

# EL PORTAL



**SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE**  
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# EL PORTAL

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## **LONGING**

I never see a broad, flat plain,  
A soft, dirt road, a slope of growing green,  
Or some small trail, that upward leads  
Through miles of mysterious forests,  
But I think of the joy which would be mine  
Were I there, astride a fleet horse  
Galloping headlong, with the wind  
Of adventure singing in my ears.

## **SO MANY PASS**

So many pass this way and never see  
The fragile beauty that is cherished here,  
A gentle slope — a gleaming tree  
Guarding a brook that babbles crystal clear.  
These are its joys, but bitter sweet to me,  
Bringing an age-old summer day too near.  
I can't go blindly as the others do,  
For once I passed this lovely way with you.

## **SNOW IN CALIFORNIA**

Snow in California!  
White flakes fall daintily,  
Disappearing on hard sidewalks,  
Melting at our curious touch,  
Frosting the tops of shrubs and trees.  
Rosy children play in the snow,  
They have only known the sun—  
Laughing children of the West —  
See them chase those cold will-o-the-wisps,  
See the fluffy whiteness caught in their golden hair.  
Snow in California!  
Let's frolic with the children —  
We'll pretend it's May and the drifting flakes  
Are snowy apple blossoms.

**FRANCES AYRES**

# HYPOCRITES AND COLLEGE STUDENTS



**MILDRED KURTZ**

The greatest hypocrites in America today are not to be found among the politicians, but among the college students throughout the land. It's a paradoxical situation. In institutions where broad-mindedness and free speech should exist, one finds hypocrisy and deceit.

Of course, the students are forced into this duplicity because of the sheer necessity of making a grade; so it is, after all, understandable, but none the less deplorable.

You don't agree? All right; that's your privilege. But let's examine the situation.

Let us suppose, for purposes of discussion, that a student, Mr. A, is enrolled in a course in psychology. And let us suppose further that the professor in this particular course happens to be a foresworn enemy of Watsonian Behaviorism. All well and good. Mr. A, let us say, agrees because he would, personally, consign Watson and his writings to a special nook in Hades. So far, everything is all right.

But this same Mr. A is forced to take a course in education. The professor in this course regards Watson as the greatest psychologist the world has ever known. What then? The answer is obvious. Mr. A must believe in Watsonian Behaviorism for an hour each day and must demonstrate his belief through various examinations. In other words, he must lie to himself and to the world for one solid hour each day. What if he doesn't? You know, as well as I, what would happen. It's a case of the Jew forced to turn Gentile for bread.

But the evils of the system go further. Miss B, let us say, is compelled to take a course in history for some unknown reason. But, suppose history is to her as tripe is to some people nauseating. She must take the course and she must pass; so what does she do? She polishes apples — a whole barrel of them. If she's good, she gets away with it; if she isn't, it's just too bad. But whether she wins or loses, she is forced into hypocrisy for the sake of a grade.

Now, as a climax, let us consider the case of Mr. Z. He, for the good of his soul, is forced to take a laboratory science. But, suppose Mr. Z is the type of a person who regards Beethoven as a god and Victor Meyer as the Devil incarnate? Mr. Z is in a ticklish position. He must pass the course in order to get out of college; but, if he is forced to rely on his own talents, he'll flunk the course every time and stay in college forever. What does he do? To express it colloquially, he "graphites." By guess and by God (or by copying) he gets through.

How much good has been derived from his experience? Pre-



cious little. It has given him a very thorough foundation for a life of cheating — the boy is little more than a thief.

What is the solution? Well, perhaps there is none. We can't have automatons for professors and, as long as the professors must be human and are allowed to give a grade, we'll run against this need for deceit and flattery.

One thing could be done, however, and that is to abolish the grading system. Instead of receiving a grade in each course, we would receive a simple "passed" or "failed" at the end of the college career. This has some difficulties, but it does eliminate the personal favoritism that often enters into a grade.

The next reform would be the abolition of prescribed curricula. This would diminish the cheating, lying, and apple-polishing so prevalent among the students today.

Of course, the ideal educational system, like the ideal anything, is a mere figment of man's imagination.



## WELLINGTON DATES AN ANGEL

JEAN VERA SMITH

Wellington had a date!

For years and years, ever since he was fourteen and she thirteen, Wellington had wanted to "date" Mary Martha, and now that he had really done it, at the age of seventeen, with his new suit all pressed and waiting, he felt terrible. Once, crossing the bay on a ferry, he had been bountifully and miserably seasick, and now he had the very same feeling, only worse. He had been seven years old at the time, but he could still remember it. His father — holding him over the rail by his suspenders, while three ugly, tittering little girls stood behind him and watched.

Now he had only to think of Mary Martha — her gorgeous eyes, her extraordinary hair, her exquisite lips — he had only to think of her name itself and his stomach would begin to gyrate. Love! At last.

The night came. Wellington knew that it must finally come. He knew that time passes, — that minutes grow from seconds, and weeks from days. He knew that at last the momentous day and hour would arrive. In fact, he was almost afraid that it would sneak up behind him and find him unready, — with a cold, perhaps, or a rash on his tenderly nurtured chin. However, on the night of June the eighteenth,

Wellington was ready, and none of his fears had been fulfilled. He was ready. And waiting. He had been ready and waiting except for a few minor details, ever since seven o'clock, and the date was for eight-thirty. He had eaten very little dinner, and now he stood before the mirror, setting a reluctant wave into the front of his hair. Suddenly he paused, comb in air, eyes focused on a picture raggedly torn from a newspaper and inserted into the mirror frame. It was a rather blurred and inky photograph of a girl, all smile and lacy hat, beneath it a fragment of the inscription read:

Miss Mary Martha Manning Opens Ten.....

It had been taken last year at the tennis tournament that was a part of "Greater Bayton Week." Mary Martha, as Queen of Bayton, had thrown the first ball.

However blurred and indistinct the photo was, it had become a shrine to Wellington. Now he gazed at it intently. His upraised arm fell to his side.

"Mary Martha," he breathed, "you are an angel."

He paused and looked into the mirror intently. He raised his eyebrows a trifle, and continued:

"Never have I seen anyone as beautiful as you. Oh, Mary Martha, I love you. Honest, I can't....." The door opened, and Wellington wheeled about, redder of countenance than would have been thought possible.

"Welly, dear, are you ready?" His mother smiled sweetly and advanced into the room. "It's almost 8:25, and you mustn't keep Mary Martha waiting, you know."

"Welly, dear," growled that radiant personage. "How many times, for gosh sake, do I have to ask you please to call me by my right name? As if that wasn't bad enough without making it worse."

"Oh, Welly—I mean Wellington—I'm so sorry, but I just will seem to forget. My, what a lovely wave you have in your hair! Here, let me fix it for you."

"No sir, no! It's all right. It came by itself, anyway. Gee, Ma, please go out, wontcha? I'm not half dressed."

"Oh, I thought you were all ready. All right, dear, I'll go. But kiss mother, first. I don't suppose I'll be your sweetheart much longer, now you're taking the girls out, will I?.....My, what a peck! Well, have a good time, dear, and don't forget to take a handkerchief". The door closed softly behind her. Wellington turned.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated softly. He picked up the comb and began to obliterate the lovely wave.

Mary Martha herself opened the door for him. She was much more beautiful than he had ever thought possible. Her cheeks were soft and glowing, and she had on a long, blue dress of some shimmer-



ing, quite unearthly material. Wellington, gazing at her in an extremity of adoration, felt himself entirely inadequate.

"Hello, Wellington. My, you look grand! Won't you come in?" Mary Martha extended a cool and velvety hand. Wellington found himself being helped through the doorway and into the living room, which was completely filled with two strange people, whom he had known all his life, Mr. and Mrs. Manning.

"I'm sure you know Wellington Beyers, Mother and Dad. Sit down, Well, while I get my coat." Her smile was a thing of beauty.

"Thanks, I guess I will." Wellington subsided into the nearest chair, a rocker, which immediately propelled itself into motion. Wellington, reddening, helped it to stop, for Mr. Manning was speaking. Gosh, he was yelling, almost!

"Nice weather we're having, isn't it, Mr. Beyers?"

"Mr. Beyers! Imagine that!

"Gosh yes, I'll say. That is, if it doesn't rain," he added, after a moment of serious thought.

"And how is your mother?" Mrs. Manning seemed perfectly composed. Funny, she didn't seem to realize that this evening was a crisis in her daughter's life.

"Uh, well, she's fine. Just fine, thanks."

And then Mary Martha floated down the stairs, and he arose. She took his arm, which became electrically charged on the instant.

