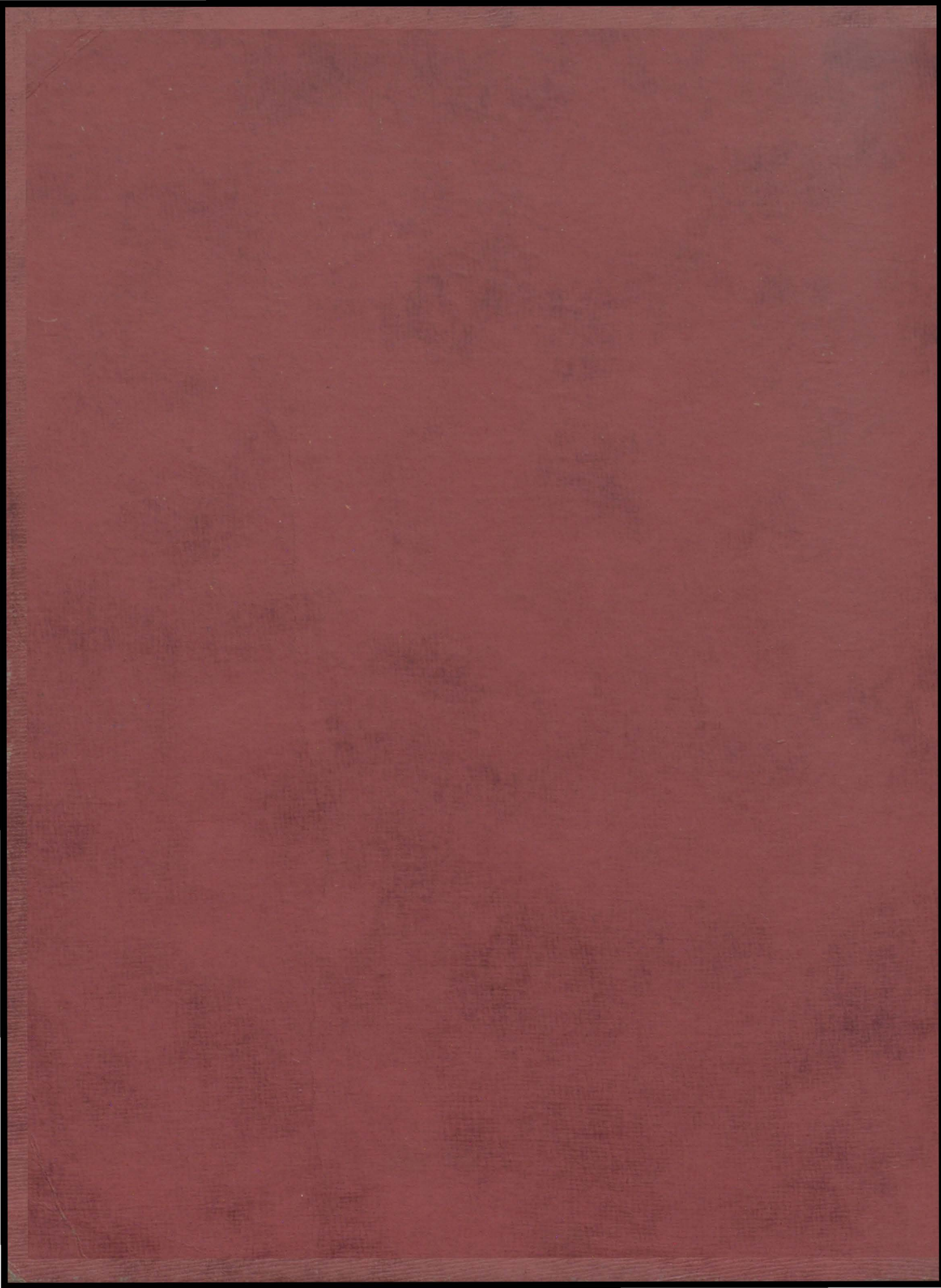


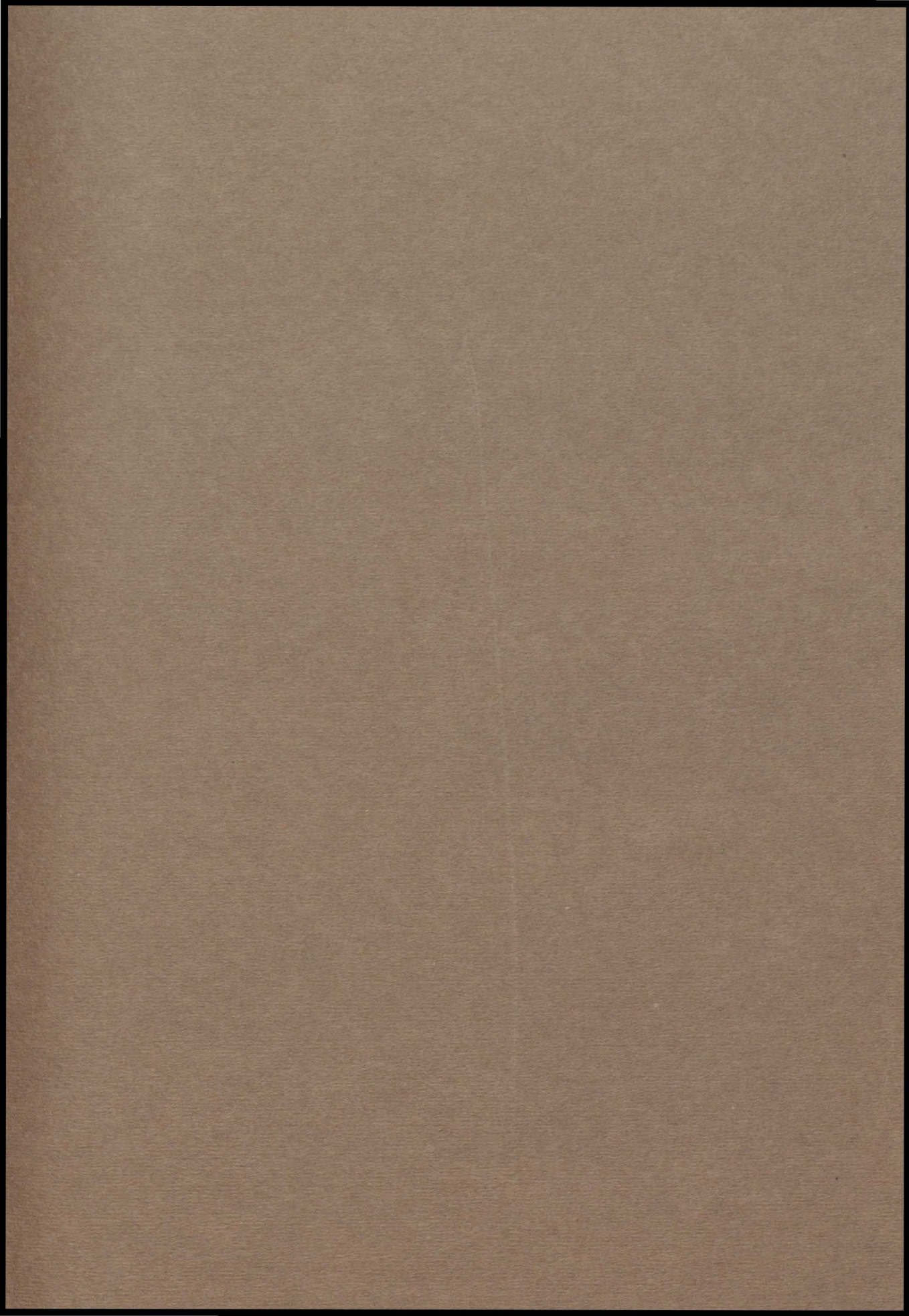
The
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JOURNAL**

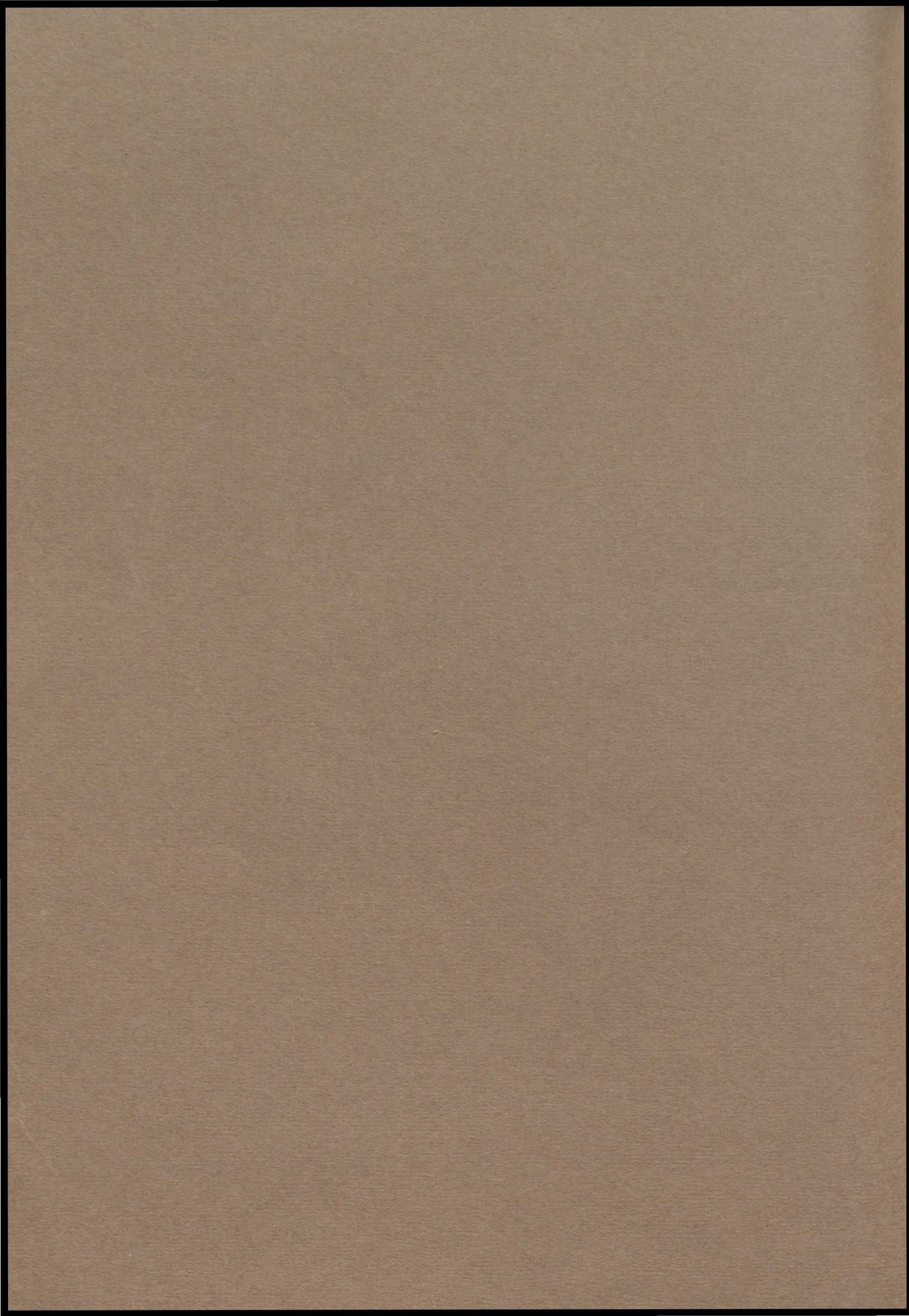
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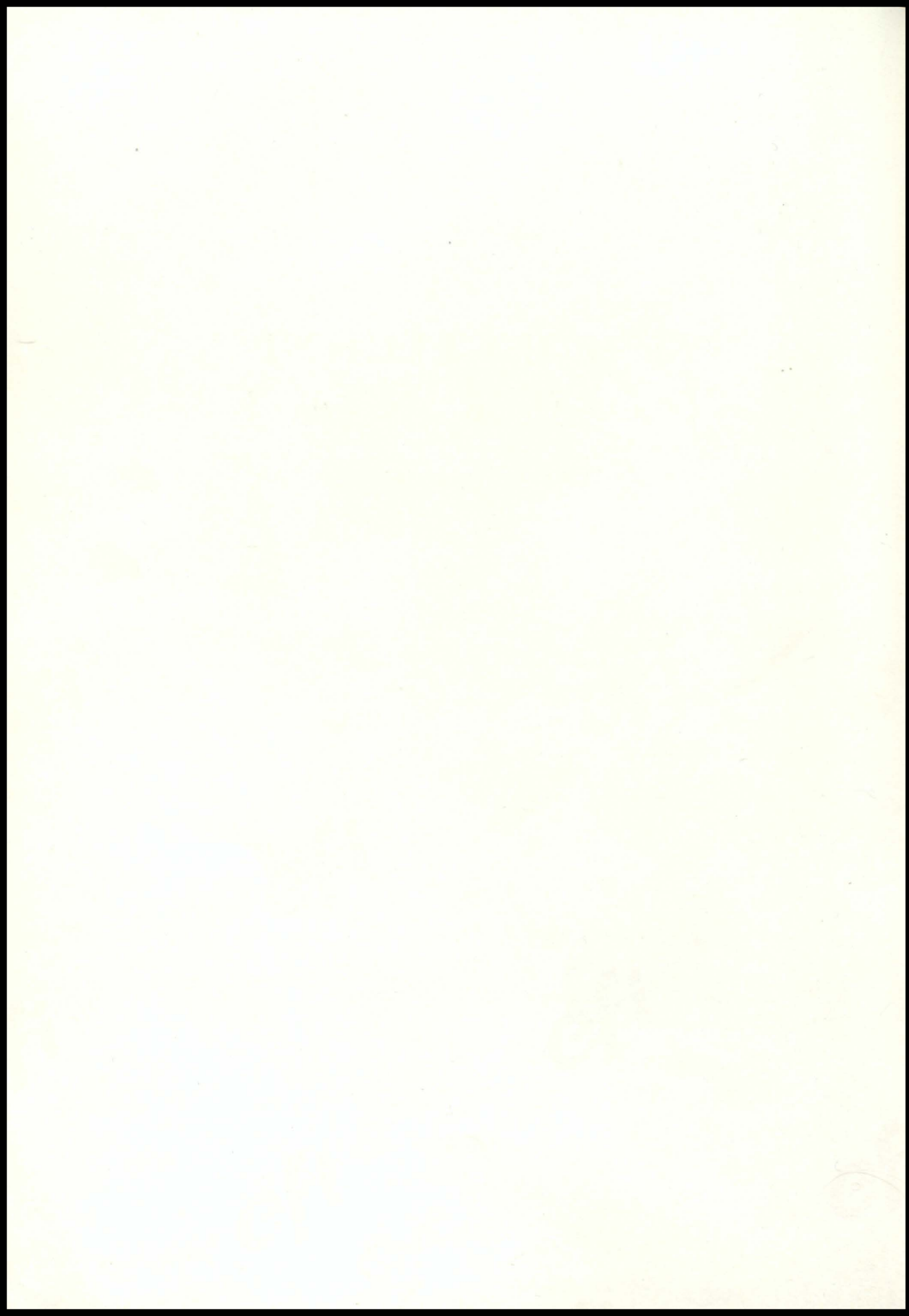
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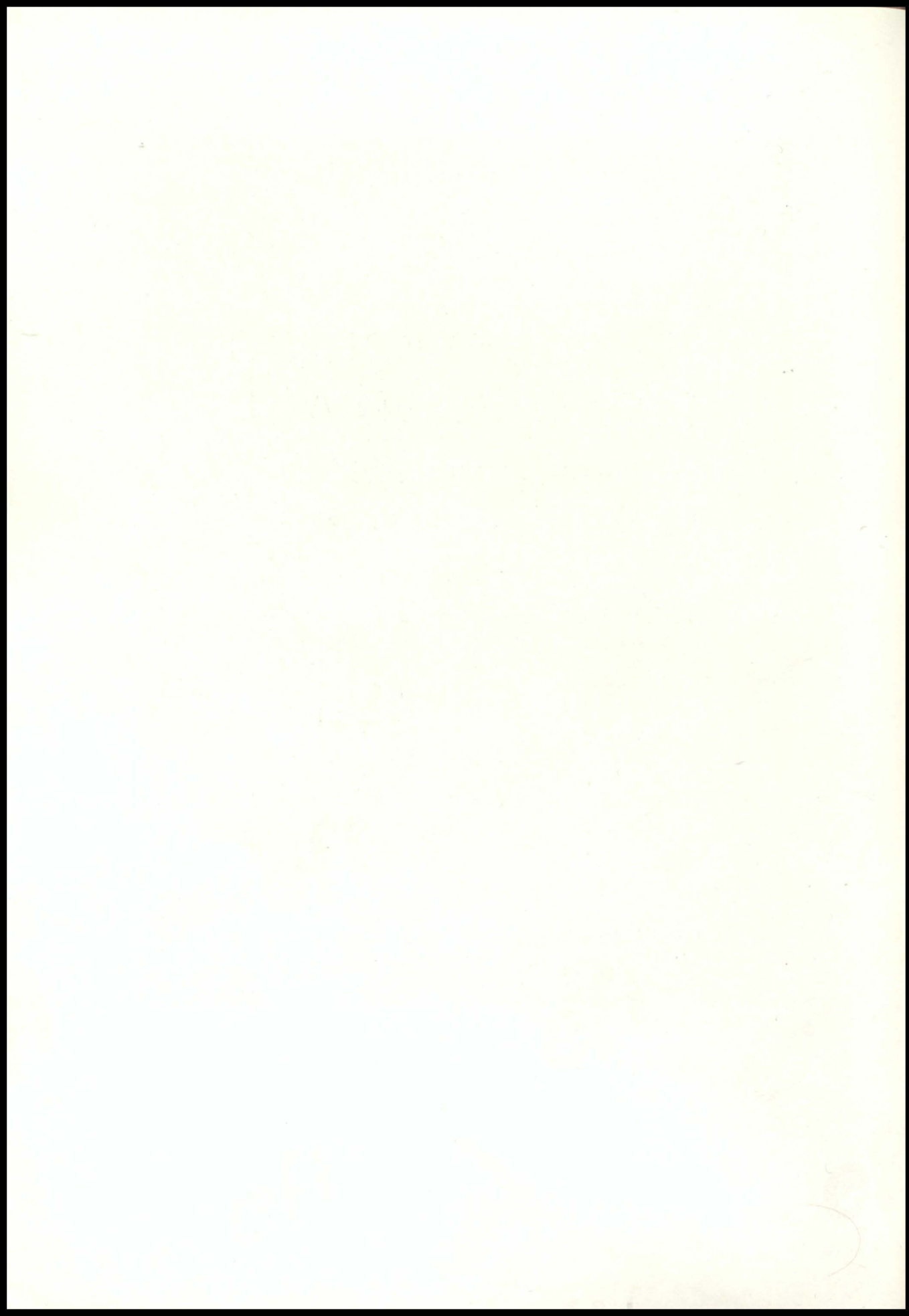


The POLYTECHNIC
JOURNAL

DECEMBER 1922



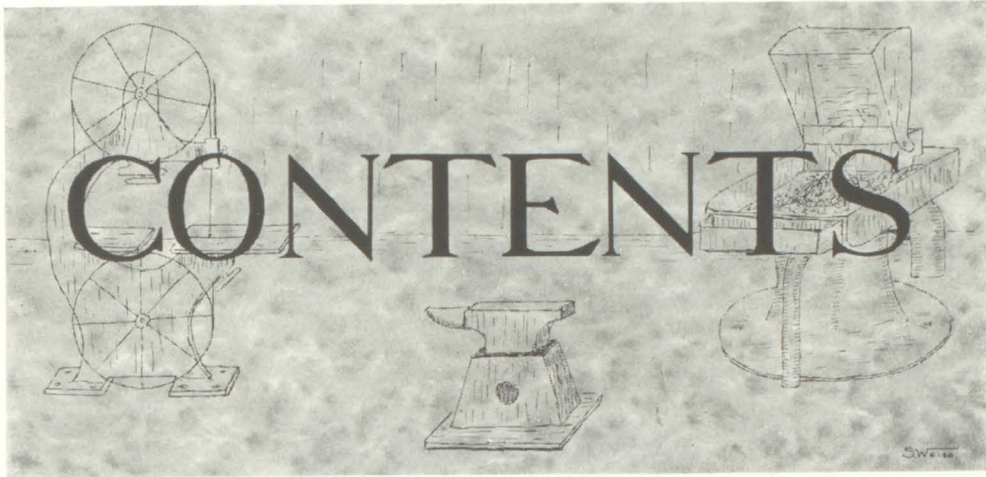
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San Francisco, California*



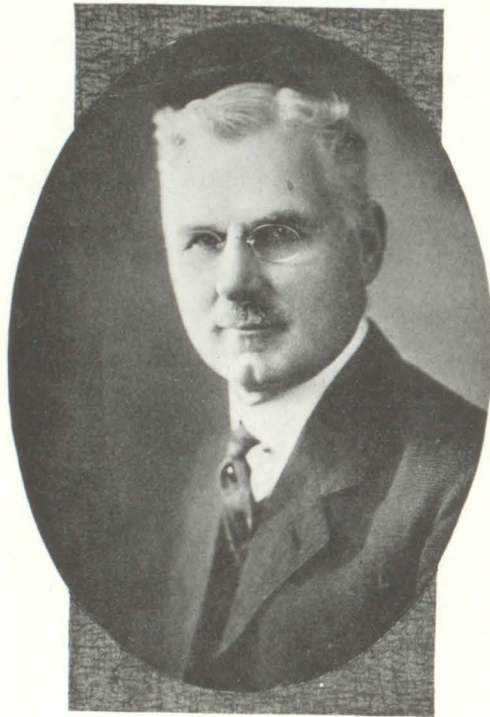




To *Miss Thelma C. Gleeson*,
whose friendly influence has been felt
throughout the school, the Student Body
dedicates this issue of the *Polytechnic*.



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James Edwin Addicott,
Principal of Polytechnic High School.

THE FACULTY of the POLYTECHNIC HIGH SCHOOL

James Edwin Addicott.....Principal
Miss Edith McNab.....
Vice-Principal, Dean of Girls
Miss J. D. Kennedy.....Secretary

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A. D. King.....Math.	J. R. Watson.....Lang.
C. J. Lamp.....Music	R. B. Weaver.....Mech. Arts
B. B. Libby.....Science	Miss E. Webster.....Science
S. H. Love.....M. D.	Miss F. Wolfenbarger.....Art
Miss M. K. McBride.....Science	Miss M. Wood.....Dom. Art

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Edwina Frary.

Mr. A. A. Lapachet.

Belmiro DalBon of the Class of December, 1920.

George Walcom of the Class of June, 1923.

