man came and I showed him all that was wrong with the car, and talked to him about the people in Harding and in Grasshopper, which was where I used to live, and asked him how he thought chances were for Ned and me getting a job down on one of the ranches during haying. I stopped thinking about Wilkinson and his gold. But it was in the back of my mind all the time, and when we started driving for Harding, in back of the garage man, I started in where I'd left off.

Of course we wouldn't do it, 'cause it was dishonest. But it looked so darned easy. Another thing, it wasn't the same as though Wilkinson had worked for the money. He'd just been lucky. We had as much right to it as he had. Besides, what could he do with it? He didn't need anything. Why, it'd probably make him and his wife unhappy—be a lot of trouble for them.

Well, I wasn't really thinking about it, but we sure could use the money. Our dough was just about gone and maybe we couldn't even get
jobs during haying. And it'd all be so simple. We could take the gold dust, cut back to the other side of Harding for Butte and Helena, and sell it in small quantities as gold we'd panned up in the hills. Then we could buy us a new car and spend the summer just travelling around.

When we got into Harding we stopped at the hotel for supper, and I said to Ned, "Say, Ned . . ."

As soon as I had told him my plan, he started objecting. "That'd be a lousy thing to do—stealing from a poor old man."

"Listen," I said, and started to give him all the arguments I had been giving myself.

When I was finished, Ned said, "Aw, Charlie, you know we couldn't get away with it."

I just looked at him. "O.K." I said. "Forget it."

We were through eating by then, and went out to the car. I told Ned to wait a minute. I wanted to get something, and went into the dry goods store. I bought a bandanna handkerchief and a toy revolver, and stuffed them into my pocket.

We drove out to Harding toward Grasshopper, and pretty soon we came to the cross roads. It looked like those cartoons you see in the newspapers, showing one road, kind of rocky and narrow, leading to whatever that paper is against, and the other all smooth and broad, leading toward what the paper is for. And there was the two signs, one pointing down the narrow road to Bancroft, and the other toward East Grasshopper, which was where we were planning on getting jobs. Feeling as though I was maybe taking the first downward step, I turned the car into the narrow road.

It was about eight o'clock, but since it was early in the summer, still light. It took us about an hour to get over the top of the divide, and then there was Grasshopper valley spread out below us. It was just getting dark, and 'way out across the valley you could see the scattered lights of the cattle ranches, and at the foot of the divide was a couple of lights that I knew must be Bancroft.

We went on down the hill and a little past Bancroft, around a curve in the road before I stopped the car. Peoples' ears get mighty sensitive to the sound of an auto when they don't hear one more than two or three times a week, so I hoped that by going around the curve they wouldn't notice the engine had stopped.

Ned said kind of uneasily, "You were just trying to be funny with all that talk about stealing gold, weren't you."

I opened the door carefully and got out. Then I drew the few dollars we had left from my pocket and threw them on the seat. "We're about broke, Ned," I said. "If we can't get work during haying, we'll be out of
luck. I wouldn’t ask you to do it,” I went on, “if I could do it myself. But I’m too fat. Nobody who wasn’t pie-eyed would mistake me for Harry Carter.”

Ned picked up the money slowly and got out of the car on my side. I closed the door without slamming it.

“O K., Charlie,” he said. “I’ll do it.”

I took the bandanna from my pocket and tied it around the lower part of his face. “Better leave your hat off,” I said. “Doesn’t look authentic.” I put the toy gun in his hand. Then I thought of something else. I struck a match and let it burn down to a little stick of charcoal, then ground it on my palm, mixed it with a little saliva, and smeared it on his eye brows.

“O. K., kid,” I said then, “Let’s go.”

It took us about five minutes to walk to the Wilkinson’s hotel. I went to the window of the room where the light was and looked in. The old man was sitting by the stove reading a newspaper. The old lady was in a rocking chair, just rocking, with her eyes closed. I could see the door was unlatched. I went back to Ned. “Kick open the door with your foot, walk in, and point the gun at them,” I whispered. “Scare ’em.”

“Aw, Charlie, I . . . I can’t.

“Where’s your guts,” I said, and gave him a little shove.

I stood at the window and watched the door as it was flung back with his kick. Both Wilkinson and his wife looked up, scared.

Ned walked in deliberately and slowly, like gangsters do in the movies. He even kind of frightened me. He looked so much like what I thought Harry Carter must look, that I felt a weird feeling wandering up and down my spine.

He said in a shaky voice, “Hand over that gold.”

Wilkinson gasped, “Harry Carter!”

Ned’s voice was steadier by this time. He said, “I’ve come for my gold. Where is it?”

The old man said, “It’s under my chair,” and Ned said “get it.”

Wilkinson reached under the chair and brought something out. Ned was in my way, and I couldn’t see what it was. The old man threw it on the floor in front of Ned, and I knew it wasn’t the gold, because it didn’t make a sound when it fell.

Ned stared at it, made some kind of a gurgling noise in his throat, dropped the gun, and stumbled out the door. I could see then what Wilkinson had thrown on the floor. It was a large, yellow, cat.

I ran around to the door and grabbed hold of Ned’s arm. “Go on back in,” I whispered. “Go on! Don’t be yellow!”

He shook his head. “I can’t do it, Charlie,” he mumbled, and started walking down the road toward the car. I looked after him helplessly.
The door of the hotel was still open, and I could see the two of them in there. The old lady had picked up the cat and was petting it.

"Why, Syd," she was saying, "how did you know to do that?"

Wilkinson laughed as though he felt pretty important. "I jest used my head, that's all. All of a sudden I remembered how pa used to tell how scared Harry Carter was of cats."

"My land," the old lady said, "he sure was, wasn't he."

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IDENTITIES
James Parker

I think there are ghosts in me:
The morning floods my heart
And evening brings a yearning to my soul.
O when was I born! Where will I be!
There are ghosts in me, I know.

Sunset and the water
Are loneness,
And I am a thought with the water;
And I am a thought with the sun, glittering on the sea;
And someone comes to me
And touches me,
And I speak . . .
And the sound of my voice is an element,
And the touch on my flesh is the glittering of the sun,
Or the nearness of the sea.

I like the colors of the desert,
They are split perfumes and wines.
I like the sands and the mountains and the rocks of the desert,
They are skeletons, silent and serene.
But of all the desert I like best the wastes
Of the desert, for they are me.

A cloud was in the east
Of sculptured foam,
And sun and shade were immortality
In mountainous splendor.
The cloud was gone in an hour,
Like vanishings of things eternal.
Was the cloud a dream . . .
Or I the dream?
THE CHARGE OF THE TEST BRIGADE

Frank M. Worcester

Just an hour, just an hour,
Just an hour onward,
All in the middle of tests,
Write the poor students.
"Forward the chemistry test!
Charge for the math," he said.
Into the Valley of Flunk,
Write the poor students.

Forward the Test Brigade
Was there a soul dismayed?
Not that the students knew,
Teachers oft have blundered.
Theirs but to make reply,
Theirs but to reason why,
Theirs but to write and cry.
Into the Valley of Flunk,
Write the poor students.

Tests to the right of them,
Tests to the left of them.
Stifle and swamp them.
Called in by clanging bell,
Badly they write and spell.
Into the jaws of French,
Into the mouth of . . . well,
Write the poor students.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild guesses they made!
Teachers all wondered.
Honor the fight they made!
"Down with the Test Brigade!"
Shout the poor students.
This story is based on an actual strike which occurred in the fall of 1933. Although the action may at times seem to smack of "blood and thunder," the author assures us that every part of the story has been taken from authentic accounts, and that in weaving the incidents into his narrative he did not exaggerate any facts.—The Editor.

\[\text{Scab} \]

By R. J. Hostetter

It was nearly time for the whistle to blow. The crane-men in their cabs were donning their greasy overcoats preparatory to scurrying down the runway to the steel ladders which led to the main floor of the pipe mill. The inspectors had rolled the last piece of scrap into the end bucks. The loads had all been weighed. Now the inspected pipe was laying in the front buck with the chains around it ready to be hooked to the crane lift when the next shift came on at three-thirty. But this particular afternoon the next shift didn't come to start the cranes, nor keep the rolling mill operating, nor peer through oil well tubing that was still dripping with the steaming "milk" from the cutting machines.

One of the cutters had just crawled through a rent in the corrugated iron wall to sneak a smoke on the company's time. Suddenly, he scrambled back through the exit amid a barrage of stones and bricks hitting the wall from the outside. He was a scared hunkie! All he could do was gesture toward the hole. Several of us ventured a cautious peep.

From one end of the mill to the other was a line of club-brandishing men patrolling the street. One glance at the mill's main entrance told us the story. A sullen mob of men and women, close-packed around the door, was showing its teeth to the company's watchmen and two city policemen. The latter two faced the crowd, each with a riot gun nestled efficiently in the crook of his arm. All doubt left us; we were in the stormcenter of a well-organized strike.

There was some indecision as to whether it would be safe to leave the shop and walk into the face of that wolf pack out front. And on second thought we reflected that getting back into the shop would be a harder matter. It was a stalemate.

Those fellows among the bunch who belonged to the "union" threatened dire reprisals if we appeared for work in the morning. At this moment, a foreman approached asking us to come into the section office. There, arrayed on desk tops, smoking and trying hard to appear oblivious to the occasional clatter of a rock hurled against the office wall, were the shop superintendent, various foremen and the vice-president of the company.
Shattered glass on the floor and an empty window frame bore witness that the pickets had singled out this part of the plant for special attention.

A silly smirk played around the super's mouth. He nodded toward the street and asked who among us belonged to "that bunch of bastards." Sixty pairs of eyes regarded him inscrutably. "All right," he said, "I'll put it this way! Who all is coming to work in the morning?" We made no sign or sound, although I noticed several of the bunch shifting from one foot to the other. A significant exchange of glances passed between the vice-president and the superintendent following this little tableau.