"Shall we go, Welly?" She smiled at her parents over her left shoulder. "Goodnight, Parents. See you later."

"Goodnight, Mr. and Mrs. Manning," said Wellington as, with the delightful weight upon his arm, he approached the door. He stumbled over a small rug and stooped to fix it.

"Oh, goodness, you've lost something." Mary Martha picked up a small object from the floor. It was a pink comb with blue and yellow flowers all over the top. He had borrowed it from his mother, having lost his own. He had evidently stuck it into his pocket after combing his hair. Gosh, she must think he was awful vain, or something!

"Give it here," he sighed in resignation. Something seemed to be all wrong. He had a faint desire to begin all over.

"Oh, no." Mary Martha's eyes were wide. "I'm going to keep it for a souvenir." She put it carefully into her purse.

"Gee, honest?" Wellington's cup was very full once more.

"Sure. Well, come on, or we'll never get to the show." They emerged from the house and got into the car without mishap. The car, surprisingly, started at once. Wellington, full to repletion with ecstasy, suddenly desired to sneeze. His hand fumbled hurriedly and he grew apopleptic. Then he exploded freely and magnificently. He had forgotten his handkerchief!



They arrived at the theater in time to see the last part of the picture, which made the ensuing few reels very complicated and somehow mystifying to Wellington. But Mary Martha seemed to get the point almost at once, and laughed quite often. So Wellington laughed when she did, a little apologetically. Once he was caught, however, for Mary Martha coughed instead of laughing, and Wellington's congenial guffaw sounded amazingly solitary.

"Why, Wellington," Mary Martha whispered, "what was funny about that part? I didn't see anything funny. I must have missed it."

"Uh. . . , well, it reminded me of something else, I guess," he whispered back, and throughout the rest of the picture he remained stoically solemn.

During the intermission and the advertising, Wellington looked around a little. There were other couples in the loges near them, and most of them seemed to be holding hands. He glanced apprehensively at Mary Martha, but she was powdering her nose, and didn't seem to notice anything amiss. He wondered if she expected him to hold her hand, or anything. She was awfully popular, but this was only his first date. Gosh, wouldn't it be swell if he could hold her hand? When the newsreel came on, Wellington glanced down. Her hands were lying carelessly on the arms of the chair, and she seemed to be entirely engrossed in the picture. He lifted his hand and then, shaking, let it fall again. He couldn't possibly do it. But maybe she expected it, and he wanted her to have a good time. Verily, he would have willingly gone down to his death in accomplishing that end. He clenched his teeth and, moving over a little, laid his arm against hers, his fingers just touching her own soft ones. But Mary Martha had him wrong. She took her arm away and whispered:

"I'm sorry, Welly; I didn't mean to take up so much room."

Good gosh! She thought he wanted to rest his arm. How in heck did you get around to holding a girl's hand, anyway? Wellington decided to watch the show and learn something, maybe.

After the show, which was pretty terrible, Wellington, feeling a returning weakness, had suggested that they go to Murray's and have a soda.

"Well," said Mary Martha, "I'm really not very hungry. Besides I suspect that the place will be full of high school kids at this time of night. Couldn't we take a little ride, instead? Then we could be alone."

And so they were now rolling slowly through the outskirts of Bayton, past fragrant fields, and also dairy farms. Mary Martha had slid quite close to Wellington, but he kept his eyes carefully on the road ahead. It was a very beautiful road. It led to the old quarry,

up above Silver Lake, and it would soon begin to wind in and out between low foothills and mountain orchards. Now it was lined with tall, dark eucalyptus trees, through which the narrow moon shone golden.

Wellington, regarding the scene, felt something rising up within him. It was like being seasick, only it was somehow much sweeter and more meaningful. It was the glory of the summer night, and the nearness of Mary Martha. He felt as though he must express this delightful new sensation to her.

"You know," he began, "I think that . . . . ."

"Ooooo . . . ahhh. Oh dear, how awful of me to yawn like that. I must be sleepy. What were you saying, Welly?"

"I was just going to say that it looks like rain tonight. When the stars look like that, it's almost bound to rain."

"Really?"

"Uh-huh."

"Goodness, I don't see how you can tell. How dooooo . . . .  
ah! Oh, dear, there I go, yawning again. I guess I'm kind of cold, too."

"Gee, that's too bad. Wait, I'll get the robe for you."

"But wouldn't it be awful if it did rain, Welly? I don't suppose you'd go in if it did, would you?" Mary Martha's voice was low and very thoughtful.

"What?"

"Oh. Why . . . I mean, . . . . you always used to like to play around outside when it rained, didn't you?"

"Oh! Oh, yeah. Gee, I think it's swell to get your face all wet and chase around in it, don't you?"

"I'm afraid not; it always takes the wave out of my hair."

"Gosh, that's too bad."

"Yes, isn't it?"

Silence. For about five long minutes. Then:

"Welly, do you sing?"

"Uh? Why, gosh, I don't think so. Only in church, I sing then. Hymns, you know."

"A hymn would be rather inappropriate at this point, wouldn't it — or would it? Anyway, it's too bad that you don't sing, because I thought maybe you'd sing to me, Welly dear."

The "dear" did it. The car spurted forward in a sudden burst of speed. Just then, a nocturnally venturesome cat, according to feline custom attempted to cross the road in front of the car at the last possible moment. With a horrible yowling, it met the dust and was no more.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mary Martha. "Oh, Wellington, you



brute! You've killed that poor, dear cat. Oh, I think you're awful!" He slowed down a little.

"Gosh, Mary Martha, I didn't mean it. Gee, I just sort of got startled and stepped on it! You're not mad, are you?"

"I want you to take me home, Wellington Beyers, before you kill me too." Mary Martha was very stern.

"Well, all right. But we've just got started." The wail in his tone was more than pathetic. It was a little laughable.

Wellington managed to turn the car around with negligible damage to the fences by the wayside. Their own equilibrium was quite considerably insulted, however, and, as for Wellington, he could have wept. The rest of the journey passed in a deep, noiseless discomfort. However, as the lights of the Manning residence swung into view, Wellington felt something soft and warm at his side. It was Mary Martha.

"Welly, dear, do forgive me. I've been horrid. But I was so shocked when you ran over the cat. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Miracle, unbelievable magic!

"Oh s-sure!" gulped Wellington and, having arrived at that instant before the house, he ran over the curbing quite deftly, leveling two small hawthorne trees and a large bush that happened to be in the way.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mary Martha closed the door and leaned limply into the living-room, where her parents were still sitting.

"Back again once more. Physically sound, but mentally not at all what she used to be."

Her parents sighed. Her mother rose and prepared to follow her daughter from the room.

"I wonder," she remarked, "how Wellington is feeling."

"Terribly happy, I suppose." Mary Martha stopped in the doorway. "But I! I feel precisely as though I had been swimming slowly through a large pond, full of very thick cottage cheese. Goodnight, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, I'm going to bed. . . . !"

Wellington deposited himself and his brilliant pajamas carefully into bed. He felt as though he might break into bits if not handled with care. In one hand he held a tattered newspaper clipping.

"Gee, what an angel!" sighed weary Welly. "And not only that, but I'm pretty sure she's crazy about me, too!" The silent air was undenyng.

Welly, the conqueror, turned out the light.

## THE FAME OF MONTAGUE

Sir Montague of Weatherfane,  
Proud of his line and ancient name,  
Tired one day of the court so gay  
And built him a castle far away.  
Where the aged virgin forest stood  
He raised the castle of Inglewood.  
Of granite grey was each massive wall  
High over the forest turrets tall;  
Within were halls and gardens gay  
Where pleasure whiled the hours away;  
Around the whole were waters wide  
Where the moat was bounded by stony sides  
"Now," said Sir Montague the Vain,  
"Never shall perish my noble name.  
But men shall look at this stately pile,  
Saying admiringly all the while,  
'Ah yes, this place of aged fame  
Was built by the Knight of Weatherfane,  
The noblest of the ancient name,  
Sir Montague of Wetherfane.' "

A hundred summers have flowered and gone.  
The castle lies ruined, ravaged, and worn.  
The ivy has clambered all around  
Pulling the great walls to the ground.  
The moat is choked with granite gray.  
The halls are gone into grim decay.  
The roses bloom among vast blocks  
Long ago quarried from solid rock.  
Trees are growing straight and high  
Where steps lead up to the open sky.  
Grass and flowers grow in the court  
And field mice round their holes cavort  
Where once the deeply baying hounds  
Greeted the hunt with leaps and bounds.  
The wood-cutter passing the mossy mound  
Or wading the bog with a swishing sound  
Remembers a tale of long ago  
Of the builder whose name he does not know;  
How he raised a monument to fame  
That he might preserve his forgotten name.  
And the thrush at twilight sings the thought  
Which ancient wise men preached and taught:  
"Our names are forgotten all and one,  
"Tis only our deeds will ever live on."



