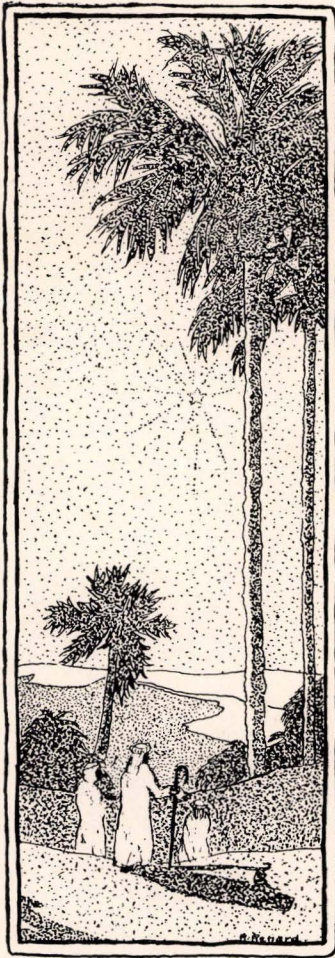




Dec. '22

Christmas Greetings



To
Miss Theresa M. Otto
in token of
her untiring devotion to L. M. L.
The Members of the 22x Class
fondly dedicate
Their Commencement Journal



L-W-L FACULTY

[illegible]

LICK

E. R. Booker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Geometry and Mechanical Drawing
Stella Boulware, A. B.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Freehand Drawing
Eleanor M. Jackson, A. B., M. A.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	English and Latin
J. L. Mathis	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forgework
Charles A. McLeran	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pattern Making
Max A. Plumb, B. S.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Physics and Mathematics
J. M. Sunkel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Machine Shop
Sydney A. Tibbetts, B. S.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chemistry
Enid A. Burns	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Recorder
Alice E. Donegan, A. B.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	English and Latin
Martin J. Lefler, B. S.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	General Science and Athletics

WILMERDING

R. N. Chapman	- - - - -	- - - - -	Auto Shop
Miland R. Grant	- - - - -	- - - - -	Cabinet Making
Fred H. Mighall	- - - - -	- - - - -	Stonework
Frank M. Williams,	B. S.	- - - - -	Science
Agnes Wood, A. B.	- - - - -	- - - - -	Algebra
E. M. Woodland, B. L., M. L.	- - - - -	- - - - -	English and Civics
Harold N. Wright	- - - - -	- - - - -	Electrical Work
Margaret E. Greig	- - - - -	- - - - -	Recorder

LUX

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Contents

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ON COMMENCEMENT

Senior! to thee I speak.

Thou standest yet at the threshold of life,
And ere thou goest thy devious way,

Comes now a question, vital to thee:
"With this, my life, what shall I do?"

For thou feelest as also hath been said,
Who giveth not to life, deserveth not life.

Then watch thou when Opportunity cometh,
That he be arm in arm with Service.

Thy life must be of worth to mankind

No matter how small thy part;
For, if this it be, 'twill be to the glory of God,
And it will follow, as a blossom its bud,
'Twill be to the glory of others and thyself.

Hilda Wuerschling '22X.



SENIORS



· BESSIE JEONG ·

· HELEN ASTREDO ·



· HELEN SCHWENNICKE ·



· CLAUDIA EWING ·



· STELLA JOHNSON ·



CLASS
OFFICERS



TILIO BIGLIERI

WALTER NIELAND



CHARLES SMITH



CLARENCE COLLOPY

CLASS OFFICERS

JOSEPH GIBBS





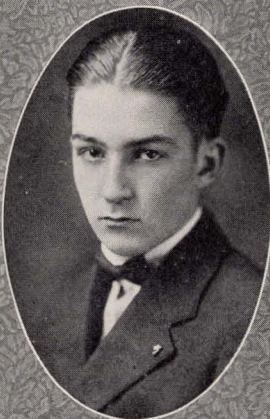
CHARLES GRUBSTICK



RUSSEL BRUTCHER



MILDRED SCHUBERT



CANTWELL CHONETTE



ETHEL BERMINGHAM



ROBERT RUCKER



FRANK DE MARTINI



·GEORGE·KENDALL·



·RENE·LAFABRE·



HILDA·WIERSCHING·



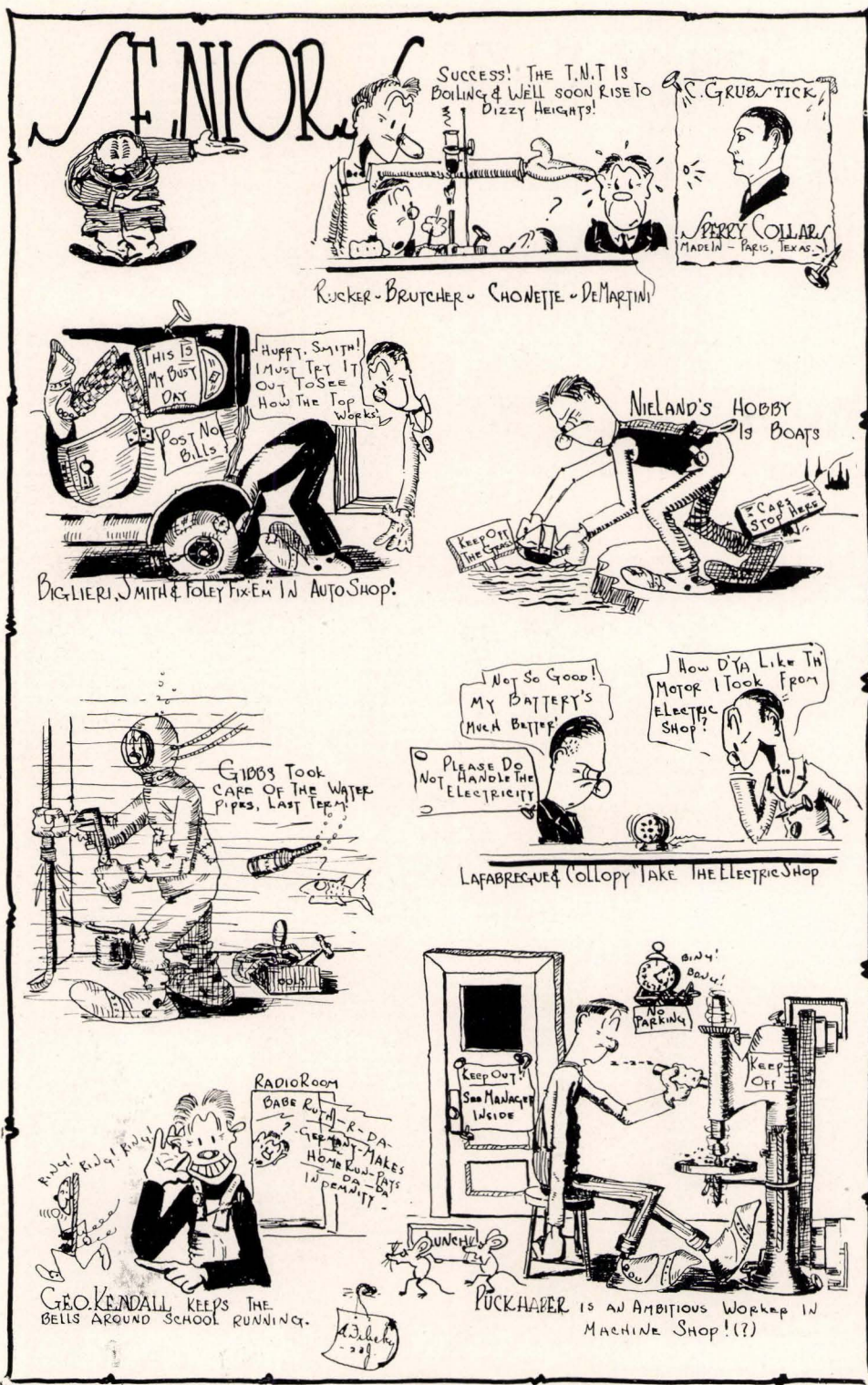
·ALICE·TREFZ·



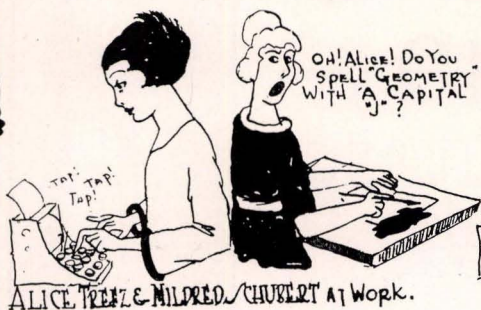
·TIMOTHY·FOLEY·



HARRY·PUCKHABER·



ENIORETTLE



ALICE TREZE & MILDRED CHUBERT AT WORK.



HELEN A. TREDE
Is Gonna Be An Artist.



DR. BEN H. HONG TOURING CHINA
IN HER "SINGLE ONE."



CLAUDIA HELEN & TELLA
SINGING SOME "POPULAR" HITS



HILDA WERTHING

adily
-229-



Pasadena, California

Charlie Grubstick, the aesthetic dancer, widely known as Vernon Castle II, in his latest success, "The Menagerie Waltz." He is assisted by Miss Claudia Ewing, who is his partner in the teaching of the newest steps which are taught by a series of movies.

San Francisco, California

Six hundred thousand people assembled in the Civic Auditorium to hear their own poetess, Miss Ethel Birmingham, read from her famous lyrics—"Dreams."

Atlantic City, Ga.

Miss Mildred Schubert, of San Francisco, Cal., who carried off first prize in the Atlantic City beauty tournament, after being awarded the title of "Miss America." She is shown seated with Si Collopy, as King Neptune.

New York, N. Y.

Crowds cheering Miss Helen Astredo, former society belle of San Francisco, upon her arrival in this city after walking 3,000 miles from San Francisco to New York, and losing forty pounds, thus proving her system of reduction by this exercise.

St. Louis, Mo.

Rene La Fabraque and George Kendall shown on the exposition grounds before their prize exhibit, the Electrical Shoe Polisher.

London, England

Tim Foley, Aerial Rowing Club Wonder, on his arrival at the Gawan Hotel for the coming races on the Thames.

New York, N. Y.

Miss Helen Schwennicke, noted pianist, snapped on the gangplank of the "U. S. S. Majestic" upon her return from a world tour.

Los Angeles, California

Joseph Gibbs, latest sensation in movie comedies, is taking Ben Turpin's place in "It's great to Be Handsome."

Hollywood, California

At the right, Alice Trefz, world-famous "pet of the screen," snapped off duty, with her leading man, Chonette, during the making of "Are Husbands to Blame," her latest "reel" sensation.

New York, N. Y.

Walter Nieland, who has been engaged by the New York Yankees for \$100,000 on resignation of Miller Hudgins.

Moscow, Russia

Miss Stella Johnson, originator of the well-known "Johnson Kindergarten System," is walking with the famous Socialist Leader, Debs. Miss Johnson is investigating school systems in Russia.

San Mateo, California

Telio Biglieri and Gerald Murphy are shown outside one of their famous string of "B. & M." ("Impersonal service") Garages.

Hong Kong, China

Parade in honor of Dr. Bessie Jeong on her return from Stockholm, where she was awarded the Nobel Prize for discovering a hair tonic for false hair. Dr. Jeong is standing in the first limousine acknowledging the cheers of her people.

San Francisco, California

Robert Rucker, Frank De Martini and Russel Brutcher outside the famous Stauffer Chemical Works. They are now specializing in cosmetics for the girls at the Lux School.

Kansas City, Mo.

Ex-Senator Hilda Wuersching, of California, delivering a speech from the observation car during her transcontinental campaign tour for the Presidency.

Chile, South America

Harry Puckhaber, international detective, who is now investigating the tragedy in which the Premier of Chile was assassinated. He is shown entering the headquarters of the Dense Detective Bureau.

Skokie, Ill.

Charlie Smith, former Beresford Golf Champion, winner in the United States Open Championship. He is shown shaking hands with his opponent whom he defeated on the eighty-fourth hole.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

On a Winter morn, not four years ago,
In pouring rain, while winds did blow,
Came we 22X's
To join the ranks of L. W. L.,
Which since we've learned to love so well.

At first it seemed High School was drear,
'Till we were welcomed with great cheer
By Juniors gay,
With dancing, games, ice cream and pop,
At Wilmerding, in the Carpenter Shop.

And soon we learned from Seniors wise,
How our classes must organize
To gain the spirit
Which through each member's separate fame,
Brings to a class a glorious name.

And so ere long it could be seen,
Our members in all events had been,
And starred forthwith.
Well known in clubs we've been, as a rule,
And in our stunts have delighted the school.

But you'll want to know of our greatest event,
The best a class could ever present,
Our "Valentine Dance,"
Which boys and girls together conceived
To return the welcome as Freshmen received.

And Lux's third floor in gala array
With strings of hearts we dress'd for the day,
And serpentine.
Then cut out many a golden dart
For playing the game of "Pierce the Heart."

Then made up fortune-telling rhymes
And halved and numbered valentines
For matching partners.
Of heart-shaped cakes the girls made a batch,
And red-colored punch was made to match.

In planning the day we were much delighted,
But not more so than the Seniors invited
As our guests.
With dancing and playing the gay afternoon
Seemed for them to end too soon.

The success of this dance 'twould be hard to surpass,
Yet our picnic to welcome the '24 class
At beautiful Madrone,
And given as Juniors the following year,
Is also a memory of triumphant cheer.

Before this the girls a pennant designed,
It's in a cut of this book, you'll find.
And as Juniors
The boys' class pin was one of the best
Put on the cushion, the Alumni's request.

Though in number we've become so small
Still the same spirit we've shown through all
As Seniors mighty.
Last term's Senior dance was another success,
Due to the management of 22X.

This term the girls many parties gay,
Ere the approach of Commencement Day,
To cheer the parting,
Gave for themselves and Faculty,
And once the boys joined in the glee.

Thus 22X many happy times have spent,
But sports and activities as well as represent
22X life.
The girls at first as teams were known,
But of late years have entered alone.

Bessie and Mildred all sports have seen,
Baseball and basketball stars they've been.
Ethel and Mildred
Have shone in many a swimming meet.
Hilda and Alice in debates did compete.

In Operettas, charming friends and kindred,
Helen, Ethel, and Hilda, and Alice and Mildred
Sang their way.
Hilda's gained honor in declamation.
As President of Lux, Ethel's won admiration.

The boys in sports have also won fame,
Supporting their school and honoring its name.
In football
Kendall and Nieland have been a stronghold.
In interschool swims Kendall's winnings have told.

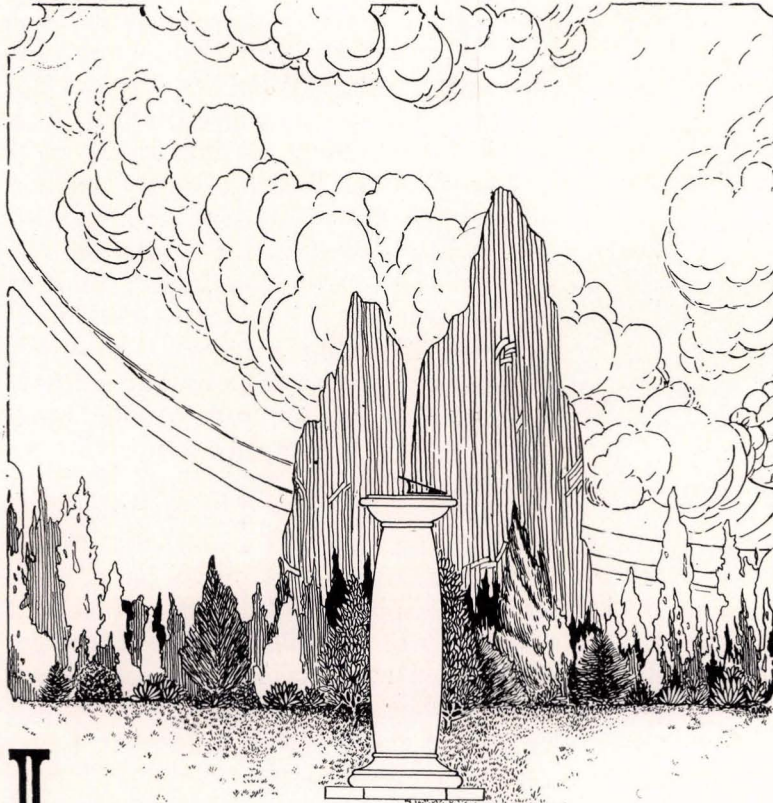
Chonette and Grubstick made track their sport
And Walter Nieland gave baseball support.
In basketball
Biglieri has been seen to excell.
With fine school spirit the boys all worked well.

