

POLYTECHNIC

THE POLYTECHNIC

JUNE, 1922

PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY
by
THE POLYTECHNIC HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS
ASSOCIATION



TO MR. F. E. PERHAM
THE POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATES
THIS NUMBER OF THEIR
JOURNAL

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E. E. Barker

EDITORIALS

With the publication of every Journal there is the general cry, "It is just the same as last year's! Why don't they think of something new?" Well, we have done it! Did you notice the verses after every graduate's picture? Did you notice also the title pages for Graduates, Literature, Athletics, Organizations, and Jokes, and the end piece? These were first modeled in clay by the students of the school, then photographed, and engraved for reproduction in the Journal. To the best of our knowledge this is the first time any school has utilized this method. The editors feel very proud of the result.

All credit for the beautiful work belongs to Miss Dahl, of the Art Department, who even sacrificed part of her Easter vacation in order that we might have the work on time. The cuts were designed and modeled by the following students: Marilla Cutting, Aurelia Smith, Sophie Grote, Harry Christiansen, Wilfred Lerner, and Fred Roscher.

Another innovation is in the advertising section. Some of the illustrations here were drawn by members of the Poster Club, notably the full page taken by the National Ice Cream Company, and advertising Eskimo Pie. This makes the advertisements of double advantage to us. They help pay for our JOURNAL and give our students some actual experience as commercial artists. It is therefore nothing more than just that these advertisers should be patronized by the school both individually and collectively.

With this edition the Journal enters upon its second term of financial independence under the control of the Student Body. It has been our aim, not only to make the magazine self-supporting, but also a source of profit. This can only be done by securing a great many advertisements. The advertisements in this issue have materially assisted in paying the expenses, but were not sufficient to fulfill our ambition, which was the creation of a fund for the purchase of a printing press.

Now that the Athletic Field has been officially approved, the efforts of the Student Body should be directed toward obtaining a press. Its installation would be of benefit to every student in the school—as it would reduce the prices of the Journal and the Bi-Weekly.

Upon the Student Body of this term rests the signal honor of having achieved one hundred per cent. May the succeeding terms see like attainments! In athletics we have been fairly successful. The Polytechnic, the largest and best school paper in the city, has been regularly published every two weeks. The Drama Club has produced a Shakespearean play, and plans soon to stage a modern play. The piano ensemble class has given an elaborate program in the auditorium, the Opera Club has given us a light opera. All in all we may well be proud of this term's achievements.

This year has been distinguished by the formation of an unusually large number of new organizations, all aiming at the betterment of Polytechnic and its spirit. The Honor League, the Press Club, the Rowing Club, the Girls' Rifle Team, and, unofficially, the Golf Club and the Chess Club are the new bodies which have sprung into an existence which we trust will be long and worthy.

We desire to thank the Boussum Studios, the Leighton Press, and especially Mr. Langton of the Sierra Art and Engraving Company for generous advice and assistance.

To Miss Elizabeth Smittle, our faculty adviser, our acknowledgments are also made. It was she who urged us to renewed efforts when we found ourselves slackening, and the one who saw to it that our Journal was issued on time.

Had it not been for the unflagging zeal of our Business Manager, Bernard Greensfelder, we should have suffered pangs of financial distress, but, with an unquenchable spirit he kept on until sufficient advertising was obtained.

Ralph Ryan attended to the athletic pages, while Joseph Catanich handled the jokes. Our Associate Editor was Thelma Bates, who here demonstrated her dependableness and her abilities. The remainder of the staff, though small in number, did not lack resourcefulness. They were Marion Brune, Bernice Windt, Marjorie Adams, Grace Winter, Ann Catching, George Heppner and David Harrington.

TO THE LE CONTE OAK

There's a lane that leads to knowledge,
To a dignified old college
Where, in halls of stately mien,
From old books men strive to glean
Riches great men left behind,
Lovely jewels for them to find,
Monument of noble mission,
Masterpiece of man's ambition.

Yet, I pause before I enter
In this intellectual center;
For, along the lane that leads there,
Stands an oak tree, old, and bare,
Sturdy, upright, self-dependending,
Monarch of the weak-defending,
As He made it, it is now;
Peace sits on its tranquil brow.

Looming in the twilight dusk,
Like a sentinel at his trust,
Set apart from the stream of life
With its worldly toil and strife,
It is God's, of His own making.
And, as now my leave I'm taking,
Man's work dwindles in my eyes,
I see just God, the oak, the skies.

HELEN GROWNEY, '24.



*Ann
Cate*

POLYTECHNIC

[PAGE SEVEN]

THE STUDENT BODY

HURRAH, FOR the first time in its history Poly has achieved a 100 per cent student body. Every student in the school has paid his dues and has become a voting member of the student organization. We are proud of our students for showing such real interest and spirit, and we are even more proud of the splendid work that Treasurer Milton Mauer and his assistants did in carrying out the campaign. Obtaining fifty cents from each of two thousand pupils, especially during a period when there were many absences due to influenza, was not an easy task. However, since Milton's middle name is "Efficiency," and since he and his assistants are steadfast workers, the record-breaking performance took only a short time. A large number of classes reached the 100 per cent mark the first day. Now that our great ambition and our long looked-forward-to goal has been attained, we aim to keep that standard, and be 100 per cent in spirit besides.

The amount of money taken in by this means was comparatively large and enabled the student body to give the teams and other school activities more financial aid than has hitherto been possible.

Near the beginning of the term we were visited by President Thomas and three other officers of the newly organized student association of Tamalpais Union High School. The visitors were greatly pleased with Poly's method of student control, and took back with them some ideas that we hope will be of use in their future work.

In March President Ansbro attended the annual state convention of student body presidents at Santa Barbara, where he exchanged ideas with numerous other student officials, and brought back with him some suggestions along the line of student body activities. Arlie tells us that, after hearing what other schools are doing, he feels that Poly is quite up to the minute in her method of student control, and in the way the various lines of work are carried on. Next year the convention is to be held at Willows.

This term four new organizations have been officially recognized by the student body, the Honor League, the Press Club, the Rowing Club, and the Girls' Rifle Team. Although an Honor League existed in Poly some time ago, this one is based on new principles and the requirements for admission are much more stringent. It promises to be a great success.

The Rowing Club already has sixty-four members, and owes a great deal of its success to Mr. Bannister's untiring enthusiasm.

The Press Club is composed entirely of journalism students, and they form a promising group of future newspaper men and women.

An organization in which the girls reign supreme is the Girls' Rifle Team, and a very enthusiastic group of target shooters they are, too. The girls hope to have a Rowing Club of their own soon.

Renewed interest has been taken in the alumni organization this term, and many new members have joined. A keen interest also is felt in the Stadium plans, and we feel sure that it will not be long before they begin to materialize.

The recent amendment to the constitution which provided for the adoption of a standard school pin has been the incentive for the appointment of a pin committee, which has been co-operating with a like committee from the low four classes. Many pins and designs were at hand to be considered, and the task was not an easy one. But the committee has put such earnest efforts into its work that the design selected will doubtless prove satisfactory to all concerned.

Several members of our official family have been interested in the organization of an association among the high schools of San Francisco, so that the presidents of the respective student bodies could come together and exchange

ARLINGTON ANSBRO, President

Arlie Ansbro's known by all,
His speaking can't be beat;
When on the rostrum he appears
It surely is a treat.

MILTON MAUER, Treasurer

A special verse to Milton Mauer
From out the rest we choose,
A man of honor, poise, and worth,
To him all paid their dues.

MARION BRUNE, Second Vice-President

In everything that's done at school
Marion has a part;
To do so much in the time there is
Most surely is an art.

VIRGINIA TERRY, Girls' Vice-President

Our dances have ever shown success,
Do you know who planned them too?
We'll tell you that it was Virginia,
To her the thanks are due.

BERNARD GREENSFELDER, Ass't. Treasurer

Bernard Greensfelder's known
For being a hardy worker;
As First Assistant Treasurer
He's proved that he's no shirker.

WALTER SMITH, Secretary

Our famous scribe is Walter Smith,
Who does his work completely;
We can't see how he manages
To write his notes so neatly.

MARJORIE NORMAN

Marjorie Norman is always near
To lend a helping hand;
Her willingness to aid with work
Has kept her in demand.



Grace Winter



GRACE WINTER, First Vice-President
To Grace Winter all the girls appeal
For counsel and advice,
And when she needs a helping hand
She need not ask them twice.

FRANCES BEPLER, Secretary
Frances' work was not confined
To writing minutes in a book:
On many committees she has served,
And much of her time it took.

JAMES MCDUGAL, Custodian
To keep our store of goods intact
MacDougall was elected;
And now by us, through his good work,
This man is much respected.

CHARLES MATZEN, Athletic Manager
Charles Matzen of athletic fame
Is better known as "Dutch";
He makes arrangements for the games
With a diplomatic touch.

LOUISE GARREN, Athletic Manager
Louise Garren scores in sports,
Much she does for Poly's sake;
In tennis, volley and basketball
She's urged all the girls to partake.

MISS EDITH McNAB, Dean of Girls
To Miss McNab the girls appeal,
And bring their troubles by the reel;
She's always willing, kind and sweet,
As Dean of Girls she can't be beat.

ideas. Secretary Smith has sent letters to the various schools asking for their co-operation.

A special effort has been made this term to keep the school premises in a clean and orderly condition. The student body officers divided into two groups, which vied with each other to see which one could keep its appointed side of the building. The first time a state of perfection was attained a jollification rally was held as a fitting close to a perfect day.

The twins, Albert and Arthur, adopted last term, are still being provided for. They make quite a stunning appearance in their R. O. T. C. uniforms. They have visited the school several times during the term, and are sure of creating quite a sensation whenever they appear.

At the time the JOURNAL goes to press plans are under way for a circus, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the purchase of a printing press. This equipment will supply a long felt want. It will afford another line of practical work and will greatly facilitate the getting out of our various publications.

The girls' student officers have worked in the interest of the girls primarily, aiming to maintain high standards among them, and encourage them to uphold the good name of our school. The girls have taken a deep interest in all our affairs, and have indeed shown real Poly spirit.

Several girls' rallies have been held. These give an opportunity for the girls to get together in a body, thus stimulating a feeling of comradeship among them. The semi-annual girls' jynx was planned and carried out with even more than the usual success.

Our new Dean of Girls, Miss McNab, has done a great deal toward helping and guiding the girls. They appreciate her interest and value her assistance.

All the officers of both organizations have seemed to feel the responsibility of their positions, and have cheerfully devoted their best abilities to discharging their respective duties. The Representatives were carefully chosen by their classmates, and the Board greatly profited by their participation in the discussion of all matters brought before it. Our Faculty Representative, Miss Gleeson, and our Faculty Banker, Mr. Dixon, have been of invaluable aid to the officers, and have been counted upon for good advice.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

THE first affair of the current term was a girls' rally, held on February third. The program opened with a short address by Mr. Addicott, who welcomed the new girls to the school, and gave all present some fatherly advice. Miss McNab was introduced as the new Dean of Girls. She spoke briefly, urging the members of her audience to be 100 per cent in character and scholarship. After short addresses of welcome by Grace Winter, President of the Girls' Student Body, and by Louise Garren, Athletic Manager, the program was concluded by a poem, "In the Usual Way," recited by Marion Brune.

On Lincoln's birthday, his one hundred thirteenth anniversary was celebrated. Mr. Addicott's introductory remarks were followed by brief addresses by representatives of the G. A. R. The remainder of the exercises was presided over by Milton Mauer, President of the Forum Club, and consisted of musical selections by the orchestra, and recitations and speeches by members of the Forum Club.

The program for the Washington rally, held on February 21st, was also under the auspices of the Forum Club, Norman McFarland acting as chairman.

We are sure that it was a real surprise party for Mr. Addicott when, on February 23rd, faculty and students co-operated and gave a birthday rally in his honor. Arlington Ambro had just told how many things Mr. Addicott had accomplished for Polytechnic when Mr. Mabrey appeared on the stage, bearing a birthday cake with just the right number of candles on it. Harriette Murton sang a group of songs, and Mr. Mabrey told a number of amusing anecdotes.

This term we were very fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing such talented dramatic readers as Mr. William Greenleaf and Miss Dorothea Spinney. A reading of "The Merchant of Venice" was given by the former on March 10th, and a recital of "Hamlet" by the latter on March 21st. Both performances were enthusiastically attended by most of the school.

On March 23rd, Mr. Edward Berwick addressed us on the subject of "Disarmament." The talk was both interesting and instructive.

The Freshman Reception tendered each term to the new members of the school is always looked forward to, and the one on March 17th was no exception. As usual, all those not invited did their best to obtain cards of admission, but it was an audience consisting mainly of Seniors and Low Ones which anxiously chewed on all-day suckers and eagerly awaited the beginning of the program.

"The Florist Shop," a one act play, was presented by the Drama Club. The Faculty Quartet sang very entertainingly, and Lillian Clark played the piano in her own inimitable way. The Jazz Orchestra, which is always a popular purveyor of entertainment, was followed by a gypsy dance by Bernice Brown, accompanied by Lillian Clark. This concluded the program which certainly gave the "scrubs" a good send-off.

No dances were held the first part of the term, due to the prevalence of influenza, so that the first dance given by the Student Body on March 24 was greeted with even more than the usual enthusiasm, and was very largely attended. Chocolate hearts were distributed among the dancers by way of novelty, and all agreed that the time for leaving came much too soon.

On March 31st a very entertaining and unusual program was presented in the auditorium by the Southern California Glee Club, a very talented group of young men. There were a number of both serious and amusing selections sung by the chorus as a whole, a quartet, and mandolin and cornet solos.

A one act play and a recitation proved that there was dramatic as well as musical talent in the organization; and to add to all this a very clever bit of quick sketching was demonstrated by one of the boys. The entire program was a most enjoyable one and the audience left with sincere reluctance.

April 17 was marked by two eagerly anticipated affairs, the R. O. T. C. dance, and the Jollification Rally. The plans for the latter had been in mind for some time, and were only waiting for the coming of a "perfect day" for their presentation.

The rally was held in the girls' court and proved to be a novel one. It opened with an obstacle race which caused much merriment among the spectators. This was followed by an exhibition by the tumbling team. Four of the senior boys next allowed their four athletic coaches to pull them around for a tug-of-war. This was not purely voluntary on their part, for they had had visions of doing the same thing to their opponents.

The Faculty Four, who are always ready to entertain us with their songs even on foggy days in the court, were next on the program. Then Lloyd Whitney showed some clever card tricks, though a playful breeze sometimes played havoc with the cards. Some members of the Low Four class surprised the assembly by contributing some vocal numbers. A pie-eating contest, which seemed to be much enjoyed by the contestants, closed the festivities.

About twenty minutes later the first strains of music could be heard issuing from the Gym, where the R. O. T. C. dance had commenced. Punch was served and all the details of the dance were most excellently planned and carried out. There were no wall flowers and everyone had a wonderful time.

On April 21st the girls held an athletic rally, at which time awards were given the various members of the athletic teams. A program consisting of a piano solo by Lillian Clark, and songs by Audrey Farncroft, followed.

As the JOURNAL goes to press, arrangements for several coming events are under way. Among these will be Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Poster Club dances, several rallies, the Girls' Jynx, and the Senior Jynx. The last mentioned promises to be something quite different. Who said Julius Caesar? Well, anyway, the committee in charge consists of William Hess, Milton Mauer, Stanley McLeod, Bernard Greensfelder, Joe Catanich, and Harry Morgan.

June 2nd is to be Senior Day, the big day of the term. On that occasion the near-graduates reign supreme. In accordance with time honored custom they will appear clad in the regalia of the primary school days, and will be the cause of much amusement to the lower classmen.

During the morning the school will be open to visitors, in continuation of Open Night, held on the previous evening. In the afternoon the Jynx will be given. This will be followed by the Senior Dance, thus completing a day that will long be remembered by everyone who has a part in it.



Elementary Latin Class

LATIN
(With Apologies to Augustus.)

Latina Superba! Quotiens eam omnibus esse volumus! Adhuc vero progressis discipulis solis libera fuit; sed voluntate patrum matrumque ei qui in excelso sedent imperaverunt ut omnes qui initium in schola facerent Latinam cognoscerent. Magnum fuit incrementum discipulorum ab eo tempore. Totus numerus eorum qui Latina fruuntur est centum et duo.

Duo ludi magno cum successu editi sunt; "Matrimonium Romanum" et "Schola Romana." Quibus ludis multas picturas pulchras emere potuit. Itaque locus gratissimus oculis est ubi Latini discipuli conveniunt.

In animo nobis est picturam moventem Iulium Caesarem, Universitate Californiensi praepositam, ostendere ut pecuniam habeamus ad vestis et alias utiles res emendas.

Ave studium nobilissimum omnium!

For the edification of the Barbarians the Latin indicates:

That before this Latin has been limited to advanced students.

That now it is open to lower classmen.

That the growth of Latin in the school has been very great.

That there are now 102 students enrolled in the Latin Classes.

That two plays have been successfully given.

That they are the "Roman Wedding" and the "Roman School."

That the proceeds have been used to buy pictures for the Latin room. That consequently we have an attractive room.

That we intend to show the film "Julius Caesar."

That this film is sponsored by the University of California.

That with the proceeds we intend to buy costumes and other useful things.

That personally, we think Latin is some study.





HELEN CHURCH

Helen Church's bewitching curls
Have captured many glances;
Maybe that's one reason why
She's popular at the dances.

EDWARD GILLIES

Edward Gillies has a rep
Gained in things athletic;
Speedy, agile, full o' pep,
Still he's diplomatic.

RAYMOND MOULIN

Another Senior is Raymond Moulin,
With photographs he's always foolin';
He knows this game from A to Z,
His fame will spread from C to C.

FRANK TARANTINO

Frank Tarantino has
An intellectual look,
Derived, or so we think,
From studying many a book.

CLARA HANSEN

Clara Hansen's beaming eyes
Affect us, one and all;
A look in them is Paradise,
And they never seem to pall.

HAROLD TASSI

Harold Tassi looks demure,
But looks are oft deceiving,
So one had best be very sure
This judgment's worth believing.

ERNEST DITTIES

Ernest is becoming wise
At an alarming rate,
For he gets his exercise
Ushering at the Haight.

FELIX FREUDENTHAL

And this is Felix Freudenthal,
Behold his cheerful grin;
We hope that worry, work, and all,
Will never make him thin.

MARJORIE MORRISH

A girl so cheerful and so sweet
Is Marjorie Morrish,
Just to know her is a treat,
Our Marjorie Morrish.

ANN POST

Ann is clever with her brush
She scores in things artistic;
The never tires of pen and ink,
To her it's scientific.

ANTONIO FERNANDEZ

Tony Fernandez, next in the list
Is a surveying fan;
In High Four French he will be missed,
He's such an erudite man.

STANLEY McLEOD

A man of whom we may well be proud
Is Journal editor Stanley McLeod;
He's one of those we justly sign
And seal to all as "Superfine."

KURT SCHRAMM

Kurt Schramm is so erect and tall,
And therewithal so slim,
He does not need his demon steed
To make us notice him.

VIVIAN GODDARD

Vivian Goddard's soulful glance
Just bowls 'em over quite;
Others do not have a chance
If even she's in sight.

WILLIAM HESS

Bill Hess, who managed the Freshman reception
And gave all the scrubs such a spree,
Will some day be found in the lawyer's profession,
We know how successful he'll be.

DAVID HARRINGTON

Dave devotes his leisure time
To selling advertising;
When he gets through he'll have a line
That really is surprising.

