







Bernice Klougluss Aug. 324

James A. Dwyer



James Edwin Addicott.

# The Polytechnic Journal

December, 1921

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*PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY*  
*by the ASSOCIATED STUDENTS*

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## DEDICATION

*The Associated Student Body of the Polytechnic High School Dedicates the December, 1921, Journal to the Senior Classes, who, in times of stress, assumed the management of this publication.*

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# The Faculty of the Polytechnic High School

JAMES E. ADDICOTT, Principal.

MISS G. HAWKINS, Vice-Principal, Dean of Girls

MISS J. D. KENNEDY, Secretary.

J. E. Bale.....	M. D.	B. B. Libby.....	
G. W. Bannister.....	Shop	E. N. Mabrey.....	Science
E. W. Barker.....	M. D.	Miss L. I. McDermott.....	Dom. Art
Miss N. Beebe.....	Lang.	Miss M. G. McGee.....	Lang.
Miss E. M. Bell.....	Eng.	Miss E. McNab.....	Head Dom. Art
J. G. Bentel.....	Science	W. McKnight.....	Phys. Ed.
Miss K. B. Bishop.....	Art	J. J. McTiernan.....	Shop
Miss E. L. Brown.....	Science	A. J. Martin.....	Math.
Miss G. L. Brown.....	Phys. Ed.	Miss P. J. Maschio.....	Study
Mrs. E. M. Bushnell.....	Head Art Dept.	P. J. Mohr.....	Head Math.
Miss N. L. Campbell.....	Dom. Art	P. F. Moore.....	Shops
Miss A. Cerf.....	Lang.	Miss H. L. Morin.....	Science
R. H. Coon.....	Science	Miss R. Murdoch.....	Art
D. Cox.....	Phys. Ed.	N. P. Neilson.....	Head Phys. Ed.
Miss E. M. Dahl.....	Art	W. Q. Osburn.....	Science
J. L. Dixon.....	Eng.	Miss L. H. Pechin.....	Lang.
Miss I. M. Duff.....	Hist.	Miss E. E. Pence.....	Head Lang.
A. Dunaway.....	R. O. T. C.	F. E. Perham.....	Head Eng.
F. L. Emerson.....	M. D.	J. J. Pronati.....	Lang.
W. J. Gannon.....	Eng.	Mrs. A. H. Raymond.....	Art
J. G. Garrison.....		Mrs. R. G. Robb.....	Science
R. R. Gesell.....	Phys. Ed.	Miss L. M. Robinson.....	Music
Miss T. C. Gleeson.....	Eng.	Miss A. H. Rother.....	Music
Miss E. S. Goeller.....	Art	C. E. Rust.....	Shop
Miss H. M. Grace.....	Eng.	J. B. Sanders.....	Math.
W. J. Graham.....	M. D.	L. M. Scott.....	Hist.
Miss M. E. Gray.....	Eng.	Miss E. Smittle.....	Eng.
S. S. Greenleaf.....	Eng.	F. Stockton.....	Science
Miss M. E. Hall.....	Art	Miss E. M. Strange.....	Math.
H. E. Harris.....	M. D.	A. R. Sutherland.....	Shop
T. B. Healy.....	Shop	Miss A. Tabrett.....	Eng.
L. J. Henrich.....	Science	C. R. Tinsley.....	Shop
E. Howe.....	Dom. Art.	C. C. Walker.....	Head M. D.
G. C. Ingelow.....	Hist.	J. R. Watson.....	Lang.
A. L. Jordan.....	Head Science	R. B. Weaver.....	Head Shop
Miss C. G. Kelly.....	Math.	Miss R. V. Winnek.....	Dom. Art
A. D. King.....	Math.	W. Wirt.....	Math.
B. P. Lamb.....	R. O. T. C.	Miss F. Wolfenbarger.....	Art
C. J. Lamp.....	Music	Miss M. Wood.....	Dom. Art
Miss V. O. Lawrence.....	Art	Miss H. Woodhull.....	Phys. Ed.

*Edith M. ...*

*Sumner L. Brown*

*L. M. Scott  
a.o. p.d.o. org.*

*Elizabeth ...*

# Editorials



*Leon Adams*

AS long as Polytechnic Alumni of days gone by can remember, the Journal has been issued semi-annually by the Organized Student Body.

At the beginning of the great war, when our city, like every other on the face of the earth, began to devote its energies to the support of the warring powers, and our Student Body, upset by the departure of many of its members to fight, was unable to devote its attention to the management of the Journal, the Senior Class of June '18 took charge of the book.

With the publication of the first edition to be managed by the Seniors, a new custom was inaugurated. By means of various benefits, and an assessment upon each member of the class, the June '18 number was printed without advertisements. The practice has since been followed, until, as our own little world returns to normalcy, the Student Body has again resumed control, putting into practice the former method of financing the Journal.

A self-supporting publication is proven to be more practical than one which is entirely dependent for the amount of its cost upon subscription or assessment. It is evident that advertisements, if properly arranged, worded, and illustrated, are rather an improvement than a detriment to the appearance of a magazine. In our effort to put out a book of quality with benefit to the staff as well as to the readers, we receive fully as much valuable experience in the procuring and in the printing of advertisements as in any other branch of this work.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Student Body of Polytechnic has this term been more successful than ever before, not only in athletics, but in every activity in which it has entered. A school paper surpassing any in the city in size and in quality has been published regularly every two weeks. Plans have been approved for our Stadium and construction will soon be under way. One successful play has already been put forth by the Drama Club, with a second scheduled for a date in the near future. Twelve babies have been adopted throughout the school, money for their support being pledged by the various classes. The list of achievements of this term includes so many victories that they defy enumeration.

However, above all these accomplishments, athletic and otherwise, there stands one never surpassed in Polytechnic. A slight decrease in the size of the Student Body has brought about an honorable "School Spirit." It has been evident everywhere, on the athletic field, at rallies and at public gatherings; and our greatest wish is to see it stay.



*W. A. Rainey, Jr.*



*Thelma  
Bates*

*THE JOURNAL STAFF*

Our aim this term has been to publish a Journal surpassing any in the vicinity in quality and in size. If we have succeeded, the credit is due, not only to the writing staff, but to Miss Elizabeth Smittle of the English Department, because of whose untiring efforts the Journal has gone to press on time and without shortage of material. To print a book of this size and with as many cuts would have been impossible, but for William Rainey, Jr., who as Business Manager solicited a large part of the advertising himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the Sierra Art and Engraving Company, we are indebted for their willing advice and excellent work on the cuts. We extend also our appreciation to the Carlisle Printing Company and to Bushnell's for their efforts to help us.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drawings in this edition have been furnished by pupils of the Art Department under the direction of Miss Shotwell Goeller and Isador Koblik, President of the Poster Club. All football pictures and many others have been furnished by Irving and Raymond Moulin, the school's star photographers. The portion of the book devoted to athletics has been ably handled by Ed Pimley, while Elwood Squires has taken care of the jokes. All the literary efforts have been contributed by students who have attended school this term, while all other writing has been done almost entirely by the Associate Staff. Those who have given their valued assistance as members of the class in Advanced Journalism are Bernice Brown, Lillian Christiansen, Bernice Windt, Thelma Bates, Agnes Smith, George Bray, Howard O'Neil, Erwin Morrison, and Henry Cantlen.

## The Student Body

THE adoption of our twin mascots, Albert and Arthur, the introduction of the stadium plans, and our athletic successes may be mentioned as the most outstanding accomplishments of the student body this term. The total of babies adopted runs up to twelve, the largest of any San Francisco high school.

The voters of the school showed their good judgment in the selection of their officers. In our President, James Rolph III, we find a worker thinking only of Poly. While we were enjoying our two-weeks' vacation, Jimmie was practicing oral expression before the Park Commission. This resulted in the granting of a stadium to the schools of the city. One of the largest rallies ever held here was in celebration of this event, with the Mayor and many distinguished visitors present.

Assisting President Rolph is Edith Bepler, vice-president of the general association and ex-officio president of the girls. Edith has had a wonderful influence, and her sensible advice has settled many an argument.

The constitution says that the second vice-president is chairman of the finance committee. Lillian Christiansen has held this office and has handled its affairs in her usual efficient manner.

The treasurer is Frank Graham Hasty, but we prefer plain "Graham". He has been one of the best and most popular boys who ever came to Poly. His task was a difficult one. To collect dues was bad enough, but to keep the books balanced and all the different funds separate was worse. Treasurer Hasty has done his work well and deserves the thanks of every one whom he has served. Some one suggested that, out of respect to our treasurer, the twins be brought up on graham crackers. Arlington Ansbro acted as secretary and may yet suffer from writer's cramp. His love for arguing made the meetings much more interesting.

John Sermattei has done the work of the custodian well. Improvements were made in certain properties, and all were accounted for before he left office. Only once did he fail in what was asked of him and that was when he refused to be custodian of the babies!

Coleman Francis, the athletic manager, may be called a prince of a fellow. All athletic affairs were carefully looked after by "Smoke" and the coaches.

The faculty member, Miss Gleeson, and the banker, Mr. Dixon, have been of immeasurable value to us. Their advice has saved many a mistake and has helped formulate many a wise plan.

## The Girls' Student Body

The work of this organization interests the girls most, but touches the entire school. Under the leadership of the president, Edith Bepler, the work has been done quietly and thoroughly. The aim has been to raise the standards of the girls and to stimulate a spirit of "getting acquainted" and comradeship among them.

It is the work of the vice-president which benefits the entire school. Bernice Brown has held that office and as chairman of the dance committee has planned all of the dances of the term. When Bernice graduates this term it will leave a vacancy that will be hard to fill.



GRAHAM HASTY  
TREASURER



JAMES ROLPH  
PRESIDENT



EDITH BEPLER  
VICE PRESIDENT



ARLINGTON ANSBRO  
SECRETARY



BERNICE BROWN  
VICE PRESIDENT  
GIRLS STUDENT BODY



AGNES SMITH  
TREASURER  
GIRLS STUDENT BODY



HAZEL BERTELSON  
SECRETARY  
GIRLS STUDENT BODY



LOUISE GARREN  
GIRLS ATHLETIC  
MANAGER



MISS T. C. GLEESON  
FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE



LILLIAN CHRISTIANSON  
SECOND VICE PRESIDENT



JOHN SERMATTEI  
CUSTODIAN



COLEMAN FRANCIS  
ATHLETIC MANAGER

The secretary, Hazel Bertelsen, and the treasurer, Agnes Smith, have had less work to do. The athletic manager, Louise Garren, has supervised, with the teachers of physical education, the girls athletics.

Miss Hawkins has been dean and friend of the girls again. Very few lower classmen realize how much she is interested in our affairs, but the Senior girls appreciate her kind help and advice.

The girls jynx and various rallies have been planned and successfully carried through by the girls own organization during the term. The rest room has been of service to many girl students, and is being improved every semester. The girls are finding more and more satisfaction in this organization devoted entirely to their own needs and its function is becoming more important each year.

## Our Babies

Though our school is referred to as the "Polytechnic High School" we have twelve young persons varying in age from three months to four years. Rather young to go to high school you say. Yes, but they attend only occasionally, for they are charity babies adopted by the school.

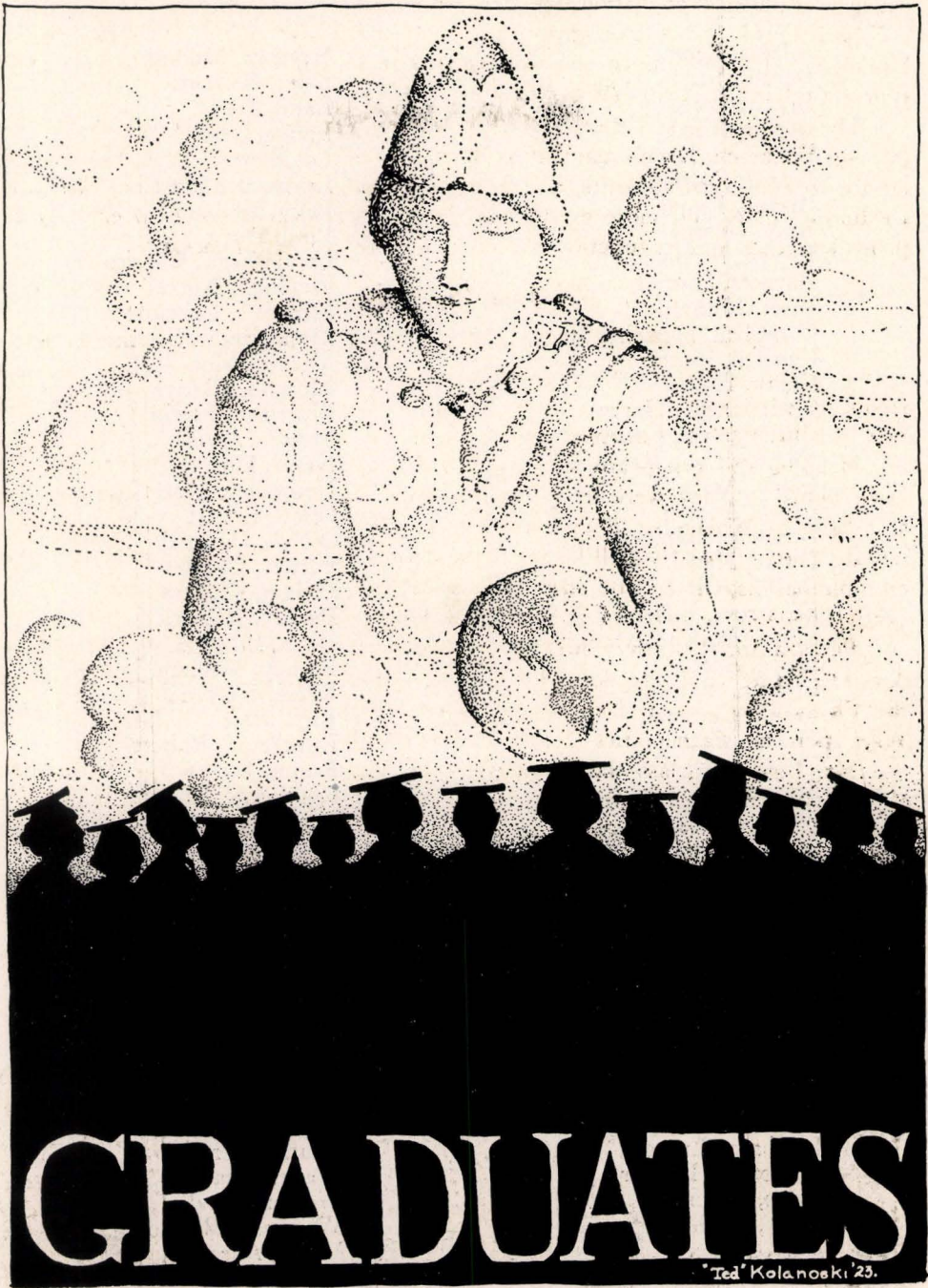
Heading this group are four-year-old Albert and Arthur, referred to as the "two twins". They were introduced to their eighteen hundred foster parents at a rally on November 2, and won the hearts of all. Arthur announced with infinite disdain that the yell leaders were acting silly, but he must have changed his opinion judging by his efforts to imitate the yell leader, and especially to capture his huge megaphone at the Lowell-Poly game.

Patricia and Dorothy, three and four months old, belong to the Household Arts Department, as also does Hattie, "the Campbell Kid". Gymmie belongs to the Physical Education Department, while Louis Matthew, "Math" for short, looks upon the Mathematics Department as his godfather.

Mr. Ingelów's class claims little French Marie, who is just twenty months old. Buddy, Soledad, Eleanor and Louis, who is red-headed and a year old, are being fed according to scientific formulae and looked after generally by the Physiology classes.

This matter of adopting babies has created more widespread interest and enthusiasm than anything that has occurred this term. This is surely an illustration of the best kind of school spirit. We are proud of having the highest record among the city schools with our twelve babies and we are proud of our babies. Can you blame us? Look at their pictures!





Ted Kolanoski '23.

## The Class of December '21

Adams, Leon  
Barnes, Fred  
Beach, Edice  
Bepler, Edith  
Bertelsen, Hazel  
Bianchi, Alfred  
Bishop, Lloyd  
Bray, George  
Brown, Bernice  
Burnett, Harold  
Bush, Mildred  
Campbell, Herschel  
Cantlen, Henry  
Cherk, Homer  
Christiansen, Harry  
Christiansen, Lillian  
Christiansen, Raymond  
Clark, Anita  
Croce, Adelyn  
Döcher, Ralph  
Drake, Hazel  
DuBois, Clair  
Eckstrom, Eileen  
Edmonds, Katherine  
Ennis, Antone  
Epstein, Nathalie  
Frank, Clarence  
Freitas, Edgar  
Freudenthal, Felix  
Freyermuth, George  
Fung, Frank  
Gershenson, Maurice  
Gist, Forrest  
Giusto, Benedict  
Giusto, Frank  
Goerlich, Elizabeth  
Grayson, Vera  
Hasty, Graham  
Herold, Evelyn  
Hetherington, Marie  
Hogberg, Ingemar  
Hoin, Myrtle  
Hughes, Hollis  
Jacobson, Ernest  
Johnstone, Herbert  
Jones, Kenneth  
Kelly, Kathryn  
Kett, Frederick  
Keville, Maxwell  
Koblik, Isador

Krysiak, Modest  
Laist, Richard  
Lane, Fred  
Lange, Otto  
Lee, Leroy  
Levin, Bradford  
Levy, William  
Lind, Doris  
Louderback, Charles  
McHugh, Naomi  
Michaels, Charlotte  
Molkenbuhr, Seamon  
Moore, Billie  
Morgan, Gladys  
Morrison, Erwin  
Moulin, Irving  
Nagel, Harry  
Neumiller, Lester  
Olsen, Ernest  
O'Neil, Howard  
Packer, Charles  
Pichon, Thelma  
Pimley, Edward  
Quon, Edward  
Raine, William, Jr.  
Reese, Evelyn  
Rich, Ross  
Robertson, Robert  
Rolph, James  
Roseberry, Robert  
Sack, Agnes  
Scheuck, Marie  
Schneider, Charles  
Sermattei, John  
Sexton, Florence  
Shopes, Eugene  
Sierra, Eugene  
Smith, Agnes  
Syvertsen, Rob  
Terry, Clara  
Terry, Edward  
Tinkler, George  
Todt, Alfred  
Trumpower, Leo  
Wade, Rita  
Weiller, Lurel  
Weinman, Randolph  
Weiss, Abraham  
Wilde, Doris  
Ybarra, Fernando



Kathryn Kelly  
*Sincerely Kathryn Kelly*  
Maurice Gershenson



Edice Beach  
*Edice Beach*  
Edward Terry



Eileen Eckstrom  
*Eileen Eckstrom*  
Fred Lane



Hazel Bertelsen  
*Hazel Bertelsen*  
Bradford Levin



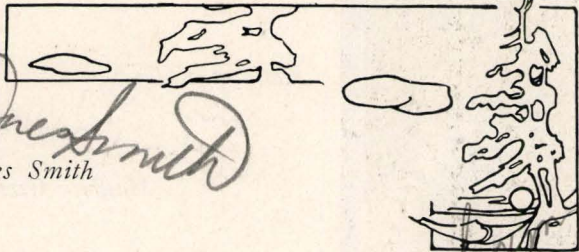
Hollis Hughes  
*Hollis Hughes*  
Leroy Lee



*Lucia*



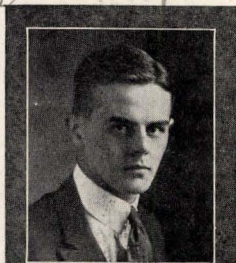
*Agnes Smith*  
Agnes Smith



*Vera Grayson*  
Vera Grayson

*of Graham Hasty*

Graham Hasty



*Naomi McHugh*  
Naomi McHugh

*Ralph Doscher*  
Sincerely,  
Ralph Doscher



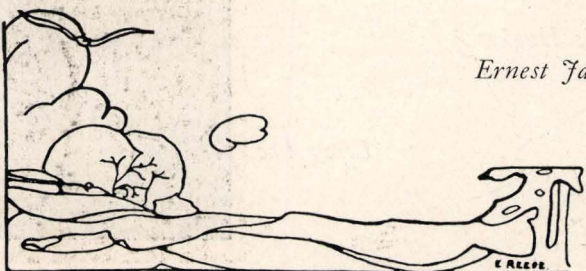
Doris Lind

*Doris Lind*

Leon Adams



Ernest Jacobson



*Thelma Pichon*



*Katherine Edmonds*  
*Katherine Edmonds*



*Thelma Pichon*



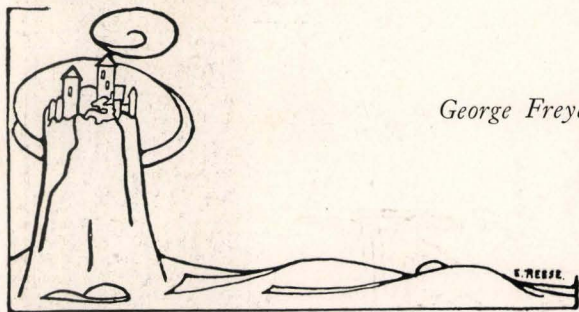
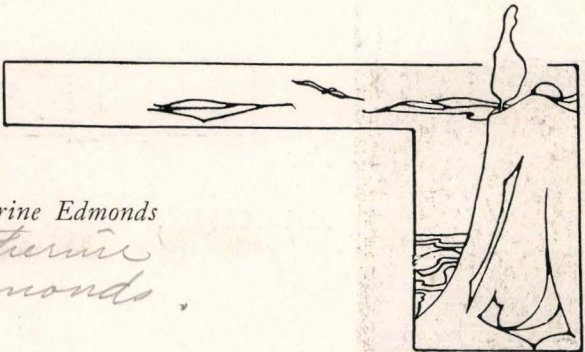
*Edith Bepler*



*Doris Wilde*  
*Doris Wilde*

*Lester Neumiller*

*George Freyermuth*



*James Rolph III*

*James Rolph*

*Harry Christiansen*



Anita Clark

*Anita Clark*



Adelyn Croce

*Adelyn Croce*



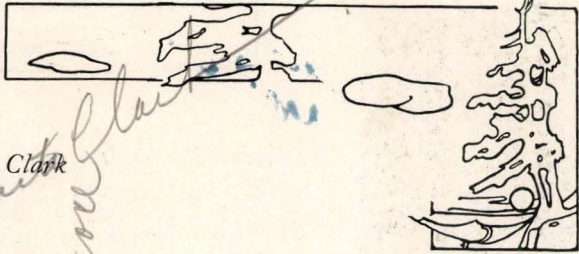
Rita Wade

*Rita Wade*



Marie Scheuch

*Marie Scheuch*



William Rainey, Jr.