Slowly the name of each man was called by the super, asking those who were returning to work the following day to step forward, and those whose sympathies were with the strikers to pull out at once.

The first man whose name was called stepped briskly forward and said he'd stick with the company. Swallowing hard, the next man shuffled out the door without a word—the foreman's pencil jotted his name on a pad. And so it went. By the time the super had called out everyone's name twenty-three had left. The remaining thirty-seven were all young fellows just out of high school and college, while just a few were young married men who had been with the company from six to ten years.

The loyal thirty-seven decided after a hasty conference to leave for home en masse. On the way out each picked up a foot length of oil well tubing and concealed it under his coat.

At the mill entrance the crowd greeted us menacingly. The strike sympathizers who had left the shop a few minutes before had joined the ranks of the mob and had appraised them of our stand. A few burly Slavs bristled as we attempted to pass through. I heard a dull, sickening thud at my shoulder. With my hand firmly gripping my pipe, I turned in time to see a friend trying to shake off the effects of a blow over the head. Then hell broke loose!

Stones and clubs came hurtling toward us and the pack closed in. Our previously appointed leader, a college man from up-state, yelled, "Let 'em have it!" Every man of us pulled out his pipe and started swinging at anybody who got in his way. A rock caught our leader on the side of the head, and he would have fallen had not two of the boys grabbed him by the arms and kept him moving with the gang. I felt the numbing impact of a club on my shoulder as I strove to keep up with the group. Curses and the snarls of men turned beasts, added to the cacaphonic confusion.

Somehow we got through that mob. We wouldn't have been safe then if it hadn't been that the county sheriff's car pulled up to the melee, discharging half a dozen of the toughest looking cops we'd ever seen. Sub-machine guns and riot guns swept the crowd. Still sullen and grumbling, they let us pass unhindered.
Once home, I ate dinner. At ten that night a call came from one of the boys. We were to make a break for the shop in an hour. Some thought there might be a possibility of slipping through the picket lines in the dark without having to run another gauntlet like that of the afternoon.

When we counted noses at the meeting place, two blocks from the mill, we only had thirty. The other seven had been either scared out or too badly banged up in the afternoon's fracas to appear.

We straggled down to mob in front of the mill. One look decided us against trying to crack that entrance. Our puny thirty would have been kicked into insensibility in no time had we tried.

Post, our leader, passed the word around to try further down the line. To avoid suspicion, we split up into groups of four or five and joined the picket lines, all the time working our way toward the south end of the plant. As far as we could see along the highway bordering the company property, picket fires were lit, and clusters of strikers were grouped about each. We arrived at a point beyond the last fire and, as soon as we got into the shadows, made a beeline for the railroad tracks a quarter of a mile distant.

That accomplished without drawing the attention of the pickets, we still had a half mile of wide open, flat space to cross before we could gain the back door of the main plant. Half of this area was well lighted by the building's night lights while a strikers fire was a mere hundred feet from the door.

At a whispered command from Post we launched into a mad dash across the open. Taken by surprise, the pickets didn't know what it was all about until we were halfway across. Some wild one in the crowd let fly with a rifle. The zing of the bullet as it went by lent wings to our feet. Imprecations and flying rocks met us as we neared the door. A group detached itself from the fire to intercept us. Again our pipes were unleashed and the first to reach us were knocked sprawling. We had the lead on them by twenty feet when we reached the door. Then, turning to give fight with our backs to the opening, we heard a clattering rattle from the nearby corner of the building.

There, squatting coolly behind a spitting machine gun, was a county deputy pouring shells into the ground directly in front of the oncoming horde. That crew stopped as if struck. Another burst from the machine gun and they took to their heels. The deputy propped one foot over the barrel of the weapon, lit a cigarette and continued his watch. We thirty looked at each other, laughed nervously, and gave vent to a long-drawn sigh of relief.

We checked in and had our backs patted for being brave lads. Since the toolrooms were heated, we were told to bunk in them for the night. A few of the boys went to sleep on several of the benches. The rest sat
up playing poker, smoking cigarettes, and oiling and cleaning revolvers. Every man slept that night with his length of pipe close at hand. I don't know how the others slept, but I found the day's excitement too fatiguing to stay awake for long.

I awoke with a start to find most of the boys sitting in practically the same positions they had been in the night before when I had knocked off to sleep. A few were grumbling about not having any cigarettes. It was ten o'clock and we were all getting hungry.

Taking a walk up to the front entrance, we found that the company had imported a hundred deputies from the lower valley during the night. They were armed with rifles, shotguns, clubs and revolvers. The mob in front had increased considerably by that time. They had thrown up lean-tos around the fires of the night's vigil. Several banners and signs were tacked on telephone poles reading, "Get the scabs!" and "We want a fair wage!" Wending in and about the fires were dirty-faced hunkies who had been appointed lieutenants to the chief mogul of the strikers' organization, encouraging the pickets. Sporadically, they would look over in our direction, shake their fists, and send along a curse for good measure. Out on the far curb of the street townspeople were gathered to watch the fireworks if and when they popped.

The deputies told us of an attempt made during the night by the company to have a switch engine pull a couple of boxcars of supplies and cooking utensils over the company spur off the main line of the nearby Pennsylvania Railroad. The pickets had spiked a vital switch and had stormed the stalled engine. The engineer and the fireman had escaped from the fray with several severe bumps and cuts. They were allowed to back the load to the main line again.

According to the deputies who had been on duty all night, two trans-
port planes from Pittsburgh were due to drop some food on a field at one end of the company property in an hour.

At noon the planes dropped our much-desired chow. That afternoon we ate cold beans, bread and coffee, and smoked air-mailed cigarettes.

Later two of the boys were conscripted to turn up shilaleghs for the plant defenders. With the aid of the machines in the company's carpenter shop, they soon had all of us supplied with neatly made clubs, each with a rawhide loop tacked securely on the handle.

That night the boys in the toolroom took up their poker game where they had left off the night before. I had managed to build a comfortable nest on one of the benches, and that promised me a better night's rest than I had had the previous evening.

Next day the trainload of supplies crashed a repaired switch. We greeted its arrival with many huzzas and a cheerful willingness to help unload. It was that evening, cold and rainy, that we used tear gas for the first time. A deputy issued half a dozen bombs apiece to us and explained their operation. By the time he had finished, we were yearning for a chance to use them.

Half of our crew was detailed to a fire in the middle of the field adjoining the rear of the plant—the same that had witnessed our nerve-wracking arrival. This outlying group was in a position to spot a raid in time to shout a warning to the crew at the door and then retreat and join them. Several rumors were rife that two thousand West Virginia miners were being imported by the strikers' organization to help break the company's resistance. The Company was determined that the plant property should not be trespassed at any cost. Consequently the boys at the back of the mill were prepared for action.

Secure in the knowledge that the deputies could hold the front, we had stacks of scrap lengths of pipe piled against the end of the building, ready to hurl them into the faces of any pickets who might get through a tear gas barrage. Shilaleghs dangled at our sides and the little red tear gas bombs were stuffed into our coat pockets. It was ten-thirty. Four of us were huddled about the fire that was struggling for life in a disheartening drizzle. Back at the plant door we could barely discern the figures of our companions as they shifted restlessly about trying to keep warm and not giving a damn if the miners arrived.

Two hundred feet from our post was the long row of picket fires along the railroad tracks, each with its quota of drinking, singing hunkies. They too, had received the news concerning the miners and their occasional vile taunt, flung across the clearing, seemed to carry a sinister threat to our taunt, fung across the clearing, seemed to carry a sinister threat to our laneous firearms.
Our spirits rebelled as we thought of our warm cots in the toolrooms. Those of us at the fire nodded under our blankets.

The stillness of the night was broken by the piercing cry of the fellow next to me. He had been watching the far edge of the field. We jerked a glance in the direction of his pointed finger.

Over the edge of the distant bank came a swarm of men—they looked horrifyingly numerous to us then. With one accord we grabbed our coats and ran for the open door, bawling the alarm. The men left to guard the door grabbed up pieces of pipe to supplement their shilaleghs. We joined them and turned for what we thought was going to be a hand to hand struggle.

"Drop the goddamned pipes!" the captain roared, "Use the gas on 'em!" Each of us pulled the pin on his bomb and stood ready for the leader's signal. Over the field came that grimly purposeful horde.

Running now in a broken formation, the attackers were shouting and waving their clubs as they came. When they were within a hundred feet of us, our leader snarled his command, "Give 'em the gas!" We let them have it right in their faces. A hiss, a little dull report, and large clouds of yellow vapour blanketed them. Shilaleghs held in readiness, we waited for developments.

In a moment, a few men staggered through the amber cloud, coughing and holding handkerchiefs to their faces to stave off the gas attack. It was then that we noticed they were all wearing white bands about their arms. In their lead was a man in police uniform—that gave us pause.

We allowed the choking victims to advance into the shop. Cursing us in the same breath, they said they were deputies sent up from the lower valley to help protect the company property. One poor fellow was nursing a seared chest. Someone had thrown a bomb at him which had exploded against his body. The gang made their way to the first-aid station cursing and coughing.

The error hadn't been with us. We weren't told of reinforcements. Just another slip on the part of the Company bosses—but I kept thinking of the poor wretch with the scorched chest.

We were relieved shortly by half a hundred deputies who had survived the tear gas barrage.

For the next four days we ate, slept, gambled, and grumbled every time we were routed out of the warm toolrooms to answer a fake call for help from either the front or the back of the plant. The miners hadn't shown up, nor had the pickets left the plant. In fact, it seemed to those of us in the mill that the temper of the pickets had considerably risen for being made to wait so long for us to surrender.