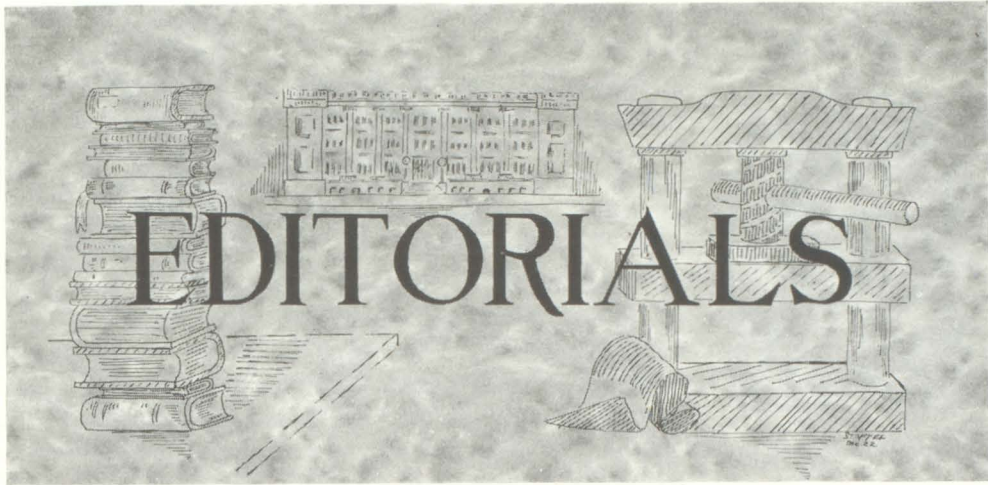
William Hortsman of the Class of December, 1924.

As we gather now together,
At the close of the happy year,
We think, perhaps, of other days,
And those who once were here;
And in spite of all our gladness
There's a pain steals 'round the heart,
And a poignant sense of sadness,
For those who've had to part.

There's a girlish laugh that's missing
From out the happy throng;
And boyish lips that nevermore
Will whistle their lilting song;
The teacher, gentle, guiding friend,
Her loyal service brought to end.

Yet, they made this world of ours,
A better place to be;
In another world they've gone to make
A welcome for you and me.
And thus 'tis ever at the call of Him
That our brightest stars must dim,
We know they've found in worlds afar,
The light of a kindly star.

HELEN GROWNEY.



Marian Brune, Editor

Another term draws to its close and another issue of our semi-annual Journal is presented to the school public. We have tried to make this a truly representative number, representative of the best of our school's standards and efforts. We hope that the satisfaction of our readers will be commensurate with the hard work and honest effort put into it by everyone concerned with its production.



Bernice Windt, Editor

Particularly gratifying this year has been the co-operation of members of the school who are not connected with any of the journalism classes. It is only through such co-operation that a completely successful magazine can be achieved. Among those to whom our thanks are due are the Mechanical Drawing Department for the headings; Louise Atwell for her clever work on the cover; Helen Eels for the charming and unusual frontispiece; the Poly Poster Club for numerous posters; George Moffatt for the cartoons; and last, by no means least, those who voluntarily solicited advertisements for us, thus helping us to reach a mark never before attained.

We also take this opportunity to express our appreciation to Mr. H. J. Langton of the Sierra Art and Engraving Co. for many helpful suggestions and untiring work in our interest.

The actual writing of the articles and of most of the stories in this book was done by the Low Four Journal class under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Smittle. The members of this class who made up the staff were: Marion Brune and Bernice Windt, joint editors; William Weiss, manager; Albert Elledge, advertising manager; Oscar Reichenbach, joke editor; Ralph Ryan, athletics editor; Arlington Ansbro, Ann Catching, Ruth Chambers, Joe Hummel, Leland Lazarus,

John McCutcheon, Dorothea Meyer, Ralph Quast, Jack Rhodes, John Perry, Delano Shearman, Virginia Terry and Grace Winter.



William Weiss, Mgr.

From the standpoint of the business manager this term has been a very successful one. The sale of tickets was started off with a bang at the Poly Press rally. After that all the officers of the school co-operated and sold a large number. This system was new this year and has proved to be very successful.

Three prizes were offered this term, one for the best story, one for the largest amount of advertising brought in by one person, and another for the largest number of tickets sold. This resulted in infusing more interest into all three fields of activity and quite spirited contests took place. The prize for the best story went to Ramona Attkisson, a member of the High Two class and a newcomer in our columns; the next went to J. D. Shearman; and the third to Bernice Windt. In this, Bernice duplicated her feat of last year in disposing of an even hundred tickets. The first two prizes mentioned were contributed by Mr. E. L. Buttle of the H. S. Crocker Co., formerly with the Carlisle Co., and the last one is regularly offered by the Journal.



*Albert Elledge,
Advertising Manager.*



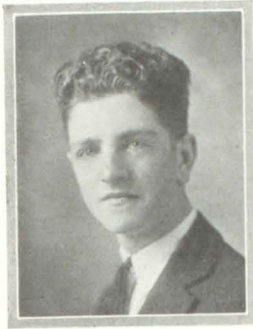
*Oscar Reichenbach,
Joke Editor.*

This Journal is made possible financially by the advertising matter printed, and the amount of this advertising depends upon the co-operation of the members of the student body in soliciting it. This term an unuauually large number have devoted some time and effort to this work and the result is that we have more advertisements than we have ever had before. If this co-operation can be maintained and increased there is no reason that the Journal should not be a money making proposition.

We bespeak your patronage for those who have advertised with us this year. Form the habit of saying, "I saw your advertisement in the Polytechnic Journal," it will pay us and them.

As long as the Journal has been published, jokes have been a part of it until now they are as essential to it as eggs are to ham; nowadays a jokeless Journal would indeed be a sad affair.

We have endeavored this time to do away with the time-worn custom of copying a joke from another journal or magazine and changing the names to those of prominent students of our school. We do not mean to imply that all our jokes are original, for they most certainly are not. Many, however, were culled from the class rooms (note the alliteration), and the sayings of bright pupils, freshmen and otherwise. At any rate the joke editor hopes he has succeeded in giving his readers a real laugh or two.



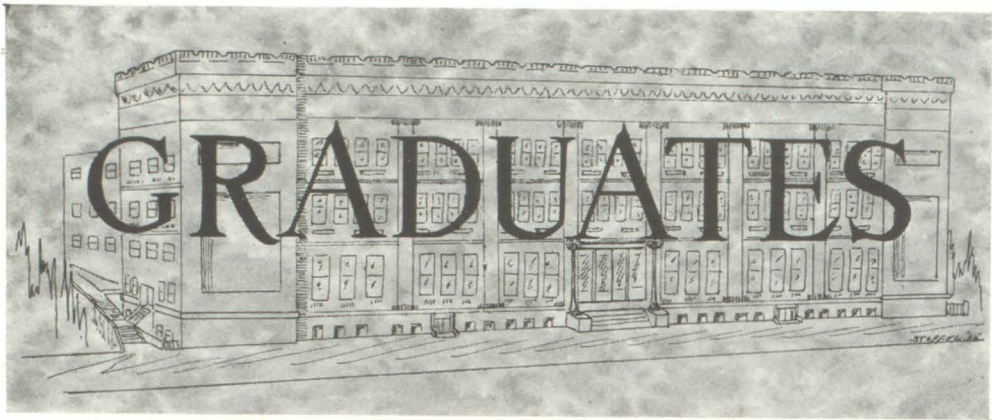
*Ralph Ryan,
Athletics Editor.*

The sporting department is perhaps one of the most important parts of a school journal. In its few pages of space most of the pep and ginger of the edition is found.

As the school has grown so has the athletic department of the Polytechnic Journal. In the last few years Poly has risen to the top of the heap in local high school competition especially in the two major sports, baseball and football, hence the increase in size of our sporting columns.

In taking charge of the sports, the editor assumes much of the blame for its success or failure. If you athletes fail to see your names in print or your pictures adorning one of the following pages, blame me. I thank you.





Francis Adelstein
Dorothy Ahern
Carroll Alexander
Arlington Ansbro
John Arberry
Joseph Atkinson
Fidencio Barona
Winifred Bashford
Thelma Bates
Alphonse Beltramo
Bertino Biscotto
Stafford Briggs
Vincent Brown
Marion Brune
Clara Castle
Ruth Chambers
Raymond Conlon
Leland Crichton
Fuller Crooks
Evelyn Cuneo
Frank Daily
William Demartini
Helen Dierks
Arthur Dietle
Muriel Donelson
Gertrude Donovan
Dorothy Dreusike
Ona Ebert
Raymond Edlin
Roberto Escamilla
Henry Estacaille
Raymond Etienne
George Fleischman

Harry Frank
Paul Fritsch
Richard Fuidge
George Ghiselli
Rodney George
Thomas Graham
George Grunig
Adolph Gschwend
Sophie Guetersloh
Albert Haas
Jack Hall
Clarence Harris
Ula Harrison
Marie Haub
Robert Healy
Charles Heller
Ray Hellin
Eleanor Horgan
Clayton Horn
Joseph Hummel
Robert Jackson
Aloysius Jensen
Gunnar Johannsen
Harry Johnson
Jose Johnson
Gardner Judah
Ernest Kaufner
Herbert Kaul
Adolphine Kearns
Raymond Keegan
Adele Kleinklaus
Reginald Krieger
Masuo Kurihara

Washington Lacabanne
Selma Lasky
Jesse Levin
Herman Lifschiz
Lee Linwood
William Lum
David Lund
Margaret McCracken
Malcolm McCurdy
Lisette McDonald
Norman McFarland
Leo McGinn
Reba McNamar
Anna Meginness
Hazel Merriam
Dorothea Meyer
Carl Miller
Arthur Morgan
Joseph Murakami
Dorothy Nelson
Frances Olsen
Alfred Orselli
John Perry
Reynold Peterson
Ernest Purcell
Gerald Pyne
Ralph Peter Quast
Edith Quick
William Radonich
Merrill Remington
John Rhodes
Leslie Ringen
Violet Robin
Milton Roesner
Jack Rosenkind

Carl Schmidt
Ruth Sellman
Lucille Shapro
John D. Shearman
Samuel Slavin
Carol Smith
James Smith
Ray Smith
Walter Smith
Carol Snead
June Speck
John Stoffel
Laura Strickland
Raiji Takahashi
Dorothea Thiele
Albin Thompson
Lionel Tognazzini
Clyde Trudell
Henry Tschopp
Vertress Vander Hoof
Fred Van Dyke
Roy Van Etten
Vivian Vaughn
Sigmund Virag
Joseph Vivaldi
Alvin Weinberger
William Weiss
Edythe Whitney
Theron Wight
Bernice Windt
Russell Winenow
Grace Winter
Bertram Wolfsohn
Edna Wood





Robert Healy
Adele Kleinklaus
Dorothy Dreusike
Leslie Ringen

Herman Lifschiz
Carroll Alexander
Paul Fritsch
Alphonse Beltramo

Herbert Kaul
Grace Winter
Hazel Merriam
Jesse Levin



*Reginald Krieger
 Marion Brune
 Sophie Guetersloh
 Raymond Conlon*

*Jos. Hummel
 Walter Smith
 Albert Haas
 William Demartini*

*Ernest Kaufner
 Evelyn Cuneo
 Gertrude Donovan
 Russell Winenow*



*Arthur Dietle
 Lizette McDonald
 Ruth Chambers
 William Weiss*

*Norman McFarland
 Clayton Horn
 Fuller Crooks
 Rodney George*

*Leland Crichton
 Anna Meginness
 Dorothea Meyer
 Carol Smith*



Francis Adelstein
Edna Wood
Dorothea Theile
Raymond Keegan

Bertram Wolfsohn
William Radonich
Arthur Morgan
William Lum

George Fleischman
Winifred Bashford
Vivian Vaughn
Washington Lacabanne



*Alfred Orselli
 Muriel Donelson
 Thelma Bates
 Milton Roesner*

*Alvin Weinberger
 Carl Miller
 Fred Van Dyke
 Fidencio Barona*

*Jack Hall
 Dorothy Nelson
 Laura Strickland
 Roy Van Etten*



*Roberto Escamilla
 Ula Harrison
 Ruth Sellman
 Ray Smith*

*Arlington Ansbro
 Thomas Graham
 J. D. Shearman
 Harry Frank*

*Albin Thompson
 Reba McNamar
 Margaret McCracken
 James Smith*



*Clyde Trudell
 Frances Olsen
 Helen Dierks
 Vincent Brown*

*John Arberry
 John Stoffel
 Sigmund Virag
 Ralph Quast*

*Merrill Remington
 Marie Haub
 Bernice Windt
 Jose' Johnson*



*Vertress Vander Hoof
Eleanor Horgan
June Speck
Samuel Slavin*

*George Ghiselli
Malcolm McCurdy
Aloysius Jensen
Jos. Murakami*

*Joseph Atkinson
Beatrice Blair
Lee Linwood
Jack Rosenkind*



Carl Schmidt
Violet Robin
Selma Lasky
Henry Tschopp

Milton Mitchell
Raymond Edlin
Gardner Judah
John Perry

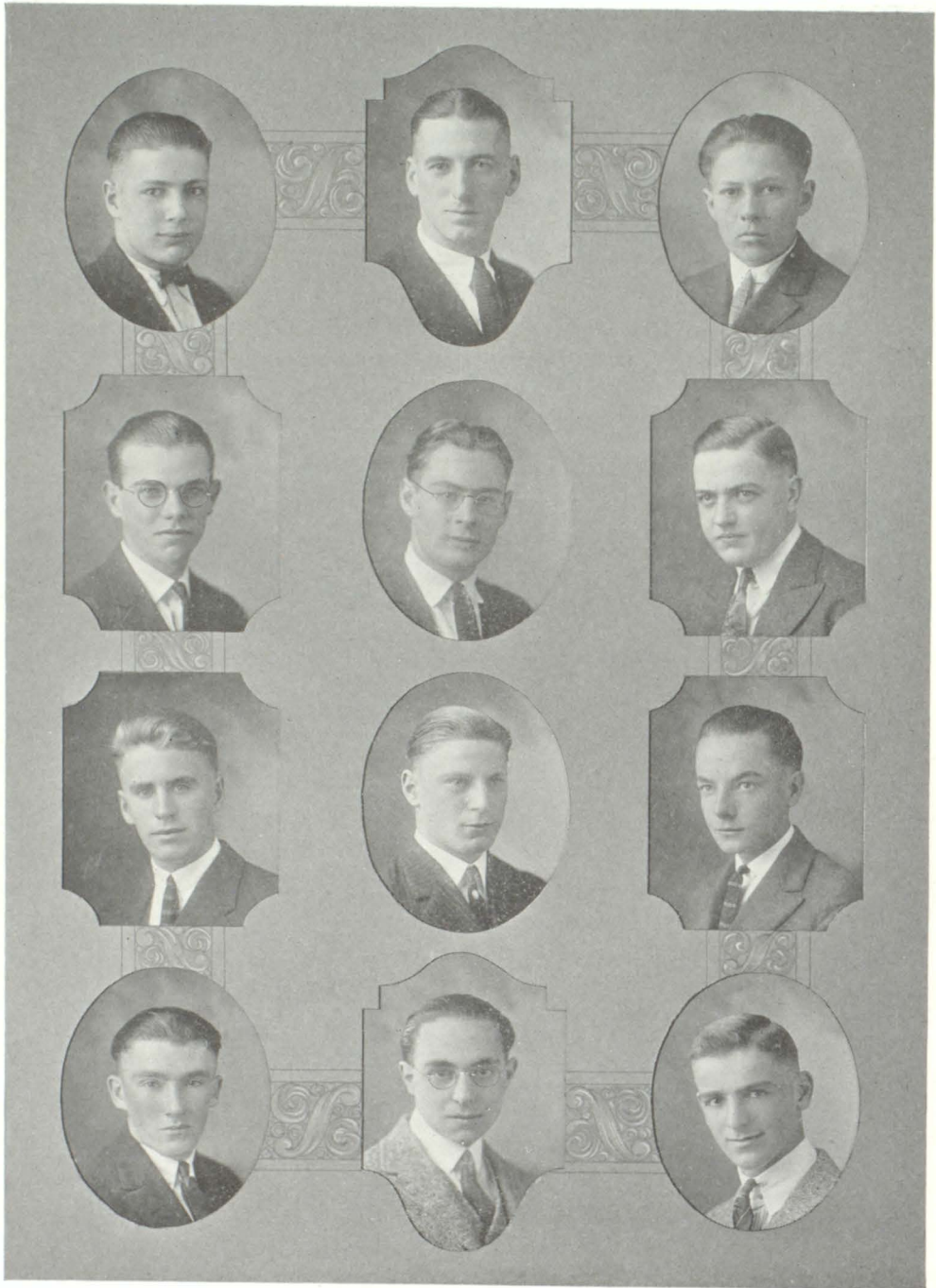
Reynold Peterson
Edythe Whitney
Clara Castle
Jos. Vivaldi



*Gunnar Johannsen
 Adolphine Kearns
 Edith Quick
 Raiji Takahashi*

*Raymond Etienne
 Robert Jackson
 Clarence Harris
 Masuo Kurihara*

*Bertino Biscotto
 Lucille Shapro
 Dorothy Ahern
 Theron Wight*



*Ernest Purcell
 Harry Johnson
 Gerald Pyne
 Leo McGinn*

*Frank Daily
 Carroll Snead
 Lionel Tognazzini
 Charles Heller*

*George Grunig
 Henry Estacaille
 Ray Hellin
 Adolph Gschwend*

SENIOR PROPHECY

Behold! And look! Offhand we see these things!
In threefold ranks imagination brings
The sight of all the future. Gaze! Behold!
And shiver at the things herein foretold!

* * * * *

A. D. 1935

We hear wild tales of county jails
Sheriffed by Poly guys,
And the wildest of all are of Herbert Kaul,
Ray Conlon and William Weiss.

And locked within, for a capital sin
Is Joe Murakami, "The Killer,"
And Arthur Morgan and Eleanor Horgan
(Bootlegs) and Bob Escamilla.

In quite a contrasting trade, with fasting,
Mm-nuns, in fact—we read
Of Junie Speck and Edith Quick;
And a priest is Carroll Snead.

In married bliss, with naught amiss,
The following girls have gone:
Adolphine Kearns and Dotty Ahern,
Claire Castle and Vivian Vaughn.

For the spouse of each young pippin and peach,
Just gaze right down this line:
Dave Lund, Del Shearman and Lifschiz (Herman),
And Frances Adelstein.

Movies for sure held a mighty lure
For Vertress Vander Hoof;
With a name like that and a slick plug hat
Any star could raise the roof.

Lee Linwood, the peach, promenades the beach,
Demonstrating "Peck's Permanent Waver,"
And Jack Rosenkind was saved from the brine
By Milt Roesner, a bold life saver.

Now, a male quartet that's a dud, you bet,
Claims the following kids of class:
Bill Demartini, L. Tognazzini,
Jack Perry and Albert Haas.

Gunnar Johannsen continues his prancin'
Teaching R. O. T. C.;
And Reginald Krieger is living most meager—
A poor, begging pauper is he.

Young Clayton Horn was just simply born
To trip off the light fantastic,
He'll dance night and day at the Stoffel cafe,
Bernice Windt is his partner gymnastic.

Now Marion Brune's a dealer in prunes,
Pickles, parsnips, and also persimmons;
Ray Smith and Ralph Quast are exceedingly "fahst",
And are said to be death on the wimmins!

Washington Lacabanne works a moving van,
Financed by one Billy Lum;
Adele Kleinklaus grows plants in a hothouse;
Carl Miller performs on the drum.

Joe Johnson and Harry play melodies airy
Upon their old saxophones;
Gardner Judah sells books, gets by on his looks;
Jack Hall peddles drugs for Sloans.

Evelyn Cuneo got slightly looney, so
Dorothy Nelson's her guard;
A chef is Bob Healy; at typing now really
Ruth Sellman works most awfully hard.

Dick Fuidge climbed high, he now flies in the sky,
An aviator is he;
Sam Slavin, a waiter; Jack Rhodes is his greater,
The guy in the dress suit is he.

A dealer in fish is the boy called Paul Fritsch;
Rodney George sells apples beside him;
Henry Tschopp tumbles still, and Bert Wolfsohn the pill
Is a dentist—but still why deride him?

Back on the farm, far removed from all harm
Are Charles Heller and Stafford Briggs;
Selma Lasky debates, Carl Schmidt plays the fates,
He tells fortunes at all of the jigs.

George Grunig plays golf during all his days off;
Leland Crichton plays soccer yet;
Marie Haub is a nurse, Ruth Chambers is worse,
For she is a bold suffragette.

Fidencio Barona sells steak and bologna;
And Alphonse Beltramo delivers;
Frank Daily's a major; Ray Edlin, we'll wager
Invents new attachments for flivvers.



Sigmund Virag has a terrible drag;
And Joe Hummel runs him a close second,
In politics also is Lucille Shapro;
Fuller Crooks is a common old deck hand.

Reba McNamar (and no one can blame her),
Is dancing as you all expected.
And Young Harry Frank fell so hard he was rank,
But they say Dotty Meyer objected.

Now, Norman McFarland draws pictures too darlin',
A painter is Ernest Purcell;
And Beatrice Blair treats the scalp and the hair;
While Winifred Bashford's a belle.

Ray Keegan's slick dome makes the tea rooms his home;
M. Remington plays the oboe.
Alfred Orselli and Georgie Ghiselli
Are, commonly speaking, just hobo.

We hear Theron Wight is trying to write;
Joe Vivaldi plays baseball, of course;
And Muriel Donelson and Gertrude Donovan
Break hearts without any remorse.

Al Weinberger stars in Shakespearean bars;
Frances Olsen in charity's busy;
Tom Graham sells shoes, G. Pyne reports news;
In the chorus Dot Thiele makes 'em dizzy.

Malcolm McCurdy, a prizefighter sturdy,
Is challenging Adolph Gschwind;
While Jesse Levin and Leo McGinn are trainers—
How will this thing end?

Dorothy Dreusike makes wonderful "moosic"
Upon her piano, I hear;
And its young Jimmy Smith she's stepping out with,
And he calls her his own little dear.

Clyde Trudell is a lad who's gone radically mad
Over Bolshevism and such;
Al Jensen's his aide, Helen Dierks is the maid,
That inspires these two geezers so much.

Margie McCracken once tried to blacken
A hat; and now she's a painter;
Grace Winter tried acting, and now she's enacting
Macbeth; and her's pretty good, ain't her?

M. Kurihara traversed the Sahara,
Searching for silver and gold;
He took along Raiji L. Takahasi
And now they are both pirates bold.

Edna Wood is awfully good,
At walking the high tight rope;
And Arlington Ansbro is riding a burro
For clowning's his highest hope.

Ona Ebert swims fast, lots of champs she has passed;
E. Kaufner presides in a pawn shop;
V. Robin walks miles, Ula Harrison smiles
In the plays; Milton Mitchell's a short stop.

Sophie Guetersloh talks at lectures and hawks
And hounds are what Art Dietle follows;
Carol Smith made a name in a big football game;
Edythe Whitney resides in the hollows.

Lisette McDonald is a second Ruth Roland;
Joe Atkinson's chef at the Frantic;
Anna Meginness in a side show's as thin as
A skeleton—Picture the antic!

Reynold Peterson, cop, gives the signal to stop;
Henry Estacaille plays on the fiddle;
Alexander pulls teeth and the roots in beneath;
What Jack Arberry does is a riddle.

Fred Van Dyke like his name has short whiskers of fame;
Russell Winenow now teaches in college;
Laura Strickland translates Spanish letters; T. Bates
Is hailed far as a woman of knowledge.