# SCIENTIFIC EATING



**NANCY TAYLOR**

"Take a pinch of powdered iron and add it to two tablespoons of dried alfalfa. Add this mixture to three well-beaten vitamins. Shape into cakes and place in the sun to dry for several weeks. Then serve with skimmed milk." I found this recipe in the magazine named YOUR BODY, TEETH, ESOPHAGUS, STOMACH, DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, AND LIVER — HOW DO YOU FEED THEM? This is typical of the food that the scientific eaters advocate. Do you think that you would care to live on such food? Somehow it does not appeal to me. Of course I shouldn't want to contract scurvy, but I shall not become a victim of scientific eating.

There are several kinds of scientific eaters. There are the anti-salters, the anti-meaters, the anti-sweeteners, the anti-palatable fooders. There are the raw-fooders, the overcooked-fooders, the dried-up leathery-fooders. About the only new thing for someone to start is the no-fooders. I think this is what I shall start when I begin my course in scientific eating.

I shouldn't care one way or the other about scientific eating if only its followers would not try to make converts of all the people they know. I can't help being bothered by the person who casts a longing eye on my well-salted meat and well-sugared dessert, and says, "You wouldn't eat that food the way you do if you knew what I do about eating. That salt and meat will give you high blood pressure, and that sugar will give you diabetes. You had better be careful." Of course he can't convert me, but he can succeed in spoiling my meal.

People of this sort are among the world's most serious pests and should be combated as rodents, grain smuts, and grasshoppers are. Just what method would be the most effective in eliminating them is yet doubtful, but I am sure that modern science could find some remedy in time. Think what a comfortable place this world would be if all scientific eaters were banished to somewhere else!

People who boast of the length of time since they have eaten meat belong in the same class as people who go about bragging about their cold plunge or shower every morning. These things are all right for the hardy (or is it the foolish?) souls who want to do them, but why on earth should they want to inflict their misery on everyone else. Is the trite old saying, "Misery loves company" true? I fear it is.

I have known several of these scientific eaters quite well, and I am sure that their lot is a very unhappy one, for they all look underfed and worried. I wonder if just the worried people take up scien-

tific eating, or if scientific eating induces worry? The only thing I am sure of is that they know of more things that can afflict them; consequently they have more diseases and ailments to dread.

The only advantage eating has, so far as I can see, is that it makes well-read persons out of its followers. True, the reading is mostly pamphlets on new health foods or new diets, but this reading is very enlightening and instructive. Also this type of writing is an excellent source of good examples of hyperboles and euphemisms. Perhaps this is why scientific eating has as many followers as it has. There must be some good reason to induce such martyrdom. What some people will do to be well informed is surprising.



## HOW TO EAT A GRAPEFRUIT

DELOS C. WOLFE

In order to eat a grapefruit the following accessories are necessary:

1/2 grapefruit.

1 spoon.

1 liking for grapefruit.

It is possible to proceed without the spoon and the liking, but the grapefruit is essential. For the present we will assume that the reader is both rich and healthy. He is thus able to afford a spoon and possess an appetite.

Some authors list a mouth under the list of accessories, but an extensive survey has brought out the fact that a mouth is not necessary for the assimilation of grapefruit. Many persons have become adept at absorbing the juice through the skin of the face, the eyes, the nose, and even the ears. \*

These methods are highly technical and are not for the layman. We must confine our article to the fundamentals.

The grapefruit usually occupies a place on the breakfast table between one's coffee and a platter of toast. Some experts contend that more contrast can be obtained by placing the grapefruit right next to the caviar. But the best people are not eating caviar at breakfast this season, and the rest of us can't afford it; so there you are.

Grasp the grapefruit laxly in the right hand and the spoon gently in the left. Insert the spoon into the grapefruit with a twisting motion. Withdraw the spoon, release the grapefruit, and wipe off the wall-paper before the juice soaks in.

\* Some grapefruit experts catch the juice on their neckties, where it is stored until needed by the body cells.



There is a simple method of preventing a grapefruit from squirting. Simply place a mound of sugar on the grapefruit and proceed as before.

The sugar facilitates matters. It not only stops the squirting, but by the time you eat the sugar you will no longer care to eat the grapefruit. You can put the grapefruit back into the ice-box and save it for the next sitting. A clever grapefruit eater will use one grapefruit for months and months.

If you are not interested in technique, and merely wish to down the grapefruit in order to fill your tummy with nasty little vitamins, I suggest that you buy prepared grapefruit juice, or swallow the grapefruit whole.



## TWO ON A RAFT

JANET HARTMANSHENN

It was with regret that I parted with my Englishman. I call him "my Englishman" because it is the only way I have of distinguishing him from my other acquaintances; I never learned his real name.

A traveler, upon seeing my chance acquaintance, would inevitably say: "Humph, a typical Britisher." Exactly. He was a solid-looking, stately gentleman, with his muscles apparent beneath his well-tailored tweed suit. He was one of those people one rarely meets, whose age never seems to enter the situation. He was equally charming on the dance floor, tennis courts, or in the kitchen wiping the dishes for me after a game of bridge. It was on one of these occasions in the kitchen that he told me an interesting tale.

The situation was rather unusual. There they were — the three people — floating on their life-raft over the barren, rolling sea — Huneker, Huneker's wife Dortha, and Darst. They were an irritable, sullen company, bound together by mere destiny. For a week they had been suffering beneath the grinning sun, trying to frustate its burning glare with their thin clothes of the tropics. For a week they had spent every waking moment in a hopeful search for some distant horizon. The nights had been a relief from the sun, but, nevertheless, of little rest. Only the brooding silences seemed real — and always the gentle undulating swell of the Pacific.

The three had been on the mail boat, "Chelsea", bound from Humphrey Island to Starbuck. The "Chelsea" struck a reef and went down on the first day out of port. Both Darst and Heneker, in trying to save Dortha, grabbed part of the hatch and threw it far from the sinking ship. Dortha swam out to it, and they behind her.

The man and his wife were on their way to see about their di-

voiced; Darst was going along in order to claim his prize as soon as it was legitimate.

The Hunekers had been happy enough on their island till the new representative for the sugar company came. Darst was the sort of man who couldn't control his impulse to fascinate the nearest available woman. Well, he had won again; that was the reason they were going to Starbuck. A divorce was the only thing; the three agreed on that. They understood one another perfectly.

But there on the raft things seemed different — unreal — fantastic — like a haunted dream. The raft just floating lazily about the South Seas. No food, and the water low. The days slipping by — two three, four . . . each one ending with hope deferred till the morrow. They knew themselves to be in the path of the trading vessels — but the hours passed with less congeniality on the raft. Life was reduced to the raw. Human nature, under stress, revealed itself starkly. Darst grew wild-eyed and sullen, fearful. Huneker was stolid, the same as ever.

Dortha maintained silence in her corner of the raft. But under the camouflage of her silence, her mind was teeming with thoughts; she reviewed the recent events of her life, and covertly studied the men. She took her three sips of luke-warm water a day with the men. She refused to follow Huneker's advice that she take part of his portion and observed Darst's eyes flicker strangely during the brief discussion of the matter.

They drifted by numerous atolls — dozens of them, but the Pacific refused to cast the raft up on any of the coral beaches. The sea held them jealously; it seemed desirous of exacting a toll of them as it bore them aimlessly about in the region of the equator.

It was on the seventh night that Huneker found Darst at the canvas bag that they kept the precious water in. It seemed to Huneker that Darst was always awake when the other two were sleeping. Darst never slept, only lay staring at the sea or sometimes at Dortha. Now, Huneker looked in the bag; Darst had greedily swallowed the last drop, and now stood staring fiercely at Huneker.

The wife was awakened from a light sleep by the noise of the fight. Half-delirious, she sat back on her heels and watched the two men facing each other with their beastly expressions of hate. As she sat there, strangely excited with expectation and fear, she realized that it would be a fight to the finish. Suddenly the veneer of the tropical night disappeared, and she realized that one fought for himself, the other for a woman — for her.