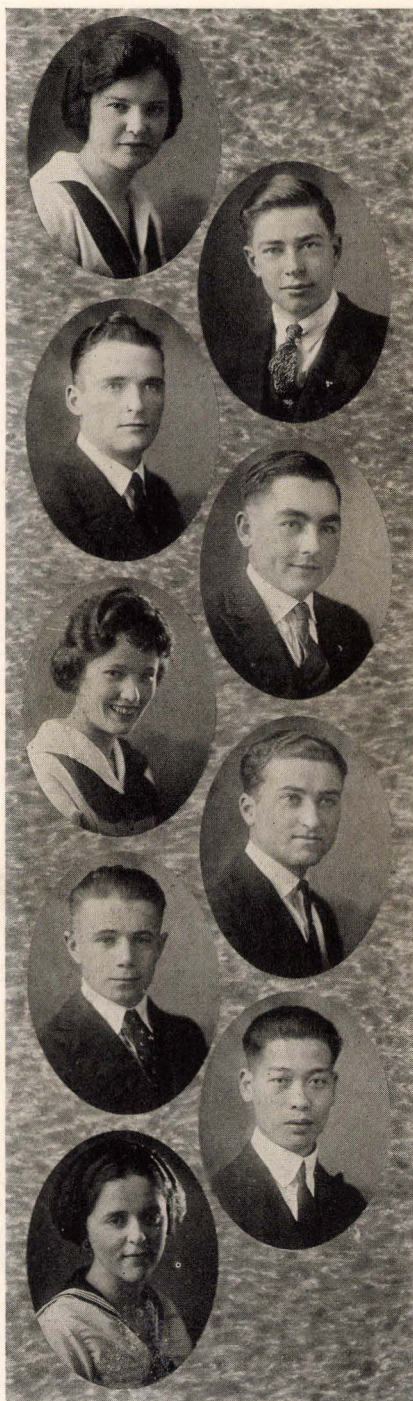
HARRY MORGAN

Here's "Bobby Tarver" Morgan
Of bright "Green Stockings" fame;
A scholar and a gentleman,
And always just the same.

MARY TAYLOR

Brown of hair and eyes,
Of disposition sweet;
Pretty Mary Taylor
As nice as one could meet.





MILDRED RICHARDSON

Mildred Richardson's so nice,
Just the girl you look at twice;
Even-tempered, gay, and pretty
Is the subject of my ditty.

CHARLES BERTRAND

Charles Bertrand has a title now;
Wait, girls, don't crowd up so,—
He's Wireless Operator, Chief,
Of Poly's radio.

GEORGE MONKS

Upon the margin George will place
His autograph for you;
To show herewith his pictured face
Is the best that we can do.

HENRY BEHRE

The weight of Senior dignity
Rests lightly on Henry Behre;
He so enjoys both peace and quiet
He never yearns to start a riot.

VIOLET STRICKLAND

Our little Violet can swim with the best,
She goes many miles without any rest;
Her diving is also pretty to see;
We'll say she's fine, if you put it to me.

BEN BADARACCO

When Ben leads our yells
He appears pretty wild,
But those are just spells,
He's really quite mild.

HERMAN MINDLIN

Of Herman Mindlin we can say
He's always in the van;
He'll never be in a future day
In the class with the also-ran.

WILLARD KAY

Willard Kay's dependable,
He's always on the spot,
He never needs an alibi
To prove what is, is not.

FAITH WEST

When Horace Greeley said "Go West"
He might have had in mind Faith West,
For she's the girl you'd go to see
Across the rolling, bounding sea.

LORETTA DORAN

She's popular and pretty,
The boys all like her smile,
Loretta's charms are many,
And she's always quite in style.

MILTON MAUER

Milton Mauer's middle name
Should be "Efficiency";
To write a list of all he's done,
Would fill up pages three.

WALTER GABRIEL

Gabriel, just like David
Who killed the ancient giants,
Chases with animation that
Goliath "School-day Science."

HERBERT BARTMAN

Though in his stocking feet
He stands just six foot one,
Herbert Bartman cannot see
Where girls are any fun.

LILLIAN CLARK

A musical wonder is Lillian Clark,
Her teachers, they say, do deem
That she is a genius, without a doubt,
She composes fine songs by the ream.

GEORGE HEPPNER

You never saw so many "ones"
As George gets on his card;
He must stay up all 'tween the suns
And toil and study hard.

BERNARD GREENSFELDER

Of all the lads of '22
We rise to make remark
Bernard Greensfelder is the one
Who really is a shark.

WILLIAM BRAMSTEDT

Bill Bramstedt has been prominent
Since Freshman blushes hid
The good hard sense predominant
Beneath his dinky lid.

HELEN BENEDICT

Helen's acclaimed a most clever girl,
For she parles Francais with a twirl;
She scores in history and in chem,
Her teachers all think she's a gem.



*Helen
Benedict*



LOLITA ROHDE

'Lita, dear, we'll miss your smile,
And your laughter 'll the while;
Who will ever take your place
Or possess such charming grace?

LEO DETWILER

A dread to all who walk the hall
Without a pass from teacher
Is Leo D.—believe you me,
He gets them, every creature.

EDWIN FEISEL

Ed Feisel is an optimist;
We like his cheerful smile;
We hope in business his success
He'll measure by the mile.

ERNEST ERICKSON

Ernest Erickson,
History shark,
Knows all the dates
Clear back to the ark.

ADELE BIEDERMAN

Adele has snappy eyes of brown,
And hair with ripply curl;
In fact she is, from toe to crown
A very charming girl.

LELAND DeBARDELEBAN

The rhyme we sought for Leland deB.
Seems to escape us quite,
But when he's on the football field
We'll say he's just all right.

RANDALL HOLLIS

When a deep toned voice you hear,
Booming down the hall,
You can tell its Randall Hollis,—
That's no trick at all!

AUGUST MOLLATH

A lad no one can criticize
Is August Mollath,
Because he never makes a noise,
This August Mollath.

ESTELLE FINSTERBUSH

Estelle has hair of raven hue,
Her smile is bright and sunny,
If you should find her with the blues
You'd think it mighty funny.

LUNA HANSEN

Luna Hansen's a pretty lass,
She's blonde and quite petite;
She's known throughout the 14 class
For always being sweet.

FREDERICK EPLEY

Frederick Epley's wondrous eyes
The public could quite hypnotize;
So take the tip, Fred, on the screen
You'll rival our vampiest movie queen.

HOWARD BRANCH

We hate to lose you, Howard Branch,
Old scout, we like you here;
When you've departed from our ranch
Who'll keep us full of cheer?

FELTON HEINO

Felton says he's fond of music,
And it must be so,
For the days and nights both hear him
Pick at his banjo.

MARGARET RICE

Sometimes the rhymster has a time
To make a word fill up a line,
But when he comes to Margaret Rice
The words are easy to entice.

JOSEPH CATANICH

Joe "Absolutely" Catanich,
Our player, joker, wit,
On our last pages has supplied
A lot of jokes that fit.

HARDING LLOYD

This young man you see,
Bears a famous name,
Which, if names mean anything,
Should some day bring him fame.

RICHARD BRAUNIGAL

Dick Braunigal played with the 45's,
He's one on whom the team relies;
The football field has claimed him too,
We wonder now what next he'll do.

LUCILE OFTEDAHL

Lucille has lately bobbed her hair,
We'll say it's fetching, quite,
J. Caesar likes Calpurniar
To be exactly right.





ADELAIDE DENNY

Socially inclined is Adelaide Denny,
The dances she goes to are varied and many,
Truly a sunbeam she fits through our hall,
A great big success with her to a ball.

WILLIAM ROBERSON

As graduates pass one by one
You'll see no finer chap,
Than this one, William Roberson,
With ideas right on tap.

THOMAS BUCKMAN

Tommy Buckman's full of fun,
He's quite a lady's man;
This fact we know to be quite right
That pretty girls are his delight.

ON LEE

One's always sure to find On Lee
Wherever he's supposed to be;
In English, chemistry, or gym,
It needs no cop to locate him.

KATHRYN STEVENSON

You see her, Kathryn Stevenson,
Petite, a little blonde,
And it's not flattery when we say
Of her we are quite fond.

EDWARD STODDARD

Another grad is Edward Stoddard,
Who never is quite happy
Unless he's playing basketball,
But there he's really snappy.

WILLIAM HARRIMAN

Hank Harriman is a football man,
You've often seen him play;
He never stops for rain nor cold,
Nor even a rainy day.

EARL FAUSS

Earl Fauss makes very little noise,
You don't know he's around;
A teacher's life would be all joys
If more like him were found.

LILLIAN SEAMAS

Lillian Seamas with her cute smiles
Likes to walk for miles and miles;
Although she may prefer daylight,
They say she also tramps at night.

EDNA RYBERG

Edna Ryberg loves her studies,
History is her friend;
Her card will show you just how much
Her policy pays to the end.

NEIL BROWN

Neil and smiles go hand in hand,
His ship of life with humor's manned;
We all like him for he's so jolly,
We're mighty glad he's gone to Poly.

LEWELLYN FREDERICKS

Lew Fredericks has a cheerful grin,
A sparkle in his eye,
That friendly glances win for him
From all who pass him by.

JACK DODSON

When you wish to gather anguish
And credits too galore,
Just take them all in English,—
Ask Jack, he's just had four.

ADELINE FITZGIBBONS

Adeline's hair has a natural curl
Her face is sweet, her manners quite charming
No doubt she has set many hearts in a whirl,
Her good looks are almost alarming.

CHARLES MATZEN

"Dutch" Matzen next, of football fame,
Because he's shy he's not to blame.
"Without your smile and eyes so blue
Oh, 'Dutch', my dear, what shall we do?"

DAVID LUND

"Power House" Lund in Z you'll see,
As busy as the well known bee;
You'd think the way he rushes 'round
That sometimes he would run aground.

PHILIP PARKER

Phil Parker seems most dignified;
But seriousness personified
Does not prove one is ossified
Nor sense of humor petrified.

GENEVIEVE IRVINE

Genevieve Irvine,
In Latin superb,
Can conjugate perfectly
Most any verb.



Adeline Fitzgibbon



SYBIL STENNARD

Sybil Stennard in girl's baseball
Can swing a mean right with no effort at all
She'd sure be a star in a big league team;
She's got the stuff, if you know what I mean.

ELLIS JOHNSON

At basketball he won renown,
He led our Forty Fives.
We're now the champions of the town,
The cup is now our prize.

WILFRED FROGGATT

The only scandal that we pass
About Sir Wilfred Froggatt
Is that he stars in civics class,
There is no doubt about it.

RALEY WILES

We have in Poly a man of fame
Who carries with him a funny name:
His hair is red, his face all smiles,
And the name he carries is one "Red" Wiles.

LOUISE GARREN

Louise Garren, next in line,
Surely is a gymnast fine;
At baseball she is quite a shark,
She'd make a home run in the dark.

BRADFORD LEVIN

One Bradford Levin we'll never leave out,
Though he comes from afar, it is true;
For South Africa sent him to us to fit out
With our stamp "P. H. S. Twenty-two."

GEORGE HUTCHINSON

The "Chief High Bow" of this year's class
Is Hutchinson, known to every last;
He fiddles up, he fiddles down,
And he plays at all the shows in town.

EMIL HANSEN

When Lieutenant Emil Hansen
Drills in the R. O. T. C.
He surely is entrancin',—
Girls, don't you agree?

EUGENIE MCINTYRE

Some day in the hall of fame
We shall find Eugenie's name;
So when dentist's bills soar higher
Call on Doctor McIntyre.

SARAH ROSENFELD

Pray consider for a moment,
Whether it would be amiss,
Just to ask you, "Did you ever
View more charming maid than this?"

ERNEST LORENZINI

E. Lorenzini's leaving
Makes quite a gap to fill;
Just Cres is left a-grieving,
For Ernest, Ed, and Bill.

ALBERT ELLEDGE

The subject of this picture,
And also of this poem,
Could really give a lecture,
On "How We Seniors Show 'Em."

EDSON WATERHOUSE

Ed Waterhouse
Is popular, very;
He swims like a fish,
Sings like a canary.

EVELYN HOLLERAN

Evelyn Holleran is a girl
Whose hair has a really truly curl,
She's always bright and also witty,
And with it all she's very pretty.

JOHN SCOVILLE

We next present for your approval,
One Senior Captain Johnny Scoville,
So active he in all affairs,
The wonder is he's no gray hairs.

EUGENE MINZENMAYER

A student business-like and steady,
Is Eugene Minzenmayer;
His gun is always oiled and ready,
It never misses fire.

GUM HALL

Gum Hall's a good scout,
Comme il faut, very neat;
We show here his head,
Search the snaps for his feet.

MAE MARTIN

When you meet Mae Martin,
You are bound to say,
That more charming girl, for certain,
Seldom comes your way.





May Bell Walkup.

EUNICE LAW

Eunice Lawlor's useful form
Around our school you see;
And her heart is large and warm,
With kindly thoughts for you and me.

ROBERT DALLAS

Robert Dallas likes the antics
That equations play;
Mysteries of mathematics
Are to him as light as day.

LEROY MINCUIN

Leroy has temperamental hair,
Besides he plays the horn;
In "soup-to-nuts" he's such an air
As if to the manner born.

LOUIS CORNERO

Lou has a motorcycle pard,
It serves him well; he's needing
To nightly toil at labor hard
To pay his fines for speeding.

BERNICE DOUGLAS

If to be a lady
One must be very quiet,
We'll say Bernice is one,
No one can deny it.

JOHN REID

John Reid has been with us four years,
And when he goes for good
We'll be inclined to shed some tears,—
Can't help it if we would.

REDMOND FAY

Whene'er the teachers see Redmond Fay
And hear a busy hum,
They are always quite sure to say,
"Redmond, take out that gum!"

GEORGE LAKE

Whene'er you hear a bright remark,
And see signs of a coming lark,
You'll know George Lake has caused it all,
The teacher's frown portends his fall.

MAYBELL WALKUP

Tall and slender, full of grace,
MayBell Walkup's pretty face,
Gentle manners, low sweet voice,
Mark her for the poet's choice.

LUCILLE WERNER 101

When "Straight Locks" sees Lucille's marcel
Dark envy grips her heart, or less
Because it is, she knows full well,
Produced by nature's art.

ALBERT MOORE

This Albert plays the banjo,
His meat and drink is jazz,
But since we like our band-o
Pray don't think this a razz.

EMIL HAGBOM

Here's Emil Hagbom, not so small,
In fact he is not small at all.
If he grows bigger while at college
He'll surely take up all their knowledge.

HUGO HARMS

H stands for Hugo,
And H stands for Harms,
He could wear 'em reversed
Without breaking the charms.

JOSEPHINE HOLOHAN

Josephine's industrious,
She studies by the mile,
She hopes to be a doctor
In the distant after-while.

JULIUS SCHMID

Another Senior, Julius Schmid,
Goes out in June this year;
We'll miss his cheerful countenance
Very much, I fear.

VERNON SIMPSON

Vernon Simpson's versatile,
He plays in Jerry's band;
He says it is no trick to spill
Econ from either hand.

LUKE BELGAU

It is said that Luke Belgau
Has wandered East and West;
We are glad that for this year
He's been at P. H. S.

LAURA SMITH

Who's a titian haired damsel,
A demure, a most sweet mam'selle,
Even tempered if you tease?
Who but Laura, if you please.



Lucille Werner



PAULINE ROSENFELD

Pauline is our own "nut brown maid,"
Demure, now grave, now gay;
We're sorry that this month of June,
Will spirit her away.

SILVIO CATALANO

The subject of this photograph,
Is Silvio Catalano;
Whose names together go so well,
We play 'em on our piano.

RAYMOND GIBBONS

Another senior,
Is Ray Gibbons.
He loves the girls,
Their frills and their ribbons.

RICHARD HARTJE

Richard Hartje is the captain,
Of a wondrous baseball team;
If you want to know the story,
Ask the Seniors what we mean.

BEATRICE WILLARD

Beatrice Willard, so 'tis said,
Is not so much for size,
But on her shoulders there's a head,
Which is most wondrous wise.

WILLIAM LEE

This represents another
Of the famous name of Lee;
We wish we'd twice as many,
For we like them,—don't you see?

RUDOLPH BLAETTLER

His card is always a pleasing sight;
And though it is treason,
We'll tell you the reason,—
It's because he studies all night!

THOMAS BOWERS

Tom Bowers is a man of good will,
In many lines he's shown his skill;
He has a store of pep and vim,
That has made many friends for him.

GERMAINE POUYDESSAU

Germaine Pouydessau's an unusual girl,
For French never sets her head in a whirl.
She's even been known to stump Miss Magee
Which is a remarkable thing,—oui! oui!

MILDRED MORROW

A bright sunny girl is Mildred Morrow,
I'm telling you now if we could but borrow
A few of her smiles and much needed two's
It surely would keep us all out of the blues

LLOYD MYERS

Lloyd Myers of Poly
Is known far and wide
As a paper reporter
On our joy and pride.

ELLIOT LINDNER

Elliot Lindner's hobby is—
We've just found out—
Snapping kodak pictures
Of—girls, without a doubt.

FAY LEE

The next one in the Lee parade
Is Fay, and this is he;
His fame will cast into the shade
All others,—save a Lee.

COLEMAN FRANCIS

Baseball, basketball, football and track,
Dramatics and newspaper too,
Been in them all, and this is a fact,
There's nothing that "Smoke" can't do.

FRANK JUNG

This little chap looks pretty young,
But then, you see,
The name he packs around is Jung,—
Why shouldn't he?



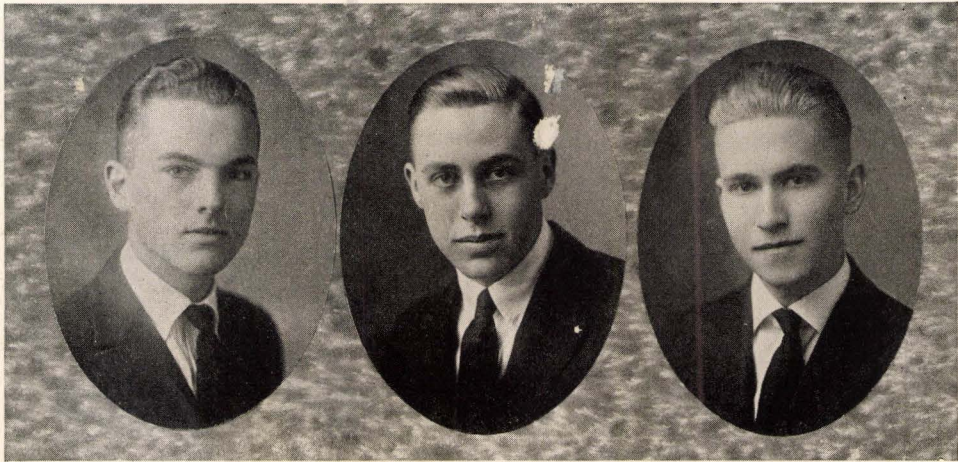
THE CLASS OF JUNE 1922

Ben Badaracco
Herbert Bartman
Henry Behre
Luke Belgau
Helen Benedict
Charles Bertrand
Adele Biederman
Rudolph Blaettler
William Bramstedt
Howard Branch
Richard Braunagel
Neil Brown
Thomas Buckman
Thomas Bowers
Silvio Catalano
Joseph Catanich
Helen Church
Louis Cornero
Robert Dallas
Leland DeBardeleben
Adelaide Denny
Leo Detwiler
Ernest Dittlies
Jack Dodson
Loretta Doran
Bernice Douglas
Grace Eckman
Albert Elledge
Frederick Epley
Ernest Erickson
Redmond Fay
Earl Fauss

Edwin Feisel
Antonio Fernandez
Estelle Finterbusch
Adeline Fitzgibbons
Coleman Francis
Llewellyn Fredericks
Wilfred Froggatt
Felix Freudenthal
Walter Gabriel
Louise Garren
Ray Gibbons
Edward Gillies
Vivian Goddard
Bernard Greensfelder
Gum Hall
Clara Hansen
Emil Hansen
Luna Hansen
Emil Hagbom
Hugo Harms
William Harriman
David Harrington
Richard Hartje
Felton Heino
George Heppner
William Hess
Randall Hollis
Josephine Holohan
Evelyn Holleran
George Hutchinson
Genevieve Irvine
Ellis Johnson

Frank Jung
Willard Kay
George Lake
Eunice Lawlor
Edward Lee
Fay Lee
On Lee
William Lee
Bradford Levin
Elliot Lindner
Harding Lloyd
Ernest Lorenzini
David Lund
Mae Martin
Charles Matzen
Milton Mauer
Eugenie McIntyre
Stanley McLeod
Leroy Minchin
Herman Mindlin
Eugene Minzenmayer
August Mollath
George Monks
Albert Moore
Harry Morgan
Marjorie Morrish
Mildred Morrow
Ray Moulin
Lloyd Myers
Ikuyo Osawa
Philip Parker

Ann Post
Germaine Pouydesseau
Edward Quon
John Reid
Margaret Rice
Mildred Richardson
William Roberson
Lolita Rohde
Pauline Rosenfeld
Sarah Rosenfeld
Edna Ryberg
Willard Saville
Julius Schmid
Kurt Schramm
John Scoville
Lillian Seamas
Vernon Simpson
Laura Smith
Sybil Stennard
Kathryn Stevenson
Edward Stoddard
Violet Strickland
Frank Tarantino
Harold Tassi
Mary Taylor
May Bell Walkup
Edson Waterhouse
Lucille Werner
Faith West
Raley Wiles



Wm. Hess, Pres.