Then came Saturday. The crowds picketing the plant had ensconced
themselves comfortably in their corrugated iron lean-tos. Some had brought cots. In the mornings we could see them shaving and cooking in a manner which was a far cry from the fierceness they had displayed in attempting to keep us out of the plant the first night.

Inside the plant our makeshift cafeteria was functioning quite efficiently and our living quarters reflected the use to which we had spent many an hour. We had been told we'd be paid at the rate of fifty cents an hour for the full twenty-four hours per day. As far is we were concerned this damned strike could go on for another month. There was some maintenance work in the shop that had to be taken care of, but for the most part we whiled away the time alternating between gambling and challenging the pickets to come over the tracks and get us.

There wasn't the slightest hint that would indicate that Saturday was to be the big day.

It was around one that afternoon. The boys were amusing themselves down by the back entrance by playfully tossing scraps of pipe at each other.

Then—an hysterical deputy was in our midst, gesticulating and telling us to get the hell up to the main gate. Picking up our shilaleghs and a few pipes, we scurried to the toolrooms where we added the tear gas bombs to our armaments.

At the front gate it seemed as if all the deputies in the plant were massed. Shotguns, sub-machine guns, riot guns and shilaleghs were in bristling evidence. At the head of the group were two state policemen issuing last minute instructions for the offense. This, apparently, was to be the hour of action. We of the plant gang had been languishing in enforced idleness for so long that we welcomed the opportunity for action.

Outside the gate were at least three thousand milling, feverish, ungovernable strikers. They were gathered for a decisive fight. Somehow, they had sensed the impending attack and were now waiting, almost gloatingly, for their first victims to emerge from the plant.

One of the company officials mounted a box and warned us against using firearms needlessly. He told us we were brave and loyal fellows and asked us to go out front and "beat the hell out of those goddammed hoodlums!" We sent up a long, loud cheer at that point. I've often wondered since why we did. What the hell; twelve dollars a day, why not?

The crowd began surging forward. Those behind, encouraged by their protected position, pushed hard on the heels of those in front.

The shrill blast of a whistle snapped the tension. The wide gate creaked on its hinges as the foremost deputies pushed to the open. I could see a column of American Legionnaires, their trench hats glistening in the sun, on the march toward the plant. The pound of their rhythmic marching
was a welcome sound to the ears of the bunch inside. The strikers in the rear turned to defend themselves just as the Legionnaires broke ranks and charged with their shilaleghs. I saw the two sides meet. A shot rang out and cobblestones rattled off the tin helmets. Then I was lost in the mad rush of deputies and plant men who ran forward in an enveloping movement. We had the strikers between two fires.

The three groups merged into a riotous swirl of action. Two of the deputies made a rush for the striker's banners. They succeeded in tearing them down, only to fall into the hands of a pack of strikers. We saw a club come down with a thwack on the head of the first victim. Before another blow could be struck we were on their backs.

Kicking, slugging, screaming, clubbing, cursing, bleeding, we exchanged in kind. Primordial beastiality, bared to its loathsome core, was written on the face of every fighter. A dirty-visaged striker swung a ponderous fist at me just late enough for me to dodge the punch. I lashed out with my club and caught him on the back of the skull. He stared at me hazily, questioningly and fell to the sidewalk to be trampled by the greasy brogans of the brutes above. Had I killed him, I wondered? I felt like retching—twelve bucks a day, they could stick it!

Individual fights raged in clusters all about us.

Here was a Legionnaire being kicked senseless by three strikers. There were four deputies exchanging shilalegh strokes with two strikers. One deputy went down from a blow on the neck. Muffled, hissing explosions sounded and the greenish-yellow billows of tear gas wrapped painful, vaporous tentacles about the tight-packed pickets. I saw one man scream and fall as a deputy fired a shotgun and caught him in the legs. A cobblestone hit me in the small of the back. I tripped and fell over two clawing demons and lay wondering dimly if my spine had been injured. I pulled two tear gas bombs from my pocket and aimed them inaccurately at a scurrying picket. One exploded on his leg. His trouser leg flapped open and he sped for a ten-foot concrete sewer in a nearby gully. He must have been severely burned, yet he looked grotesque as he stumbled into the darkness of the sewer with the gas billowing out if his rent trousers.

The ebb and flow of the battle was shifted from the gate down the street. As I ran to catch up with the combat I saw strikers breaking from the crowds and beating a retreat. I rejoined the Legionnaires who by now were putting the finishing touches on half a dozen former pickets.

The strikers were beaten.

Friends of the fallen strikers came back singly and unarmed to carry off the victims. The injured deputies and Legionnaires were given treatment at the first-aid station. The skin had been broken on my back by the cobblestone, but after having the abrasion dressed, I was able to exercise my
sore right arm again. Some of our original group of thirty had suffered severe cuts and bumps. Two men had been killed in the day’s battle—one a picket and the other a non-partisan bystander. The third death came as an indirect result of the strike. The company’s main-gate watchman had contracted pneumonia the second night of the siege. The pickets hadn’t allowed an ambulance into the mill to take the patient to the hospital; so consequently he passed out in the plant’s first-aid room.

The company put on a big feed that night at the makeshift cafeteria. They passed out cigars and cigarettes and told us we could take home all items we had acquired during the strike. The bosses gave short talks, mostly congratulatory. I couldn’t see anything for which to be congratulated—the vivid impressions of the day’s blood stayed with me, and the purring, oily facetiousness of the speakers struck harsh discords in a disgusted scab. I hadn’t seen them fighting to protect their pipe plant.

Downing a huge cup of coffee, I tried, without success, to contemplate with pleasure the spending of the eighty-four dollars the company owed me for my seven-day participation in the battle.

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POEM

Muriel Fenerty

Through the blue barred panes of my window
The telephone pole is a great mast.
A star shines in the rigging
And nods to the swinging lamp
And scatters shadows on the floor
Of my cabin.
As we rush past the sunset,
The oil in the lamp splashes high
And fills my book
With warm little water-shadows,
Like sunlight filtering through leaves,
Or moonlight
Dappling the cold waste of waters
Outside.
What I Expect of College

Mr. Irving Outcalt

As an introduction, I may as well say at the beginning or before I say anything else, that I do not expect college to do very much for me. By this I mean that if college should ever do anything at all for me (which I do not expect) I shall be very much surprised and not at all flattered, if you know what I mean. I was not always thus, but I have become pretty completely disillusioned, which is not good for a young man.

I once looked forward to a brilliant career as a writer of great drama—of tragedy; and I expected to be greatly helped by a college education. But after taking one college course in literature and visiting the Old Globe Theatre, I buried my hopes; for I found that Aristophocles and William Shakespeare and a few others of their ancient vintage had used up all the really good stories, and I could never bring myself to use second-rate stuff. This was bad for the future of the theatre, of course, as well as for me.

In Shakespeare's time the theatre was a farce—no props, no curtains, no loud-speaker and no spotlight, except from the sky, on account of the roof which was non-existent. Imagine such a crude layout grabbing up every story that had a kick in it and killing off all the he-men before the highly educated and carefully trained technicians of our day could get a chance at them. Naturally, the death-rate was frightful. We can easily understand that without a curtain the only way to get a really brave man off the stage or out of sight was to kill him and carry him out on his shield or on a stretcher. Think of Hamlet's end!

I had a very tragic play of love's young dream almost ready for rehearsal once, and hated awfully to give it up when I saw Romeo and Juliet. My parting scene was simpler and more natural than Shakespeare's. It had no sentimental drip about larks and nightingales and some kind of a day standing tiptoe; but at its very epitome there was a simple little lyric with the refrain,

"Let's kiss, and then
Let's kiss again,"

that went straight to my diaphragm when I reread my script the next day.

But I had to put it away in lavender. The theatre of to-day is all dressed up, but it hasn't much excuse for going anywhere.

The fenallely of Romeo and Juliet shows how unnecessarily tragic the
old drama was and how much blood might have been kept in its proper channels if the story had been left for me to handle. A little use of the telephone would easily have saved both of those tender young lives. True, this might have made the play less sensational and thus have cut down the attendance. But in our civilized age no one would consider the box-office, when the lives and even the happiness of two faithful lovers were at stake.

But the milk has been spilt and I must find some other use for a college education. And I know not where to turn. I am groping—groping for the light, as is many another member of the Coming Generation. Like the man in the cafeteria without a soup-spoon, I am reaching for a straw. Tell me, shall I have it?

TRAINING SCHOOL LITERATURE

THE WIND
The wind blows.
It blows.
It blows the sand into our eyes.
   By Gordon Boldstein—1B

WITCHES
Three little witches pranced
   In the garden.
Three little witches danced
   From the moon.
   One wore a witch's hat.
   One held a pussy cat.
   One went a pitty pat.
They all whistled a tune
As they danced in the light
   of the moon.
   By Carolyn Gosnell—3B
The charabanc slowed and stopped beside an ivy-covered wall. "Kenilworth Castle," the driver said, "thirty minutes stop. Inside the gate the guide will show you the castle. Have your tickets ready." I felt an inner excitement as I stepped to the ground.

"Kenilworth, I am to cross your portals, I am to touch your walls, gaze from your turrets, tread on the ground on which the feet of King and Queen, noble and peasant, have stamped themselves. I, even though an American, am able to look upon you with that feeling of emotion which we so often try to hide.

A stillness, shattered by the not-too-delicate American chatter of my traveling companions, seemed to enfold the place. And suddenly I wanted to be part of that stillness—that almost heavenly silence in which the twang of Kansas and the nasal noises of California seemed to bounce about in desperate and unsuccessful search for a resting place. Only by allying myself with the world of no noise could I become a part of history that has been made.