They gave a stunt in the "Follies of 1922";
At the '20 Bazaar gave a Minstrel Show, too.
Kendall's success
As last term's President of Lick is well known.
In other offices have the boys also shone.

And now the girls have planned for our name,
A way to bring it future fame,
For the 22X girls
Are the first from Lux to leave in December,
And may Lux ever be proud to remember.

They've changed the "Vestalia" used by June classes
So that it may be used as each year passes
By December girls.
And in its winter adaptation
A beautiful spirit is given graduation.

And so in parting this Winter eve,
With sorrowful hearts, yet joyful we leave,
As graduates,
The happy ranks of L. W. L.,
Which we have learned to love so well.



LITERARY

THE LICK-WILMERDING AND LUX FOUNDATIONS



THE Lick-Wilmerding and Lux Schools owe their existence to the benevolence of James Lick, Jillis Clute Wilmerding, and Miranda Wilmarth Lux. These names should be known and revered by all of us. I do not know of any other city that has equalled San Francisco in the number of gifts of this kind that have been bestowed upon its boys and girls, for in addition to our own endowments, there is the Cogswell School, the endowment of which exceeds those of Lick and Wilmerding combined. All who have profited by attendance at any of these schools should be deeply grateful to those who founded them.

It was on September 21, 1875, that James Lick executed his famous deed of trust, giving over all his property for various purposes of public benefit, of which The California School of Mechanical Arts was one. It is not generally known that this corporate name, under which the school must transact its official business, was given to it by James Lick himself. In spite of Mr. Lick's obvious desire to emphasize the state-wide character of the school and to submerge his own name, The California School of Mechanical Arts is equally well known as the Lick School. Sometimes it is even spoken of as the "Lick High School," although this designation is objectionable, because it would seem to convey the idea that the school was merely named after James Lick, instead of according to him the full measure of recognition and respect to which he is entitled as its founder.

One of the recognized characteristics of James Lick was his farsightedness. This was evidenced not only in his business investments whereby his wealth was acquired, but also in his conception of the province of the school. Industrial education was practically unknown in America when his bequest was made, and yet the terms of the bequest are such that the work of the school can always be adjusted to any new developments that may result from future investigations and experience.

The Lick School was opened in January, 1895, and is administered by a board of trustees, the first of whom were named by the founder. The members serve for life, and in case of death or a resignation the vacancy is filled by vote of the remaining members. This is called a self-perpetuating board. The Wilmerding bequest, on the other hand, was left in trust to the Regents of the University of California, who administer it through a committee. Mr. Wilmerding died Feb. 20, 1894, and the school for which

he provided was opened in January, 1900. To insure effective co-operation of the two schools, most of the individuals who have constituted the Wilmerding School Committee of the Board of Regents have also been elected to places on the Lick Board.

The Wilmerding bequest is for boys only, but the Lick bequest is for both "males and females." When the Lux building was completed, in July, 1912, most of the girls' departments were transferred to it from Lick. The Lux bequest includes provision for both sexes, but it seemed appropriate that the first work to be undertaken under this particular endowment should be for girls. For many years prior to her death, which occurred September 20, 1894, Mrs. Lux had been active in support of kindergartens and was keenly interested in the things for which she made provision in the Lux School. The corporate name, Lux School of Industrial Training, was not given to the school by her, but was adopted by the trustees, to indicate the origin and character of the institution.

Next to our obligations to the Founders, we must not forget the men and women who have served as trustees of the schools, giving unselfishly of their time and bringing to us the benefit of ripe business experience in the management of our affairs.

Nor should we fail to honor the memory of those who have given of their means for the purpose of furthering our work in ways not comprehended in our major endowments. Mr. Horace Davis, who was named by James Lick as a member of our first board of trustees and served as president of the board from 1875 until his death, in 1915, established a loan fund of \$10,000 to assist students in attendance at the school and graduates going to college. Loans from this fund are available at the present time for boys or girls who have maintained highly creditable records.

The Frederick B. Ginn Fund for maintenance of orphan boys in attendance at the school now has a total valuation of \$60,000. Not only does this fund accomplish its purpose of assisting orphan boys, but it also indirectly enables us to provide a dormitory for boys coming to us from interior counties.

Before the end of the present year we will come into possession of the sum of \$25,000 which was bequeathed to us by Rudolph J. Taussig, who died Jan. 4, 1922, after serving for sixteen years as a trustee of both Lick and Wilmerding and as president of the Lick Board. This fund commemorates Mr. Taussig and his deceased wife, Emma M. Taussig. The income from it can be used for any purpose desired by the trustees.

A fund for assistance of worthy pupils has also been established by Mrs. Clara B. Wise in memory of her deceased son, James Hugh Wise, a graduate of Lick in the Class of 1899, but this fund has not yet become available, Mrs. Wise retaining control of the property during her lifetime.

George A. Merrill

FOOLING THE MATCH-MAKER

MR. AND MRS. LOWE sat in their dimly lighted, smoke-filled front room after dinner. Mr. Lowe with half-shut eyes was slowly and deliberately filling his long pipe.

Mrs. Lowe, after some thought began, "Father, Mrs. Gee was here this afternoon."

"Yes," he mumbled.

"She had heard that we were planning to sail for China, so she came on her usual errand. The young man whose picture she brought is ideal for our niece. His character, disposition, and financial standing is to be desired by every girl. She is coming again tomorrow."

"Well, since Ching Oie prefers marriage to the trip with us, you might speak to her about this. I have no objections and it is our duty to see her married."

Without another word, Mrs. Lowe rose from her seat and proceeded to the kitchen where Ching and Jack Lowe, a lad of fourteen, were drying the last of the rice bowls.

"I have something very important to speak to you about before you retire to-night." Ching nodded.

That night, after their usual midnight supper, Ching was told. She could hardly restrain her tears as she heard her aunt's plans. Mrs. Lowe gave her the young man's picture, but Ching saw it not. She did not dare to weep before her aunt, but as soon as she reached her own little chamber, she gave vent to her pent-up emotions. She wept for hours. Finally, tired and exhausted, Ching, like all Chinese girls, decided to bear it stoically, for whomsoever she would get for a husband was predestined.

* * * *

"Jo Sun, (Good-morning) Mrs. Gee, you are very early."

"Oh, I am always early. I have brought Kwok Jeung's horoscope with me, so you can compare them. Have you her's written out?"

Mrs. Gee was always busy, loved by parents, hated and loathed by girls of marriageable age. The match-maker was in no mood to lose time on this transaction. If she succeeded it meant fifty dollars added to her bank account, which was by no means destitute.

The close of the women's conversation marked Mrs. Gee's success. The day, date, and time for the wedding was decided. The price Mrs. Lowe asked was fifteen hundred. The match-maker departed promising the money on the morrow. The delivery of the aforesaid sum kept Mrs. Lowe busy, buying clothes, jewelry, and other necessities for Ching's trousseau.

Ching, in the meantime, had begun her month of privacy. No one saw her except Jack who brought her meals to her. He noticed that Ching was always sewing and that she had not even smiled at him since the

day his mother had spoken to her in the kitchen. The boy also noticed that her food was often left untouched. His heart ached for her with deep sympathy but he dared not show his feelings. The Chinese are emotional, but they seldom openly express their emotions. One day, Jack unconsciously spoke his thoughts aloud, "I could weep, but a man would shed blood ere he'd weep." Ching understood, and it made her days seem more unbearable because she knew that he sympathized.

The termination of her month of privacy marked the beginning of her week of weeping and chanting. This week of lamentation always precedes the wedding day.

In the meantime Ching's aunt and the match-maker held daily conference and worked diligently preparing for the great event.

The eve of the wedding dawned. Ching's hair was put up by the woman who had the most sons. Her aunt dressed her in the customary wedding coat and skirt. An elaborate headpiece was placed upon her head. Last but not least, she was given a gorgeously embroidered and fringed handkerchief and a carved-ivory fan. Mrs. Gee pinned sprays of cedar foliage in her own and Mrs. Lowe's hair. Cedar is the symbol of long life and happiness.

The taxi, properly decorated with brilliant red silk and lanterns at both ends, had been waiting on the street below some time. It was time to start, so the chauffeur blew his horn several times. As he did so, the entire Waverly Place Alley filled with curious spectators. Ching was placed upon the match-maker's back to be carried down the four flights of dark narrow stairway. The girl's heart burst within her, but she could weep no more. Although the alley was filled with eager spectators, no one saw the bride's face, and the bride saw no one. Her fan served to protect her from their sharp eyes.

In less than ten minutes, the car stopped at the bridegroom's quarters, which were at the Mon Ming Hotel. Kwok Jeung, the bridegroom, accompanied by Jack, walked out to the car, courtesied, and tapped thrice on the taxi door with his fan. Mrs. Gee climbed out. Ching was again placed upon her back and carried to her destination. Kwok's most intimate friends and relatives were there to greet the bride. Her welcome was expressed by the numerous packages of fire-crackers which were shot off upon her arrival.

The last of the merry-makers had departed at three the next morning. After giving the newlyweds much advice and wishing them future happiness, the match-maker and Mr. and Mrs. Lowe departed.

When Ching and Kwok were alone, Ching dared not lift her eyes. As yet she had not seen the bridegroom face to face. The thought of her present situation sent a shudder through her.

Kwok finally broke the silence, "Ching," he softly called, as she was sitting across the room from him, "let's get acquainted, please tell me something about yourself. I'll never know you if you don't talk to me."

After much hesitation, Ching told him her life history as well as she remembered it. She had said something about once having a brother who was sold when a very small boy; but that he had died since. When Kwok heard this, his hand flew to his bosom, but he did not interrupt her.

"Ching, did you say you had a brother who was sold to a Leung family?"

"Yes."

"How old would he be now if he were living?"

After a moment's calculation, Ching answered, "Twenty-two."

"Ching! That's my age. I was supposed to have been killed by two highbinders five years ago, but I escaped to Alaska. No one has heard of me since. I came back two months ago and assumed my present name. I tried for several years to find you after my foster-parent's death, as you are my only near relative, but in vain. To find you at last! I am so glad!"

Ching and Kwok were happy beyond words but typical of their race the brother and sister refrained from openly expressing their great joy.

—Bessie Jeong—'22X

HEAT

FOR THREE DAYS I had been plodding on and on in that insufferable heat. It dropped from the sky in quivering vibrations and rose from the sand around me in circles which after a time I took to counting as they widened out and out to make room for others always starting. The sand with invisible strength held my feet and on every possible occasion tripped me and made me stumble. My mind refused to answer the one question I asked, and round and round the heat circles I could read, "How long, how long?"

The beginning of the fourth day started with deadly sameness. I had given up all feeling and was sensible of nothing but the drag, drag, drag through the sand. Then from afar the chirr, chirr of an engine came and permeated the heat. It drew closer and stopped. A man leaned out and suggested that I ride; a woman in the seat beside him nodded and, surrounded by the heat, I stumbled into the car.

We started, and then miles and miles, and heat, always the clinging heat. Try as I would to lessen it, it was there; even the speed of the car made no breeze. Finally together with the grit, grit of the sand beneath the wheels, it took possession of my mind and I cursed the man for having a woman and the machine to rule his senses. Instantly I was wildly jealous of his calm, and as the heat stuck to my skin with stinging stickiness, a desire to stop the man, stop the world, and cheat the intolerable heat inflamed me. Cautiously I drew my gun. Carefully I leveled it at the woman just where her skin looked softest near the edge of her hair. Then I fired once and waited.

The man jumped and, "Damn," he said, "There goes a tire." He brought the car to a standstill and the lurch sent the woman oozing toward him, suddenly flabby.

He looked down absently and slowly his eyes focused on the dark hole in her throat. Seconds passed and then I laughed angrily; it was too bad of him to keep me waiting and the chirr of the still running engine annoyed me. The man pulled his eyes from the woman to me and then when I saw understanding leap to his face, I fired once again. Slowly, his eyes still fixed upon me, he slid down into the bottom of the machine. Irritated, I jumped from the car dragging the woman after me. Calmly I started digging and when the hole was long enough I started to lift the woman but the heat of her skin stung me and, dropping her to the ground, I rolled her over and over into the hole with my foot. Quickly, I started filling in the sand, but when at last I reached her face, I dared not cover it for her eyes held mine and her face was—Heat! Insanely, desperately, I turned to the car. It was gone!

Foolishly, I stood there; but the horror of the knowledge of what was behind me and the uncertainty of what was beyond finally aided in starting me once more along that unbending road of sizzling sand. Once more the heat held supreme power over me and my body, tormented beyond physical endurance, nagged my mind with deadly precision.

At last after hours of torture, wherein the heat and the staring open eyes of the dead woman struggled for equal footing in my distorted mind, I saw before me the outskirts of a town and making one last effort to draw myself together I stumbled into the first shade I had seen for days.

The coolness somewhat revived me and I began to look upon the deed as the result of natural nervous derangement caused by the desert and I deeply pitied myself. Slowly I walked down the street feeling safe in the death of my two victims when suddenly before me in the middle of the street I saw the man I had intended to kill. He pointed one shaking finger at me and then fell dead at the feet of the crowd around him.

The end is near; I see the eyes of the dead woman close as if at last at rest. I hear their footsteps. God, help me!

—Alice Randolph—'23J

VISIONS

A part of a cloud, a buzz from a bee,
The glimpse of a starry night,
A toss of a billow that blows on the sea,
The meeting of dusk and soft twilight.

The murmur of brooks, a laughing child,
Bright eyes so sweet and kind,
Deserts, hills and forests wild—

Such are the visions that shadow the mind.

—Edna Quinn—'23J

IF 'TWERE ONLY THUS

HE WAS SEATED at the breakfast table arduously coaxing along an unusually spiteful grape-fruit. If we should judge Mr. Edward Warfield by the awful leer on his face as he dug savagely into it, we should say that he was a hardened criminal of the worst sort. Perhaps he was. We shall see.

"Jane," addressing the maid, "Is Phillip up yet? No? Well, don't disturb him, but when he is at leisure tell him that I should like to see him at my office before two o'clock."

About ten-thirty that same morning a tired looking young man nonchalantly meandered into the same dining room in which his senior had previously partaken of his breakfast. The lackadaisical person was Phillip Warfield. If the designer of Arrow Collars, the publicity man for Sta-Comb, or the advertising agent for "form-fit" clothes, had happened into the room at that moment, Phillip would have made his fortune. A mere layman cannot attempt to describe the immaculateness, grace, and beauty of our hero. A modiste must needs be called in.

Promptly at three o'clock Phillip arrived in response to his father's request for a before-two-o'clock interview.

"Son, your allowance will continue for two months more. Before the end of that time you had better devise some means for supplying the necessary lining for your pockets. That is all." Thus Edward Warfield proclaimed his ultimatum to his son.

During the ensuing week every large concern of the most fashionable nature was honored by having Mr. Phillip Warfield apply for a position; and every large concern, one more politely than the other, had no immediate necessity for extra help. After a month and a half of boresome, tiresome, despairingly futile searching, Phillip realized the hopelessness of cinching a "soft job." Consequently he answered a "bright young chap" ad. The first boy who had entered the office would have landed the job; Phillip happened to be the first.