Edson Waterhouse, Rep.

Stanley McLeod, Sec.

THE HIGH FOUR CLASS

FOUR YEARS of industry have done much to mould a group of inexperienced freshmen into ambitious young men and women, who are now about to "commence." Our development has not been due entirely to scholastic pursuits. Social activities, class offices, student body offices, dramatics, oral expression, R. O. T. C., and athletics have helped to broaden our vision, and have better prepared us for our individual work in the future.

From a freshman class of about three hundred (up to that time the largest number to enter the halls of Poly at one time) we have dwindled down to one hundred thirty-two. Those of us who have remained to graduate, feel that we have made good use of our opportunities, and that we shall leave behind us an impression of faithfulness. To us the name Polytechnic will always stand as a synonym of good fellowship.

Our entire time has not, by any means, been devoted to serious pursuits. During the past term we gave the usual Freshman Reception, the Senior Jynx, and played the semi-annual Senior-Faculty ball game.

The Freshman Reception was followed by a dance at which Gene Knotts and his syncopated symphonists performed with even more than their usual skill.

Julius Caesar and his fair Calpurnia were not presented to our understandings by numerous historians and by Shakespeare with near the vividness that they were recreated for us by the delightful gambolings of the participants in the equally delightful play staged at the Senior Jynx.

At the time the JOURNAL goes to press, the classic with the Faculty has not been played, but from the standpoint of a Senior, there is only one possible outcome.

Bill Hess presided over the meetings of the class with dignity and poise, his right-hand man in the person of the other Bill, Bill Bramstedt, proving an able second.



OFFICERS OF THE CLASSES

HIGH FOUR

President.....WILLIAM HESS
Vice-President.....WILLIAM BRAMSTEDT
Secretary.....STANLEY MCLEOD
Treasurer.....DAVID HARRINGTON
Ath. Manager.....CHARLES MATZEN
Representative.....EDSON WATERHOUSE
Yell Leader.....BEN BADARACCO

LOW FOUR

President.....WALTER SMITH
Vice-President.....HELEN DIERKS
Secretary.....AL HAAS
Treasurer.....ARTHUR HILLMAN
Ath. Manager.....BOB HEALY
Representative.....JACK RHODES
Yell Leader.....BOB HEALY

HIGH THREE

President.....JAMES MCDUGALL
Vice-President.....VIRGINIA MEYERS
Secretary.....CHARLES COOPER
Treasurer.....MARCEL GILL
Ath. Manager.....HAROLD JENNINGS
Representative.....WALTER STRAND
Yell Leader....."RED" LEVIN

LOW THREE

President.....EUGENE HARRINGTON
Vice-President.....MARJORIE NORMAN
Secretary.....WINFIELD MCILVAINE
Treasurer.....WINFIELD MCILVAINE
Ath. Manager.....LLOYD WHITNEY
Representative.....CHESTER HARRIS
Yell Leader.....FONTAINE RUSS

HIGH TWO

President.....JACK COREY
Vice-President.....ROBERT SHAFER
Ath. Manager.....IRVING MARCUS
Representative.....JACK PUCCINELLI
Yell Leader.....JOHN YBARETTA

LOW TWO

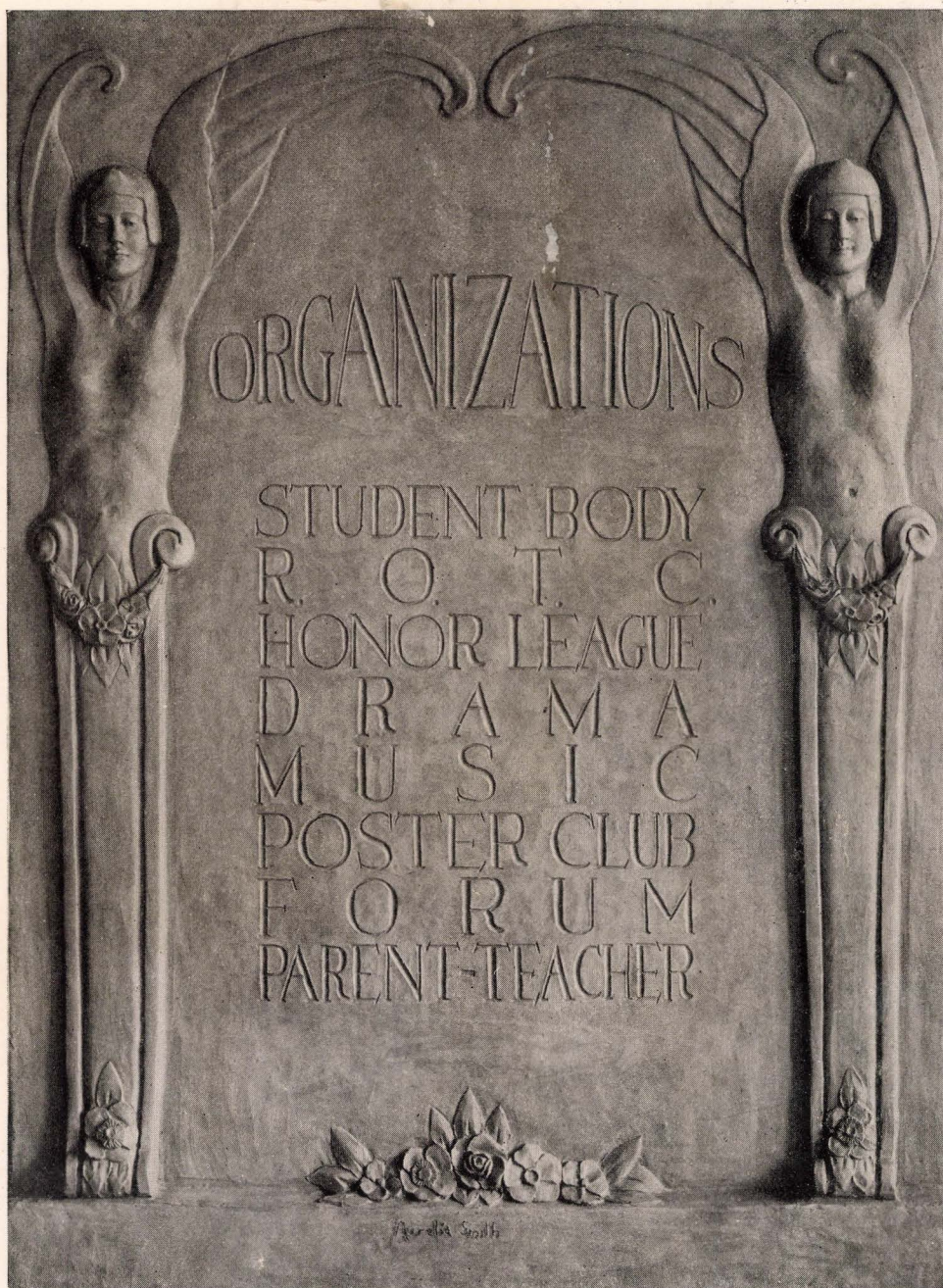
President.....AL DEASY
Vice-President.....GENEVIEVE KEARNS
Ath. Manager.....ERNEST HAY
Representative.....BOB VERMILLYA
Yell Leader.....GEORGE MARTIN

HIGH ONE

President.....FRED MCWILLIAMS
Vice-President.....HARRY CARNE
Ath. Manager.....PETER VICTOR
Representative.....ROBERT KORN
Yell Leader.....MONROE SELO

LOW ONE

President.....LEWIS DERING
Vice-President.....MARGARET GELDERT
Representative.....PAUL HUSSON
Yell Leader.....GEORGE TABER



POLYTECHNIC BI-WEEKLY

THIS TERM the Bi-Weekly has been run on the special issue plan. Each time we have done our best to have some new feature to amuse and interest our readers. We have had a Welcome Edition, a Razz Edition, an Athletic Edition, a Student Body Edition, and every peppy kind of an edition that we could think of,—or rather that Miss Bell could think of and that we could carry out.

Miss Bell is our Faculty Representative this term, and we'll say she runs Miss Gleeson a close second when it comes to enthusiasm. Being the Faculty Representative sounds like an easy job; as though said Fac. Rep. had nothing to do but have her picture in the Journal and generally decorate the journalistic atmosphere, but to tell the truth, she does half the hard jobs we ought to do, tells us which way to go, and keeps us all going, razzes us, encourages us, and is by far the most important person on the staff.

Many of those who were on last term's staff are again in charge this term; and though, of course, experience is an advantage, our new recruits are doing wonders. The cub reporter, as a rule, is a whole lot more in earnest, and therefore works much harder than the blasé old-timer. But we can't include under this latter head workers like Dave Harrington, Ralph Ryan, Jim McDougall, Ruth Chambers and Lisette McDonald. Their energy is something astonishing,—when they work.

Some of our star "cubs" are Lloyd Whitney, Al Batchelder and Anita Judson. Already we can see in them future Earl Ennises, Strollers, Fay Kings, and other celebrities,—but they are original in their styles, rather than the followers of any certain newspaper heroes. Perhaps it's just as well,—variety is the spice of life, and probably by the time they have gained the reporters' desks, the world will be looking for something new, instead of more Strollers and B. Baers. Some day we may point with pride to certain signatures in our journals, and start the old stuff about, "I knew him when—" ('Nother reason for buying a journal. No journal, no signatures,—nuf sed.)

But to get down to brass tacks,—or gold nails, as they say in France—the Polytechnic Bi-Weekly is really one of the strongest ties we have to bind the school together. We are a little world of our own, and we all want the news of what's happening in that little world just as often as possible. That is the purpose of the paper, to let everybody know just what's going on, and what's coming off, and to tell both in the most interesting way. That's why all we reporters go around with such absorbed expressions,—trying to think up something original,—and let us inform you, it isn't always easy.

Without any unseemly pride, we think that the paper does everybody a lot of good; if it doesn't reach their hearts, it reaches their sense of humor, and we think that the school would be rather lost without our little sheet,—now wouldn't it?



Betty King



Jos. Catanich, Pres.

Allan Bachelder, Rep.

Stanley McLeod, Sec.

PRESS CLUB

NEW ORGANIZATIONS being the style this year, we journalists have put our brains together and, after several agonized thinking-meets, evolved a Press Club. It sounds awfully impressive. So we impressed all our promising young ink-spatterers into joining it.

Doubtless you all want to know how the wheels go round. Therefore we present for your immediate inspection the inner workings of the Polytechnic Press Club. It's so young it still goes on all fours, so everything is quite simple.

Our President: Joe Catanich (he's twice as important with a gavel in his hand).

Our Secretary: Stan McLeod (Nuf sed).

Our Student Body Rep.: Al Batchelder (That goes for him, too).

Our Vice-President: Betty King (We're lucky to have her).

We meet every other Thursday, discuss ways and means of improving the Bi-Weekly, plan all kinds of social activities and fight over them, and incidentally are entertained by verbal autobiographies of some of San Francisco's famous newspaper men. Let me explain: Once in a while we cajole a busy editor or so up here to advise us concerning our future careers, and to tell us about the pitfalls in the path our innocent feet are destined to trod. One of our best known kind advisors is the "Stroller" of the Examiner. We thank them all—we know their advice is going to come in very handy one of these days.

Several of our members have given delightful parties to the Club. We have planned a circus, various hikes and weenie-roasts. By no means do we stick to the path of business and no pleasure. When we have made our dances "and such" famous, we predict that there will be a rush of applications for the li'l ol' Press Club. Wait and see!



DRAMA

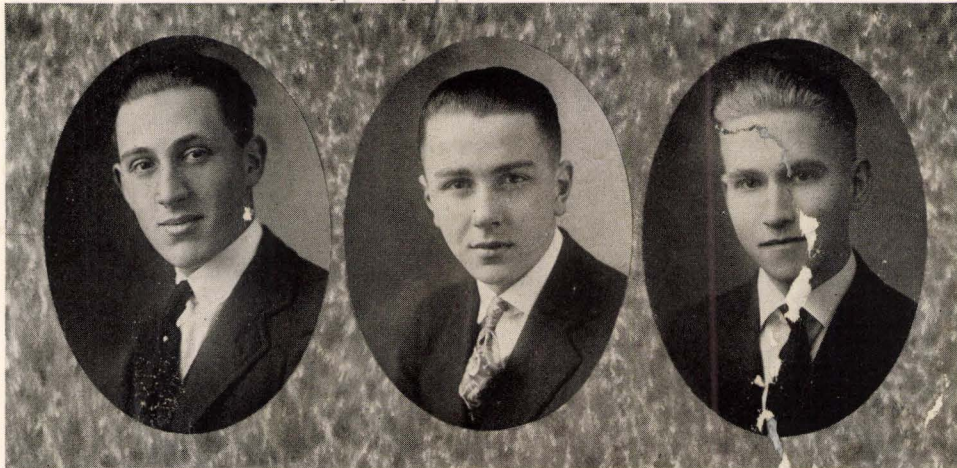
THE Polytechnic Drama Club finished up the fall term with the mirth-provoking comedy "The Taming of the Shrew." This was, in some respects, the most satisfactory play they have ever produced, in spite of the fact that it was given on Friday, the thirteenth, and that it was the thirteenth Shakesporean play to be given by the drama class. The stage settings, which were supervised by Mr. B. Northcutt Helph of Berkeley, were rich in color and suggestiveness, and made a series of pictures which brought enthusiastic applause from the audience. Those most appreciated seemed to be the one of Petruchio's house, in the bridal scene when a 'cello played softly behind the curtain while Katherine, in her golden wedding gown, and Bianca, in her demure yellow velvet, held their pose before the curtain.

The play is full of amusing scenes and clever lines, which the players succeeded admirably in getting across the footlights. Ingemar Hogberg was the swashbuckling hero to the life, and no one could blame him for falling in love with the beautiful Katherine, in spite of her well known disposition. Bernice Brown and Joe Catanich, as Bianca and Lucentio, were excellent foils for the first two; their little love scene was perfection. Coleman Francis, as Grumio, was noticeable for his gorgeous raiment, and for the fact that he acted every moment that he was on the stage.

Mr. Lamp and his orchestra provided music between the acts. The cello solo mentioned above was played by Eugene Hidden accompanied by Herbert Jaffe.

The cast of characters was as follows: Katherine, Grace Winter; Petruchio, Ingemar Hogberg; Bianca, Bernice Brown; Lucentio, Joe Catanich; Baptiste, Leon Adams; Vincentio, John Stoffel; Gremio, Milton Mauer; Hortensio, George Tinkler; Tranio, Harry Morgan; Biondello, Bert Wolfsohn; Grumio, Coleman Francis; Curtis, Marion Brune; Nathaniel, Muriel Donelson, Adam, Virginia Meyers; a pedant, Walter Smith; a tailor, Fred Croce; a servant to Baptiste, Billie Doyle.

Harry Morgan



Jos. Catanich, Pres.

Harry Morgan, Sec.

Stanley McLeod, Rep.

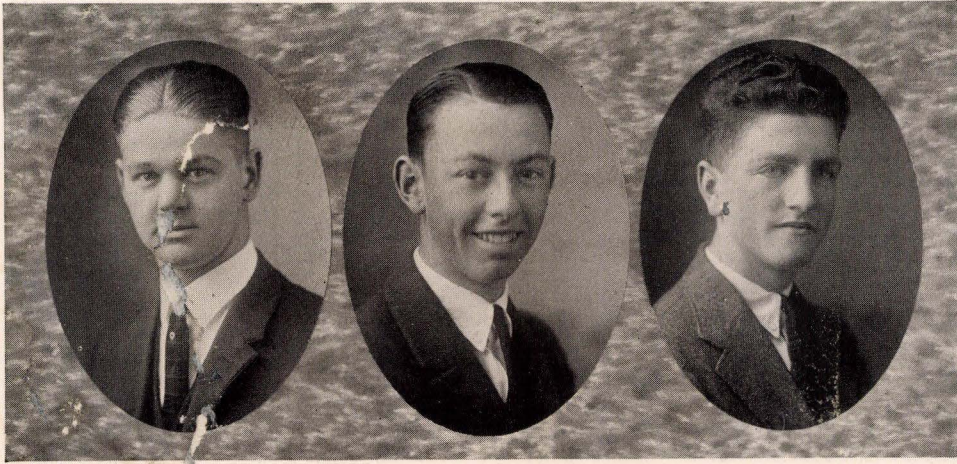
For the Freshman Reception, the Drama Club presented a most successful little skit entitled "The Florist Shop." Stanley McLeod as Mr. Slovisky, a Jewish business man, made a tremendous hit. Katherine Malloy took the part of Maud, a tough but tender-hearted working girl by whose efforts the long courtship of Mr. Jackson was brought to a happy conclusion. The part of the lover was taken by Winfield McIlvaine, and that of his fiancée by Audrey Farncroft. John Stoffel, as Henry, the office boy, was the source of much amusement.

The Shakespearean play selected for production this term is "The Comedy of Errors." At the time the JOURNAL went to press it had not yet been presented, but there is no reason to expect that it will be any less successful than "The Taming of the Shrew," which set a high standard of excellence.

The cast for the "Comedy of Errors" is as follows, the second name in each case being the alternate:

Antipholus of Syracuse	STANLEY McLEOD
	BERNARD GREENSFELDER
Antipholus of Ephesus	JOSEPH CATANICH
	HARRY MORGAN
Dromio of Syracuse	COLEMAN FRANCIS
	LEROY MINCHIN
Dromio of Ephesus	JOHN WOOSTER
	BERTRAM WOLFSOHN
Solinus, Duke of Ephesus	BEN HOLLADAY
Aegeon, a merchant	BERTRAM WOLFSOHN
Angelo, a goldsmith	BERNARD GREENSFELDER
First Merchant	LEROY MINCHIN
Second Merchant	HARRY MORGAN
Pinch	JOHN STOFFEL
Adriana	GRACE WINTER
	MARIAN BRUNE
Luciana	HARRIETTE MURTON
	PHOEBE BANNISTER
Abbess	BILLEE DOYLE
	LUZERN REA
Phryne	LILLIAN SEAMAS
	IRENE GREENBERGER

The drama classes are growing in popularity each year. Even now there are three classes, to the lowest of which students with High Two standing are admitted. The two advanced classes, organized as the Drama Club, elected the following officers for the spring term: President, Joseph Catanich; Secretary, Harry Morgan; Representative, Stanley McLeod.