I entered the gates with a shower of "Ohs" and "Ahs" surrounding me, in the company of two dozen exclamation points. "I must see this alone. I must see this alone. I must see this without you, my fellow countryman, without your chatter and your palaver; without your cooing and your adjectives; without your questions and your answers. Kenilworth is the answer to itself, so why must you question it?" These things I said, and had they been heard, they would have fallen on heedless ears. For it is written (I know not where—but it must be, because it is universal), that tourist must question every fact about every renowned monument upon which they gaze. They search for the skeleton in life, and even though they see only a skeleton (as in the case of Kenilworth), they must needs pick the bones cleaner, for among the lot there is scarcely one who has the wits to clothe them first with the remnants of knowledge and second with the gossamer raiment of imagination.

An ancient guide whose quavering knees seemed to revolt at the idea of having once again to uphold him through another session of plaintive tourists queries, tottered ahead of us. The gleam in his eyes plainly said, "Now, it is a sin and a shame to have to waste my time with so witless a
lot, I who have grown up with this place, I who know it as well as Dudley himself knew it. And why should I, whose very heart is Kenilworth, profane its glory for the likes of you who are incapable of appreciating it." But duty made the faded voice frame other words.

"Kenilworth Castle," said he, "was presumably founded under the reign of Henry I who granted it to his Lord Chamberlain, Geoffrey de Clinton. Now this Geoffrey ——."

But even his ancient voice, piping and trebling in its sound, failed to move me. I left the group to wander by myself.

Under my feet was a mantle of grass so green as to be almost unbelievable. Rolling and smooth it was, and it made a carpet for the entire Courtyard, yes, even to the Inner Court and on into the Great Hall where once a stone floor had been carpeted as red as this was green. My feet sank delightfully as I walked.

To my left was the Gate House whose two turrets seemed like sentinels guarding against eternity the story of Kenilworth Castle and England. Of red brick it was, and hammered and beaten by the storms of time. Yet it was modern in appearance, possessing the modernity of age. And modern it is, for it was not erected until 1570, which in the history of time is young. And too, it is in decided contrast to the crumbling walls of the Castle itself. It is indeed the Gateway to History.

Then I turned and beheld the Castle. And my breath stopped in my throat. I stood there fascinated. For even in my thoughts I had never conjured up a vision so inspiring and so satisfying.

Satisfying? Yes, even though the picture was so different, so entirely different from my dreams. I had forgotten that time erodes, that time razes, that time weakens. And yet even the so-called ravages of time had not left an incomplete picture. Erosion? Buildings fallen? Weakness? Yes. But even they could not and have not dimmed the strength and beauty of Kenilworth. Its strength rests in its very weakness—the strength of men and of builders, the strength of incomparable loveliness. The walls were crumbled and sagging, half of some of the buildings had gone, and yet Kenilworth stood there Turrets high, Battlements manned, Flags flying, the din and clatter of centuries filling the air.

The Norman Keep (Caesar's Tower) is the first of the buildings. This building was erected almost eight centuries ago, and yet enough remains to make the viewer breathless at the stupendousness of it. It is a huge square building with turrets at each corner. The upper parts of these turrets have been demolished, but in their heyday they rose over eighty feet into the air. From the turrets doorways led onto the ramparts and to the battlements, which have now disappeared. The great, thick walls (thirteen and fourteen feet at the base) stand solidly and rise high even
today. The red stone (rather resembling sandstone, and which it may be), is in decided and delightful contrast to the green lawn on which it rests. The Keep, a fine example of Norman Military Architecture, was one of the first buildings of Kenilworth Castle. Years after it had been built it was altered to some extent by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and some time later one whole side of it was removed to make it untenable during the Great Civil War. The back half of the Keep has crumbled away, but one may still stand inside and gaze out the large, arched and thickly casemented windows.

In back of the keep are remains of the Annex which once contained the Chapel. Beyond it is the kitchen and the buttery, where still remains a huge oven lined with thin bricks. I stood there and smelled savoury pheasant, saw huge roasts, and my mouth watered at the thought of whole roasted sheep, great portions of beef with the fat sizzling and the red gravy streaming onto the platters. And I saw fat chefs fretting over delicacies to please the palates of their masters. And scullery maids cleaning great pots and pans, and waiters carrying steaming dishes, and fat old kings and thin old queens sitting back to ease a groaning stomach and lick a greasy finger.

Then I went across the Court to Leicester's Buildings, and I saw Leicester's weakness in the weakness of his buildings. Once they stood 93 feet high, and even now they force the pygmy on the common mortal. The Earl built the walls too thin for their height, and when the floors and roof were removed the walls were too weak to stand alone. However this famous part of the Castle was the residence of Queen Elizabeth when she visited Kenilworth, and because of this it is one of the most interesting parts. Here Elizabeth, the Fairie Queene, came to visit her favorite, Robert Dudley, Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester. I could see her, Queen of All England, arriving with a flourish of trumpets to greet her. Great
pageants in her honor, music, fireworks, sports, tilting, tumblers, morrice dancing. Yes, I could see her, red-headed she-devil, sitting back raucously shouting her approval or her disapproval, demanding love and honor, pomp and circumstance, good food and drink; Elizabeth, greatest of women, loved, feared, hated, through the years she lives on, never to die.

My reverie was broken by the approach of the New World. Inwardly I cursed them as Elizabeth (or Henry VIII, a visitor there) must have cursed when the fine thread of their thoughts was snapped by the blatancy of reality. Haughtily and with malice in my mind I withdrew.

Through an arched doorway I entered the Great Hall, now shattered walls and staring windows. This once great building is now only four walls pierced by arched windows. But from the remains I could picture its strength and beauty in the days of Elizabeth. Traces of its early perpendicular architecture remain to haunt the onlooker. Now the floor is carpeted in green, soft and pliable; formerly the hard stone floor was the roof of a huge vault and was covered with Turkey carpets. Overhead the ceiling is a deep blue dome, where formerly it was vaulted and dark. It was here that splendor dazzled the eyes of guests, that pomp and ceremony reigned in this great room. Light came from the windows in the daytime, and at night from a great brazen chandelier fashioned in the shape of a spread eagle, supporting with its wings six beautiful figures, half of them male and half of them female, hung from the center of the roof. Each figure carried in each hand a pair of branches which held huge candles. At one end of the oblong room sat the Queen on a raised throne of state, and over her head, red-wigged and bejewelled, hung a beautifully embroidered crimson velvet canopy. Huge tables filled the center of the room, surrounded by chairs covered with crimson velvet and gold lace. Velvet drapes covered the windows and rich silken tapestry decked the walls, and the buffet was laid with gold and silver plate. And while the ruler of all Britain watched, people came to pay her homage and to make merry at her pleasure. As I stood and looked at what was left of what had been, I wondered quietly what Elizabeth had missed by not having been able to live during my time. And then I laughed to myself, for I knew what I had missed by being born some hundreds of years too late. I turned in the direction where I thought her throne had rested—and I bowed low.

Then up into the Strong tower. Crimson steps lead up to a small square room. But from the windows of this room—a view that blinds man's eyes, I looked down upon the most gorgeous valley I have ever seen. Patchwork farms in crazy array lay stretched in a mantle of green, broken only by thin strips of winding brown roads. Great oaks, here and there a church spire, tiny houses, grazing sheep, and a misty haze that enveloped
the entire panorama.

A compensation for being penned up in the small gaol-like rooms that composed the tower, that view,— and yet was it? It was here that Amy Robsart was a prisoner for a time — poor Amy Robsart. Oh, poor Amy Robsart. To look upon beauty such as this, and yet not to feel it — not to breathe it. I turned back into the room and looked at its thick walls, its narrow slits of windows, and shuddered. Down below me the Great Hall, the Keep, Leicester's Buildings, walls, the moat; scratched on the walls the faint traces of Coats of arms. The Strong Tower. Today it stands and grimly guards the secrets of Kenilworth.

Carefully I picked my way down the worn, steps and reached the inner Courtyard. I tried for a moment again to escape the present. From where I was standing I could see all of Kenilworth. The large buildings and the small buildings, what remained of them, lay before me. Some were impressive because of their size and regal splendor, some because of smallness and delicate beauty. Midway between Leicester's group and the Great Hall stands a small octagonal shell, a piece of wall and a window. It is Elizabeth's tower, and its smallness and frail loveliness stand out among the larger ruins.

As I stood there I thought of some of the men and women who built this castle, watched it grow, left it to other hands to build not knowing the outcome. Men who were protected by its sturdy walls, who fought to protect it from the destroying hands of enemies; who stayed in it besieged, who laid siege to it; who loved it, who hated it; who deserved its shelter, who desecrated its beauty; who watched and still watch time do its drastic work. Simon de Montfort; Henry III; Edmund, Earl of Lancaster; Edward II; John of Gaunt; Henry IV; Richard III; Dudley; Elizabeth, all the history of England, the people who made that history are locked up in the dead breast of Kenilworth. About them we surmise—we know—we say—but never shall we understand so perfectly as Kenilworth, the Glory of England.

And then to break my reveries came our ancient guide, whom I, in my brusque and careless American manner, had so thoughtlessly neglected, and stood beside me. I started guiltily. Poor ancient toddler, had I insulted him by not lending an ear to his story?

"They do be leaving," he said.

I nodded.

"You 'uz off by yoursel' most o' the time."

I accepted the accusation.

"Why?"

I hesitated.

"Why?"
"Because," I said, "I've been wanting a hundred years to be here and I didn't want it spoilt by having other people around. I don't mean I wouldn't have liked to have heard your story—but I do mean I'd rather—oh, I can't tell—. I had to see it alone." This time he nodded.

"American," the remark was both an accusation and a question. I felt guilty. "Most Americans ask questions."

I had nothing to say.

"You don't."

"No."

"Why?"

"I tried to tell you—there's something about Kenilworth that one doesn't want to question. I came here to see Kenilworth—to feel it—to be part of it—you ought to know why. You love it."

"Do you?"

"Yes," I said nothing more.