Briefly, his employer was in the import and export business, with offices second floor back, no elevator. His rooms were two, stuffy and cobwebbed, furnished in the conventional out-of-style manner. A large roll-top desk with ponderous swivel chair, a set of clumsy wooden filing cases, and four or five straight-backed chairs made up the substantial fittings of the office. His existence was gleaned from a handful of customers retained from more prosperous days, mostly through their compassion.

Phillip learned the game quickly. The work brought him into contact with a multitude of men. His hours were passed in constant trips to the Customs House and Consulate Offices and he had to acquire a knowledge of all the railroad and steamship freight rates. Above all, he was learning to know himself and finding out that he was adaptable. He was no longer bored with deep problems, but he joyed in digging in and solving them.

Two months wrought miracles in his appearance, too. He did not now reflect the yet "hot-from-the-press" styles, but was simply yet tastefully dressed as a man of affairs should be.

Then the day came when, because of his growing hold on the controlling lever of the firm, he did not, as of old, go to McClintock for his O. K. on incoming orders. Mac had become a partner in name only.

When Phillip heard that the P. Q. & R. were about to release a huge order he was out for the fight. Time after time he rushed to conferences of the bidders. His untrained argumentative powers were taxed to their utmost. He fought hard and well, but—he lost, and his inflated spirits burst, leaving him depressed and dejected.

As he finally came back to normal, a light gradually illuminated his mind. "Why not start with the small 'fry'?" He would! He took on an extra man and prepared for business.

Slowly, but appreciably, during the days that followed, the volume of business increased. Old Mac was amazed. And then—the morning mail disclosed a mammoth X. Y. & Z. bid. All night Phil worked on it.

Oh, the joy he would get from the acceptance of that order! New offices! He could entirely buy out old Mac. He would square himself with his father and Her. What more could he want?

The hours of feverish labor that he went through are indescribable. Just as the deal was cinched another hitch had come. But he must land that bid, for bills were due and creditors were pressing. Phillip was seeing no one. He was too busy. When he passed his father, they scarcely bowed. He'd show the governor if Phillip Warfield was a ne'er-do-well!

And She had not even hunted him up. Oh, well, what was the good of it all anyway? But this idea could not take root before his mind whirled back to X. Y. & Z. He ate, slept, and talked X. Y. & Z.

One day Phillip opened with trembling hands and fluttering heart a ponderous envelope bearing the X. Y. & Z. seal. He was afraid to look. Half scared, he roused courage enough to lower his eyes to the paper he was holding. And then—his heart stopped beating. He was ruined! All his labor had gone for naught. The bids were returned. The opportunity had slipped craftily out of his grasp.

The next morning saw a wild-eyed Phillip still sitting on the desk with his head buried in his hands. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. He whirled around, to confront his father.

"Son," he said, "how would you like to become a partner in X. Y. & Z.? It was I who ruined you. X. Y. & Z. belongs to me!"

As Phillip's mind cleared, he saw Her in the doorway. The blood rushed to his cheeks. Slowly, he advanced; then suddenly caught her up.

Mr. Edward Warfield, that hardened old criminal, stole softly out of the room.

—George Goodday—'23J

HIGH TIDE

THE LONELY WHARF stretched its cumbersome bulk dismally out into the blackness of the wind-swept bay and stood there mournfully with its barnacle-covered feet planted stoically in the rising waters.

There was no moon that night, and even the feebly twinkling stars verified the slowly dropping barometer. The tide was gradually rising and the swish and swirl of charging waters sounded like giant cataracts in the silent surroundings.

Old Jake lifted his weather-beaten face to the night and muttered aloud, "She promises to be hell's own fury. God help the ships along this coast when she breaks."

Suddenly Old Jake paused, for his attention was drawn to two indistinct figures making their way through the darkness out onto the spray-lashed wharf. It seemed incredible, and yet, one of the figures unmistakably was that of a woman. Could it be possible?

Unusual events were not foreign in Jake's thirty years experience as night watchman, but never before had he seen a lady on the waterfront at this late hour. He was about to intercept her progress when he noted that the figure by her side was a man. The "Queen Ann" an old lumber schooner was docked at the far end of the wharf. Perhaps the mate was taking his wife aboard for the voyage to the Indies. Anything was possible and there was nothing to suspect.

It must have been five minutes that Jake stood there looking into the blackness from whence the pair had vanished when he suddenly heard fear-maddened shrieks rising and falling with the wind. They were plainly a woman's and the agonized distress which they held startled old Jake into instant action. Whipping out his night club he rushed as fast as his aged limbs would permit down the dark slippery pier until breathlessly he reached the end. Not a soul was to be found and only the swirling waters were audible.

The "Queen Ann" lay dragging on her moorings and groaning against the strain of being fettered to so awkward a bulk. A minute more and a lantern appeared on her deck and then Jake saw coming towards him down the gang plank the half clad, bare-footed skipper, followed by three or four equally unclothed sleepy-eyed members of the crew.

"What the dickens was that?" bawled out the ruddy-faced little skipper as he espied old Jake peering about the lumber piles on the wharf.

"Did you hear those screeches?" hastily questioned Jake, as he perceived the advancing skipper.

"Did I? Why man alive, what's it all about?" replied the other.

So while the sailors searched the wharf and the surface of the lashing waves Jake told the skipper of the mysterious pair.

The skipper had not seen them, in fact it was the screams that had aroused himself and his men, he told Jake.

The group gave up the search and while the crew returned to their quarters Jake lingered a moment before making his report. There was a lull in the breaking waves just then and the wind abated for a moment. Suddenly a light, musical laugh sounded airily across the night, and a distinct voice called out a few quick words. But the onslaught of the wind cut in on them carrying away their sound, and as Jake could not hear well their meaning was lost to him. That was all. The heavy roll of the sea continued, the troubled spray leaped heavenward and it was now full tide.

"What in blazes?" asked Jake in astonishment.

There was a deep silence and then the skipper roared with unseemly laughter and mirthfully announced, "That's my parrot we hear now; I'll teach her better tricks." With that he seized a block of drift wood from the wharf and flung it unceremoniously at the parrot who was visibly perched in the cabin porthole. She fell over backward from the blow, with a great squawk and wrathful words, disappearing with the drowning out of her last sentence which sounded to Jake like, "You'll get no more money from me."

As old Jake departed he wished very much he could have heard clearly all that the wise old bird had called out through the blinding spray.

The "Queen Ann" sailed next morning in the face of the coming storm. That afternoon the hurricane broke along the coast.

The police had taken the news of the disappearance of the missing pair casually, but the hunt for them was on. The following day the wind abated and the newspapers reported the finding of a young woman's body afloat in the bay. By all descriptions she was the missing woman, but the police were unable to account for the man with whom she was last seen.

On the same page there was a detailed account of the floundering of the "Queen Ann" and the loss of all hands on board, including the skipper. Upon further investigation it was disclosed that he had left a wife at his home port, from which he had been separated on account of a property dispute. This young woman could not be located and all search for her was futile.

"Thunder!" ejaculated old Jake as he sat by his bachelor stove reading the accounts, "if the skipper doesn't remind me of the fellow I saw with that unfortunate woman on the night of the storm. Why didn't it occur to me before?"

"Heavens!" he gasped for it seemed that again he lived that wild night, and the fury of the storm rushed through his memory with painful reality, while the rising tide howled in his ears. Then out of his puzzled mind he recalled the clear distinct, feminine voice of the parrot, only this time he remembered it with ringing certainty, and no high wind bore it away. Again and again it rang, sounding out against the breathless wind and the fierce onslaught of spray—

"Good work Captain! She'll cause you no more trouble."

—Edna Quinn—'23J

A VISIT TO SHANGHAI

ONE EVENING AS I sat by my study window my thoughts fell upon past scenes and experiences in ports of the Orient, with their strange peoples, swarthy sailors of every nationality, the pungent odors, haste and confusion.

The trip across the Pacific will live in my memory as one of continuous enjoyment. From the time the ship commenced to squirm and dip in the long swells of the "Heads" her distressing movements played greatly upon the health of the passengers.

When the weather is fair the decks are packed, for games are played, books are read and smiles are restored to wan features. But, as soon as the bad weather appears, the decks are deserted, except for the brave who lean on the rails gasping at each plunge of the bow.

After leaving Yokohama, the vessel passes into the Yellow Sea. This sea is as blue as any ocean, except that about a hundred miles off the China coast a yellowish color is seen, because of the alluvial deposits from the mountains that are washed into the sea.

After sailing up the Yangtsi the ship is brought to the frontage of Shanghai. Here one sees an industrial landscape like that of our New England States. We can see from the boat great factories, warehouses, ship-yards, railroad shops and gas and electric plants.

On entering the city one passes the main avenue. Here he sees buildings, libraries, theaters, churches and mercantile establishments. We never cease, during our journey, to marvel and wonder at the many sights we behold. The brilliancy of the bazaars is confusing, because it looks as if one merchant is trying to outwit his neighbor in presenting a more dazzling front for his shop.

As soon as we left the main streets, we found we were closely pursued by a mob of beggars. If we tossed a coin they would shout and leap so that a more expectant crowd gathered. But at the sight of a policeman, the assemblage vanished.

Besides holding off the beggars, there are the rickshaw men to deal with. If you refuse to ride with them, they run after you pleading and urging. If you try to dodge them in a shop the procession stops and they wait outside.

It was a rare and interesting experience to go through the ancient native section of Shanghai. This "Native City" is about one mile in diameter, and is surrounded by a great wall having six gates. After one manages to force through one gate, he finds himself in an evil looking section of narrow and crooked streets. The air smells with the foul fumes of decaying refuse, the streets and houses are small beyond description.

In passing through the streets, one meets the coolies coming to market with their staggering loads on the long carrying-pole, their legs bending beneath them from the enormous weight. Water-carrying seems to be the

most important occupation. The men bearing burdens advance rapidly, shouting and yelling.

The Chinese are born gamblers and tricksters. Gambling games are always in operation in the streets, the players usually being boys. The jugglers are very popular and are always surrounded by a group of men and boys. These men are able to perform some of the most baffling tricks. With a few rags, and basket, a wooden doll, a cup, and plate, some bamboo and other pieces of material these jugglers can easily convince you that Oriental magic is incomparable.

The unpleasant scenes of the native city are but a fractional part of the surprises you find. There are many excursions to the suburbs of the city that are very interesting. When one views the house-tops from an elevation, he sees roofs with elaborate moldings, ornaments, and curves. The polite and courteous mandarins are always willing to guide you on your way. But to visit upper China one would be compelled to mingle with an entirely different social class.

Elizabeth Buckmaster—25X

KNOWLEDGE

I've seen the clear stars and I've visited in Mars,
And I know of what this earth is composed.
I've learned all that's known to man in this age,
Weak, striving creature as onward he goes.

I've traveled the highway of life at night
And gazed on the fair God of day,
For I teach all I meet the doctrine of right
And I know all that men think or say.

I've power supreme, I'm greatest of all,
No King has e'er ruled as I do;
My subjects include all the great and small,
Those of past ages and those of the new.

I hold the lamp of the future on high,
My banner of wisdom for all is unfurled,
And as long as I live hope never will die
For I am the hope of the world.

Edna Quinn—23J

THE OLD SPIRIT

DENTON; THE NAME was familiar throughout the entire country. Although a very small institution, it had acquired, after many years, a reputation for turning out excellent scholars and fighting teams. Football was a tradition at Denton; it had virtually put the old school on the map.

But things were not running as smoothly as they should. Sports, which was merely another name for football at Denton, were sadly tangled and had been for two years past. Back in the season of '17 the team first had shown symptoms of disorganization. Previously the Dentonians had shown their mettle by defeating State University 10-0, but in '17 after losing several practice games by close scores, they had been vanquished to the tune of 35-66. During the seasons '18 and '19 they were similarly treated and now in '20 with the State game in sight to conclude another disastrous season, the team and its supporters were sadly depressed.

The game with State drew closer and the night before the big game a rally was called and a huge bonfire lighted on the campus. Everything was strangely quiet as the rally opened; the very air seemed charged with discouragement and here and there a hushed voice could be heard prophesying an overwhelming defeat. Being thus resigned to their fate, they paid little attention when an old grad, introduced as Bob Hartley, '09, faced them. Their interest picked up, however, as he simply but very forcefully proceeded to give them his candid opinion of the football situation.

"I know how you fellows feel about football. It eats your very hearts to see old Denton sent to inglorious defeat at the hands of inferior competitors. The one thing lacking is fight, the go-get-'em, tear-'em-up spirit. That's all, fellows, except that tomorrow I expect to see you fight, win or lose."

Early the next day crowds began to collect in the grandstands. The game was to be played on State's field and of course their supporters were far greater in number than Denton's. In due time the whistle blew and the game began. Immediately State started an irresistible drive toward Denton's goal. Denton fought every inch of the way, but superior weight told and State finally smashed through for their first score. Twice did State score in the first half and when the whistle blew to stop the massacre the score read State 13, Denton 0. The rooters became despondent and finally the cheering died out; then, they were suddenly electrified by the appearance of a short, stocky figure that streaked to the front of the grandstand, and, seizing the yell leader's megaphone, shrieked out to the mob, "Remember the fight; yell, stamp your feet, anything, but, for the sake of old Denton, let those fellows out there on the field know you are behind them."

Immediately a bedlam of noise broke forth from the Denton stands and State heard, and wondered.

And now in days to come, old grads will have something to talk about besides the number of scholarships turned out per annum. State University came out of that game a sadder and wiser foe and on the short end of a 19-13 score. As the old saying goes, "You can't keep a good man down, the old spirit will show."
—Roy Mooney 24J

LOOKING INTO A MIRROR

There is a mirror in my room,
Gilt framed and carved bewitching.
On either side, tall candles loom
To light the room rejoicing.

Each night I gaze by candle light
Into its depths entrancing.
Each night I see most lovely sights
Across its surface dancing.

Behold a dimple just discovered,
Gold glints in hair, loose waving,
Behold white shoulders just uncovered
And eyes the candles shaming.

All this I see and feel no sin
When in the depths I'm glancing.
The clock strikes low, the candles dim,
To bed I turn with dancing.

The shadows lengthen for a while,
But soon the sun is lancing
Through the window with a smile
To bring the day entrancing.

To the magic mirror I make my way
To see more joy I'm hoping.
I back away in blank dismay
Despair my heart is rocking.

No more the lovely visions of night
Before my eyes are flocking.
A thin-faced, freckle-nosed, diminutive fright,
Grins back at my sorrow, mocking.

—Alice Randolph—23J

SEA FOAM

EVERYONE ON THE Embarcadero knew Jim. For twenty years he had been working on the "Defiance," his little fishing boat, following a set routine. His stocky fisherman's aspect marked him out among his fellows. A healthy ruddiness, gained only by constant contact with the clear ocean air, gave him a youthful appearance, while many years of toil and fighting with the sea had hardened him. His keen, gray eyes from under bushy eyebrows looked out with a steady, honest gaze.

Last night, much to his surprise, he had had an unfamiliar visitor. A quiet, alert young man had been awaiting his arrival on his return from the Fishermen's Supply Store. He had introduced himself as Farrington of the Customs House. Jim recalled the few perfunctory words, the firm hand clasp, and the quick nod as the man had departed. Then he had sat alone long afterward, staring out past the numerous shipping craft lying tied to the wharf in lazy tranquility. Many thoughts had engrossed him, especially those concerning a new coat of paint for his boat, and then he had turned in.

The morning had found him busily preparing to sail. He had finished long before the appointed time, and he sat smoking his pipe and contemplating the murky waters and the fog. Once he took out his watch, glanced at it casually, and then returned to his former reflective attitude.