Huneker was slightly the larger and stronger of the two, but Darst was as active and supple as a jaguar and was strengthened by the water he had drunk. Huneker had thought to toss him quickly from the raft, but Darst, with an almost instantaneous movement



drew a small knife from the front of his shirt. Dortha sat silently in indecision — did Huneker see the knife? — What could she do to stop them? Darst was gaining, he might—. Quick as a flash, Dortha stood up and with all the strength she could muster together, lunged at Darst, her eyes following him until the last vestige of his white shirt had faded imperceptibly into the silvery sheen of the water. In the pale, early dawn of another blazing day she laid her head on the victor's shoulder and sobbed in hysterical relief.

That morning the "Mataiwa Maiden", trading in sugar and hemp, picked up the two from the bobbing raft and brought them back to Humphrey Island; the ship's doctor meanwhile did his best to disinfect the knife wound which Huneker had received from Darst. . . .

I gazed with admiration at him when he had finished. Here was a man who had been places, seen sights, and could tell thrilling tales.

"That was so vivid," I declared. "I almost had the feeling of seeing those people on the raft. Tell me — did you ever happen to know any of those people, or where the Hunekers are now?"

My Englishman smiled briefly. Then he pushed his sleeve up and showed me a long, white scar upon his forearm.



## LIKE UNTO A CHILD

A child's delight when first its eyes behold  
The flitting of a dark-winged butterfly  
Across the grass to orange marigold  
Is captured in a singing, happy cry  
Of "Look!" The child though it is wisely told  
The lore of dusty wings does not know why  
Such beauty does its being all enfold  
And draws from out its heart a smile. Imply,  
Oh those who will, that man is fool to stand  
In reverence before unfathomableness  
And in the mystery of this world's plan  
To take delight. To drink from Beauty's hand  
The proffered quaff from streams of loveliness  
I'd sooner stay a child than grow to man.

MARY HILL

# THE RICH DOCTOR



## BURTON KITCHEN

23 Dr. Eastman had been rich, but his wealth had not been in this  
24 world's goods — nothing on which you could lay your hands. It  
30 couldn't be said that he had been worth a certain amount in money,  
14 for he had had barely enough on which to live. His riches had been  
19 something that was in the man himself — something that put him far  
21 above the man who had a million dollars and lived a life of ease.

Dr. Eastman's offices were in a small room adjoining the old  
village livery stable. Most of the instruments that were to be used in  
his profession he could put in his medicine bag. His grey, shaggy, unkempt hair, ragged clothes, and coarse manner gave him the appearance of a common man of the streets. The people who came to him were of the lower class; the poor cobbler, the indolent people of the streets and even the village drunkard were given the best care the doctor was capable of giving. Never did he question anyone in regard to finances. His duty was to aid them. The money could come later, and if it never came no bill was sent out. Many times he arose in the middle of the night to make long trips into the back country to visit a sick friend, knowing quite well that he would never be paid for his trouble.

As time went on the little office room was needed in the stable, and the old doctor moved his offices upstairs. The board which advertised his profession was changed to read: "Dr. Eastman. His office is now upstairs."

For a few months longer he managed to keep going. Then one day his friends missed him. They thought he might be out of town. A few days passed, and these faithful persons became anxious and went up the dark, dusty stairs to his rooms. There on his ragged bed he lay — dead. He had caught a cold while out on a call during the winter night, and it had developed into pneumonia. By the side of the bed lay his record book and his stub of a pencil. After each name he had written, probably in his last conscious moments, "Paid in full."

They buried him in the pauper cemetery. No great procession of carriages filled with people from the social world followed his remains to the grave. His procession consisted of the poor of the city, and they walked. The only wreaths on his grave were made from the wild flowers and grasses gathered by his friends.



When everything was over they thought there should be a head piece of some kind on his grave. But where were they to get the money? All of his personal belongings had been sold to pay for his burial. Then the village drunkard, who happened to be sober for once in his life, had an idea. Why not put the old doctor's sign over his grave? So they fastened his "shingle" on an old fence post and placed it over his last resting place.

To this day, even after so many years of rain and wind, these words are faintly visible — "Dr. Eastman. His office is now upstairs."



## A BITTER CATALOG OF UGLY THINGS

I would make a list to match the evil days  
Of ugly things to hold in memory;  
First set I down my own revealing face,  
(Earth has no braver thing than modesty),  
And next I add for want of company,  
The swift mosquito and the song she sings  
Of great carnivorous thirst intent on me —  
So runs my catalog of ugly things.

The strong magnolia bloom so aching sweet,  
A plate of stifling spinach freshly hot,  
These of all great insults man must meet  
Do by their very nature head the lot.  
Then William Wordsworth, his dull misery,  
And next the poison oak that summer brings,  
For these among great pains the greatest be —  
So runs my catalog of ugly things.

### Envoi —

Princess, it doesn't matter what we think  
Of high and mighty barons, queens and kings;  
You'll never have to scrub a greasy sink!  
So runs my catalog of ugly things.

**ALICE R. SHOWP**

## **“SURE, I’VE BEEN TO MEXICO”**

**L. A. PRYOR**

Most Californians who do any motoring at all have been into Mexico at some time during their tours.

“Yes, we’ve been to Mexico,” but that is about all most of us are able to say in regard to our Mexican tours. This is generally true of any one who has been in the Southern Republic.

In fact, the average American seldom gets more than a mile or so over the boundary. Most of the males from the Land of the Free, see their Mexico only as a reflection—a reflection created by the mirror over the bar, beneath which sallow-faced Mexicans labor to quench the thirst of “Gringos” whose home land has decreed, “Thou shalt not—.”

In spite of the limits of Mr. American Public’s Mexican explorations, the territory covered by him has an individuality all of its own. The two pleasure spots frequented by far Westerners in this land of cactus and drowsiness are Tia Juana and the elaborate Agua Caliente. These havens of refuge for parched throats and gambling instincts lie but a mile or two over the border. Tia Juana is closer. Agua Caliente is about four miles farther south.

Crossing the international border line is a simple procedure. One passes a line of American Border Patrol Police without question. A few yards further—over the line—one is halted by a swarthy pair of Mexican “Officieros,” resplendent in their olive drab uniforms and gold badges. They inspect car and passengers for dutiable goods, and then give permission to pass.

Between the boundary and the outskirts of Tia Juana there is a wide arroyo or dry river bed. Undoubtedly this depression is officially termed a river, for it resembles the rest of the rivers of that section in as much as it is seldom disturbed by the presence of water in its bed.

It is fitting and proper, at this point, to relate an incident concerning one of these Volstead rivers in that part of the world. A group of public spirited citizens of Los Angeles County petitioned the authorities to have the Los Angeles River stocked with appropriate game fish. This the Parks Commission proceeded to do, but in a few days after stocking the river they were forced to remove the fish from this water course. The reason for the removal was hundreds of complaints from residents near the river. These people declared that the fish kicked up so much dust in the river that it made life generally miserable for those living near the “stream.”

In spite of its outward drab and unattractive appearance, Tia Juana has a type of life or air that is not found elsewhere. A devil-may-care spirit is the town’s very soul. Voices of all nationalities and



descriptions rattle through the dry air.

It is said that the regular inhabitants of the place do eat solid food, but where they procure it is a mystery. All of the establishments vend only one form of merchandise—over the bar and in the bottle.

The cafes are perennially crowded with loud-mouthed yet good-natured patrons who seek entertainment. Painted, gaudy Mexican "ladies" dance—if it may be called that—for the customers, accompanied by the tuneless blattings of an orchestra that would be better off dead.

Every otherwise unoccupied corner is filled by some form of mechanical gambling device or slot machine. The streams of small coins flowing into these machines never cease. In sharp contrast to the inward flow of coins is the reluctance of the outfits to disgorge returns on one's investments.

The Foreign Club is Tia Juana's largest gambling establishment. Housed in an attractive old Spanish style building, it is the mecca of the smaller fry of gamblers. Inside it is a stuffy, closely packed den of tobacco smoke and humanity. The crowds around the gambling tables never diminish, but continue to pour their money into the coffers of the house. Frozen-faced Mexicans clad in sombre black uniforms operate the games; their faces seldom emerging from that immobility that is so characteristic of the professional gambler. The amounts bet in various forms of gambling in Tia Juana range between five cents and a quarter-dollar, but larger bets may be placed if one cares to do so. United States money is the general medium of exchange.

The four-mile drive from Tia Juana to Agua Caliente is to many unattractive. The road is an excellent piece of concrete highway lined with billboards declaiming merits of popular local beverages. Here and there the squalid shack of some Mexican family is seen. Seldom is one of these dwellings without a half dozen or so dirty juvenile offspring playing around the place.