My ancient one shuffled toward the gate. I followed him. Once there, we paused. I handed him a sixpence. As I walked out the gate I took one look back, and I sighed a goodbye.

The Toddler was gazing at me. Then—

"Come back again," he said.

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REBIRTH

Rachel Harris Campbell

Ending three nights of rain, three windy days,
The late sun stoops between the slate-blue bars
Of cloud, and the wracked earth is strange, and clean
With wonder of young birth after long wars.

I think that ages after Ragnarok,
A new sun slanted so, across the plain
Vigrid, and smote it with a sudden gold,
Till Balder and his brothers lived again.
The Death
Anne Young

Lane stood still,
After the thing had passed,
Not thinking a thought;
Nor fearing, nor remembering,
Nor even wondering.
He did not do anything
But wait for his mind to come back to him
Out of the void of crashing thunder.

Then he stumbled up to Jim's small figure.
On the way he saw Jim's cap,
And picked it up, brushing it off against his arm.
There was a jagged tear in it.
"I'll have to tell Arabella, so she can mend that," he thought.
And moved on; he went slowly.
It seemed strange to find Jim's things strewn over the ground,
A piece of his coat, the toy axe,
And then Jim himself, lying sprawled
Like spilled grain on the brown earth.
"I don't like that," Lane thought suddenly.
"These are my things; this is my son and his things.
I don't like to have them spilled on the ground.
I don't like to go picking them up where they oughtn't to be.
They're all broken too; and Jim's dead.
He is green seed of me and Arabella."
So he picked up all his things, that were his son's things;
And he picked up his son,
Muttering as he held them all together
Tightly from God,
"These are my things; I don't like them spilled and broken."

He brought the dead child home in his arms.
He walked slowly as though his whole body were a lump of iron.
"Something happened," he thought.
"But I can't remember what it was.
It was something I ought to feel badly about;
But I only feel numb.
It's cold."
He shuddered in the sweet hot sun of June.
Out of the corner of his eye he could see
The golden fire it kindled in Jim's tumbled hair.
"Jim's dead." But the words had no meaning for him.
He topped the hill that overlooked his home-place,
And stood, heavy with bewildered pain
That would not be realized.
He saw Arabella's figure raise its arm and fling a greeting.
Then the arm faltered suddenly because of the great stillness
in the valley
Which held, for Arabella, nothing but Lane's figure carrying Jim
As though he were a very little babe.
He thought of Arabella, and fear came into him.
"I don't want to look at Arabella," he thought.
"I don't want to have her come and stand by us.
She won't look at Jim here in my arms;
She'll just look at me,
And I'm afraid of Arabella's eyes."

He saw her figure, running now and stumbling
Over the broken sod of his field.
"Poor Arabella. Something has happened to us.
It will stay with us for a long time."
Then Arabella stood beside them, eyes wide and still.
She did not look once at Jim.
"It makes no difference," Lane thought.
"There isn't any need to look at him now—Jim's dead."
She was looking into his own eyes.
He furrowed his brow against the pain of it
That would not let him cry.
He tried to concentrate upon the words
She was expecting him to say.
When he spoke, his voice cracked over the valley stillness.
And with his voice, the quiet bewildered thing within him burst,
And he realized all the thing that was upon them.

"There was a land-slide; we waited till we thought it was over,
Jim and me. Jim was ahead of me.
And he stood up to wave to me. A boulder broke loose—
He—turned sort of sideways, and I saw part of his face.
I—saw—his eyes."
They stood, choked to silence.
They both wondered why they could not come into each other's arms
For comfort there.
But there was something hurt and hard between them.
"It was strange, to pick him up," Lane pondered on.
"He looked spilled. I didn't like it.
You know how I always keep my things in order, Arabella."

Arabella reached, and touched Jim's cheek;
"He is very little. He is our seed.
It took so long to plow the field, and wait the wind and rain.
It took so long to bring our child.
He is my little one."
She drew the bright head, the familiar form into her arms.
And with the touch, loneliness swept her:
She wanted him to move and speak, and look at her
With his child's eyes.
She wept against the broken body.

But Lane stood with no relief of tears in all his hard body.
"God, why did You take so small a child?
There were so many things for him to love.
I was going to teach him to hunt in the woods,
And ride the horse, and cut the grain.
And his eyes—I saw his eyes when the rock came.
It was not merciful to take him when he was afraid, Oh God.
He did not know You sometimes come
In terrifying ways.
The rock was big enough for half a dozen deaths,
And Jim was little, and a child."

After a while they went down the hill
And across the harvested fields to the house.
There did not seem anything to do
But to go about eating;
And to lie beside each other in the night
Trying not to feel the suffocating terror of the dark
After the day.
Tomorrow they would bury Jim.
What I Hope To Get Out of College

After literally girding up my loins with a high school diploma I came to San Diego State to further my educational processes. One of the reasons for this is when my parents talk about their own education they always regret that neither one was able to continue their schooling in an "alma mater." My father always has said that if he were a boy again he would not grow up without the advantages, culturally as well as avocationally, of a college degree.

I came to San Diego State not so much because I liked it as because I could not afford to go to Stanford, and besides I don't think I had the recommended credits for matriculatum at Palo Alto. But now that I am here—even though just a humble peagreen—I know that I am going to enjoy it all very much indeed. The college has many good departments and fraternities and now a good football team. We will all work together for a bigger and better college with dormitories and national fraternities. Now that we have the finest bowl, irregardless of cost, south of Stanford, including only college stadiums and not those owned by municipalities, etc., like USC, which used the Olympic stadium made for other purposes, that we should be outstanding among the teams of the West, including such teams as St. Clara, USC, and New Mexico Agies. Only we should not encourage unprovoked defeats.

To return to the subject of what I hope to get out of college. It is not only the practical foundations that I want and need. I should be able to learn many things that will help me in the avocation which I have adopted—to be advertising foreman for some large company such as Montgomery Ward or maybe Bullucks'. But I want also to broaden my point of view. A man's leisure is his culture, of which I hope to impart liberally. I want to know books so that I will be able to read good books like Zane Grey and Albert Hubbard and music, for which with the new swing tunes, jazz even is hard to be appreciated.

Some people have said that nine-tenths of the students time is wasted on unimportant things. Not so. As for me, personally, I myself think that hardly any time, irregardless of cost, is really lost. All works for the greater good of the hole personality and only through constant work and unremitting application can we hope to reach our goal, towards which we all must strive, anyway.

Mr. F. D. Walker.

P. S. I hope the lateness of this paper will be excused. Being late for me already, a flat tire held up the student who brings me each A. M.
The Under Side of the Fire
By Muriel Fenerty

1463. January 3:
Francois Villon sentenced to ten years banishment from Paris.
Villon vanishes from history.
"Bome. Bome. Bome . . ." The last note of the evening Angelus sighs into silence and dusk enters the city of Paris on this day of November, 1466.

And to the crimps that cat-foot go,
A-fumbling in the stalls by night,
I leave two rubies burning bright,
The "Lanterne" of the Pierre au Let . . .

"Ho Villon!" cries the tavern of Paris, the Trou Perrote, the Pomme de Pin, the Mule, "ho! thou! rogue, thief, blackguard poet of Paris! We wait for a song. Your comrades are gathered about the hearth; tall Robin Dogis, he of the spindle-shanks that outran the Provost's men; little Roger Pichart, who picks the locks for Petit-Jehan; Hutin de Moustier, who could snatch you up between thumb and finger.

"Fat Robin Turgis stirs the steaming soup 'till its soul passes ceiling-ward on the white clouds. Savory capons are turning on the spits, their tears of hot fat sizzling on the coals. Nearby, apples roast till the heat, like a dagger, pricks their skins and their sweet juice trickles out. Jehan-neton is pouring the Burgundy. Soon she will set out a great cheese. The door awaits impatient for your knock. Ohe! Villon, come back to Paris; the very street shadows are lonely."

Item, to Guillaume de Villon,
My More than Father. . .
The roofs of Paris are purple shadows against a sky of gold leaf. To the weary Guillaume de Villon they are so many mountains shutting his nephew from him. The Angelus is a death knell in his heart. "Six more years before the weary exile may return home. Should he be there to welcome him?"

"He was getting old. Soon he would have to give up saying the Mass; the missals had grown heavier of late and the print difficult to read. Perhaps he would resign after Christmas. The church was very cold these winter mornings. Often the breath of the accolyte mingled white with the incense wreathing through the arches; even the light from the jeweled
windows seemed less rich, less vibrant, as if the wind had snuffed out the fire in them, leaving only lifeless glass. He had served St. Henoit-le-Bientourne night and morning, these many years; he had earned his rest."

Pere Guillaume sighs and turns from the little window.

"Still six years! At least the old room would remain, the bare table the narrow wall-bed with the sag on the side. How often Francois had sat there writing."

"How often Francois had sat there drinking," prodded memory.

"Where did he sleep tonight?"

"Probably in the usual brothel."

The restless memory of early morning meetings gave the lie to sentiment. How often the uncle leaving, had encountered the returning nephew, whose lean, dark face, red and leering, or distorted with fear, pleaded for help. "Just once more."

"Helas! Francois is a rogue, a common bandit, deserving the punishment received. To wish him back is to wish for trouble and great sorrow."

He feels his way down the stairs. The house is pleasantly quiet and orderly, but very dull, dull with the accumulated quiet and order of four years. . .

* * * *

Next of myself I tell—poor me—

How thrashed like clothes at wash was I,

Stark naked I must needs agree:

Who made me eat so sour a pie

But Katherine de Vausselles? thereby

Noel took third part of that fun. . .

Katherine de Vausselles stirs angrily in her chair at the firseide, a frown making her twisted nose an ugly thing that dwarfs her eyes and shadows the thinlipped writhing of her mouth.