Raymond Christiansen



Harold Burnett



Ross Rich

*Ross Rich*





*Love Agnes Sack*  
 Agnes Sack

*Elizabeth Goerlich*  
 Elizabeth Goerlich

*Myrtle Hoin*  
 Myrtle Hoin

*"Carmen"*  
 Charlotte Michacts

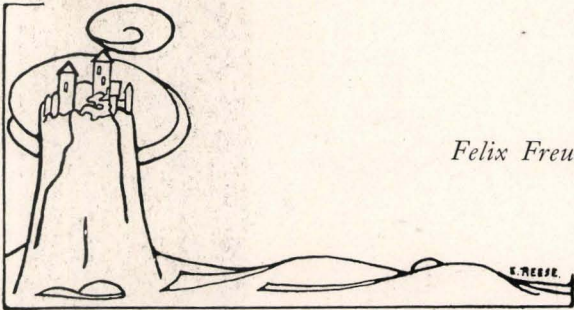
*Billie Moore*  
 Billie Moore

*Felix Freudenthal*



*Frederick Kett*

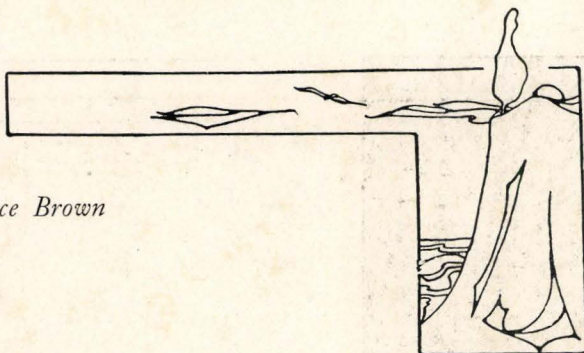
*Ingemar Hogberg*



*Bernice Brown*



*Bernice Brown*



*Gladys Morgan*

*John Sermattei*



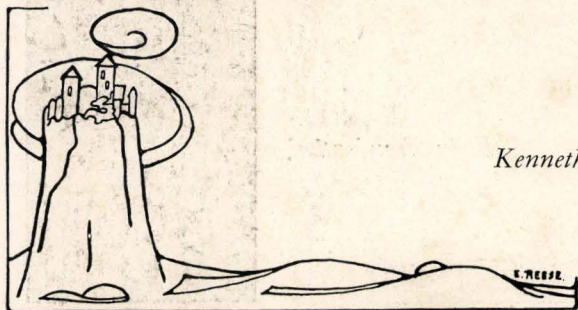
*Lillian Christiansen*

*Charles Louderback*



*Marie Hetherington*  
*Marie Hetherington*

*Edward Pimley*



*Kenneth Jones*





Clara Terry



Florence Sexton

Otto Lange



Evelyn Herold

*Evelyn*

Erwin Morrison



Nathalie Epstein

*Nathalie Epstein*

Clarence Frank

*Clarence Frank*



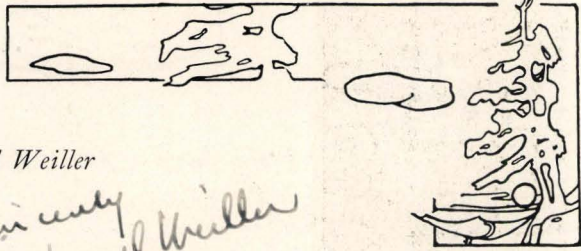
Henry Cantlen





Lurel Weiller

*Lurel Weiller*



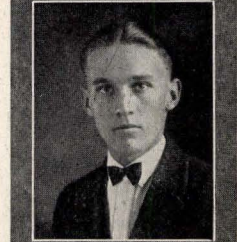
Mildred Bush

*Isidor*  
Isador Koblik  
*Hoblik*



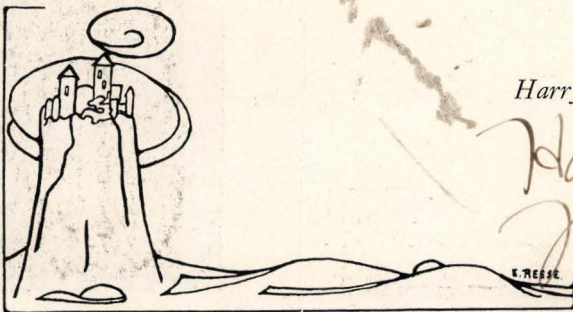
Hazel Drake

George Bray



Evelyn Reese

Howard O'Neil



Harry Nagel

*Harry Nagel*





Robert Syvertsen  
*Robert Syvertsen*



Charles Schneider

Eugene Shopes



Maxwell Keville

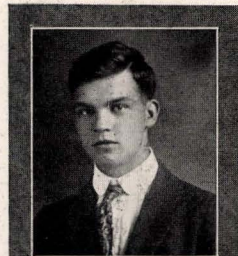
Alfred Bianchi



Herbert Johnstone

*Herbert Johnstone*

Antone Ennis



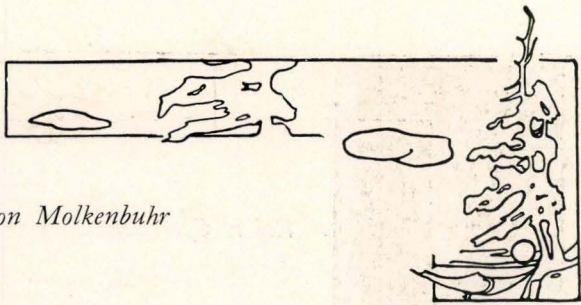
*Irving Moulin*

Irving Moulin





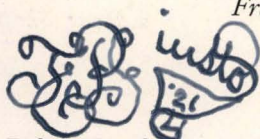
*Seamon Molkenbuhr*



*Lloyd Bishop*



*Robert Roseberry*



*Frank Giusto*

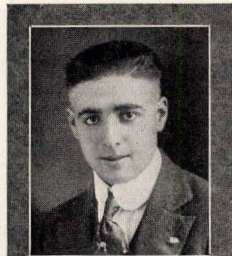


*Edward Quon*

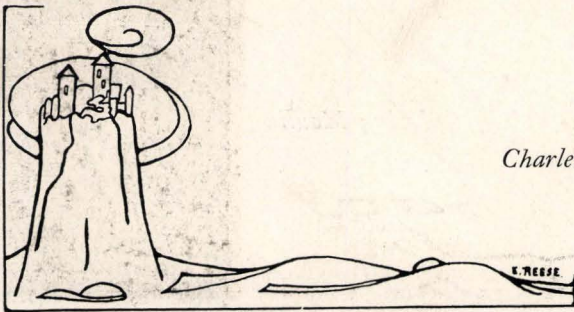
*Richard Laist*



*Herschel Campbell*



*Charles Packer*





*Randolph Weinman*



*Abraham Weiss*  
*Abraham Weiss*

*Eugene Sierra*



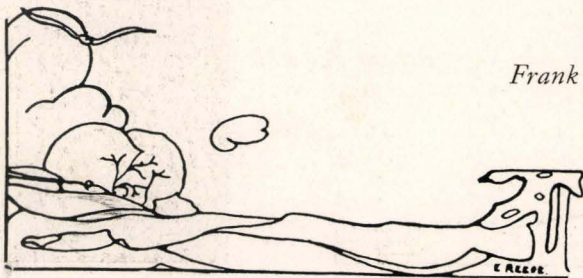
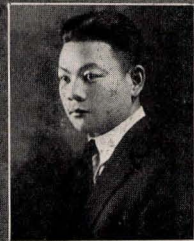
*Fred Barnes*

*Leo Trumpower*



*Fernando Ybarra*

*Homer Cherk*



*Frank Fung*





*Modest Krysiak*



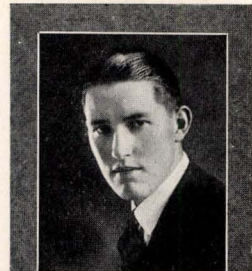
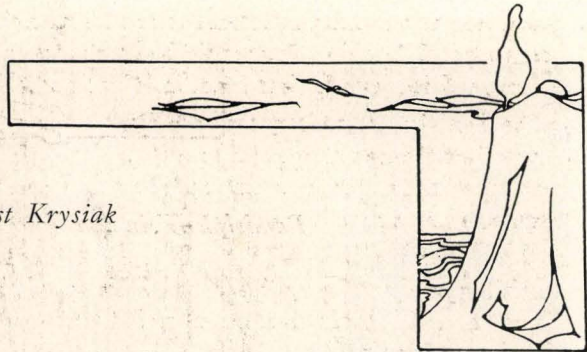
*Alfred Todt*



*Forrest Gist*



*Ernest Olsen*



*George Tinkler*



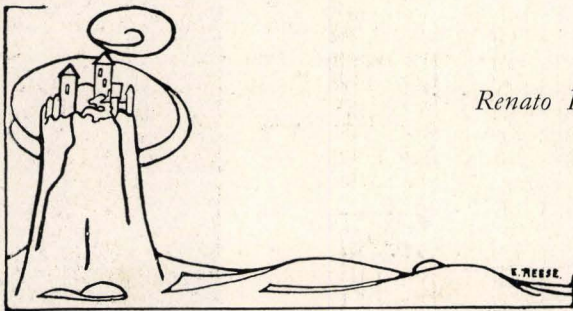
*William Levy*



*Benedict Giusto*



*Renato Bianchi*





*Graham Hast, President*

*Wm. Rainey, Representative*

*Edw. Pimley, Treasurer*

## The Graduates

IT is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we prepare to leave Polytechnic, which has been a home to us for four years; a home where we worked, played, frowned and smiled. The father to whom we have gone for advice and sometimes scoldings is Mr. Addicott. Although his family of over a hundred sometimes seemed unruly, they all have respect, love and admiration for him. Older brothers and sisters we have in numbers. To them, the faculty, we are indebted for many smiles which helped us over the hard places and the hours of homework which kept us home nights (sometimes).

Let me tell you something of the members who are leaving the shelter of this home, the graduates. First and foremost is our President, Graham Hast. He has been the most modest worker of the family, and, as he refuses to talk about himself, here are a few of his accomplishments. As student body treasurer, he has been a wonder; as chairman of the jynx committee he was a worker; as stage manager for all rallies and plays he has been invaluable. Then, too, he was major of the R. O. T. C., a much coveted position. His offices have been many, his duties innumerable, and his efficiency perfect. President Hast, the Senior class is proud of you!

Among the important daughters of our family is Bernice Brown, by whom all the dance programs of the term have been arranged. As "Celia" in "Green Stockings," she proved her cleverness on the stage and with her wonderful dancing, she charmed the audience of "An Old Fashioned Garden." Others in the cast of the latter play were Gladys Morgan and Edith Bepler. Gladys showed her adorably sassy nature as a French maid in "A Young Man's Fancy." Edith has been President of the Girls' Student Association, and her successful planning of the Girls' Jynx shows her claim to the title of a hard worker as well as "jolly good fellow."

Ray and Harry Christiansen resemble one another, and yet they are not brothers. Ray is planning to attend a northern university while Harry is happy with a sea-faring reputation. He led a piratical life in the "Pirates of Penzance," and made quite a handsome sailor-boy in "H. M. S. Pinafore." Another pair

who share the same name are Ben and Frank Giusto. Frank is the mechanical drawing shark who designed the names on the diplomas. Ben is well known among the track men and is an able assistant to John Sermattei, the school banker.

If one could judge from the time they spend together, Lurel Weiller and Katherine Edmonds should be called twins. Both have made records to be proud of, and guarantee to answer all questions on all subjects. Agnes Sack keeps track of all the budding or fading romances in sight. She is never absent a period without someone missing her good-natured laugh.

Ed Pimley is one of the "little brothers" of the family, and has been yell-leader for his class for many terms, his ability being brought straight from the cradle. He can also handle a basketball as well as the money of the Senior class, of which he is treasurer. Ed has made three teams and won his numerals and block.

Otto Lange, he of the smile and the happy-go-lucky disposition, is the personification of class spirit. Whenever there is work to do, agreeable or otherwise, Otto is always willing. Not satisfied with being captain of the victorious Senior baseball team, he has coached several class teams and is an R. O. T. C. captain.

Clara Terry was "Miranda" in "The Tempest," and was one of the few who made their first appearance on Poly's stage as leading lady. Rita Wade is one of the family's adopted children and was well known at Mission High not long ago.

Someone said that Fred Kett was studious, but we doubt it, as he is usually telling jokes in class. Naomi McHugh and Kathryn Kelly take books home every night and either read or sleep on them, for both girls have absorbed lots of information. When Elizabeth Goerlich is a famous artist, we will be proud to remember her as a fellow sufferer who ripped seams in dress-making.

Thelma Pichon seems studious but sometimes we wonder if she is not really dreaming. Florence Sexton is everybody's friend and always offers her help when someone falls down on his job. Marie Scheuch is one of the social butterflies of the class and has stolen the heart of many a Senior.

The loudest thing about Randolph Weinman is his hair. Never mind, Randolph, we're jealous, that's all. Ernest Olsen boasts the curliest hair of the family and the bluest eyes. The pitcher who made the Senior baseball team famous was Leo Trumpower. More power to his arm!

James Rolph III—better known as Jimmie—and our class president ran a close race for the title of the "Prince of Poly." Jimmie was a splendid student body treasurer, and, later, just as good a president.

Howard O'Neill holds the peculiar position of the class wit and the witless one of the class at the same time. We hope he will never lose his sense of humor.

Leon Adams is guilty of editing this journal. (He has the thanks of every fellow Senior). He is also a lieutenant in the R. O. T. C. Bill Rainey, who is manager, certainly deserves credit for the way he has carried out his numerous duties, among which were selling Journal tickets and getting ads. Clarence Frank and Edward Terry are among the musical members of the family. Clarence can make the piano fairly talk, while Ed does his own talking on the cornet.

Edgar Freitas is also musically inclined, playing the cornet in the band. He also enjoys playing with wireless.

Felix Freudenthal who makes the life of the Senior girls miserable, is always willing to help a fair lady in distress.

Among the "big boys" of the family is George Tinkler. He is really a second Medbury with wit, but he has never discovered it. Ed Quon is the idol of his math. class because he knows how to waste a teacher's time by asking questions.

Soldier, scholar, actor and singer is Ingomar Hogberg. What do you think of a fellow who can carry thirty-four hours and make all ones and twos, takes part in all the plays given at Poly, is a first lieutenant in the R. O. T. C., and still has time to be popular?

Antone Ennis is the very antithesis of Ingomar when it comes to the ladies. He'd rather play soccer any day. Fred Barnes is one of those quiet chaps—except when he is reciting math. Another pair who share the same name are Alfred and Renato Bianchi. One bends all his efforts toward graduating in three and a half years, while the other dreams of the day he will enter Annapolis. Ernest Jacobsen, who came from Lick, breaks all records as a queener—ask Vera.

Lloyd Bishop, who designed the Student Body cards, looks so important that scrublebs have been known to mistake him for a member of the faculty. George Bray, like Lloyd, is a captain in the R. O. T. C., as well as a member of the Journal staff and the orchestra.

Harold Burnett is one who can always be counted upon to know his history two times in succession. Herschel Campbell, better known as Scotty II, is manager of the football team and a lieutenant in Poly's Boy Scouts. Ralph Doscher also holds the latter position. When it comes to teasing, Henry Cantlen wins the furlined alimony-holder. Any practical joke whose author is unknown is laid at Henry's door.

Myrtle Hoin, who makes the prettiest hats in 319, made many a Freshman girl happy with her hostess' smile at the Girls' Jynx. Eileen Eckstrom has a peculiar taste—she likes gym. Homer Chersch was last seen delving into the mysteries of chemistry, and actually seemed interested. Therefore we judge that he carries some of the family's brains. Evelyn Reese finds basketball much more interesting than studying. George Freyermuth is handy man in the office on the fourth period.

Charlotte Michaels joined the family circle last term from Girls' High and already can count every Senior girl her friend. Agnes Smith has worked on the Journal staff this term as well as being on the Girls' Student Body. Doris Wilde dreams of being a nurse. We wouldn't blame anyone for not wanting to get well if she nursed him. Frank Fung is very quiet, but the few who know him well value him as a true friend. Maurice Gershensen has the gift of making jazz simply roll from the piano. Edice Beach is one of the few girls who dared to major in math. and get her recs. without losing her disposition. One of our biggest brothers, Charley Packer, who is class secretary, stands out amongst us as a crack athlete, especially at football. Doris Lind does beautifully dainty work in pen-and-ink sketching, as the journal shows.

Max Keville has had many thrilling experiences with the Columbia Park boys in Australia. Modest Krysiak spends half the time at school and the other half making the business world go round.

Isidor Koblik is well known as a track star and a prominent member of the Poster Club. Fernando Ybarra, famous for his beautiful tenor voice, has helped

to make many a social gathering a success. Hazel Bertelsen is twice blessed—first with blonde hair and second with a wonderful tennis record. Another tennis shark is Anita Clark. Both girls have won many games in school tournaments. Mildred Bush and Hazel Drake are happiest when together and making posters.

Nathalie Epstein is noted for her "smile that won't wash off," and her pep, which never seems to wear out. Much quieter than Nathalie but equally pretty and well-liked is Vera Grayson.

Forrest Gist, who answers to the name of "Doctor" in the surveying class, is planning to be an engineer. Herbert Johnstone of the fiery top is a second Torchy except that Herbert studies once in a while. Charles Schneider, short and witty, amuses the math. class and gets Mr. Mohr's goat with his foolish questions. He is the smallest boy in the family and Marie Hetherington is the smallest girl. Marie knows all about household management. Evelyn Herrold is very quiet, but all the girls are jealous because she wears a frat. pin.

We'd hate to trust Hollis Hughes with our phonograph records. When it comes to records, she holds a few and breaks the rest—only they're swimming records so it's no disgrace. Far from it!

Erwin Morrison is assistant business manager of this journal and captain of the swimming team. He is also a member of the Block P society. Whew! And last but not least comes Alfred Todt, a hard working chap who served on the Graduation Committee.

Now you have our entire family. Having spent so many wonderful days together, the breaking-up will be rather sad, yet, somehow, graduation is a happy time. The Senior class takes this opportunity to bid its friends good-bye.

## I' the Heathery Hills o' Scotland

Oh, there lived a Scotch lassie on Bilbury Way  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland,  
The sweetest of sweet an' the gayest of gay  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland,  
An' each o' her suitors, she turned them away,  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland.

Oh, there was a cap'n, an' there was a duke  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland,  
An' there was a courtier out o' a buke  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland,  
But she would gie nane o' them aye than a luke,  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland.

Oh, many a noble admirer had she  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland,  
An' she would the bride o' no ane o' them be  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland,  
But yesterday mornin' she married wi' me  
I' the heathery hills o' Scotland.

BETTY KING.