One comes upon Agua Caliente very unexpectedly. This fashionable resort lies in a small valley. On one side of the valley are the world-famous dog and horse race tracks; across the way lie the hotel, cafe, and sporting rooms.

The luxuriant beauty of this place is breath-taking. The buildings are of tile and stucco done in the old Spanish style and are surrounded by semi-tropical gardens. These gardens themselves represent a modest fortune. Uniformed attendants politely show one to a vacant parking space for his car. All of this is in sharp contrast to the drab and run-down Tia Juana.

This is strictly a rendezvous of the moneyed class. Custom-built automobiles driven by liveried chauffeurs are seen everywhere. A private landing field and hangars are available to those arriving by air. No detail has been spared to make this place correct in the super-critical eyes of its wealthy clientele. Even rare tropical birds, their gorgeous plumage resplendent in the sunlight, are kept in the grounds to

give the place an air of grandeur.

The resort buildings are in the shape of a U; the center of the U is the beautiful hotel; the arms of the U are respectively the gaming rooms, bar and cafe, and the swimming pool across the court.

To describe this place further would be ineffective; it must be seen to be fully appreciated. A few general facts concerning this haven may help to fill out this incomplete picture, to make for a more vivid conception of it.

Agua Caliente is the sporting center of the west-coast movie colony. One dollar is the minimum amount that may be placed on the tables. Fortunes are lost—and sometimes won—every night on these tables. Old ladies and men play roulette by the hour, placing upwards of \$25.00 at every spin of the white ball in the slotted wheel. The game tenders are resplendently clothed in tuxedos of latest cut and style.

The elaborate bar with its etched mirror and silver fittings and rare woods dispenses beverages at prices that would buy more than a full meal in a good restaurant. One's cocktail is held by a goblet worth the price of a tank full of gasoline.

The swimming tank and baths are masterpieces of the tile setter's art. The amount invested in this tank would buy two or three pools of average construction.

And so on—yet the earnings of the race tracks and gaming tables are making the owners multi-millionaires. One pays dear for this luxury. A famous champion boxer is reputed to have lost a fortune of seven figures—a fortune gained by sacrificing the best years of his life to the strenuous duties of the ring — on the tables at Agua Caliente. His boxing days are over — his gambling instinct has cost him his financial independence.

It would do well to note a few facts regarding the process of returning from this part of Mexico to California. The acts and procedure of the American Border Patrol are amusing and interesting, if not tragic, to some revelers attempting to transplant Mexico-gained joy and attitude to U. S. A. Other homeward bound pilgrims to the land of the nineteen amendments forget, apparently, to put the devil behind them, and many such devils are located by the officers in glass containers about their cars and persons. For this heresy one spends long days and restless nights as an enforced guest of his Uncle Samuel. The long arm of American Law utilizes the walking the straight and narrow, in this case a white line, to determine the state of sobriety of certain returning prodigals to home and God.

These places of fast living and hilarity owe their all to the laws of the great Republic to the north. Without a doubt these towns will ever continue in their popularity. It is a good thing to visit this little piece of the earth once, but real Americans do not make more than one or two trips to these places, for "Yankeeland" is so infinitely more attractive than these "pueblos."



# I HAVE NO RESPECT FOR MY ELDERS



**ANONYMOUS**

The worst thing about growing old is that everyone tries to be nice to you, which is the very thing that turns a lot of the finest humans into general nuisances.

I have seen it happen in my own family to fine men and women who have been good scouts all their lives. They had the usual failings of course, fibbed, boasted, pouted, loafed, started rows, made fools of themselves — but, as long as they were twenty, thirty, or forty, folks treated them normally. They were criticized, contradicted, razzed, and told where to head in. All of this kept them sensible, simple, and regular.

Then along came the Fatal Fifties and Sixties and everyone else decided they were Getting Old — and “age must be respected.” The ranks of the G. A. R. began to thin and Grandfather began making more speeches and sitting nearer the flag on the platform. The criticism and the razzing stopped. There were no more battles. No matter what they said — no matter how unfair or disagreeable or silly or lazy they became — everyone agreed with them and excused them. They were given the best seats and shielded from worry and unpleasantness.

What has happened to Grandfather? Exactly what would have happened if he had received the same unwholesome consideration and exemption at twenty or forty. He has become pampered, selfish, opinionated, and generally ornery.

I believe you kill something in anyone as soon as you start coddling him. By that coddling you are cutting him off from things that keep him alive and interested in life — from competition and constructive criticism and all the rude, stimulating human adventure.

I can see no reason why a normal, intelligent human being of fifty, sixty, or seventy should not be treated like a regular person. He is just as able to stand an occasional bawling out as he ever was, and needs it just as much.

Personally, I hope people won't be nice to me when I grow old. Nothing demoralizes me more than a lot of admiration, sympathy, and politeness. I don't respect old age, because it seems to me respect is not a favor, but a tragic handicap.

So I say (with all due respect for my elders) treat them Regular.

# AN INDIAN FUNERAL



CLYDE THURSTON

Civilization has brought a complex problem to the Digger Indians. Modes of living do not constitute the problem. How the white man dies and is buried causes the primitive man some confusion. Implicit confidence characterized the Indian's religious faith before the Christian missionaries presumed to teach him doctrines which cast the insidious shadow of doubt over the ancient funeral customs of his fathers.

It is no uncommon sight, therefore, to see an Indian funeral which is half pagan and half Christian, as I have seen in Lake county. It occurs when one of the tribe dies who has, in a nominal degree, accepted the imported faith. In such cases the wishes of the tribe must be respected; the Great Spirit must be placated; the many evil spirits must be diverted from the final resting place of the dead, and—in honor of the dead one's faith in the white man's god—the teaching of the missionaries must be obeyed. They wish to insure the safe conduct of the spirit in the last day, when "the trumpet shall sound" and the faithful shall be caught up in the sky to live in eternal glory and brightness in heaven.

When death occurs the first concern of the tribe is to fulfill the requirements of their most ancient teaching. No sooner has life ended than the ceremony begins—if it can be called a ceremony. Wailing chants, weird howls, and shrieks of despair intermingle throughout the day and night as long as the corpse is unburied. The object of the noise is to keep evil spirits from entering the body of the deceased.

The funeral march is especially interesting. The women of the tribe go first. They continue the moaning, howling, and shrieking, but that alone is not trusted to clear the path of evil spirits. Any lurking demon is driven away by the additional exercise of shaking their fingers as they walk. The joints of the fingers are held loosely while the hands are shaken from the wrists with a vertical movement and at the same time the hands are moved back and forth on a horizontal plane. Thus every devil is routed.

Next in the procession comes the corpse. The government requires the services of an undertaker to prepare the body for burial; but they will not use the white man's hearse. The casket is transported in an old spring-wagon drawn by two ponies. According to tribal custom two men ride on the coffin, though for what purpose I do not know.



The men follow the wagon. They try to make it appear as though it were purely accidental that they are going in that direction. Evil spirits must not be given any clue as to their real objective. So they shamble along in single file, strung out for several hundred yards. Most of them keep their eyes on the ground and are strangely quiet, in striking contrast to the noisy women. When the grave is reached the men do not gather closely around the center of interest. A few intermingle with the women, but most of them scatter over a large area and assume indifferent attitudes.

The burial ground is unusual to one accustomed to flowered plots laid out with geometric exactness. An unfenced corner of a field is filled with mounds of dirt rounded up full in the middle and pointed at each end, shaped somewhat like a canoe turned bottom side up. The well-kept graves are free from vegetation and some of them are covered with canvas. The mounds are scattered around with characteristic disorder, various distances apart and at different angles.

This is the final ceremony, as I saw it.

The funeral procession drew up around an unadorned, crudely dug grave. The women greatly increased their noise while the casket was being lowered to its place. After a few minutes of heart-rending wailing a signal from the matron produced an astonishing result. As quickly and as completely as though the entire group were controlled by a single switch the noise stopped. There was not a single note of delayed mourning, not an after-wail—all was silent. The intermission in the pagan rites was in honor of the other religion represented in the assembly. All that had occurred was according to tribal customs which had been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. Pagan beliefs and pagan ceremonies had had their inning; now Christianity was given a chance.

A minister, quiet of manner, in direct contrast to the uproar of the Indians, stepped forward, book in hand, and said, "Let us pray." Of all the audience only the undertaker bowed his head while the Christian called upon his God to bless the grieving one with consolation and a knowledge of the truth. If any Indian joined in the prayer or was "en rapport" with the minister the mental harmony was not shown by any facial expression, by any bowed head, or by any noticeable token such as we are accustomed to expect. Every Digger maintained complete silence and immobile posture. The prayer was followed by reading from the Bible and a short sermon designed to give the hearers an understanding of the passage which had been read. The Indians continued with blank faces throughout the Christian rites. And then the imported religion had had its inning; the minister retreated to his place behind the undertaker, and — the squaws went into action again.