Milton Mauer, Pres.

John Perry, Sec.

Ralph Ryan, Rep.

THE FORUM CLUB

THE Forum Club is one of the most popular organizations in Polytechnic as its large membership proves. When it was formed in January, 1917, it had but fourteen members, while at the beginning of this term there were so many that it was necessary to divide it into two sections. The total number is now not less than seventy.

Among the enthusiastic workers this semester were many prominent "P. G.'s" who returned to Poly in order that they might take advantage of the splendid training offered in these oral expression courses.

The routine instituted at the beginning of the term has been systematically carried out, organized debate being held every Tuesday, class discussion every Thursday, and supervised study the two remaining days of each week.

The H3 Class devised a most interesting method for making the course a valuable source of information, as well as of practice in public speaking, by introducing something new.

The entire class was organized as the lower house of Congress, each student representing a state in the Union. Problems of government, finance, commerce, and industry pertaining to each individual state were discussed and debated upon before the House, by the student acting as its representative.

At the same time questions and bills which were before Congress were studied and lengthy arguments on both sides presented.

An important step recently taken by the Forum Club was its withdrawal from the San Francisco Debating League. The object of this procedure was for the ultimate purpose of joining the San Francisco Public High Schools Debating League.

The speakers who were sent from the Forum Club to represent Polytechnic at the new League were Herman Mindlin, Henry Burkhard, and Gerald Hallinan.

A very elaborate banquet was given at the close of the term. Several prominent guests were present and gave interesting talks on the great advantages derived from instruction obtained in Oral Expression, in the public high schools. Discussions on other subjects were also given, our representatives clearly demonstrating their ability to deliver logical arguments on any subject.

A large majority of the members of the Forum Club were boys. Few girls are active in the organization; in fact, out of the seventy students in its membership, there were only five girls. It is very desirable that more girls participate in this activity, as the training which they receive is of as much assistance to them in their future vocations, as it is to "our future presidents."

At an election held during the latter part of last term, the following officers were chosen:

<i>President</i>	MILTON MAUER
<i>Vice-President</i>	NORMAN MCFARLAND
<i>Secretary</i>	JOHN PERRY
<i>Treasurer</i>	HENRY BURKHARD
<i>Student Body Representative</i>	RALPH RYAN

THE HONOR LEAGUE

AMONG the numerous new organizations formed in Polytechnic this term, none is more important to the school than the Honor League. In former years Poly had such a society but for some reason it was abandoned. However, this year it was decided to form an entirely new one, having no connection with the previous organization.

Its aims are for the general benefit of the school. The most important one is the encouraging of better scholarship, thus raising the rating of the school at the various universities. Every member of the league also pledges himself to be a "big brother or sister" as the case may be, to one or more new students, aiding them in their studies and inoculating them with the true Polytechnic spirit.

Hereafter, all candidates for Student Body offices must be approved by the Honor League, which will thoroughly investigate the character, scholarship, and ability of each aspirant.

The charter members of the League are: Marion Brune, Marjorie Norman, Virginia Terry, Roberto Escamilla, Bernard Greensfelder, William Hess, Eugene Harrington, Milton Mauer, Walter Smith, Edson Waterhouse, and Stanley McLeod.

These members at their first meeting elected as their officers the following:

<i>President</i>	ROBERTO ESCAMILLA
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARION BRUNE
<i>Secretary</i>	VIRGINIA TERRY
<i>Representative</i>	WILLIAM HESS

Miriam Hook
(23)



POSTER CLUB

THE club has been about as busy this term as any self-respecting club could be. They are at present engaged in making posters to welcome the wounded soldiers when they come here for their convention in June. It's a popular job, and everybody is trying to outdo everybody else—especially the girls, for they want all the honor to themselves—since it concerns, goodness knows how many handsome soldier boys who, they hope, will be much gratified to find what an interest San Francisco is taking in them.

Members of the club have made many of the illustrations for the ads in this year's journal, notably the full-page one for Eskimo Pie, and they have also made some dainty pen-and-ink sketches to illustrate the stories.

Once in a while, though, they forget themselves so far as to attend a party, like the one given by Larry Mitchell on St. Patrick's evening at his home. No doubt there will be a weenie roast, or something of that sort before the end of the term, as it is customary to end the term's activities with a social affair.

This term's officers are: President, Larry Mitchell; vice-president, Ann Catching; secretary, Doris MacKenzie, and representative, Preston Hopkins. The members of the club are: Ann Catching, Dorothy Boyden, Helen Chartrand, Olga Chapital, Gertrude Donovan, Marjorie Gray, Miriam Hook, Doris MacKenzie, Theresa Schrick, Claire Greenough, Virginia Wolter, Carol Snead, Larry Mitchel, Bob Schaeffer, Ben Dailey, Joe Vivaldi, Preston Hopkins, Isadore Koblik, Clifton Nicholls.

MUSIC

“ONE, two, three, four—the scope of orchestra work has increased amazingly—pianissimo—in the last few years. In the fall of nineteen sixteen—slower, please—we were requested—slower, I say!” shouted Mr. Lamp, gesticulating wildly in an endeavor to submit to an interview and to conduct an orchestra class at the same time.

It developed that “one, two, three, four” and “slower, please,” had slight bearing on the subject in hand, but were directed to the flutist whose tendencies to undue haste had not escaped the ever watchful eye and ear of the instructor.

When the noise had toned down to a sufficient extent to permit of his being heard, Mr. Lamp proceeded reminiscently.

“Upon Mr. Addicott’s request, I organized a small orchestra as a beginning. It met with such favor that—da, da, dada, da,” half sung, half muttered, reached my ears, accompanied by a tapping of feet to accentuate the time of that particular passage.

“O, beg pardon,” he caught himself up with a jerk, “such success that it has been necessary to form three sections for beginners, intermediate, and advanced students. Go back—one, two, three, four, five, um, um—eight bars, please and repeat—this term’s graduation will cause the loss of many of our best players, among whom are Lillian Clark, Marjorie Morrish, Pauline Rosenfeld, Sarah Rosenfeld, George Hutchinson, Ben Badaracco, Lionel Tognazzini, and Raymond Moulin. E flat!” he concluded in terrible tones. And the interviewer heaved a sigh of relief that he had reached a period before the interruption came.

* * * * *

Piano ensemble is a recent addition to the regular curriculum of Polytechnic, but since its introduction it has developed with great rapidity under the direction of Miss Rother.

The course is offered for further advancement in piano study and affords excellent opportunity for accompanying orchestra and choral, as well as for personal instruction in ensemble playing.

Several programs have already been presented in our school auditorium. These have been made up of numbers representative of the best in piano literature, thus giving our students a knowledge and appreciation of the best in music. These programs also offer to young pianists the chance to appear in concert under the most favorable conditions.

* * * * *

The latest achievement of the opera club is a comic opera, “Chimes of Normandy,” which will be presented in the school auditorium in the afternoon of May 10 and the evenings of May 11 and 12. Among the stars are Audrey Farncroft, Harriette Murton, Fernando Ybarra, Bert Pearson, Harry Frank, Ray Gibbons, Claire Winters, Helen Lettish, Evelyn Brown, Ruth Painton, Billy Mahar, and Dutch Matzen. Miss Robinson, who was formerly connected with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and who has coached in Los Angeles High Schools, is their director.

R. O. T. C.

RING out the old, ring in the new, welcome the New Year. We really mean new term, but it doesn't sound so well on paper. Well, this old term has gone to its grave in style with three hundred cadets as pall bearers, honoraries, and what-not.

Started with a smash, we did, and finished strong. All through the term, the one thing we have looked forward to, hoped and prayed for, and most of all, worked for, was an honor school. At the time this goes to press, the matter has not been settled; but, if there is anything in good, honest work, and good honest spirit, by the time this is read we shall be marching along among the ranks of the honored ten. For, be it known, there are only ten honor schools in the United States.

Efficiency has been the keynote of our regime. When we commenced this term we didn't quite know what we were starting. But as soon as our new officers got into their stride, and learned to glare at their men with just the proper amount of fire, the real work began. Nearly every Tuesday we drilled in the "tall grass" over in the Park.

We showed 'em how. Those old soldiers over there at their checker-boards got a good old-fashioned thrill out of watching us. They are our severest critics.

We have been particularly fortunate in having such an able corps of instructors. We owe a great deal to Captain Lamb, and Captain Dunaway for their untiring efforts. If Captain Lamb is our head, then Captain Dunaway is our head and shoulders, for no one knows how to straighten the line as he does. All the boys will tell you this.

The range is commanded by Sergeants O'Connor and Puckett. Something in their very presence seems to make the bullets fly into the old bull's eye. This accounts for our extra fine small-bore rifle team.

Our own Polytechnic won fourth place in the entire Ninth Corps Area shoot, which is saying quite a bit for us. With such experts as cadets Wiles, Wise, Ellenberger and Virag we have checked off our triumphs again and again. In the Hearst Trophy Competition we ranked sixth.

Easter week a five-day camp was held at Fort Baker. This camp was named in honor of the late President of the Board of Education, Mrs. Helen P. Sanborn. Forty-two cadets represented Polytechnic at this camp. The newer men were installed there, where they delved into the intricacies of the housekeeper's art. They practiced shooting on the so-called little range (though it is by no means small) and made regular scores for themselves.

At Fort Barry, where the older men were encamped, several new records were made. I Co. can now boast of Cadet Lee Wise, who qualified as a sharpshooter. The honor of marksman was attained by six Polyites.

A more varied program was offered at Camp Helen P. Sanborn. Drill was the order of the day, in both close and extended order. Incidentally many new Carusos were discovered during the course of the marching for they sang as they went; not, however, without pained expressions on certain patient faces.

Major General Morton, commanding the Ninth Corps, was greatly pleased with our appearance when he reviewed and inspected the camp.

Due to the recently installed demerit system, a new spirit of friendly rivalry between the companies has been instituted. A keen company patriotism has been developed and bids fair to become the foundation for a very strong Polytechnic spirit.

L. Co. won the colors the first two months, but were superseded by the senior Co. K. That company which attains the highest degree of perfection in drill, inspection, and general appearance will be presented with the silver loving cup, the gift of the Student Body in the fall term of 1921.

A few years ago a club was formed in the battalion, consisting of the officers and non-commissioned officers. The purpose of this organization is to bring the two groups together in order that they may co-operate in keeping up the high standard for which the battalion is noted. Our Commandant, Major Overton, is not the only one who has lauded us on the spirit and efficiency of our men. Many well known military authorities have remarked upon it.

The club now has ninety-five members. Major Mauer presides, Captain Scoville acts as secretary, Lieutenant Emery as treasurer, and Captain Detwiler as Student Body representative.

As evidence of our pep, we gave one of the best dances of the term, all the arrangements being under the direction of the club.

GIRLS' RIFLE TEAM

IOTA TAU ALPHA is one of the most promising of the new clubs and organizations established around school during the past term. Its purpose is to encourage and improve marksmanship among our girls, and if the reports of those invaluable coaches, Sergeant O'Connor and Sergeant Puckett, are to be believed, the boys are beginning to sit up and take notice.

When, at the end of last term, the suggestion was made that the girls should form a rifle team all their own, several ambitious fair ones rallied to the call. Many study periods, to say nothing of lunchless lunch periods, were spent at the range. Miss Gleeson was among the pioneers, causing no little excitement when she made 25 on her first attempt at the "X" target.

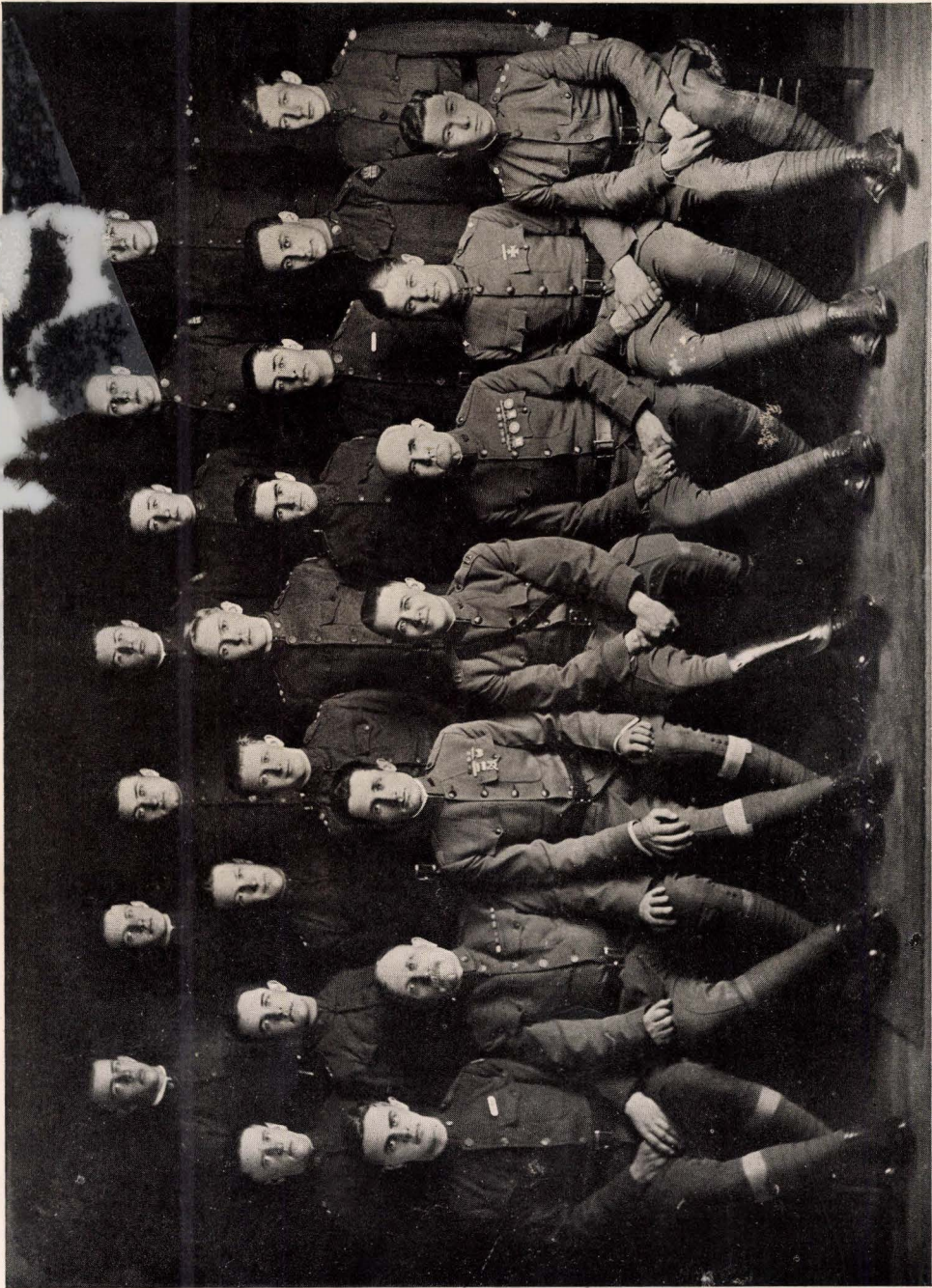
No permanent team was chosen from among the girls, however, and the only contest was a practice shoot with Mission High Girls' Rifle Team, in which our girls made the higher score. Mission's team was organized several months before our girls began to practice.

When the number of "sharp shooter-esses" increased, it was found advisable to form a club, in order to provide a faculty adviser, and make definite time for shooting. Accordingly, a constitution was drawn up and the following officers elected: President, Betty King; Vice-President, Ruth Chambers; Secretary, Adolphine Kearns; Representative, Thelma Kean; Range Officer, Billee Doyle; Faculty Adviser, Miss Morin.

The membership is limited to sixteen, new members to be admitted only upon a majority vote of the present members. Practice is held Wednesdays and Fridays, 3-4 P. M.

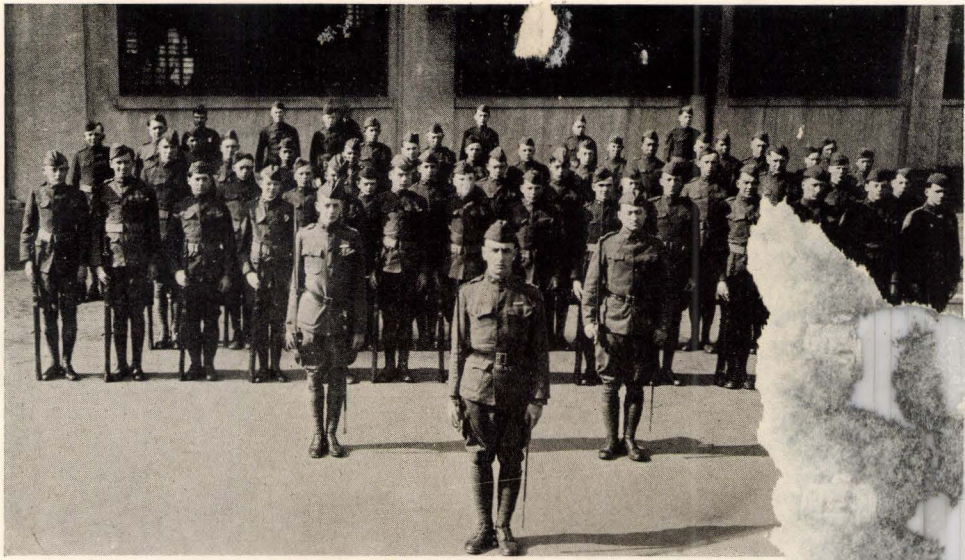
Tournaments among the members are being planned, as well as competitions with other schools.

A vote of thanks should be extended to Mr. Dixon, who selected the name, Iota Tau Alpha, the origin of which is a deep and dark secret.

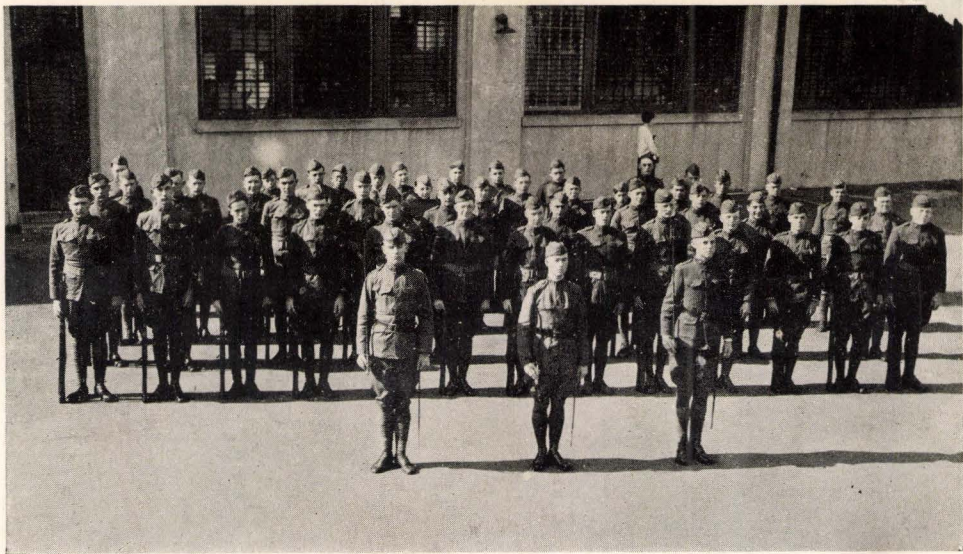


POLYTECHNIC

[PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]



COMPANY I



COMPANY K

ROSTER—COMPANY I

DETWILER, LEO.....Captain
 SCHMIDT, CARL.....1st Lieut.
 BADARACCO, BEN.....2nd Lieut.