*William Hess*



*Edson Waterhouse, President*

*William Hess, Representative*

*Bernard Greensfelder, Treasurer*

## The Low Fours

**T**O us of the class of June '22, it seems only yesterday that we were entering Polytechnic as Freshmen, and now we are almost ready to be called "Graduates".

We feel that our class affairs have been most acceptably conducted by the officers. President Edson Waterhouse deserves special thanks for the time and effort he has devoted to our interests. He has furthered our already well-developed class spirit, and provided for our general good. He has been ably seconded by the Vice-President, George Heppner. At the Student Body meetings, where the great issues of school life are discussed, William Hess has represented and defended the interests of June '22.

Bernard Greensfelder, as class treasurer, has more than met our expectations of him. It was due to his earnest endeavors that our class pins appeared so early in the term, and were unanimously voted the "best ever".

Although we have attempted nothing spectacular, unless perhaps our dance, the class has been foremost in all school activities. Besides being well known in the R. O. T. C. band and orchestra, the class is famous in both the social and the athletic fields, and in the drama. Joe Catanich is secretary of the Drama Club and has received recognition as an actor of no mean ability. On Poly's unlimited team our stellar players are Smoke Francis, Dutch Matzen and Captain Art Hillman, who are giving of their best to Polytechnic.

After this modest little sketch of Low Four history, we merely say, "Watch us next term when we really get into the limelight!"



*John Perry, Pres. H 3*

*Mabel Iverson, Rep. L 3*

*Walter Strand, Pres. L 3*

## The High Three and Low Three Classes

The High Juniors have wakened up! Perhaps the realization that we are soon to graduate has had something to do with the phenomenon. At any rate, we are developing class spirit. The first symptom of the unusual occurred at our famous social function, the Junior Dance, when the boys appeared with blazing red ties bearing in black letters the legend "Dec. '22." The idea originated with our President, John Perry, and proved a huge success.

Besides these activities, our girls as well as our boys have been going strong in athletics. Among our foremost athletes are Matzen, Jennings and Rea of football fame; and Healy, Creighton, prominent basketball men. We are also represented in soccer and track.

If this term is a prophecy of what our last year is to be, we shall turn out a class of which Poly may well be proud.

The officers for the term were:

President . . . . .	JOHN PERRY.
Vice-President . . . . .	GRACE WINTER.
Representative . . . . .	AL HAAS.
Secretary . . . . .	NEIL BROWN.

Although lending itself to all school activities, the Low Three Class has especially distinguished itself in athletics. It has been well represented on the grid, in the tank, and on the track, besides taking an active part in basketball. Granucci has played center on the Polytechnic "Varsity"; and Young and Reid also upheld the honor of the class on the field.

Socially, the class has been unable to accomplish much, due to the number of dances scheduled previous to their request. Here's to better luck next time.

The officers were:

President . . . . .	WALTER STRAND.
Vice-President . . . . .	VIRGINIA TERRY.
Representative . . . . .	MABEL IVERSON.

## The High Two and Low Two Classes

ALTHOUGH the second year classes have not made much noise this term, they wish the world to know that they are very much alive. Both divisions have an enviable list of athletes. The High Two's boast of Ted Cabbage, Max Williams, Guido Granucci, Irving Marcus, and Red Nugent. Among the Low Two's list are found Egisto Puccinelli, Louis Feinberg, George Ybaretta and his brother John. The latter excites general admiration at all school rallies by his graceful arm movements.

Nor are the second year girls backward in athletics. The upper division points proudly to Olga Chapital, the fast little swimmer who won the Seal Rocks swim and holds any number of medals for her performances in the water. Not to be outdone the Low Twos come back with the statement: We have pranced faithfully about the inner court and have organized all possible kinds of girls' teams.

The officers for the term were:

High Two		Low Two
Ted Cabbage	President	Egisto Puccinelli
Marjorie Norman	Vice-President	Jack Gordon
Eugene Hidden	Representative	John Ybaretta

## The High One and Low One Classes

AN elevated scrub was approached by a member of the Journal staff and the following information was extracted.

"Our president? Why, I guess Jimmie Rolph. The paper called him President Rolph, anyway. Oh, he is student body president, you say. Well, I guess we haven't any. Oh, no, wait a minute. I know now. Our president was left over from last year's officers. His name? George Something-or-Other. Moffatt? Yes, I guess that's it."

"A student body representative? What's that? Oh, I see. Well, I think it's someone by the name of Larsen or Lawson. Girl or boy? I don't know."

"What did our class ever do? The paper said we gave a dance, but I don't know anything about it. They never told me."

"Girls? Well, I guess there are some girls, but I don't see them. But say, I know a cute brunette that's neat. And a blonde one, too. Her name's Agnes. Of course I step out with the Senior girls, but still Agnes is—Oh, you're not interested? Well, that's all I know about the class, but when we get to be Seniors then I'll tell you a lot."

If it is true that the nation which has no history is the happiest, then it is also true of the Low One class. The interviews with the members of the upper half of the first year crowd so discouraged the Journal representative that it was decided to leave that portion of our natural history to some future date and a more optimistic staff.

## Wise and Otherwise

MISS CORDELIA SMITH tied her faded bonnet strings under her faded chin with hands that trembled a little; then she leaned forward and gazed anxiously at the reflection which confronted her. A somewhat pinched and wistful face it was, with large light-lashed blue eyes, arched over with a mere pretense at eyebrows. More than once in her twenties Cordelia had sighed at her reflection, but the twenties with their attendant dreams and follies were definitely past, no one knew exactly how much, for Cordelia had never informed the curious on that point.

She continued to look at the small personality which stared back at her from the dresser mirror in her cousin's fashionable home in Boston. This was the second day of her visit, and Cordelia was hourly feeling more out of place and uncomfortable.

At the sound of a brisk tap on the door, Miss Cordelia turned with a guilty start to find her cousin, Mrs. Mortimer, waiting for her. The two went out, Cordelia looking more insignificant than ever by the side of the majestic deportment of her relative.

"During your short stay in Boston," that lady was remarking impressively, "you will, of course, wish to avail yourself of all those means of culture and advancement so lacking in Innisfield." Mrs. Mortimer paused to settle her sables and then continued, "To-day you will have the splendid opportunity of hearing a lecture by one of our most advanced thinkers."

"Will—er—when—er—I mean where will the lady speak?" ventured Cordelia in a depressed whisper, feeling that some remark was expected from her. And she sighed as she glanced at her shabby gloves.

"The lecture will take place at the Woman's Ontological Club," responded Mrs. Mortimer, adding with austere sweetness of tone, "The club deals exclusively with those conceptions or principles which lie at the base of all phenomena, that is, ultimate metaphysical philosophy." A conclusive sweep of the perfectly gloved right hand suggested almost anything to Cordelia, but relieved her of the necessity of replying.

Arrived at the club, Mrs. Mortimer, with Cordelia in tow, sailed down the aisle to seats near the front. The audience was on time—that is the way they do it in Boston—and the lecture began almost immediately upon their arrival. As the lecture progressed Cordelia became more and more lost to her surroundings; she forgot that such things as shabby gloves, ill-fitting dresses, and superfluous birthdays existed. She leaned forward in breathless attention, the faded eyes aglow, the unbecoming hat pushed back from a face flushed by the trend of new thoughts which were being outlined by the lecturer. She drank them in as a thirsty flower does the rain drops.

That night, in the privacy of her room, the theme of the lecturer was still with her: "Make the most of yourself; that is the only way to attain an end." She pondered this thought. Could it apply to her? The lecturer said that it applied to everybody and she began to think of ways and means. "Land sakes," she said to herself, "but I'm getting worldly since I came to Boston. 'Taint as if I was

always satisfied, though, back there in Innisfield. Wonder what Tom Withers would say. I believe I'll try it anyway." With her mind fully made up, but with some trembling of the conscience, she undressed slowly and went to bed.

Next morning, Mme. Fifine, one of the most fashionable modistes in Boston received quite a surprise when she was approached by a timid person who seemed quite out of place in such surroundings. Cordelia haltingly outlined her wants to a rather unsympathetic listener. But Mme. Fifine had the soul of an artist when once her interest was aroused; it was her delight to change the ugly into the beautiful. And as Cordelia lost some of her shyness and became more animated Madame's glances, as they rested upon her, grew from the purely critical to the cordially appreciative.

"Ah, Mamselle, if you would but put yourself in my hands! If you would have the hair bobbed, and the facial massage, and the gown such as I would fashion, you would be perfect!" exclaimed Madame. To Cordelia recurred the words of the lecturer, "Make the most of yourself," and she decided that this must be the way.

They say the first plunge is always the hardest. In Cordelia's case, after the sacrifice of her locks, the rest came easily. A striking change was quickly accomplished with results that satisfied Mme. Fifine and thrilled Cordelia.

The town of Innisfield was about due to receive a shock; and it did. When Cordelia hopped from the four-fifteen train, dressed in the height of fashion, with her bobbed hair peeping coquettishly from underneath the brim of a close-fitting hat, that part of the town that was at the station stood in gasping amazement.

"I swan! Can that be Cordelia Smith?" exclaimed Tom Withers, the only eligible bachelor that Innisfield could boast. "Hang it all, she used to be plain. What's she been doing to herself, anyway? She sure cuts some figger."

Tom woke from his trance just about the time that she had passed beyond hailing distance, and started after her. But she swung along at such a pace that he soon gave up and returned to his post by the station door.

The more he wondered about the change in Cordelia the more his curiosity and interest were aroused. Nobody seemed to know any more than he did; he resolved to acquire the information for which he hungered and thirsted, so he called upon Cordelia. She greeted him serenely and cordially enough. His not very susceptible heart almost fluttered as he gazed at her. Yes, the second-best new dress was undeniably becoming. She was just as good to look at to-day as she had been yesterday. As she chattered on with the utmost self assurance he resolved to press the suit that had been languishing for so long, and annex this charming possession for his own.

At this moment the door bell rang, and Cordelia with a polite "Excuse me, please" went to open it. She returned a moment later accompanied by a good looking, fashionably dressed man. Blushing slightly she said, "Tom, I want you to meet my husband."

"H-h-husband!" stuttered Tom, eyes and mouth agape. "D-did you say 'husband'?"

"Yes," sweetly responded Cordelia, "This is my husband." Then turning to him she continued, "George, this is Tom Withers, whom I have known as long as I have been in Innisfield."

The two men shook hands, the newcomer cordially, Tom somewhat fishily. The shock of Cordelia's announcement was so great as to leave him temporarily stunned, and bereft of all ideas except one. He wanted to get away from what he could but regard as the scene of his humiliation, though no one knew what had been in his mind except himself. So he took himself off as quickly and as awkwardly as possible.

And Cordelia, answering her husband's smile, forgot him.

HOWARD O'NEIL, '21.

## Peter

EVERYONE in town knew Bull. He was a dog, a nondescript of many bloods, among which white bull terrier predominated. Every dog in town knew him too, but, after once being charged by the Fighter, none but the fleetest ever lived to tell the tale. They lived in terror of death, and wise owners kept their dogs at home or on the leash, for Bull never charged a leashed dog.

Bull never was seen in the daylight; dusk was his prowling time. Then woe to any dog loitering on the streets. Nobody knew where the Fighter kept himself in the daytime. Numerous gentlemen had tried to track him to his lair, but in vain.

A strange thing about Bull was that he never killed a cat. As long as the feline would run, the Fighter would give chase; but if the pursued went up a tree or was cornered, he would watch a few moments, then go off about his business, which was to slay his kind. The hatred of the dog for the cat, existing since the first canine met the first feline seemed misplaced in Bull; his dislike was for his own kind, not for his traditional enemy.

One day a man and a woman and two children moved into a cottage that stood in the midst of the Fighter's haunts. They had a pair of ruddy Irish terriers which were great pals of the boy and girl.

The man and woman soon became known as very humane persons and lovers of dogs and horses. Every homeless dog around town—those that had escaped Bull's onslaughts—knew where to come when hungry, and the grocer's and milkman's horses always watched expectantly when they stopped at the cottage.

The couple were often seen on the bridle paths about the town, and once when they returned, the man carried in his arms a dog which had been struck by a train. The broken legs of the dog were set, and his cuts and bruises dressed by the man, who had once been a veterinary surgeon. "The saddest thing I ever saw was a lost dog on a city street," he had once been heard to say, "and no dog shall ever be lost from his owner if I can help it." He spent half a day hunting the master of his patient, and took as much pleasure as the dog did in his return.

One evening, after playing on the lawn with the children, one of the Irish terriers ventured outside the gate and was nosing a tuft of grass when he happened to look up and see a whirlwind approaching—none other than Bull, the Fighter. Irish terriers are courageous dogs, but something in the silent onrush of the other dog sent him flying for the gate, which he reached just in time. As he galloped into the yard the man saw him and went quickly outside. In the growing dusk a pair of glowing points and a faint outline were all that were to be seen. These dis-

appeared immediately. The man called softly, but Bull did not heed. He had often been called in that tone by vengeful owners in whose hands there lurked rifle or rope.

Days passed and turned into weeks and all the time the man was trying to think of a way to change Bull from a bloodthirsty killer to a well behaved member of dog society. Where there was so much strength and cunning and ferocity there must be good qualities which only needed to be brought out. The townspeople tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen

Then one evening the Fighter gave him his chance. Bull ventured into an alley that had no exit. When he turned to go out the way he had come in, the man stood there, blocking the way. They stood stock still, looking at each other. No one came near them and the minutes passed. That was all anyone ever learned about that night. But the neighbors met the man next morning with hands and arms bandaged and with one of the latter in a sling. There was a band of gauze around his head and he limped. He was as amiable as ever but refused to tell what train it was that hit him.

The neighbor next door heard ferocious growls issuing from the adjacent yard, and, looking over the fence, beheld Bull the Fighter chained to a wall. Each day the man tried to make friends with the dog. At first Bull refused all food; then he ate sparingly; finally he cleaned up his plate. Gradually the burning hate died out of his eyes. The man visited him each day. There were weeks of this treatment, then came the day when the man unchained him. A few minutes later the man strolled back into the yard. Bull watched him; he stopped about six feet away and Bull growled. But the man kept on talking, and the growl softened and died. Bull slept loose in the yard that night, and day by day listened to the man's voice.

One day the man dared to touch him. His hair rose up and he growled, but the hand kept on rubbing his ears and about the base of his skull. The man noted with a smile that though fangs were exposed, they were but a threat. The Fighter did not understand the strange yearning he felt when the man's hand caressed him and his voice spoke kindly to him.

When the weeks turned into months and the Fighter did not again appear in the streets, the neighbors determined to find out what had become of him. They felt that Mrs. Anderson was spinning yarns when she told them she had seen the man petting Bull in his back yard. So one evening they called upon the people in the cottage.

They were shown into the living room where a cheery fire blazed upon the hearth. Before this fire lay three dogs; two were Irish terriers. The third was a large white dog with brindled spots on head and side and shoulder. The terriers looked up, sleepily watched a moment and turned over. The bigger dog rose with a jump and stood at his master's feet, doubtful whether these were friends or foes. But he obeyed when his master bade him lie down. The visitors stared and some made for the door, for they had seen the Fighter at close range and were taking no chances. One said in an awed voice, "Why, that ain't Bull, is it?"

"No," the man replied gravely, "that is Peter."

MARJORIE HOOK, '24.

# The Wind from the Desert

OVER the desert broods silence and mystery. By night, stars beam down from clear skies; by day, great, gaunt, many-hued mesas rise against a turquoise heaven. Overhead the cormorant wheels and disappears like a shadow into the depths of some arroyo. Thirst and Death, kindred spirits of the Outlands, hover ever near; hiding at night when the cool breeze floats down from the eternal snows of the Sierras, but stalking in all their fury during the hours of light when the sun beats down mercilessly on a still, weather-beaten, dried-up world, dotted with sage and bounded by walls of granite. Measured in miles, splashed with orange and red of sunset and edged with white crystal, amethyst in the first light of day, amber under the noonday sun, and toning to purple in the twilight, they stand grim and inexorable as Fate itself.

\* \* \* \*

In the desert, names mean little; they are mere designations, so they called him Clearwater Pete. It was a ghastly jest from the first, and it remained so to the last, for what the desert clutches, she keeps and stamps indelibly with her mark. And Clearwater Pete belonged to the desert.

Twenty years ago Spotlight was a bustling town, as frontier cities are reckoned. There was a reason, as there is for all things, and the reason was gold—a villainous thing, gold, the courtesan of the desert.

Clearwater Pete was the third to strike pay dirt, laying his claim over where the Transcontinental cuts the divide. There were no scientific methods in those days, but Pete struck it rich as few men do. When he sold out, it was for a price that was considered something in those days. And the slick-haired gentlemen at the faro table over at the Big Strike got it away from him in two hours. Some say it was a crooked game, though I wouldn't go so far as that. Honor varies in gambling; some things that are tolerated at Monte Carlo won't go in the desert, and vice versa. I know whereof I speak.

When Clearwater left camp, they dug another hole out behind the arroyo, and got another faro dealer. No one thought of going after Pete—he had merely vindicated his honor.

The boom lasted three months longer at Spotlight, and then broke. The desert had played her game again.

Pete pulled out with three burros and was never again seen in the eastern Mojave, although he was said to have gone into Barstow twice a year for "grub".

A wanderer of the desert, always lured one day's march further on into that burning hell that lures so many, always just one day behind the "big strike," he became a part of the Mojave. Travellers tell of seeing a dim shape cross the midnight horizon leading a burro; coyotes talk to one another of one who creeps as stealthily as they. A city-bred man would say that coyotes do not talk; but I know better. For the coyotes talked of Clearwater Pete, spread the news of his coming from mesa to mesa.

That summer the water holes at Hermanillas and Helena went dry early. That was the first bad sign; others followed.

In August, a man, bent with age and toil, passed the Rimrock hole. It was dry, and he muttered to himself, and then set out into the heat, leading his burro. The man was stronger and wobbled less, but there was no very wide line of distinction. Thirst treats all impartially.

In the distance a lake sent great white, fleecy waves across the desert, then suddenly changed to a walled city piled high with towers and minarets. Then again the death-vision swept away, and figures doted the sands, horrible, grotesque, ungainly things to be presently overwhelmed by the return of the lake with its clear waters, glimmering the sunlight.

The man mumbled, and the burro groaned weakly. Soon it stumbled, made a weak attempt to rise, and again fell flat. The man loosened some of its pack, and the beast again attempted to rise, but was unable.

With a muttered curse the man set forward alone. Furthermore, he began to run—run toward that blue lake. In his mind he knew it was not there, but something made him go on and on. His legs weakened but he kept on.

Then there seemed to be some sort of declivity in the desert that aided his flight. He was not tired and his thirst was disappearing. Nearer and nearer he drew to that lake, to that awful death image that he knew was unreal. But it did not move; he could still see the little ripples play on its surface.

He reached a slight eminence and dropped; his body refused to go further. The lake swept away in a cloud of dust. He knew that it was going. Then another spectacle was staged there; a weird thing, so mad that it cannot be described. But Clearwater Pete knew on what he was looking, for the desert held him and he belonged to her. And the desert holds her own with iron hands.

There is one thing that no man can gaze on and live. That thing is the spirit that inhabits the desert. You who know not those desolate regions may laugh; but you do not understand the horror of it all as did Clearwater Pete.

On the Gobi it is the shadow of Lao-Tse that inhabits the plains that run back into the northern limits of Thibet itself. On the Sahara it is black, very black, but its eyes glisten, so they say. In Arabia it floats in long, billowy waves, stretching out slender fingers. These are mad things I say, but I am of the desert and such matter is but natural.

Half-sensed, but retreating behind the fold again, it inhabits all, that sage Spirit of the Desert. And no man may gaze upon it and continue to live in this flesh. They say that it draws him into itself, that he becomes a part of it. I do not know; it may be.

When Clearwater Pete gazed upon the Mystery he understood that he was no longer alive; for he was the desert's own.

J. P. S., '21.

## A Pair of Ears

THE Skipper lounged, legs elevated, stogie in mouth, on one of the highly polished mahogany chairs of his private office. From his position he could view, without the exertion of lifting his head, the activities of his men on the wharf, swarming with ant-like importance among the sugar barrels, and over the side and on the decks of the good ship "Reno."

The Skipper grinned. On the desk lay a telegram which made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. It read:

"The Prince can use all your surplus sugar pronto. Jerry's wise. The sugar on the spot is the sugar that gets bought." MAC.

"Jerry's wise!" The Skipper turned this phrase over in his mind, the grin deepening.

"Jerry's wise!" he grunted, "What is that old saying about 'wiser and weaker'?"

He swung about so as to command a view of the second story office across the street from his own. In the crack between the curtains he caught just a glimpse of an earring suspended from the most deliciously pink ear ever boasted by a stenographer, de luxe or otherwise. Across the pane was inscribed in modest print, "Donald Jerry, Dealer in Sugar."