Roy Van Etten and Son in trade things have done;
Bob Jackson takes mail to the doors;
Leslie Ringen writes rhymes, keeps up with the times;
Bill Radonich owns lots of stores.

Hazel Merriam nurses; Raymond Etienne curses
His luck—he's inherited money;
Vincent Brown is so young he surely got stung,
He keeps bees for the sake of the honey.

Bert Biscotto, poor guy, is to hang by and by
For murder the first degree;
Cause of all this I've wrote, his class chose him by vote
To assassinate poor little me!

BETTY KING, '23.

HIGH FOUR CLASS



*Arlington Ansbro
John Perry
Harry Frank*

* * * * * "Our fearful trip is done. Our ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won."

WITH our sails flung wide and our rigging trim the Class of December, '22 is about to make port. For four long years have we battled and fought the storms of education on the seven seas of learning. We have been buffeted about by the winds of math, by the waves of English and history, by the tides of science, and by the tricky currents of foreign languages. By the help of our pilots did we safely pass the rocks of arts and crafts and through the shallow sea of physical education.

When we first crossed the gangplank we were the veriest landlubbers. But we hoisted sail and set out with a full crew, a light cargo, a few passengers, and one or two stowaways.

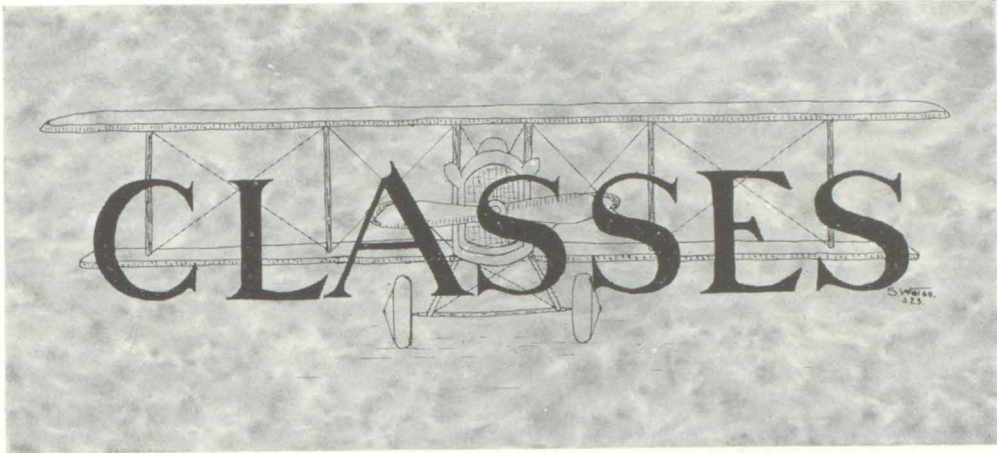
'Twas a month before we hit our first squall. This was the storm of examinations! Our poor bark bobbed about like a cork in a trough and we lost many a man in the high sea.

When the gusts had passed and the good ship had been put to rights again, we once more swept onward with a weather eye peeled for trouble.

Month after month slipped away and our ship made steady progress. Directly ahead was the ship June, '22. During our cruise we picked up several of their passengers who had been washed overboard in the numerous storms. We, too, lost men, but we have heard that most of them were rescued by the ship June, '23, which followed our course.

Now four full years have passed since first we walked up the gangplank and the prized port is near. Our ship carries now no passengers, all are workers who faithfully perform the tasks that fall to their share.

As we approach nearer and nearer to the port of graduation our thoughts turn back to a review of our work, part of which seemed hard labor and part of which seemed mere play. We have had our share of good weather and of bad weather, of successes and of failures. We hope that we have always been good winners as well as good losers. And now as we are about to disembark we feel like murmuring a prayer of thanks to those our skillful pilots who have brought us in safety to our haven.



LOW FOUR

GREEN! Oh, so green were we when as Freshmen we first entered Polytechnic. But now, as Low Fours, we have become acclimated, we have blossomed forth in all our glory, and we are ready to show all comers that we do not take second place for even the Seniors—especially as we shall so soon be Seniors ourselves.

Ever since our first opportunity to demonstrate our good sense in that respect, we have made it a habit to select live and energetic students for our officers. Our last term's group of executives was no exception to the rule established in former years. Ralph Ryan, our star sport writer, was enthusiastically elected to the post of president; Billie Doyle presided at class meetings when our chief executive was unable to be present. William Peden was the keeper of our money by virtue of his election to the position of treasurer. Virginia Myers, our secretary, needs no introduction here as she has always been prominent in both class and school affairs. Francis O'Neil as athletic manager has looked after class interests in athletics. Virginia Terry has been our spokesman at Student Body meetings each week. Jimmy McDougall has been our superintendent of vocal expression, in other words, yell leader. Jimmy isn't very big but every ounce is sheer pep.

Both boys and girls of the Low Four class have always had a part in all branches of school athletics. Football, baseball, basketball and rowing all have their devotees.

We are also represented in all the non-athletic organizations in school such as the Honor League, Press Club, Poster Club, Drama Club, Rifle Club (Girls), both Boys' and Girls' Rowing Clubs, and the Forum Club.

We think that we have always made the influence of June '23 felt in the school, but we are promising ourselves that all we have shown before will be as nothing to what we will show when we may term ourselves High Fours.

HIGH THREE

EACH class in the school naturally thinks that its numeral stands for the best class in the institution. We are different; we know that our class is the best.

For one thing we have the best set of officers. Winfield McIlvaine, our president, held the same office when we were all Low Ones. Alice Berghoff is our vice-president, and Marjorie Norman our representative. Bob Leandro records the proceedings of our meetings and handles whatever money there may be, while Ray Nugent leads our vocal exhibitions at rallies and other places where much noise is desirable.

The high juniors are well represented in athletics having representaives on the football, swimming, tennis and track teams. The most active of these are: Winfield McIlvaine, Gordon Fitzgerald, Jack Kemp, Lloyd Whitney, Leland Eisan, Leslie Rudy and Raymond Nugent. We are among those present in the roster of Student Body officers in the persons of Betty King and Gene Harrington.

In journalism our members find congenial work. Among the well-known ones are Betty King, Lloyd Whitney, Leslie Rudy, Wesley Terkelsen and Eugene Harrington.

Everyone realizes that we have had some wonderful dances this term so we will just rise and give Frances Bepler a vote of thanks. The junior dance was made the great success that it was by the hard work of the committee in charge.

We are already planning the great things we will do when we are seniors.

LOW THREE

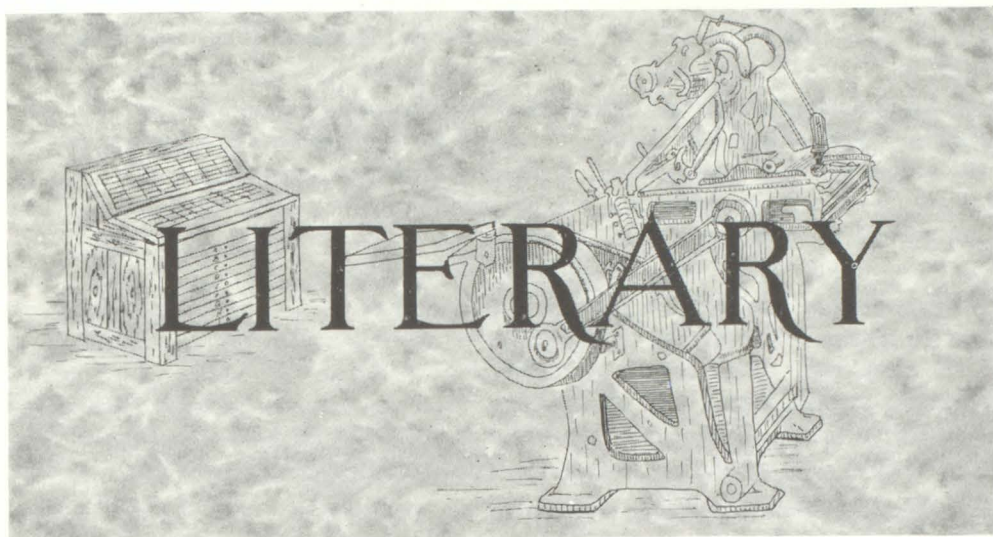
WE inaugurated our reign as Low Threes by holding a very hotly contested election for official guides and guardians of our affairs. When the smoke lifted we found that the following had been successful: Jack Puccinelli, President; Hazel Addicott, Vice-President; Olin Berry, Secretary-Treasurer; John Ybaretta, Representative; Irving Marcus, Athletic Manager; Louis Feinberg, Yell Leader.

Through members of our class we have a part in all the activities of the school, In the Girls' Student Body we have Margaret Simpson, Hazel Addicott and Miriam Hook. In the cast of the opera will be found Mignon Townley and Myrtle Thelen.

On the football team are Irving Marcus and Jack Puccinelli. Among the basketball players are Jack Carey, John and George Ybaretta, and Louis Feinberg, Charles Daglow, Louis Feinberg, and Fred and Frank Roscher are experts at soccer.

The junior dance given in conjunction with the High Threes was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the entire term.

Upon the whole the Low Threes have been busy and have had a good time, but confidently look forward to having a better one next term.



THE PENNANT, THE PIN AND THE GIRL

Journal Prize Story



Ramona Attkisson

“COME on, Rex, what’s the use of giving up?”
“Giving up! Who’s giving up? All I say is that the class of 1922 is going to leave Beldox High with the clouds of defeat hanging over them.”

“What’s this about clouds of defeat? Somebody trying to spout poetry?” The question came from one of a group of boys who had just entered the gymnasium.

“Haven’t you heard the news?” glumly inquired the newcomers.

“What news?” asked half a dozen in one breath.

“Why, Dave Harvey is expelled, expelled, mark you,” explained the boy Rex, emphasizing his feelings with a kick at the gymnasium horse.

“Expelled! Dave Harvey expelled!” the entire group gasped and fell back before the bearer of the bad news. “Rex, you don’t mean that Professor Grind has—”

“Yes, I do, and he has. Dave was found to be the ringleader in that affair last week, and, of course, that settled it.”

“The old grouch!” muttered one of the boys, while others spoke in more significant terms, and gazed blankly at the gymnasium ladders, chagrin and anger written plainly on their faces.

“That means that Westworth will keep our pennant another year.” It was Tom’s voice that broke the silence.

"Our pennant?" queried a tall youth who had quietly joined the group in time to hear Tom's remark. "What about our pennant and why should Westworth keep it?"

A momentary silence fell. No one seemed inclined to answer the question asked by Rob Leighton, a fellow who had that autumn entered the school and who knew, as yet, little of the school's traditions. Finally Hugh Foster, after plunging both fists into his pockets, and walking away a step or two, turned suddenly and replied:

"The Beldox High pennant belonged to the class of 1916. It was taken one evening by the Westworth High boys and they have held it as their trophy ever since. The winter following their plunder they challenged the seniors of '16 to race up the river on skates, the pennant to be the prize. We lost. Each winter since the seniors have received a similar challenge. We've lost every time and now we are going to lose again.

"Why?" asked Rob.

"Why!" impatiently exclaimed Hugh, "why, because Dave Harvey was the best skater in Beldox, he was the only one who had a chance to beat Flint, and he's expelled."

"Hm-m. No chance of getting Dave back?" Rob questioned.

"No more than of getting old Ichabod to shave off his whiskers."

"Any boy who is a senior and can skate may take part in this race?" Rob asked.

"Yes. Why? Can you skate? I thought you were from the South," came from several boys at once.

"I lived in New York before I went to Florida, and have skated some," was the quiet response.

"You'll enter the race then?"

Rob shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't been on the ice for over two years, so I shouldn't stand a chance among these fellows who have been practising every winter."

"Try it all the same time. The race will not come off until the first of February, and this is only December. You've plenty of time. Come on now."

"Well, I'll see."

And with this reply they had to be content.

* * * * *

"Well, the challenge has been accepted," was the announcement of Kenneth Cleaves to the Westworth boys scattered about the clubroom.

"I knew it would be," answered one of them. "The Beldox fellows aren't yellow. They accept though they are certain of defeat."

"Certain of defeat?" came back one of them. "Flint is a bully good skater, but Dave Harvey was only two feet behind him last year, and you can't tell what might happen this time."

"Oh, Flint won't be beaten, not by a long shot, so what's the use of borrowing tr—."

"Chip chop, whip whop, skee whee, Vic-to-ry!"

The yell interrupted the speaker, and was followed by the entrance of a group of boys who seemed bursting with eagerness. Falling good-naturedly over one another, they tumbled into the room, all exclaiming at once.

"What do you know about it?"

"Dave Harvey—"

"I say, did you ever—"

"Dave Harvey—"

"Is—is expelled!" finally blurted out one of the number.

"What!" For a moment they were too stunned to speak, then a veritable avalanche of questions fell upon the new comers.

"How did it happen?" seemed to be the most coherent, and to this the last speaker replied:

"I don't know. He got in some trouble. But he's off for good. That leaves nobody there who has a chance against Flint, so the pennant's ours again."

"Sk-rocket for W. H. S.!" And it was given with a will.

* * * * *

It was one of those sharp, clear December mornings when every one delights in being out of doors, a morning when the troubles of yesterday have disappeared, and one is filled with a sense of power over all obstacles. It was with just this spirit that Rob Leighton sought the river that formed the dividing line between Beldox and Westworth. His skates were thrown over his shoulder, and his cap was pushed far back on his head.

He was full of impatience to feel himself gliding over the ice with a swift, sure movement, for this was the first opportunity he had had to taste once more the long-denied pleasure.

But how easily one may forget! Instead of gliding over the frozen surface, Rob found himself trying to keep from measuring his length upon the icy floor. Great was his chagrin, but the greater the difficulty the more fixed became his determination to conquer and he struggled on with his fancy capers for hours until he began to get back some of his former skill.

At last, wearied, and but half satisfied with the results, he threw himself upon a bench where, almost hidden by some bushes he was completely concealed from passers-by. Musing upon the coming contest his glance wandered idly up the stream where he noticed someone skating toward him in a leisurely fashion. As the figure drew nearer he saw that it was a girl enveloped in a fuzzy red sweater, while a tam to match was perched on top of a mass of golden brown hair. Her arms were filled with holly, that swayed to and fro with her graceful motion. As she came close Rob's glance of curiosity faded into one of recognition. He knew that ensemble could belong to no one but Lorna Dale.

His gaze remained riveted upon her, but she did not see him and thus as she passed did not note his start of surprise. He passed his hand across his eyes as if in doubt whether they might be deceiving him. But there could be no mistaking the little gold pin shining against the sweater. So she was wearing it again, the first time, he was certain, since that fatal night.

How well he could remember it, the din of the cheering crowds, the moments of breathless silence broken only by the noise of the players themselves.

"Two minutes to play," the time-keeper was saying as Rob hurried to the other end of the hall, for he was officiating as referee for the the second half of the championship game between Beldox and Westworth. He knew the score stood 14 to 14, and that the last two minutes would likely tip the balance one way or the other.

With straining eyes he watched the players struggle about the Beldox goal. Suddenly his shrill whistle rang out and "Foul on Beldox" he called. But the crowd had seen the ball slip through the Beldox goal and were cheering so madly that he had to blow his whistle several times before he could command attention and called out, "Don't count. Foul."

The ball was hurried to the other end of the field while the spectators stared in blank amazement. The Westworth man took his stand and the ball passed gracefully through the ring.

Not till "Time up" sounded, and the yell of the Westworth men rang through the hall did the crowd realize that the success over which they had been rejoicing but a few moments before had been snatched from them; that the score now stood Westworth 15, Beldox 14. Then hisses and jeers came from all sides.

Rob knew that it was no use to try to explain to excited people that honesty is more than victory. They would not want to understand. He was certain, however, that there was one who would understand and that was Lorna Dale.

He sought her out but she would have none of his explanations. "Why Lorna, surely you don't share the feelings—"

"But I do," she replied. "I'd like to know what you meant by handing that game over to Westworth like that," she snapped.

"But I didn't. Our boys fouled and—"

"Stuff and nonsense. Nobody else saw it. Where's your school spirit? Here," she added, unfastening a tiny gold pin she wore, "I don't care to wear the pin of a traitor to the school."

Rob's astonishment gave way to indignation. He drew himself up proudly and said, "Keep it please, as a pledge that I will prove that I am a loyal member of my school."

Without waiting for an answer he stalked away, and had not seen her since. But today she had worn his pin. He wondered why.

As the eventful day of the race drew near, excitement ran higher with every rising sun. Westworth faces wore smiles of easy confidence while Beldox faces looked grave and anxious. Each day found Rob on the ice, but always somewhat apart from his companions. The same barrier that lay between Lorna and him rose also between him and his classmates.

February first dawned clear and crisp. By two o'clock the bleachers on both sides of the stream were filled to overflowing with happy crowds, those on the one side bearing the red and blue of Beldox, while those on the other flaunted the purple and gold of Westworth.

Between the two white robed cities lay the river, smooth and silent. In a straight line across it stood the skaters, impatient to be off, for up stream before them, on a little mound of snow, the pennant spread its colors to the breeze. Beyond it was a small island. The victor had to secure the pennant, skate around the island, and thence back to the starting point with his prize.

A shot rang out; the line broke. Eyes were strained to see who would take the lead. Soon shouts burst upon the air. "Flint! Flint! Go to it, Flint!"

"Rex! Rex! Rob! Rob Leighton!" came from the other side.

Flint kept the lead but Rob was gaining as they came nearer to the pennant. The crowds were almost wild with excitement. Suddenly Flint made a quick turn, grasped the pennant and was away with it leaving Rob several yards in the rear, but keeping it pluckily at it.

They gained the island and disappeared. But again they came in view, and again Westworth burst forth in tumultuous cheers for Flint was still in the lead. A low disappointed murmur came from Beldox but they could at least send forth encouragement. Thus, as the racers neared the goal Rob heard the cheers from the home shore and above them all he fancied he could hear the voice of a girl in a red sweater, and it was that imagined voice that spurred him on to the impossible.

With the tape only a rod away Rob pushed forward, grabbed the pennant from Flint and tore away with it across the line.

For a moment there was silence, then applause such as only arises from a deed well done. Rob, still holding the pennant, was lifted high upon the shoulders of his fellows and carried triumphantly to the campus, where he deposited the spoils once more in their rightful place.

Under cover of the excitement and shouting Rob moved quietly out of the crowd, and in so doing came face to face with Lorna. Her face was radiant as she cried, "Oh, Rob, it was glorious." And then as he took the proffered hand she added soberly, "Will you forgive me, Rob?"

A moment more and they were surrounded by the happy class of '22, just as she was saying, "You have won back the pin."

Yet Rob distinctly heard, "And the girl" murmured by the snow laden branches of the trees overhead.

RAMONA ATTKISSON.

RAH! RAH! ARCHIE!

ARCHIE was meditating on his chances of getting into to-morrow's game. True, he could boast of only one hundred and twenty pounds net, but he himself admitted that a large share of that was brain, and we all know that that commodity is as rare as it is valuable.

The big game between Blair High School and its traditional enemy, Rosewood, was the event toward which Archie's aspirations were pointed. In former years each school had captured two games, so the present battle was to go to a decision.

Rosewood, which boasted of "Torchy" Prue, the terror of the league, looked impregnable, but Blair never lost a game without a fight. So Archie, the little quarterback of Blair's third squad, predicted a close fracas with Blair in the lead at the final whistle.

This was the trend of Archie's thoughts as he bent over his geometry book. Then, with a final yawn, he closed the book and went to bed.

Came the game. Contrary to all expectations, the coach invited Archie to start the game. With the blast of the whistle he became a veritable demon; he was here, there, and everywhere, a whole team in himself.

The opposition was thoroughly surprised. Torchy Prue was quite unable to perform his usual stunts which were always looked upon as being good for sure gains, because whenever he received the pigskin, Archie was there to plaster him.

Archie, himself, carried the ball for many yards on several occasions. On being tackled he would, like Antaeus, arise with doubled strength. And he was barely conscious of the intermingled shouts of, "Archie! Rah! Rah! Rah! Archie!"

The second half found the dogged grit of each team at par. In the third quarter each one scored a touchdown and a convert, so the beginning of the final quarter found them tied for seven points.

In this last period, the greater experience of Rosewood began to tell, and with machine-like regularity they advanced the ball to the five-yard line, though every yard was bitterly fought. At the five-yard mark Rosewood lost the ball and Archie called signals for an end run—

"Signals! Taylor back! 6-19-8-01." The ball was snapped, Archie received it, and bending low, raced around the end, closely pursued by Torchy Prue. Accompanied by frantic cheers he ran the entire length of the field, Prue constantly gaining. Torchy tipped the scales at 210 pounds and Archie did not cherish the idea of being tackled by him. So with dread behind and hope before, he managed to reach the goal line.

Then three things happened simultaneously; the final whistle blew, Prue hit Archie, Archie hit the ground, but the game was won.

Archie rose to his feet, groped in the darkness, and returned to bed. Of course, he had been dreaming again.

The following day Rosewood smeared Blair to the tune of 53-0. Perhaps Blair's defeat might have been turned into a victory if the coach had behaved as he did in Archie's dream.

LELAND LAZARUS, Dec. '22.

CONCERNING A COLLECTION

LONGLEIGH, the British Consul at Honolulu, leaned back in his swivel chair and surveyed the little, spectacled man sitting opposite him with the utmost respect.

"And so," continued Professor Higgley of the London Royal Academy, "from there I went to Molu-manu where I climbed Koholani. I was somewhat delayed there by running a deadly Kaoui thorn into my foot, but I succeeded in making the summit and my pains were well rewarded for I found dozens of specimens of the rare 'Neonympha sosylius', the only specimen lacking to complete my collection. Ah, but they were beautiful, so inestimably lovely!" The naturalist's eyes lit up with an idealist's appreciation of beauty, and for an instant the little man's face might have been that of a painter speaking of his masterpiece. Then, with a start, he recalled himself.

"I beg pardon, Longleigh. When I get started on my bugs I forget anything else exists. But, as I was about to say, the collection is complete. I have been at work on it for seven months. I would suggest that the government insure it for at least £100,000, nearly full value, for the specimens are so small and fragile that they are liable to be injured."

"I have already received permission from the government for any amount of insurance you deem necessary. You see they have implicit faith in the work of the foremost entymologist of the British Empire," said Longleigh smiling.

The professor blushed, embarrassed at the praise.

"I shall get the expressman this afternoon and personally attend to the packing. The collection is at present at the Aleolani Hotel. I had—er—a little disagreement with the host so I have been stopping at the club for the past few days. My rooms are paid for, however, and are locked, so the stuff is safe. They would not disturb it I'm sure.

"Very well, Higgley, I'll be over to-morrow to see your bugs," said Longleigh, and the professor departed.

* * * * *

Out on the lani of the Aleolani Hotel, Bridget Mulhaney fanned herself wearily with a palm leaf fan. Norah Sullivan, her boon companion, sitting opposite her at the little table where they were having "tay", regarded her a bit enviously.

"Shure, an' I'm thinkin' yu're havin' it purty aisy here, Bridget Mulhaney, sittin' down ivery afternoon fur tay."