"Ever at dusk returns the grimace of that street rimer, thief and murderer. Always his eyes bitter, shamed to the core, mock me—nor can I reply. The years are spent, but still remains the memory of that little darkening room, Noel, whip in hand, I, seated, watching the figure on the floor. I cannot forget the lick of the whip on cringing flesh, flesh that gleamed wet and white where the weals were not. The stench of blood. How, when I could bear no more, he rose, slowly, trembling so I could not look. He watched me turn away, his scarred lip twisted in a smile, his laugh making bitter mock of me.

"He laughed and left, knowing I would ever see him thus, trembling laughing, groping down the stairs, knowing that even as he had writhed under the whip, so would I under the lash of memory. Noel, white and
sick, watching Villon stumble down the street, flung his brave whip from
him, bidding me an early good even; we had no heart for love that night.

"Faugh! was she a silly child to be so affected by a presumtuous
fool? He thought to have her love; he had been shown his place, shown
in the only way such rabble could be. She would think no more on't."

Lighting the candles, she sat at her mirror and proceeded to apply pom-
adès with care.

"Mary be thanked for the laws of banishment! At least he could
no longer confront her in the streets."

* * * *

Allons, madonnes d'amour qu'il a chantes, hahay!
Margot, Rose, Jehanne, hahay!
Guillemette, Marion la Peautarde, hahay!
La petite Macee, hahay!

Faint, half-heard, the notes of the Angelus drift into a room far
from the great bell of the Sorbonne. Dusk falls in the dark little court
behind the Precinct of Notre-Dame, where dwell Fat Margot and her pret-
ty pensionnaires. Within the unpretentious house, all is activity. The
evening's "guests" would soon arrive and Margot was particular about
the appearance of her "daughters."

In the room they share together, three girls are chiding their com-
ppanion:

"I faith, Macee, why so glum tonight? Has the handsome one de-
parted?"

"Ah, Macee, he consoled; the old one is much richer."

"Fear not, my solicitous Guillemette, he is not gone. As for the old
one, since you think so much of him, you may have him, Jehanne. I was
thinking of the poet that used to come here, the one that wrote me a
verse."

"Heavens! The man has not been here in four years, and still she
thinks of him!"

"He was exiled from Paris. Poor poet, I wonder where he sleeps now."

"I wouldn't wonder too long, little one; you might hit upon the right
answer. As I remember, the man Villon was no fool."

"I wish he were here. The old evenings were never dull."

"You forget the times he sat in a corner and pulled a long face to his
boots."

"A poet must have some time to compose."

"Shall we never hear the end of Macee's poem!"

"Oh you can talk, Jehanne, he made no verse for you, nor has any
poet that I know of."

* * * *
Dame du ciel, regente terienne,  
Emperiere des infernaux palus,  
Recevez moy, vostre humble chesctienne. . . ."

The notes of the evening Angelus quiver in the dusk beneath a great rose oriel, where is the shrine of Our Lady. The light of a taper traces the course of an old woman’s tears, and braves the shadow of her shawl to light pain-deepened eyes, thin wrinled cheeks, the trembling lips re-citing the prayer her son made for her, the Ballade to Our Lady:

"A vostre Filz dictes que je suis sienne;  
De luy soyent mes pechiez abolus;"

The shrine knew her well. For many years no day has passed without a prayer at her favorite altar. Indeed, Madam Villon is almost a legend to the attendants.

"En ceste foy je vue il vire et mourir . . .  
"Ah, Francois, such a beautiful prayer—" smiling she turns her head.  
"No. He is not here. Each Angelus when I say his prayer, I seem to feel him here, to hear his voice with mine. Each night, I turn to greet the empty air. Francois, my son, when will I smile on your face again?"

Weeping, she prays:

"Mary, Mother Mary, send him back safe to me . . .  
"Francois, Francois you give your mother bitter grief. What will become of you? What of your soul when I am dead?

"Repose eternal donne a cil,  
Sire, et clarte perpetuelle."

Sc aura mon col, que mon cul poise.

Montfaucon looms huge and black in the dusk; under the little new moon, its appurtenances cast long shadows down the hill toward Paris.

"Aie! Maistre Villon come back to Paris soon. I wait impatiently. Twice you have failed to keep our rendezvous. Fie on you for an unfaith-ful Coquillard! Many of your friends have kept the tryst with me and found my company so enchanting they could not leave me. Of course, not everyone appreciates my charm; the full joy of my embrace grows on a man by degrees.

"I am grateful to you for your verse in my honor. I have set them to music, music that is played by the wind. It is my hope that you will soon honor me by dancing to the tune.

"It hurts me that you are so shy of my career, but I shall yet win you over. You cannot walk always in the shadow of the gibbet without coming to closer terms with it.

"Come back to Paris, Francois, come back soon. I long to let my chains prove, 'ton col, que ton cul poise'."
What I Expect To Get Out of College
Mr. Joseph Keeney

The reason for my being at State is because at an early age my father's business profession took place. When he married mother he yielded up the idea of a higher institution and similar college ideas, because there was money to be had in business and money had to be had by mother for spending reasons. She spoke thus to father and thus he, for the above mentioned reasons, immediately trampled the bottom pinnacle of the ladder of retail store success. While he arose to the highest acme, he always said he would have gone up higher in case of going to college instead of entrance at an early age of business.

Inasmuch as having made clear the causes that cause my presence in State, I may assume the second phase and enter into, without any further delay on my part, a discussion carried on by me of what I expect college to be to me in aid, succor, and help, not to say nothing of the benefits to be derived by me. But first I should like to tell that it seems to me that maybe the reader probably received the impression that I'm going to State caused by father's convincingness. He mistakes my identity if any such statement is stated by him.

I agreed to register at State because to me the ideas here are outstanding, and the football team being in possession of a schedule according to which they meet the Marines and other rival schools.

But no farther delay ought to be despensed in. What do I expect to get out of college. I believe that's the subject with regards to the theme topic. Father in a joking temper once spoke that a fellow gets out of college what he puts in, where as much as the business guy gets out a sufficient number more than he puts in or bankruptcy. Seriously, consequently, as a result, I pointed out his mistake to father that that was a viewpoint the emminence of which a view could be taken from in the wrong angle. So father and I consequently agree that I'll get out of college what I put in. Notwithstandingly, we find no argument in what I shall have the capacity to be able to put in. I take the high road of lofty resolving of putting in enough amount for my benefit in the future life. Life isn't a soft road to ho. I'm putting a cushion on it during State. This is what I expect to evolve out of my marvelous opportunity of attendance of State. To me I stand on the hearth of wonderfulness, the future in front of me in endless vestibool. In brefity, I take the high life view in this disagreement. Father takes the low view.
Women Are Like That
By Fred Lamke

NTANGIBLE nothingness, and suddenly a large phantom-like ship steals silently up the wide, muddy river. Gigantic skyscrapers loom ahead; they appear alarmingly larger each moment. The ship reaches the shore line, continues onward, and suddenly rams the base of one of the enormous structures; it shakes violently. Horrible fright, seeming inability to escape, and then a sudden violent shake, — "Hit the deck, sailor; time to go on watch." An unrecognized face over the bunk edge, ghastly illuminated by a faint blue light; another bang on the bunk rails, and then the sudden and abrupt inquiry, "Awake?" A wit-collecting pause, and then a bewildered, "Yeh!" For further assurance, the clumsy half-swing and half-jump down to the icy deck.

Fireman Bill Denvil searched for his missing socks, and found them, after discovering that he had picked up Conner's shoes by mistake. Dirty fellow, Connor,—only wore socks at inspection. Bill looked down at his own dirty dungaree trousers, and suddenly realized that he had slept in them.

A journey along the familiar way to number two engine room with half-closed eyes; at the wash room, a stop to throw cupped handfuls of cold water into a numb face; on departing, another stop to survey an image in a soap-splattered mirror, hair disheveled, eyes bloodshot, and underlined by faint dark furrows, and beneath a grease splotted dungaree shirt, shoulders with a weary sag.

On reaching the trunk above number two,—continuous weakening waves of intense heat. A sudden diving fall to the dull greasy handrails, followed by a quick slide to an intermediate steel grating platform. He ignored the second ladder, with its scorching handrails, and jumped to the grimy steel floorplates.

The eight-to-twelve watch was standing in a small group about the throttlemen; they didn't seem tired; they were joking and laughing heartily, but now and then each of them would glance furtively up the ladder, and each would wonder whether or not his relief was awake, and on the way down. Bill exchanged a few words with them, then walked over to the main feed pumps. He sleepily listened to his special orders, then relieved his man.

The twelve-to-four watch gathered around the percolator as they came down. The thick, heavy odor of coffee enveloped the whole engine.
room. Bailey, who had the watch on the bilge pumps, brought him a cupful on his way to the pumps. "Dirty, muddy, gut eating lye," said Bill, but he downed it all. Bailey laughed. "Decent fellow, Bailey, but he seldom laughs," thought Bill, "He seldom goes ashore, and while aboard he usually stays far below decks; he is always awake when called to go on watch (often he comes down early and uncalled); he never complains about the chow; he seldom,—But that's enough," thought Bill, "he isn't human, he is too mechanical; that's it, mechanical, like the monotonous droving turbines that sing one to sleep, or his persistant bilge pumps that go bing-bang, bing-bang, bing-bang, until they wear the crazy tune into your weary brain. Mechanical, as a perfect man-o'-warsman, who is drilled, and drilled, and drilled, until he doesn't even know how to stop and think, until he forgets how maddening it can be to stop and think, until he is a cog in a machine of war."