The intermission in the pagan rites gave the mourners new vigor; the grave had been unguarded from evil spirits for several minutes; the climax of the service, the grave march, was near the time for general mourning was nearly passed. All inducements necessary for intense wailing were present and the women wailed. For five minutes they outdid all the unearthly noises that I had ever heard.

Those who take part in the grave march are six or eight of the nearest female relatives of the deceased and the chief mourner, a character worthy of special notice. The chief mourner ranks high in the tribe and is much different from the other women. She wears neatly fitted clothing, shakes her hands with professional grace, and mourns at every funeral — for pay — with evident indifference. Her importance becomes more evident when we see that the other women try to copy her movements and her voice.

The mission of the little group of mourners is to drive all evil spirits from the open grave. As the marchers get in order, in single file around the grave, all others cease mourning except for an occasional outbreak. And now the march is on! Around and around with monotonous tread, around and around! Many times they encircle the grave! The time stretches out. Yet, on they go, and on, around and around! The nearest relative of the dead has a special responsibility; she must tear her hair, scratch her face with her finger nails, and mourn until she falls exhausted. When she has spent herself and has fallen to the ground the grave march is ended. The respectability of the family has been preserved.

After the march four men began hastily filling the grave. As the four shoveled it in, the dirt was trod solidly by the two men who rode on the casket. Soon a canoe-shaped mound was made.

The eldest male relative of the deceased then came forward, stood by the mound, looked off into space, and began to speak. He appeared to be speaking to no one; he faced no one; no one listened to him. But he talked on and on for several minutes in a monotonous tone, without gesture or change of position. Suddenly he stopped talking and without looking at anyone walked away. The funeral was over.



## TO MARCIA

Marcia dear, you were  
Like a fine, crystal vase  
Of perfume, filling space  
With tones of fragrance.



Like a soft spring wind  
That sways everything  
Into a faint flutter.  
Like a bowl filled with blossoms,  
And they, like you,  
Lift their lovely heads and tempt  
A caress upon their exquisite faces.  
And sometimes you were  
Like a tiny wave that breaks  
Into sweet, rippling laughter.  
But now, you are  
A gay, gorgeous bird  
In many brilliant colors,  
And with a proud head  
And queenly flight  
You are gone from me.

**RUTH ADELLE ROBERTS**



## **BEYOND MONKEYS**

**DUNCAN A. HOLBERT**

Some years ago in Tennessee a teacher was arrested for assertedly telling his pupils that the monkey was an ancestor of man. The trial that followed was one of the most elaborate and most publicized the country has ever known. Thousands of dollars of the people's money was spent, and the time of many famous men was wasted. All that this travesty on justice proved was that the American people are the most colossally credulous mortals in the world. To make the decision still more idiotic, a law was passed in the State of Tennessee forbidding the teaching, or even the discussion of Evolution, one of the most logical and self-evident theories of the sciences.

The evolutionists and even that formerly obscure school teacher never maintained that man descended from apes. The purists and religious fanatics of New England so construed the meaning of the evolutionary theory, that for a while even we were led to believe an absurdity. Students of the evolutionary theory have always contended that man and apes arose from a common ancestor. Just what that ancestor was they have not, as yet, been able to discover.

However, the most ridiculous part is that these intemperately zealous people, who believed the Bible in its entirety, stopped with the ape, which is second only to man in cerebral development, and far superior in habits and many other respects. If we descend one more

branch of the evolutionary tree we find a remote, although closely related ancestor of man. It was a rather generalized reptile, quite large and lizard like! I don't know what your reactions are, but I would much rather admit my ancestry began with an ape-like creature, with a good brain and four good fingers and a thumb on each limb, than some coldblooded reptile with unattractive habits and a cephalic development governing only slow reflexes.

If this reptile forefather is not repulsive enough, we can go back one more branch, where we find a common ancestor in an amphibian. This creature resembled a large salamander. It lay all day in the hot, humid atmosphere, sleeping in the tall swamp grass bordering a steaming, stagnant lake. Occasionally it aroused itself from its lethargic slumber, and slid into the scummy water in search of food. Then when the cold winter came, it burrowed into some slimy mud-bank and lay dormant until the warmth of the new summer awakened it.

This progenitor of man recognized as its father a fish-like creature that swam the vast warm seas which covered the earth aeons ago. This primitive form was devoid of intelligence and lived but to eat and fight. It grew to great size and was seen in varied forms, but as the seas grew cooler and the sun shone less warmly, these forms either crawled clumsily up onto the land and became amphibious, or swam about for a time and gradually diminished in numbers.

The last branch is closer, nearer to the place where we jump off into the Unknown. On this last limb we find little things, small blobs of living jelly-like material, minute swimming animals, parasites, and colonies of simple forms, living on the rocks and shores of the prehistoric waters. The functions of these were, primarily, eating and reproducing. They must eat to be able to reproduce, and they must reproduce in order that from them might evolve fishes, amphibians, ape-like creatures, and finally, perhaps, man.



## **OUT OF THE NIGHT**

**MICHEL LIPMAN**

The tide was out. The night was cold, muggy with fog that changed the ancient street lights into dim blobs of translucent yellow. To the patrolman, shivering in his rubber slicker, and thumping solidly up and down the long dock, the dark harbor seemed but a great dark void. Not a single spark of light was reflected from the ebony water. From somewhere near the Point the melancholy groan of a fog horn lunged through the thick air. Down the street the warm interior of a cheap lunch room beckoned invitingly. As he drew near-



er, the odor of coffee reached out to tickle his nostrils. The patrolman went inside.

Underneath the pier where the freshly uncovered mud was still lush and soft, a man, a mass of rags and filth, was stirring from his resting place in the muck. Amid the tangle of unkempt beard a pair of lips moved slowly, as though unused to the task. "Jud . . . Jud . . . Nasty night. Lousy . . . Jud. God, I'm hungry . . ." Grotesquely the creature lumbered through the slush, clutching at the water-soaked piles to gaze out into the blackness, then slowly, a colossus come to life, he moved under wharf after wharf to an open space where garbage from the nearby ships was dumped. "On top, Jud. It's fresher. God, I'm hungry. . . ."

Scrambling over the pile, an ungainly monster, he began to paw about, fumbling with clumsy fingers in almost total darkness, touching a soft, pulpy mass. "Ah-h-h." Snatching it up, he held it to his nose, sniffing greedily. "Good. . . it's good, Jud." He crammed it in huge mouthfuls, wolfing noisily, eyes staring ahead into nothingness. The stench of decayed leavings was overpowering, but Jud seemed not to mind. He found a slab of melon rind, then a tin can half filled with some kind of putrescent meat. The gnawing in his stomach had ceased somewhat; he squatted on top of the refuse pile, and from some dim void in his mind, words came, faintly remembered:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine. . . ."

"Hah!" Jud laughed vacantly. "Words, Jud. How come you're always remembering words? A jug of wine! God, Jud, don't you wish you had a jug of wine?" And again from that opaque past came the mocking phrase:

"And David's lips are lockt, but in divine

High-piping Pehleve with Wine! Wine! Wine!

Red Wine. . . ."

Grimacing, Jud looked up. Above him on the pier he could see a solitary street light, glowering dully. "Why doncha go up, Jud? You got a right, haven't you? It's lousy enough down here, lousy enough. . ." For long minutes the creature gazed upward toward the dim light. Then he moved, uncouth and malodorous, up on drier ground to a place where cross bracing on a pier formed a natural ladder, and clambered heavily up. When he reached the top, he breathed heavily of the fog laden air and it sifted down into his lungs. A spasmodic cough seized him; for a few seconds he was convulsed with the rasping bark, and then he stumbled on down the street. "Quid est Catulle? quid moraris emori?"

Jud scratched vigorously at a filthy tangle of hair. "Lousy, Jud. God, what's it all about, anyway?" The hollow sound of footsteps on wet concrete echoed through the mist and Jud shrank into the

doorway of a dilapidated building long deserted. The footsteps pounded on by. It was a little warmer there, and Jud squatted down to rest.