"The young whippersnapper has nerve," mused the Skipper, a trace of admiration creeping into his eye, "but to buck up against a real concern with that little toy of rowboat of his—still, that's the way I started—"

His reveries were brought to an abrupt end by a sharp knock at the door. Without waiting for answer the visitor pushed the door open and strode across the threshold, hand extended. Old sailor greeted old sailor with all the heartiness of comrades.

"Well, Skipper, we weight anchor in an hour. The men have been going full force and we even made better time than we had hoped. Poor Jerry! But then, business is business."

"Yes. That's why I'm where I am to-day. Without that for my motto I would never be in this office. Still—"

"Well, Jerry is only one of many. I do feel a little sorry, though, for that little girl in his office. You know, there's quite a romance there. They've been waiting a year. Of course, it'll all be called off now."

"Romance? I didn't know it."

"Oh, yes. Jerry and the stenographer. Now, about these sailing papers \* \* \*."

Half an hour later the grizzled old captain emerged, and on his features was an expression of benevolence.

"Maizie," he said, addressing the office girl, "The Skipper wants to see you." Then he left, and proceeded to the ship.

A moment later the old "sea-dog" was conferring with the much honored Maizie.

"You know," he cautioned, "this is all in the strictest confidence."

"Oh, yes," replied Maizie, excitedly, "I won't tell a soul."

"Now, we've lost our sailing papers. As you know, we are trying to beat Jerry to this sale. If he finds out, we are liable to be beaten."

When the girl had left the office, very much flattered to think that the "boss" had asked her advice, and told her some of the firm's secrets, she decided to call it a day, and put on her hat preparatory to paying a visit to the office across the street, incidently playing the grand mysterious before her sister typist. And, as the Skipper had anticipated, the secret was divulged within half an hour.

The dusk was deepening into night when the Skipper returned to contemplation of the present. Down at the wharf the "Reno" was still moored, shadowy and dim. And at the next dock there was a vacancy where the little boat of "Donald Jerry, Dealer in Sugar," should have been. A light had winked on in the office across the way.

In the Skipper's smile was a touch of self-mockery, a touch of reminiscence, and a goodly portion of sadness. He glanced out of his window, and the mist in his eyes cleared away. The ear of the afternoon was still there, and beside it was a most thoroughly masculine member of the same species.

BETTY KING.

## A New A B C

*A* is the Annual to Seniors so dear,  
*B* is the bobbed hair, so common this year,  
*C* the commencement to which we aspire,  
*D* the desire that our grades might be higher;  
*E* the exams that we all must endure,  
*F* the farewell which the Seniors procure;  
*G* is the grades that cause so much woe,  
*H* is the humor which our teachers all know,  
*I* the ideals which we value as gold,  
*J* is our joy when rallies we hold,  
*K* is the knowledge we'll have when we're through,  
*L* is the lab test that makes us all blue,  
*M* is Miss Faraday, irresistible, gay,  
*N* is the name we have won in our day,  
*O* is the office which Freshmen all fear,  
*P* is our principal we all hold so dear;  
*Q*'s the quartet, they're a jolly good four,  
*R* is report day when we wish we knew more.  
*S* is the school, our dear alma mater,  
*T* is the trouble the scholars all make her;  
*U* is the union that makes us so jolly,  
*V* is the value of time spent at Poly;  
*W* is our work which we know all about,  
*X* stands for unknown, so we'll just leave it out,  
*Y* is our youth, when we're all at our best,  
*Z* as the last of all, stands for our zest.

RITA WADE, '21.

## The End of the Trail

**I**T was sunrise in the valley. The crimson arc of the rising sun was lifting over the tattered skyline, and as yet caught only the hilltops within its range. The hollows, the shadowed woodlands below, remained lost beneath the early morning mists. A crisp breeze swept down thru a break in the hills, sending ripples scattering across the surface of a miniature lake.

A young deer, delicate in form, and gracefully poised stood at the water's edge, dipping its muzzle in the cool liquid.

Breaths of white vapor that circled above were reflected in the moving mirror of the lake. The sun rose higher—and then in an instant the first shafts of sunlight illuminated them. They circled and churned in the air and were finally carried off by the wind. The golden rays caught the dew-drops on the grass and green foliage and made them glittering diamonds.

The deer raised its head and looked toward the morning sun, paused—and holding its muscles taut—listened. From over the wooded hilltops came a sweet mellow tone, the sound of the huntsman's horn!

Then high up on the summit of the ridge out through the shadowed aisles of the forest came the hounds! Five, ten, a dozen of them, barking and panting, leaping swiftly—on down the trail they came.

One instant the deer stood, its brown eyes dilating, then terror-stricken, it crashed into the brush and on thru the forest, seeking a lost trail.

The dogs were gaining; swiftly they rounded the margin of the lake, on they rushed in close pursuit.

The deer had lost the trail! Twice it circled, uncertain of the direction to take and then plunged deeper into the forest again.

A few moments more and it had reached a point where there was no longer the protection of the forest; now it had come to the edge of a barren precipice—the end of the trail! It neared the brink, then turned its head and saw the dogs, not six feet behind. With head held high and front feet doubled beneath its body, it took the jump. Clear of the rocks at the base of the cliff it landed, with a splash of foam and waves, into the sea.

The dogs stood howling and panting at the top. They pawed the ground and measured the distance beneath them but none—except one—jumped. It was but a puppy, on its first hunt, and too small to take such a leap. It fell upon the ragged rocks below and lay in a motionless heap.

The deer headed out to sea and swam hard against the breakers. It reached the deeper waters and followed parallel to the rugged shore. During the third mile it attempted to make a landing, but failed. Then, fast weakening it struck out once more, fighting the strong tide. At the end of the fourth mile it sighted a low sandy stretch. Its strength was fast ebbing away—but it reached the beach—staggered ashore and dropped in the sands—dead.

THELMA BATES, '22.

## Seven Sections of Seven

**T**HERE have been occasionally black eyes on railroads, but their significance varies, while that of the "red eye" remains inexorably the same plain and forceful synonym of STOP in all its variations. It is one of the three moods of the ever-vigilant block signal, and the engineer who sees it invariably closes the throttle and applies the air.

Like city editors, the TDs—train despatchers—are usually tired. The crows' feet under their eyes show weariness. They have much on their minds, and above all, have seen division supers when the latter were mad, a sight quite incomprehensible to the average mortal.

Thus it was that the third trick TD at El Paso looked wearily over his huge sheet of ruled paper representing 339.7 miles of trackage skirting the border, twisting through the sand hills, and finishing in a long triumphant sweep at Tucson. Small figures written in the squares showed at what time each train had passed each station, and the yellow tissue pages of the order book at his side contained the words that had gone over the wire to the various open stations during the two hours he had been on duty.

Seven, the Californian, was running over the division in seven sections, having been consolidated with two other trains delayed earlier in the day by a washout at Tucumcari. The sections were ten minutes apart, and all eastbound traffic was sidetracked to enable them to make up lost time into Tucson. Dan Somers was pulling the first Seven. There is what is known as a "hog" law that forbids any railroad man to work more than sixteen hours at a stretch, but it is smiled by when necessary, and it was necessary that night.

First Seven pulled out of El Paso at 7:40 P. M., waited seven minutes at Pelea for Two eastbound, and then struck the level straight stretch at Mastodon. Somers gradually opened the throttle and soon the big Pacific was dragging its twelve steel Pullmans at fifty miles an hour. One by one the little flag stations were passed, silent dark places with only the green eye of the order board blazing into the clear night. Mt. Riley, Malpias, Miriam were lost behind, and ninety minutes later they thundered past the yard-limit sign at Columbus. Somers had planned only to slow up through the town but the station block was red and the train groaned to a stop.

The conductor ran up a minute later with his hand full of tissue "flimsies," and swiftly passed a few of them up to Somers. They then read them together, as the regulations require, and found that they called for meets in which the opposing train would clear them five minutes in advance.

The train began to move again, and soon had picked up speed. The twenty miles to Hermanas were covered in twenty-eight minutes, and after passing Hachita, there were no more meets for seventy miles, way in the sand hills to the west.

The engineer sat with his right leg against the window frame, while his left hand held the throttle. His eyes were glued to the track ahead watching the

passing procession of signals. The fireman sat on the left hand side, the boiler butt obstructing his view of Somers. Occasionally he would level his fire or turn on the oil valve as his watchful eye noted the drop in the steam gauge. When passing stations, which were usually on his side of the line he would yell across to Somers the indication of the order board. Any other conversation would have been impossible above the din of the wheels.

The monotonous swaying made the fireman sleepy, for he had come in but six hours before from Douglas. Once when he clambered down to level his fire he glanced up at his mate, but he saw only the stern face set in hard lines with gaze riveted on the line.

The contour of the desert was gradually changing from level rolling country to the crested buttes of the Sierra Arena. The line began to swing in a long curve to the north but the speed of the train did not slacken as usual. The fireman was surprised, but his chief concern was the boding finger of the gauge. The engine lurched over a reverse curve and then into a tunnel, where again the speed restrictions were ignored.

Undoubtedly Somers was drowsy. The constant wind in his face was luring him to sleep, and the twin strips of steel rushing toward him from the converging point in the distance exercised a mesmeric influence. He pulled the time table off the rack and studied the familiar columns. His watch told him that he had made up all but five minutes of the lost time. The next stop was Animas, where they were due to clear a freight, but he did not intend to slacken speed, as the inferior train is supposed to get off the line ten minutes before the arrival of the superior. If they could not, they would send out a flagman to plant torpedoes.

Again drowsiness crept upon him, and it was with an increasingly great effort that he overcame it. A signal, green, flashed by. The scenery molded into a pleasant gray.

The mile board for Animas was passed; the fireman leaned out to catch the signal. As they swung out of a curve the station came in view. The fireman turned and shrieked across the platform "Red eye!" Ordinarily the other would have jammed the throttle closed and thrown the air into service. There was plenty of time to stop, as the siding was some distance below the station.

A torpedo cracked under the wheels, a flash of two glaring red lights illuminated the numerals "X-257", a lamp swung wildly, and with a crash the engine plowed into a caboose. The air valve was thrust into emergency and the train skidded to a stop. Much argument followed. A delegation tramped down to the telegraph office and informed the dispatcher. A flagman ran into the cut to flag the following section.

Two days later the crews of 1st-7 and X-257 were assembled in the super's office in El Paso. An open window gave a fine view, but no one present was interested in the scenery.

There was once a railroad story in which the engineer who had failed to read his orders walked into the super's office after the wreck and gave the latter a chance to fire him. But the super refused, saying that the road could not afford to lose such a good engineer. That was never written of old man Kelly. When Kelly starts in, all other interests become trivial.

And Kelly was perturbed that morning. He asked for nobody's version of the affair; he started in asking questions. The whole matter finally simmered down to this: That the freight was just clearing the main line when Seven piled into them; they had sent out no flag because they relied on the block signal to cover them.

Kelly turned to Somers with wrath in his eye and demanded why he had run by a red block. Somers referred the matter to the fireman who by this time did not know whether the block had been red or orange or black, although he was inclined to think it had been red.

The Super then brought up a signal engineer from the GM's office who had been sent especially for the investigation. This man went into a long exposition of the fallibility of the human mind, and the operation of the automatic block signal "When the train passes over the terminal insulation," he said, "it causes the motor to raise the arm from the downward position to the vertical position. When the train passes out of the block, the motor is released and the arm drops again. But there is ample reason to suppose that at some time the insulated section should fail to perform its function, the wiring might become disconnected, or some part of the tripper arm connected with the motor might slip. The result would be the same in any case, the signal would fail for that one time to act."

"The fireman here has just stated that he observed the block and thought it red. But upon careful inquiry he does not know whether it was red or not. Here the human mind is at fault. In passing by at such speed, and after some time on the line, it has been proven that an engineman could easily mistake green for red. The action of the eyes, strained by the character of the work is peculiar."

"It is also probable that the engineer observed the signal himself; it would have been possible at this point because of the curve in the track; and he may have seen the signal to be clear as I believe it was. For, gentlemen, a block signal fails once in every fifteen hundred and sixty-seven movements and it failed that night!"

Kelly was dumbfounded but could not dispute. He ordered a general distribution of five "brownies" to each man and had to be contented with that.

The last to leave the office was Somers. Kelly stopped him for a moment. "As mon to mon, Somers, what do you think of that?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Kelly, if you will promise to keep it under your hat." Kelly gave the required assent.

"He was crazy, Pat. I was asleep."

J. P. S., '21.

#### FACTS LEARNED IN HISTORY

Graham Hasty serves as a florist.

Ed Terry has a "regular line."

Eileen Eckstrom makes good candy.

Jimmie Rolph can amuse the girls and recite history at the same time.

Others have tried it but can't get away with it.

## With Apologies to K. C. B.

HE PASSED me an article  
CLIPPED from a paper,  
AND I read it  
WITH INCREASING interest  
TOWARD the climax,  
BUT THERE it ended  
WITH THE villain's hand  
POISED to strike Isabelle,  
AND THE rest was missing  
AND I worried for Isabelle,  
BUT I passed the article  
TO a very dear friend,  
AND HE read to  
THE POINT of complication  
AND HE came to me  
TO LEARN the outcome,  
AND I felt sorry  
FOR WHAT I'd done  
AND told him that  
ISABELLE was saved  
AND HAPPILY married,  
AND STEVE was enjoying  
A CHANGE of surroundings,  
PROBABLY for the worse,  
AND MY friend was glad  
AND WENT away  
HAPPY at the outcome,  
BUT I still labor  
UNDER THE impression  
THAT ISABELLE was killed.  
I THANK you.

## Junior R. O. T. C.

FALL '21 has been an eventful term for the Polytechnic unit of the Junior R. O. T. C. Under the guidance of Captain Lamb, who has taken his place as P. M. S. & T. of the Third Battalion, and Captain Dunaway, as a consequence of whose efforts Polytechnic has won every competition in which it has entered, the quality of our drill and the spirit of every member of the unit has improved wonderfully.

Graham Hasty as our major has acted as head in all our activities, devoting his energies to the promotion of the dance, our motion picture entertainment, and other projects.

The accomplishments of this term are numerous in number, but one of the outstanding achievements is the building of the rifle range. Credit for the construction of the gallery is mainly due to Sergeant O'Connor, who is chief in charge at all times.

With the determination to make known the fact that the R. O. T. C. is still the strongest and most influential organization in the school, the Officers' and N. C. O.'s' Club early in the term put on the R. O. T. C. dance, meeting with tremendous success.

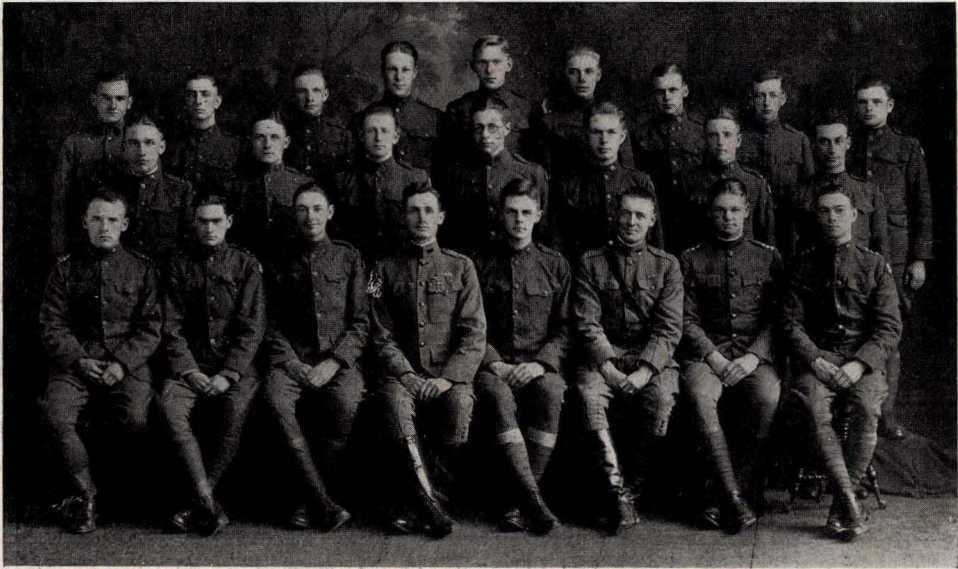
In October, at a few days' notice, the unit was inspected by Major Cleary of Ninth Corps Area Headquarters. The showing made was most creditable, according to the reviewing officer, every rifle in the battalion being in perfect condition. Although Polytechnic's rating was easily the highest in the city, the final inspection for the title of Honor School is not scheduled until June.

In order to carry out in full the new course prescribed by the government, an Officers' Class was established on Tuesday mornings from seven to seven thirty, in conjunction with Officers' and Non-commissioned Officers' drill from seven thirty to eight. From eight to eight fifteen the club has its regular meeting to discuss various questions. The new course includes topography and military map-reading, the science of leadership, marksmanship, and other subjects.

At the time of this writing, the battalion has undertaken the colossal project of outfitting the Student Body twins, Albert and Arthur, with tailor-made army uniforms. Members of the Household Arts Department have agreed to do all the tailoring.

On November 15, the Polytechnic R. O. T. C. put on a motion picture entertainment at which almost the entire school was present. Three reels of actual war pictures taken at the front under fire were shown, together with a two-reel comedy. Due to the kindness of the Hon. Julius Kahn, Polytechnic was given the first opportunity to show the films in this city. The proceeds of the entertainment are being used to buy new band instruments.

In the first of the two weeks' vacation in October, Camp J. P. Nourse was held for six days at Fort Baker, a large number of Polytechnic men attending. Captain Mauer of "M" Company was the only one in the S. F. regiment to earn a sharpshooter's medal, although several received the "clam-digger's" degree of marksman.



## Officers Third Battalion

### *Staff*

Major . . . . .	F. GRAHAM HASTY.
Executive Officer . . . . .	GEORGE BRAY.
Personnel Adjutant . . . . .	INGOMAR HOGBERG.
Adjutant . . . . .	HERSCHEL CAMPBELL.
Supply Officer . . . . .	ELLIOTT LINDNER.
Morale Officer . . . . .	JAMES ROLPH III.

### *Company I*

Capt. . . . .	JOHN SCOVILLE.
1st Lieut. . . . .	LEO DETWEILER.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	LEON ADAMS.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	EUGENE SHOPES.

### *Company L*

Capt. . . . .	LLOYD BISHOP.
1st Lieut. . . . .	RAYMOND SHOUR.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	CARL SCHMIDT.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	JACK EMERY.

### *Company K*

Capt. . . . .	OTTO LANGE.
1st Lieut. . . . .	RALPH DOSCHER.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	JAMES SMITH.

### *Company M—1st Section*

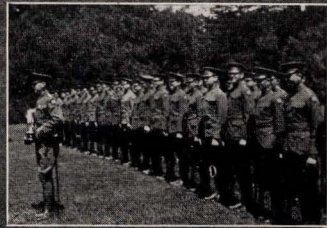
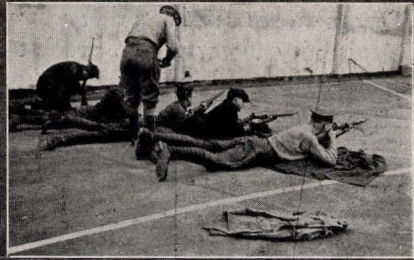
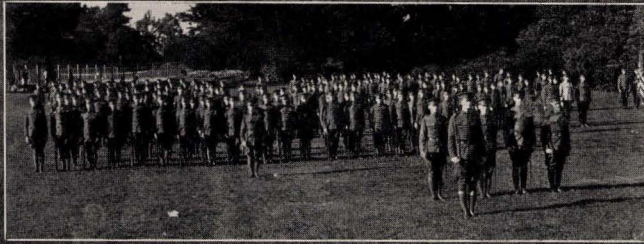
Capt. . . . .	MILTON MAUER.
1st Lieut. . . . .	EMIL HANSEN.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	LEE MILLER.

### *Company M—2nd Section*

Capt. . . . .	ARLINGTON ANSBRO.
1st Lieut. . . . .	CLAYTON HORN.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	ROBERT SYVERTSEN.

### *Band*

1st Lieut. . . . .	IRVING MOULIN.
2nd Lieut. . . . .	WARREN COLLINS.



# The Polytechnic

THE Polytechnic Bi-Weekly is just completing one of the most successful terms it has known during its long existence. It has blossomed forth regularly every two weeks in the full glory of its six—and sometimes eight—pages, every one of which was brimming with pep. A whole lot of the pep was due to our Faculty representative and helper, Miss Gleeson, who has kept the various editors and their staffs working at high speed throughout the term. And be it said to their credit, those editors *have* worked. If you want their personal opinions about it, just ask Jimmy McDougall, Marjorie Adams or Jimmy Rolph.