The engine order telegraph clanged, and Bill, his trend of thought broken, looked and saw the indicator change from standard to stop. The throttlemant bit hard on a stubby cigar and spun his throttle wheel madly, but with an alert eye to the fatally declining turbine steam indicators. The protesting whine of the turbines died slowly. Suddenly came another clanging and the petty officer of the watch bounded in to the telephone booth, and slammed shut the thick sound-proof door behind him; he came out a minute later, "What now?" asked the throttlemant. "Secure, and we'll probably lay-to all night," from between bitterly set lips. "Where are we," from Bill. "Atlantic Ocean," and on second thought, "You'll see New York and your dear little Claudia yet; don't worry." The throttlemant laughed, a crazy mocking laugh. Bill, a half spoken retort dying in his throat, turned to secure a valve. Not so funny, he thought. Everyone on the dirty pig-iron seemed to know about Claudia and him. Only yesterday Mr. Street, the M-division officer, had asked with a sly grin, "How many days' leave do you want this time, or will you be staying aboard?"

Claudia, how he had tried to keep her in the back of his mind; it had been useless, for she was always there. In Panama, where one sweltered in the sickening heat of an unmerciful sun, and the filthy black natives threw their garbage at your feet in the narrow streets; in Haiti, where the natives were even filthier and blacker, their hovels more nauseating, and the sun even more unbearable. It had all been the same since the ship left Seattle. True, the liquor had been good, but that drives a crazy man even crazier in the tropics. Small consolation, that. The ship was certainly no haven of refuge. The men fled it to sink their disgust in beer, and gin, and Jamaica rum. Who wanted to live in the hells below decks that were known as engine rooms, fire rooms, dynamo rooms, and pump rooms; who wanted to sit at a crowded table with nine dirty sweating men, to
fight for greasy half-cooked pork chops and lumpy, salty potatoes; who wanted to sprawl on a paper-thin mattress, in a stinking compartment where bunks, and their occupants, were stacked three high between hot steel decks; who wanted to be imprisoned in a dungeon where honking horns, bustling crowds, and the gay activities of living people, were only beautiful memories?

Claudia had been through it all with him; always at his side, always smiling, sweet and sympathetic. Why try to forget her now? Only another day or two, and then the "tub" would steam by the dear old Battery. New York and Claudia, both vibrant with life, healthy happy life.

A hot drop from a sizzling steam valve dropped on his head; he cursed violently, then became conscious of his surroundings. He noted with surprise, that he had secured the feed pumps. He rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock. It was nearly four A. M. By four-fifteen he was in his bunk, oozing perspiration, though the air in the compartment was icy. By four-twenty a bugle sounded "general quarters" over the loud speaking system. A harsh voice ordered "All hands, man your battle stations." Grumbling figures arose from the intricate maze of bunks. At four-twenty-five Bill was in number two engine room again. He was pacing the floor-plates rapidly in an attempt to remain awake. On his head was clamped a pair of earphones, and a speaker was mounted near his mouth. From time to time he relayed orders from the bridge to the officer of the watch. At six-ten he suddenly snapped to life, for the bridge had given permission for all stations to secure.

Two hours later he was industriously bathing himself from a bucket in a steamy overcrowded wash room. Another hour and he stood on the foc'sle watching the mighty sky-line of lower Manhattan as his ship slowly steamed upstream to its anchorage. In the inner pocket of his dress blue jumper, side by side, were a liberty card and a telegram. The telegram read:

MSG BILL DENVIL AM NOW ON NINETY-THIRD STREET LANDING COME OVER OR ANSWER WEARING RED HAT CLAUDIA

He watched anxiously as the port crane slowly lowered a motor launch minutes later. The boat headed for shore bearing a mail pennant. Finally the other motor launches were lowered, and the bugler sounded liberty call. Bill ran aft to the quarterdeck where the liberty party was rapidly assembling. He stood at attention but shifted his weight nervously from foot to foot, as the officer of the deck held a rapid inspection. More minutes that seemed to be hours, and he sat in a tightly packed boat, headed for the Ninety-Third street landing.
Long before the launch reached the dock Bill searched eagerly for a sight of Claudia. The landing was covered with a colorful and jostling crowd. After he had finally disembarked, and looked for her in vain, he felt a pressure on his arm. He turned about and there she was. Her eyes were laughing at him but they were half tearful. The sudden sight of her took his breath. She moved slightly, and he, still half dazed, kissed her. They walked off arm in arm, away from the unnoticed crowd. As they slowly moved along under the trees, he tried to remember some of the many things that he had long since thought to say. He was speechless.

They reached Riverside Drive and paused for a moment, hand in hand, near a bench. The traffic was heavy, and the sudden blare of a nearby taxi horn caused a reflective smile to play on Bill’s face. He looked at the magnificent apartment buildings across the drive and admired them. They contained life, varied and pulsating life. Evening strollers were promenading the boulevard. No two were alike; each was a book with a different title,—mysterious and unfamiliar books.

He breathed deeply of the cool bracing air, and felt his lungs ignite from within, and his senses grow dizzy. Suddenly Claudia spoke. Odd that he had forgotten that she was at his side, the fingers of her small hand entwined in his. "Bill," she said, "It's wonderful. How lucky you are!" "Yes," he heard his voice as from a great distance. He turned to glance at her, and followed her fascinated gaze. She was looking down at the river, a sparkling play of colors in the feeble red rays of a rapidly declining sun. A small tug was valiantly puffing upstream with a barge loaded with Pullman cars. It passed his ship—grim and massive as a medieval castle. He shuddered convulsively. Perhaps it was due to a sudden, cool breeze that softly rustled the leaves of the sun-splotched trees, beneath which they were standing. "What?" he asked, his voice breaking harshly. She heard but knew not what he said. She finally broke the short silence, "If I were only a man." Bill took a verifying glance at the entranced Claudia, then another at the squat steel monster at anchor in the river. He released her hand. "C'mon"; he said, and he started across the Drive.
THREE IMAGES AND A SONG

Elizabeth Harrington

We have walked here a thousand times and more,  
Under the fan-branched palms and the quiet skies,  
And we have seen the green fronds flash in brilliant light;  
Sometimes at sunset when the wind blows firm and cool  
These fronds are like bright flames that live and do not burn,  
A harmless fire, yet sharp and free and brilliant in swift flight,  
Spiralling upward,  
Darting like a bird.

And more than many times our walking here  
Has been in mists so white and cool and friendly to the touch  
We almost spoke aloud to them, and to the soft gray trees  
That lifted up themselves before us, silently, as we walked on;  
What silent ships these are, anchored and secure,  
Watchfully riding the inland mist-born seas,  
Waiting the flash of sun,  
The urgent push of wind!

Sometimes in rain that fell from ever-quiet skies  
We have walked here, seeing the silver streams awash  
In the dull green troughs of fronds that bent and bent again,  
Seeing the darkening ochre of wet stems, the gray-brown trunks;  
These trees are sturdy bearers of the swift, hard rush,  
The cool and crowding turbulence of rain;  
The branches bend and drink,  
And bend again.

Tonight we walked past twilight through the trees,  
Olive-green, unshining, and unstirred they stood;  
Though silent always, they are voices for unnumbered songs;  
They are true wind-harps, and their strings are sweet,  
They play and live a symphony of flame,  
And rain and mist have called from them the beat of crystal gongs,  
Half-muted, and yet clear,  
A very sweet singling.
What I Expect To Get Out of College

By J. R. Adams

Men do not succeed or fail by chance. Where there is will, there are ways, for no difficulties are too great to surmount by determination. Caesar was no drifter. Coolidge did not waste that precious Element, Time. They were men of vision, these two, and the principles that placed them atop Life's ladder are those I have drawn up to guide my own ascent. I have crossed the Rubicon to College life; I have cast the dice, figuratively speaking; and it now rests upon myself to sink or swim, to live or die, survive or to perish. I know what I want, and how to get it.

What is to be success? Is it to be respected, useful, prosperous? Yes. Is it to be a savior to those in need, a guiding light for the inferior, a master of men and of one's Fate? Yes. Is it to leave an honored name that will long be respected, like Napoleon, the Kings of England (most of them), and the ever famous Presidents of our greatest nation on Earth, America? I say it is, and no thinking person will venture to deny that I am right.

How can College contribute to my high aim in Life? How can it make me a Caesar or a Coolidge? Just as the mighty Oak grows from the little acorn! I shall industriously contact, learning to know everyone on Campus and making myself trusted and admired. By my Junior year I shall be President of the Student Body, and no one will think of appointing committees or starting enterprises without my Leadership. In this way my College years will teach me to sway men and women (for their own good) in matters large or small.

So much for worldly success. But Man cannot live by bread only. What will it avail me to win worlds, if I lose my self-respect? I have not forgotten the intellectual, or Spiritual, side. I expect, after surveying the field of knowledge, to stake out the most valuable claim for myself. This will involve study in the library, and some association with College Professors. I am proud to be an American, and I want America to be proud of me. But of course I shall never become a grind. I cannot think of myself as Narrow, and so I hereby highly resolve to master at least the half dozen (6) most prominent Sciences, four (4) languages, the history (1) of the Universe, and Psychology—the master-key to self-mastery. Truly, every day in every way I shall be getting better and even better!

These things, in brief, constitute those things that I know I shall get out of College.
Beauty Is Only a Skin Game
By Robert Kennedy

Dear Dad,

Please send me enough money to buy a railroad ticket home. Dake University has become very obnoxious to me in the past few weeks, and because of a series of events, which I am very unhappy to recall, I am forced to postpone my college career.

Keep on reading, Dad, before you condemn my decision and don't get all riled up and make your indigestion worse. It isn't a matter of life and death whether I go to Dake or some other college, and the way things look it would be a lot easier on me to find an out of the way college where they haven't heard what has happened here. But as things stand right now, if I don't drop out quick I am apt to get a dishonorable discharge and queer my chances of going anywhere else to school. Start making out that check for me to come home on, and while you are doing it I'll tell you what happened.