Harvey, E.....1st Sergeant	Wise, L.....Corporal
Bir Robt.....Sergeant	Brown, J.....“
H.....“	Cameron, T.....“
F.....“	Levy, E.....“
Ed.....“	Smith, E.....“
A.....“	Trudell.....“
	Upton, W.....“

Diaz, I.
 Eichenbaum, A.
 Francis, C.
 Gregory, H.
 Haag, H.
 Hall, V.
 Hammer, N.
 Harpe, E.
 Holman, G.
 Howe, V.
 Jack, W.
 Lee, W.
 Lorenzini, P.
 Lutz, D.

McNitt, F.
 O'Neil, F.
 Robbins, S.
 Sack, S.
 Smith, A.
 Stewart, C.
 Spitzer, A.
 Travers, G.
 Tattenham, E.
 Townley, W.
 Terrill, M.
 Ulves, E.
 Watson, C.
 Wayne, A.
 Weltner, C.

ROSTER—COMPANY K

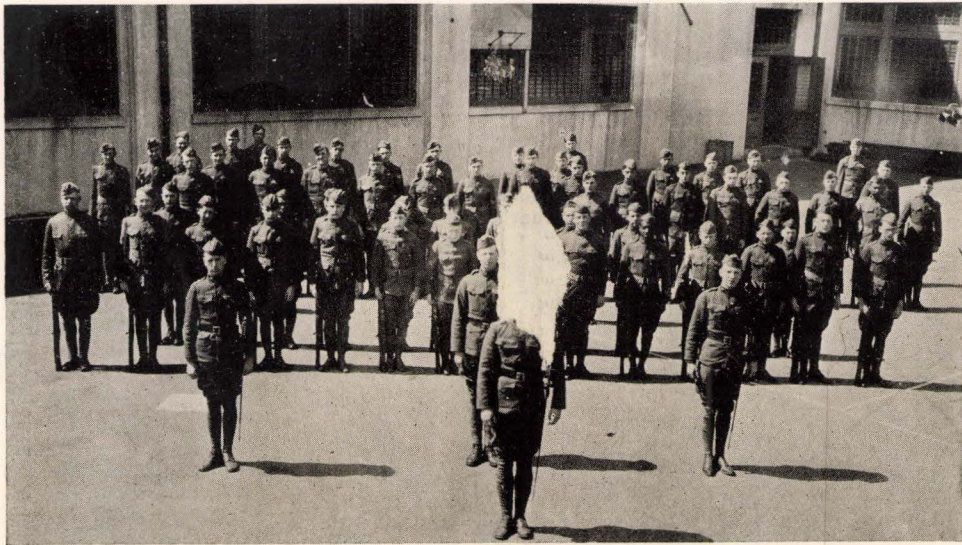
SCOVILLE, JOHN.....Captain
 EMERY, JACK.....1st Lieut.
 BRAMSTEDT, WM.....2nd Lieut.
 MOULIN, RAYMOND.....2nd Lieut.

Williamson, R. E.....1st Sergeant	Kane, Jos.....Corporal
Wiles, Raley.....Supply “	Kaufner, E.....“
Collins, Warren.....Sergeant	Klezelman, J.....“
Estacaille, Henry.....“	Luce, G.....“
Fernandez, A.....“	Peden, W.....“
Ghiselli, G.....“	Pointon, W.....“
Golish, T.....“	Rosenkind, J.....“
Pidge, W.....“	Wright, C.....“
Roberson, W n.....“	

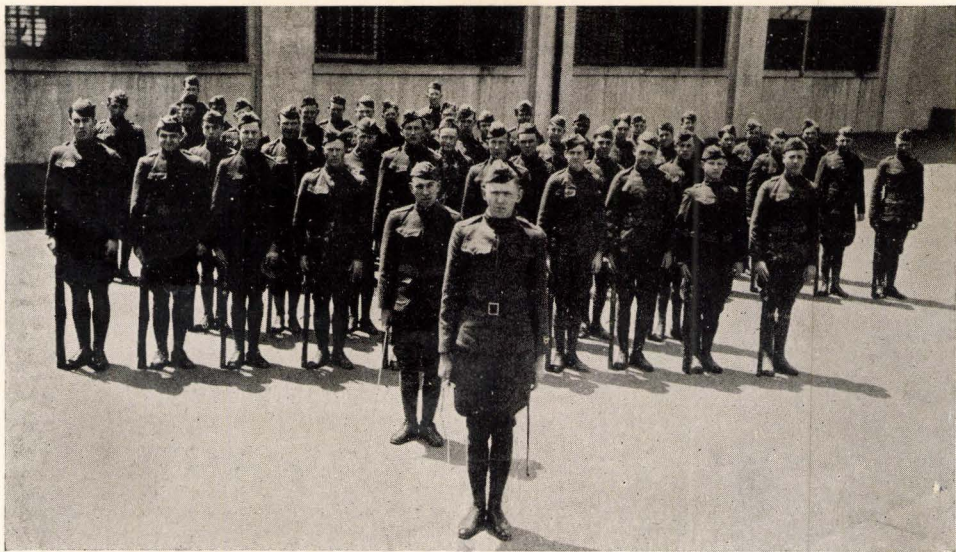
Anderson, H.
 Behre, H.
 Beicke, W.
 Birnbaum, W.
 Bowers, T.
 Brown, J.
 Cameron, T.
 Cassell, B.
 Clark, A.
 Dein, C.
 Escalante, M.
 Freed, H.
 Galvan, E.
 Gard, D.

Gilles, J.
 Gosliner, L.
 Halsey, A.
 Hammer, C.
 Harms, H.
 Holman, G.
 Kelly, N.
 Lee, C.
 Lee, F.
 May, W.
 Mahlman, R.
 Morgan, P.
 Newburgh, C.
 Pease, R.

Pond, E.
 Sand, P.
 Seebeck, A.
 Smith, K.
 Stangenberger, E.
 Spellman
 Stelling, R.
 Tarantino, F.
 Terkelson, W.
 Tietjen, J.
 Todd, L.
 Taylor, J.
 Virag, S.
 Wiander, F.



COMPANY L



COMPANY M

ROSTER—COMPANY L

HORN, CLAYTON.....Captain
 SMITH, JAS. A.....1st Lieut.
 MILLER, LEE.....1st Lieut.
 HALL, JACK.....2nd Lieut.

Frank, H.....1st Sergeant	Abrahamson, R. W.....Corporal
Wise, Lee.....Supply "	Ewald, G....."
Hartje, H. P.....Sergeant	Hagbom, E....."
Keil, W....."	Hagbom, N....."
Minzenmayer, E....."	Kellogg, C....."
Oswald, W....."	Marah, W....."
Wishard, G....."	Painter, E....."
Woodward, H. W....."	Weinberger, A....."

Anderson, G.
 Bertrand, J.
 Bisquera, P.
 Blumberg, I.
 Bois, H.
 Blaettler, R.
 Clements, R.
 Crow, A.
 Dausse, C.
 Davis, H.
 Daglow, C.
 Dybdal, C.
 Fewster, F.
 Garibaldi, J.
 Ghiselli, E.

Gericke, O.
 Gibson, F.
 Hall, F.
 Jahnigen, F.
 Johnson, A.
 Klung, E.
 Korn, R.
 Lattimore, G.
 Logan, H.
 Madden, D.
 McNitt, F.
 McPhee, C.
 Montero, M.
 McWilliams, F.
 Post, G.
 Preston, H.

Ray, G.
 Remington, L.
 Rybiki, E.
 Schwartz, S.
 Schnabel, C.
 Segal, M.
 Stahl, A.
 Stonecifer, F.
 Shaw, H.
 Tovani, M.
 Tricou, H.
 Weiller, C.
 Wilson, H.
 Wildman, H.
 Ytabe, T.

ROSTER—COMPANY M

HANSEN, EMIL.....Captain
 THOMPSON, ALBIN.....2nd Lieut.

Koenig, H.....1st Sergeant	Baines, H.....Corporal
Catalano, S.....Sergeant	Briggs, S....."
Dittes, E....."	Henri, S....."
Harris, C....."	Lang, C....."
Johansen, G....."	Overmohl, J....."
Lynch, B....."	Vanderhoof, V....."
McIlvaine, W....."	Virag, A....."
McFarland, F....."	

Accacio, A.
 Concordio, J.
 Allen, H.
 Archer, W.
 Bertrand, R.
 Berry, D.
 Berry, O.
 Blankenberg, E.
 Blank, C.
 Cames, L.
 Crossett, D.
 Curry, S.

Edler, A.
 Feldbusch, H.
 Foster, D.
 Fredericks, L.
 Gamble, E.
 Gordon, J.
 Gott, M.
 Jewell, T.
 Johnson, A.
 Joven, P.
 Larcombe, L.
 Lamprecht, W.

Lee, Q.
 Londahl, M.
 Luke, C.
 Miller, L.
 Reid, S.
 Riga, G.
 Schaeffer, E.
 Shafer, R.
 Simpson, B.
 Stone, S.
 Tognazzini, E.
 Wolfsohn, B.



ROSTER—HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

ANSBRO, ARLINGTON.....Captain
 LINDNER, ELLIOT.....1st Lieut.
 SYVERTSEN, ROBT.....1st Lieut.
 DETWILER, VINCENT.....2nd Lieut.

Escamilla, R.....1st Sergeant	Christiansen, O.....Corporal
Apple, R.....Sgt. Major	Lacabanne, W.....“
Daily, F.....Bn. Color Sgt.	Laugenour, C.....Corp Bugler
Tognazzini, L.....Color Sgt.	Levy, E.....Corporal
Biedenbach, R.....Sergeant	Mann, J.....“
Ellenberger, F.....Sgt. Bugler	Robertson, R.....“
Rudy, L.....Sergeant	
Tinkler, G.....“	

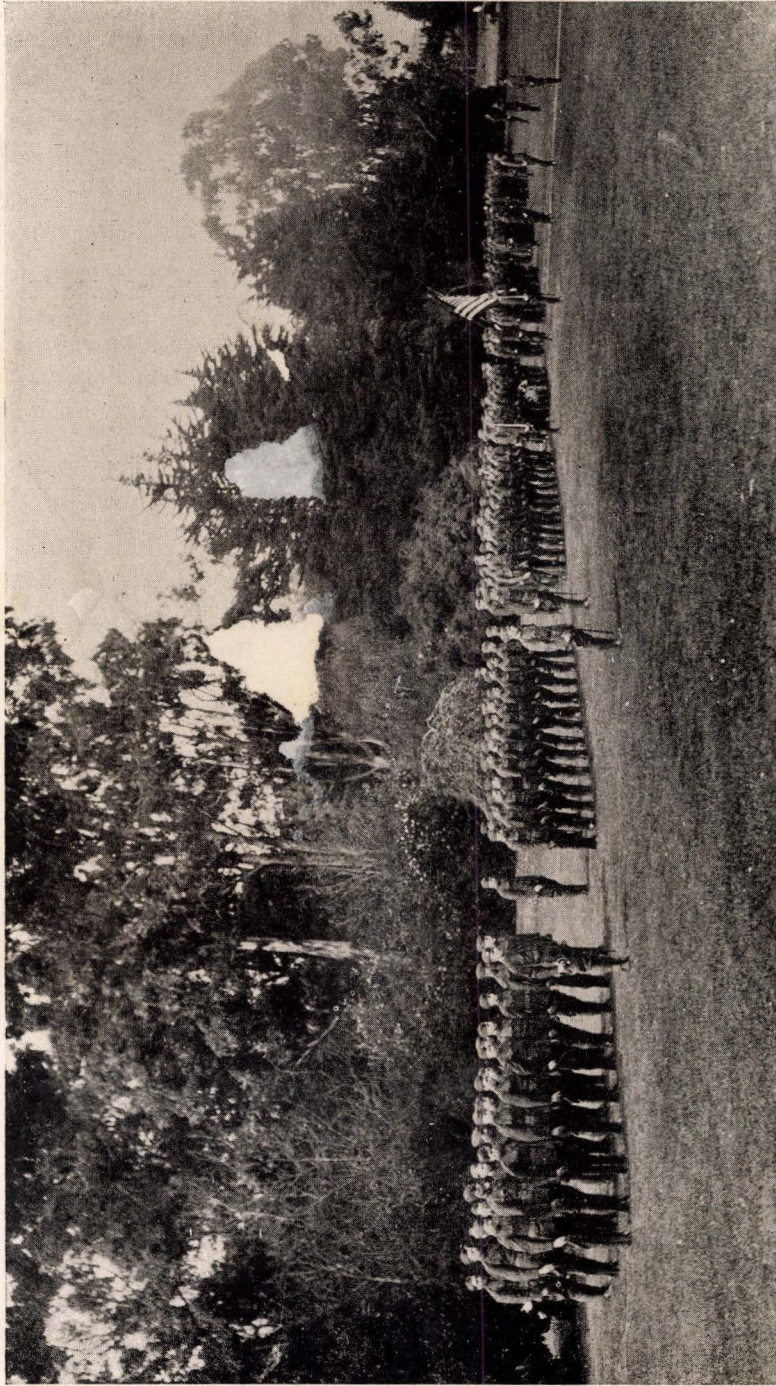
Allen, E.
 Becker, L.
 Bentel, D.
 Brown, L.
 Chatham, W.
 Henschel, D.
 Holbrook, S.
 Jacott, F.
 Jahnsen, H.

Johansen, H.
 Lane, J.
 Lorenzini, E.
 Martinez, B.
 McGinn, J.
 Murton, G.
 Newman, G.
 Pancoast, C.

Sherwood, W.
 Terry, J.
 Tietjen, F.
 Walsom, G.
 Watts, W.
 Whitehead, C.
 Whitney, G.
 Wholey, C.
 Wyatt, A.

STAFF

MAUER, MILTON.....Major
 HASTY, GRAHAM.....Executive Officer
 ANSBRO, ARLINGTON.....Adjutant
 DETWILER, VINCENT.....Personnel Adjutant
 LINDNER, ELLIOT.....Supply Officer



THE POLYTECHNIC RADIO CLUB

THE Polytechnic Radio Club has again completed a most successful term. Noteworthy progress has been made in all its endeavors. The receiving set has been perfected, due to the untiring efforts of 6 ABY, the Chief Operator. A large number of special features characterized the spring term program. They included several trips to experimental stations and schools, instructive talks by radio experts and club members, sending contests and code-tests, as well as several novel experiments. At the conclusion of each meeting discussions were held on technical questions, an invaluable aid to the struggling enthusiast.

The Club had an active part in the formulation of the "Pacific Plan" which now governs amateur transmitters on this coast.

The Construction and Electrical Committees have drawn up plans to improve the half-kilowatt transmitter, and to add to the two-step amplifier now in use.

Many interesting events will be arranged for the meetings, which are held regularly on Saturday night in Room Z.

The following committee chairmen contributed materially to the Club's progress: Construction, Charles Bertrand; Electrical, Albert Hoefflich; Meetings and Papers, Paul Fritsch; Library, John Morton.

The officers of the Club for the spring term are:

<i>President</i>	BERNARD GREENSFELDER
<i>Vice-President</i>	HERBERT BARTMAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	C. R. TINSLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	THOMAS GRAHAM
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	PAUL FRITSCH
<i>Chief Operator</i>	CHARLES BERTRAND

THE SHOPS

POLYTECHNIC has always been characterized by the excellence of its shop department. In these technical classes the pupils receive a practical training which is supplementary to the academic courses. Under the guidance of experts, all students are required to take, at some time, work in the shops.

The first course, woodwork, is a prerequisite to the more diversified advanced courses, which are left to the student's choice. The electric, foundry, pattern-making, and forge shops are usually included in the Sophomore's program. The machine shop courses, reserved for the more proficient students, are perhaps the finest in the state. The best lathes obtainable have been furnished by the Board of Education, as well as numerous other complex metal-working machines.

The automobile shop is a recent adjunct to the technical courses, and it is proving a great success.

All these courses have been carefully planned to co-ordinate with the mechanical and freehand drawing departments and the electrical and physics laboratories.

The work done is thoroughly practical, many students making useful and ornamental furniture and electrical apparatus for their homes. A good part of the amateur radio sets in the vicinity have been constructed in our electric shop.

Combined with these subjects, Polytechnic offers a wide range of fully accredited academic courses, thus earning the name of a truly Polytechnic high school.

ART METAL

The art metal shop is considered to be a part of the Art Department, though the work is just as practical as that of any of the shops in the Mechanics Arts Department.

Here the students draw designs for articles ranging in size from rings and other small pieces of jewelry to floor lamps, and develop these designs in copper and silver.

Below are some pictures of characteristic productions of this workroom.



ALUMNI

ALTHOUGH the alumni have not been very active in the past, they are now organized as the "Polytechnic Alumni" and intend to take an enthusiastic and important part in school affairs. All graduates, and students who have attended Poly for a year or more are eligible to membership. Their names have only to be signed to the list of alumni and they are doubly loyal and royal "Polyites!" The annual meeting of the Alumni will be held at the school auditorium on May 10th, when the officers for next term will be elected. The officers for this year were: Edward Goldman, president, and Marie Forman, secretary.

Many changes have taken place among the alumni. Here are just a few.

J. Elwood Squires, well known Polyite and Harold Peery, a graduate of the class of June, '21, who was prominent in the rescue work on board the ill-fated "Alaska," are bound for the Orient as wireless operators on the "Empire State."

The engagement of Miss Margaret Wulzen to Mr. Harold Samuel has been announced. Both are graduates of Polytechnic and Miss Wulzen will soon be a graduate of the University of California also.

The marriage of Miss Mildred Bush, who graduated with the class of December, '21, to Mr. Wallace Groom, took place at the bride's home on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Atkinson are residing at their home in Burlingame. Mr. Atkinson is now a very prosperous broker.

Eleanor Tomlinson has announced her engagement to John Emmons and the wedding will take place in the near future. Both are former students of Polytechnic.

Ruth Herold and Helen King are training to be nurses at the St. Francis Hospital.

Dorothy Bridgett is attending the California School of Fine Arts, where she is specializing in designing. She hopes to be a modiste some day.

Eileen Eckstrom, Edice Beach and Rita Wade are at Munson's School for Private Secretaries and intend to enter the business world in a short time.

Rosine Kaelder is now Mrs. T. A. Hughes. Mr. Hughes owns and runs the Hughes Printing and Publishing Company, on Polk Street.

Edwin Gabriel undertakes the task of doing most of the printing for Poly.

Miriam Elsasser, Janet Parker and Florence Levy are following in the footsteps of our faculty. They are studying to be teachers at the San Francisco Teachers' College.

Bernice Brown, of the class of December, '21, intends to leave some time this summer for New York, where she will continue to study ballet, under a prominent dancer. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas Brown, will accompany her.

Roderick Cassidy, President of the Student Body in the spring term of '21 has been devoting a great deal of his time to the organization of De Molay. He now has a position with the State Railroad Commission.

Pauline Einstein occupies a position of great responsibility at "Gumps." She is the manager of "Gump's Workshop" and has working under her several girls who received their first art instruction at Polytechnic.

Helen Lee, of the class of June, '19, has graduated from art school and now has a splendid position as an interior decorator, with the firm of Martin and Fredericks.

Agnes Smith, of December, '21, is teaching the primary grade at the Michelangelo School.

The social event of this term was the dance given on Saturday night, April 22nd, at Sorosis Hall.

Invitations were extended to all Poly graduates, former pupils, friends and under graduates, and, true to their old spirit, over 250 of them were there; brimful of enthusiasm, gossip and excitement at seeing one another again. In fact there was so much excitement, that the music was but an "echo in the distance" during most of the evening, while joyous feet danced to the chatter of renewed acquaintances. Representatives from graduating classes as far back as 1904 were present, two members of this class traveling from their homes down the peninsula to be there.