"Well, you may think so, Norah Sullivan, but I'll have yez know it's no bed av roses I'm afther lyin' in. Shure, it's bad enough to be livin' here in this haythen place without workin' for a craythure like that," nodding toward the palm court where Burton Kingley sat smoking his eternal Havana.

Kingley was a thin, brown man of Saxon appearance, yet who showed in his attitude and movements a strong trace of Polynesian laziness. Whatever his indefinable ancestry, his weak, dissipated face told that he had inherited many of the vices and few of the virtues of each race.

He was then engaged in shouting some instructions to his crew of Filipino boys, instructions punctuated by lurid oaths aided by the tall dark bottle on the table.

"Shure, an' he's that way all the time, cursin' an' abusin' whin he's drunk, and mane an' insultin' whin he's sober. He's always fightin' with some av the guests. Just the other day he started cursin' that little perfesser man (him that's always ketchin' bugs, ye mind) an' all because the pore man refused to pay the craythure three months board in advance. The gall av him!"

"Well, shure, it's a bad timper he's in this day, judgin' by the fuss that's goin' on out there," said Norah, cocking her head toward the court. "An' I was yerself, I'd be up an' leavin' him an' his haythen hotel."

"I'm thinkin' I'd better be lookin' out there to see phwat he's tryin' to do," replied Bridget. "Beloike he's afther throwin' somebody's belongings into the sthreet. I'm the only wan around here that kin face him whin he's in a timper. There niver was a man in the wurruld that Bridget Mulhaney was scairt of (savin' of an Irishman of a Saturday night)."

So saying, Bridget arose and went to the top of the stairs leading to the court. There she stopped short as if petrified; and indeed the sight she beheld was enough to astound the most valiant mortal. There was Gaccio, the Filipino house boy gingerly descending the stairs with a huge octopus dangling over one arm, a stuffed crane on the other arm, and a box of gaudy butterflies in his hands. After him followed what appeared to be a whole army of boys laden with every species of insect that grew in Hawaii.

For a moment this amazing spectacle so stunned Bridget that she was unable to comprehend its meaning. Then it suddenly dawned on her, they were moving the "perfesser's kerlection!" They had dared to lay their clumsy hands on the loving and careful labors of the kindly little professor! Bridget's loyal blood began to boil, for the professor had been very kindly and considerate to her, and besides, she had reached the point where she was "jist itchin' to tell Burton Kingley phwat she thought of him." Remembering that she was a descendant of Brian Boru and with eyes flashing and hands on hips she charged.

Burton Kingley had been in many a desperate encounter with all kinds of people from Chinese coolies to Zulu head hunters, but had never been so completely routed as in this encounter with Bridget. The last thing he remembered after the smoke of battle cleared away was peering warily out of the dining-room window, whither he had fled for refuge, and watching Bridget directing the Filipino boys to replace the "kerlection." This was accomplished to the tune of "Take care, there, ye black limb of Satan that nary a wan o' thim gits broke or ye'll hear from me" and similar admonitions.

At five o'clock that afternoon when the professor drove up with the expressman all was calm and serene. When he opened his door and saw his treasures just as he had left them he heaved a sigh of relief.

As the last box was carefully tucked away and the big truck started slowly toward the dock, the professor turned to Bridget and said, "Well, I'm glad it is on its way. I had a sort of fear that it might not be quite safe; it was foolish of course; no one would have any reason to disturb it."

"No wan savin' a lunatic or a mane, low down crayture," agreed Bridget emphatically, but some inborn code of loyalty to even such an employer as Kingley forbade her betraying him.

"I'm really sorry to be leaving. In spite of Mr. Kingley's rather unfriendly attitude I have enjoyed my stay here."

"Shure, sorr, you're no more sorry than I am that you're lavin' for, savin' yer presence you're the foinest guest we've had in mony a day."

"Thank you, Bridget," smilingly answered the professor. "There was something else I wanted to speak to you about. You see, my wife and my two small sons are to meet me in San Francisco and we shall then go home together by the way of Ireland. We will need some one to take care of the boys and I was wondering if you would care to come with us in that capacity."

"Would I *care* to come! Shure, an' that's foolish question to a gurr! that has a mother and six brothers and sisters in County Clare. 'Tis an angel straight from hiven yez are, sor!"

"My thanks are due to you, Bridget. You have been of great service to me and to the collection. I'm sure you will take just as good care of my two little male bipeds."

"I don't know phwat kind of animals thim be, sorr, but I'll take just as good care of thim as I did of yer 'kerlection'."

HELEN GROWNEY.



RANGOR HEAD

AS Joel Tallofero mounted the high, rocky cleft which extended so far down the beach that the thundering surf often times broke over it, he was forced to pull his weather-beaten hat down more tightly on his head, and to button up his jacket at the neck, for the icy wind was developing into a gale. As he gazed out into the growing gloom he noticed that now and then great gusts of white mist came racing in from the sea only to be dispersed against the jagged rocks and the tall, gloomy trees.

To his left, and somewhat back from the beach far below, lay the gray and battered little fishing village of Radulgo, so like its surroundings that Joel first mistook it for some extraordinary natural placement of large boulders in neat little rows. But tiny figures moved about and a light or two twinkled in the dusk, and thin streaks of wind-blown smoke arose and darted away from the almost indistinguishable chimneys.

Joel turned toward the gorge and heaved a great sigh. The village of Radulgo was his haven for the night. There, he promised himself, he would have a big bowl of steaming-hot soup and a bed to rest his tired legs in.

He began to descend into the thickening mist by way of the steep, narrow path. Suddenly he felt something touch his shoulder. He swung around to see a shriveled, bent, old man staring at him with eyes that seemed fathomless. His white, stringy hair clung close and dripping to cheeks that were seamed with countless fine lines and wrinkles.

"Good evening to you, sir," he said in a high, thin voice with a trace of an accent. "Where be ye bound for at this late hour and in such a smother o' weather?"

"To the village of Radulgo," answered Joel.

The old man's eyes grew troubled.

"But, sir, why do you go to the village when my cozy inn lies but a short distance away, and is sheltered from the weather more than yon open coast? Come, sir, let me take ye to it. You have but to see my de—."

"I am going to Radulgo for my lodging to-night, sir," interrupted Joel, and then bethinking himself added, less curtly, "Thank you, just the same."

At this the old man turned and set off so swiftly that his figure soon disappeared in the mist.

As Joel reached the first of the low, bleak huts of the village, he rubbed his eyes. Surely he had seen signs of life there just a short while before. Where had everybody gone? All the windows seemed to be tightly shuttered and smoke now rose from but one of the miserable chimneys. Still wondering he went up to the door of this house and knocked.

As the door was opened it revealed a small, thin woman of middle age who said she was the Widow Drageon and who agreed to give him food and a bed if he were bent upon staying the night in Radulgo. Joel entered, unslung his kit, and ate the good, hot food that the woman soon placed before him. Meantime he questioned his hostess somewhat, but could get no satisfactory answers, so, upon the completion of his meal he arose and started out to see what he could find out about the queer place.

But the widow ran before him and stood in the doorway.

"Please, sir, take an old woman's word," she said, "and don't venture up the beach to-night. The fye-token was seen among the dunes last night and that betokens dreadful happenings. Above all, sir, don't go near Rangor Head, for there's the most harm."

"Then Rangor Head is where I shall go," replied the youth as he brushed by her and went out into the storm.

As he strode along bracing himself against the rising gale, the mist became so thick that he could not see ten feet on any side, and he was forced to follow the surf to keep from wandering from the way. The mist was no longer clean and white. It was dark and seeming foul and by this Joel knew that it was the dreaded fog that had come from beyond the Head.

"What a night for those at sea!" he muttered to himself, as the thundering pound and roar of the huge breakers told only too well of the hidden rocks. "The good God have mercy on anyone who may be out there."

He had other perplexing thoughts to occupy his mind. Why had the inhabitants of Radulgo hurried into their houses at his coming, locked and shuttered the windows and doors, and put out their fires? Why had they peered out at him so evilly as he passed? And the queer old man, what of him? The people might be smugglers, but there seemed nothing tangible to hang this suspicion upon. Anyway, he decided, the widow had been right, something was due. So he struggled on against the wind, his mind keyed to adventure.

A whisper passed him, a hand touched his shoulder. Joel's nerves were so tightly strung that he jumped back, startled, to confront the same old man he had seen not long before on the high cleft above, and who now stood bent and shivering and looking even older and more fragile.

"Surely, sir, you aren't a-goin' on to Rangor Head. 'Tis no place for them as is not acquainted with hereabouts. Best return to the village, sir. I'll lead ye the way."

But Joel answered stoutly, "I'm goin' to Rangor Head if it takes me all night to get there."

And as before he marched off leaving the old man over whose face had come a look of apprehension. As he walked Joel imagined he heard footsteps, but resolved to pay no attention and kept right on until he found himself under the mysterious shadow of Rangor Head.

The gloom and fog were now so thick that he was unable to make out the form of the cliff, and could see only a portion of the ragged shore beneath. The breakers hissed and roared as in a monstrous seething cauldron and Joel shuddered as he saw the sharp-edged rocks uncovered momentarily in the trough of the oncoming waves.

"What a ghastly place," he thought, "and no kindly beacon to warn honest ships."

Even as he framed the thought, he saw, to his horror, the sails and masts of a topsail schooner standing close in and driving straight for Rangor Head.

He shouted wildly but his feeble voice had no chance against that of the gale. Through rifts in the mist he caught occasional glimpses of the vessel and once he

thought he heard a crash and human cries, and said to himself, "Saint Peter! She's gone!" At any rate he saw the schooner no more.

It was no use to go to the village for help. No boat could live in that smother, even had the villagers been willing to help, so he stood and watched.

Presently a drenched and dripping figure crawled up the rocks and fell exhausted at his feet. The straight, black hair clung to a yellow face in which the closed eyes were set obliquely. But the remarkable thing about the countenance was a look of terror that seemed to make itself felt even through his unconsciousness. Joel attempted to rouse him, but the man was too far gone, so he picked him up and staggered back toward Radulgo with his burden. This was no easy task against the beating of the storm, and by the time Joel had accomplished it the night had fallen—a night as black as the pit.

When the widow saw the yellow man she shrieked and hid behind the door. But Joel got the heathen dry clothing, gave him some hot brandy, and rolled him in a blanket on his own bed. Then he caught up his hat and started back to Rangor Head through a town as quiet as the grave.

As he neared the Head two lights twinkled into existence near the shore. Men's voices came clearly to him above the noise of the abating storm, but he could not catch the words. Then he saw great piles of something—cases, apparently—stacked higher than his head. It looked like cargo; yes, and plenty of it.

Before he had time to speculate further, he found himself running back toward Radulgo pursued by several ugly individuals who meant business of a kind not healthy for him.

He rushed headlong into the widow's house to find her in a panic and the yellow man gone. She swore that she knew nothing of the vile creature, and to avoid further questioning, shut herself in her room muttering incoherencies.

With his mental questions answered and himself safe, for the time at any rate, Joel lay down to get some needed rest.

But he had not been thus an hour when he was awakened by the slightest sound at his side. He lay still, scarcely daring to breathe for several moments. Then the bony, crooked hand of the old man of the mist passed over his face and the faintest of whispers reached his ears. Joel strained to catch the words:

"Go! Go Kulae! Go while ye may!" A faint noise as of crumpled paper was audible.

Joel shot out his arm in the direction of the voice but encountered only vacancy. He arose immediately and made a light but the old man was nowhere to be seen.

He turned and picked up a crumpled wad which proved to be some bills wrapped up in a dirty sheet of paper upon which he read: "It is hereby agreed that Kulae shall run the schooner Arthgallo upon Rangor Head for the sum of £20."

The message had evidently been intended for the yellow man. These villagers were wreckers and this stranger had been their tool. Their peculiar actions were explained now. No wonder they had remained out of sight and warned Joel away from Rangor Head.

A lone night bird screamed overhead. The lad had no further desire to remain in the village. And as for the old man of the mist, well, he had encountered him three times and that was more than enough. So he gathered up his kit and stole silently out into the night.

BEN HOLLADAY, June '23.

GENEVIEVE

KENNETH never did go in much for this romantic stuff until—he met Genevieve. Then his life which had been naught but baseball, football, and hot dogs was changed to dances, picnics, nut sundaes, and Genevieve. She was, of course, perfection, not the ordinary type of girl at all. You bet, she'd never cut a dance or break a date—Oh, no, not Genevieve.

It was rather a shame, however, that when Ken had found his ideal she had to go away. Some fussy old aunt in the East had sent for her, and there only remained a very short time before she would leave. This was hard for Ken to bear. He knew he would never forget her; he wasn't the sort to forget easily. He would be ever faithful and to prove his attachment he would, each day, place a fresh flower in a little vase below her picture.

The romance of this idea thrilled him. He felt certain that when he told her his plan, after asking her, of course, what her favorite flower might be, that she would recognize the depth of his devotion and be inspired to noble deeds throughout her life, even though he might not be near to guide her.

On his way to Genevieve's home he planned everything as it should happen, how he would tell her of his faithfulness, and when he asked her favorite flower how she would softly whisper that she cherished the beauty of the rose, or perhaps the forget-me-not (that would be so appropriate), and when he explained his wonderful plan how she would be awed.

Kenneth was not the only one, however, who came to say good-bye. Many family friends were there, some of them rather too good looking and too near his own age to suit him; but she declared them family friends and so, of course, they must be. It was late in the evening, therefore, before he had a chance for a word alone.

"You can't imagine how bad I feel about your going away," he began.

"It is just about breaking my heart to have to leave," answered the fair Genevieve.

"You know, I shall never forget you, Genevieve, even though thousands of miles separate us, and each day I shall pay tribute to your sweet memory."

"Oh, but I'm not dying, and after all, they say the world is small."

"But I mean it and er—by the way, what is your favorite flower?"

"Hm—let me see. Not roses, they're too common; as for sweet william, the scent gives me a headache, don't you know. Well, I'd say the orchid was my favorite flower. Why?"

"Er—ah—just wanted to know. Have to go now. Hope you have a pleasant trip. Yes, I'll write. Goodbye."

DOROTHEA MEYER, Dec. '22.

OFF AND ON

PHILIP ROGERS was in love. The evidence was furnished by his distracted air and listless manner. He even put salt in his coffee, poured cream in his soup, and was about to add sugar, when he was brought to by his mother's voice saying sharply: "Phil, that's soup!"

The reason for Phil's disturbed mentality was a golden-haired, blue-eyed, pink and white senior girl whom he had met at the freshman dance. As he was sitting dejectedly in a corner at that affair, he saw a fairy like apparition floating toward him. As it came up it murmured: "Please, would you dance this with me? I have no partner and I do hate to sit out dances by myself."

"Er-oh-yes, of course!" he stammered and then recovered enough to add, "with pleasure" as they swung out onto the floor in his best style (privately he considered it very good, too) while from the orchestra floated the delicious strains of "That Haunting Waltz."

Waltzes are so romantic, anyway, and with this charming girl in his arms Phil was completely subjugated.

The next dance he had engaged with a girl about his own age, a dark-haired, brown-eyed youngster who had erstwhile reigned as the lady of his heart.

"Goodness!" he thought critically as he danced with her to-night, "Helen's only a child. She hasn't any class at all. I always did prefer blondes anyway."

The dance ended with a curt "Thanks", he hurried to the side of his golden-haired divinity asking eagerly, "May I have the next dance," and breathed again only when she beamed on him and answered, "Yes."

During the course of that dance his elation continued and when Ruth suggested that he call on her next evening, he thought the gates of Paradise had opened.

"Oh, yes, thanks, I'd like to awfully," he accepted in his best imitation of a man-of-the-world manner, trying to conceal the turmoil within, and to appear as if calling on senior girls were an every day occurrence.

The next evening found the Rogers home in the midst of a great upheaval, from which Philip finally emerged looking like he had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox. With his black oxfords shined to a nicety, his artfully tailored suit faultlessly pressed, and his wheat colored hair duly "stacombed," he was a picture to make any girl's heart beat faster.

Upon his arrival at Ruth's home a trim maid ushered him into the drawing room. There he found a handsome young fellow of twenty-one or so whose black marcel was in sharp contrast to his sleek locks.

"Her brother perhaps," he thought and seated himself to await Ruth's arrival. She entered about fifteen minutes later accompanied by a little dark-haired girl whom he instantly recognized.

"Oh," was Ruth's greeting, "it's Philip, my little friend of the freshman dance. This, Philip, is my cousin Helen Murray, who is staying with me this week end. I thought it would be nice if you would amuse her while Harry here—by the way, let me introduce you to Mr. Ross, Mr. Rogers—takes me to the Hillcrest Country Club dance. I know Helen would adore having some one her own age with her; it is so much more interesting."

Fortunately, Ruth had rattled on without giving Philip or any one else an opportunity to say anything. Philip for one was temporarily incapable of speech, not to mention thought. In a trance he agreed to everything. It was only when Ruth and her escort were departing that his mental processes began to be more coherent and he reflected, "Oh, well, Helen's a good looker and, anyway, I always did prefer dark hair."

BERNICE WINDT, Dec. '22.



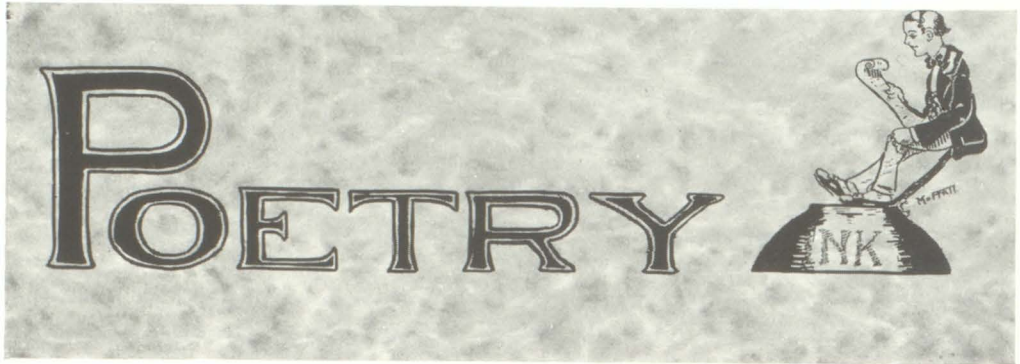
TAKE ME BACK TO WAIKIKI

When the cold, gray fog creeps into San
Francisco from the sea,
There's a yearning in my heart comes
To be back at Waikiki,
It is twilight in Hawaii,
'Neath the flaming tropic sky,
And the liquid sunshine's falling
In the blue lagoon near by;
There's a strumming of the "ukies"
Like some distant tribal hum;
And the surf is booming softly,
Scarcely louder than a hum.

The cocoa palms are beckoning
With their slender shadow hands
To the gentle, dusky maidens,
In the shining silver sands;
While in the sparkling waters,
Where the flying fishes play,
The Kanaka boys are riding
On their surf-boards in the bay.

Thus the day melts into night
On the beach at Waikiki;
There's a lure about the tropics
And the lovely southern sea,
That is calling, softly calling
To the pagan soul in me:
"O, come back, O northern maiden,
Come a-sailing 'cross the sea,
To the land of fond Aloha,
To the beach at Waikiki."

HELEN GROWNEY.



A LAUGH

Come have a laugh, 'twill drive away
The cares that crossed your path to-day.

For laughs, like stars in darkest night,
Can make life's firmament more bright;

Can drain the cup of last regret;
Can deepest griefs make us forget;

Can heal the wound of sharpest thorn;
Can make life's evening seem but morn;

Can cheer the heart that throbs to pain;
Can dry the tear that flows in vain;

Can take us back in fancy free,
To golden days in Araby,

Where loving mem'ries brightly shine,
Amid the scenes of Auld Lang Syne.

HELEN GROWNEY.



DREAMS

Oh, some I've known and loved who passed,
To reach a calmer stream,
But yet I see them, hear their voices,
In what man calls a dream.

But then they seem back here again,
The same ones I did know;
And then we talk and laugh as we
Once did so long ago.

But yet, it cannot be. No dream
Could such real color give.
I wonder if it is by day,
Or is't in dreams I really live.

J. W.



WEEDS

Small round balls of black and white
Upon a dusty stem,
Perfect in mould, yet all so free,
Who stops to look at them?

Given to grace the ways of men,
Charged to be full and strong,
Never to die, to despair; yet who
Sees as he treads along?

Unhappy life that thou must live
For them that will not see;
Breathing the world, thy beauteous health
And perfect symmetry.

If, in that self same form thou wert
Rarer to find, thy store
I wonder if, by all mankind,
'Twould not be relished more?

BETTY KING.



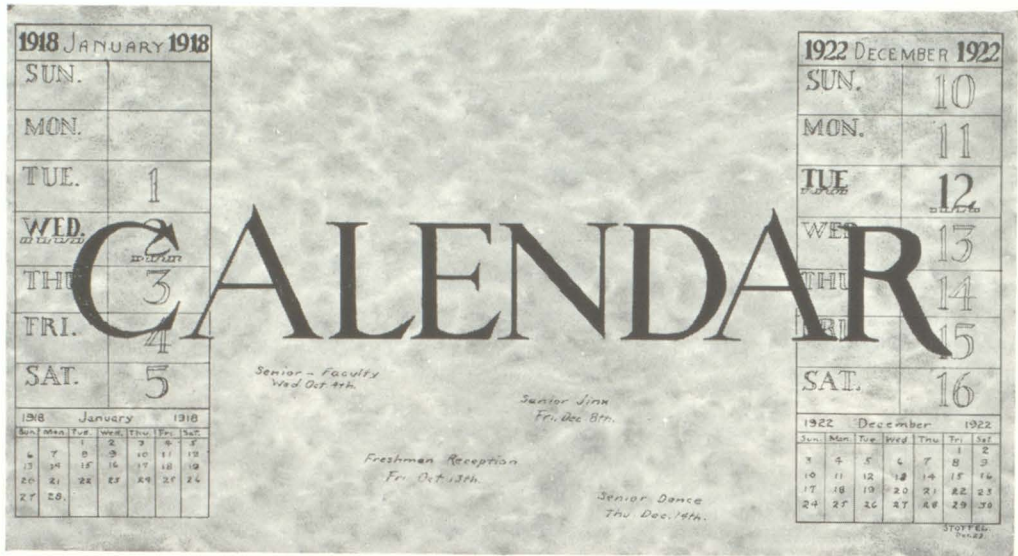
TAPS

Soft and sweetly, mild and low,
Stilled must be all sound;
Lights in camp are dying slow,
Stilled must be all sound.

Time for toil is ending,
Dark her own must keep;
Taps—as lights are dying
Men sink to rest and sleep.

With me when work is ended,
To please my soul the best,
Sound taps, o'er flag-draped coffin,
And leave me there at rest.