Our new system of rotating editors has given many aspiring young journalists an opportunity to try their hands at editing. Some of these wielders of the blue pencil are: Betty King, Elwood Squires, David Harrington, Ralph Ryan and Hollis Hughes.

Howard Branch as Manager and Edward Feisel as Circulation Manager have done some adroit juggling in the finance end of the game, while David Harrington has worked like a Trojan to corral “ads” for the Polytechnic. It is due to their efforts that the Bi-Weekly retains its leadership in having the largest circulation of any school paper in San Francisco.

In the course of events, Polytechnic stumbled over “Medbury” II wandering around the school—otherwise John McCutcheon, whose brilliancy has lighted up the paper and whose wit has had a lot to do with the laugh-bringers on the back page.

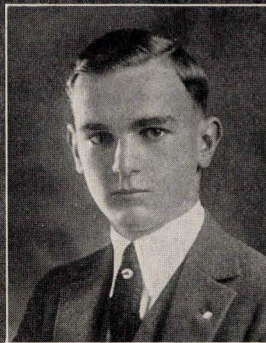
Last, but by no means least, comes our staff of energetic “cub” reporters, whose life is “just one darned word after another,” 500 a day, to be exact. With that held up before their noses as a standard, and the knowledge that failure to turn in the required amount of work would mean a five, they have done a whole lot of very creditable work. Perhaps this will explain why their hair always appears to stand on end when they are searching for news.

We have successfully put through a whole bunch of new ideas regarding the Polytechnic. We have had a Girls' Edition, which the “deadlier” side of our staff carried through with a completeness to delight the eye of any journalist. We have had a Razz Edition, in which Elwood Squires, as chief razzoo, and all his razzers and razzettes shook up the school generally, pointed out our faults mercilessly, and told us what we oughtn't to do.

And—greatest of all—we put out a big combined Pictorial Edition and Football Extra, twice the size of last term's paper, that will long be remembered by the school and held up before future journalism classes as a goal to be reached in the course of their achievements.

Surely we may prophesy that if, every term from now on, we can carry out such an extensive siege to the hearts and pockets of the school, there will be a big resurrection of school spirit that will keep enthusiasm at a high pitch, and result in bigger Student Body membership and better support for all our teams.

*Marjorie Adams*



*Marjorie Adams*  
*Jas. McDougall*  
*Edwin Feisel*

*Miss Gleeson*

*James Rolph III*  
*David Harrington*  
*Howard Branch*



*William Hess, Treasurer*

*Mabel Iverson, Secretary*

*Elwood Squires, President*

## Forum Club

“OUR future Presidents” gathered together in the Forum Club, have concluded another successful semester.

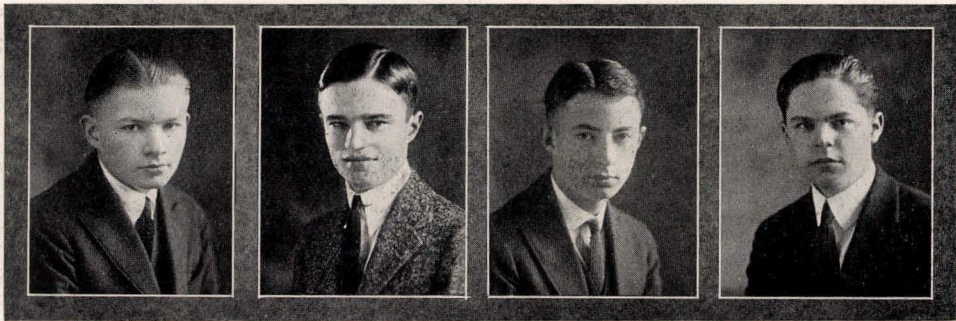
With the loss of James P. Sexton, we miss an orator both fiery and impressive. However, we have Hallinan, a countryman of Sexton, to replace him and to defend the honor of the old sod.

The semi-annual Forum Banquet was so great a success that it surpassed all expectations. William Hess as toastmaster, was largely responsible for the wonderful program. Arlington Ansbro, spoke in a touching manner of “The Unknown Soldier.” Milton Mauer explained the “Reasons for calling of the Disarmament Conference,” followed by Greensfelder, who told of the “Problems and Aims of the Conference.” Richard Laist traced the origin and advancement of the R. O. T. C. Grace Winter and Clara Terry spoke of the course in dramatics, its purpose and accomplishments.

Mrs. Sanborn, President of the Board of Education, was our guest and gave us some good advice, while Mr. Addicott suggested that the class have a critic, who should be either an able-bodied man who could protect himself, or a girl.

Erwin Morrison and Eileen Eckstrom spoke of Boy’s and Girl’s Athletics and the value of sportsmanship. Richard Laist enumerated the various activities of the school and James Rolph III praised the teachers who worked in those activities. McDonnel, of Lowell and President of the San Francisco Debating League, gave a review of the League’s work. Bernard Witkin, past President of the Forum Club, told the orators how to make a speech with nothing to say and went further to enumerate the values of the Forum. The President, Elwood Squires, chose as his subject a most interesting topic, the Stadium.

The officers are Elwood Squires, President; George Heppner, Vice-President; Mabel Iverson, Secretary, and William Hess, Treasurer.



*Harold Burkard*

*Elwood Squires*

*George Heppner*

*Norman McFarland*

## Polytechnic Debaters

**D**EBATING is more or less of a new subject in Poly, but it is receiving strong support. Whether a debating team wins or loses is immaterial; the training and experience is the thing that counts, and this training and experience is impossible to acquire elsewhere. Practice before an audience is provided by the Forum Club and the debating activities. Many of the prominent students, officers of the organized students have been brought out of their shells by this method and really shown what they can do. Students who could not get up before an assembly without quaking, both inwardly and outwardly, are now able to address an audience of any size whatever without experiencing the least difficulty.

It is now provided in the constitution of the Associated Students that all candidates for all school offices must have completed at least one term of this oral expression work. This amendment was adopted after the splendid results achieved by some of these students had been duly noted.

During the past term the debaters and members of the Forum Club have contributed their services to the student body on the occasion of rallies and other meetings held in the school auditorium. They are always ready to boost deserving school activities.

The "Soap Box Orators" illustrated the benefits they have derived when they appeared in their debate, "Resolved: That the closed shop is more beneficial than the open shop." The team was composed of Elwood Squires, Norman McFarland, Harold Burkard and George Heppner. Although they were eliminated in the finals of the San Francisco Debating League, this did not dampen their enthusiasm. The debate was repeated before the student body and the affirmative team, consisting of Squires and McFarland, were adjudged the winners.

The services of Mr. Perham and of Miss Tabrett have been invaluable this term as ever. They are ready at all times to assist and their suggestions and hints have gone far in aiding the successful completion of the term's work.



## Drama

THE Polytechnic Drama Class is bringing to a close the most successful term of its career. To date "Green Stockings" and several one act plays have been produced. An innovation this term, was the forming of a lower division class known as the High 2 Drama Class. This class has been instituted by Miss Tabrett and Mr. Perham as a means of giving the future dramatists a better foundation for their dramatic efforts when they reach the upper division.

"Green Stockings" was presented on the night of November 10. This production was the realization of a long cherished dream on the part of the drama club. The play concerns an English family with four daughters, all save the eldest married or engaged. The fortunes and misfortunes of this one, in her sole love affair form the plot for the story.

The leading part was taken by Bernice Brown. Known to us all as a clever toe dancer, Bernice proved her ability as an actress on that night. The part of Celia might well have been written for her, so naturally did she carry it. Her poise and perfect stage manner won the repeated applause of the audience.

Playing opposite her was Ingemar Hogberg, in the role of Colonel Smith, the lover. Hogberg handled the part in his usual style and the combination of a short, dark heroine and a tall, blonde hero was particularly pleasing to the eye.

Billie Doyle and Harry Morgan as Phyllis Faraday and Bobby Tarver caused some of the older members of the audience to turn back the pages of memory. As two young people so deeply in love with each other, that the world "was by them forgotten," Billie and Harry were all that could be asked for. Both deserve great credit for the character acting which they did; Billie as the sweet little youngest sister Phyllis, and Harry, as the empty-headed dude, Bobby Tarver.

Winifred Bashford was Aunt Ida, the maiden aunt from Chicago. This part, perhaps the most difficult in the entire cast, was handled by Winifred in a most pleasing way. She became hysterical and intoxicated to a convincing degree. Milton Mauer and Leon Adams, as Faraday and Admiral Grice, made excellent gentlemen. Marion Brune and Harriette Murton played Madge Faraday and Lady Trenchard, respectively, in a highly professional manner. Although new on the Polytechnic stage, Richard Laist and Leroy Minchin as Steele and Raleigh, show promise of future success.



*Ingemar Hogberg, President*

*Bernice Brown, Treasurer*

*Jos. Catanich, Secretary*

*Joseph Catanich*

Much credit is due to the feminine members of the cast for the designing and making of their gowns. These were the subject of much favorable comment and, by their appearance, might have come from any exclusive dressmaker. The stage setting was particularly attractive, the scene being a library in the Faraday home, with large davenports and easy chairs, the whole scene presenting a most homelike atmosphere.

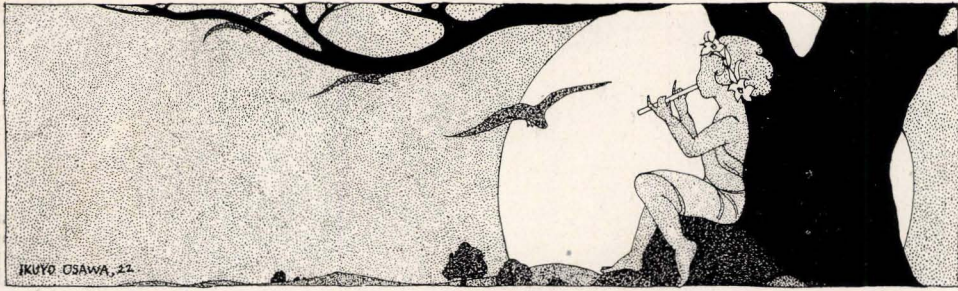
Immediately after the presentation of "Green Stockings" work began on "The Taming of the Shrew," which will be given after the Christmas vacation. This play will have as the leading lady, Grace Winter, who starred last year as Portia in the "Merchant of Venice." In the role of Katherine, the Shrew, she displays the same abilities which made her Portia so distinctive.

For the part of Petruchio, the brave gentleman who tames the Shrew, Joseph Catanich and Ingemar Hogberg are matching their wits. It seems that both could handle Grace equally well, and when this Journal went to press the lucky one was not known.

This dramatic work as an integral part of the curriculum is comparatively new, but is growing in popularity by leaps and bounds, for students find in it work which is both enjoyable and profitable.

At the beginning of the term the Drama Club elected the following members to office:

- |                          |                  |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| President . . . . .      | INGEMAR HOGBERG. |
| Vice-President . . . . . | GRACE WINTER.    |
| Secretary . . . . .      | JOSEPH CATANICH. |
| Treasurer . . . . .      | BERNICE BROWN.   |
| Property Man . . . . .   | MILTON MAUER.    |
| Stage Manager . . . . .  | GRAHAM HASTY.    |



# Music

## Orchestra and Band

**I**N August, 1915, when Polytechnic moved into the building it now occupies, there was no music department in the school. Early in 1916, it was learned that Mr. Lamp, who was at that time a science teacher, was also a professional musician. Thereupon, Mr. Addicott requested him to develop an orchestra.

Mr. Lamp sent out a call for players and obtained ten violinists, five coronetists, six pianists and one clarinetist. These numbers were sufficient but not properly divided.

Funds from various sources supplied the necessary instruments; proceeds from a candy sale purchased a clarinet, the Mothers' Club furnished a French horn and Mr. Lamp bought an additional French horn, two violas and a string bass. Then two pianists were interested in cellos and instructed by Mr. Lamp during lunch periods; two cornetists purchased the French horns; two violinists were shown how to play violas and two other pianists were taught the string bass. In this manner Mr. Lamp arranged a complete string section.

To produce a balanced brass section, one student was taught the trombone.

The reed section which at first consisted of one clarinet was soon augmented when two students took up the flute. Then Mr. Lamp secured a set of tympanies.

This was the first attempt to balance a high school orchestra, and almost immediately the Polytechnic orchestra was known in all the Bay Cities.

The second term so large a number of students registered for music that Mr. Lamp found it necessary to arrange two groups; beginning and advanced. The demand for brass instruments resulted in a band known as the A<sup>o</sup> Band. The interest continued to increase until by the third term, three classes were organized, beginning, intermediate and advanced. The R. O. T. C. Band was introduced in the spring term of 1919, thereby crediting Polytechnic with three orchestras and two bands.

Each term the Drama Class with the assistance of the orchestra gives a play. Funds derived are used to purchase instruments and music.

The Polytechnic orchestra, in April, 1920, won first prize at the Annual Orchestral Competition at the University of California. The band, in September, 1920, won a prize of \$200 at the Amateur Band Contest held at the State Fair in Sacramento.

This term the orchestra gave a very successful concert, on the evening of November 3rd. The proceeds from the musical went to supply much-needed musical equipment.

## The Dance Orchestra

At last the dream of many a Polyite has come true. Polytechnic has a dance orchestra. In the past many attempts were made to develop such an organization, but it proved impossible to keep the musicians together from term to term.

Due to the efforts of Roberto Escamilla, there is now a permanent orchestra to furnish music for the school dances. In spite of many difficulties the music supplied was excellent, and attracted many students to the dances. The younger and bashful set ventured out to try their skill and "wall flowers" were fewer than ever before.

The dance orchestra also played at numerous school rallies, supplying plenty of "pep".

Poly's "jazzy five" are "Rusty" Minchin, with his saxophone, "Cutie" Krieger with his trumpet, "Acrobatic" Santisteban with his drums, "Jazzy" Knotts "tickling the ivories", and Bob Escamilla with his baby fiddle. These boys devote one evening each week to rehearsing, which means sacrificing their work or doing it in the morning, before school.

This earnest co-operation that provides pleasure for many Polyites, is appreciated by the Student Body, and it is hoped that the dance orchestra will continue as an organization of Polytechnic High School.

On the evening of November 2nd a special concert was presented in the school auditorium, under the direction of Mr. Charles Lamp. Mr. Lamp, who has been the head of the Music Department in Polytechnic for many years, obtained the consent of several prominent musicians to entertain at this performance. Each one, the violinist, pianist and singer was an accomplished artist in his particular line of work.

The program was given for the benefit of the Music Department, and the funds derived are to purchase instruments and music for student musicians of Polytechnic.

## Our Jazz Quartet

Poly's Jazz Quartet is one of the best of its kind in the San Francisco high schools, and under the careful instruction of Miss Robertson has become very popular with the Polyites.

Its members are Fernando Ybarra, the well known "Caruso" of Polytechnic; Max Williams, bass; Louis Aguirre, tenor; and Bert Person, baritone.

## The Parent-Teachers' Club

OF the many organizations in Polytechnic, the one which maintains the closest connection between the parents, the teachers, and the students is the Parent-Teachers Club.

This club came into existence six and a half years ago. Mrs. Hamill was its first president and served two years, to be followed by Mrs. Moulin for two years, and then Mrs. Wale for two years. This brings us to the present term when Mrs. Wholey was elected to the office.

Under the leadership of these women, the club has been able to accomplish many things which have made Polytechnic a better school. Much of their fine work has been done in silence, but the students have, sooner or later, felt the effect of their undertakings.

Last term a lecture was given under the auspices of this organization, the proceeds of which went to purchase the beautiful print which now hangs in the office. They also cooperated with the Seniors in the Freshman reception and did much to make that function the success that it was.

The officers this term are: President, Mrs. Wholey; Vice-President, Mrs. Plevin; Secretary, Mrs. Watson; Treasurer, Mrs. Aaron; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Wale.

## The Poly Poster Club

THE Poly Poster Club, which is a comparatively recent organization, is fast becoming one of the most unusual attractions of our school. Its membership does not exceed twenty, and only those are eligible to membership who are recommended by the teachers of the Art Department and are voted in by the other members. Such high standards serve as an incentive to the art students of the school.

This club produces all the posters that are used to announce the various activities of the school, such as athletic activities, dances, and dramatic performances.

This year the members have redoubled their efforts to make the spirit of their organization better than it has ever been, and much of their success has been due to Miss Goeller, whose vital interest in the club is indispensable.

A beach picnic was one of the most delightful of its social affairs. Weenies were roasted, and after supper all gathered around the camp fire and told stories and played games. On this occasion two of the most prominent graduate members, Richard Reid and Clayton Sherman, were present. Other interesting affairs were a dinner and theatre party, and a dance given at the home of Laurence Mitchell. A special invitation has been extended to club graduates to attend all its social meetings.

The officers for the current term are: President, Isador Koblik; Vice-President, Doris Lind; Representative, Billie Moore; Secretary-Treasurer, Anne Post.

## The Radio Club

**A**FTER two years of existence, the Polytechnic Radio Club is better and more active than ever. This term the chief project has been the new transmitter panel, upon which a complete one-half kilowatt spark set will be mounted. Judging from past performances, regular communication will be possible within a radius of well over one hundred miles. Experiments are also being made with continuous-wave transmission.

Besides its quantity of radio apparatus, the club possesses a library of more than one hundred scientific magazines and pamphlets.

During the term Sergeant Tavers of the Signal Corps, and Mr. Watson of the Naval Radio Laboratories gave instructive talks to the club on the design and care of radio apparatus. In October a score of members visited the new million-dollar station of the Federal Telegraph Company near Palo Alto. This in itself was an opportunity seldom accorded anyone.

The meetings are held weekly, on Saturday nights in Room Z. All radio amateurs in this school who possess apparatus capable of receiving messages, are eligible to membership. The meetings are varied with talks from members, unusual experiments, and discussions upon scientific topics.

The Radio Club's achievements are made possible chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Tinsley and the following committee chairmen: Albert Moore, Construction; Albert Hoefflich, Electrical; Thomas Graham, Library; Harry Frank, Publicity; and Mr. Tinsley, Meetings and Papers.

The officers for the term are: President, Chas. Bertrand; Vice-President, Harry Frank; Secretary, Harold Johnson; Treasurer, Mr. Tinsley; Chief Operator, Bernard Greensfelder; Sergeant-at-Arms, Clarence Dulfer.

## The Bank

**A** YEAR ago, the Anglo-California Trust Company, realizing that the old saying, "A penny saved is a penny earned" is both wise and true, acted in cooperation with the Student Body and established a savings system in the high schools. Such a system had been in use for many years in the grammar schools, but had never been tried in the high schools.

Rizal Musser, then president of the associated students, together with the officials of the Trust Company formulated the plan which is now in operation. A student in each school is chosen as representative of the company, and upon him rests the duty of conducting the bank in the school.

In Polytechnic, this term, our branch has been under the supervision of John Sermattei. With his efficient management and the cooperation of the students, this term has been a very successful one.

To further promote interest in thrift, a series of interesting and informative lectures were given during the latter part of the term. The speakers were provided by the Bankers' Association.

## The Shops

**T**HE Mechanical Arts Department was, as usual, the most popular one among the boys in the school during the past semester. The machine shop in Room H was the most sought after. Even though this shop is closed to all students under the high-two grade, many applicants are turned away from each class. New machines have been installed, and finished products for the Board of Education are being turned out regularly.

In the foundry, located in Room J, a small group of lockers has been installed and preparations are being made for showers and washing facilities. These improvements will be completed for the spring term 1922. Orders have been received from the Board of Education for certain desk parts which cannot be purchased, and these are being cast in our foundry.

Woodwork and pattern making shops were full of Freshmen and Sophomores. Most of these classes are for the younger members of the school, but there is one advanced class in woodwork under Mr. Bannister. Membership in this class is looked upon as a privilege and is one which is much coveted.

In the electric shop new and improved radio apparatus has been installed and many interesting experiments have been performed.

The forge shop had its usual overflow at the beginning of the term. These classes are composed almost entirely of first and second year boys and they find the work very interesting. An advanced class in blacksmithing is held under Mr. McTiernan and some very fine work has been completed.