Among those present at the dance were:

Elizabeth M. Dahl
E. Shotwell Goeller
Louise Dahl
R. Murdock
Helen Addicott
Margaret Brown
Alice Figone
Bernice Brown
Edith Bepler
Lillian Christiansen
Evelyn De Marta
Sybil Bouton
Marjorie Wale Kress
Esther Beicke Fox
Ruth Lynn Johnson
Doris Wild
Alice Herring
Maren Aune
Marian Vecki
Leonard Lundquist
Leonard Mentzer

J. E. Addicott
Graham Hasty
Dr. Archie McGuinness
John Conlan
Wilfred Prout
Dr. Elwood Frates
Bruce Wale
Nat Levy
Horace Stallman
Curt Schuett
George Skinner
Herold Micander
Erwin Morrison
Benjamin Reinke
Harry Christiansen
Leslie Hendry
Myron Bird
Carlton Stallman
George Tinkler
Ernest Holmes
Edward Reavey

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Atkinson
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Frates

Arlington Ansbro
Grace Winter
Edwin Feisel

James McDougall
Howard Branch
Norman Branch

Marjorie Adams

CAFETERIA

WHO says there is no romance in figures? Just to prove any such idea erroneous, here are some statistics furnished by our Cafeteria which ought to cause your eyes to pop out in amazement.

Each day eight hundred persons are fed; and they are fed upon good, warm, nourishing food, too. In this innocent appearing room three hundred dogs meet an untimely death at the hands of otherwise kindhearted individuals. That means 1500 a week, 6000 a month, enough to reach from San Francisco to Los Angeles in a term! Besides these, one hundred and forty-four packages of potato chips, and fifty-two bottles of soda water are consumed each noon time. The sweet tooth (or is it teeth?) of the girls—and boys too—is (or are) pacified with a mere twelve gallons of ice-cream, about twelve dozen pastries, and candy almost by the ton.

Financially the Cafeteria is quite a proposition. The sum of \$12,398.06 was taken in last term. This amount all went to the expenses of supplies, equipment and wages.

The Caf is not so intent on raking in the shekels that it forgets what is required of every business that would be successful. That something is service, and is the foundation on which the Caf is built. From personal observation it seems to be a mighty strong foundation.

Miss McNab is the one who keeps the machinery in running order, smoothes out the wrinkles, and otherwise helps to maintain the standard of efficiency.

Her chief assistant is Roberto Escamilla, who has been student manager for two terms. It is he who supervises the student assistants, numbering sixty or more, a laborious and painstaking position, but one which he has filled with success.

THE PARENT TEACHERS CLUB

The Polytechnic Parent Teachers Club is the connecting link between the school and the homes of the pupils. Through its efforts the different elements of school life are bound together into a closer harmony.

One of the most important plans to which the organization devoted its efforts during the past term was the establishment of a loan fund for worthy students to enable them to complete their high school education. This is to be a revolving fund; that is, the student returns the money so that it may be used for someone else.

The association has also interested itself in, and done its utmost to further the plans for the athletic field in Golden Gate Park.

At the convention of mothers' clubs held in Petaluma during April, Polytechnic had the honor of being the best represented of the San Francisco schools, from all of which there were a total of thirty-one delegates.

The officers for the term were: President, Mrs. Wholey; Vice-President, Mrs. Plevin; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Keil; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Watson; Treasurer, Mrs. Aron; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Hammill.



THAT POE STUFF

PHINEAS Z. DIGG, the enterprising young novelist, opened his mouth in a burst of inspiration. "I've got it!" he cried, "a plot!" Whereupon he hurled a newly-purchased book entitled "Stories and How to Write Them," at the opposite wall of his room. Phineas disregarded the consequent destruction of his gilt-framed correspondence school certificate, which proclaimed in flaring green and gold characters to whomsoever it might concern that it hereby conferred upon Phineas Z Digg the degree of BB. L., or Bachelor of Literature.

"Ah," he gloated, as he searched feverishly for his \$1.75 Never-pointed and a pad of purloined telegram pads upon which he was wont to transcribe his literary effusions; "Aha! I shall be the author of the great American novel."

All this was the culmination of seven hard months' study of correspondence courses and miscellaneous works purporting to assist the struggling young genius, who had, as yet, not evolved from the class of starving garret journalists.

At last Phineas found the necessary implements to carve out his brain child upon the unsuspecting telegram blanks. He settled himself as best he could upon his rickety chair, over which he had placed a board in order to forestall the impending collapse of the deteriorated cane seat. Thus situated in a small, dingy room dedicated to his use by his penurious aunt and uncle, with whom he lodged, he madly scribbled out his racing thoughts.

At the end of an hour Phineas became restless; he had struck a snag, and was not particularly comfortable upon his rather hazardous perch. "Hm'm," he coughed, "according to Chapter Fifteen in 'Stories and How to Write them,' it is now necessary to put my hero in danger. What shall it be?—what shall it be?" he mused.

A dull rapping sound came to his ears. He made no attempt to ascertain its cause. Again he heard it, and again he heeded it not. However his subconscious mind must have been affected by it, for suddenly he gave a yell of delight.

"Now for some Poe stuff," he chortled. "I'll introduce a mysterious rapping into my plot; the hero shall be persecuted to the verge of insanity by the evanescent rapping; I'll make—"

At this point, despite his excitement, Phineas realized his urgent need of a drink of water. But even as he rose from his chair and descended the stairs of the empty house the thoughts of plans and plots raced through his mind.

He entered the kitchen, and instinctively groped for the electric light button as he thought to himself, "I shall adhere to the accepted rules for producing lugubriousness. Now, for example, I shall write, 'The mysterious man stood glowering down in the gloom, ceaselessly probing for some object. The bitter wind moaned miserably in the mantle of muggy murk as a huddled hulk hurtled into the hutch—'"

Phineas got no farther in his masterpiece, for at that moment a violent rapping and shaking of the door paralyzed him. In the muscular reaction accompanying the sensations that overwhelmed his benumbed consciousness, the water glass he held in his hand crashed to the floor. The trembling and horror-struck

novelist tried to articulate, but he could only weakly support his shivering frame upon the nearest table.

Then, from the outside, he heard a voice, "Hey, boss, lemme in dar. I'se got de las' week's wash hyah, an' I don' wan' to knock no moah. Is you-all gwine deef? Ole niggah hyah gets tired waitin'."

Phineas Zeno Digg, novelist, managed to twist the key, and to admit an old negro heavily burdened with the washing.

After his departure, the shaken journalist crawled to his room and solemnly gathered together the remnants of his blazoned diploma, his unfinished novel, and "Stories and How to Write Them." In the same grave and ceremonial manner he carefully deposited them in the stove. He heaved a deep sigh. "Never again!" he muttered. "And now to have a good time on that money I was saving up for a set of Poe."

BERNARD GREENSFELDER, June '22.

MY MUSIC BOX

I have a music box at home,
A funny little thing,
You simply have to turn it on
To hear an artist sing.
Or if you want the latest dance
It's on the spot, you bet;
And it does say such funny things
That no one can forget.
It makes the strangest noises,
Such things I never heard;
I really don't know whether it
Is fish, fowl, beast or bird.
And when I'm lonely, sometimes,
Or fancy fosters fear,
The world of happiness and joy
Through it I linger near.

BETTY KING.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

"TELL YOU I don't like that animal," reaffirmed the Judge, eyeing suspiciously the fluff of black fur on his wife's lap. "Black cats are bad luck, and anyway—"

"Oh, why will you be so hopelessly plebeian?" sighed his wife, tasting a chocolate critically, tossing it into the fire, and turning for battle.

The Judge shifted uneasily, "Well, just the same," he repeated, "I wish you had never seen the beast."

The cat's ear was seen to waggle scornfully, moving Hampden to remark that the little beast, no doubt, was taking in everything he said. Whereupon, two flaming green eyes appeared as if by magic, in the heap of fur.

The Judge recoiled. Then, after a furtive glance at his wife to see if she had noticed his discomfiture, he retired to an intrenched position behind his newspaper.

"Huh!" he snorted, "if that cat belonged to me—"

He left the dire threat unfinished; partly because the cat was not his and partly because, for some reason which he did not explain to himself, he did not wish to express the full violence of his threats in the presence of Cleopatra.

Cleopatra was the cat. Ever since it had entered the household the Judge's calm had been disturbed. Not that it was a common, noisy cat. Far from it. This Persian aristocrat pervaded the big house on her soft paws, now here, now there, equally at home on the sunny windowseat and on the white bear rug in front of the fire. She never mewed. It was her veiled silence that got on Hampden's nerves. His breakfast was spoiled by her rrrrrrr as she devoured choice morsels on her special plate in the break-

Cleopatra! He abhorred the name. If his wife thought it absolutely necessary that she have a pet animal to drape across her arm, why couldn't she have selected a dog, preferably a white one? But Mrs. Hampden was a blonde and much addicted to delicate greens and blues—hence the advent of the e-furred Cleopatra, with her weird jade eyes.

Being a lineal descendant of the first Hampden who threw defiance in the teeth of a monarch, the Judge refused to call it a retreat when, on a certain evening, having perspiringly endured the unseen but nevertheless evident glare of his bete-noir for some half hour, he announced his intention of going to the club.

So he departed, feeling free and at his ease, once without the precincts of his own domain. He most unprofessionally consigned all cats to perdition, in language that would have shocked his clients, and been a source of delight to his fellow club members, who had disrespectfully dubbed him "Old Dobbin." Having relieved his mind in a manner wholly disproportionate to the occasion, he hailed a passing taxi and had himself transported club-ward.

But even here those jade-green eyes haunted him. Wherefore he may be excused in part for his reckless imbibing of a liquid refreshment offered to him by a sympathetic fellow-member to whom he had complained of insomnia—but not of the cat. He failed to note the smothered laughter of his companions when he made away with the third glass proffered by the sympathetic one, who winked at his fellow-conspirators over the Judge's unconscious head.

It was not until the Chinese bell chimes proclaimed midnight that Judge William Hampden arose heavily, sighed, struggled into his coat and left the club. As he carefully shut the door behind him, a subdued merriment filtered through to him; at which he was conscious of a vague irritation at missing the

joke. He was too far sunk in his own troubles to care what the chumps laughed at, he muttered, but they might, at least, have let him in on it. There was too much secrecy around; what with that infernal cat that had invaded his home and,—and—everything.

Presently he found himself addressing his own door knob, and, with a slight shock, wondered how he had arrived there. Well, anyway, it didn't matter. He unlocked the door, rather puzzled at the unusual difficulty of the operation, and entered softly. For some reason, inexplicable to himself, he felt suddenly diffident about disturbing his wife at that time. Hence he resorted to the ancient ruse of removing his shoes before ascending the stairs, though the latter were velvet carpeted; it was instinct.

Whether or not it was instinct that caused him to pause in his careful ascent and to peer upwards he never knew, but what he saw there fixed him to the spot. Two blazing green eyes hovered above him, apparently suspended in mid air. The Judge's spine crinkled, his hair stiffened, he backed down the stairs, but the eyes advanced. It was uncanny. It was unearthly. In voiceless horror he retreated, shivering, at the approach of those eyes, which came nearer with every backward step he took. Never daring to turn his back for fear the creature might leap upon him, the Judge fell back step by step until he had circled the hall and stood again at the foot of the stairs, not daring to breathe. Here he made a desperate clutch at his courage. He would go no further! Let it come! And, with a soundless spring, it came! The Judge collapsed, gibbering, upon the steps. Four armed paws descended upon his head and shoulders, administered one vicious dig, and departed. For the first time in his life, Judge William Hampden fainted.

* * * * *

Mrs. Hampden sat up in bed. She was sure she heard burglars. Slipping a miniature revolver under her pillow, she felt emboldened to investigate. Her first move was to flip the switch that threw on all the lights in the house. Thus reinforced, she proceeded to the head of the stairs, clutching the tiny weapon tightly in one hand, and her robe even more tightly in the other.

With a little shriek she jumped back at sight of her husband lying at the foot of the stairs, apparently lifeless. It required several moments for her to collect herself sufficiently to go down and touch him. He was alive. Furthermore, he was, to all appearances, asleep. The truth, at least part of it, burst upon her. She shook him.

"Why—er—what on earth am I doing here?"

His astonishment was complete. Memory, which had fled from him, returned. He sat up. His wife asked no explanations; she merely pointed upstairs. And upstairs the Judge went, sheepishly, while behind, her dainty nose wrinkled in disgust, followed his wife. The door closed upon the two of them.

Cleopatra, velvet-footed, emerged from behind a curtain and made her way to the exact spot of her triumph. There disposing herself comfortably, she licked her coat carefully with her tiny red tongue till all signs of conquest were removed. Her rasping purr filled the hall as she gazed up at the closed door with half-open jade eyes in which glittered satisfied revenge. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

MARJORIE ADAMS, June, '23.

CLAY

UP to the door of the old adobe, in which the potter turned his wheel, came the Senora Luisa, a pretty widow, holding high her black skirts as she stepped lightly over the sill into the deep shadows of the workshop.

"Good afternoon, Senor, I have come to purchase a large jar for my garden. No, no," as the potter rose, bowing, "there is no haste. Let me watch you at your work," and the widow fluttered to a bench.

The potter turned to the clay. The wheel spun 'round and 'round, and up between his deft fingers rose the gray mud in the form of a graceful, long necked vase.

He turned presently with a plaintive look in his eyes.

"Senora," he said, "before I knew you, I thought only of sitting here all day long fashioning pitchers and ollas. Now I long to mold something beautiful—with no use—" impulsively—"Senora, will you pose for me? No, no, I know what you would say. And yet, they are not so unlike, a woman and a vase,—always over-turning, always breaking, yet full of rich, throbbing life for the lips of man."

She stood among the gray jars, in front of the kiln, the rich coloring of her cheeks glowing on the half light.

"The common clay of my patio is not worthy." He turned his head contemptuously toward a gray-brown pile near the doorway.

"But I have some fine white clay in this box. It is the difference between us."

She threw back her head. "We are both Mexicans."

The man bowed over the clay he was mixing.

"You couldn't—love—a potter?"

"No," she cried, "I couldn't love a potter."

How they would talk," she continued musically.

"Beloved, I have no other trade."

"My husband would not have to work! My father left me houses and rents."

The man left the wheel and started toward her, but she drew away pettishly.

"No, no, see how you would soil me. As a potter you may not touch me, but if you will give up your wheel, you may visit me."

"Ah, Senora, but these jars—"

"If you turn that hateful wheel again it shows that you love your kettles and your jars better than you do me. You must choose. Adios, Senor."



A candle on the edge of a shelf threw a flickering shadow over the room and between the huge black jars. On the rude stool before the wheel sat a gentleman in black. The candle light rose and fell upon the white shirt front, surmounted by immaculate tie and collar.

The potter rose and moved uneasily among his wares.

"The loveliest lady in the land says you are not to be fired," he told the dull jars.

He tested a lump of white clay between his fingers, and poured water over it, as though he could not bear to see it dry and crack lifelessly.

Mechanically he dabbled his fingers in the clay while his foot sought the treadle and the wheel began to turn, slowly, then faster, faster, till it was whirling madly, while the clay flowed through his shapely brown hands, and mud and water splashed the black suit unmercifully.

A minute and the white vase stood on the wheel, a thing of graceful curves, ready for the kiln.

The potter brushed dreamily at the spots on his coat with hands that only made them worse. Vaguely he wondered why they bothered him; he never minded those on his working clothes. Then he remembered. With trembling hands he snuffed the candle.

He had chosen.

DAVID HARRINGTON, June, '22.

MEMORIAL DAY



Leave off your ceremonial,
Your proud parade of splendor,
Halt in your swift unthinking stride,
Pay tribute to the Sender.

Build not your monuments high and grand,
That is but foolish pride;
Give but a single moment
Of THOUGHT to them that died.

ELIZABETH KING.

HOMO SAPPO

JOHNNY had sworn off women for life. Not that he had anything against them, he told himself in a cool, dispassionate voice whilst he carefully arranged his tie before the mirror. They were a very decent sort in their place, only they took up such a deal of one's time. He smiled indulgently at his former self, that self that had devoted its entire time to chasing pretty butterflies, oft at the expense of his studies. But all that was past. He had sworn off women.

It was not the first time he had vowed such abstinence. Indeed, his brief but turbulent career was dotted with them, like picots on a lacy handkerchief. But his introspection was clearer now, and he could see that all his former pledges had been mere childish gaff, that he had lacked the maturity and determination which he now possessed.

With a world weary sigh he picked up his hat—the latest word in verve and dash—and emerged from his self-styled “boodwar.” He clicked off the lights at the door, and bent his steps simultaneously toward the paths of righteousness and the path that led to the town hall. On this night his class was giving its annual dance, and he was on the floor committee. Think you he would have attended otherwise? Not he!

“Hulloa, hulloa! I say there, whoa a moment, will you, and le's see your program. Relatives arrived today—pretty cousin in tow—makes 'em all stand round—give her a bit of jolly old glad hand, and I'll be your obd't servant # 1—ever after. How about the seventh?”

There was no denying Benny Gillibin. There never was. Though Johnny did attempt to explain that he was no longer the social of old, the words were muttered and inarticulate, and Benny did not hear, so would he have heeded had he understood. So Johnny was constrained to break over from his strict aloofness and let a girl dance with him. But 'twould be just this once, he promised himself.

Six weary dances drifted by, and Johnny's boredom was complete. However, he was satisfied that he had broken his last bond with the world of frivolity and was safely embarked on a lonely life venture.

Unmoved he had watched Alice spinning in the dance. Nor had the fact that she was with Colbert Weldes stirred him to more than the emotion equivalent to a cynical snort,—a remarkable change in so short a time as three days! He knew himself to be immune for fair.

His contemplation of the scene of his past glories was disturbed by a high pitched voice as Benny bustled up with his cousin and commenced the formalities of the introduction. The band struck up “Dreamy Lullaby.”

There she stood, in a rosy mist, jewels of pink light dripping from everywhere, nowhere, the haze forming a glorified aura about her head. Johnny remembered afterwards that, with the first bar of the music, the lights had been turned to a warm glowing pink. He murmured something and led her to the floor.

It was mystic, ethereal. From the moment his hand touched hers, he was as one mesmerized. A gauzy strand of scarf floated across his face, deepened the light. And they danced.

Johnny was blissfully aware that a feather from her fan was tickling his ear. Presently the music ceased, and the problem of conversation became imminent. But to speak, he felt, would be to spoil, to mar, to shatter. And yet he could not stand dumb before this lovely creature. So he suggested the balcony.

Other couples were strolling up and down, or chattering incessantly in corners. The two sauntered up to the railing and regarded the sky. He asked to accompany her home and she consented.

Pursuit of butterflies!

The ensuing month was, for Johnny, the most exciting he had ever experienced. Gone, gone into oblivion were his erstwhile phrases of bitter scorn, his scorching irony directed against mankind. Benny's cousin saw to that.

And then came the bitter parting. Benny's relatives returned to their home, some ninety miles distant. Poor Johnny was inconsolable. He accompanied the cousin to the station, and clung to her hand conspicuously the while. When the train began to creep away, she cried one last goodbye and added, "Come see us sometime, Johnny."

Those parting words raised a sudden hope in his forlorn bosom. It did not take him long to concoct a scheme whereby to get possession of the family roadster for a day. Saturday saw him speeding to the north.

Johnny pulled up before a large brick house, lighted from top to bottom. It was evening and a slight chill was in the air. He ran lightly up the steps and rang the bell. Then he stepped back in dismay, for within, a party was in full swing.

Beat a retreat? Well—but just then the door swung open and a faultless example of British aristocracy bade him enter. In due course he found his way to the ballroom. And there she was!

Her eyes first rested upon him without seeming to see that upon which she gazed. Her companion was talking volubly. Johnny bowed, and she opened her eyes wide. Johnny waited for her to rush to him, hands extended,—but—

VI She looked slightly surprised. Then she smiled very sweetly—her smile was always sweet—took her companion's proffered arm, and sauntered to a distant corner of the ballroom. Johnny wilted.