J. W.



FALL TERM 1922

- Aug. 7—Grand buzz in the halls; 2,400 students register under the newly introduced platoon system.
- 8—Everybody tearing hair—programs!
- 10—Some Polyites trying to buckle down to work, others fondly dreaming of vacation days.
- 14—Last named having fond dreams replaced by nightmares; plenty of math. chem. etc. assigned for homework.
- 15—Student Body Officers all said to have sworn oath of office. Classes choose their favorites for term's officers.
- 21—First Student Body wrangling of the semester. Wallie Smith triumphantly wields the gavel in Room 420.
- 25—Hurrah! Our school is 100%.
Rally held to congratulate students—kid 'em along and make 'em think they did all the work.
First hop of the season. All fair belles present—beaux too.
- 31—Ha, ha, boys! Girls have one on you; they hold exclusive rally.
- Sept. 4—Labor Day, but not for us; we have vacation.
- 8—You bet the football dance was a success. Red and black programs 'n everything.
- 12—The day of days. Our printing press installed.

- 16—Our nifty team defeats Santa Clara Preps; score 18-0.
- 21—Captain Harris tells us all about the wilds of Australia, the kangaroos and the Bushmen.
- 23—Lots of rooters turn out. In spite of our enthusiastic yelling the team goes back on us and loses to Berkeley High.
- 24—No noise of soup eating heard in the caf! Jean Knotts' Jazz Band plays, outdoing our hungry students.
- 29—All ze soldiers slick and spick. R. O. T. C. dance held. Mystery solved.
- 30—All girl Student Body officers attend a conference in San Mateo and bring back many ideas. Luncheon served at the Blue Moon Inn. Poly girls play Sequoia High.
- Oct. 4—Senior-Faculty game. Who said the faculty looked glum? Peppy Press Rally is held in the inner court. Lot of well-known girls look stiff! Explanation: Newspaper dresses worn.
- 5—Girls score again—"no boys allowed."
Montague light opera singers perform in the evening.
- 7—Poly plays Richmond.
Boating Club dance at Masonic Hall. A great success.
- 9—Weight basketball is started.
- 11—Why does everyone look on Friday the thirteenth as a lucky day? Are we losing our superstitions?
- 13—At last an explanation. The freshman reception is held in great style. We have all-day suckers, pirates, tumblers and what not. Scrubs giggle in glee.
Jynx edition of the Polytechnic sets a new standard for such efforts.
Poly's weight basketball team defeats Sequoia.
- 14—U. C. Goofs and Poly play friendly (?) little game of football.
- Oct. 17—Harry Frank flashes huge diamond just like Arlie's which is declared by critics to be Woolworth the price he paid for it.
- 20—Soft strains soothe sophomore sorrows.
Football rally in the inner court. Faculty quartet makes big hit.
- 21—We lose to Lick in first S. F. A. L. game of season.
- 26—Girls make fudge and hold a successful candy sale for the benefit of the press fund. Everybody cries, "We want more!"
- 27—Can you beat those boys! They held a rally all by themselves, selfish things!
Cub edition of the paper out. What's bruin?
Eighth wonder of the Poly world! Neil Brown is observed in side yard wielding a hoe! Wonder if Mr. Addicott could explain?
- 30—Poly-Commerce game. We won!

- Nov. 1—Piano recital held in the auditorium by our talented little play fellows.
- 3—We debate Girls High and lose. But we're still good sports.
- 4—Oh, what a good time we had at the Girls Jynx! Skits, dances, eats.
Nobody missed the boys at all.
- 8—Football rally in the morning. Bully!
- 9—Poly-Lowell game.
- 10—Armistice Day exercises held in the afternoon.
- 15—Forum Club banquet held. Yes, everybody happy, thank you.
- 17—The Junior dance-c'est tres bien.
- 23—The Drama Club presents "As You Like It." Certainly we liked it.
How could we help it with such an all-star cast?
- 29—Press Club day and dance. Circus! We'll say so.
- 30—Thanksgiving. Vacation. Turkey.
- Dec. 1—Also vacation.
- 2—"Winter Informal" given by Alumni Association at the Palace Hotel.
Those of both past and present fame show and have the best time ever.
- 4—Journal out. Once more the mad cry resounds "Sign my book!".
Isn't it awful to be popular?
- 11—Senior Jynx and dance. Nuff said.
- 12—Farewell, Oh, ye Seniors! Graduation—an intermingling of sadness
and joy, some of the latter on the teacher's part.
- 13—Senior dance at the Fairmont.
- 15—Last day till after New Year. Vale atque vale!





The Student Body
The Polytechnic Bi-Weekly
The Press Club
The Forum Club
The Drama Club
The Honor League
The Poster Club
The Radio Club
The Parent-Teacher Club
The Orchestras
The Alumni
The R. O. T. C.



THE STUDENT BODY

THE Student Body has been very industrious this term in planning ways to benefit the school besides carrying on the routine work that every group of officers finds necessary.

The campaign for Student Body dues, the first work of the term falls on the treasurers. It is never easy to gather in fifty-cent pieces from every one in the school, but this time, although we had the largest attendance in our history, one hundred per cent was attained in four days. Room 423 was the first to reach this desired goal and was presented with a banner to signalize the achievement. Treasurer Eugene Harrington and his assistant, Ralph Quast, deserve credit for the business-like manner in which the campaign was conducted.

Extraordinary care has been taken this semester to ban outsiders from our school dances, and the results have been very satisfactory. The Student Body officers aided the dance committee by taking turns watching the doors and as a result our bi-weekly hops have been less crowded and more enjoyable in many respects. The members of the dance committee now have badges, which makes them seem more official and certainly make them look twice as important.

Another achievement which we may point to with pride is the acquisition of a printing press. This was installed early in October. Though it is a small one it provides a nucleus for what we hope will be a complete plant in the not too distant future.

Student control is practised to a greater or less extent in most high schools and Polytechnic is no exception. Our officers have had some experience during the past term in trying cases of offenders against various school laws and regulations, organizing themselves into a court with judge, attorneys and jury. This type of activity is sure to grow in importance and will benefit not only the officers who take active part, but will tend to improve the spirit of the entire school.

Projects for a "Field and Labor" day in which the whole school would take part, cleaning up the building and grounds in the morning and devoting the afternoon to a general good time, were discussed; but it seemed too great an undertaking so a less ambitious plan was adopted. Several hundred erasers were purchased and distributed among Student Body officers and teachers who wore them dangling from strings in conspicuous places. These erasers were intended for use, and every one wearing one was asked to erase any marks he might notice on the walls of the building. This popularized the clean-up idea and has had a beneficial effect. Plans were also made to improve the school grounds and inner courts and to plan new grass and shrubs.

Recently interest has been renewed in the formation of a San Francisco High School Student Bodies Association with the purpose of periodically bringing together the officers of the various high schools to discuss common interests and projects. Polytechnic is taking the lead in the organization of this association and looks for an early realization of the plans.

The Student Body was deeply grieved at the recent death of our friend and teacher, Miss Edwina Frary, and plans are under way to establish a memorial as a tribute to her work at Polytechnic.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

*Marion Brune
Eugene Harrington
R. Peter Quast
Margaret Simpson*

*Walter Smith
Frances Bepler
Miriam Hook
Lloyd Whitney*

*Betty King
Walter Strand
John Stoffel
Hazel Addicott*

Polytechnic

Page Fifty-seven

Our last term's faculty banker, Mr. Dixon, left early in the term for a year of travel and study in Europe. The Student Body regretted his departure and missed his kindly advice and assistance. They presented him with a gold fountain pen as a token of their regard. Mr. Nielsen has been appointed to succeed Mr. Dixon. The faculty has been represented this semester by Miss Fisher, formerly of Santa Rosa High School.

The Student Body officers worked well both individually and collectively. President Walter Smith showed the school that he knew how to handle the gavel. Marion Brune, as first vice-president, has always been ready for any duty that came up. Betty King, our journalist and second vice-president, has done good work as chairman of the Finance Committee. Treasurer Eugene Harrington and his two assistants, Ralph Quast and Henry Burkhard, have proved to be three invincibles. John Stoffel looked after all athletic affairs. He can do that as well as he can play baseball and that is saying a great deal. Custodian Lloyd Whitney exercised a monarch's rights over the athletic equipment and also found time to take an active part in all student affairs.

* * * * *

The Girls' Student Body has also been unusually active this term. At the first girls rally of the term the following officers were installed: Marion Brune, President; Frances Beppler, Vice-President; Hazel Addicott, Treasurer; Miriam Hook, Secretary; Margaret Simpson, Athletic Manager.

Each one has made her influence felt about school and has helped to keep up the high standard of our girls.

The girls who represented the classes at the Girls' Student Body meetings have also been very helpful in making suggestions and carrying out plans. Next term, at the class elections, representatives to the Girls' Student Body will be elected as well as representatives to the regular Student Body.

Meetings were held regularly every two weeks, and various events such as rallies, girls jynx, and a candy sale were discussed, as well as plans for the rest room and other welfare and social work. By the way, our rest room has been "dolled up" with cretonne drapes and bed spreads and looks very cheerful.

The girls jynx held on Nov. 4 was a great success. Skits were put on by the various classes and these were followed by dancing and a general good time.

Plans of a banquet to the football team were also carried out, the officers serving as waitresses. A candy sale on Oct. 26 for the benefit of the press fund caused much merriment and netted a nice sum for the desired purpose.

One interesting feature of the team's work was the conference of Girls' Student Body officers from high schools around the bay held at San Mateo High School. Numerous phases of school life were discussed and ideas exchanged. It was determined to make this an annual affair. Next year it will be held at Berkeley. Poly has decided to join the association and to send delegates to each meeting.

JOURNALISM

IF the future of journalism in Polytechnic may be judged by the manner in which it has developed and expanded during the past two or three terms, we may look for truly wonderful results. This subject, which was formerly treated as a side line for a few ambitious English sharks, and occasionally as an outlet for pent-up inspirations of the poetically inclined, is rapidly building up a department all its own.

At present three classes of about twenty-five students each devote their time to this work. The classes are made up exclusively of third and fourth year pupils, who, in addition to this formal requirement must be recommended by two former English teachers. By this means a group of workers is gathered, each one of whom fits into his own particular niche leaving no room for drones. Should such appear they are soon dropped.

Our regular publications are two in number, the bi-weekly "Polytechnic" an eight-page paper with a circulation of 2,000, and the semi-annual Journal, a magazine of more than a hundred pages with a circulation of 1,200.

Miss Gleeson and Miss Bell take alternate terms conducting the Low Three and the High Three classes. At present Miss Bell is piloting the aspiring young cubs through a sea of notes on the theory of newspaper writing, with an occasional adventurous cub making a contribution to the Polytechnic. These cubs "did their stuff" for us by putting out the Cub Edition of the bi-weekly all by themselves. Forrest Anderson, the editor, with his flock of assistants, caused some speculation as to next term when our cubs can no longer be so classified but are regular bears and on the job all the time.

Miss Gleeson's High Three class was reinforced with plenty of new material this semester, which gave new ambition to our veterans, many of whom were still there to lead the way. Al Batchelder, the editor, made it rough for any unlucky or lazy young bruin who failed to come through with his stuff. Ralph Ryan, as managing editor, has shown another side of the ability which won him fame in "Clead Clatter." Rudy and Terkelsen proved an effective combination in extracting ads from the thriftiest of merchants. Of course, "Kween Kwince" needs no introduction to those who read our paper for Betty King and her little old typewriter have established a precedent in "Miss Geerlz Page," which is devoted to extolling the virtues (and otherwise) of our flappers. May their tribe increase! In spite of his innocent expression, Jack Lane is a regular bear when it comes to the sporting page. Lloyd Whitney, our jolly "Phat Wun," naturally ran the funny page. If official jokers were in order, Lloyd, of "Little Rollo" fame would certainly be elected.

Each year we have several special editions of the paper. The Jinx edition of Friday, October 13th made all other efforts of the kind look like the work of amateurs. It was one grand mixup from the first page to the last—if you could find either one. As an example of what should not be, it was truly a work of art.

The football edition on the day of the Poly-Lowell game was the most ambitious of these specials. It carried an unusual number of cuts arranged in an original and attractive manner, and was a huge success.

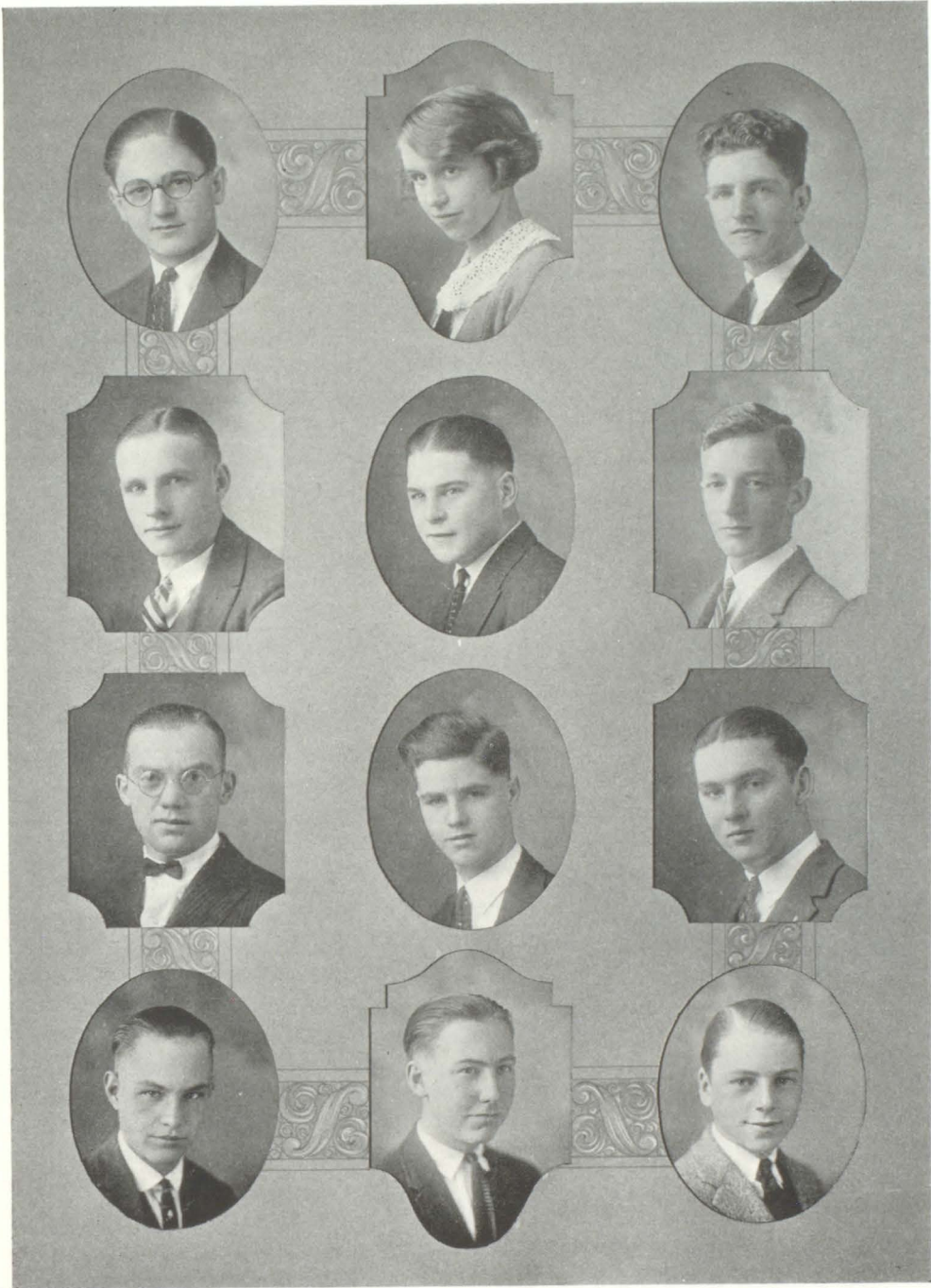
The Low Four Class, commonly referred to as the Journal Class is in charge of Miss Smittle and takes care of the Journal mentioned before. This magazine is now under student body control, but is financed by advertising. This term the managerial staff was picked through a competitive contest conducted in the class. The student who brought in the largest number of ads during a certain period was to be appointed advertising manager, the one making second place was to be appointed manager. The first position fell to Albert Elledge, and the second to William Weiss. Marion Brune and Bernice Windt were made joint editors, their experience gained on last term's Journal making them doubly valuable in this capacity. Ralph Ryan edited the sports. When you read those pages you will agree with us that he has a wonderful line. Oscar Reichenbach worked overtime on the joke pages. These leaders were ably assisted by other members of the class. In another place acknowledgment is accorded to those students outside the Journal class who gave help of many varieties.

The Press Club, which was organized in the early part of last semester for the purpose of promoting interest in all matters pertaining to newspaper work, is now one of our leading organizations. Membership is open to those who have passed the cub stage and are actively contributing to the Polytechnic or the Journal.

The Press rally, held in conjunction with the Senior-Faculty game rally, took place in the inner court, and incidentally relieved us of an entire period of school work. "Battling" Whitney and "Scotty" Crawford, the "Terror of the Highlands" (height four feet nothing) entertained us with three fast and furious rounds in which "Scotty" knocked our battler for a row of kilties, much to the horror of his many admirers. Following this the Faculty Quartet favored us with some snappy numbers, Mr. Addicott acting as chief performer. During all this the fairer followers of the Press, arrayed in the latest creations made of newspapers, sold Journal tickets to the audience.

It is largely due to the efforts of the Press Club that we are now the proud possessors of a real printing press which, although not large enough to print the paper or the Journal, takes care of all the incidental printing about school such as tickets, programs, dance programs and circulars. Room 420 is the headquarters and Jimmy McDougall is chief pressman. He has, for a long time, been getting out a paper of his own of which he is editor, business manager, and printer, and so is not inexperienced in the kind of work required. Best of all, we are looking forward to a big press and a well-equipped plant at some time in the not too distant future.





POLYTECHNIC STAFF

*Jack Lane
James Smith
Alan Batchelder
Walter Smith*

*Betty King
Lloyd Whitney
Sidney Freake
Wesley Terkelsen*

*Ralph Ryan
Carl Schmidt
Leslie Rudy
Eugene Harrington*

PRESS CLUB



*Alan Batchelder
Grace Winter
Ralph Ryan*

THE Press Club which was organized about a year ago for the purpose of furthering interest in journalism and in the support of the school publications, has rapidly become one of the school's foremost organizations.

Credit for bringing a printing press to Poly and thus forming the nucleus of a larger printing plant is due to the Press Club, for without the untiring efforts of this club the press would yet be nothing more than a fond dream.

The rally given under the auspices of the Press Club on Wednesday, October fourth, in order to arouse enthusiasm for the Senior-Faculty ball game and interest in Journal tickets was a huge success both in the accomplishment of its purpose and in the line of entertainment.

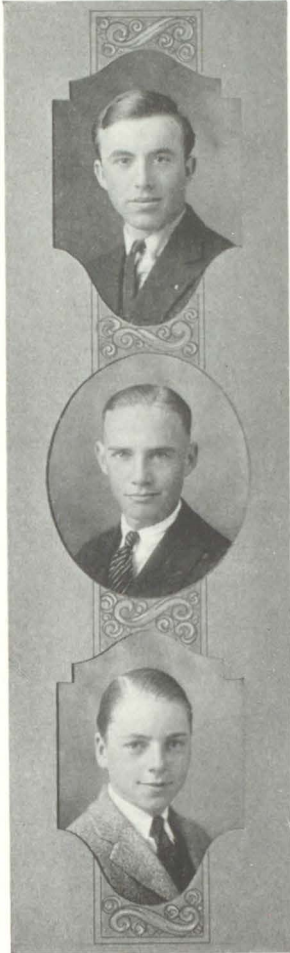
No one who attended this rally will forget the fight which was staged for the heavyweight championship of equatorial Africa. When "Battling" Whitney stepped into the ring he was conceded the victory over his slightly (?) smaller but no less valiant opponent "Scotty" Crawford, the "Terror of the Highlands." After several fast and furious rounds, the "Terror" connected with his adversary's cranium and the "Battler" took the count.

The next affair on the program of this active club was Press Club Day, Nov. 29. As this Journal goes to press before the date announced, we can only say that a gigantic circus full of laughs and surprises has been planned for that date, and these to be followed by the Press Club Dance. The club has never yet failed to make a great success of anything that it undertook, and this circus could be no exception to the established rule. Several similar affairs are already being planned for next term.

Membership in the club is open to all students who have completed six months work in journalism, and who have been actively engaged on the staff of either the bi-weekly or the Journal.

The officers of the Press Club who have ably assisted in making the past term the most successful in the organization's history are: Alan Batchelder, President; Marion Brune, Vice-President; Grace Winter, Secretary; Ralph Ryan, Representative.

FORUM CLUB



John Rhodes

Walter Strand

Eugene Harrington

OUR Art Department has moulded future Rembrandts and Rafiels; the Drama Club has turned out John Barrymores and Maud Adamses; among our journalistic hopefuls there have been coming Fay Kings and Earl Ennises; but matching and outdoing all these, the Forum Club has its enterprising Daniel Websters and Henry Clays. And what is more stirring and appealing to human hearts and minds than their fiery oratory?

The purpose of this organization is to develop poise and intelligent thinking on matters of general interest. The results of the intensive training there received are noticeable not only in meetings where a knowledge of parliamentary law is necessary, but also in oral class work. Under the able and helpful supervision of Miss Tabrett and Mr. Perham, the club has rapidly grown and has become a recognized factor in school affairs.

The school is represented by the Forum Club in the San Francisco Public Schools Debating League and participates in a semi-annual series of debates as scheduled by this organization. On Nov. 3 our debaters met those of Girls' High School and were defeated after a hotly contested battle in which Polytechnic showed its usual sportsmanlike spirit. The members of this team were R. Peter Quast, Raymond Edlin, Gerald Levin and Alvin Weinberger.

The Forum Club supplies the numbers for the exercises held in the auditorium in honor of great men or great events. These programs give the participants the opportunity to put to practical use the ideas they have assimilated during the term.

The big semi-annual event that is looked forward to by every member is the banquet to which are invited members of the Board of Education and other celebrities. Speeches and toasts are the order of the day, and these, as well as the delicious repast are relished by all. The honor of presiding at the last banquet was accorded to R. Peter Quast.

The officers for the fall term of 1922 were: Jack Rhodes, President; Lee Miller, Vice-President; Walter Strand, Secretary; Joe Hummel, Treasurer; Eugene Harrington, Representative.

DRAMA



Grace Winter
Wm. Mahar
Bill Thurston

ONE of the most interesting and certainly one of the most popular courses offered in Polytechnic is drama. Here, under the careful tutelage of Mr. Perham and Miss Tabrett, the student learns many things that are good for him to know. He gains ease of manner, poise and self-possession, the ability to think quickly, and to speak clearly and distinctly. He learns to subordinate himself and to blend his own personality into a general scheme; in other words, he has to become adept in team work.

Each semester a Shakespearean play is produced and sometimes a modern one also. Last term's selection was "The Comedy of Errors," and met with merited success. The cast was as follows: Grace Winter, *Adriana*; Harriette Murton, *Luciana*; Joseph Catanich, *Antipholus of Syracuse*; Stanley McLeod, *Antipholus of Ephesus*; Coleman Francis and John Wooster, the two *Dromios*. All the members of the cast deserve credit for their clever and intelligent work.