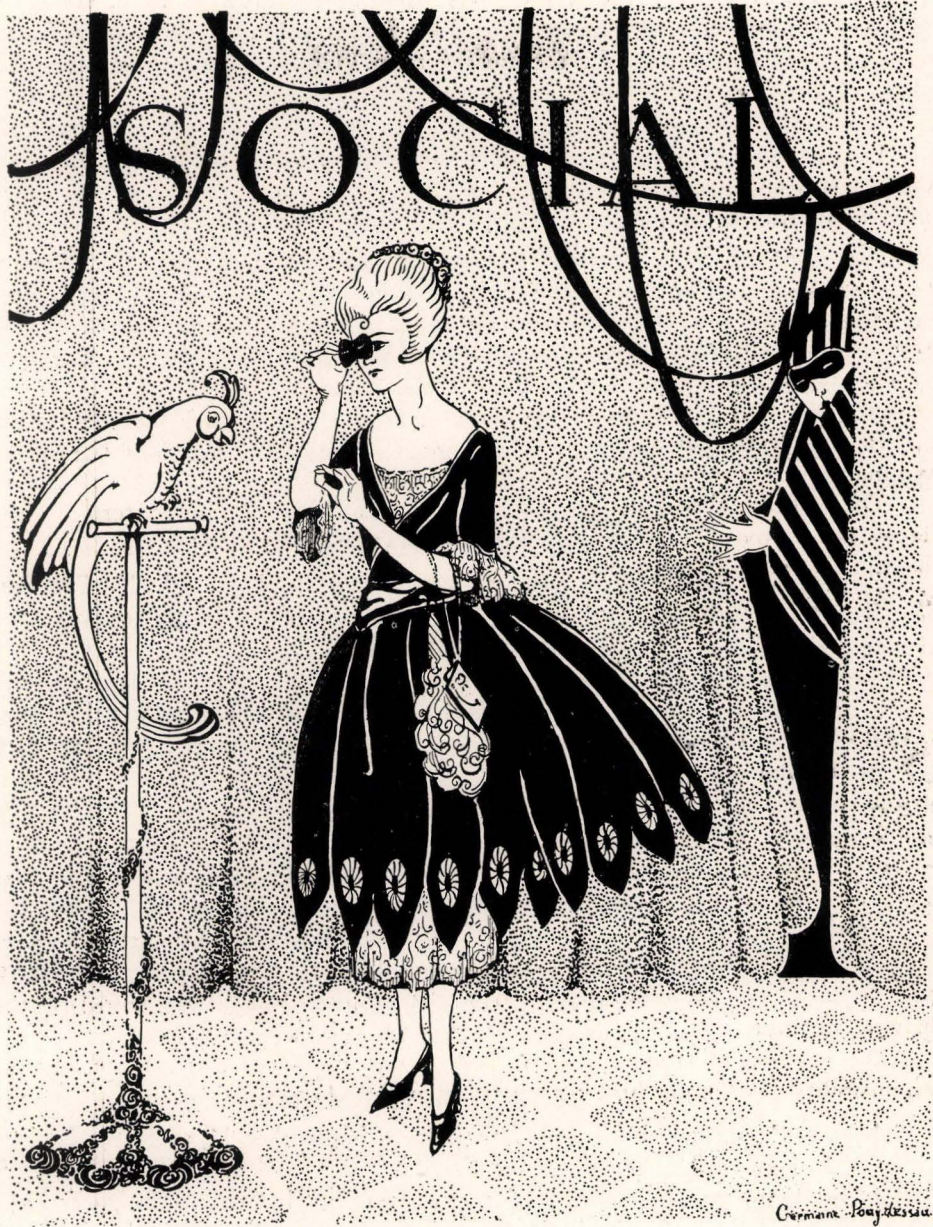
## The Cafeteria

**S**ERVICE! This seems to be the watchword in our school cafeteria. It is the aim of the management to provide the greatest amount and variety of well-cooked, nourishing food, served in the most attractive manner, all for the smallest possible cost to each patron. That the students appreciate the results is proved by the ever-increasing numbers who pass through the doors every fifth and sixth period.

Though some still persist in eating three orders of pudding plus pie a la mode, the majority choose hot, substantial dishes. Candy, is of course, a universal favorite, as is also the ubiquitous hot dog, so the counters in the hallways do a thriving business.

The position of student manager is a most important one. Perhaps more responsibility rests upon his shoulders than upon those of any other student in the school, as he has the supervision of the entire force of student helpers, of whom there are now sixty. Running these is quite a business in itself. Roberto Escamilla, the present manager, deserves unlimited credit for the efficient way he has handled the problems that have confronted him, and welded the entire group into a harmonious whole.

No account of the "Caf" would be complete without a mention of Miss McNab whose loyalty and devotion know no limit. This is "service" which has no price; it can't be bought.



## Social Affairs

### Opening Rally

THE school met together for the first time at the opening rally, when the new Student Body officers were installed. James Rolph III, the new president, spoke of his plans for Poly for the coming term. Graham Hasty, the treasurer, told of his desire to part 50 cents from every Polyite.

The faculty was seated on the rostrum and the new members were introduced. Mr. Addicott addressed the school and faculty and welcomed the new-comers.

### Girls' Rally

The standards and ideals of Polytechnic girls were reviewed by Bernice Brown at the first girls' rally of the term, held on August 12. Miss Hawkins, who was chairman of the day, spoke on the good of the girls' organization. Edith Bepler, president of the Girls' Student Body, presented the girls with a mirror, bought with the collection in Miss Cerf's "nickel box."

Miss McNab, who is in charge of the cafeteria, and Miss Winnek, who has the Girls' Educational Guidance Class, spoke on subjects touching the school life of girls.

### Football Dance

The football team can do other things as well as play football. The first dance of the term was given by them and drew one of the largest crowds ever seen at a Poly dance.

Programs were sold which admitted students to the dance, and punch was on sale at 5 cents a glass. The proceeds of the dance, over one hundred dollars, were given to the team. Everyone decided that the jazz orchestra was the best that Poly had ever had.

### Student Body Dance

A dance without wall-flowers? It seems too good to be true, but it was. The Student Body appointed an introduction committee which helped make the dance on September 2 the success that it was. The committee attempted to keep the scrubs programs filled and have everyone dancing. Incidentally, they introduced Graham Hasty to the tiniest scrub girl present. Punch was served by the dance committee, and music supplied by the Poly jazz orchestra.

### Freshman Reception

There was a great hubbub at Polytechnic on September 23, when the Seniors and the Mothers Club entertained the Freshmen.

All day long, the Sophs and Juniors who were not invited to the party used their persuasive powers to the limit, first in securing the slippery little tags, and then in obtaining teacher's permission.

Finally the great moment arrived, and a breathless audience waited for the curtains to sweep aside and reveal the surprises. Such an unusual audience!

The Seniors and scrubs were devouring all-day suckers—but with a difference. The scrubs manipulated theirs with familiar skill, but the Seniors went through desperate struggles. One well-known Senior girl attracted much attention by attempting to bite a green one, and another by sampling the stick.

Then a yell burst from the Senior pew—"Seniors! Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah! Seniors!" Another—"Freshmen! Rah! Rah! Rah! Freshmen!" And yet another "Jimmie Rolph! Rah! Rah! Rah! Jimmie Rolph!" And then the program began. Jimmie Rolph gave a short opening speech, welcoming the new students to Polytechnic. Then the drama students gave a skit entitled "A Young Man's Fancy." Joe Catanich as Dicky was a delightful Romeo. He proposed to five girls all at once and they all accepted him and then he went off and married an entirely different one.

The Jazz Orchestra surprised everyone by appearing with new music stands which, when set up, spelled the word POLY. Fernando Ybarra sang two selections, accompanied on the piano by Clarence Frank.

## Girls' Rally

At this rally held on September 28, Bernice Brown spoke upon the subject of Student Body dues, likening those who did not give this support to their high school to the slackers in war time. Edith Bepler, the chairman of the meeting introduced Miss Hawkins who spoke of girls affairs; a representative of the Journal staff reported the progress of the Journal and urged the early purchase of tickets, the supplying of material and of advertising. A musical number ended the program.

## Junior Dance

Lowell is our friend! How do we know it? Because she sent her jazz band to play for the Junior dance Friday, September 30. Thanks, Lowell. We liked your band.

Poly's jazz band played for the last half of the dance as usual. Punch was served by the dance committee. Bernice Brown deserves the highest praise for her work as chairman of this committee. Graham Hasty and Smoke Francis again displayed their great usefulness by doing everything from moving pianos to making punch.

The Junior boys stepped out in red and black lettered bow ties and the girls in hair ribbons to match.

## Freshman Dance

The Freshmen momentarily roused out of their usual lethargy, woke up and gave one of the best dances of the term on November 9. Taking all the burdens of arrangement on their young and willing shoulders they gave the over-worked dance committee a much-needed rest.

## Senior Dance

Among the other dances of the term was a dance given by the Seniors, which

proved a huge success. In spite of numerous other activities to be attended to, the Seniors managed to find time for their own successful "hop."

## Soph Dance

The Sophs, not to be outdone by the other classes, got together and planned a dance whose odd and unusual features added to the enjoyment of all those who were fortunate enough to be present.

## Girls' Rally

"The Course Offered for Girls in the University" was the theme of a recent address by Miss Lucy Stebbins, Dean of Women at California. She spoke to the girls alone, and closed by expressing a hope of seeing all of the Poly girls at the University at no very distant date.

## The Girls' Jinx

Great-eyed gypsies, dusky Indian maidens, jolly Japanese, and cute Chinese all combined to make the girls jinx held on Saturday, October 29, a veritable triumph.

Garbed in cretonne aprons of bright hues, the charming hostesses, Edith and Francis Bepler, Bernice Brown, Myrtle Hoin, Helen Dierks, Dot Lawson, Loretta Doran, Hazel Bertelsen, and Agnes Smith greeted the guests, introduced them to one another, and made them feel at home.

Reba McNamer was awarded first prize for the prettiest costume, a charming green ballet. Louise Kahn as a lovely colonial lady received second prize. Completely disguised as a member of the Purity League, Aurelia Smith's costume won the admiration of all the girls and the prize as the most original. Virginia Meyers as a little gray bunny with a huge carrot received second prize for originality.

The program consisted of a gypsy dance by Bernice Brown, a ballet dance by Reba McNamer, a bunny dance by Virginia Meyers, which was as cute as Doris MacKenzie's clown dance. Lois Newland sang a group of songs.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cakes and all-day suckers were served and many snaps were taken as mementos of a jolly time.

## Arthur and Albert's Rally

A rally, which for the quality of unusualness, rivalled anything held within our walls took place on November 2. On that day the twins held their coming out party in the auditorium. They made a great hit and the editor ventures to predict that they will be a great success socially.

## Senior Jinx

Although the Senior Jinx has not taken place as the Journal goes to press, it promises to eclipse recent efforts in that direction to judge by the program being prepared. The committee in charge consists of Graham Hasty, Bernice Brown, Edith Bepler, James Rolph and Bill Rainey.

## The Alumni

**I**N looking back over the roster of the graduates of Polytechnic High School, one may find many names distinguished in almost every field of human endeavor. Here are just a few.

Adolph N. Sutro of the class of 1909 gained a most distinguished record in France as a machine gunner of the First Division; he is a veteran of five battles. Lester Stone, also of '09 is engaged with his father in the business of shipbuilding.

The assistant in the Part-Time Educational Bureau of San Francisco is Raymond Gunton, who was one of the best men on Poly's athletic teams in 1910.

Louis Roncovieri '11, son of the Superintendent of Schools, is practicing medicine in San Francisco.

In the mathematics department of Harvard is Shirley Quimby '11, teaching the mysteries of that science.

Allan F. Bonnallie '12, served in the aviation section, was decorated by both the British and American governments, and is now an instructor in aeronautics in the extension division of the University of California. Curt N. Schvette, also of the class of 1912, is with the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

W. Lance Butler '13, made a fine record with the Engineering Section of the U. S. Air Service. He is now with an aeronautic factory at Keyport, New Jersey.

Herbert Jansen '13, has spent the last two years in Shanghai, China, with an exporting and importing firm. In the same work is Robert Gill, well-known for his athletic prowess while at Poly.

James DeWitt, art editor of the June '19 Journal, is now editor of the Pictorial at U. C. Harold Tiemroth, also of '19, has spent one year as a Plebe at Annapolis, and is now known as a Youngster. The latter part of his first year was spent touring Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and England.

Sidney Hawkins of June '20, is at the Lycee de Jeunes Filles at Tours, France. While at Stanford, she received one of the exchange scholarships given to promote friendliness between France and the United States. She left home in August and will return some time next year.

Moose Fawke and Harold Toso are still at Santa Clara, where both are making good on the football team.

Phil Bettens is still at U. C. and is still playing tennis. As he holds many championships he should have no difficulty in making the Freshman team.

Christian Niemann, June '21, is traveling in Europe. He has visited the headquarters of the French and English troops in Germany, and passed through Berlin, Leipzig, Frankfort, Geneva and other equally interesting cities. He intends to go from Paris to London by air. From London he will turn his face homeward and arrive here some time in the winter.

A recent visitor at Poly was Charlotte Fisher of June '21. She is planning to tour Europe in the near future. Vivian McNab, who was second vice-president of the student body last term is also planning a tour of the Mediterranean, and is now studying French preparatory to her trip.

## Poly's Past Presidents

In the earlier days of Polytechnic's student organization much of the excitement of elections was missing, for the president and other directors of the board were chosen each term by the executive officers of the previous semester. In the spring of 1907, during the presidency of Jack Northrup, the Australian ballot was introduced.

The first president elected under the new system was Laurence Parker, who was re-elected the following term. He was succeeded by Frank Spencer. George Frates, captain of the football team, was elected president for the spring of 1909. He is now manager of the Homeopathic Drug Store in this city.

There is no record of student body meetings from that time until 1913 when Paul Hollister occupied the chair. Hollister has spent the last few years in Mexico. Poly and her alumni wish to extend to him their sincere sympathy in the recent death of his wife, who will be remembered as Bessie Currier.

George Wale, who was president in '14, has just returned from two years of agricultural work in the rice lands of Colusa County.

Leonard Mentzer, who occupied the chair at the meetings of the board during the fall of 1914, is now working in this city.

Russell Harris was president in the spring of '15. He is now working in Oakland. Frederic Barker, who succeeded Harris, entered U. C. to study law.

Paul Mohr, president in '16, is now a Senior at U. C. He is a Y. M. C. A. secretary there and has charge of the Freshmen.

Sterling Cloughley was elected to the chief office in '16, and soon after graduating entered Annapolis. After finishing there he was assigned to duty at Portland, Oregon, where he now is.

Jimmy Hamill, president in '17, is making a wonderful record at U. C. He has held numerous important positions and is now manager of the Pictorial.

George Wiles presided during the fall term of '17. He is now attending Stanford. William Gallagher, who succeeded him, is now a Delta Tau Delta at U. C.

Leonard Geldert, who followed in Gallagher's footsteps, is now doing Junior work at U. C.

Bruce Wale, who was president in '19, has not lost his stentorian voice. He is in business with his father in the firm of the Wale Printing Company, and is proud of the fact that he is a full fledged voter.

Walter Terry, who settled a few of the usual Student Body battles in the fall of '19, is now with Langley and Michaels, wholesale druggists.

William Tomlinson of '20 is among those working in the city. Rizal Musser, also of '20, has returned to Stanford after working half a year with his father in the oil fields of Coalinga. He is one of the lucky ones chosen for the Freshman team down the peninsula.

Roderick Cassidy, last term's president, states that he is a retired business man, having retired from the Western Meat Company's employment. He is now devoting much time and energy to his work with the de Molay organization.

# ATHLETICS



# The Stadium

THE greatest athletic victory won in San Francisco in many years was won, not on the athletic field, but on the field of diplomacy when James Rolph, Polytechnic's student body president, succeeded in putting over the stadium project. It is now assured that San Francisco will soon have a \$100,000 stadium built opposite Polytechnic on the present site of the park nursery.

Polytechnic has long coveted the natural amphitheatre just acquired and has cherished the dream of an athletic field there, but this dream seemed destined to remain in a purely shadowy state, so many obstacles lay in the way of its realization.

But finally the person appeared who possessed a combination of qualities which proved irresistible, Jimmie Rolph. He gained the sympathetic cooperation of Mr. Ralph McLeran of the Board of Supervisors, and of Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Fleishhacker of the Park Commission. These four were able to convince Mr. John McLaren, the park superintendent, that the nursery which made Golden Gate Park one of the most famous in the world by starting little trees on their way to become big trees, now had a greater service to perform, that is, to help little men on their way to become big men. A suitable location for the nursery was finally found, and, after many conferences, the matter was settled.

The site of the proposed stadium had already been surveyed under the direction of Mr. Mohr, and plans had been drawn under the supervision of Mr. Walker. These plans, which have been approved by the Park Commission and the Board of Education, call for a quarter-mile track with a 220-yard straightway, football field, baseball field, basketball courts, tennis courts, drill ground, and seats for several thousand spectators.

To all who helped along the plan for the stadium, the schools of San Francisco owe a debt of gratitude. Because of its location, Polytechnic is, of course, especially fortunate, and therefore, doubly pleased.

The project was given a spectacular sendoff at a great stadium rally which our Mayor said was the most exciting he ever attended. On this occasion the entire student body was present, and many distinguished guests sat upon the rostrum. The gathering overflowed with enthusiasm as the speakers pledged their support to the undertaking.

Among those who spoke were Mr. Addicott, Mrs. Sanborn of the Board of Education, Mayor Rolph, Mr. Ralph McLeran of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Wm. Humphreys of the Park Commission, Mr. Clark of Lowell, Dr. Hatch of Crocker, and James Rolph III of our own school. Mr. John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, and Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker of the Park Commissioners, were unable to be present, but pledged their support.

Mrs. Sanborn told of the God-given right of a child to play and of her happiness in seeing the entire city cooperate to promote athletics and outdoor exercise.

# Football



*Captain Hillman*

AMERICAN football has once more come into its own in the San Francisco high schools. Of the seven schools entered in the S. F. A. L., Polytechnic is credited with the possession of one of the best teams on the field, having lost but one game this season, and that was to the plucky, experienced bunch from Lick-Wilmerding.

With two of the best coaches in the city, Poly at the time of this writing, has an excellent chance of winning the championship since we defeated Lowell which stood at the head of the list.

This Poly-Lowell game was the real big game of the season. Not only the student bodies of both schools were out en masse, but it seemed that all the alumni of both schools and all the other schools in town were there too. Between 9,500 and 10,000 rooters were on the stands to see the battle and to add to the clamor.

Poly kicked off and then the contest commenced, both teams fighting hard and strong, only to end the first half with a scoreless tie.

The beginning of the third quarter found Lowell on Poly's 15-yard line. Captain Kratz dropped back and kicked the pigskin squarely between our goal posts, putting the Red and White boys in the lead by three points.

An intercepted forward pass at the beginning of the fourth quarter started Poly on a triumphant march toward their opponent's goal. With numerous line bucks Poly had the ball on Lowell's 8-yard line. Smoke Francis carried it three times for slight gains; then on the fourth down he dove through the line for a touchdown. Charlie Packer was right there to convert, making our boys victors with a 7-3 score.