S * * * * *

Johnny attended church the next day. On the way home he met Martin, the neighbor's boy.

"Say," laughed Martin, "you just ought to see the new flapper that moved in across the street. Say, you'd fall, awright. Say—"

Johnny cut in curtly. "Not interested," he said. Then he added, "I'm off. I'm off women forever."

BETTY KING.

ONE TERRIBLE NIGHT

THIS is the tale of what happened on that memorable evening of March thirteenth. For some time I have felt the urge to set down the true facts of that horrible night, even though there are those who would have me refrain from doing so.

I live in a select and conservative, even though austere, residence district of this city. Each house has its own spacious lawn, and a few have large trees, which, shielding the house from the curious gaze of the passer-by, lend an air of privacy even to the meekest cottages.

I do not happen to be one of the lucky individuals residing in one of these modern feudal castles, although I have always nursed a secret ambition to be some day the proud possessor of one. Hence, whenever passing, I always gaze with well-bred curiosity at the parts of the houses discernible.

The largest and most awesome domicile belonged to Miss Hetty Brewster, an elderly spinster, who resided in the large barn-like structure with only a colored cook and a middle aged woman, who acted in the capacity of maid, housekeeper, and any other position she was called upon to fill.

Miss Hetty, although now a woman of means, had not always been so. A teacher in the high school, she had unexpectedly become sole heir of her wealthy uncle. Besides a large sum of money, the mansion she now lived in—"The Elms"—was bequeathed to her. However, such being the strange way of woman—which we poor men will never comprehend—she preferred to continue to teach.

She was reputed to be a woman distrustful of banks, and who kept a large amount of ready money in her home. "Afraid of burglars? Not while Lizzie and I have our four hands. I'd just like to see any man dare attempt to enter this house—" was her reply to someone who protested against her leaving so many valuables unguarded.

On the night I mention, I had been to a meeting of the "Bachelor Gentlemen's Literary Society," and we had so heatedly discussed "Main Street" that it was after eleven o'clock when I turned down the avenue leading to my domicile.

My footsteps resounded loudly on the pavement; the trees threw upon the walk deep splotches of shadow, which the flickering street lamps vainly endeavored to pierce.

Eleven o'clock was an exceedingly late hour for me to be abroad, and my thoughts, I admit, were not of the pleasantest. It was too dark, too quiet, too inviting a place for nefarious deeds.

It was then that I drew near "The Elms," and was instantly stricken with a disease that seemed to prohibit my limbs from moving. A scream! Then silence. I listened intently for several moments. More silence. I was all a-tremble, and my brow was bedewed with perspiration, but I retained possession of my mental abilities.

The scream had certainly emanated from Miss Brewster's house, yet I could see no light. Summoning up my spare stock of courage, and thanking the Lord that I had no wife to become a widow on account of my bravery, I stumbled up the dark walk and ascended the darker veranda.

As I was about to seek admission, I was struck on the head with what I instantly took to be a blackjack, but which I subsequently discovered was the screen door hastily flung open by a wild looking figure which grasped my arm in an iron grip. I was startled, even frightened, and would have yelled but that my voice seemed incapable of functioning.

It was Lizzie. "Mr. Smithers, come quick! Miss Hetty!" and she pulled me through the door. She hurriedly guided me through a dark hall, which seemed

to be alive with peering figures. The library, or study, was situated in the rear of the house, and to this we made our way, Lizzie still maintaining her grip on my nerveless arm.

She took hold of the knob of the door and gave it a slight push. Another five years was taken off my life's cycle, for something—I knew not what—with burning eyes, flew out of the room. Speechless, I dragged Lizzie into the room, slammed the door, locked it, and leaned against it. Whatever had sprung out would not get back in, unless it were over my dead body. Lizzie sank sobbing to the floor.

For what seemed to be centuries, but which was only a few seconds, I stood there, recovering my—uh—self possession.

A dim lamp stood on a small table drawn up near a smoldering fire. The room was certainly empty except for Lizzie and me, and so, eluding Lizzie's outstretched hands, I made my way to the table.

Ah, what a sight! Never shall I forget my first sensation! Blood, bright, gory blood covered the table and papers, which I took to be Miss Hetty's school work. Poor Miss Hetty! Killed! Murdered! And the body gone!

I fell into a chair. My heart pounded so loudly that I did not hear a knocking at the door. Lizzie sprang up and dashed over to where I sat. Fearfully we gazed at each other. The door was reverberating with knocks. And then we heard, "Lizzie Hopkins! Are you in that room? Unlock this door, or I'll break it down!" It was Miss Hetty's voice, no other.

Upon hearing her mistress's voice, Lizzie ran to the door with incredible speed for a woman of her age, and unlocked it, letting in Miss Hetty with a basin of water and a cloth.

Explanations were in order. I told Miss Hetty of my experience, and her story soon made clear the horrible happenings of that night.

"I was correcting some papers," she explained, "and finding that I had no red ink, I procured a large bottle and was about to fill my desk ink-well, when Emerson, my cat, in pursuit of a moth, leaped upon my back. I screamed, and dropped the ink bottle (Ah, the blood). Emerson hid underneath the sofa. I went to the kitchen to procure water to remove the stains. On coming back," she snapped, disdainfully eyeing Lizzie, "I found this door locked. That's all."

"Oh!" I murmured. Lizzie broke out defiantly, "Well, I guess anybody would have run for help when you let out that screech of yours."

"But that terrible thing that leaped out at us as we came in—" I hesitatingly said.

"Emerson, of course," retorted Miss Hetty.

As I somewhat sheepishly bade her good night, I told her I was glad that there had been no intruders in search of her jewels.

"Well," she snapped, "if they do come, they won't find anything, for tomorrow I take everything to a bank. This night has shown me that Lizzie is as much use as a man in guarding my house."

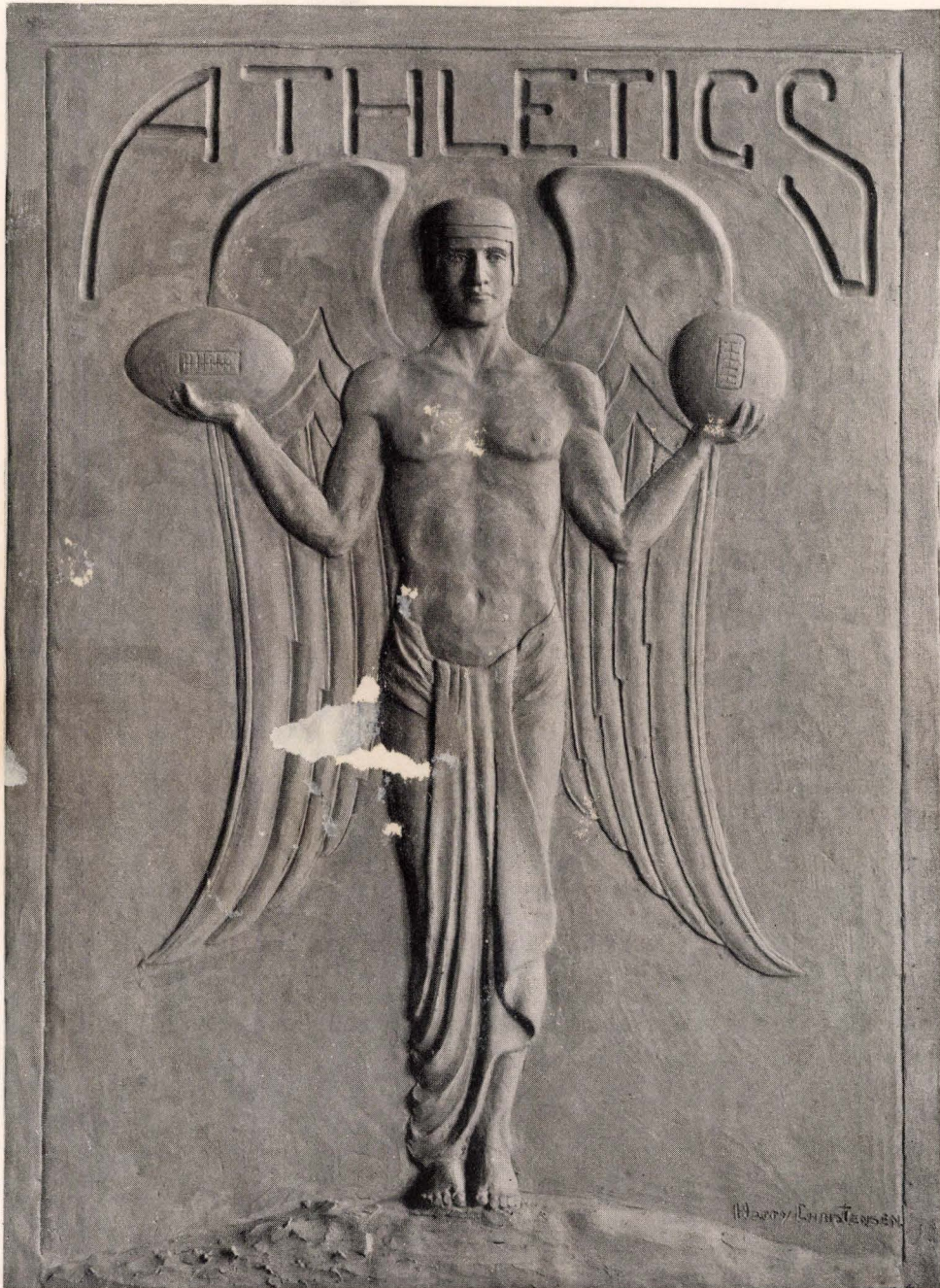
MY SPARK OF BEAUTY

Now and then, when skies are bright,
My window holds a pretty sight;
Though bleak enough on other days,
When once my spark of beauty plays
Upon the wire near his nest,
I see but him and shun the rest.

He perches high above the world,
And sees the scroll of life unfurled
Below him; and atilting near,
His mate now rests, now flies in fear,
Never so happy, as to be
Presiding over her brood of three.

A rainbow sparkles in showers of dew;
In joyous bliss he dashes through,
Then stops to flirt and cock his head
To hear what 'twas I could have said.
Had he misunderstood me then,
Or had I laughed at him again

Yes, swell your brilliant little crest
In vanity, O doubly blessed,
Have you your joy, and reckon not
Upon the troubles of your lot;
Let sweetness all your tribe caress,
For that is the truth of Happiness.



TRACK

The unlimited track team has captured the city title for the last two seasons and looks to be in a fair way to duplicate these victories. It has been said by our coaches that the meet will be one of the closest in the history of local school competition; and that if we lose, it will be because we have no seconds or thirds, as we are well fixed for firsts.

Smoke Francis is leading the team this term, and can be relied upon for at least ten points in the coming meet. He broke the discus record last year with a heave of 120 feet 6 inches, and at present is tossing the Greek toy 128 feet. He also brought home five markers in the shot and is doing just as well now.

First place in the pole vault seems to belong to Bill Schaeffer, who tied for third in the last contest. Brick Marcus in the broad jump is another mainstay, as is Kangaroo Koblik in the high jump. George Lake with the javelin finishes out what looks to be a championship field team.

Gill, Jewell, McWilliams, Neal, Johnson, Granucci, Puccinelli, and Branc will tickle the cinders for us.

POLY-U. C. FROSH

The class of '25 dropped 18 points to our team in their meet held with us on the U. C. oval. Smoke took the discus, Brick Marcus the broad jump, Koblik the high, and Schaeffer nabbed a second in the pole vault. Considering the fact that we had but eight men competing, our fellows made a good showing.

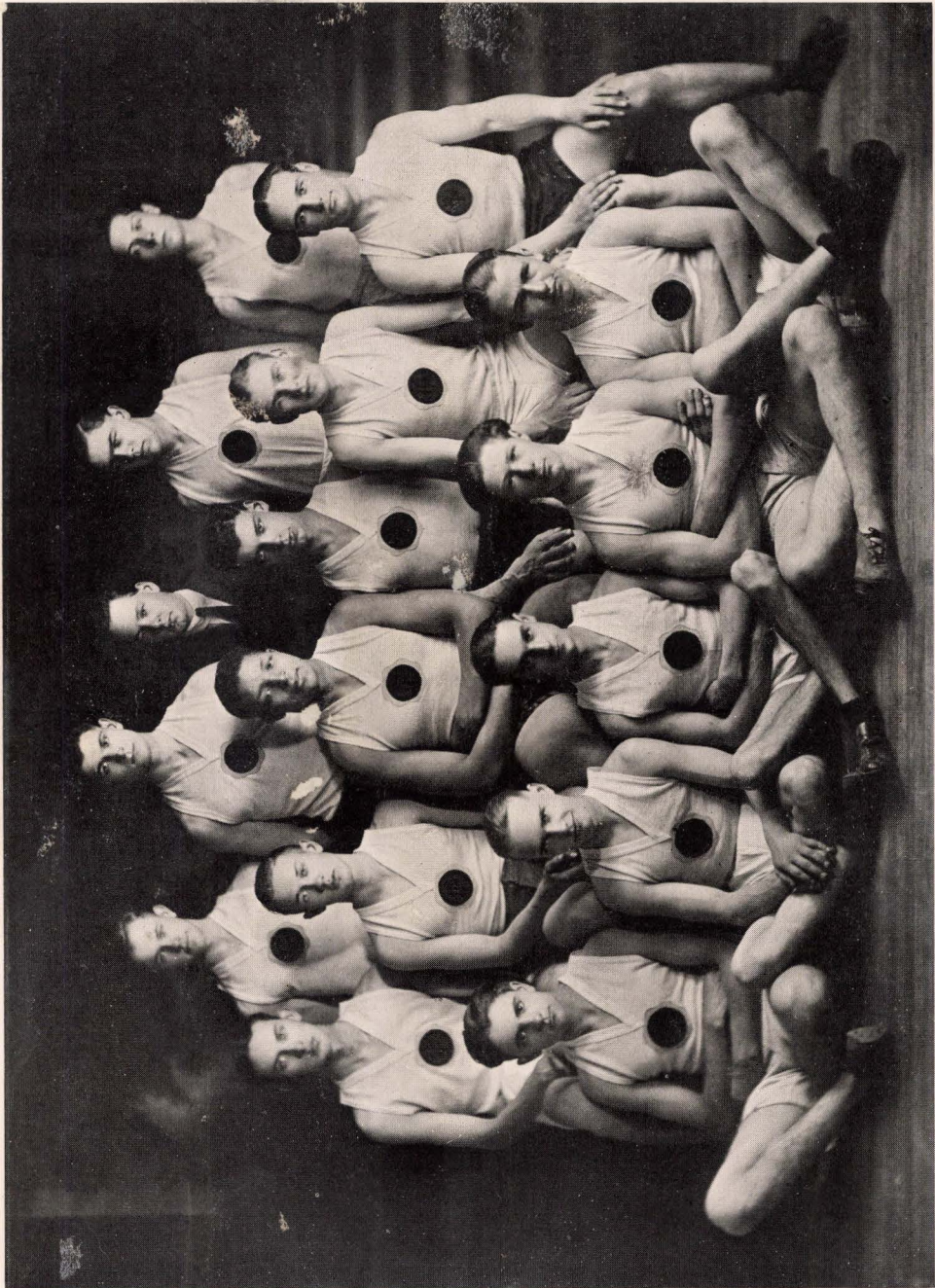
ALL-STAR MEET

The pick of the San Francisco high school athletes were banded together and sent over to give the U. C. freshmen a work out. The stars managed to score $24\frac{2}{3}$ points, of which number Poly made $19\frac{1}{3}$. As expected, Captain Smoke Francis took the platter throw. Marcus, Koblik, Schaeffer, and McDougall checked in the rest.

The above results go to show that we have one of the strongest, if not the strongest, team in the league. If we win, it will keep the unlimited trophy cup in Polytechnic for all time. If we lose, the cup will have to be competed for another three years, or until some school wins three consecutive times.

Our old rivals, Lowell and Cogswell, have unusually strong teams this year, and, taking all things into consideration, the coming meet should be a thriller.

The loss of Cliff Geertz, our phenomenal sprinter, has left a big hole to fill in the running department. Cliff is at present the star for the U. C. fresh team in the quarter mile, and a great future is predicted for him. As a freshman he is running the 440 under 51 and looks to be a find for next year's California Varsity.



JUNIOR TRACK

Composed of some of the fastest spike wielders in the league, the Junior Track Team seems to be one of the logical contenders for city honors. In every meet this year they have smashed at least three long standing S. F. A. E. records.

Captain Jim McDougall, finishing out his fourth season with the little fellows, is a cinch for the 75 and 300 in the 120-lb. class. He has yet to be beaten in a big meet, and has been clocked at 7:4 in the 75. The relay team of the 20's has also sent the record flying, traveling over the 800-yd. course in 1:44:1. The quartet is composed of McDougall, Richards, Piatanesi, and Tom.

The 100-lb. division has been strengthened by the great work of Tiny Lawcock, who has tied the midget record for the century at 11 flat. He is expected to make a great showing in the meet. Gene Bailey is the only other point getter in sight at this weight, a place in the broad jump being awarded to him.

In the 110-lb. class Bob Rhedish is the big star, winning the short sprint in this weight last year. Bob Martin is leading the field of favorites for the broad jump. Bob is also a sprinter of no mean ability, and might get a few points there. Little Bing Wong and Atkinson finish out the relay quartet.

Ed Slack, Chet McPhee, Uyeda, Gabriel, Coulmeaux are figured to give the other schools a tough go in the 130's. Bob Nugent should also be mentioned as one of Poly's most consistent point getters.

Poly dropped her first dual meet of the season to her old rival, Lowell, by a score of 85 to 55. Two records were tied in this meet and two broken. Captain McDougall tied the 120-lb. 75 record at 8 flat, and Morris of Lowell, in the 110 class, sent the quarter of a century the boards at 8 flat.

The 120-lb relay set an unofficial record 1, and Tiny Lawcock negotiated the century in 11 flat. It was one of the best meets ever run off at the Stadium.

The Poly-Cogswell meet went to Poly by a 71 to 66 count and was one of the biggest upsets of the term. After our defeat at the hands of Lowell our squad was considered as rank outsiders. McDougall, Slack, Lawcock, and Coulmeaux were the chief point winners in the meet.



OUR CHAMPION 45's

Labeled at the start as "also rans," the forty-fives electrified the dopesters by smashing through the S. F. A. L. season without a setback, and snatching the welter championship from under the noses of the highly rated Lowell quintet.

In past years Poly has turned out some wonderful 145-lb. teams but never has the title been won. This season, when it was least expected, the welter hoopsters dragged home the cup.

The first game of the season was with the Lowell "champ-beans," and our boys won by a single point through sheer fight and grit. The final score, 15-14, indicates the warmth of the contest.

The remainder of the season showed Poly pitted against teams that proved to be "duck soup" for our fellows. Mission and Cogswell were felled, as was also Lick, in the final and deciding game.

THE SCORES

Poly 15	Lowell	14
Poly 24	Cogswell	12
Poly 30	Mission	10
Poly 33	Lick	14
<hr/>									<hr/>	
Poly total 102									Opponents' total 50	

Ellis Johnson, captain and running guard, proved to be one of the most consistent and versatile players in the outfit. He played in every game and carved a niche for himself in Poly's Hall of Fame.

Frank Daily did everything but make the basketball with which he played. At one time or another he worked in every position on the five and likewise managed it. Three successive years as a Poly leather bound and him as a dyed-in-the-wool veteran.

Al Deasy, forward and one of the best of 'em, Ramo, guard, and the redoubtable Johnny Stoffel at forward, round out in the Blue's leading team. Slat Christy, Dick Braunage, Jack Reid and Louis Feinberg were the second string men.

UNLIMITED TEAM

Our varsity basketball team was one of the scrappiest unlimited fives that Poly has ever entered in a high school tournament. After running into some tough luck at the beginning of the season, they took a decided turn for the better and finished the schedule in great shape, being second only to the Commerce champs.