This term the Drama Club is giving "As You Like It," which promises to be as great a success as any of its predecessors. The cast for this play as finally selected is:

<i>Rosalind</i>	Grace Winter
<i>Celia</i>	Marion Brune
<i>Orlando</i>	Louis Dausse
<i>Oliver</i>	Ben Holladay
<i>Touchstone</i>	Arlington Ansbro
<i>Duke Frederick</i>	Walter Smith
<i>Duke Senior</i>	Wm. Mahar
<i>Jaques</i>	Fred Ellenberger
<i>Charles the Wrestler</i>	Lloyd Whitney
<i>Silvius</i>	Bertram Wolfsohn
<i>Phoebe</i>	Dorothea Meyer
<i>William</i>	Jack O'Brien
<i>Audrey</i>	Aurelia Smith
<i>Corin</i>	Louis Feinberg
<i>Sir Oliver Martext</i>	Wm. Pidge
<i>Adam</i>	J. D. Shearman

A program of one-act plays to be presented by the combined drama classes was in preparation when the Journal went to press. Among the plays rehearsed were: "Two Crooks and a Lady," "Joint Owners in Spain," "The Clod," "The Will o' the Wisp," "Six Cups of Chocolate," "The Turtle Dove," and "The Bank Account."

The officers of the Drama Club for this term were: Grace Winter, President; Harry Frank, Vice-President; William Mahar, Secretary; Arlington Ansbro, Treasurer; Bill Thurston, Representative.

THE HONOR LEAGUE



Roberto Escamilla

Betty King

Lloyd Whitney

THE Honor League which was recognized at the beginning of last term is at last coming into its own. Its membership drive has netted quite a large total and the combined forces hope to put the league "on the map," not only seriously but socially as well.

The dance given by the Honor League and the entertainment which followed proved to be the sensation of the term. Poly was accorded an afternoon off in order to enjoy to the fullest the delights of "Honor Day." The "Country Fair" was refreshingly novel and the dance fittingly capped the climax.

The serious work of the League has not been slighted in any way. Zealous work has been done in an effort to raise the scholarship standards. To this end a scholarship committee has been appointed to ferret out the names of deserving students and to publish these names in the bi-weekly as a spur to greater effort.

A new and worthy idea is the one sponsored by Betty King. This plan advocates that the Honor Leagues of all San Francisco public high schools unite into a major league which shall endeavor to furnish to needy students financial aid for the furtherance of their education. The money is to be looked upon as a loan till such time as the student shall be able to return it. No one but the respective principal is to know the name of the borrower. Negotiations are now under way to learn the will of the other high schools in this matter.

The League also endeavors to assist those freshmen who have not yet imbibed enough atmosphere to feel at home at Poly.

The ambition of League workers is to make their influence felt throughout the school to the resulting betterment of school spirit and general scholarship. As the enrollment grows larger there is greater and greater need for some such organization to help focus the attention of all the students upon the most desirable goals. The Honor League feels that it has made a good beginning.

Although many charter members have left or are lost to us through graduation, the League hopes to continue its good work, to "carry on" in the hope of making Polytechnic rank first in scholarship.

At the first meeting of the term the following officers were elected: Roberto Escamilla, President; Virginia Terry, Vice-President; Betty King, Secretary-Treasurer; Lloyd Whitney, Representative.

POSTER CLUB



Robert Shafer
Marjorie Gray
Laurence Mitchell

THE Poly Poster Club, composed of advanced art students has completed another very busy term. Whenever any posters are needed for any school activity our artists are on the job at once. Football games, dances, operas, papers have all been infused with more spirit because of their cooperation.

Their assistance is not confined to school work alone. During the campaign in behalf of the wounded veterans of the world war members of the club turned out some very professional looking posters. Miss Goeller, the faculty representative, received many notes of thanks for the contributions sent from our school.

As in preceding terms the social side has been by no means neglected and the members have enjoyed various sorts of good times every month. Early in the term the club gave a weenie roast at China Beach. This form of diversion has always been a success but this one was especially enjoyable. They also celebrated Hallowe'en by giving a costume dance at the home of the secretary, Marjorie Gray. The costumes were very original and presented a gay sight.

The bulletin board suggested by the Poster Club has now been installed between the second and third floors and serves to keep the students informed of all things that are scheduled to happen. This bulletin is kept up to date and is a valuable innovation.

The officers elected to serve for the past term were: Robert Shafer, President; Gertrude Donovan, Vice-President; Marjorie Gray, Secretary - Treasurer; Ben Dailey, Representative.



RADIO

THE Polytechnic Radio Club has successfully finished its sixth term, the last one under the leadership of Paul Fritsch, ably assisted by Carol Smith, vice-president; Arthur Wayne, secretary; Lyle Anderson, chief operator; and John Morton, sergeant-at-arms. The club suffered the loss of Mr. Tinsley's supervision early in the term when he moved to Berkeley, but have ably demonstrated their spirit by the success of their student control.

The big feature of the term's activity was the establishment of a Relay League under Manager Albert Hoeflich. This league will transmit messages for Poly students, teachers or alumni to any part of the U. S., Canada or Hawaii free of charge.

The club members have made a number of changes in their transmitter, and the construction committee has built an efficient short wave regenerative receiver of latest design. The distance records are a feature of the organization, members receiving State College, Pennsylvania consistently. All parts of U. S. are heard nightly, while a number of club members have been chosen to take part in the trans-Atlantic tests.

Poly's radio boys are contributing over half of the radio fiction being used in the magazines; they are operating some of the largest broadcasting stations on the coast, while others are serving on ships and in the commercial land service.

PARENT-TEACHER CLUB

THE Parent-Teacher Club is one of the most flourishing organizations connected with this high school. It meets the third Monday of each month and has an interesting program of speaking and discussion of matters pertaining to the welfare of the schools.

They do not entirely ignore the lighter side of life. One event of this kind was the gingham party given at the home of Mrs. Painton. Doughnuts and coffee were served by some of our girls and our best musical talent entertained the mothers.

The club also gave a bazaar and dance for the benefit of the Boating Club which was a great success financially and otherwise. They have also established a scholarship fund and to add to this they gave a piano recital in our school auditorium for which they were so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. Uda Waldrop, one of San Francisco's most distinguished musicians.

The officers for the term were: Mrs. Wholey, President; Mrs. Plevin, Vice-President; Mrs. Watson, Secretary; Mrs. Keil, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Aaron, Financial Secretary; Mrs. Hammill, Parliamentarian. There were also a number of standing committees whose chairmen were: Mrs. Mohr, Scholarship; Mrs. Painton, Program; Mrs. Godfrey, Organization; Mrs. Blair, Publicity; Mrs. Brune, Printing; Mrs. Rybichi, Magazine; Mrs. Moulin, Home; Mrs. Graham, Education; Mrs. Marion, Patriotism; Mrs. Floyd, Legislation; Mrs. Ruhlman, Philosophy; Mrs. Lipman, Child Hygiene; Mrs. Flannery, Hospitality; Mrs. Taylor, Recreation; Mrs. Wilbur, Juvenile Probation; Mrs. DeBisschop, Thrift.

THE ORCHESTRA

THE Polytechnic Orchestra is considered the most efficient organization of its kind in the San Francisco public schools. Started some years ago with a mere handful of interested students it has developed under extremely adverse conditions. The small fee charged the members is barely sufficient to cover the expense of necessary music, therefore, for its financial needs, it must depend upon the cooperation of the drama and the opera classes. It is often temporarily crippled by the graduation of performers using instruments which should be in the hands of understudies ready to fill the vacancies.

This term the orchestra is recuperating from its strenuous work of last year, when it was the first orchestra in San Francisco to play symphonic works for radio. It also rendered a program on "Open Night," assisted the drama class in "A Comedy of Errors," and the opera class in "The Chimes of Normandy."

The orchestra was also prepared to compete in the state orchestral concert, in which high honors had been won previously, but this competition was called off for some unexplained reason.

By graduation this December the orchestra loses several players: Reginald Krieger of the trumpets, Roberto Escamilla, a proficient performer on the "dog house," Lionel Tognazzini, a promising fiddler, and Merrill Remington, the oboe squawker (he says so himself).

The personnel of the orchestra is as follows:

	Violins	
Leslie Todd	Myron Spaulding	Monroe Selo
Lionel Tognazzini	Nelson Whitehill	Carroll Newburgh
H. Jacobowsky	Elmer Ulves	Theodore Kolanoski
Reina Annaruni	Adolph Eichenbaum	Robert Dering
Francesca Alsing	Frank Arnaudo	
	Flutes	Trombones
Bernice Imberg	Roland Epley	Sidney Holbrook
Allan Wyatt	Chester Bierman	George Murton
	Oboe	Trumpets
Cellos	Merrill Remington	Reginald Krieger
Herbert Jaffe		Albert Deasy
Herbert Apfelbaum		Oliver Christiansen
	Clarinet	Percussion
Bass	Bernabe Martinez	George Newman
Roberto Escamilla		Dwight Bentel
	Horn	
Piano	Carroll Wholey	
Eugene Knotts		



THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA

OFFICIALLY speaking, they are the "Poly Syncopaters," but with the gang they are known as "Paul Crash & Co." Gene Knotts is the leader and responsible for it all. He tickles the ivories on what is commonly known as a piano.

With Gene are the world's premier saxophonists, Ray Bertrand and Mark Werner. Reg Krieger makes the trumpet talk and "Shiek" Al Moore performs the same service on the trombone. George Murton is the youth who sports the banjo. The chap who tweaks the violin goes under the nom de plume of "Duke" Dering. Then there is Clair Laugenour who shakes both a wicked hand and foot at the traps.

And now what does this aggregation do besides sport wonderful new jerseys? They play at all the school dances where they have all the work and the others have all the fun. Twice a week they play in the cafeteria at lunch time where they add much to the enjoyment of those who lunch there and bring in larger numbers to patronize home industry. They are ever ready to play at rallies like that for the Press Fund. At the Freshman reception the applause they received fairly shook the house.

This orchestra has become an institution around school and when the students take time to think about it they really appreciate the generous service that the orchestra renders.

ALUMNI

SINCE May of this year, when an energetic group of graduates got together and reorganized the Alumni Association, it has taken on a new lease of life. At that time a new constitution was adopted and a new set of officers elected. The latter are: Roderick Cassidy, President; Evelyn de Marta, Vice-President; Paul Shannon, Second Vice-President; Bernice Brown, Secretary-Treasurer.

A campaign for life members was initiated which has netted over two hundred members up to date. Since a payment of only one dollar entitles a graduate to the privileges that go with life membership, every past Polyite who hears about it hastens to enroll himself. Classes from 1900 to the present time are now represented. To help in the publicity end of the campaign Bruce Wale offered to attend to the printing and mailing of 4,000 letters to former students. The membership committee looks for great results from this.

It is gratifying to find so many alumni subscribing to the paper and the Journal. Among these are Thomas B. Smith '05, Oke Lindstrom '06, and Ralph Peters '12.

The executive committee, composed of Miss Rose Murdoch, Dr. Ernest Fisher, Virginia Murphy, Leonard Mentzer, Graham Hasty, Edwin Gabriel, Alice Figone, Dr. Archie McGuinness, A. L. Jordan, Roderick Cassidy and Bernice Brown, has held frequent meetings and devised numerous plans for the good of the organization.

At the last general meeting a program committee was appointed. This consists of five members, James Hamill, Zara Witkin, Gladys Thompson, Arthur Tobias and Miss Murdoch. Its duty is to cooperate with the officers and the executive committee in suggesting a program of worth while activities.

To those still at Poly word comes back of our former students in numerous lines of work. We hear that Harry Hayward is now a full fledged reporter on the Chronicle. Elwood Squires is now on the staff of the Portland Oregonian, one of the finest papers on the Pacific Coast.

James Hamill has been serving as chairman of the Students Welfare Committee at U. C. He is now in his fifth year in law.

Sidney Hawkins has returned from Ecole des Jeunes Filles at Tours and is back at Stanford.

Katherine Hulme is in New York. She plans to leave early in the spring for a year of travel and study in Europe.

"Sergeant" Bob Rainy, yell leader, soldier, football player, the ideal lover of the Merchant of Venice, is now in charge of the new real estate department of the Anglo-California Bank.

"Sergeant" Lloyd Wallace, ditto, ditto, is managing his father's commission business.

Eskil Hogberg has been at Stockton for several months in charge of a large construction job of his father's. Ingomar Hogberg is making a name for himself in college dramatics. He had the bass lead in the recent Treble Clef opera and has had parts in two plays.

Edson Waterhouse is now a cub reporter on the Daily Palo Alto.

Eddie Addicott is back at U. C.

Tom White is at West Point. William H. Wedemeyer '18, graduated from West Point in June '22.

Bernard Witkin, as a sophomore at U. C., was chosen not only on the intercollegiate debating team, but was given the important duty of closing the debate, an honor never before accorded to a sophomore.

Bob Vail appeared not so long ago with enthusiastic descriptions of Barbara Jean, two months old. Mrs. Vail will be remembered as Hazel Brown.

Marjorie Perry Close was also a visitor accompanied by Jack's young nephew.

Hercule Morin '10, will be graduated next semester from the College of Dentistry at U. C. He gave distinguished service with the Masonic Ambulance Corps during the war, and at its conclusion forsook a business career for the study of dentistry. He has lately been elected to the honor society of the college and is well-known there as an earnest and brilliant student.

George Frates has been elected president of the California State Pharmaceutical Society. He is one of a trio of famous brothers. The other two, Elwood and Robert, are both dentists.

The name of James Hyde now appears on all programs of the San Francisco Stage Guild as the assistant to the distinguished stage artist, Rudolph Schaefer. Jimmie also assisted in the redecorating of the Plaza Theater before it was opened for the recent season.

A Stage Guild poster by Dick Reed may be seen at the Palace Hotel.

Nat Levy, another one of our artists, now has a business of his own with headquarters in the Hearst Building.

Stanley McLeod, editor of the June '22 Journal now has a position with the Board of Trade. We understand that a recent illness necessitated the postponement of a flock of important social engagements.

Leon Adams, editor of the Dec. '21 Journal, is now a reporter on the Daily News.

Rizal Musser, former Student Body President, now holds a responsible position with the Sierra Oil and Refining Co.

Among the alumni who have recently married are: Edwin Gabriel, Dr. Ernest Fisher and Miss Hazel Hartsough, both of '15; Peter Brescia, Consuelo Swan, Ruth Renwick, Eleanor Tomlinson and John Emmons.

Edith Beppler and Dorothy Bridgett are studying costume design.

Loretta Street is now a senior at U. C. She is doing everything and going everywhere and having a perfectly wonderful time.

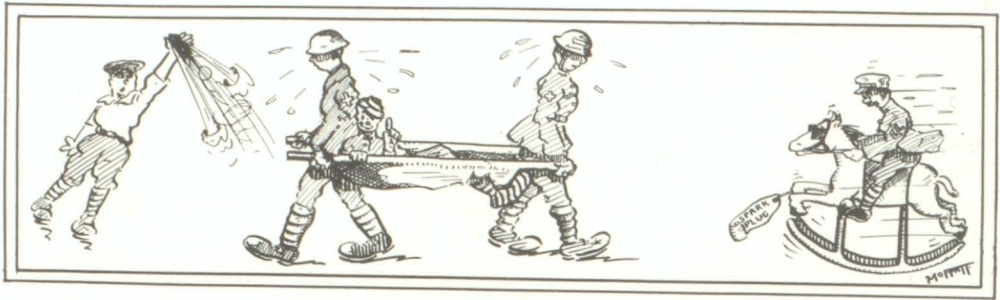
Lucille Hassett reports having had a wonderful trip to Honolulu last summer.

Ernest Holmes is working with the Royal Insurance Company. He is planning to return to college at an early date.

Zara Witkin is with the Municipal Research Bureau conducting important original investigations.

The marriage has been announced of Ruth Curryer '15, to Mr. George Weber. She was one of our most brilliant students and took a prominent part in all school affairs.

Harold Peery, Madison Kirby and Sherwood Tyrrell are all connected with the Daily News.

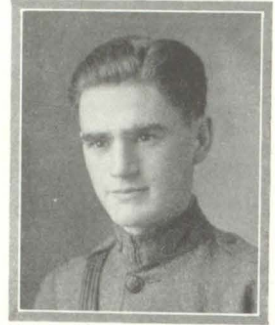


R. O. T. C.



Walter Oswald
Robert Bird
Bert Lynch

THE main object of the Reserve Officers Training Corps is the production of reserve officers in case of any future need. Continually bearing this object in mind, we yet find other goals to be achieved. The R. O. T. C. trains young men to be physically fit, gives them confidence and poise and teaches them personal hygiene. Those who have acquired these qualities will find them a great help.



Arlington Ansbro
Major

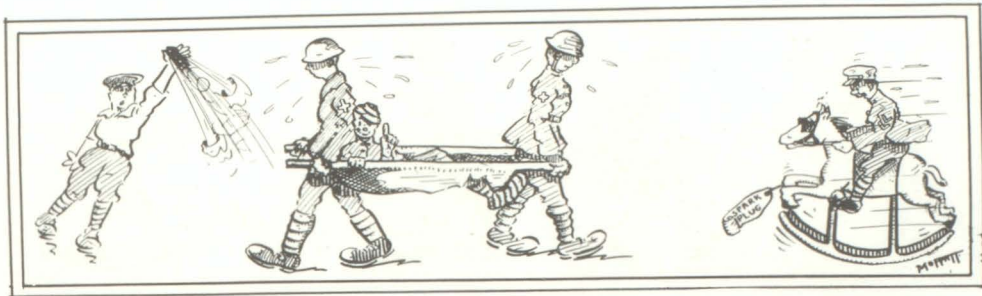
The aim of the Polytechnic Battalion is the promotion of punctuality, obedience, neatness, and respect for authority. To this end the R. O. T. C. cooperates in policing the halls.

Captain Dunaway continually advocates clean sportsmanship and every one of his student assistants pledges himself to deal squarely with every member of the unit.

Poly's military outfit boasts the largest organization in the school. It is represented in all school activities as well as having teams of its own called drill teams. In order to be a member of one of these, one must train as an athlete and sacrifice after-school hours to practice and to competition with other schools. Poly has the proud record of never having been defeated in any competition which she has entered.

If, in future years it should become necessary for members and graduates of the R. O. T. C. to serve in

the military forces of our country, they will find that the training they have received has been of incalculable value to them.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Gunnar Johannsen
First Lieutenant

Roberto Escamilla
Second Lieutenant

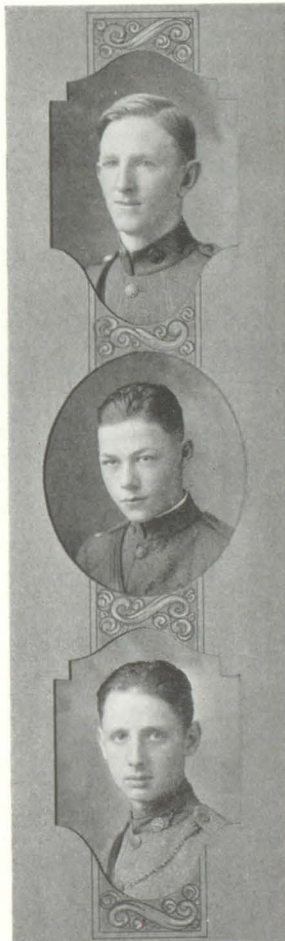
Leslie Rudy
First Sergeant

Clair Laugenour
Sergeant Bugler

Norman Kelly
Supply Sergeant

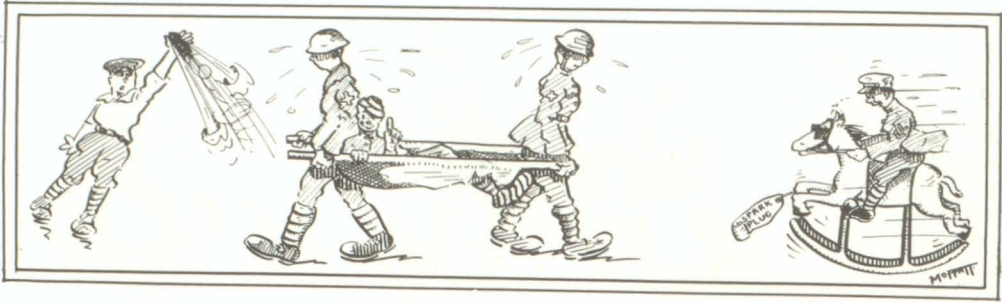
Sergeants
Washington Lacabanne
Fred Van Dyke

Corporals
Lambert Becker
Oliver Christiansen
Sidney Holbrook
Russell Robertson
Warren Sherwood



Privates

E. Allen
D. Bentel
E. Blanckenburg
W. Boyce
W. Chatham
C. Dein
L. Elliot
R. Epley
L. Feinberg
D. Gard
E. Jacobs
J. Lane
B. Martinez
G. Murton
G. Newman
G. Pancoast
J. Rapp
W. Reichel
M. Remington
G. Riga
A. Spitzer
W. Watts
C. Weltner
G. Whitney
C. Whitehead
A. Wyatt
J. Ybaretta
G. Hayward



COMPANY I

Carl Schmidt
Captain

Earl Harvey
First Lieutenant

William Pidge
Second Lieutenant

Nelden Hagbom
First Sergeant

Hamon Hein
Supply Sergeant

Sergeants

Stafford Briggs

Alfred Virag

William Upton

William Peden

Clyde Trudell

Francis Longley

Herman Baines

Henry Overmohle

Corporals

Adolph Eichenbaum

Earl Harpe

David Painter

Sidney Robbins

Sigmund Virag

Bertram Wolfsohn

Harry Davis



Privates

H. Anderson

C. Baldwin

I. Blumberg

W. Brugger

S. Bowers

W. Chamberlain

R. Cohn

T. Dybdal

A. Dietle

J. Garibaldi

C. Hetherington

E. Little

D. Lutz

F. McNitt

N. McFarland

H. Preston

G. Pyne

S. Sacks

C. Schnabel

E. Smith

M. Spellman

C. Stewart

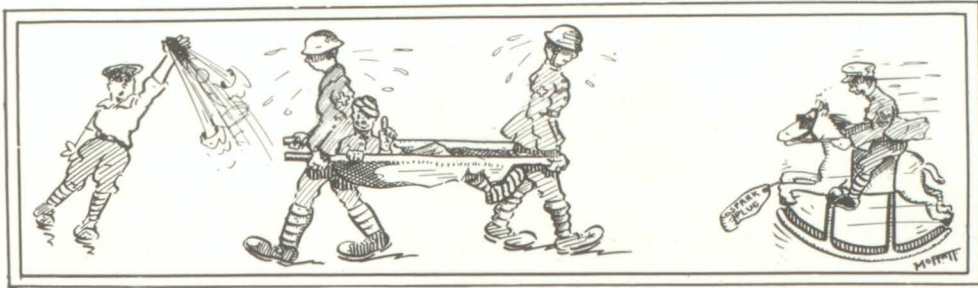
F. Stonecifer

E. Tattenham

J. Taylor

J. Trollman

G. Travers



COMPANY K

James A. Smith
Captain

Albin Thompson
First Lieutenant

Harold Koenig
Second Lieutenant

Ernest Kaufner
First Sergeant

Thomas Cameron
Supply Sergeant

Sergeants

Jos. Klezelman
Winfield McIlvaine
Edward Sanford
Vertress Vander Hoof
Alfred Virag