Suddenly, his thoughts went back to a few evenings before when there had been a hot-headed argument between the fishermen concerning the money Pasquil earned at fishing. Tony, a new fisherman in the bay, had declared to Pasquil's face that he was a smuggler. Pasquil had denied it with the aid of his fists and Tony thereafter had nursed a black eye. What Jim couldn't figure out was how Farrington knew about it.

Just as he was beginning to think that Farrington would not keep his appointment, the big gate opened and shut with a resounding clang and he walked leisurely down the wharf.

In a few minutes the boat sped over the breast of the bay, on past the wharves and the old fair grounds. Fort Baker lay behind them and the swell of the ocean sent the boat galloping on. A small tug was on the left, and it, too, was buried behind them in the fog. For the first time in Jim's rather uneventful life he was having a thrill.

The fog was clearing out by the Farallones and the dim shape of a boat, full sail, could be seen about five miles out. In a short time the "Defiance" pulled to the leeward side of it. A face appeared over the rail.

"Didn't expect you so soon," hailed a voice.

Jim answered quickly, "Hurry up, the tug which is to pilot you in is not far behind us. I don't relish being caught."

"Well, none of your lip, just take the goods and beat it. First, the word of acceptance; what is it?"

"Sea Foam, mate," answered Jim.

Jim and his companion clambered aboard. No one had suspected this boat, with its black riggings and portholes outlined in black, until recently. Two successful loads of dope had been smuggled in, but there had come warnings of the increasing activities of dope peddlers along the waterfront. Investigators laid the blame upon small tugs which met the incoming boats claiming that they took off the goods before reaching the three mile limit.

The mate led them below where the "stuff" was hidden, because as he said, "No one could find it even if he wanted to." Farrington agreed with him as he saw the mate probe around in the meshes of some tightly bound ropes and pull some tiny packets from the ventilators in the forward hatches.

After all the goods had been securely packed into the "Defiance," Jim and his newly-made friend pulled off and sped back. The fog was lifting and to their right could be seen the tug they had passed on their way out.

Jim chuckled. "We worked it."

Farrington laughingly answered, "I'd like to see our egotistical mate's face when he comes into port under arrest. That tug is a government boat and will arrest them as soon as they reach the three mile limit. There is Pasquil's boat now. Guess he won't need it soon again; he's in for a long rest in prison."

Jim looked and saw the likeness between Pasquil's boat and his own. He had not known of it until told by Farrington the night before.

They now laid to the Transport Dock amid the congratulations of the dock hands and under the direction of the Federal authorities the dope was unloaded.

A few evenings later found Jim at the Fishermen's Supply Store and many were the surmises of his friends as to the sudden good fortune which had given his boat a new coat of paint. Jim talked over his pipe and even entered into the guesses on how Pasquil would be absent from their midst.

Who would ever have suspected any connection between Jim's good fortune and Pasquil's disappearance?

—Myrna Richards—23J

REGRET

Oh, the music that I've heard,
And the wondrous sights I've seen,
And the flowers that have blossomed,
In the land that might have been.

—Edna Quinn—23J

HEREDITY

"DUKE" AINSLEE LIVED alone in a rude, solitary cabin built in a desolate clearing near the summit of the Tapagos Mountain. A quarter of a mile below, the country road wound over the barren spots and lost itself among the dense trees. For twenty-five long summers "Duke" Ainslee had watched the daily mail stage rattle and bump along that narrow, rocky road every evening. For twenty-five long years he had buried himself and his identity. The world had forgotten him except as the "Hermit of the Tapagos."

One summer evening he slowly made his way down the steep path from his cabin. He was no longer a young man and before he could reach the heavily brushed rock which was his usual look-out, he leaned trembling against a scrub oak. Seeming to ponder, he gazed at the far away blue mountain where the last level rays of the sinking sun were reflected in the glass windows of distant cabins. "Duke" Ainslee's white head drooped, and an expression of hopeless misery passed over his features. A hoarse dry sob, which found its end in a pitiful groan, broke from his being. He fixed his eyes once more on the reflected light, and stared across those intervening miles, transfixed with an overwhelming sense of guilt and anguish.

"My boy lives thar," he mumbled, and with a stifled moan, he reached forth his palsied arms, as if to touch what he longed for.

"If I could jest see him onct! But I done it. I broke her heart. I done it myself, and he wouldn't believe I was his ole man anyhow."

The dusk descending on the mountainside slowly transformed that world of gorgeous color and outline into shadow, deep and confused.

Suddenly there was a hasty rustling of the bushes beneath him. Cautiously, he squirmed to the edge of the precipice and looked over. A tall young man, half-hidden in the gloom, stood there. For some moments there was no movement; then the stranger lit his pipe. With a stifled cry "Duke" leaned forward. Could it be? Was that the face he had dreamed of? The flare of the match had revealed the but slightly changed baby-features which "Duke" Ainslee had not known he loved until too late. Conflicting emotions overcame reason. His muddled brain would not think. He could only look—and look with glassy, expressionless eyes.

The boy was listening for something; yes—that was evident. Then after looking at his watch, he tied a bandana over his face, pulled down his soft hat, calmly cocked two pistols, and started around the cliff up to the road.

In a few moments "Duke" Ainslee heard the familiar rumble of the stage. He lay still, scarcely daring to breathe. A pistol shot rang out savagely on the still night air, and the stage stopped short. The scream of a frightened woman echoed through the forest. Another shot silenced the protests of the angry men into muttered oaths. Then the stage clattered on.

"Duke" Ainslee's agitated mind began slowly to function; two emotions blotted all else from his life. One was torturing fear that his son would be caught; the other, questionable pride in the fact that the boy had courage to do it alone.

It was too dark to see now, but the father heard the ripping of the mail bags, the dull thud as the rejected canvas hit the ground, and the quick rustling of the brush as the young man hurried away.

Half an hour passed, and still "Duke" Ainslee's head leaned motionless over the jump-off, his eyes trying to pierce the darkness.

At last the majestic moon glided above the eastern ridge and made the shadows more nearly black. A far distant screech-owl hooted its nightly lamentations. "Duke" Ainslee clambered to the foot of the rock and buried his face in the torn bags. He pressed his lips to the clearly defined footprint; it was his only kiss in twenty-five years. The habit of a life time prevailed: he swore, but softly under his breath in a caressing tone. Suddenly he jumped up, caught the mail bags in his arms, fondling them as if they were infants, and started towards the cabin. As he reached it, he stumbled and fell against the door. Gently, he lay the torn bags on the table and sank into a nearby chair, resting his elbows on the bags and supporting his head in his hands. Thus he sat, perfectly motionless, forgetful of himself,—of time. Reason had temporarily deserted him. Only a twitching of the old man's pallid eyelids told that the "Hermit of the Tapagos" still lived. All night long the stupor lasted and though the early morning sun flooded the cabin with light and warmth, yet "Duke" Ainslee remained immovable.

A posse of mounted men came galloping up the road to Ainslee's cabin. The clatter of the horses hoofs and the excited voices of the men practically brought back the hermit's senses, but he met the men at the door with a bewildered expression.

"The stage was held up near here last night and we've come to see if you know anything about it," commenced the leader of the gang.

"Was it?" "Duke" Ainslee lied easily with a note of surprise and incredulity in his voice.

"What's this here?" drawled one of the men, as he chuckled and pointed to a torn shred of a sack.

The men rushed pell-mell into the cabin and snatched up the dilapidated mail bags. Such evidence was positive that the "Hermit of the Tapagos" was the guilty man. Two men in the crowd who had been passengers on the stage now remembered that the man who held them up had been rather bent in stature. One was positive that he had seen a long lock of gray hair hanging out from under the soft hat of the highwayman.

Then two more horsemen galloped into sight.

"The Sheriff's here!" The shout from each man of that crowd, now frenzied with anger, was identical, simultaneous.

A happy light shown from "Duke" Ainslee's eyes. A faint smile of per-

fect contentment played about the corners of his mouth. He was thankful for the chance to do his boy one good turn.

"I'll go peaceful, boys. 'Taint no use me trying for to git away now," he said.

"Duke" Ainslee gave a noticeable start and then hung his head, apparently from despair, in reality to hide the peculiar light which shone in his eyes.

"Wouldn't you think such an old feller would be turning over a new leaf by this time, seein' his end's so near?" was the officer's comment as he snapped the handcuffs on the culprit.

The men filed out of the cabin, gloating over their success. The Sheriff and "Duke" Ainslee brought up the rear. The father threw back his head and strained every muscle in his old, decrepit body, struggling to walk with the easy, swinging gait peculiar to a young mountaineer.

Only one idea disturbed his peace of mind—"Suppose somebody on that thar stage warn't sech a fool but what he could see it war a young feller that did the work."

—H. Tilden 24J

RADIUM

RADIUM IS THE most curious substance that has yet invaded the laboratories of the analytical and research chemist, because of its extraordinary phenomena.

Radium was first isolated in the form of its chloride by Mme. Curie in 1898. A few years later she succeeded in isolating metallic radium. This element is extracted from an ore called pitche-blende and it was from five tons of this ore that Mme. Curie succeeded in obtaining a few milligrams or a few thousandths of a gram.

The history of the events which led to the discovery of radium is not very old. In 1896 the French chemist, Becquerel, noticed that the element uranium affected a photographic plate in the dark and when an opaque piece of paper was placed around the object the same action took place. This proved that the active light rays that were emitted by the uranium had the power of penetrating opaque objects just as the X-Ray.

Soon after this discovery by Becquerel, M. and Mme. Curie began a series of investigations to determine whether other elements had the power of producing these light rays. She found that thorium was also radioactive and that the ore pitche-blende was several times more active than uranium itself. Mme. Curie made further investigations to determine what caused this activity. The result was the discovery and naming of the element radium. This element is a very remarkable one and she found that it affects a photographic plate even through opaque objects, that it has the power of making the air around it a conductor of electricity, that it will impart a purple color to glass, and that it produces severe burns on

the flesh, even killing small animals. She also found that it glows in the dark and that it gives off enough heat every hour to more than melt its own weight in ice.

It was first thought that radium and its compounds did not lose weight, but it was later found that it lost half of its weight the first 1700 years and one half of what remains in the next 1700 years and so on.

To produce the gram of radium, which was presented to Mme. Curie by the women of the United States, 500 tons of ore were required. Before the Great War the world's supply of radium came from Bohemia and amounted to about an ounce yearly or the reduction of 6,000 tons of ore. Recently a new ore has been discovered in the Belgian Congo, in western Africa, which yields one gram of radium to a little over nine tons of ore. This new ore, which promises to be a new source of radium, has been named after the woman who discovered it, Mme. Curie, and has been called curite, which is a mineralogic term.

The total number of grams of radium in existence are three hundred. The production for 1922 will be about twenty-five grams.

It has been found that the light rays given off by the element are produced by the breaking up of the element into its atoms. The first product of decomposition is helium which has been used recently to inflate dirigibles. It then decomposes into several other substances and finally results in the formation of lead.

On the proof that the rays of light or energy emitted by radium kill bacteria rests the theory that it will cure certain diseases. For this reason it has been used in the treatment of cancer, lupus and scrofula.

The reason for its curable powers lies in the fact that when it is undergoing decomposition it emits light rays that are called alpha, beta and gamma rays. The alpha rays are a positive charge of electricity and travel with a velocity of ten to twenty thousand miles per second. The beta rays are negative charges of electricity and travel with a velocity of from sixty to one hundred and sixty miles per second. The gamma rays are of the same nature as the X-Ray. The alpha rays produce the severe burns and may be intercepted by aluminum foil.

In treating a person with radium, a plate of lead is first placed against the flesh to intercept the alpha rays but the gamma penetrate and attack the infected parts.

If radium proves to be such a wonderful cure for such diseases as cancer, it will revolutionize the medical world, and Mme. Curie, its discoverer, will long be paid a tribute by scientists and the world.

—Walter Smith—'23J

-- In Memoriam --

Walter Bartmann, '24J

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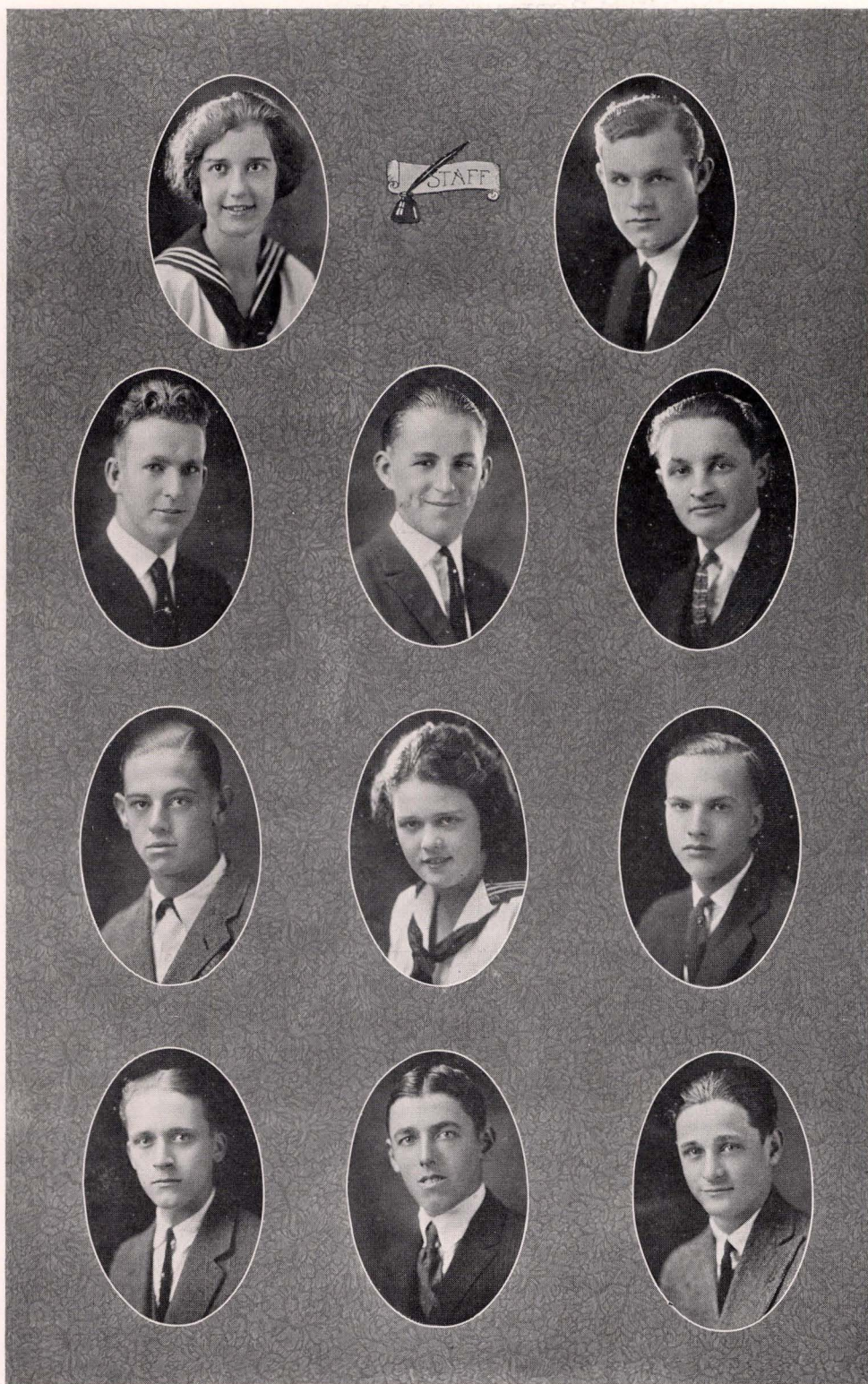
ART STAFF

Gus Filicky '23J Ida Richards '23J Curtis Mayback '24J

FACULTY ADVISORS

Miss Eleanor Jackson Miss Stella Boulware
Miss Theresa M. Otto Mr. Bruno Heymann
Mrs. Claire Bender Miss Bernice Peavey





EDITORIAL

WE, THE EDITOR and Manager, submit for the approval of the Student Body, this journal, the result of much planning and labor to make it worthy of the School, a lasting enjoyment to the students, and of interest to the outsider.