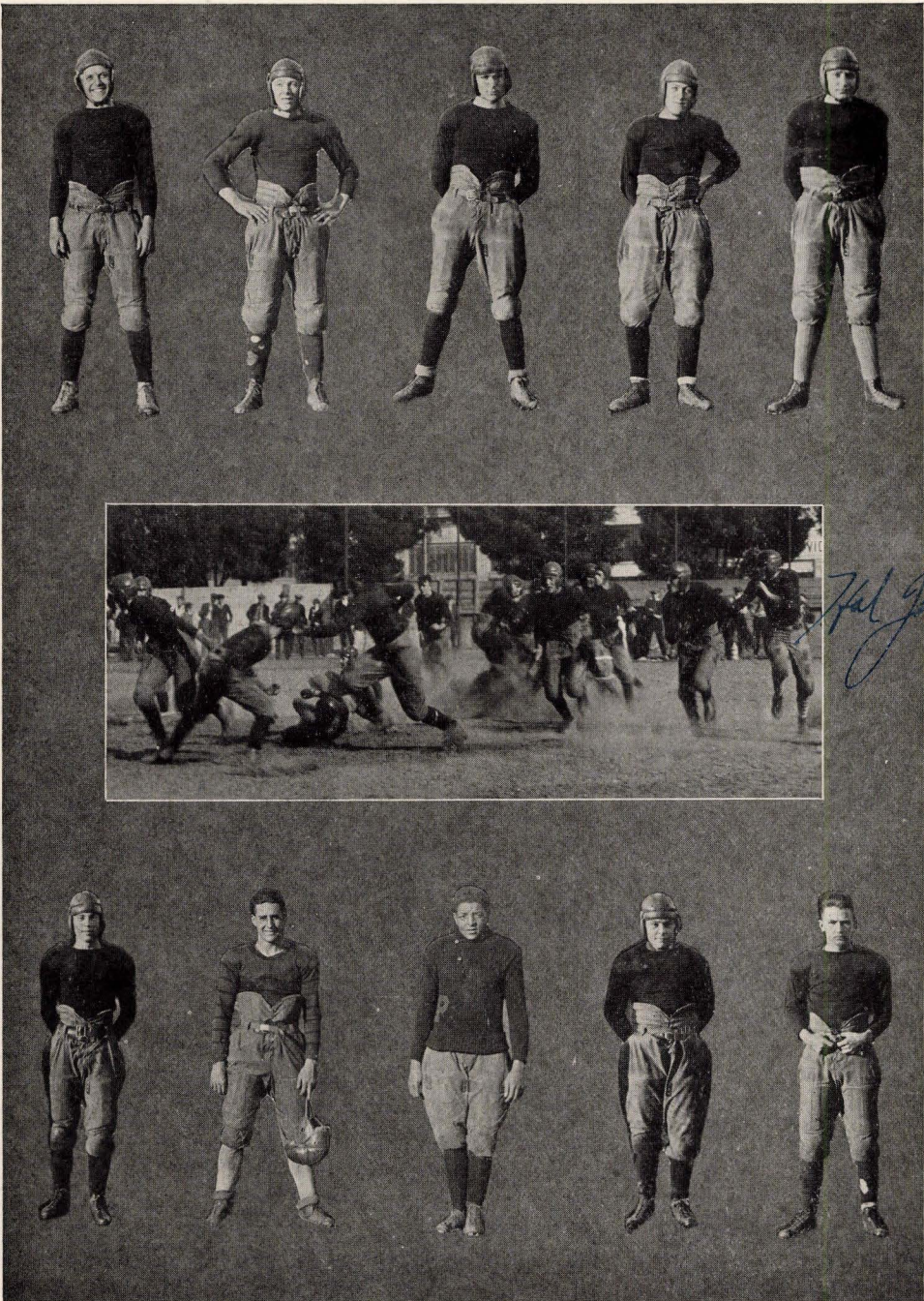
The line-up was as follows:

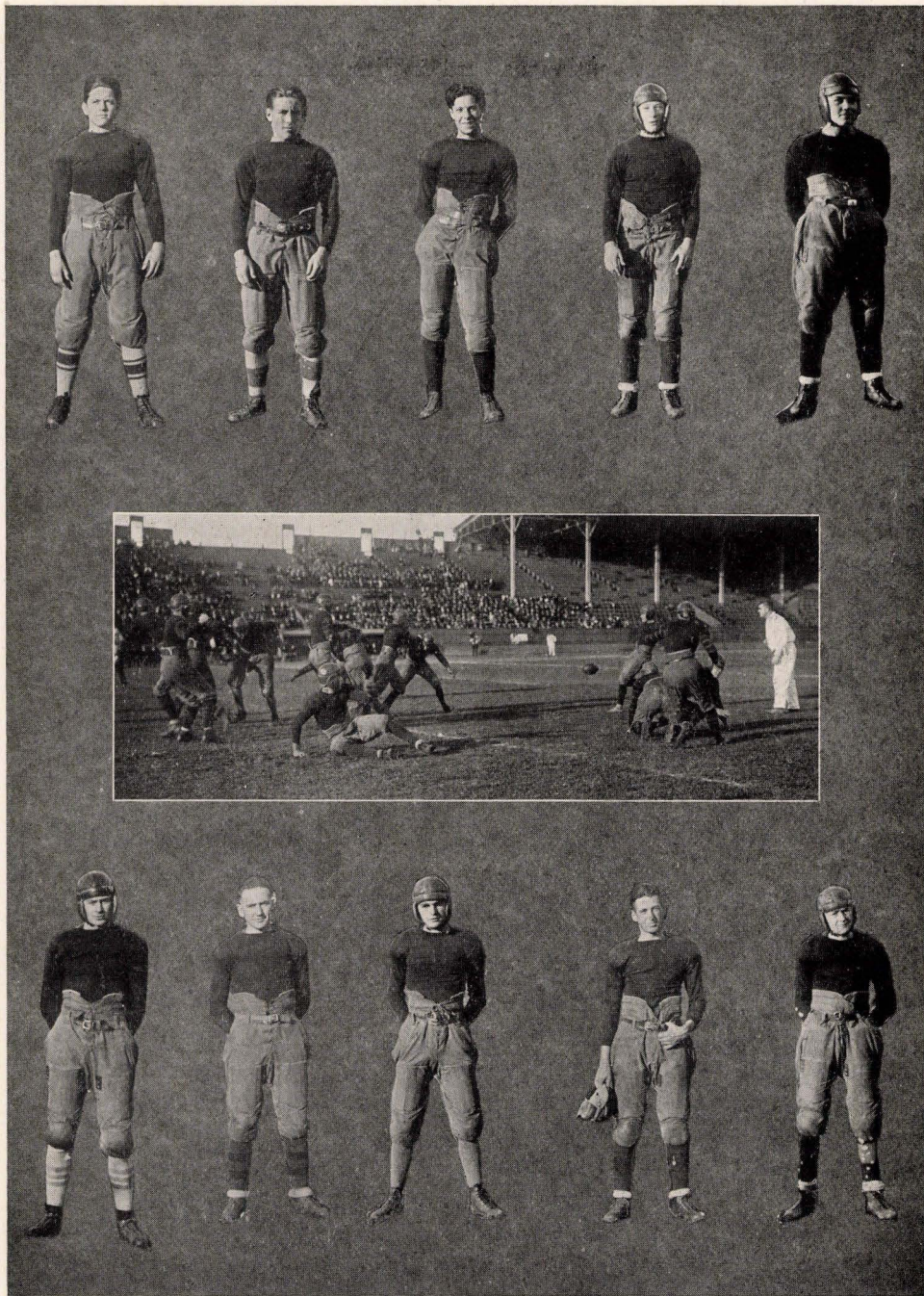
<i>Polytechnic</i>		<i>Lowell</i>
Marcus.....	Left end.....	Lecari
Hillman, Capt.....	Left tackle.....	Silverman
DeBardeleban.....	Left guard .....	Nunan
Granucci .....	Center.....	Meyers
Whitney.....	Right guard.....	Newman
Packer.....	Right tackle.....	O'Hea
Young .....	Right end.....	Crick
Harriman.....	Quarter.....	W. Rankin
Braunigal.....	Left half.....	Petterson
Francis.....	Right half.....	Fraser
Matzen.....	Fullback.....	Kratz, Capt.



*Mgr. Campbell*

*Herschel Campbell*





## Polytechnic vs. Lick-Wilmerding

The Polytechnic gridders got off to a bad start in the first game of the S. F. A. L. when the Lick-Wilmerding eleven defeated them by a score of 7-0.

The game was one of continuous hard fighting throughout the four quarters, with a combination of experience and skill against weight and inexperience on a wet and slippery field. The Black and Yellow contingent forward-passed themselves to victory. Their only touchdown they made in this manner in the first quarter of the game.

Our boys had the edge on the game throughout the last three quarters, playing on the defensive most of the time. Lick was threatened once when, in the final quarter, Smoke Francis and Dutch Matzen broke through in some spectacular line plunges, but the final punch was lacking to carry the pigskin over the line.

## Polytechnic vs. Mission

The second scheduled game of the S. F. A. L. was a defeat of the Mission High boys by the Red and Black gridders by the overwhelming score of 53-0.

The Mission boys entered upon the field feeling confident after a victory over the Sacred Heart team just a week previous. It was a great disappointment for the Brown and Yellow warriors when they made their yardage but once in the first three quarters of play.

Poly's line held like a stone wall, making it easy to complete forward passes and numerous end runs. Dick Braunigal started the ball rolling by running twenty-five yards for a touchdown. A forward pass, Matzen to Harriman, was the means of a second score for Poly.

Matzen was credited with three touchdowns and two converts, while Francis, Granucci and Clark also crossed the line for Poly. Charlie Packer did his part by kicking most of the goals.

At the end of the second half, the score stood 32-0. During the third and fourth quarters, Poly's second and third string men were put in the game to relieve the first line men, with the exception of Granucci and Matzen. This, however, had no effect on the scoring ability of the Poly team as the total clearly shows.

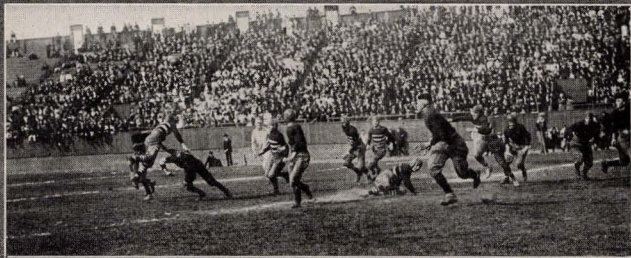
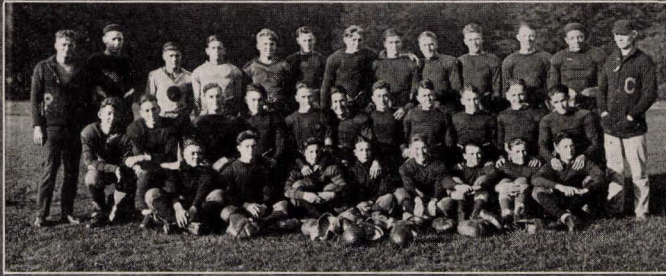
## Polytechnic vs. Commerce

The Polytechnic eleven added a second victory to their credit by defeating the Commercial High boys by a decisive score, 39-0.

Our boys kicked off, and the bookkeepers ran the ball back to the middle of the field, made their yards a few times, until they were on Poly's 15-yard line. Here they stopped and our team began its march down the field.

Smoke Francis broke through the line, made a twenty yard run for a touchdown, and began the scoring. The Commercialites could not get a footing; the Polytechnic line held strongly together, enabling the Poly crew to complete eight passes out of nine.

Matzen made the second touchdown and also the last one. Braunigal went over the line for the third, followed by Smoke for his second turn at scoring.



# Basket Ball

## The 120-Lb. Team

THE twenties finished a very successful practice season, carrying away the honors in four games out of the five they played. This is a fine showing, and a great deal of the credit must be given to Coach Koblik who gave up his afternoons to coaching the boys and to picking a team such as this one to represent Polytechnic in the S. F. A. L.

The first practice game of the season between Polytechnic and St. Ignatius proved to be a fast and snappy one. Both teams fought hard from beginning to end when the score stood 24-19 in favor of St. Ignatius.

Following this game, the Polytechnic quintet defeated the Y. M. C. A. team by a score of 48-2. Our boys outclassed their players in every department of the game.

The next game proved an easy victory for our boys against Commerce. The sound of the final whistle showed the Poly team on the long end of a 60-23 score.

The Polytechnic-Sacred Heart game was hotly contested, the score at half time being 6-4 in our favor. In the second half our team played true to form and finished with 19-6.

Lowell was the next in line. Their basketekers put up a good fight, but were not able to overcome the lead Poly had obtained. 28-14 was the final score of this game.



### THE PLAYERS

Lifschiz . . . .	Forward	Mollath . . . .	Center
Levin . . . . .	Forward	Pimley . . . . .	Guard
Lomburg . . . .	Forward	Strand . . . . .	Guard
G. Ybaretta . .	Forward	Harris . . . . .	Guard
Reed . . . . .	Center	J. Ybaretta . . .	Guard
Isador Koblik . .		Coach	

## The 110-Lb. Team

The one hundred and ten pound team was composed mostly of veterans from the championship one hundred pound team that finished the S. F. A. L. season last year without a defeat.

The team had much difficulty in getting practice games this season, and therefore was forced to spend most of the time practicing as best they could among themselves under the supervision of Coach Lange.

The first game of the season was with Commerce High and our boys surely got a good start by piling up 66 points to their opponents' 6. Hughes and Howard did most of the scoring for Poly, dropping the ball in from all angles of the court. Captain Jensen and Bob Healy played stellar games at guard, holding their opponents to three baskets.

The second game, with Lowell, was one of the closest games witnessed this season. Both teams played fine ball throughout the entire game. The score was close from the beginning to the last few minutes of play, when the Lowell quintet stepped out and defeated our boys by a 20-15 score.

Howard played an excellent game at forward, piling up most of Poly's points. Red Jensen also threatened the Lowell boys by dropping a few in from center. Had it not been for Bob Healy at guard, the Hayes Street boys would have had a much easier time than they did.

### THE PLAYERS

Hughes . . . .	Forward	P. Wong . . . .	Center
Keegan . . . .	Forward	Jensen . . . .	Guard
Howard . . . .	Forward	Healy . . . .	Guard
B. Wong . . . .	Forward	Bonhage . . . .	Guard
Lincoln . . . .	Center	O. Lange . . . .	Coach

## The 100-Lb. Team

With but one veteran left from last year's team, Coach Molkenbuhr was able to recruit enough men for what looked to be a winning team.

These youngsters, most of whom have just entered high school, practiced earnestly every night after school, and started the season with a bang by defeating the St. Ignatius aggregation of the same weight. As this was the first game in which the boys had played together, they were nervous, but they soon lost this, and plowed through their opponents, defeating them by a score of 28-15. At forward, Captain Levin and Alexander completed some excellent work, while Ohlsson did likewise at center. McGinn and Spellman held their opponent's score down by playing a good game at guard.

The second and last practice game the boys had was with the Lowell High boys. This game looked to be a one-sided affair, the first half ending with the Lowell quintet far in advance of our boys. In the second half the Red and Black basketekers came back strong, and although they did not win, they ended the tussle with a 23-20 score.

With these men mentioned above, it looks like Poly will have some excellent material to look forward to for her future basketball teams.

## THE PLAYERS

Levin . . . . .	Forward	Ohlsson . . . . .	Center
Ofadler . . . . .	Forward	McGinn . . . . .	Guard
Alexander . . . . .	Forward	Spellman . . . . .	Guard
Chinn . . . . .	Forward	Look . . . . .	Guard
Stoddard . . . . .	Center	S. Molkenbuhr . . . . .	Coach

## Soccer



130-Lb. Soccer Team



## Unlimited Soccer Team

**A**SSOCIATION football was well represented by Polytechnic boys in the San Francisco Athletic League. Two teams were entered, the 30's and the unlimited. Both teams did fairly well, returning in second place in the league standing.

Our unlimited squad met with fair success. The boys took Humboldt down the line in their first game by 2-0 score. The next game with Mission was won by default. Lowell met with similar success in defeating these teams, and so the two great rivals met for the championship. Our boys met defeat; the final tally read 2-0 in Lowell's favor. Some of the boys who played well were "Smoke" Francis, C. Daglow and Howard Branch. We hope for better results when the boys go out to play the English game next year.

The 130's elected Leland Creighton as their leader and he proved to be a tower of strength at center forward. Antone Ennis managed both squads and carried out the duties of his position with thoroughness.

The boys were equipped in tip top shape and were a credit to the school wherever seen in the field. They defeated Galileo, and played a 0-0 tie with Lowell. Mission defeated our boys, and then they met the undefeated Commerce contingent. It was a hard fought game. In the second half our team weakened under the strain and let Commerce put through two goals.

The boys who looked best on this team were Stoffel, Victor, Stoddard, and Captain Creighton.

## The Line-Up

<i>Unlimited Team</i>		<i>130-lb. Team</i>
Francis.....	Goal.....	Stoddard
Julin.....	Right Fullback.....	Victor
Gilson.....	Left Fullback.....	Hall
H. Branch.....	Right Halfback.....	Um Lee
Daglow.....	Center Halfback.....	Di Lee
Bishop.....	Left Halfback.....	Beltrano
Creighton.....	Center Forward.....	Ennis
Higgins.....	Inside Right.....	Black
Darcy.....	Inside Left.....	Stoffel
Simpson.....	Left Wing.....	Dodson
Sands.....	Right Wing.....	Ybaretta

## Girls' Athletics

INTEREST in girls activities has decreased alarmingly for the last few terms, due mainly to the lack of system in the girls' Block P Society. In the good old days when we ladies strenuously trained to make the "varsity", Scrubs, Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors would don gym clothes and turn out for practice. They had something to work for.

Since the inauguration of this new system, which did away with the big team, the four classes play two corresponding class teams in other schools. By this innovation almost any girl can make a class team without difficulty because only enough turn out to make one full team.

Girls and members of the Student Body interested in sports are endeavoring to establish a new organization in place of the old Block P Society, said organization to be made part of the Student Body. There is no reason why the fair, but not necessarily the weaker sex, should not receive numerals and Block P's on the rostrum in acknowledgment of their loyal and faithful work for Poly. This would, without doubt, revive the waning interest; and with the cooperation of all the girls the plan would be made a success, and girls' athletics would be as important a factor as any in the school activities.

*E. Reese*

## Basket Ball



Basket ball is the ever popular game to which girls seem to turn out best. This term the Seniors loom up as the strongest contestants for interclass honors, although the Freshmen have shown up surprisingly well at practice. Under the excellent coaching of Miss Brown and Miss Woodhull, and under the leadership and encouragement of Evelyn Reese and Louise Garren, the girls ought to put up a good fight for the coveted laurels in the interscholastic games to be played after Thanksgiving.

Hollis Hughes, LeCount Francis, Theresa Akros, Ruth Painton, and Naomi McHugh.

The nucleus of the basket ball teams consists of Evelyn Reese, Kathryn Kelly, Marjorie Adams, Anita Judson, Sybil Stennard,

## Swimming

The girls of Polytechnic ought to put forth a remarkable swimming team considering the material that is in the school. It is hoped that the ruling concerning the girls competing for other clubs will be changed so that many of our mermaids will be able to swim for the Red and Black. Most of our best swimmers have competed under other auspices and many of them hold coveted records and trophies won in these competitions.

Those prominent in aquatic activities here are Florence Friesenhausen, Olga Chapital, Hollis Hughes, Phoebe Bannister, Doris MacKenzie, and Alice Berghoff. With these girls able to carry the colors of this school we would undoubtedly carry off all the honors.

## Volley Ball

Volley ball is a comparatively new sport, but from the way the girls are coming out for it, we expect it will soon figure as prominently as basketball. The girls have been separated into four teams and under the management of Evelyn Reese we may expect them to uphold Polytechnic's standard in the forthcoming games.

## Swimming



FOR the fall term 1921 the swimming team chose Erwin Morrison as its leader and coach. Dwight Dexter was picked for manager, but he left our school, so Edson Waterhouse was chosen to take his place. The team was badly crippled by the absence of four stars and last year lettermen, Bill Saville, Charlie Wieller, Dwight Dexter and Jack Swaim. Practice was held at Sutro

Baths, and on October 1, the San Francisco Athletic League held its meet at the beach baths.

Our team finished third in this meet, Lowell and Lick coming in ahead of us. In the backstroke Morrison was nosed out by Hobby of Lowell by a scant foot. Robertson took second in the furlong after a great race. Hearly took second in the century, and third in the fifty. This is his first year on the team, and he shows great promise. Whitney also showed he was a diver by walking off with the fancy diving. Waterhouse took second in the breaststroke, but was disqualified by the officials for not making the turn required in this event. Other men on the team were: Fowler, O'Neil, Russ, Gilson, and Christiansen.

The semi-annual interclass was held at the Y. M. C. A. tank. The Seniors returned victors with the Juniors second. The Sophomores and Freshmen finished third and fourth respectively. A great number of aspirants were out to win the honors. The 130-pound class was especially well represented. Buck Hearly was the find of the season, winning the fifty and hundred yard dashes, giving ten points to the Juniors. Bob Robertson also showed some fine paddling when he annexed the furlong and showed some neat form in the diving which he also won. Bob was the best swimmer for the Seniors. Gilson, Nauman, Morgan, Aneer, and O'Neil showed up well in this meet.



## Track

**A**FTER decisively defeating both Lowell and Cogswell in dual meets, the Polytechnic Junior track team lost to both of these schools in the big S. F. A. L. meet. Credit must be given to these fellows who turned out and ran for Poly. When account was taken of those present it was found that we had a smaller number than any school in the city, and therefore the Red and Black was lucky to get even third place.

Clifford Geertz, one of our star runners, was unable to show up in time for his races and so lost fifteen points for us. Feinberg and Martin, both first place men, were also unable to be at Berkeley. Carmany and Lawcock were the only 100-lb. men who made weight. Johnson and Schwartz, who were figured for places, were both overweight and so were declared ineligible.

The 110-lb class was the surprise of the day. At the best Poly was doped to get two second places, while, as it turned out we copped two firsts. Rhedish won the 75 yard dash by a narrow margin from Morris of Lowell, while Piatanesi won the 220 after an exciting finish.

McDougall scored the most points for Poly, winning both the 75 and the 300 yard dashes in the 120-lb. class.

The 130-lb. class was a great disappointment, Poly getting only one third and two fourth places when we should have had three firsts.

John Sermattei, Ray Nugent, Louis Coulmeaux, Frank O'Neill and Ellis Johnson scored the odd points for Polytechnic.



## Senior-Faculty Game

A NEW epoch in history began, so to speak, when for the second time in the last six years, the revered Seniors took our beloved Faculty into camp by a score of 9 to 8 in their semi-annual combat on the diamond.

The date goes down in history as September 21, while the outstanding heroic figure was that of Otto Lange, captain of the victorious Seniors.

Excuses are plentiful, however, and "Willie" Wirt points to the close score as evidence that all was not easy going for the victors. Although opinions differ, the stars of the game were Leo Trumpower, the Senior twirler, Otto Lange, who brought in the winning run in the seventh inning, and three members of the Faculty Quartet, who fanned the air beautifully until they got bases and runs presented to them without a hit.