Corporals

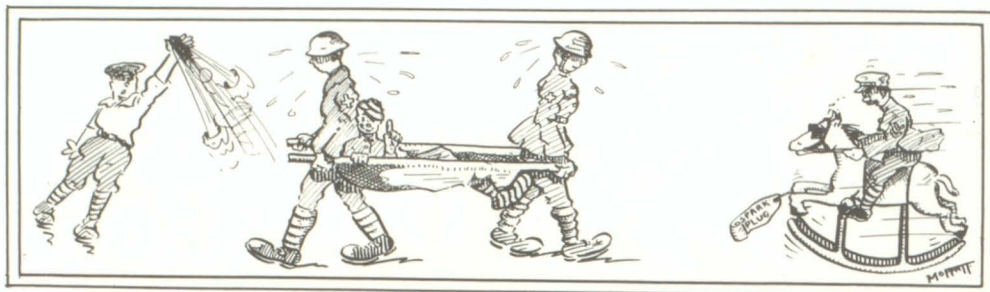
C. L. Dausse
Jack Gordon
George Holman
Wesley Terkelsen
Fred Wiander
Roy Stelling

Privates

C. Ayers
W. Birnbaum
I. Blanckenburg
B. Cassell



A. Clark
C. Daglow
M. Escalante
H. Freed
E. Gamble
L. Gosliner
V. Hall
A. Halsey
C. Howe
J. Kelterer
C. Luke
W. May
P. Morgan
C. Newburgh
G. Post
S. Reid
E. Rybicki
P. Sand
M. Segal
R. Shafer
K. Smith
E. Stangenberger
J. Tietjen
F. Tietjen
L. Todd
E. Tognazzini
M. Tovani
E. Ulfves
W. Wildman
C. Wholey
A. Wyatt
T. Ytabe



COMPANY L

Clayton Horn
Captain

Jack Hall
First Lieutenant

Harry Frank
Second Lieutenant

Richard Abrahamson
First Sergeant

Clarence Harris
Supply Sergeant

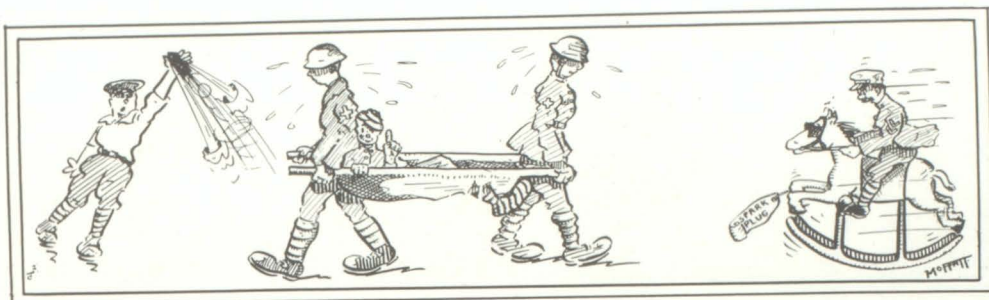
Sergeants
George Ewald
George Wishard
Lee Wise

Corporals
Henry Estacaille
Ray Jahnigan
Charles Kellogg
Robert Korn
Ralph Pease
Sidney Stone

Privates
R. Anderson
W. Archer
D. Bentel
L. Broderon
A. Bursley



E. Campbell
H. Castberg
R. Cazenave
R. Clements
G. Corbett
R. Cove
F. Croce
D. Crossett
T. DeBischopp
I. Diaz
E. Galvan
F. Gibson
J. Gillies
F. Hall
H. Hammer
C. Hoffman
C. Hutchinson
F. Jacott
F. Jones
J. Larsen
Q. Lee
R. Mahlman
W. Neuschaefer
G. Ray
G. Riga
H. Samsonovitch
A. Smith
W. Smith
A. Stahl
O. Stone
W. Sullivan
F. Voight
H. Watson
A. Wayne



COMPANY M

Lee Miller
Captain

Vincent Detwiler
First Lieutenant

Frank Daily
Second Lieutenant

Alvin Weinberger
First Sergeant

Fred Ellenberger
Supply Sergeant

Sergeants

George Luce
Charles Lang
Harold Woodward
William Mahar
Olin Berry

Corporals

Harry Bois
William Hacker
Frank Loughran
Richard Warner
Joseph Kane



Privates

G. Anderson
P. Beloy
J. Bertrand
R. Bertrand
P. Borillo
H. Bronsdon
G. Clotere
R. Daugherty
S. Dean
H. Feldbusch
G. Gallivan
E. Ghiselli
P. Joven
J. Keenan
E. Levy
H. Logan
M. Londahl
P. Lorenzen
R. Michel
R. Richards
J. Striplin
H. Tricou
W. Wainwright
A. White



FOOTBALL

STARTING the season in great shape and then slumping until even the student body lost confidence in it, and finally fighting its way to a glorious finish, was the lot of our football team this year.

With only one regular, Captain Granucci, at center, from last year's fine team, Coaches Cox and McKnight opened the season with an almost insurmountable task before them. True, Brick Marcus was still there, but he was an end last year and was early shifted to the back field to fill up the holes left by graduation, and a man in a new position cannot be called a veteran.

Daily, sub half last year, was moved into quarter. Marcus took the fullback's job, and the remainder of the backs were new men with the possible exception of Jackie Reed. Gill, Eisan, Kotta, McDougall and Lindgren are all playing in a red and black jersey for the first time.

On the line it was the same story. Snead, at end, was a second string tackle last season. Bob Vermilya was a sub center and was shoved in at tackle; Luce and Rhodes, guards, are new men; Kemp, tackle, was a scrub back; and Stockton on the other end is a new man.

S. F. A. L. SEASON

Poly 0, Lick-Wilmerding 32.

This, the first game in the S. F. A. L. resulted in the worst pasting that has been handed Poly by an S. F. A. L. team in many a day. Outplayed, outweighed, outclassed, in fact, everything but outgamed, we were no match for the champs. Only in the last few minutes when Brick Marcus intercepted a pass and ran it back sixty yards, did our team show any of last year's form.

With the ball on Lick's five-yard line and three plays to take it over, the final whistle blew and a Poly score was averted. Our line held fine on occasions, and then again it didn't. Our tackling was decidedly of the limburger variety and the gains made around ends ran into many yards.

A pass, Chisholm to Nielan, shoved the initial tally over for the winners and thereafter they scored often. We failed to complete a pass while they held on to half a dozen.

Though the showing made by our fellows in their first league game was disappointing, they are good fighters and will cause trouble for future championship aspirants.

Poly 13, Commerce 7.

Displaying a complete reversal of form and surprising even themselves, the Red and Black crew handed Commerce High the dinky end of a 13-7 score in the second big S. F. A. L. game of the season.

Favorites from the start, Commerce failed to show any of the class that characterized their great 20-19 victory over Lowell.

From the kick-off, Poly worked the leather up the field to the Bulldog's five-yard line where they held and punted out of danger. Our boys more than held their own with the Commercialites in the first quarter, and had the ball on the Blue and White five-yard line at the opening of the second period. Two line plays carried it to the one-yard line from where Frank Dailey, center, rushed it over. Jack Reed missed the convert.

Our last score was made by Brick Marcus in the third canto. Jackie dropped it over this time. In the last quarter Commerce staged a great rally and managed to buck one over.

The whole team played an improved game and seemed to have at last struck their stride. Marcus, Snead, Reed and Captain Granucci starred for us.

Poly 6, Mission 0.

Not even the wisest dopesters gave us a look in against Mission which had previously defeated Lick 7-6. Outweighed many pounds per man, Poly made a wonderful stand and succeeded in dragging the old game out of the fire by one touchdown.

Playing on the defense for the major part of the first quarter, Poly had no chance to show her offensive ability, and not until the second period did the ball start to roll toward the Mission goal line. A Mission punt was smeared and it was Poly's ball on the Brown and Gold 22-yard line. Brick Marcus tore in at this point and the team went like wildfire. Jackie Reed tore off thirteen yards through right tackle, and Frenchy Gill carried it to the two-yard mark where Brick proceeded to check up six points for us. Reed's drop kick for the odd point went wild.

Jack Rhodes' consistent punting kept the ball out of Poly territory for the remainder of the game.

Captain Granucci, Marcus, Reed, Stockton, Snead and Gill starred.

Poly 0, Lowell 0.

On a rain soaked field before 7,000 wet but peppy fans, the Poly eleven battled to a 0-0 tie on November 9 with their old rivals, Lowell. The sky was clear at the kick-off and it looked like a great football day, but Jup Pluvius unhooked the watering can before the end of the first half, and by the third period it was pouring cats and dogs with a few goats in for good measure.

The opening quarter of an hour early developed into a kicking duel, with Jack Rhodes getting just a little more yardage than Anderson, Lowell's best bet. The outstanding feature of this quarter was the way our ends, Stockton and Snead, were getting down under the boots. Every time the Red and White man was nailed in his tracks before he could step off a handkerchief.

Poly rooters were given a scare in the second quarter when Lowell brought the oval to our eight-yard mark. With four downs to take it over, the Lowell backs could not budge the egg an inch, and Poly took the ball on downs. The Red and Black boys then flashed to life and uncovered a corking offensive, carrying the ball five chalk marks before they were stopped. Line plunges by Reed, Gill and Marcus carried the leather up the field on successive downs. The half ended with the ball in Lowell's possession on our forty-yard line.

Rain sticks began to appear when the whistle blew for the second half and soon the field was a sea of mud. Most of the remainder of the game was fought in the middle of the field, the wet pigskin preventing any fancy work.

Lowell made a last minute rush and carried the egg up the soaked field to our eight-yard mark where we again held. The game ended with the ball on Poly's thirty-yard line.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Polytechnic</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Lowell</i>
Snead	L.E.R.....	Raymond
Kemp	L.T.R.....	O'Hea (Capt.)
Luce	L.G.R.....	Maguire
Granucci (Capt.).....	C.....	Barnard
Rhodes	R.G.L.....	J. Smith
Vermillya	R.T.L.....	Dahl
Stockton	R.E.L.....	A. Smith
Dailey	Q.....	Anderson
Reed	L.H.R.....	Sage
Gill	R.H.L.....	Endelman
Yuvan	F.....	Rankin

Polytechnic Substitutions: Marcus for Yuvan, Puccinelli for Stockton, Stockton for Puccinelli, Polati for Kemp, Puccinelli for Stockton, McDougall for Dailey, Kotta for Gill.

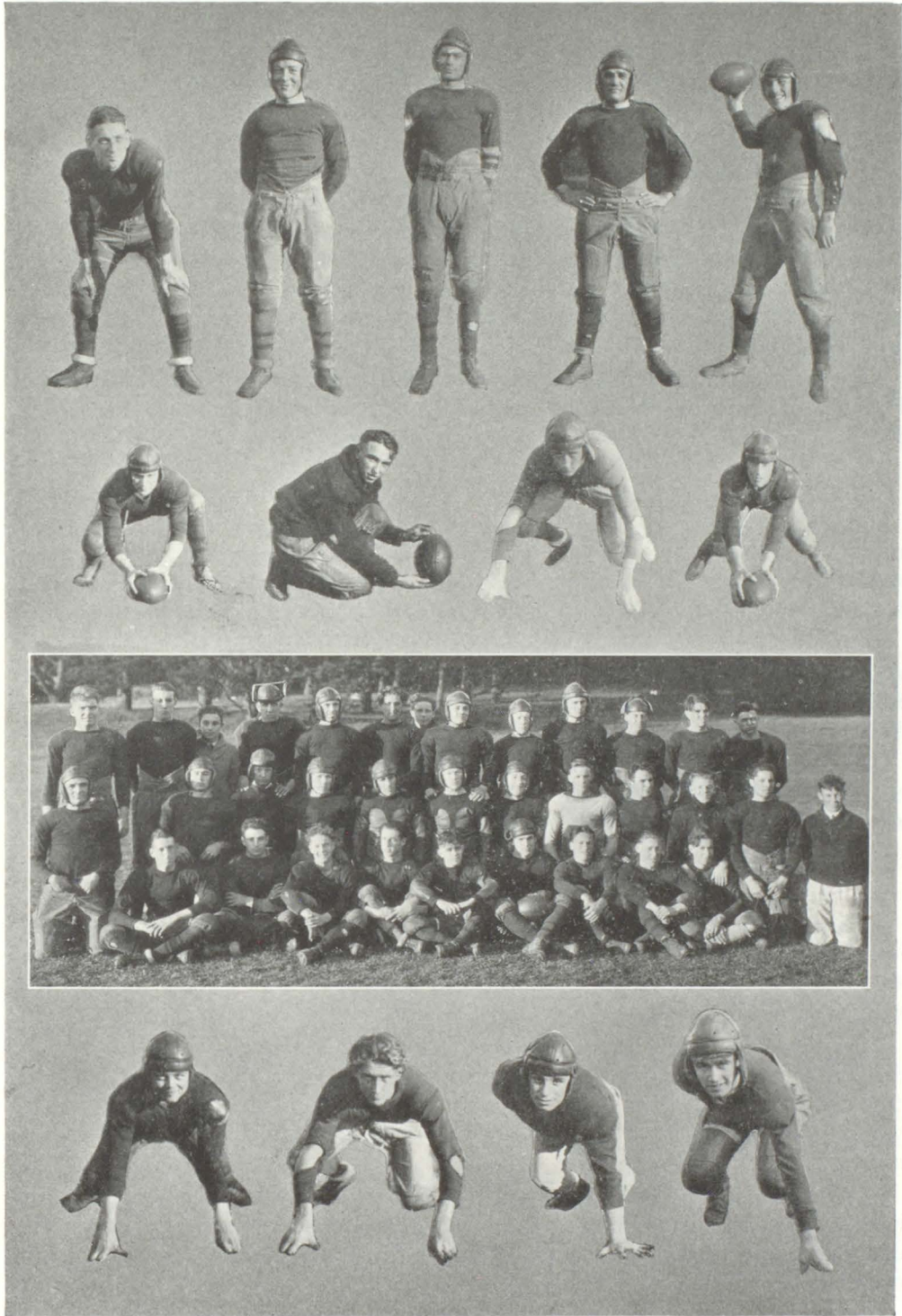
PRACTISE GAMES

Outweighed but never outplayed, Poly's '22 varsity held the formidable Mare Island Marines to a scoreless tie in their first scramble of the season. As a result of the great game put up by the Red and Blackers, our football stock went a soaring and for the first time we were considered pennant possibilities.

In the second quarter the "devil dogs" smashed through tackle and over the line, but an offside penalty knocked the Navy hopes for a goal and Hal Jennings punted to safety.

The final quarter found the Poly backs pounding the Marine line to a pulp, making telling gains on every play. A few minutes before the final whistle, Jennings went over around left end but ran out during the act, and a Poly victory was nipped in the bud. Stockton, Kotta, Marcus and Jennings were easily the stars for us and stopped many a Navy rush with their great plays.

The line-up: Snead, Stockton, ends; Polati, Kemp, tackles; Rhodes, Luce, guards; Vermillya, guard; Daily, quarter; Gill, Reed, halves; Marcus, full.



Poly 18, Santa Clara 0.

Undefeated in three years, and unscored on in two, the widely heralded Santa Clara Preps certainly had a most imposing record to break, and it was left to Poly to do the breaking. Before the kick-off, the Preps modestly consented to lick us by only five touchdowns, so as not to hurt our tender feelings. They outdid themselves in their efforts to be good hosts, and neglected to pick any of the fruits of victory for themselves.

The upshot of it was that Poly gave them the soundest thrashing that had been handed them since Heck was a pup. A fumble by them, one first down for us, and Fat Lindgren bucked it over in the first five minutes of play. That completed our efforts for the first half, but it was enough to plunge the Red and White rooters into the depths of despair.

In the last half, Brick Marcus carried it over after tearing through the entire Prep squad for twenty-five yards, and Kotta checked up another on a buck from the five-yard line.

Poly 0, Berkeley 19.

Poor interference and tackling coupled with too many bad fumbles cost us our third practice game, played with the State champions at the new Berkeley High field. The spectacular playing of Johnny Clymer, Red and Gold quarter, and Mike Murphy, Berkeley half, were the features of an otherwise uninteresting game.

The sweltering day took all the pep out of the proceedings, and the play was about as lively as a sick pup. Kotta and Jennings provided the thrills for the Poly stands and succeeded in evoking an occasional cheer. Three hundred Polyites made the trip and boiled silently in the bleachers.

Berkeley scored once in the first quarter, twice in the third. The nearest that Poly could get to the Red and Gold line was the fifteen-yard chalk mark, the game ending with the ball in mid-field.

Poly 13, Sequoia High 26.

The Sequoia High of Redwood City defeated the Poly eleven on September 30, but they did not beat Brick Marcus. Playing a lone hand in the star role for the Red and Black, Brick passed, smashed, and plunged his way through Bradshaw's gang for our two scores.

Starting the game like a whirlwind, Brick hurled a thirty-five-yard pass to Snead and then bucked it over from the two-yard line. Two minutes later he tossed another thirty-fiver to Snead and then eased around end for another twenty yards. After that play Poly blew higher than a kite, and the Sequoiaites went over twice in the second period.

In the second half Brick returned to the game, intercepted a pass, and ran it back sixty yards for our last score. Daily completed a placement kick for the odd point. In the final quarter the Blue and White boys crossed twice again on a couple of pretty criss-cross plays.

Mitchell, Foley and Parsons starred for Sequoia, while Brick played a great game for us.

Poly 6, Richmond 9.

Playing a hard but ragged game against Richmond High, the Red and Black squad again bit the dust after staging a whirlwind finish in the last quarter. Poly appeared to be stale and our backs were repeatedly smeared back of the line of scrimmage.

The Richmond boys started things pronto and bucked the ball across in the first quarter after a series of short end runs and a couple of smashing line smashes. Most of the game in the third and fourth periods was fought in the middle of the field, with the football played on both sides bordering on the bush variety.

Poly snapped out of it in the final round and carried the egg to Richmond's one-yard line through a series of line smashes. The Red and Blue held, but a poor punt gave us the ball on their ten-yard line from which Brick Marcus pushed it over in three plays. Daily failed to convert.

With two minutes to play, the Richmondites smothered a punt on our twenty-yard mark and proceeded to check up three points on a pretty drop kick. Final score, Poly 6, Richmond 9.

Dailey, Marcus and Rhodes did their stuff in the star role for us.

Poly 0, California Reserves 39.

California Goofs 39, Polytechnic 0, said the scoreboard at the end of four grueling quarters at the California Field on Saturday, Oct. 14. Although the final tally belies the fact, it was a hard fought game. Our boys played a greatly improved game and their hard tackling featured. Poly was outweighed twenty pounds to the man, and could not stand up under the pounding of the husky Goof forwards.

The score at the end of the first half was 20 to 0. In the final canto they managed to plough through for three touchdowns. Last year the same crew beat us 40-0, so it seems that we have improved to the extent of one point over last season.

JUNIOR TRACK

STARTING the season with a small turnout and minus the services of Jimmy McDougall, who has been good for fifteen points in any track meet for the last three years, Poly was lucky to take a good third in the semi-annual "Babe Meet" held on California Field.

The Red and Blackers managed to take but three first places, the 130-pound shot-put and the 120-pound 300-yard ramble. Louis Gerard tossed the iron marble for a win and "Tom" flew over the triple century for five points. The 120-pound quartet repeated last season's victory and ran a beautiful relay. Jim McDougall showed up at the last minute and, with no training, ran a great lap. The team was composed of Tom, Higgins, Captain Piatanesi and McDougall.

At the last bell three 110-pounders failed to take off enough beef and so failed to make weight leaving one man, the veteran Bing Wong in this division. At that Bing gathered a point in the broad jump for us. The midget hundreds were also very weak and we checked in but three points in this weight. Lawcock, our mainstay in this division last year, broke a fin early in the season.



Our heftiest team, the 20's, came through in great shape and kicked in with fifteen points to the grand total. The record for the 75-yard dash at this weight was tied by Jackson of Lowell, who negotiated this distance in the phenomenal time of eight seconds flat. Tom was second by a whisker and Captain Piatanesi, third. Fausto also spiked out a third in the hundred. Martin failed to make the grade in the high jump.

The 30's also proved to be a tower of strength, Gerard copping the shot, Richards taking second in the 440, and Slack third, Nugent jumping into third in the high jump, and Slack managing to take another third in the 100.

All in all it was a very disappointing season for us in this sport, a branch of athletics in which Poly used to be supreme. We have not won a junior track championship in three years, but have captured the varsity track meet during the spring on two occasions.

Mr. Love, a new addition to the faculty, coached the team and it must be said that he did wonders with the material at hand. Mr. Love has proved himself a real Polyite. Not a member of the athletic department, he took his own time to coach the boys, and is present to root for Poly at all our games and meets.



SOCCKER

PLAYING a brand of soccer that completely outclassed the league in which they were playing, Polytechnic's 130-lb. soccer team won the city championship by decisively defeating Lowell two goals to one.

At the close of the practice season Peter Victor and Leland Crichton were elected captain and manager respectively, and under their skillful leadership our pill kickers just waded through their opponents. Commerce was the only school that gave us a tussle, holding our bunch to a 1-1 tie. Thereafter it was the same old story with Polytechnic on the long end of the scores.