We feel that we have been fortunate in having had the experience of our positions and we are grateful to all who have assisted us.

Taking the standpoint that the main purpose of a journal is that it be a record of the school activities for a term, we have endeavored to register the spirit which prevailed in the different activities. The spirit of unity between the Student Bodies has certainly been so splendid that all class activities have been submerged in school activities. It is for this reason that we have omitted class write-ups. Organizations have increased and enlarged and we have endeavored to give them an opportunity of showing it in the journal. The changes which have been made in the usual form of the journal we hope will not be attributed to the fact that we are girls, but merely to that desire for originality which must come to all who feel that they have a part in progressiveness.

The members of the Staff have been most helpful and we appreciate their co-operation. We wish our Associates every success in the coming issue.

To interested members of the Faculty we extend our thanks for their suggestions. Especially, do we feel indebted to Miss Boulware, Miss Jackson, and Mr. Heymann.

To Miss Wickersham thanks are due for the typing of all material before its going to print.

The American Engraving Company handled the engraving work and we are indebted to the Leighton Press for the excellent printing of this issue of "L. W. L. Life."

Much credit is due the La Fayette Studio for the photographic work with which the students have been so well satisfied.

A word should be said of the "reporter" work being done by four of our students for the "Mission World." This district paper, desiring to have the schools of the district represented in its columns, urged that some of our students take on the work of writing about a thousand words each week for each of our schools. Edna Quinn and Katherine McKeown of the 23J Class handled it for Lux while George Goodday and Eddie Rich of the 23J Class have been supplying Lick-Wilmerding news.

These students are glad to have had the opportunity of this practical experience and at the same time to let the outside world know of our school doings.



[ORGANIZATIONS.]



PRESIDENT



VICE PRESIDENT



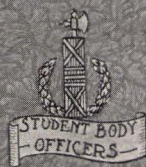
YELL LEADER



SECRETARY

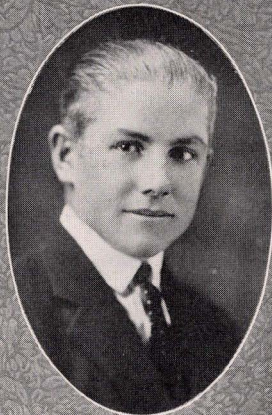


TREASURER





PRESIDENT



VICE PRESIDENT

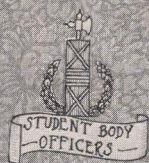
YELL LEADERS



SECRETARY



TREASURER



LUX PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE LAST FOUR years have flown by all too quickly for me and I now find, on leaving, that each memory of past pleasures in work and play becomes more precious. As Student Body President I have felt the spirit which has been shown by the students and it has impressed me deeply. Even the Freshmen have brought life into the rallies and it has pleased me to see the way they have supported activities. Freshmen, keep the pep!

Our "get-together" parties have been a great success, uniting the two Student Bodies. The first, the Freshmen Jinx, everyone enjoyed, all coming dressed as Freshmen and in the spirit of Freshmen. The success of the "Country Fair" was another reward of effort on the part of each member of the Student Body. The response to support the "Life" was admirable. These parties, I believe, have shown the co-operation which is the foundation of School Spirit, and I hope that it will continue and that my successor shall have the same support in all things.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the Faculty for helping to make this semester a successful one. Merry Christmas! everyone.

—Ethel Bermingham

LICK-WILMERDING PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

ONE ARE THE days when Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux were three separate schools and had three separate Student Bodies with no unity between them.

It has been one of my duties to bring these schools so closely together that perfect co-operation could be assured. From the present situation it seems that such a task has been accomplished. Numerous high-class student activities of all kinds tell the tale.

As usual we started activities off with a "Bang" in the new Lick fashion by welcoming in the freshmen with a "scrub party." The affair was made a huge success only through the untiring efforts of the entire Student Body. The "Country Fair" was the next big hit of the season and this together with many other activities formed the nucleus around which the *Co-operation* was built.

Our numerous affairs have caused a revival in the old "Lick Spirit" and it has begun to react on the students with such force that everything undertaken has been a huge success.

With a deep feeling of appreciation I express my gratitude to the entire Student Body for supporting me throughout my administration and my heartiest thanks are extended to the Faculty members for their advice and untiring efforts to make this year a banner year.

—John F. Curtis

THE FOLLIES OF 1922

IT WAS DURING the early part of April that the School planned to give a vaudeville show to be called "The Lick-Wilmerding Follies of 1922." A committee with John Gilmore as Manager, and Carleton Ashman as Assistant Manager was appointed.

On Saturday evening, May the thirteenth, over the gay footlights of Native Son's Hall, the curtain rose. For three solid hours the audience was amused by the school's best entertainers. There was everything from the red, red lips of '23J's beautiful Broadway chorus to the red, red Reds of '22J.

There were a great many acts of merit among which were a burlesque, "School Life" by Mr. Merrill and eight boys, Russian Farce, given by the '22J's called "Free Speech," and the "Frvolities of 1923" presented by the '23J's, a musical revue which was made a success by the acting of a comical porter and a chorus of "beautiful songsters."

After the show the spectators danced to the strains of the music offered by Lick-Wilmerding's Synco-symphonists. This concluded a long but enjoyable evening.

FROSH DAY

Ask Si, Jeke, or Obadiah if you don't believe that Frosh Day was a roaring success. The midday sun shone brightly on a crowd of "scrubs" that gathered at the Lux Bowl bedecked in their "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" raiment for the occasion of welcoming '26J to L. W. L. Both boys and girls were dressed as kiddies and the sight was one to behold.

The doings began with a serpentine in which all the "scrubs" circled the Bowl with kiddish pep. Each class gave a stunt at the rally which followed and they were enjoyed by all. After the rally a watermelon "feed" was held in the park and it is a hard guess whether the Faculty or the "scrubs" enjoyed it most. Then the babes retreated to Lux and danced to their hearts content.

THE COUNTRY FAIR

The "Country Fair" was the result of the Faculty's latest method of handling Student-Body activities. The co-operation between classes, Schools and Faculty was remarkable.

The purpose of the "Country Fair" was to raise money for the "Life" fund and its success in this and other respects was beyond expectation.

A good time was experienced by all and the "Rube Clothes" worn by the students caused much fun.

Some notable features which will long be remembered in connection with the day are the displays of the 22X tables, 23J's Barn Dance, the Camera Club's "Game-of-Marbles," 24X's Calaboose, 26J's "Housie-Housie," 25J's Kewpie Concession, 23X's "Hit-the-Negro" gallery, 25X's Fortune Teller, 24J's Side Show, The Faculty's Side Show, the Cafeteria's eats and the Orchestra's music.



THE LUX BOARD OF CONTROL

THE LUX BOARD of Control is the governing body of the Lux Student Body. It is composed of Student-Body Officers, Class Presidents and the representative of each class. The present representatives are Claudia Ewing, '22X, Esther O'Keefe, '23J, Esther Levy, '23X, Freda Maybach, '24J, Bernice Johnson, '24X, Angelina Varni, '25J, Blanche Burke, '25X, Ruth Dow, '26J.

The first meeting was called to order by President Bermingham, August, 1922, and as customary the Student-Body Secretary was nominated and elected. The task of the Board of Control this semester was to complete the work of revising the constitution started by Past President Knoles. Printed copies of the revised constitution will soon be available.



L-W BOARD OF CONTROL

With President Curtis in the chair a special meeting of the Board was called the first week of the term to elect men to fill the vacated offices.

The roll call for the term was as follows: Kendall, 22X; W. Smith, 23J; Anderson, 23X; Lawrence, 24J; Sellman, 24X; Wooll, 25J; Pratt, 25X; Crane, 26J. Wooll was elected Football Manager; Crane, Swimming Manager; Millet, Track Manager, and Bell, Secretary of the Board of Control.

The first meeting was held September 11, when the budgets were voted out, which left the treasury very low. The next meeting was held September 26, purposely to discuss the basketball budget.

The Board of Control has reflected the same success noted in all school doings this term.



23X



23J



24J



24X



25J



25X



26J

LUX CLASS OFFICERS

23J CLASS

Martha Samuels	<i>President</i>	Minna Liberman	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Olga Reit,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Doris Newall	<i>Secretary</i>
Marjorie Stockton	<i>Song Leader</i>	Elizabeth Frietzche	<i>Treasurer</i>
Esther O'Keefe	<i>Board of Control</i>		

23X CLASS

Kathryn Purvis	<i>Pres.</i>
Esther Levy	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Mary Clark	<i>Sec.</i>
Mildred Fagan	<i>S. at A.</i>
Esther Levy	<i>B. of C.</i>

24X CLASS

Florence Gillies	<i>Pres.</i>
Virginia Cook	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Gladys Crear	<i>Sec.</i>
Alberta Welch	<i>S. at A.</i>
Ruth Lehmann	<i>Song Leader</i>
Bernice Johnson	<i>B. of C.</i>

25X CLASS

Florence Barthold	<i>Pres.</i>
Rosalie McBride	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Olga Krieg	<i>Sec.</i>
Mabel Ramsden	<i>S. at A.</i>
Carrie Schaefer	<i>Song Leader</i>
Rose Drakulich	<i>B. of C.</i>

24J CLASS

Elizabeth Andresen	<i>Pres.</i>
Dolores O'Donnell	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Mirian Tyndall	<i>Sec.</i>
Betty Duckel	<i>S. at A.</i>
Margaret Rouse	<i>Song Leader</i>
Freda Maybach	<i>B. of C.</i>

25J CLASS

Evelyn Wilds	<i>Pres.</i>
Irma Wuerschling	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Norine Benard	<i>Sec.</i>
Genevieve MacDonald	<i>S. at A.</i>
Nancy Bean	<i>Song Leader</i>
A. Varni and A. Warden	<i>B. of C.</i>

26J CLASS

Florence Mitchel	<i>Pres.</i>
Leontine Burroni	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Ellen Flack	<i>Sec.</i>



23X



23J



24J



24X



25J



25X



26J

LICK-WILMERDING CLASS OFFICERS

23J CLASS

Edward McDonald	<i>President</i>	Albert Boutes	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
Leroy Russell	<i>Vice-President</i>	David Kotta	<i>Yell Leader</i>
Alvin Derre	<i>Secretary</i>	Walter Smith	<i>Board of Control</i>
Rinaldo Ferrar	<i>Treasurer</i>		

23X CLASS

Arthur Weaver	<i>Pres.</i>
Walter Haussler	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Arthur Gustafson	<i>Sec.</i>
Roy Barthold	<i>Treas.</i>
Harold Crane	<i>S. at A.</i>
Anthony De Ryana	<i>Yell Leader</i>
Albert Anderson	<i>B. of C.</i>

24J CLASS

John Brandon	<i>Pres.</i>
Eliot Stoutenburgh	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Harry Moran	<i>Sec.</i>
Horace Tilden	<i>Treas.</i>
Lawrence Thompson	<i>S. at A.</i>
Charles Hussey	<i>Yell Leader</i>
William Lawrence	<i>B. of C.</i>

24X CLASS

Robert Baum	<i>Pres.</i>
James Patrick	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Robert Rothschild	<i>Sec.</i>
Frank Varney	<i>Treas.</i>
Walter Bangert	<i>S. at A.</i>
Harry Bristow	<i>Yell Leader</i>
Roland Sellman	<i>B. of C.</i>

25J CLASS

Frank Haley	<i>Pres.</i>
Edward Throndson	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Val Moore	<i>Sec.</i>
Robert Loofbourow	<i>Treas.</i>
Benjamin Kaplan	<i>S. at A.</i>
Emil Andersen	<i>Yell Leader</i>
Jack Wooll	<i>B. of C.</i>

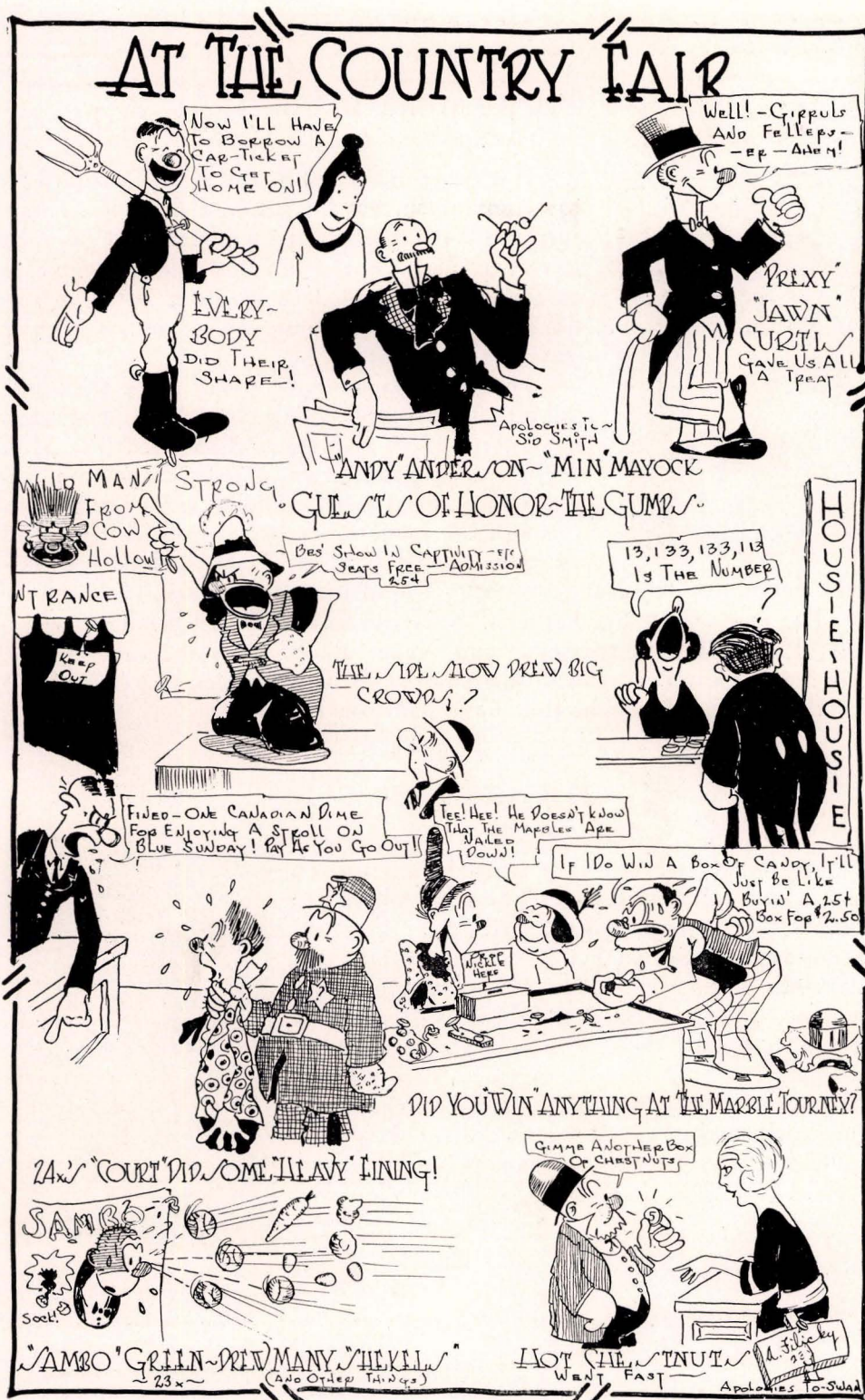
25X CLASS

Rudolph Silverberg	<i>Pres.</i>
Ward Junker	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Paul Marcucci	<i>Sec.</i>
William Bray	<i>Treas.</i>
Oscar Immig	<i>S. at A.</i>
Lysle Stern	<i>Yell Leader</i>
Robert Pratt	<i>B. of C.</i>

26J CLASS

Ralph McGuire	<i>Pres.</i>
Caltoft Lausten	<i>Vice-Pres.</i>
Robert Loofbourow	<i>Sec. and Treas.</i>
Howard Gilmore	<i>S. at A.</i>
Charles Stone	<i>Yell Leader</i>
Harold Crane	<i>B. of C.</i>

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LUX ORGANIZATIONS

THE CAMERA CLUB



If a large membership and hearty enthusiasm are signs of success the Camera Club has had a successful year. A large number of Freshmen have become members and this enlarged the club so that it was decided to divide it into two sections, the Freshmen being in one and the upper classmen in the other.