I have lots of time to write this letter, since I haven't gone to class for a couple of days and have barely had courage to show my face long enough to get something to eat. Right now I have locked myself in my room and intend to stay here until your check arrives. Maybe you had better have the money sent by telegraph so it won't take so long. I really didn't do anything, but my conscience sort of hurts me and I feel like I fumbled in the end zone every time I see anybody.

It's a long story. In fact events that happened two months ago are part of the cause of all my troubles. You remember in one of my letters I told you that the Student Body Council had honored me by electing me to the office of editor of the Dake University Snorter, the college humor mag that is published twice a year. Well, every thing was going fine, and I was laughing my head off at my own jokes which I was putting in the Snorter. In fact, I was having one hell of a good time getting snoozy gossip about certain campus celebs. They always had a beauty contest sponsored by the Dake Snorter in past years, and far be it from me to not be progressive, so I put my soul into it and came out with this brilliant idea. In the other contests they always fell down because the girls couldn't get interested in having a couple of our old broken down profs look them over and pick out their good points. It seems that these profs kind of thought a beauty contest meant a brain contest too, and you should have seen the two moth eaten book ends that won last year. I decided to pep the old dump up. I wrote some flashy letters to Robert Failure, that new matinee idol out in
Hollywood, (using some official stationery) and asked him to be the judge for our contest. "Now, Bob," I said, "for the sake of old friendship and our alma mater (I found out later he never went to college) won't you please look over a bunch of photographs that I will send you. All you have to do is let your 25th secretary or your substitute office boy be the judge, and pick out the three best looking babes. The photos will be numbered on the back so no one can say that you were influenced by a name. After your helper has picked the three witches, I want you to write a letter telling the numbers which won, and sign your John Hancock sort of big."

Well, Dad, Failure's publicity man wrote back and said to go ahead and send the photos anytime, but to remember to give Failure lots of publicity and to send him one of the Snorters, in which I was going to put the winners' pictures. This was swell news and so I started running a lot of publicity in the paper about the handsome Failure going to be the judge, and you should have seen those vanity stricken gals strut their stuff. I gave the girls over a month to have their pictures taken, but I think half of all the girls enrolled turned in a photo by the first week.

In the meantime I was trying to make an impression on that Sonja Klaxon gal that I wrote you about. She sure is a honey of a girl, and I went for her like a man overboard from the first time I danced with her at that college "Get Together" dance. I wasn't doing bad if I do say so, despite the fact that half the Associated Men students were trying to date her out. I got next to the rail and held my position for every dance that came off the first month. But there were some of those millionaire playboys that were sure pushing me. Several times she went out with other guys to society shindigs, which I couldn't even crash let alone get an invite to. It kind of cut me deep to see her go out with other guys even when I knew I had a date coming up.

One day, about a week before the deadline that the gals pictures had to be in, I was going through a pile of newly arrived photos. About half way through I came to a beautiful photo of Sonja. It sure was a pip of a picture. Things looked plenty rosy, and I wouldn't have cared whether school kept or not as long as I could date Sonja. But I guess every time you get too happy something bad happens, and it sure did for me. Sonja broke a date with me to go with a big bloke she said was her cousin from the city. If he was her cousin I'm my own grandmother. I stayed home that night and got out my old "tripe" writer and let a few of my more hated big shots of the school have a typographical black eye for the sole benefit of the Snorter publication which was due to come.

The next day I saw Sonja on the campus, and asked her to go to a show with me that night. She said she would be glad to, and that put my kite up to the moon. I always figured that if a girl who has lots of chances to
go big places will consent to take in the one and only flea-bitten show in this town then she either loves you or is crazy. After the show that night we sat on her dorm steps and I got too romantic, I guess. Anyway she sort of seemed indifferent and that made me a little mad. Like a big sap I made some crack about the cousin gag, and the effect of breaking dates. She snapped back with the fact that it was really her cousin, but even if it hadn't have been she would still have gone out with him if she wanted to. In fact she thought I was taking too much for granted in even considering that I had any kind of a hold on her anyway. I decided that I was on the wrong track and so I got all nice again. I thought I was being clever in telling her how much I cared for her and how much I would do for her, for she sort of snuggled in closer to me saying it was kind of chilly. If I had any sense I would have continued the blarney angle, but I got a brilliant idea. (Those damned things are going to be my ruin yet.) I said that if she didn't believe that I would do big things for her I would show her by fixing it so she would win the Snorter beauty contest. I had no sooner got the words out of my mouth than she blew up. Such a tongue lashing as I did get. She accused me of being crooked, trying to win her by foul tactics, insulting her to think that she would accept such a questionable honor, and she ended up that she never wanted to see me and my corrupted ideas again, and slammed the door.

The end of that week I sent all the photos away to Failure. I felt so down in the dumps that I didn't care if he burned them all up and me with them. I flunked a couple of tests that next week, and couldn't seem to get interested in any of my work. I didn't give up trying to see Sonja, but the matron at the girl's dorm said that Sonja had left word that she would see anybody except me. Still I didn't give up and one afternoon I waited on her steps for two hours and finally caught her as she came out. She wouldn't listen to me, but being a pretty good salesman, I only had to walk six blocks beside her before she would notice me. Then I cornered her and told her I was sorry I had even mentioned the beauty contest, and she could probably win it anyway. Finally she consented to go with me to the Homecoming formal in two weeks. Boy, that sure made me glad, and I felt happy once more.

The next week I made some A's on tests and came to the conclusion that Sonja was just what the doctor ordered. I found plenty of time to talk to her every day at school and was progressing fine. I had forgotten all about the beauty contest till one night when I went up to my room and found a big box of the photos sent back from Hollywood. There was a letter there too, saying that number five had won first place, number six second place, number nine third place. It was signed just like I said with a great big Robert Failure. I grabbed my knife and opened the box in noth-
ing flat. The first picture on top was face down and was number five. I turned it over, and my heart did too—it was Sonja. I danced around the room, hollering until the other boys in the house thought I was really off. I kept my mouth shut next week and put the three winners and the letter in the Snorter, along with all the other stuff I had been compiling for months.

The day before it was to come out, I took the first edition and beat it home and got cleaned up. Then I took it over to Sonja's dorm to tell her the good news before she could see a copy the next day.

She met me down in the sitting room, and I didn't say a word, just handed her the mag. She said something about the fruits of my fertile brain, and began to look through it. When she opened the page and saw her own picture staring at her she gave a start, and then without saying a word, read Robert Failure's letter in which he said that number five had won first place. She stood up, her pretty little face getting all red, and then she threw the Snorter right in my pan. I was pretty embarrassed and couldn't say anything, but she said enough for both of us. I can't quote her for she certainly is fluent when she is mad. The gist of her speech was that I, your loving son, was no less than a deceitful, good for nothing, crooked, lying hypocrite who was trying to make her the laughing stock of the whole college. She started to cry, and I got up and tried to put my arms around her, but got a sock on the nose from the little vixen. I told her she had it all wrong and that I didn't fix it like she thought but that she had really won. This climaxed it, and she said that I was only rubbing it in and making it worse with more of my lies. Cad that I was, I could leave and never see her again. (Twice now from the same girl and I am still crazy about her; I must be nuts.)

Well, when the Snorter came out the next day, it was a big success, until some of those people I had made cracks at, began to put two and two together. They knew I had been making a seemingly unsuccessful play for Sonja, and this looked like a put up job. I had sort of rubbed it into some of the so-called big shots about the campus, and they couldn't take it. At the next Student Council meeting a committee of the "Students Organized To Eliminate Crime and Corruption on the Campus" brought up my case and presented damning evidence, which even though circumstantial was enough to convince the lame brain council members. I was asked to defend myself, but could only mutter that I was innocent. They voted and it passed by a four-fifths majority to remove me from editorship of the Snorter, and prohibit my participating in any other college activities. This made me feel bad, since all my friends believed it too, even though some of them stuck by me. I thought maybe I could find Sonja and get some sympathy, but I was wrong again. I didn't even have to look for her, she was looking for me. She wanted to tell me that I had ruined her reputa-
tion, and that none of the girls on the campus would have a thing to do with her. She hoped I was satisfied now that I had ruined both our chances.

I hope you can get this all straight, Dad, and please send the money as fast as you can, for I don't feel like sticking around here much longer.

Your very unhappy son,

George

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

George Lormier
Dake University
DEAR GEORGE,

$50.00 AT TELEGRAPH OFFICE STOP COME HOME AT ONCE STOP SORRY TO HEAR UNHAPPY STORY STOP LET THIS BE A LESSON STOP

LOVE, DAD.

Dear Dad,

I have decided not to come home. Everything looks rosy again. Right after I got your telegram I got a message from the President of the University asking me to come right over to his office. I figured that I was going to get officially kicked in the pants and told to scram. When I got over there I felt like throwing my hat in first, but taking a big breath I walked in. The President got out of his chair and stuck out his hand. I shook it in a daze, and then heard him tell me that I was completely exonerated from the offense that I had been unjustly accused of. It seems that the old bird was pretty wise and got hold of Sonja's picture and sent it by airmail to Robert Failure asking him to reply immediately as to whether this was the girl which he had chosen as first prize winner. The Prexy showed me a return airmail in which Failure not only cleared my name, but also said that his studio wanted to give Sonja a screen test. The result of this was that I took the letter over and found Sonja, who was packing to leave too, and when I showed her the truth she grabbed me around the neck and gave me a great big kiss. Needless to say I gave her several in return.

The paper the next day apologized for the Student Body Councils' verdict and stated that I had been reinstated as the editor of the Snorter, and that the beautiful Sonja Klaxon had not only won this beauty contest but had also been offered a screen test.

I forgot to thank you, Dad, for the $50.00 which I used to buy Sonja an engagement ring with. Sonja thinks your swell, Dad, and so do I.

Your very happy son,

George.