They were handed a hard egg to crack in the shape of the Commercial quintet as their first league game. The going was close up to the last few minutes of play when the Bulldogs finished with a rush which left them on the favorable side of a 20-14 score. Dutch Matzen, Dal Bon and Smoke starred.

The annual heavyweight tussle with our old rival, Lowell, was one of the closest and hardest fought games ever played at the St. Ignatius court. With Smoke Francis and Bobby Robertson out of the play, and Dal Bon a sick man, Lowell copped the game 16-14. For four successive seasons the Poly-Lowell basketball game has been won by a one-point margin.



Lick was decisively defeated in the next game, and was again whipped a week later in the play-off for second place. Lowell and St. Ignatius forfeited to us, and second place was ours.

THE SCORES

Poly 14	Commerce 20
Poly 14	Lowell 16
Poly 31	Lick 17
Poly 30	Lick 14

Poly total 89

Opponents' total 67

Poly defeated Lowell by forfeit.

Poly defeated St. Ignatius by forfeit.

Kangaroo Koblik, captain and forward, played in every game and finished his third season in a Poly jersey. Dutch Matzen, Smoke Francis, Dal Bon and Bobby Robertson made up the rest of the team. Bill Yuven, Walt Levy, Gil Gilson and Fat Green were the subs.

130-LB. TEAM

The Poly lightweights turned out to be another surprise in the local high school league, taking a good second place. During the practice games they handled the leather like a shovel and were considered the Joe Bushes of the city.

In their premier S. F. A. L. game they uncorked some wonderful passing and played like champs, licking the highly touted St. Ignatius bunch 20-19. The fine shooting of our forwards and the wonderful guarding of Peter Victor were largely responsible for this fine start.

Lowell was the next victim, and was handed a terrible pasting by our fellows who, by this time, were going at top speed. The red and white bunch was kept from ringing a single basket, and gained their lonely six points on foul shots. The Poly gang rang up 38 markers before the going was over.

The single defeat of the season was handed us by the strong Commerce outfit in the championship game. Lick was badly beaten in the play-off for second place. All in all, it was one of the most successful seasons the lightweights have ever had.

THE SCORES

Poly 20	St. Ignatius	19
Poly 38	Lowell	6
Poly 23	Commerce	38
Poly 30	Lick	17
										<hr/>
Poly total 111										Opponents' total 80

Leland Eisan was the captain and star forward of the babes, and Kotta worked as his partner in this position. Bill Tobias and Pete Victor were the star guards, and Correy played a good game at center.

The sub team was almost as good as the first. Rodney George, George Pidge, Goofy Brew, Gregory, and Sano making up a crack second team.

GOLF

The ancient and honorable game of golf has been added recently to the much-emblazoned athletic calendar of Polytechnic. Its devotees have banded themselves together in a club which has not as yet, however, sought recognition from the Student Body Association. But the members are doing all they can to stimulate interest in the new game with the hope of having it recognized as a regular sport.

One match has been played from which our team, composed of Catlett, Ardoin, Matzen, and Walker emerged victorious.

Mr. Ingelow is the faculty adviser and has devoted much time and enthusiasm to the project.



BASEBALL

Poly enters the baseball season of 1922 with a team composed of five veterans, and the rest of the squad rookies. Six practice games in a row were listed on the lost side of the column; the Affiliated Colleges was the only team to fall before our stalwarts.

This year the team is led by Dutch Matzen, one of the moost popular athletes in the school. He will play in the outfield and relieve in the pitching department. Joe Vivaldi, second baseman, is manager. He is one of the niftiest players in the league.

The pitcher's job is ably taken care of by Ham Hamilton, one of the classiest hurlers in the city. Ham won two games for us last year as a second string man, and is going great this year. As a relief pitcher, Red Levin fills the bill. He is small but he can surely burn the agate in.

Peggy O'Neil is our new first sacker, and a good one, too. This is his first year on the team, but he is showing up like a veteran, both on the field and with the stick. The old reliable Johnny Stoffel at third, playing his third year on the team, and Eddie Montague at short, finish out as classy an infield as any outfit in the city can boast of.

Captain Matzen, Rogers, Tobias, Judah, and Fowler alternate in the outfield, with the first three the favorites.

The first game of the season resulted in a victory for us after one of the hardest fights ever seen at Recreation Park. Commerce was the victim, and the score was 11-8. There were errors galore, thirteen being made, ten of them by Poly. Ham pitched a great game, allowing six hits. The majority of the runs were scored on bobbles.

The gang proved to the skeptics that they could hit, as they garnered eleven during the course of the day.

If the bunch keeps going at this pace, they will prove to be one of the greatest surprises ever sprung in local high school athletic circles. They have been branded as cellar contenders by all, and in defeating the team that was figured to win, give promise of making the rest of the would-be champs hustle.

NOTE: The Editors of the Journal regret the disappointment of their readers on account of the absence of the usual picture of the baseball team. The uniforms were not issued in time for the team to go to Boussum's, and the Journal photographer was not permitted to take a snap-shot of the squad upon the field before the Poly-Commerce game of May 1st.

BOATING

Another aquatic sport has recently attracted the enthusiasm of Polyites; that is, boating. Under the leadership of Mr. Bannister and Mr. Gutleben, the Polytechnic Boating Club has been organized, several boats have been obtained, and rowing crews developed. Competition with schools across the bay is already assured.

Miss Hagelthorn, Director of Physical Education in the city schools, is much interested, and is urging the other San Francisco schools to take up the new sport.



TENNIS

The tennis team gives promise of duplicating their win of last year on the S. F. A. L. courts. Captain Franklin is placed at No. 1 on the squad and will play in the 30 division. Sherman Lockwood will be his partner in this weight; and they are the most likely looking lightweights in the city.

"Peanuts" Periolat and Cranston Holman represent us in the unlimited division. These two are the steadiest and most consistent performers in the circuit, and are favorably looked upon as winners.

The loss of Phil Bettens, who led the squad in previous seasons, has been felt severely, as he was one of the best racket artists developed in this city.

A decisive win over the Stanford Freshmen, five sets to one, has attracted the attention of the dopsters, and we are given more than an even chance at first place.



*Louise Garren Margaret Simpson Frances Joaquin Selma Lasky
Hazel Addicott Doris MacKenzie Helen Church*

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

We girls are really getting down to business in athletics. We have an athletic organization which bids fair to rival the boys—in so far as enthusiasm is concerned, at least—and we are showing everybody that we have rolled up our sleeves, pinned on our hair, and started after first place in the interscholastic competitions.

There is keener rivalry than ever before in the interclass games. The juniors are getting up a lot of spirit. Their baseball team numbers twice as many applicants as before. The freshman girls are practicing with a vengeance, for they defeated the senior team in one of the early practice games of the season. The class of '24 has a good team and promises to give the rest of us lively work when the real interclass comes off. There are none too many seniors out for baseball but those who are out are doing good work. We have great hopes of bringing home the honors when we go up against Commerce, Mission, and Girls' High. Even if we do not succeed this term, there is always another year.

Tennis has been started off on an energetic career, with Miss Woodhull helping both advanced players and those new to the sport.

Every term swimming becomes more popular, and all our best mermaids are out practicing.

Volley ball is, perhaps, the least popular sport, but there are quite a few girls who are willing to go out for that instead of baseball.

Our athletic association has for its official personnel: President, Louise Garren; Vice-President, Hazel Addicott; Secretary, Helen Church; Managers: Margaret Simpson, Baseball; Selma Lasky, Tennis; Doris MacKenzie, Swimming, and Frances Joaquin, Volley Ball.

MARJORIE ADAMS.





SWIMMING

The Polytechnic Swimming Team has been and is confronted with the difficulty of turning out a championship team with no new material and an absolute lack of support from the student body as a whole. This year we secured our usual quota of points, about the same number that we have been checking in for the last fifteen years.

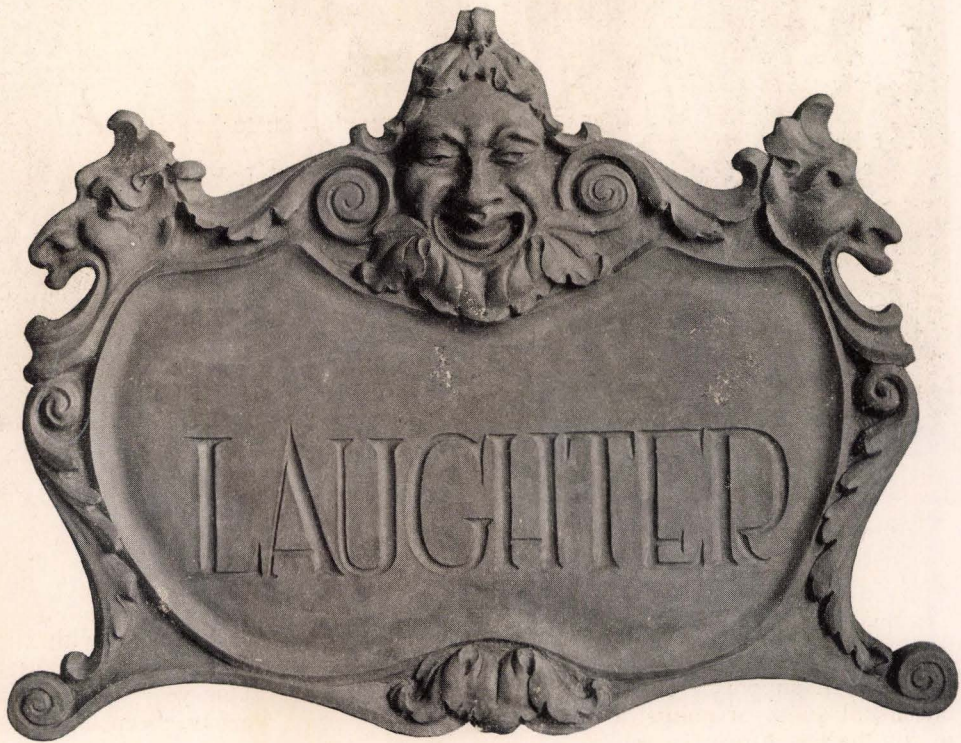
The big S. F. A. L. splash took place at Sutro Baths on April 29th, and was won by Lowell with 58 points. Lick-Wilmerding took second with 30, and our fellows gathered in third with 25.

The squad was captained by Edson Waterhouse, who took third in the breast stroke. Ed has been on the team for three seasons, and won this event last year.

We captured only two first places. Fat Whitney won the fancy diving, repeating his victory of last term. Lem Weiller, who has been out of school for six months, returned in time to win the 50 yards, 130 pounds, and place second in the 150.

The remainder of the markers were made by Bobbie Robertson in the 50 and 100, and by Gilson in the 220.

Here's hoping the same hope that everybody has hoped for the last few years, that we will do better next term.



FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

2 lovers sat beneath the shade
And 1 un-2 the other said:
"How 4-tune-8 am I;
If 5 a heart, it palpit-8's 4 you,
Thy voice is mu-6 melody,
So O my nymph, will you marry me?"
Then lisped she softly, "Why13-ly."

IT SEEMS TO BE MUTUAL

Chem. Student (pondering over lesson—I would like to know a little more about ethylene.

Second Ditto (catching last three words)—So would I. Who is she?

BASKETBALL?

Miss G. to Smoke—How do you like the Passing of Arthur?
Smoke—What team did he play on?

ALGEBRAICALLY SPEAKING

If you should get stranded on a desert isle, try subsisting on cube roots.

SLOW BUT SURE

Krieger—I know the answer, but I can't express it.
Voice in rear—Send it by freight.

GEOMETRICALLY SPEAKING

Mr. King—Who made that noise?
Ann—I did. I just dropped a perpendicular.

A FISH STORY

Miss Brown (in Chem.)—What does sea water contain besides H_2O , chlorine and sodium?
Bernice—Fish.

A LA ELWOOD

When Elwood Squires is detained
By rain or snow or fire,
He always hastens to sustain
His alibi by wire.

THE LOGICAL WAY

Mr. H.—How did the experiment come out?
Harry Frank (holding up broken test tube)—It came out this end.

A REAL DEFINITION

Commuter—A man who calls almost every evening at his own home.

Ann Patching



WEIGHTY REMARKS

My uncle was a man of note,
His speeches carried so much weight,
That when he spoke at dinner time
He was sure to break his dinnerplate.

HER USUAL ACCOMPANIST

There was a young singer named Anna
Who was caught in a flood in Montana,
As she floated away
Her sister, they say,
Accompanied her on the piano.

HE KNEW WHERE TO LOOK

Del.: "Say, Mr. Nielsen is looking for you."
Chas.: "What's he want?"
Del.: "One of the dumb-bells is missing."

TRUE SAYINGS

All the ivory isn't in the jungles.
The fellow who says "We won the championship" probably never played in
a game.
If at first you don't succeed, try another recipe.
A car in time saves tardy ditto.

HIS CHOICE

Judge: "You were exceeding the speed limits on Fell street. What will you
take, ten days or ten dollars?"
Redmond Fay: "I'll take the money."

CAUGHT!

Bill: "Dad, can you sign your name without looking at what you're doing?"
Dad: "Of course."
Bill: "Then, please sign my report card."

FINE FOR HOME DEFENSE

Mr. S.: "Here is an old-fashioned flat-iron."
Voice: "They are obsolete now, aren't they?"
Mr. S.: "Not entirely, but we are not discussing projectiles now."

LO, THE POOR HORSEMAN

At present the big question is whether the horsemen who used to scour the
plains used Dutch Cleanser or Sapolio.

ODORIFEROUS DISCOVERY

Soph: "How was iron first discovered?"
Senior: "They smelt it, of course."

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HIGH BROW STUFF

Miss T.—Don't any of you people read the morning paper?

Bright One—I do.

Miss T.—Well, what was Jiggs doing this morning?

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Deposits	68,201,299.62
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,650,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund	371,753.46

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RIGHT BACK

Stanley M. (viewing a verse disapprovingly)—I never heard of a Spanish shark.

Bernice W.—Did you ever hear of a Latin pony?

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ation in the photo-
graphic work of this
Journal.*

TOO BAD

Ray was in the orchestra,
His drum a beatin' fine,
When along came a flutist,
And put him out of time.

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AND IT WAS SO ORDERED

Mr. Lamp (to band)—I— (bell rings for end of period).
Smart Boy—The ayes have it. _____

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PAGE PORTIA

Mr. P (to a boy who was habitually late)—Take forty sentences for punishment.

Miss C. (who has overhead)—Why, that's illegal. Not more than one sentence can be given for the same offense.

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The Searching One: "Where can I find some candelabra?"

Floorwalker: "In the grocery department, sir, with the rest of the canned goods."

Grace (In Student Body Meeting): "Will some one here please be a committee to see when the meeting will adjourn?"

Two bells! Frantic efforts on the part of Stanley McLeod to get out of his chair, having mistaken it for the period bell.

Calm voice of Miss Smittle: "Never mind, Stanley, it's the other janitor they want!"

Ole Olsen had lost his life as a trackwalker, and his widow had brought suit against the railroad for damages.

A fellow-countryman was placed on the witness stand to testify.

After the preliminaries, the judge said: "Now go on and tell the court just what happened."

"Vell," said the witness, "I vas valk un da track abowt von quarter von mile, ven I see von Ole's arms! Den I valk bout half more miles un I see von Ole's legs!! Den I tank I valk von more uv miles un I see Ole's hed!! Den I tank to myself ool at vonce, my goodness; something moost hav happen to Ole!!!"



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cils from 50c up, and a beau-
tiful assortment of Water-
man's Ideal Fountain Pens.

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JUST A CHANCE

Mr. Mohr—Hall, you are going to prove this formula for us.
Hall (despairingly)—I hope so.

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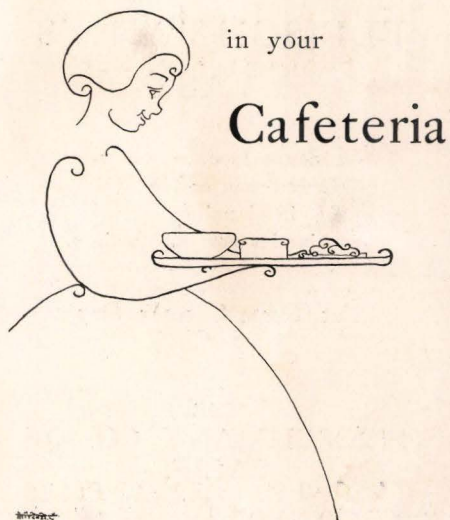
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Grace W.—How many halves do they play in this game?
Ann C.—Two, I think.

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Bradford—It means, "beat it."

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SAYINGS OF THE FAMOUS

Miss Kelly: "Reductio ad absurdum."

Mr. Tinsley: "Check."

Mr. Gesell: "Right dress."

Mr. Stockton: "So much for that."

Mr. Mohr: "We'll have these on the board."

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<p>PAUL ARIANI</p> <p>Candies and Ice Cream</p> <p>513 Haight St. San Francisco</p>	<p>L-4</p> <p>JOURNALISM CLASS</p>

Mike and Pat were directed to follow behind the hearse as the remains of the departed were being conveyed to his last resting place, the strict injunction of the Father being that at no time were either of their faces to be elevated. They were to look extremely solemn and rivet their eyes on the ground.

Sometime before the hearse reached its destination, Mike remarked, "Say, Pat, there do be an orfal bad schmell!"

"I know that, Mike, but don't yer dare to lift thim eyes."

After a few minutes, Mike being no longer able to withstand the awful odor, remarked, "Pat, I want to till ye, afther we get out a little farther, I'm goin' to know what's the mather."

"All right, Mike, we'll plan to look all at onct."

At the moment the coast was clear, they both elevated their chins simultaneously, and the sight that met their eyes!!—their noses had made connection before—they were placidly following a garbage wagon to the dump.

The Darwinian apes, and others of the connecting links that finally evolved—apologies to W. J. B.—decided to put on a real up-to-date show to prove their superiority over the other animals that had not evolved as fast as the Kentucky legislature. It was agreed that an entrance fee be charged to defray all expenses, and the following animals came promptly on time.

The duck presented a good bill at the door. The bullfrog exposed a green-back. The lamb showed new quarters. The oyster had two halves. The skunk, a ne'er-do-well, could only raise a scent, and admission was denied him.

THEY ALL STUMBLE SOONER OR LATER

Dr. Scott: "Now, Mr. Catarich wants to know how many of you desire tickets to the Senior refreshmen?"

Despondent Pupil: "Are you going to give that hard problem in the next ex?"

Condescending Teacher: "Of course not! Do you think I want all you fellows back again next term?"

Marion Brune: "All we do in Mr. Zulberti's room is to drop perpendiculars."

Ralph R.: "Do they break?"

The Senior-Faculty game,
Turned out about the same.
The Seniors won their fame,
And all the Polyites came;
The Faculty now is lame,
But do not lay the blame
Upon the Seniors who became
The envy of every dame!

Edith Cairns "25"
"Beans"

Al Johnson "24"
"second" 24

Al Schmitt
Helen Bicker

Flora Munson 23
Edgar Hubbs

Clara Perley

Ann Sherman
"Merv" Thompson
Guthrie Jones

Alice Lawton

Al Baldwin

Richard Leist
Bernie Hill

Myra DeBont 24
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Eleonora Magnani

Florence + Anne
Myra Fabian

Marguerite Angelis

Marion
Fennell

Rogena Sanders
'25'

June Carbutt

Nichols
Oct 25

Anna Missaert

Bertha Yandison
Amy Fridge
'24

Barbara Bradley

Dorothy McKenna

Katherine Brund

Kathleen Warren

Josephine D. Shaw

Lucie Kinner

Brand 22

Constance
Speer

Margalith

Lydia Lawrence

Esther Kinner