The club has come to mean more than just taking pictures and going on hikes. The girls are interested in printing and this year, at Miss Pickles' suggestion, it was decided to put the club on a commercial basis. The supplies are bought through the students exchange at Lick and sold to club members at wholesale prices. A new

dark room was fitted and was appreciated by all members.

The new officers are Esther O'Keefe, president, Helen Schomer, secretary, Evelyn Wilds, treasurer and Nancy Bean, sergeant-at-arms. The club members wish to extend their thanks to Miss Pickles and Miss Reed for the time and thought they have spent on the club.

THE GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves have started their second year with much enthusiasm. The new officers are Edythe Knoles, president, Mildred Schubert, vice-president, Evelyn Wilds, secretary and Olga Gastaldi, treasurer. They also have the kind guidance of Miss Fassett and Gene Wilfert which seems to assure them success. The enrollment amounts to about fifty-six members now. These girls seem to be particularly blessed with good times, which they surely deserve after their generous kindness to the Orphanage and Chinese Girls' Home.



THE FORUM

The Lux Forum has completed another successful semester. The chief aim of the club is to aid its members in knowledge of Parliamentary Law and self-expression. Owing to its large membership, which has this term exceeded that of any semester since its organization, the club is able to put on excellent programs before the Student Body. The first program this term consisted of a play "The Florist Shop" and a selection from "The School for Scandal." The girls showed splendid ability and the audience was delighted. Again two plays were given, "The Sweet-Meat Shop" and a shorter "Romeo and Juliet" which were equally successful. In these programs the parts are distributed so as to include girls from all classes and the management of the whole is conducted by a committee selected to include all classes. A standing committee furnishes entertainment for meetings in which Parliamentary Law is not studied. A spelling match was given in which Martha Samuels was the winner of a copy of "The Rivals" by Sheridan.



Hilda Wuersching has proved herself a capable president. The other officers were Mildred McLaughlin, vice-president, Esther O'Keefe, secretary, Evelyn Wilds, treasurer.

The members wish to extend their hearty thanks to Miss Weller, faculty advisor, for her constant efforts which have made this semester so successful.

THE GLEE CLUB



During the past semester the Glee Club was busy preparing programs to be given for the Night Rally on November 3, Exhibition Day, November 24, and for the coming Graduation Exercises.

At the beginning of the year the girls in the club elected Minna Liberman, president, and Mildred Fagan, secretary and with these efficient officers "all goes well." The membership has increased to over fifty.

In conclusion the Glee Club offers their thanks to the untiring work of Mrs. Bender.

L-W ORGANIZATIONS

THE RADIO CLUB



The Lick-Wilmerding Radio Club is again in the spotlight as being one of the most active student organizations. The fellows that were responsible for the success of the club during the past semester were E. McDonald, President; L. Dowling, Vice-President; R. Scollin, Secretary; D. Stearns, Treasurer; Robertson and Signer, Operators, and Boveroux, Sargeant-at-Arms. Mr. Williams was Purchasing Agent and much credit is due him for the savings which he secured for the members. To Mr. Booker, who instructed the members in radio and was the Club's guiding hand, we hereby extend our thanks.

The new club rooms were furnished in the early part of the term so that the members enjoyed exclusive meetings. During the baseball season the big league returns were given out directly to the students and, needless to say, every noon found the Radio room filled.

The station's spark transmitter has doubtless been heard up and down the coast, and our call, 6HH, has become familiar to nearly all live wires.

As a final and fitting conclusion of a successful semester, attractive pins have been adopted by the members and have caused considerable attention from the student body.

THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA

The Jazz Orchestra has prospered greatly this term, considering that only about seven fellows turned up for try-outs and the fatal accident that befell the piano at the Freshman Rally. Things soon cleared up, nevertheless, and we were going ahead well.

Early in the term E. Stirm was appointed Manager of the Orchestra and practices were started. The members worked well together and besides playing, put on stunts at rallies and programs. They played at the Alumni dance on November third and certainly were a success. The members are: Ray Hansen, who manipulates the alto-saxophone and occasionally tickles the ivories; Ralph McGuire, who stars on the bagophone banjo; "Crawl" Bettin, who works his "wee" saxophone in a pleasing manner; "Duke" Stirm, who manages the piano, occasionally taking a turn at the tenor banjo, and least, but not last, Bill Ewald, who handles the percussion tools.

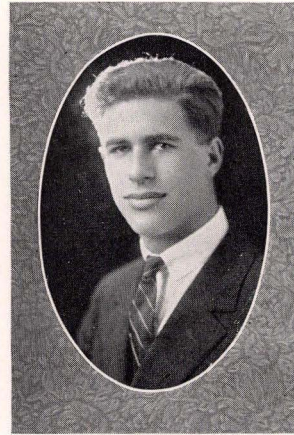
Several class orchestras have also been started, which makes the musical future look very bright. Among them are 26J, 25X, 23X and 23J.



THE ENGLISH CLUB

The 23J class at Lick has sponsored a new venture. The upper classmen have always taken an interest in dramatics, so at the beginning of this term a group of fellows went to Mr. Merrill and requested permission to inaugurate a dramatic club. He sanctioned the project and an announcement was posted. A preliminary meeting was held and at the first regular meeting G. Goodday was elected President, E. Rich, Vice President, A Bowen, Secretary and D. Stearns, Treasurer.

Membership was restricted to twenty-five, of which the entire number is composed of Juniors and Seniors. The purpose of the club is to study literature in its various phases. Under the expert guidance of Miss Jackson and Miss Donegan the club has entered upon the study of several one-act plays. The fellows are divided into groups, each group studying a particular play. The play is then presented before the entire club and is freely criticized. Along with the dramatization work considerable time has been devoted to the study of the history of the drama, and to plays in general.



THE CAMERA CLUB



The L.-W. Camera Club has been one of the most active organizations in the school this semester. Many interesting lectures and demonstrations, mostly pertaining to the chemical fundamentals of film and paper development, were given by Miss Boulware and Mr. Tibbetts. The monthly print competition was renewed and keen interest was shown in the large number of prints entered. The new Camera Club rooms in the Lick building make it one of the most up-to-date school clubs in the city. There are three rooms and one enlarging room, all equipped. The enlarging camera has been remodelled so as to fit in the new room. The Camera Club wishes to thank

Miss Boulware, Mr. Merrill and other members of the faculty who gave their support in erecting the new club rooms.

The officers for the term have been G. Munk, President, W. Mills, Vice President, W. Bangert, Secretary, E. Munder, Treasurer, and P. Lewis, Sergeant at Arms.

With the aid of the Student's Exchange the Camera Club was able to sell to its members practically all the necessities used at prices lower than retail.

The Dance and Exhibit at the end of the term was a successful completion of the term's activities.

THE DEBATING CLUB



The Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Debating Society has been sadly handicapped during the past semester, having withdrawn from the former San Francisco Debating League. An effort was made to obtain membership in the new S. F. D. L. formed by the public high schools of San Francisco. Membership, however, has been denied us because the constitution of the new league declares that only high schools under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education are eligible for membership. An attempt is being made to obtain membership in the Tri-City League, composed of the high schools in the east bay district.

Although we are in no league, if the student body gives debating its earnest support we are confident that L. W. L. can make itself known as no easy opponent to any of the local secondary schools.

The officers of the past semester were A. Weaver, President; E. Aaron, Vice-President; C. Figel, Secretary.

Last term's interclass debates, won by the 23X Class team, were met with much interest and we are glad to see the same spirit this term.

THE STUDENTS' EXCHANGE

The L. W. Students' Exchange, otherwise known as the "hoc shop," has had quite a successful term under the guidance of W. Mills, assisted by G. Munk. This term is the first time a sophomore has managed the Exchange. It has always been customary for the Senior Class to appoint a manager.

The Exchange is used as a medium for disposing of the books and materials which are of no more use to the students. This term the Exchange has handled films and photographic supplies in co-operation with the Camera Club, and has also made a catalogue of the books as well as disposing of the old ones.

The Students' Exchange would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Grieg, Miss Burns and other members of the faculty for their kind help and suggestions on behalf of the Exchange.





THE LICK-WILMERDING CAFETERIA

THE CAFETERIA HAS again smashed all preceding records both in daily and net receipts. Manager "Walt" Smith and his assistant, McDonald, are to be congratulated for the successful semester.

Manager Smith gives the credit for his success to the support of the Student Body and especially to the fellows on the staff. Hass, De Ryana, Cohn, Weaver, Rucker, Miehle, Brutcher, Bowen, Knipe and Bell are deserving of much praise for the admirable manner in which they discharged their duties.

Our able cashiers were Klein, Russell and Goodday and they have learned to handle cash with excellent efficiency.

The fine cooking was the result of Mrs. Renfro's and Mrs. Materne's hard efforts which gave the "Caf" the reputation of being the "Palace of Fine Eats."

Fellows, the "Caf" was a grand success but let's put it over even bigger next semester and prove that old adage, "Our li'l calf ("Caf") is no Bull," still holds true.

A WORD FROM THE ALUMNI

By ADRIAN B. GREENBERG 19J

WELCOME, class of '22! The time has come when you must take up your duties along bigger and broader lines and when you must put to practice the fine moral, physical and intellectual training you have received at the hands of the best instructors obtainable.

It is not for me to take up space in your journal with a lecture on what you should and what you should not do for I will take it for granted that you have that conception, but what I want to do is to bring back some of the names of those most familiar in your school days that have graduated from L-W-L and are now in the "accomplishing class."

During my visits to various parts of the State I have had the pleasure of meeting some of the "old bunch" and as I turn over the pages in my diary I find that my first place of inspection was an institution of higher learning where some come out professional men and women and some—professional "good-for-nothings." (Women excluded.) As the Campanile sounded forth its grand and glorious tone of syncopation the first two persons appearing on the campus were Vic Lundahl and "Lil" Eve Cuneo of the Lux '19 class. They are both taking some course ending in ology so I guess they will be a success. But as I strolled about I saw Louie Larsen, Ed Hildebrand, Jack Hobson, Walter Scott, and Kid Hymes all dolled up in boy scout uniforms parading about with the "regulars" in the R. O. T. C. I had a good laugh at the boys and was just about getting over it when who should come along but Marcel Ehrer in a Senior sombrero that looked as if it would hold a circus under it; and bringing up the rear were Jake Mathis, "Silent Menace" Boyle, Frank Dickenson, Archie Johnson, Russel Carlson and "Steamboat" King. We gathered on Soph lawn and had quite a meeting when some fresh "Frosh" who turned out to be Bill Pierson told us to move on, that he had to make love to a girl and he didn't want us to make fun of him. At this point George Mitchell came up and we moved on to the soft drink parlor.

From U. C. I came over to San Francisco and paid a visit to Munson's Secretarial college and found Lois Williams, Fern Scott, and Olive Barnum pounding the ivories and playing secretary to the seniors.

Having developed a toothache I found myself wandering about the affiliated Colleges looking for a good dentist at a reasonable price. (I didn't expect to find one but it never hurts to look.) The nurse told me to wait a minute and then ushered me into a swell leather upholstered chair. When I came out of the gas I found Harry Meyer of '19J making holes in my teeth so he could use some of his silver and lead mixture. I almost had convulsions and Charlie Sohl, Ed Schubert, Joe Boquet, student pharmacist, and Alice Ahtye had to hold me down. I had enough of these dentists, and wishing to go further I had Jack (Hick) Younger fill my tank with gasoline and drove to Stanford University.

Tiny Lynn, Al Forster, Daffy Maillot and Charlie Knipe greeted me upon my arrival and as true L. W. L. boys, we proceeded to celebrate together. I met Jack Shaler and Marie Merrill and we all returned to San Francisco together.

I found Alice Bettin teaching and she informed me that Margaret Cavanaugh, Edlo Morton, Cecilia Bertocchi, Doris Holtz, Alice McLaughlin, and Miriam O'Keefe were also taking up the "art" of teaching. (I have just about come to the conclusion that my place is back in school.)

After meeting Elsie Otto at the Remington Typewriter Co., I found Frank Collins walking down Market Street with his beloved wife and we went shopping in Marwin O'Keefe's shop. We met Ruth Scott, who is now married, talking to Victor Silver, bookkeeper in some coffee house.

My travels were far and wide and during the rounds I met many students and found out the following:

Helen Best, Mills College; Claudine Buchholz, insurance office; Roberta Boldt, Thelma Borina, and Louise Valci, all stenographers; Claudine Lacoume, engaged; Eddie Smith, stacking pennies in the Bank of Italy; Red Laurence and Moose Koch students at Stanford; Theodore Ovlen, at U. C.; Martha Wickersham, recorder at Lux; Al de Ferrari, studying dentistry at College; Thais Kirkpatrick, clerk at O'Connor, Moffit; Brad Hebgen, chemist in a paint factory; Adolph Meyer and Sydney Silver, at U. C., as also is Cecil Wuth, who is engaged; Roy Pohlman, cartoonist course at Hopkins'; Morva Owens, engaged (seems to be all the go this year, but not for me); Eleanor Noethig, learning how to run a calculating machine; Madeline Church, pianist at Lux and giving lessons; Gene Wilfert, playground work and with the Lux Girl Reserves; Annette Shraft, with Associated Charities, and last but not least, myself, selling structural steel for Judson Manufacturing Co.

And so, Class of '22, you have the "dope" on some of the "old bunch." Now, be sure to make it a point when you receive your diplomas, to get into immediate touch with the Alumni and keep in touch at all times.

The closing Alumni events for this year were the Theater Party, which netted eighty dollars to the Students' Loan Fund; the night rally at Lux, which inspired the football champions to victory, and the big dance and reunion.

YE LUX GOSSIPPE

Apologies to K. C. B.

Hello everbody.
What do you
Know
I went to visit
The Lux School
Say, you ought
To see
Their class work
And the work
They accomplish
Would make
Houdini
Wonder how
They go through
It all.
The Freshmen
Start right in
With practical sewing
And make a dress
And a blouse
And embroider
'N'everything
The Sophs save
Money
For their doting
Parents
By learning
To remodel dresses
Ooh! and there is
Enough drafting
Going on
To give any
Of the four winds
A chill
I'll wager
You never saw

Daintier or sweeter
Baby outfits
Than the Juniors
Are putting out
And as for
The Seniors
Their new dresses
Speak for themselves.
I certainly envy
The Lux girls
Their art course.
The Freshmen learn
All about
Simple design.
The color harmonies
And values applied
To design and
Composition.
The Sophs learn
Everything
From lettering
And its application
To posters
And cover designs
And every so often
They vie with
The Seniors
For the honor
Of exhibiting
Their work
In the glass
Case.
And architects
Will have to look
To their laurels
If the Seniors

Ever decide
To compete with them
This term
They were taught
The History of
Domestic Architecture
House design
Construction
And interior finish
The only way
They could learn
Anymore
About the home
Would be to count
The nails and
Square inches of
Paint
And hats
It is a fact
That Paris
Cannot produce
Any
That are more
Chic
And stylish
From the Sophomores
To the high and
Mighty Seniors
In the millinery
Room
You will find
Hats
To the right of you
Hats
To the left of you
Dress hats
Or tailored
But while visiting
The most delicious

Aromas
Floated out
Of the Cooking
Laboratory
To greet me
And being inclined
I entered the
Sacred Portals
Of Domestic Cookery
And found
Girls actually
Preparing and serving
The most appetizing
Breakfasts and
Luncheons
Let me tell you
They learn
All about
The cost of food
And amount
To be eaten
And I know
The next
Exhibition Day
I am going over
And take another
Peek
At all their
Work
And you can
Come
And when
You've seen
All the work
You'll do
A little
"Press agent" work
Yourself
I thank you.