Something cold and moist touched his hand, and he started back, then looked down to see a little dog, a poodle, sniffing curiously at him, tail wagging happily. Jud stared at it fascinated. He reached out a timid hand to touch it, then to pet it gingerly. The little dog climbed into his lap, looked up at him with friendly, red-rimmed eyes. "Look, Jud, the little fellow likes you!" From a pocket he took a tiny morsel of dry bread. "It's all I got, doggie. Here." He laughed emptily as the bread disappeared, but the laugh stopped short in his throat as the little poodle licked his rough fingers in gratitude. "He likes you, Jud!" This time the sound was more like a sob. A world of sympathy for this lonely poodle welled in him, an alien emotion that flowed from some inner spring long forgotten. He hugged the fuzzy creature to him, contented.

And then a harsh discordant note crashed into his consciousness. A stout woman, her fur coat askew, was running breathlessly toward him, followed by a puffing policeman. "There's my dog, officer. There's my little Franz Schubert. That filthy beast has stolen him! O, save my little Franz!" The officer grabbed Jud's shoulder, shaking him violently while the woman snatched up her pet, crying, "O Franz, my little darling, why did you jump out of the nice limousine, like that?"

The dog in her arms squirmed uneasily. The sight stirred Jud to unaccustomed audacity. "He's my dog," he cried, "I found him. He's mine, do you hear?"

"O-h-h-h!" The woman screamed in indignation. "Oh, you loathsome monster!" The policeman gave him a shove.

"G'wan, you. Beat it. Get out of here."

"He's my dog!" For answer, the policeman drove his club heavily into Jud's side, who collapsed, then scrambled to his feet and scuttled quickly away, spiderlike, along the deserted street, and down the ladder and into the shadows under the piers, a miserable, frustrated creature. He crawled to a dry patch of ground, and lay down, drawing his scanty coat tightly around him. Words in profusion came to his mind.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;  
That every hyacinth the garden wears  
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."

Jud's hoarse laugh turned into a hacking cough as he stared emptily into the pressing darkness.



# ON WRITING



RAYMOND M. RHODES

Action in this day has been granted a stellar place in the mind of the average person. He loves action. He watches a man striding along with a determined gusto, and immediately decides that that man will achieve. The snap-judgment talker also receives greater acclamation than the pensive thinker, at least, as far as the average person is concerned. Action is the thing.

It has always been thus. Samuel Taylor Coleridge says of Hamlet: "Shakespeare wishes to impress on us the truth that action is the chief end of existence—that no faculties of intellect, however brilliant, can be considered valuable, or indeed otherwise than as misfortunes, if they withdraw us from, or render us repugnant to, action, and lead us to think and think of doing, until the time has elapsed when we can do anything effectually."

Ordinarily speaking, that sounds very well; but let us qualify certain points of this statement. Let us use that statement as a basis for argument as to the best method of attaining success in the field of writing.

The readers of this article are, to a certain extent, interested in self-expression through writing, and, like myself, are mere fledglings in the art through which they wish to translate the emotions which desire expression.

Obviously, then in order to be able to translate emotions one must have experienced at least a majority of the emotions to be exemplified. To write of music that ripples and spirals with facile beauty, or throbs with weird harmonies, one must have lived with music. Isn't life like that, too? Life viewed from behind glass windows smacks of shallowness and frigidity and colorless thoughts—and vapidty.

On a basis of this philosophy, then, the most sound advice which could be given to an aspiring writer is, "Go out and live." Yes, live. Talk, dance, observe, find out about things.

That sounds very well too, and then we are faced suddenly by the fact that the most writing is **the product of thought** and **not the product of action**. Action may be the productive factor in erecting a building, in learning a foreign language or (with apologies to education) in taking notes during a lecture; but there was probably never a piece of literature, in any form, ever turned out that was not the result of hours of real thinking.

Thus when thought ends or becomes obstructed, for any reason at all, then must writing cease also. I firmly believe, with whatever strength my immature judgment can give me, that **action**, as an abstract thing, does obstruct thought. A situation seems entirely possible to me wherein a man may become so active that he ceases to think entirely. Obviously, then, with his thought so subordinated to **doing**, such a man **could** not produce literature.

Or, in an antithetical situation, a man might so completely free himself from acting that he might then devote his every energy to thinking. This man then, we would say, would be the more apt of the two at writing, since the basis of writing is thought.

However, to view these two hypothetical men, who have, by the way, entered into the argument of their own volition—to view them in a more practical light, it would seem that neither of them could write! The first one, the man of action, although he would probably be face to face with “material” at every instant of his daily routine, would not be participating in the thinking activity which would turn this material into properly interpreted writable form. And the other, the man of all-absorbing thought, would not be able to write either, for lack of the action which would bring him into contact with material.

The thinking activity, in so far as writing is concerned, is principally one of giving values. We may witness in the course of our lives a million incidents which are singular in their natures, and which would make excellent “material”. It is then the task of the writer to select from this host of events those particular incidents which are the most writable — the most literary. These incidents must, before they can become moulded into words, be run through the “mill of thought”. In this “mill” they are culled and shaped and cast into their proper form according to the weight and value which they bear. Only when the “milling process” has been well and thoroughly carried out will the finished product, that is the piece of literature, be masterful.

Keeping in mind the importance of this thought “mill” and the fact that it is basically an interpretive machine, let us consider the materials of which this “mill” is constructed. Since the basis of correct interpretation and valuation would be experience, we may presume that such a “mill” need be merely a great store-house of experiences. Certainly a person with a sterile sky-parlor is in no way equipped to state, “This is good — this is bad.”

Our argument, then, has again returned to the fact that “experience” is the all-important thing; here, however, we are blocked again, for man’s stay on earth is too limited to provide him with enough experience unless he lives a life of ACTION.



What, then, of the aspiring young writer who skips along with his head in the clouds sans experience, background, and insight. To write of the life surrounding him is oftentimes disastrous, for he lacks perspective. The brilliant rays given off by the immediate thing blind his keener senses.

The practical solution, then, for his predicament is to swell his store of experiences vicariously. Action, it is true, should enter in, but the emotions which may be gained through the vicarious means of reading should be the chief aim. Through this means the young writer may provide himself with a store of experiences — the "mill" through which he can run the events and occurrences of his writing life, either actual or synthetic, and draw therefrom the stuff of which his literature is to be composed.

Muscles are developed by using them — thought and the ability to think are developed in the same way. We have already agreed that thought is necessary to the effective working of the "mill." Let us then discipline ourselves to concentrated thought and reading.

We may, I think, say that the writer's "mill" is filled with the machinery of vast experiences, either personal or those engendered in reading, turned by the force of a well disciplined thought process. It is through such a mill as this that the great writers have put their "raw stuff" and produced their masterpieces, and it is just such a "mill" that the young writer must build for himself if he is to produce literature comparable to theirs.



## KATRINA LUKENBACK

The old Katrina Lukenback  
Today sailed out to sea,  
And in her pride I saw her mock  
The peaceful land and me.

She did not know the wanderlust  
That calls me from afar,  
The mystic nights in southern climes  
Across a moonlit bar.

She never dreamed I longed to wage  
Her battles with the gale,  
Or from the crow's nest up above  
Cry out, "A sail! A sail!"

But all that I shall ever see  
Is wall and windowed sky.  
Katrina Lukenback will come,  
Yes, come and pass me by.

**KATHERINE HODGES**

# EL COMEDOR ENCANTADO\*



EVELYN MAE GILLESPIE

79 High on the top of nowhere, with a sea of fog billowing and threatening at its feet, stands a massive edifice holding its two towers high up in the sky as if they were jeering at the howling of the cold, piercing North wind as it moans through the oak trees, through the palm trees, and through the cyprus trees, only to be stopped by the hard, unyielding walls.

Up the fog rolls higher and higher around the castle and seems to be about to reach these dignified towers when Dawn relinquishes her supremacy to the sun, fast peering over the tall mountains. Feeble shafts of sunbeams thrust their ethereal fingers through the fog and stretch them through the high oriel windows to fall on the floor of an impressive dining room.

A room which is dignified, commanding, and astonishing in its entirety. A room not cold like the walls outside but warmed by the contrasts of regal and cathedral ornamentations. A hall appropriate for the merry feasts of kings and queens of medieval dynasties. A hall in which, although no kings and queens have dined beneath its spacious roof, the laughter and talk of many famous persons have floated up to its high, hand-carved, gilded ceiling as some three score guests have gathered around the long, solid banquet tables brought from some ancient castle in Europe. A banquet-hall too vast for the human eye to see at one glance. A banquet-hall too supremely clothed to be treasured but by a few lovers of antique furniture, tapestries and paintings.