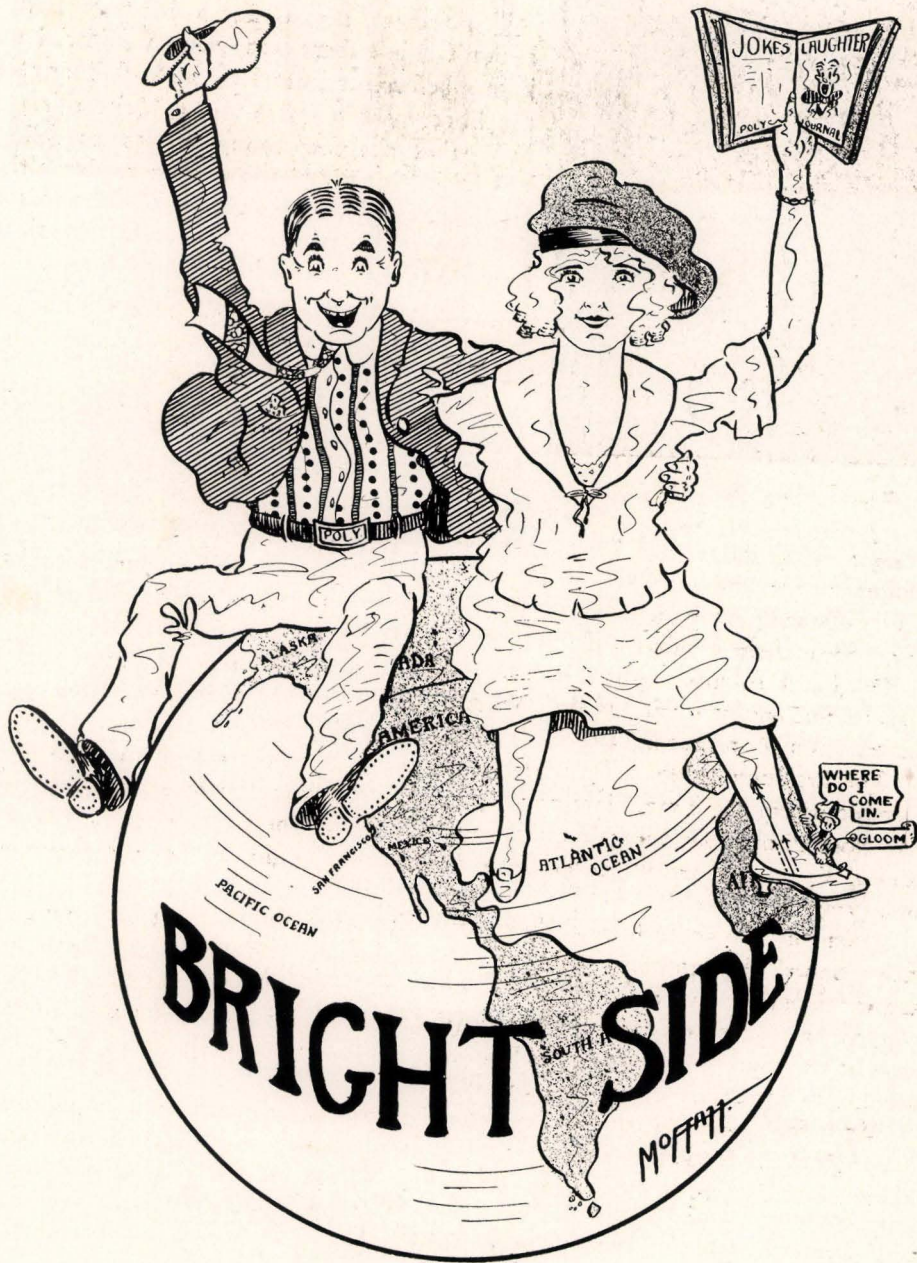
Of the three hits credited to the Faculty, two were made by "Handsome" Neilson, and one by "Salt-shaker" Walker. As Cyrus and Handsome later commented, "it's all in placing 'em".

The first inning looked as if the scorer couldn't keep track of the runs, five Seniors crossing the plate. The Faculty retaliated in kind, however, and kept the score close throughout the game. Towards the end of the sixth, with the Faculty leading, 8 to 6, accidents together with teamwork brought the Seniors two more runs, tying the score.

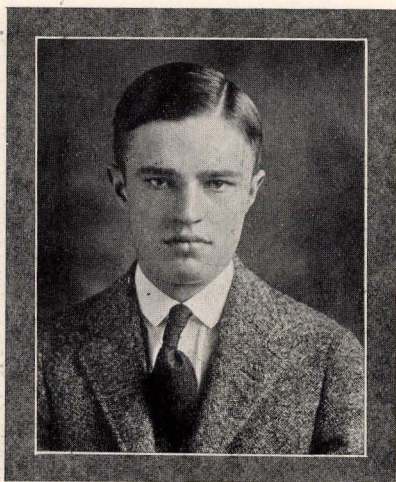
'Twas in the seventh, and "Songbird" Emerson was batting, or trying to, when "Sport" Trumpower threw one of his famous "Boyle's Law" drops and caught "Songbird" in the kidneys. All was quiet for a moment, as Mr. Emerson dropped his bat and sang "Home, Sweet Home." Two more Faculty batters stood at the plate and laughed at Trumpower's patched overalls while the same-named individual put 'em over, retiring the side.

With the score tied, things went slowly in the second half of the inning until our bright-haired brunette, Cox, who slung the pellet after Neilson was taken out in the fourth, began to dream. Then Otto Lange hit safely, stole second and third, and went home on an overthrow by Wirt. Although the game was won, there was not a cheer. The rest of the school was for "Velocity" Jordan and his gang.

Babylon had its Cyrus, the Czar had his Rasputin; and the Faculty have Otto F. Lange, Jr.



# The Gentle Art of Joking



*Elwood Squires*

TO start this joke column off, I am going to say a few words editorially. I don't think there was ever an editorial on joking before, at least I couldn't find any in the library when I was told to write this. I hope that the few funny stories to follow will be intelligible to the average reader, altho I am more or less in doubt of it. The reason for this doubt is that the great American public has no idea of anything funny. A startling statement you say, but the fact remains that it is true.

We are all ashamed to admit that we don't see the point in a joke. A joke told to us may have less point to it than the roof of Poly, but will the great American public admit their incompetency in the matter of humor? Nothing of the sort. We must break forth into a series of guffaws so we won't be thought stupid. It has been our endeavor to make the jokes in the pages to follow so simple and with such a sharply defined point that no one but a child could fail to grasp the idea of each story.

Voice—"Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower to-night?"

Prophet—"Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."

Mr. Lamp—"What is the technical name for sheet music?"

R. Moulin—"Snoring."

Mr. Jordan—"Does the moon affect the tide?"

Billie Doyle—"No, sir; just the untied."

Freitas—"What makes these rifles kick so much?"

Adams—"I guess they charged them too much."

Miss Tabrett—"Now, Harry, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong?"

Harry—"No, ma'm, I knew it already."

Sexton—"Yes, I wrote my last popular novel in two weeks."

Bored Listener—"What delayed you?"

Dr. Scott—"So Hasty was born on the first of May?"

Voice—"Yes, he's a little May Day flower."

Other Voice—"No, he's a May Pole."



*M. Moulton*



*Melvin Bates*

"Now, Lloyd, tell me whom you had out in the car with you last evening?"  
"Why, mother, just Irving Moulin, Ralph and—"  
"Well, tell them they forgot their vanity cases."

There are "meters of poetry,"  
And "meters of tone,"  
But the best of all "meters"  
Is to "meter" alone.

"What causes the flight of time?"  
"It is urged on by the spur of the moment."

Bernice B.—What lovely roses! How fresh! I believe there's a little dew on them.

Ingomar—Er-ah—there is, but I'll pay it to-morrow.

"Did you go to the appendicitis lecture?"  
"No, I'm tired of these organ recitals."

Editor—We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas.

Aspiring Poet—Ah, I see—something wrong with the meter.

"Say, did they ask us to donate clothes for the babies?"  
"Why, no; only money."  
"Then why did you put a button in the contribution box?"

You've noticed this also  
As sure as you're born,  
The bumper the car  
The louder the horn.—*Ex.*

Blaettler—I left my book laying on the desk.

Miss Grace—Lying!

Blaettler—Honest, Miss Grace, it's the truth.

Farmer—When are you going to deliver that cow you said you'd sell me for nine dollars?

Doscher (on the ranch)—Oh, the cow! She got well.

"Who was that new girl I saw you with last night?"  
"That wasn't a new girl, that was my old girl painted over."

"Are you fond of Geometry?"  
"Yeah, I'm stuck on every problem."

Following Mr. Perham's example we are herewith submitting our list of difficult words to be defined. On second thought we decided to define the words for you and here they are:

1. Joke—A form of humor enjoyed by some and misunderstood by most; in England, requiring a diagram, raised letters and a club.
2. Gallantry—This word is now almost obsolete. It was formerly employed to express a deferential attention on the part of the man who in a crowded car gave up his seat to the ladies.
3. Firmness—That admirable quality in ourselves that is detestable stubbornness in others.
4. Yawns—The air-brakes on a sleeper.
5. Worry—A state of mind that leads some persons to fear, every time the tide goes out, that it won't come in again.
6. Twins—Insult added to injury.
7. Discretion—An instinctive perception that enables us to say, "Oh, shup up!" to the small weak man, and "I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not entirely agree with your views," to the large strong one.
8. Pro and Con—Prefixes of opposite meaning. For example, Progress and Congress.
9. Pullman Porter—A legalized train-robber.
10. Lark—A short, sweet spree enjoyed by a night hawk. Also, an early rising singing bird. Distinguish between "out on a lark," and "up with the lark" an impossible combination.
11. Forbearance—The spirit of toleration shown when a man who knows, patiently listens to a fool who does not.
12. Earth—A solid substance much desired by the seasick.
13. Stocks—An unreliable commodity bought and sold by gamblers. If you win, it's an investment; if you lose, a speculation.
14. Credit—Something for nothing.  
Créditor—Something with nothing.
15. Chump—Anyone whose opinion differs radically from ours.
16. Accident—A condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good, but absence of body better.

When I entered Poly's portals  
I had ambitions high.  
My card would be one mass of "1's";  
"2" would not come nigh.

But now, alas! Oh, pity me!  
My "1's", they are no more,  
They've gone away and left a "3",  
With its companion "4".

Lillian (in parlor, listening)—“That’s Graham’s way of ringing the bell, but Arlington’s way of wiping his shoes.”

Small Brother—He’d kiss you if I weren’t here.

Mabel—You naughty boy, run away this instant.

Adventurous Scrubs who lose their ball  
Upon the roof of Poly Hi,  
Next time won’t try to scale the wall  
When Mr. Addicott is nigh.

Hasty—All ready, run up the curtain.

Harvey—What do you think I am, a squirrel?

Ben Badaracco swallowed a penny the other day, and a few hours later the doctor made him cough up two dollars.

Quack—Yes, gentlemen, I have been selling these pills for over twenty-five years and have never yet heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?

Voice from the crowd—That dead men tell no tales.

Doc Scott—Now, Miss Clark, where was the Magna Charta signed?

Lillian—I think at the bottom.

Packer—I’ve eaten beef all my life and I’m as strong as an ox.”

Bernice—That’s strange, I’ve eaten fish all my life and I can’t swim a stroke.

The following were seen on gravestones in our local cemeteries:

“Here lies a photographer, taken for life.”

“Sacred to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.”

“Here lies the body of Jonathan Ground, who was lost at sea and never found.”

“Oh, Biddy,” exclaimed the affectionate Irish mother, “but my Teddy is the tinder-hearted little child. He’d knock your brains out wid a lump of a shtone if he only saw you but hurtin’ a fly.”

Cassidy (after graduation)—Do you suppose there is an opening here for a High School graduate?

Office Boy—Dere ain’t none now, but dere will be, if de boss don’t raise my salary to t’ree dollars a week by termorrer night.

Mr. Bentel—What causes the daily revolution of the earth?

Scrub—Mexico.

Sigh and the world sighs with you,  
Laugh and you laugh alone,  
For it's mostly the rule, that every fool,  
Can't see any joke but his own.

Sherwood—If I put my money in the bank to-day, when can I get it out again?  
Weiss—You can get it out again to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice.

“I haven't seen you for a month, what have you been doing?”  
“Thirty days.”

Miss Gleeson—Well, how were your examinations?  
Miss Smittle—A complete success; everybody flunked.

Hess—General Sherman was a great gambler.  
Mr. Ingelow—How is that?  
Hess—It says in the history, “by nightfall he made a natural pass.”

“Where are you living now?”  
“Down by the river; drop in some day and see me.”

My, isn't it awful how these girls swear and fight in—Drama?

Teacher—Where is East?  
Brightness—Opposite West.

Mary bought a pair of skates,  
And both of them were rollers,  
But the first time she tried them out,  
She knocked out all her molars.—*Ex.*

“Just think, he put his arms around me three times last night.”  
“Some arm.”

Artist (in desperation)—“That, sir, I consider the finest in my exhibition.  
You can have it for half the catalog price.”

The Visitor—“Bless my soul, what a bargain! What is the price of the  
catalog?”—*Ex.*

Father—“Who was here to see you last night, Lillian?”  
Lillian—“Only Bernice, father.”  
Father—“Well, tell Bernice she left her pipe on the mantel.”

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth I know not where,  
Until the man on whom it fell  
Came around and gave me—information.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Robb (in Physiology)—All those interested in Wild Life report to me after school.

Ernest Smith, our daredevil motorcyclist, was in court, charged with speeding. Judge—You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being empaneled.

Ernest (brightening up)—I'll fight the little guy on the end, your Honor.

Mabel Iverson—We've got a lot of little ducks on our farm, but none of them can swim.

Squires (sympathetically)—Why not?

Mabel—'Cause there isn't any water.

"Pop" Mohr (to Campbell)—Have an accident?

Campbell—No, thanks, just had one.

Ruth drove in my new car  
In the seat in back of me;  
It took a bump at fifty-five,  
And drove on Ruthlessly.—*Ex.*

Alice Sweeney (in big department store)—I'd like to try that one on.

Obliging Clerk—Sorry, Miss, but that is just a lamp shade.

Doctor (to Bray)—Well, and how did you find yourself this morning?

George—Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was.

"Now, Howard, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong?"

"No'm, I knew it already."

Fizzle—I just ran into an old friend down town.

Chizzle—Was he glad to see you?

Fizzle—He was not. I smashed his whole left fender.

Miss Duff—"What boy or girl in the class can mention a memorable date in history?"

Pearlman—"Antony with Cleopatra."

He was seeing her off at Third and Townsend for a month's vacation. "Edith, dear," he said, "Don't you think you ought to take some fiction along with you to while away the time."

"Oh no, Ed," she said, "you'll send me a letter every day."

Squires (to the conductor)—"Is this the Berkeley Express?"

Conductor—"Sure it is."

Squires—"Isn't it a fast train?"

Conductor—"It sure is."

Squires—"I thought so. May I get out and see what it is fast to?"

Captain Lamb was inspecting the R. O. T. C. the other day when he stopped in front of rather a large boy whose sharp-shooter medal was an inch or so too low down. Fixing his eye on the boy, Capt. Lamb said, "Did you get that medal for eating?"

"No, sir," replied Milton.

"Then why the deuce," rapped out Capt. Lamb, "do you wear it on your stomach?"

Jerry the Office Boy to Miss Kennedy—"May I have the rest of the afternoon off? My grand—"

Miss Kennedy—"Oh, yes, I've heard that before. Your grandmother died last week."

Jerry—"Yes, but my grandfather is getting married again this afternoon."

Branch—"Miss Raymond, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Miss Raymond—"Don't mention such a trifle!"

Moulin—"I'm debating on whether to go on a party after the game or not."

Mauer—"I bet you win."

Detwiler (corporal of the guard)—"Say, who shot this man?"

Segal—"I did, sir. I says three times, 'Who goes there' and as I gets no answer I shoots the bloke."

Detwiler—"But he's only a peddler and he's deaf and dumb."

Segal—"Oh, well, why didn't he say so?"

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---

Voice—"Blanche, what are you doing out there?"  
Blanche H.—"I'm looking at the moon, mother."  
Voice—"Well, tell the moon to go home and come in off that porch. It's  
half past eleven."

---

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“Sir, I am a member of Congress.”

“Never mind, you look honest.”

“May I hold your Palm Olive?”

“Not on your Life Buoy.—*Ex.*”

“Where have you been?”

“To the cemetery.”

“Any one dead?”

“All of them.”

“What kind of ships do they have dog watches on?”

“Why, barks, of course.”

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Mrs. Jones was entertaining some of her little son's friends.

“Willie,” she said, addressing a six-year-old who was enjoying a plate of cold beef, “are you sure you can cut your own meat?”

The child, who was making desperate efforts with his knife and fork, replied, “Yes, thanks. I've often had it as tough as this at home.”

“That's the guy I'm laying for,” muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,  
And spake in accents pained,  
As they saw the milkman filter the milk—  
“Our relations are getting strained.”—*Agricola.*

Jack—Didn't you see me downtown yesterday? I saw you twice.

Jacqueline—I never notice people in that condition.

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Hallinan—"Have you been doing it long?"

Hoberg—"No; I start to-morrow."

Branch—"Do you think I can make her cheerful?"

Feisel—"Well, she will always have something to laugh at."

Mr. Jordan (in the middle of a joke)—"Have I ever told the class this one before?"

Class (in a chorus)—"Yes!"

Mr. Jordan (proceeding)—"Good! You will probably understand it this time then."

Miss Murton (at the recital)—"Let me think—what is that charming thing he is playing?"

Mr. Joe Tinkler—"A piano, y' dub."

Howard O'Neil—"I think this weather is awful."

Lillian—"Oh, be quiet, if it wasn't for the weather you wouldn't have anything to talk about."

Miss Duff—"How was Alexander I of Russia killed?"

Pidge (vaguely)—"By a bomb."

Miss Duff—"Be a little more explicit, please."

Pidge (in desperation)—"Well, you see—er—it exploded."

Keville—"You sit down on every joke I write."

Miss Gleeson—"Well, I wouldn't if there was any point to them."

Sexton and Captain Dunaway were on a train in the south one day last summer and were discussing Dickens.

"Well," said Sexton, "Mr. Perham puts 'Bleak House' first and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' second."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said a husky voice from behind them, "I don't know your friend Perham, but you're being steered; there ain't no such horses running."

Beggar on Market Street—"Please, ma'am, give a poor blind man a dime."

Miss Tabrett—"But you're only blind in one eye!"

Beggar—"Well, make it a nickel then."

Hazel (in History)—"Just think of it, those Spaniards going 3,000 miles on a galleon."

Trixie (who hadn't read her lesson)—"Go on, you can't believe all you hear about those foreign cars."

Brown—"Wish I was in your shoes."

Black—"Why so?"

Brown—"Mine leak."

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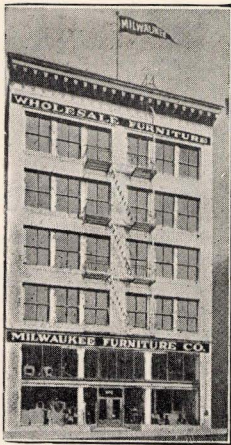
I got my card—  
My marks were sights.  
And now I have  
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Harry M.—“There were no hangings, yuh boob, he killed 'em with a sword!”

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Deposits	- - - - -	67,792,431.14
Capital Actually Paid Up	- - - - -	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	- - - - -	2,591,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund	- - - - -	357,157.85

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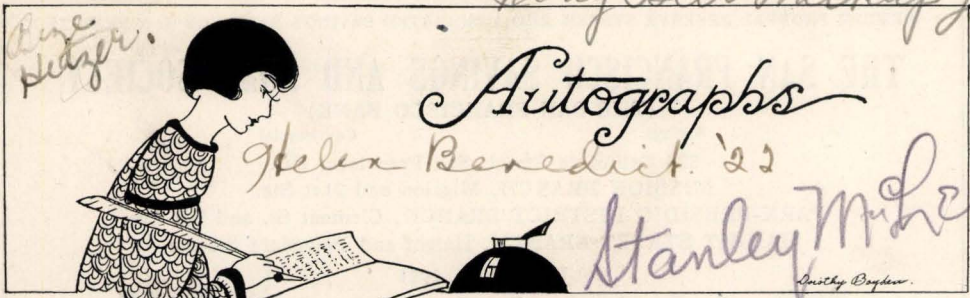
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Quita Jackson '23  
Hazel (Mrs) [unclear]

of Auburn.

Clara Hansen '22

Page One Hundred and Eight L. M. Scott A.B. Ph.D. Prof.


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