Minna Liberman '23J

L-W SHOP NOTES

ELECTRIC SHOP

The Electric Shop has been kept busy wiring the new building and winding motors and transformers. Skipper Wright is in charge of this shop and finds it difficult trying to keep the beginners from blowing fuses and breaking bulbs.

Anderson, Johnson and Grubstick are now
Installing the bells that moo like a cow.
While Boutes and Kendal are working
once more,
Fixing transformers that buzz like a saw.

Then looking toward the 'lectric shop
store,
We find "Si" Collopy minding the door.
The battery department has a man all
a-bustle,
"Laf" is his name, with the current he
tussles.

CHEMISTRY

The Chemistry Department boasts of four new "hopefuls" and they have completed their qualitative analysis. The seniors have finished their analysis of Portland Cement and have started on soils and fertilizers. King Tibbetts, the sovereign of the laboratory, is kept busy warning the preliminary students against testing their lung capacity on the gas jets.

Brutcher and DeMartini, the cement they
fling,
Hod-carriers they will be, that's the only
thing.
The chemistry room has also its ginks,

Rucker and Chonette, the cause of the
jinx.
Walt Smith, the man with arms all bare,
Who studies the soil and the mud pies
with care.

SHEET METAL AND PLUMBING

The Sheet Metal and Plumbing Shop has a large aggregation of beginners from the 26J class and they have completed their soldering exercises and are now kept busy threading pipes. Count Wood has discovered that the solder, which has been disappearing, is being made into slugs to fit the gum machine.

Ermine and Gibbs are tickled pink,
For they have installed the Camera Club
sink.

PATTERN SHOP

The Pattern Shop has no apprentices this year but Captain McLeran is kept busy with a large representation from the '25X class. They have finished their bench exercises and are now trying to learn on which side a chisel should be sharpened. Some of the more advanced have successfully turned out their first patterns.

FORGE SHOP

The Forge Shop, commonly known as the Sweat Shop, is ruled over by Lord Mathis, the village blacksmith. The '25J's have completed their preliminary exercises of hitting and burning their fingers and are now engaged in welding scrap iron into links for their watch chains. The students in advanced forgework are now learning the art of acetylene welding, along with the tempering and the making of chisels.

The chisels made by Rich and Renard
Can cut nothing but soap and lard.

STONE WORK

The Stone Shop, under the able supervision of Boss Mighall and his assistant, Foreman Bettin have accomplished many odd jobs around the school. The students wish to extend their thanks to Messrs. Mighall and Bettin and the 25X class for the completion of the Lick corridor. 26J class has constructed steps for the Wilmerding building and has reconstructed the track. There are no apprentices.

CABINET SHOP

The Cabinet Shop, under the command of General Grant has a small crew of wood butchers from the 25X class who have just completed their bench exercises and are now on their lathe work. The Cafeteria takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Grant for the work completed. This shop is responsible for a good deal of the work for the County Fair.

We know the butcher, we know the baker,
But Al Ferrari is the candlestick maker.

FREE HAND DRAWING

The Freehand Drawing Department is under the direction of Lady Bouleware and has a large group of pencil pushers this semester. The "Scrubs" have finished their perspective work and are now on their lettering. The "Sophs" have completed drawing machinery and are now on their machinery posters. The seniors are doing pen renderings and architectural work. The students wish to thank Miss Bouleware for her work on the County Fair.

Curtis and Russell are happy boys, too,
They're trying to draw a bath house revue.
Then there is Filicky, the man with the
pen,
Who draws a fat lady like a big pocket
Ben.

MECHANICAL DRAWING

The Mechanical Drawing Department is running along nicely under the command of Admiral Heyman. The Juniors are kept busy drawing small machine parts, while the seniors are working on gas engines, boats, blowers, houses and electric motors. The Freshmen are under the guidance of First Mate Booker who is teaching them the fundamentals of instrumental drawing.

Cechinti, Eisenberg, Murphy and McGuire
Are drawing gas engines that look all
a-fire.

Filicky and Meyer, the architects bold,
Are building block houses that couldn't
be sold.

While Mallon and Miehle, the drawing
room "Gumps,"

Are planning a boat and centrifical pumps.
Nieland, the butcher, is planning a meat
cutter.

The kind that wouldn't even cut butter.
Chiappelone and Joost are constructing a
fan.

But they hope no one discovers that it is
only a can.

MACHINE SHOP

The Machine Shop has been guided this semester by Duke Sunkel and has been busy with odd jobs about the school. The shop has just finished a trailer for Mr. Merrill much to the credit of the juniors. The elementary class has finished chipping their blocks and are now kept busy making their hack saws and finishing lathe exercises.

The pipe cutter at last was finished
By Bastian and Puckhaber, the would-be
machinists.

AUTO SHOP

The Auto Shop has turned out many repair jobs this semester under the able direction of Baron Chapman. The elementary students are familiarizing themselves with the many parts of an automobile. They are at the present acting as helpers to the more advanced "grease hounds." There are eight machines now in the shop and the work has been divided among the many apprentices.

Bendele and Cameron, the Noe Valley
chumps,
Are fixing a Chanderler that hits all the
bumps.
While Cederblad and Bertocchi, the men
in a flurry,

Are arguing the diff between a Ford and
a surry.
C. Smith and Biglieri, the coming world
wonders,
One sweeps the place while the other one
slumbers.

—W. Smith—'23J—P. Johnson—'23J

ATHLETICS



S. F. A. L.
CHAMPIONS
1922

THE SQUAD

"MOPE" AMES—Guard

A typical Lick fighter and a hard man to take out of the way.

"SHINNY" ANDERSON—Tackle

A good man on both offense and defense. Fastest man on the line.

"ERV" BASTING—Guard

A clever linesman. He fights every minute he is in the game and gives everything he has on each play.

"BILL" BELL—End

Clever at boxing a tackle and catching passes. Bill is a valuable asset to the team. He smears the opposition in their tracks.

"BUD" BOWEN—Quarterback, Halfback

Bud is small, light and fast, and uses his speed to the team's advantage.

"SCRUB" BRAY—Guard

Bray is a light man for guard, but his fight and pep makes the big boys hurry to hold their jobs.

"RED" CAMERON—Center

The "fighting red-head" spends most of his time tackling and fighting the opposition. His passes are always straight and true.

"ICE CREAM" COHN—End

Another tiger with plenty of pep and fight. Cohn always hits them hard and low.

"RED" CHISHOLM—Fullback

Red was moved from the line to the backfield to fill a vacancy and he surely made good. Red throws those long beautiful passes that often go for touchdowns.

"BABE" CRANE—Quarterback

S. F. A. L. all-star and a really great player. Babe is fifty per cent of the Lick team and as field guard directs the plays to perfection.

"AL" COOK—Tackle

Cook knows the game and uses his head. He is a hard and earnest worker.

"TONY" DOLAN—End

Tony has all the requirements of a good end. He uses his weight to good advantage.



MAIN COACH

CAPTAIN

"SHORTY" EGAN—End

The cleverest end when it comes to catching passes. He has brought many a game out of a "tight" situation.

"WOP" FERRARI—Halfback

The "Wop" is pretty light, but he tackles and runs interference perfectly. He fights from the start until the end.

"ROPE" GIANETTI—Guard

"Rope" is a hard man to move, and he tackles with a vengeance.

"MERV" GREEN—Halfback

"Merv" can clip and rum interference well and is a hard worker.

"RED" HOWARD—Halfback

"Red" can kick and pass well and tackles low and hard.

"FAT" HAASE—Center

"Fat's" passing is good and he shows up well on defense.

"SHORTY" KENDALL—Tackle, Captain

A hard-working, conscientious leader. He does his best for the squad. This is Kendall's third year at tackle and he knows his stuff well.

"WHITZ" LAUSTEN—Guard

"Whitz" hits them so hard they stay down, and he also opens big holes for the backs.

"BABE" LAWRENCE—Fullback

"Babe" comes from a football family and, although quite light for fullback, he does his job well.

"OSC" MEYER—End

"Osc" knows the end job well, and if all the ends charged as he does our coaches would have little to worry about.

"LEFTY" NEILAND—End

"Lefty" tackles and catches forward passes to perfection. He is often called upon for large gains and subsequent touchdowns.

"TINY" SELLMAN—Tackle

Tiny is the largest man on the line and a tower of strength on both the offense and defense. Sellman smears all plays on his side of the line.

"HORSE" TILDEN—Halfback

"Horse" is slippery as an eel and leaves many good tacklers in his wake. He runs, bucks and passes with equal ability.

JACK WOOLL—Halfback, Quarterback, Manager

Last only because of this alphabetical arrangement. He is fast, can tackle, is the best clipper in the S. F. A. L. and a game fighter.



FOOTBALL 1922

ANOTHER season of hard fighting, driving football has been brought to a successful conclusion by the Lick Tigers. The result of the first call for candidates was depressing, to say the least, for graduation had played havoc with the veterans of the preceding year. But, as in years gone by, Coach Hollingberry was equal to the task of building up a football machine that is a credit to all those who have watched its progress with interest.

The other man responsible for the good showing is Captain "George" Kendall. An earnest leader, Captain Kendall played a star game as tackle, and led his team in a clean, sportsmanlike manner. Jack Wooll managed the team in a most businesslike way and secured many valuable practice games.

On Saturday, Sept. 16, after three weeks of hard practice we journeyed down the Peninsula to meet San Mateo High. Outweighed and with the disadvantage of a shorter practice season the Tigers were prepared to taste defeat. But not so, for after sixty minutes of play in a sandy field, the Tigers lead 13-6. The next practice game, held at Mill Valley with Tamalpais Union High on September 23, proved to be a hard one for us. But the team proved that it had that football essential, fight, and we were victorious to the tune of 12-7. The game was exceedingly close for not until the final minutes of play did the team secure the winning touchdown. Our next game with San Rafael High proved to be an easy one. The San Rafael players had little in the way of football knowledge and the team romped home with an easy victory, 44-0. At this stage of the season the Tigers were becoming more and more like a unit and October 14 proved to be another Tiger day when the team defeated Fremont High 38-6. The team played straight football and showed to good advantage due to the fine charging of our line.

On Saturday, October 21, the Tiger team backed by a large number of loyal rooters, met Polytechnic High at Ewing field in the first S. F. A. L. game. Again the Lick team was outweighed, and again they outfought their opponents. Due to the fine bucking and charging of both the line and backfield the Tigers were victorious again and left the field on the long end of a 32-0 score.

In the next league game the team met its first defeat at the hands of Mission High, due mainly to the fact that "Babe" Crane obtained a badly wrenched knee in the first quarter which prevented him from running the team. But Polytechnic defeated Mission, making the league a quadruple tie which gave the Tigers the chance they craved.

On the eve of the Lowell game the Alumni tendered the football team the finest rally ever held at the three schools and the Tigers, as if in response, captured victory in one of the most exciting games ever seen in the annals of Lick-Wilmerding football. The score was 12-13 and the thirteen points were made by a desperate fighting rally in the last eight minutes of play. A glorious game, and a wonderful victory.

SCHOOL HONORS AND AWARDS

MEDALS—JUNE, 1922

Helen Quarnstrom Medal	- - - - -	Doris Holtz
Student Body Honor Medal	- - - - -	Walter Simi
Harvard Athletic Medal	- - - - -	Harold Jacobs

BLOCK L. W.

BASKETBALL

R. Mooney	B. Sommerfield
T. Bigliere	J. Panella

SWIMMING

H. Crane	G. Kendall
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TRACK

F. Biagini

CIRCLE BLOCK

TRACK

R. Keeble

BLOCK L

INTERSCHOOL SWIMMING—JUNE, 1922

Doris Holtz	Ethel Bermingham
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WINGED L

SWIMMING—DECEMBER, 1922

Mildred Schubert	Florence Mitchel
Ethel Bermingham	Helen Fleming

BASKETBALL PINS

INTERCLASS CHAMPIONSHIP

Edythe Knoles	Frances Ogier
Alice Marshall	Ione McIntosh
Marian Tyndall	Alice Stager
Betty Duckel	Florence Gillies
Freda Maybach	Sophie Miles
Elisabeth Andresen	Dorothy Essner
Olga Connell	Marjorie Conner



SWIMMING

Do you know:-

That "Eddy" Rich is captain

That "Babe" Crane is manager

That the inter-class was won by 25

That it received good support

That "Pop" Williams was starter in the S. F. A. L.

That we have stars like:-

Kendall—220 yd.—440 yds.

Crane— 50 yd. backstroke—diving

Rich—130 lbs.—50 yds.—150 yds.

Knipe 50 yds.—100 yds.

Bell—100 yds.—plunge

Mitchell—130 lbs.—50 yd.—150 yds.

Bray—100 yds. —breaststroke

That we took third in the S. F. A. L.



TRACK

The S. F. A. L. track meet was held on October 7, 1922. Our Junior track team took fourth place which under the circumstances was very good. Manager Millet, our star high-jumper did not participate, due to over-weight.

In the weight teams the following fellows carried the school colors: 100 lb. team, Bordini, Lenz, Charleston and Lisson; 110 lb. team, Pratt; 120 lb. team, Keeble, Davis and Mooney; 130 lb. team, David, Dean, Junker, Stewart, Biagini, Castro and Millet.

Biagini won a sensational hundred yard dash. Keeble and David were our other stars. There was no senior meet this year and with our 130 lb. men moving up to unlimited we will in all probabilities have a good unlimited team.

BASKETBALL

100 lb. Team

THE LITTLE FELLOWS had quite a job picking a team from inexperienced players, so we were not surprised to see them lose the first few practice games at the hands of superior teams. Being defeated however, did not stop them from making a strong five and now, after a few weeks of practice they have a team that we feel confident will make a very creditable showing in the S. F. A. L.

The fellows who have tried so hard to make the team what it is, are: "Bud" Sommerfield, field general and a veteran forward; Signer, Stearns and Gordan, competing for the same position; Petrino, Woods, Drake, O'Brien and Hazlewood, all fighting guards, and Anderson, the prospective center.

110 lb. Team

The 110 lb. team has practically been rounded into shape. Although they have won but one of their practice games they feel they have a fighting chance in the coming S. F. A. L. The results of the practice games were as follows: San Mateo 22—Lick 19, Sequoia 3—Lick 2, Ocean View Presbyterians 3—Lick 42, Alpine 38—Lick 16. The team is now looking forward to the opening of the S. F. A. L.

The men that comprise the team are: Rich, captain and center; Purcell, Lick's stellar forward; Benninger, who manages to keep the opposing forwards guessing; Cull, a new man, a fine guard and also a good shot when needed. The other forward position is played alternately by Bristow, Hussey, and Knopffler, all men of merit. Johnson is substitute center and he is a reliable man.

120 lb. Team

The 120 lb. team had a good start this season, due to the fact that there was a large number of veterans to form a nucleus for the group.

The first practice game was with San Mateo in which we won by a 20 to 9 score. The other two practice games proved to be real struggles in which Lick finally came out on top with the scores, Lick 22, Commerce 21, Lick 16, Sequoia 15.