Those grand old worm-eaten pews along the walls could tell us an interesting story of their journey from some ancient church across the sea to this, their new home. That chest on an equally precious side-table could relate a merry tale of fine ladies, knights, and courtiers. Those banners and tapestries have hung on other walls in another setting; yet they blend here. Those candlesticks have been the light-bearers of some other family for many generations.

Everything has a history and gives to this room that feeling which only things mellowed by age can create. Ah, yes, the tall six foot fireplace looks old and even draughty, but this is not so when the logs are lit and the flames leap up to try to touch the chimney. The beautiful columns around the windows upon the sides of the hall add the cathedral touch to this setting. Sparking chandeliers dangle

\*Dining room of the La Cuesta Encantada, meaning The Enchanted Hill, home of Mr. W. R. Hearst at San Simeon, California.



from the ceiling. The balcony of stately pillars at one end of the room enhances the dignity and makes us dream of some fair lady looking down on her subjects.

We may have many dreams, and these treasures may have many interesting stories to tell, but the simple truth is that they have been gathered together by the will of one man to fulfill his dreams.

Outside the sun and bleak North wind merge forces and drive the fog from the sky. The hand of light gains strength and its fingers, filtering through the grates of the oriel windows, beckon to us, and we leave this regal room to its serene, lonely vigil until another night when the candles will shine, when the tables will be spread with delicious foods, when the straightback cushioned chairs will hold fair ladies and well-groomed men, when the flames in the fireplace will dance and play, and when the walls will shut out the billowing, threatening fog which climbs high up to this nowhere.



## LAW ENFORCEMENT

DICK BERTRANDIAS

With a smooth, powerful roar a shiny red motorcycle mounted by a trim figure in khaki uniform catapulted from a side street and swung into the wake of a large cream-colored roadster that had just flashed by — Officer Wally Hewitt was on the job. 144

"Hm," he muttered as he made the reading. "Forty-five in a fifteen mile zone." 144

He kicked the siren and as the unfortunate in the car ahead pulled over he drew along side. In the front seat, next to the young man who was driving, slumped a girl, apparently unconscious. 147

As the law looked questioningly at the driver, the fellow finally burst out nervously, "Please, officer, my wife has taken poison and I'm trying to get her to the hospital. Don't stop me now, for God's sake!" 150

Hewitt took in the situation and said, "O. K., fella, but you're going in the wrong direction for the emergency. Just turn around and follow me. Have you there in a hurry." 157

With that he swung his motor around, threw his siren wide open, and headed, screeching, at a dizzy speed thru the very heart of the metropolis. He turned, when opportunity accorded him a chance, to reassure himself that his charge was still following. 166

"Damn fool!" grumbled Hewitt as, at sixty-five he swung around the wrong side of a street-car and narrowly missed colliding

with an automobile; the driver, evidently becoming rattled by the siren had stalled in the middle of an intersection. "It's guys like him that get themselves killed."

As they swung careening around a corner the emergency hospital loomed into view and a speedy entrance was made via the emergency gate. Hewitt leaped from his motorcycle and even before the roadster had halted he started to reach in to lift the girl out. The victim was sitting upright and quite conscious of everything going on about her.

As the officer attempted to lift her out she shrank from his grasp and managed to force a little laugh. "Really, officer, I'm not poisoned. I was just—"

"Oh yeah?" he interrupted. "Well, sister, I've heard that one too many times. They all say the thing when they want to kick off. It's the stomach pump for you, baby; come out!" And with that he dragged her bodily from the car and started up the broad stone steps to the receiving room.

The girl kicked and fought like a little wild-cat, but she might as well have been pounding a stone wall.

"Put me down, you beast!" she commanded. "I don't want that nasty stomach pump!"

"I don't blame you one bit," Officer Hewitt condoled. "But if you've taken poison we can't let you die."

"Jimmie," she shrieked. "Jimmie, do something!"

But Jimmie seemed paralyzed, tongue-tied, and could do nothing but sit in the car and stare helplessly at the scene being enacted before his eyes; and he continued to stare as they disappeared within the building. His first move, from the time he had stopped the car, was to take out a handkerchief and wipe a perspiring brow; his second was to slump back in the seat seemingly exhausted.

As the struggling pair entered the building they were met in the hallway by Doc Sims, who gazed wonderingly at them over his hornrimmed glasses.

"What's up, Hewitt?" he asked.

"Poison case, Doc," came the answer.

"Doctor", cried the girl, "don't you believe this horrid policeman! — I haven't taken poison, I tell you! It's just a—."

She was cut short by the doctor's professionally soothing voice.

"Yes, Miss, I know you want to die now, but later you'll be so glad you didn't that you'll thank this policeman then. Right this way. What'd she take, Wally? Don't know, eh? Well, we'll soon find out. Stomach pump, nurse!"

He kept up a steady line of rote chatter, and strong and



willing hands grabbed the now hysterical girl and forced her on the table.

The scene that followed had better be left out, but in any event a stomach pump is anything but pleasant.

When the job was done the girl lay sobbing on a hospital cot while a very worried and anxious young man paced the halls outside her room.

In an adjoining laboratory an exceedingly puzzled doctor stared quizzically at a huge, blond, grinning specimen of the local police force.

"Say, Hewitt," he said sharply, "what kind of farce is this? There wasn't a trace of poison in that girl!"

The grin broadened. "We-ell, Doc," he drawled, "ya see, it was this way- s-sh! Wait a minute!" He motioned the doctor over by the door where he was standing. They pressed their ears to the crack. Voices could be heard outside.

First a woman's voice saying, "Jimmie, you're a coward, a fool, and I don't want to ever see your face again! Oh you—."

"But darling," the man's voice interrupted.

"Don't you darling me, you cad." Smack! It sounded very suspiciously as though someone had been slapped.

"But listen," the man's voice remonstrated, "I'll admit it wasn't such a hot idea, but I didn't know at the time that—." He was interrupted by a very loud smack. In fact it was much louder than the first.

"You and your ideas! Take me out of here this minute!"

The voices receded down the hallway. Behind a door two full grown men were splitting their sides in silent laughter.

"Wally," the doctor managed to say when he had got his breath, "you old son-of-a-gun! You knew it all the time."

"Ye-ah, I knew it, but I hate liars." He grinned beamingly. "And that was the best ticket I ever handed out!"



## IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

GENEVA PAYNE

Men call women "the weaker sex". It gives them a false sense of superiority which is an immeasurable balm to their eyes. Most men, although they do not usually admit it, really prefer the "clinging vine" type of woman. The sweet young thing who smiles helplessly and asks her escort to please tap her cigarette is certain to cause a flutter in the heart of the average male. He beams benevolently and wonders what she would do if he were not there.

What she would do would be to tap and light the cigarette very efficiently. He offers her the last one in his package and even manages to smile feebly when she, after a puff or two, calmly discards it.

If one considers the rules for conventional behavior, one finds the most of them have the comfort and respect of woman as their general purpose. These little courtesies are scarcely noticeable except when lacking, and then they are glaringly apparent. Women expect men to offer them seats in crowded street cars, and they look askance if a weary male, tired after a day's work in the office, remains seated and stares coldly out of the window. Custom has made such courtesy expected of men, and woe to the male who laughs in the face of convention!

The so-called equality brought about by the fact that women are now actively engaged in the business world is rather a farce. The stenographer usually has hopes of marrying the boss or his son. Too, if he scolds her, she can burst into a flood of tears which makes him feel like an ungrateful brute, and he apologizes. No matter how small or insignificant the business relation may be, women have a distinct advantage, and they usually are aware of it.

The laws of our nation, which are supposed to apply impartially, frequently favor women. The divorce laws, which make men pay for years because of a few moments of indiscretion, the so-called "intense mental cruelty", can hardly be called fair. Likewise under these laws a woman's property is her own, but a man's possessions are community property, and the wife is entitled to half and as much more as she can get. Children are usually given to the wife, and she need only sob tearfully of a mother's love in order to receive a handsome settlement for the children's "education". Breach of promise suits take care of "wronged women" who did not think to ask their fiances if they were already possessed of a wife. The young women usually find that their shattered hearts can be mended nicely by a check. The sum varies, not according to the degree of heartbreak, but according to the man's bank balance.

The old saying about woman's paying is fast becoming obsolete through the insistence of modern women on a single standard of morality. Whether the standard is high or low seems to be left to the individual. Thus one of the few and most important laws governing woman's behavior is losing its place. But women continue to demand deference from men. It is illogical but true. Men continue to wait upon women, and they like it. Women form clubs and talk about the wonderful way in which their sex is competing with the male, but they secretly admit their advantage. Men may derive pleasure from their pseudo-protective attitude, but, truly, it's a woman's world.