The fellows who are trying hard to make a position on the team under Captain Kotta are "Tilio" Biglier, guard; "Rena" Mooney, guard; "Gus" Filicky, forward; "Tub" Panella, guard; "Kid" Eisenberg, forward; "Scotchy" De Mattie, forward; "Redwood" Lutje, guard; "Big League" Faust, guard; "Scrub" Mathewson, center, and "Yo" Vialante, center.



LUX BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

THIS TERM HAS certainly been a successful year for the basketball team of '24. They surprised themselves by walking off with the interclass championship. The practice games were very successful and the team under Captain Edythe Knoles carried off the honors. Their first game of the season was against the Seniors who held the championship last year. In this game our victory was due to the excellent work and direction of our Coach, Miss Fassett and our captains, Miss Knoles and Miss Essner. The second game between '24 and '25J was difficult, the Sophomore team making us fight for our victory.

The victorious line-up was: Forwards, Edythe Knoles, Marian Tyn-dall, Frances Ogier, Ione McIntosh; Centers, Betty Duckel (Tap), Alice Stager, Alice Marshall, Florence Gillies and Sophie Miles; guards, Freda Maybeck, Elizabeth Anderson, Olga Connel, Marjorie Conner, and Dorothy Essner.

The '25J team, champions of the Lower Division: Forwards, Margaret Arntz, Nancy Bean, Irma Wuerschling and Elsa von Borstel; Centers, Genevieve MacDonald, Angelina Varni, Ellen Flack, and Goldie Van Wey; Guards, Lois Wilcox, Olga Gastaldi, Louise Hinterman, and Emily Berg.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

THE YEAR STARTED with all the interest the girls have formally shown in athletics plus a new zest that bids fair to make sports a major occupation outside of routine work. The Freshmen deserve a word of praise they have taken hold of the various athletics with the air of "old-timers" and are well represented in swimming, hiking and tennis.

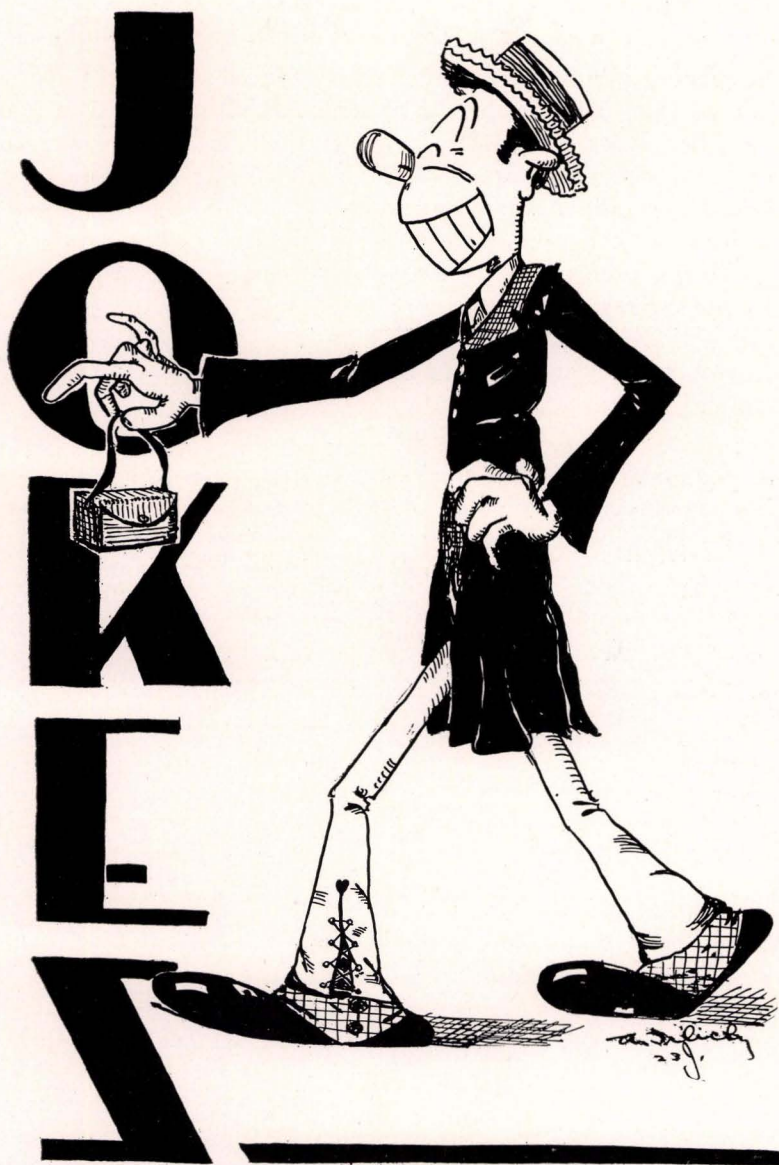
The *Hiking Club* has been met with great enthusiasm this term, under the leadership of Audrey Diamond, president, Constance Kammerer, vice-president and Irma Wuerschling, secretary. The club has gained many new members this term and has had many jolly times. They have gone on hikes, long and short, accompanied by Miss Fassett, their director, who is the best of sports. The first hike was to California Point. When there is the spirit shown in any organization as there is in the Hiking Club, nothing but success can be the conquered goal.

The officers of this years' *Tennis Club* were Mildred McLaughlin, president, Audrey Diamond, vice-president and Nile Fine, secretary. With these officers already most familiar with the sport in question the club has every chance for progress. The girls are showing their enthusiasm by coming during the early hours of the morning to practice. We heartily commend their industrious ambition.

The *Swimming Club* of this term is coming up to all expectations. Miss Fassett is again advisor and the new officers are Florence Mitchel, president, and Mildred McLaughlin, secretary. The attendance at the Y. W. C. A. each Tuesday is a large one and is steadily increasing.

The interclass meet held on October 31 showed the splendid work accomplished by all classes. The Seniors won the meet with a score of 34 points compared with 22 of the Freshmen who were second. The Sophomores were third with 18 and the Juniors fourth with 15. The individual stars of the day were Audrey Diamond who made 16 points for the Freshmen and promises to be a diving sensation in the future and Florence Mitchel who made 15 for the Seniors. Other stars were Ethel Birmingham and Mildred Schubert with nine each and Louise Brodmerkel. This was an encouragement for the coming interschool meet.

Owing to the late date of the interscholastic swimming meet last year it did not receive its greatly deserved write-up. Under the expert guidance of Miss Fassett and its efficient officers, Doris Holtz, president, Florence Mitchel, vice-president and Eleanor Noethig, secretary, the interscholastic championship honors were gloriously carried off by the Lux Swimming Club. The score was 50-11 and even a trifle late in coming we hope those victorious in the meet and those who worked so hard in the club will accept the enthusiastic applause of the girls. Doris Holtz deserves and receives of greatest admiration as the particular bright star of the occasion.



CAN YOU IMAGINE

The clock in the Forge-shop running?
Mr. Plum in Toreador Pants?
President Curtis quiet and demure?
Joe Simone playing Quarter-back?
Poly beating Lick in Football?
Or Lowell either for that matter?
McGuire reciting in Civics?
Ethel Bermingham not supporting Student Activities?
The Frosh Day not a success?
Hussey in a *Black* sweater?
Alice Trefz a wall-flower at a dance?
Carl Bettin with his hair mussed?
Farbman with a hair-cut?
Pop Bettin in a dress suit?
Pop Mallon singing at a rally?
The Advanced Algebra Class not making wise cracks?
Tony Dolan round shouldered?

Miss Wood (disgusted with the result of the College Prep. examination)—“Don’t you even know what a board foot is?”

Ludwigsen—“Yes, Miss Wood.”

Miss Wood (Delightedly)—“Well, Ludwigsen, what is it?”

Ludwigsen—“Something like a wooden leg!”

Mr. Plumb—“Now when two bodies in motion come together, heat is generated.”

Voice from Rear—“No, sir, I hit a guy the other day and he knocked me cold.”

Kendall—“Did you hear about the terrible accident at the ball last night?”

Bell—“No, what was it?”

Kendall—“Mildred got too near an electric fan and two men who were standing near by were almost suffocated by the powder!”

Sunday School Teacher to Small Boy—“Jimmy, wouldn’t you like to go to Heaven?”

Jimmy—“Naw, pa says we cannot afford to go any place this year.”

The Senior was born for great things

The Junior was born for small,

But no one has yet found a reason

Why the Freshman was born at all.—Ex.

IN ENGLISH

Mrs. Bender—"Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

Ethel (Awakening from a Reverie)—"I dunno."

IN CHEMISTRY

Miss Pickles (to the 23J Class)—"Girls, for your homework tonight, take Gas."

First Freshman—"Say, those Seniors remind me of bulletin board notices."

Second Freshman—"Why?"

First Freshman—"They're all stuck up."

"Say are you going to sell your new novel in book form?"

"No, I'm going to call it "Grapenuts" and sell it as a serial."—Ex.

IN GEOM.

Mr. Booker—"How many sides has a circle?"

Varney—"Two."

Mr. Booker—"Alright, what are they?"

Varney—"The outside and the inside."

Observing Tourist—"People work awfully cheap in this town; I saw a sign in a store window that said: "Dickens works all week for \$1.50."—Ex.

A BIT OF VERSE

Life is real, life is earnest,
And it might have been sublime,
If I hadn't been kept busy
Studying English all the time.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

Brutus—"Hello Caesar, how many eggs did you have for breakfast this morning?"

Caesar—"Et tu, Brute!"

Mr. Williams—"Aaron, what is the square root of twenty-five?"

Aaron—"Five."

Mr. Williams—"Very good."

Aaron—"Very good nothing, that's perfect!"

APPLIED ANATOMY

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair,
Or can his eyes an academy be
Because there are pupils there?
Does the calf of his leg get hungry sometimes
And devour the corn of his toes?
Can the crook of his arm be sent to jail?
Where's the shade from the palm of his hand?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm hanged if I understand!

Miss Jackson—"Mayock, what is the first active singular of gift?"
Mayock (just waking up)—"Dono."
Miss Jackson—"Correct."

The Scrubs think that Toreador Joost is a waiter in a Mexican Tamale Parlor.
Meyer thinks that a boot-stand is an athletic stunt.
Barthold thinks a Post Graduate is an Oakland newspaper.

Mrs. Woodland (in civics, assigning home-work)—"We'll finish the governor Monday!"

Mr. Merrill—"What is space?"
Thompson—"I cannot think of it just now but I have it in my head."

Bauermeister in Latin translates—"Rex fugit—The King flees."
Miss Jackson—"Now change it to the perfect tense."
Bauermeister—"The king has flees."

Some of the questions asked in Physics IV. (At least they seem this bad).

Problem I—Two automobiles traveling at the same speed meet at right angles. What is the force and direction of the resultant flow of profanity?

Problem II—What is the theory of vacuum? Is there anything in it?

Problem III—What causes sound waves? (b) Permanent waves?

Rich (In English)—"Geo. Washington was born February 22, 1732, A. D."

Miss Jackson—"What does A. D. stand for?"

Rich—"I don't know exactly, after dark I guess."

WOMEN AND ELECTRICITY

When a woman gets too excited—Controller.
If she is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.
If she talks too long—Interrupter.
If her way of thinking is not yours—Converter.
If she is willing to come half way—Meter.
If she is willing to come all the way—Receiver.
If she wants to go still further—Dispatcher.
If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.
If she is unfaithful—Lever.
If she proves your fears are wrong—Compensator.
If she goes up in the air—Condenser.
If she wants chocolates—Feeder.
If she sings wrong—Tuner.
If she is in the country—Telegrapher.
If she is a poor cook—Discharger.
If her dress unhooks—Connector.
If she eats too much—Reducer.
If she is wrong—Rectifier.
If she is cold to you—Heater.
If she gossips too much—Regulator.
If she fumes and sputters—Insulator.
If she becomes upset—Reverser.

—“The Short Circuit.”

A. Derre—“Is it possible to confide a secret to you?”

Arnstein—“Sure, I’ll be as silent as a grave.”

A. Derre—“Well, then, I am in desperate need of two-bits.”

Arnstein—“Never fear, it is as if I had heard nothing.”

Mrs. Woodland—“Don’t raise your hands when anybody is reciting; I’m sure Nieland was confused with all those arms around him.”

Mrs. Neighbors—“I hear your boy is playing on the football eleven; what position does he play?”

Mrs. Malatrop—“I’m not sure, but I think he plays drawback.”

Don Stewart—“How fortunate it didn’t rain the day we had the country fair.”

Mayock—“Why?”

Don—“Because the constable’s bell would have been ringing wet.”

Father (to flirtatious daughter)—“What is your favorite Hymn my dear?”

Hilda W.—“The one you kicked off the front porch last night.”—Ex.

Mr. Tibbets to Bangert—"What does the symbol 'As' signify?"
Bangert—"Well (pause) I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago."

Mr. Tibbetts—"Well you'd better get it off pretty quick because it's Arsenic."

Stage Manager Dowling (at the Follies)—"All ready, run up the curtain."

Stage Hand Renard—"Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?"

SUCCESSFUL

I went into the library,
My mind not bent on getting books;
I just trailed a flapper in,
Because I liked her looks.

I found her in the reading room;
I didn't hesitate,
And though she was a little peach,
I came out with a date.

Willie—"Papa, what is a football coach?"

Papa—"The ambulance, I should think."

Mr. Plumb—"Define an opaque substance."

Larsen—"It is something you can't see through. It's like a ——."

Mr. Plumb—"A bum joke."

LAW IN PHYSICS

The result of a pupil's examination paper varies as to the square of the distance from the teachers desk. (Not at Lick though)

ANTHROPOMORPHISM

Oh, chemist of skill, investigate,
Answer this quiz of mine,
I think I know what carbonate
But where did iodine?

IN LATIN II

Miss Jackson—"Do you want your marks read?"

Chorus—"No!"

Miss J.—"*Don't* you want to hear your marks?"

Chorus—"Yes!"

Miss J. (after reading them)—"Now you want those minuses erased, don't you?"

Goodday—"Sure, go to it."

Bowen—"What is a lucky number?"

Bell—"I don't know, what is it?"

Bowen—"One that you can get on the telephone."

Red Chisholm (Angrily)—"I'll have you understand, Figel, that I'm not to be moved by a fool's opinion."

Figel (Angrily also)—"The very reason why no one pays any attention to yours."

They wandered in the meadow
When the sun was sinking low,
They walked along together
In the evening's afterglow,
She waited patiently at the gate,
While he lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent on him
As radiant as the stars.
But she neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how
For he was but a farmer lad,
And she a Jersey cow.

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary goes,
For Mary has the hives.

Stump Orator—"I want reform; I want government reform; I want labor reform; I want —."

Voice—"Chloroform."—Ex.

HEARD IN CAFE

1st Scrub—"Say, this coffee is nothing but mud."

2nd Ditto—"Guess it was ground this morning."

Alice—(having just received a beautiful set of mink skins from her father) "What I don't see is how such wonderful furs can come from such a low sneaking little beast."

Father—"I didn't ask for thanks, but I really insist on respect."

IT'S SOLID

A woodpecker lit on a freshman's head
And settled down to drill
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.

J. Wilson

"Ted" Chesholm 24
Harold "Babe" Crane

Margaret Rice
4:20
Paly 23

SIGNATURES

A. Hornum. J. D. Russell.

Max A. Plunk.

"Jimmy" Cagan 235

James Heyman

'Red' Adams 24x

Jacka' David
Bob Rothchild

A. Saeger.

'John' Faus

"Red" Howard
G. Meyer 24-

A. Thronson.

F. Kern.

J. Wamock.

G. Bourdieu

Louis Knopfler
24x.

"Tub" Panella 23x

Kenny Cindy Cuddeven 231

SIGNATURES

■

The End