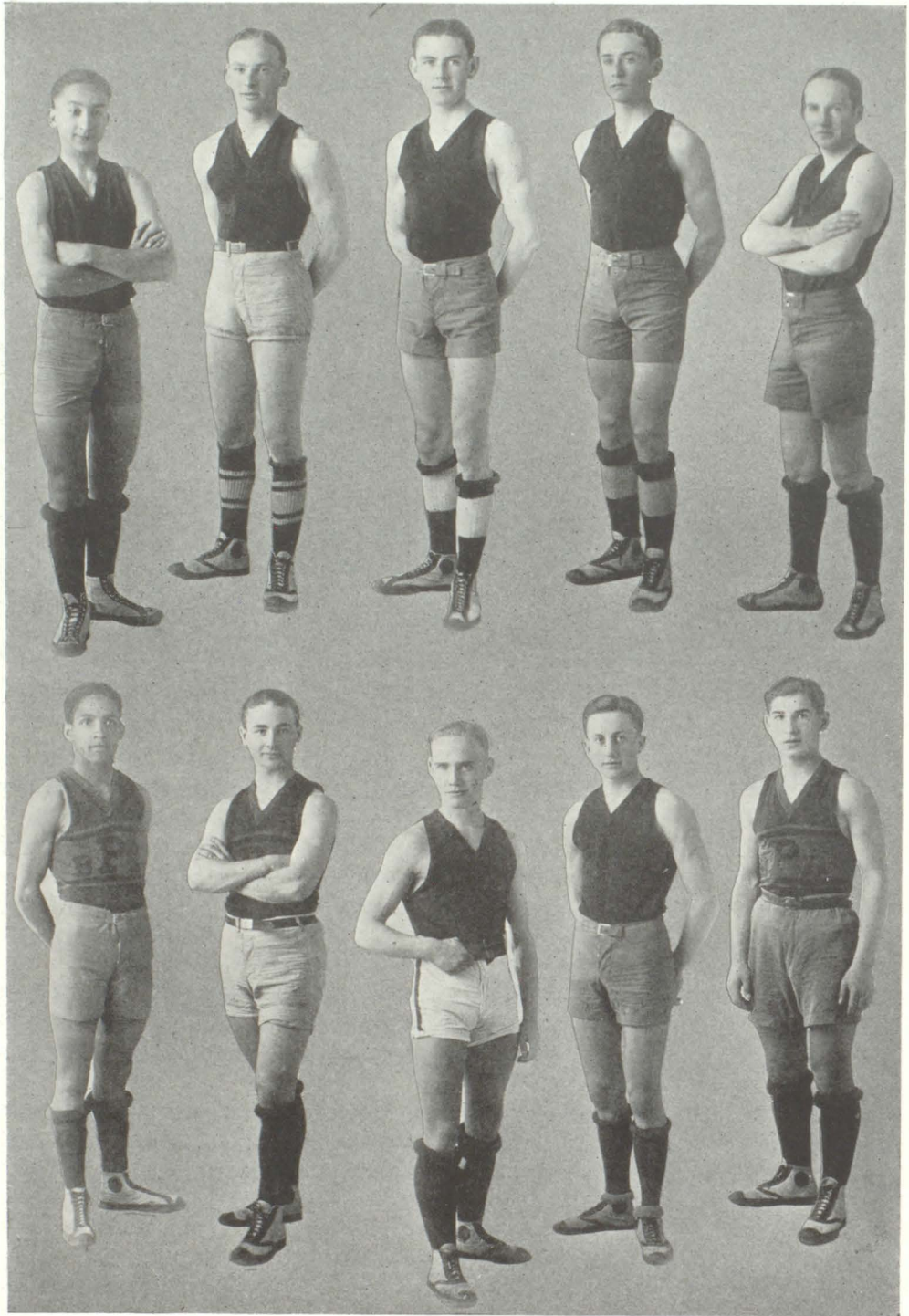
The team was coached by "Bill" McKnight, and he deserves a lot of credit for the team's successful showing. Between coaching the football team and then putting his soccer charges through their paces it was a very tired coach who grabbed the 6:15 for Berkeley.

The team consisted of: George Ybaretta, Isaacs, Foster, DeBisschop, Victor, Crichton, Harley, Martin, Yep, Upton, Higgins, Girard and Barden.

Since unlimited soccer has been discontinued in the S. F. A. L., there has been some discussion as to whether the 130-lb. team would receive block P's. It is stated in the school constitution that soccer is a minor sport and winners in this class are given circle blocks.

The 110-lb. team also had a successful season but carried away no championships. Their picture appears above.

Through a misunderstanding, the picture of the 130-lb. team could not be obtained for the Journal.



*Ybaretta
Sands*

*Levin
Harris*

*Conlon
Strand*

*Martin
Lifschiz*

*Jensen
Arowitz*



*Keegan
Nakamoto*

*Wong
Chin*

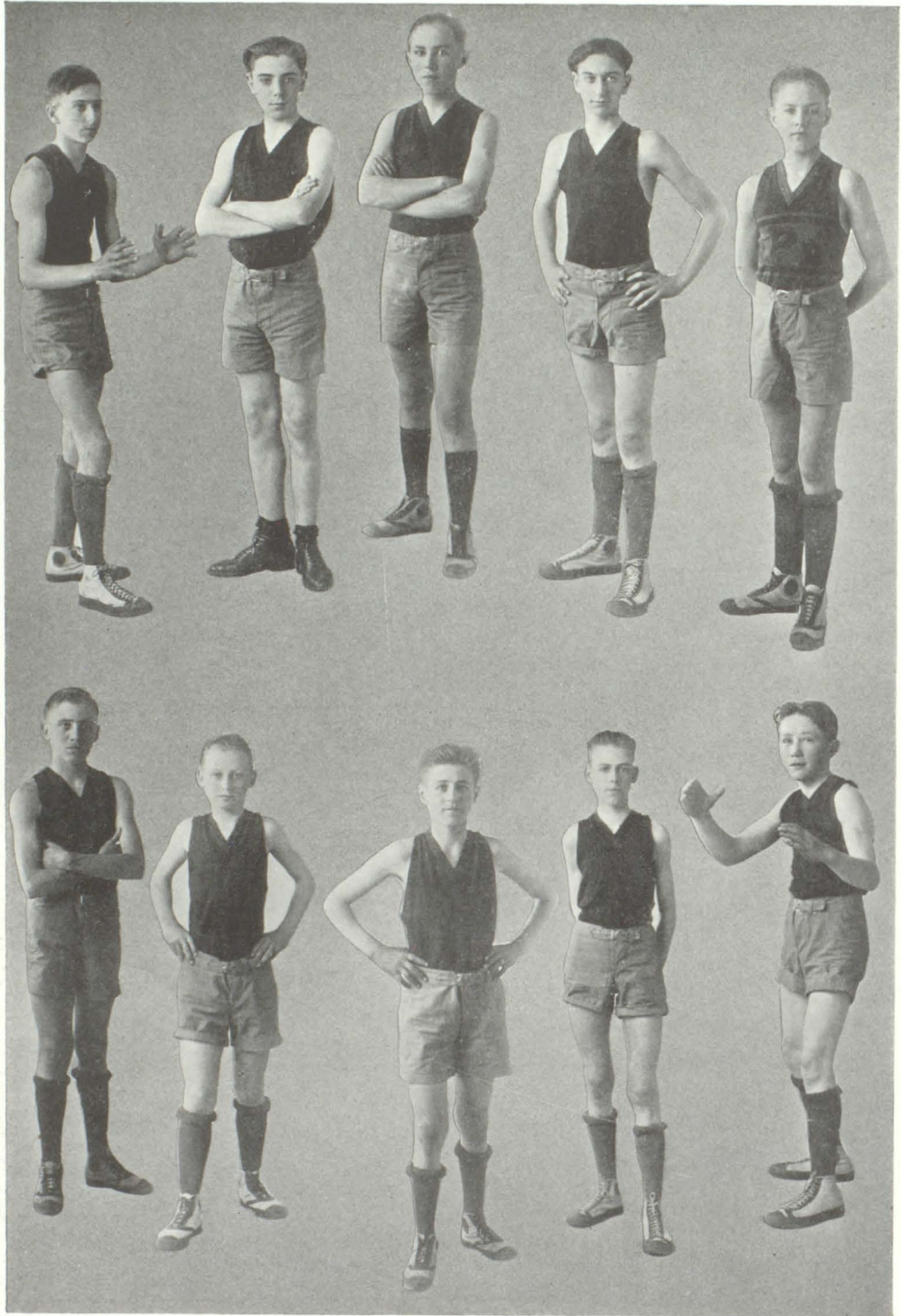
*Sano
Levin*

*Gans
McGinn*

*Spellman
Ohlsen*

Polytechnic

Page Eighty-seven



*Jackson
Finnegan*
Page Eighty-eight

*Thompson
Frazier*

*Chips
Decia*

*Lewis
Alexander*

*Travis
Chips*

Polytechnic

BOATING

TO Polytechnic belongs the credit of having introduced rowing in the schools of San Francisco. For many years the schools across the bay have had their crews but it was not until last term that a group of Poly boys purchased a boat and started the new sport in our city. It was quickly taken up by all the schools and bids fair to equal if not exceed in popularity any of the formerly recognized sports.

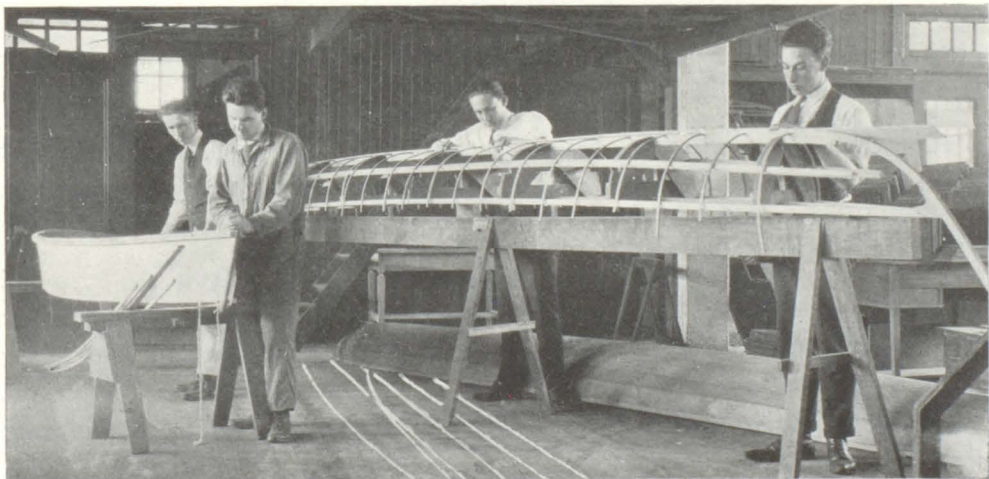
There are now three crews of boys and one of girls who go out to practice almost every day, and interest is steadily increasing. That this interest is real and not merely temporary is shown by the fact that our equipment is now worth about three thousand dollars.

Early in the term a dance was arranged under the auspices of the Mothers Club for the benefit of the Boat Club. The dance was a great success from both the social and financial standpoints. Another dance is planned by the new officers who were elected about the middle of the term and they expect this one to be as great a success as the other.

In the race for the state championship, the Polytechnic crew came in fourth. This is considered a very good showing as this was the first event in which they had competed. In a practice race with Lowell, our lads were easily victorious, and this has aroused much interest in the coming regatta on Dec. 9.

Mr. Bannister and Mr. Gutleben deserve our heartfelt thanks for the good work they have done in their efforts to make boating popular in the schools. Mr. Gutleben is out every day to supervise the practice and Mr. Bannister does his bit by making oars and attending to the repairs necessary in his wood working shop. He is now at work repairing a motor boat for the club. This will be used for the timekeeper at the races, and as a tow-boat for the large cutters.

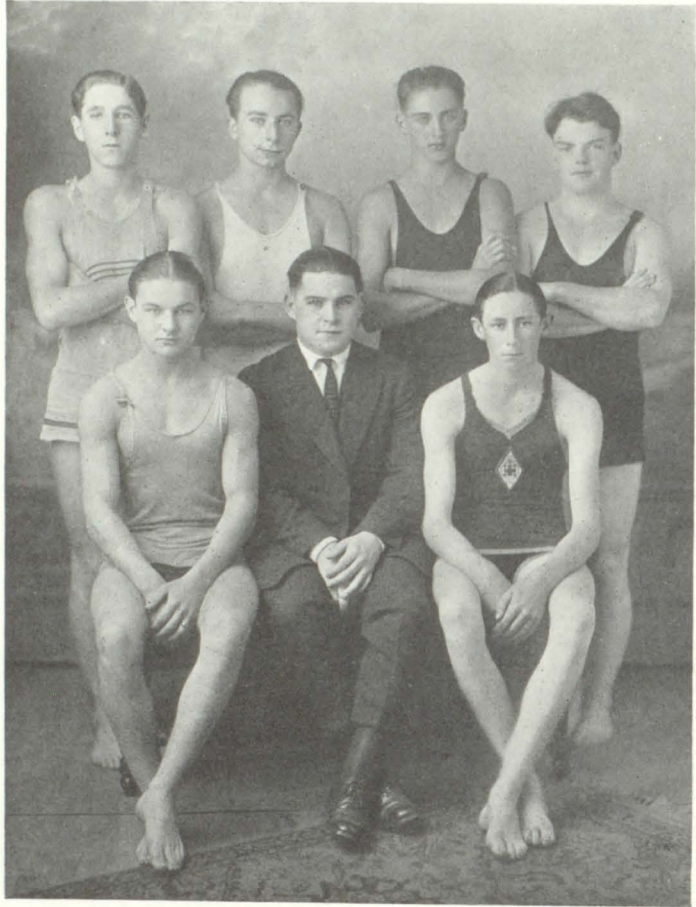
The club officers are: Bob Taylor, President; Frank Lotz, Vice-President; John Morton, Secretary; Alfred Virag, Treasurer.



SWIMMING

THE semi-annual swimming meet was held on Aug. 7 at Sutro Baths. Lowell ran away with the meet totalling 58 points, while Poly was runner-up with 28, Lick third with 23, Commerce last with 11.

Don Gilson was our high point man. He came in second in the 220, third in the 440, and placed in the plunge, making a total of 6. Hearley, Clarke, and Pidgeon were our representatives in the junior events. Buck managed to take a third place in the 50-yard sprint. Swaim and Fowler performed creditably in the 100-yard dash, while



Heinecke managed to gather in a third in the 220. Whitney brought in our only first by copping the fancy diving. The "phat one" had too much class for his rivals and won hands down.

The relay event proved to be a thriller, and was won by Lowell which just nosed out our mermen. The six men who made up the relay team were: Clarke, Pidgeon, Swaim, Whitney, Fowler and Hearley.

The interclass splash was held in the Y. M. C. A. pool early in the term and the coaches were rewarded by a large turn out of material. The juniors brought home the bacon, while the seniors managed to nose out the sophs for second place; the freshies were, as usual, at the bottom of the pile. Gilson for the juniors, Pidge and Strand for the seniors, and Haywards for the sophs were high point men for their respective classes.

GIRLS' RIFLE CLUB



*Thelma Kean
Goldie Nagy
Betty King*

THE second term of its brief but brilliant career has been a successful one for the Girls' Rifle Club, known in the sacred precincts of the range as "Iota Tau Alpha" which, interpreted in plain English means "To ride, to shoot, to speak the truth," and is the direct outcome of a long and delightful legend ages 'n ages ago.

At the beginning of the semester headquarters was almost submerged with tiny slips of paper bearing the names of anxious applicants for membership. About one hundred such slips were received causing the two stern army officers in charge (Capt. Dunaway and Sergt. Sorensen are really very affable gentlemen under their military calm) to turn up their eyes in unspoken anguish and to wonder at the ways of women. The range accommodates four persons at one time and is available twice a week!

As no efficient method could be devised for the drilling of so many girls and the simultaneous preparation of a team to compete with other schools it was deemed necessary to limit the membership to eleven. The fortunate ones were: Frances Bredimus, Ruth Chambers, Vivian Charleston, Billie Doyle, Thelma Kean, Betty King, Goldie Nagy, Alma Rogers, Cornelia Schell, Dorothea Theile, Elsie Trollman.

Whether the fame of our still young team has spread to such an extent that all possible opponents consider it advisable to keep away, or whether luck has been against them, we do not know. At any rate, the fact remains that although several challenges have been issued and received, to date none of the opposing teams have shown up, thus giving Poly's team the match by forfeit. This sort of victory fails

to satisfy the fighting instinct of our prospective Amazons, however, and it is hoped that the other matches will materialize—also, of course, that the reputation of Iota Tau Alpha will be well taken care of.

Members of the club are more than proud of the insignia which they have recently acquired in the form of tiny silver pins. These consist of two guns crossed over a wreath, similar to those worn by army officers, but having a block P in the foreground. Provision has been made for the addition of the smallest of trophies consisting of silver strips, to be presented to the three girls making the highest scores in the coming contest.

The officers of the club are: Thelma Kean, President; Ruth Chambers, Vice-President; Goldie Nagy, Treasurer; Betty King, Representative; Miss Lucille Morin, Faculty Representative.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

THE chief sport this semester, and the one evoking the greatest amount of enthusiasm in girls' athletic circles is the rowing crew. Not to be outdone by the fellows, the girls banded together at the beginning of the term and are heartily backing the new sport. Our girls will now be able to "treat 'em rough" because of the muscles they are developing from their regular exercise. Twice a week they turn out and just "eat up" all the pointers that Mr. Gutleben can give them. Practice is held at the Yacht Harbor at the foot of Van Ness Avenue, and is chaperoned by Miss McDermott.

Poly has two crews, both of which are making great headway. The twenty-one girls who make up the crews are: Phoebe Bannister, Alice Berghoff, Geraldine Bunce, Marion Brueker, Bonita Clark, California Delaney, Eugenia Delaney, Thelma Earwaker, Janet Ettinger, Audrey Freed, Bertha Gardiner, Louise Kinner, Eleanor Horgan, Frances Joaquin, Louise Lettich, Irene McClelland, Virginia Meyers, Peggy O'Brien, Alma Rogers, Marjorie Rossi, Marian Rimmel.

Second to rowing but still one of the leading sports of the season is basketball. Each class has a good team. At the time the Journal goes to press the schedule has not started, but juniors and seniors seem to be well matched and from all indications a close contest is expected.

A word of thanks is due to Miss Brown and Miss Oakes, both of whom have spent much extra time in coaching the teams. The girls, however, appreciate their services and are trying to show it by their efforts.

The personnel of the class teams is as follows:

SENIORS—Elizabeth Rohan, Martha Trockey, Gola Sanders, Violet Robin, Josephine Charleston, Teresa Okros, Mabel Iverson, Gertrude Donovan, Anita Judson, Adolphine Kearns, Dorothea Theile, June Speck, Miriam Hook, Alice Archer.

JUNIORS—Charlotte Lunt, Ruth Painton, Audrey Freed, Margaret Simpson, Martha Greenberg, Irene Greenberg, Rose Frisch, Inez Glenn, Carolyn Levy, Thelma Downer, Charlotte Mauk, Marjorie Hook, Dolores Heller.

SOPHOMORES—Anna Okros, Marion Walker, Jane Corbett, Helen Smis-saert, Margaret Angeles, Violet Charleston, Ruth Schramm, Caroline Watson, C. Wilkening, B. Gardeson.

FRESHMEN—Dorothy Dickson, Ruth Brott.

MANAGERS—Margaret Simpson, General Manager; Elizabeth Rohan for the seniors; Martha Greenberg for the juniors; Margaret Angeles for the sophomores; Dorothy Dickson for the freshmen.





WHITNEY'S WAGARIES

"Spell it with a Wee or a Wubbleyou."

Well, Miss Smittle asked me to wag for the Journal. I asked her if she didn't think that wagging twice a week was enough.

* * * * *

She said she did, but the Journal needed more material just to fill up space.

* * * * *

After that bit of flattery I couldn't very well refuse, could I?

* * * * *

Just to show her I could get out some stuff on short notice, I asked her if a wag wore a wig, would he be a wigwagger?

* * * * *

She said perhaps he would but he would be unlucky because he always has toupé.

* * * * *

Being dumb, I asked her what a toupé was. She said it was a one man top.

* * * * *

Then she told me I'd better go to work as I had till to-morrow to get copy in.

* * * * *

Can you beat that? One minute she asks me to do it and the next she's telling me to go to work.

* * * * *

Well, I piked up to a typewriter, sat down, and this is the result. When I get a coupla hundred more words down on paper I'll have enough.

* * * * *

You know, in a way, I resemble an extinct vehicle in that all I do is wag-on.

* * * * *

Still I like writing for the Journal better than for the paper. There isn't half so much space to fill.

* * * * *

Speaking of the Journal, did you notice the seniors with their photographs this year?

* * * * *

All some of them needed was a number hung on them and the picture would have been complete.

* * * * *

When I was a scrub I thought those pictures were a prize puzzle contest.

* * * * *

They say your face is your fortune. Yeh, look at Bull Montana.

* * * * *

But to get back to the pictures. I turned one upside down once and it resembled an Alpine scene.

* * * * *

Maybe the seniors will consent to sell them and devote the funds to the press. That is Poly's pressing need.

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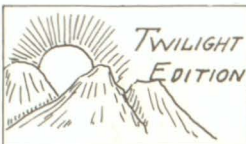
A. L. LESSEMAN,
Managing Director

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EXTRA HERCVLANEUM HERALD



Vol. X No. XVIII

A WHOLESOME FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Agustus VII XII B.C.

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We Specialize in JAZZY
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It MUST fit
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USES AND
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TO-DAY is
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AT
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ROME DESTROYED BY FIRE ETERNAL CITY IN FLAMES

Special dispatch to the Herald:—
ROME—Augustus VII, At an early hour this morning the town was still burning fiercely but the fire is under control. The Forum is doomed but the Capital may be saved.

Fire Chief Brutus Sullivan estimates damage roughly to be in the neighborhood of CCCCCCCCXXVII sesterces.

It is alleged that Mr. Nero gave a music recital on the roof of his palace while the conflagration was at its height. The selection rendered by Mr. Nero on the violin was — "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night."

~ EDITORIAL ~

Our learned contemporary the Courier—Times-Democrat whose editor, Flavius Marullus is an un-hung felon, states in an editorial in his blatant sheet that his so-called newspaper has attained the enormous number of 187 paid up subscribers while the HERALD had but 185. This is poppy cock. The real facts are that Popilius Lena has at last come to his senses and transferred his subscription from the Courier—Times-Democrat to the HERALD and Clitus Dardanius was killed yesterday in a chariot accident thereby cancelling his subscription to the Courier—Times-Democrat So now the standing is as follows;

HERALD 186 Subscribers.

COURIER-TIMES-DEMOCRAT 185 Subscribers.

AMUSEMENTS

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS
Admission
80 and 60 sesterces
War Tax Extra.

COLISEUM ALL-WEEK

LIONS vs GLADIATORS
Continuous Performance
ALL SEATS RESERVED

LAST TIMES TO-DAY
FLAMINIAN CIRCUS
THE GREATEST
SHOW
ON EARTH
DON'T MISS IT

SINEMA PALACE NOW PLAYING

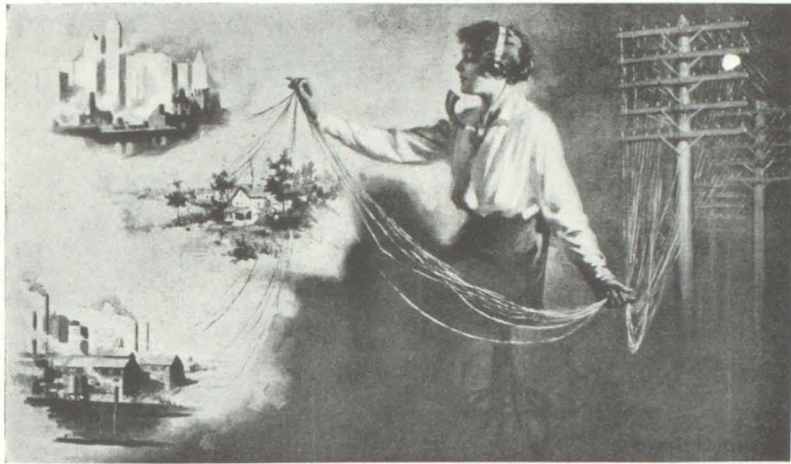
THE SENSATION OF THE YEAR
THE TREMENDOUS SPECTACLE
THE MYSTERY OF
THE POISONED
GUMDROP
WITH
Claudius and Agrippina
Directed By
Cecil B. Pompeius

BASEBALL TO-DAY
HERCVLANEUM HUSKIES
vs
POMPEIAN PIRATES
RECREATION
PARK

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—
I was very ill and so
took two and one half
bottles of Illyricum Re-
medy which cured me
completely.

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. Caesar.

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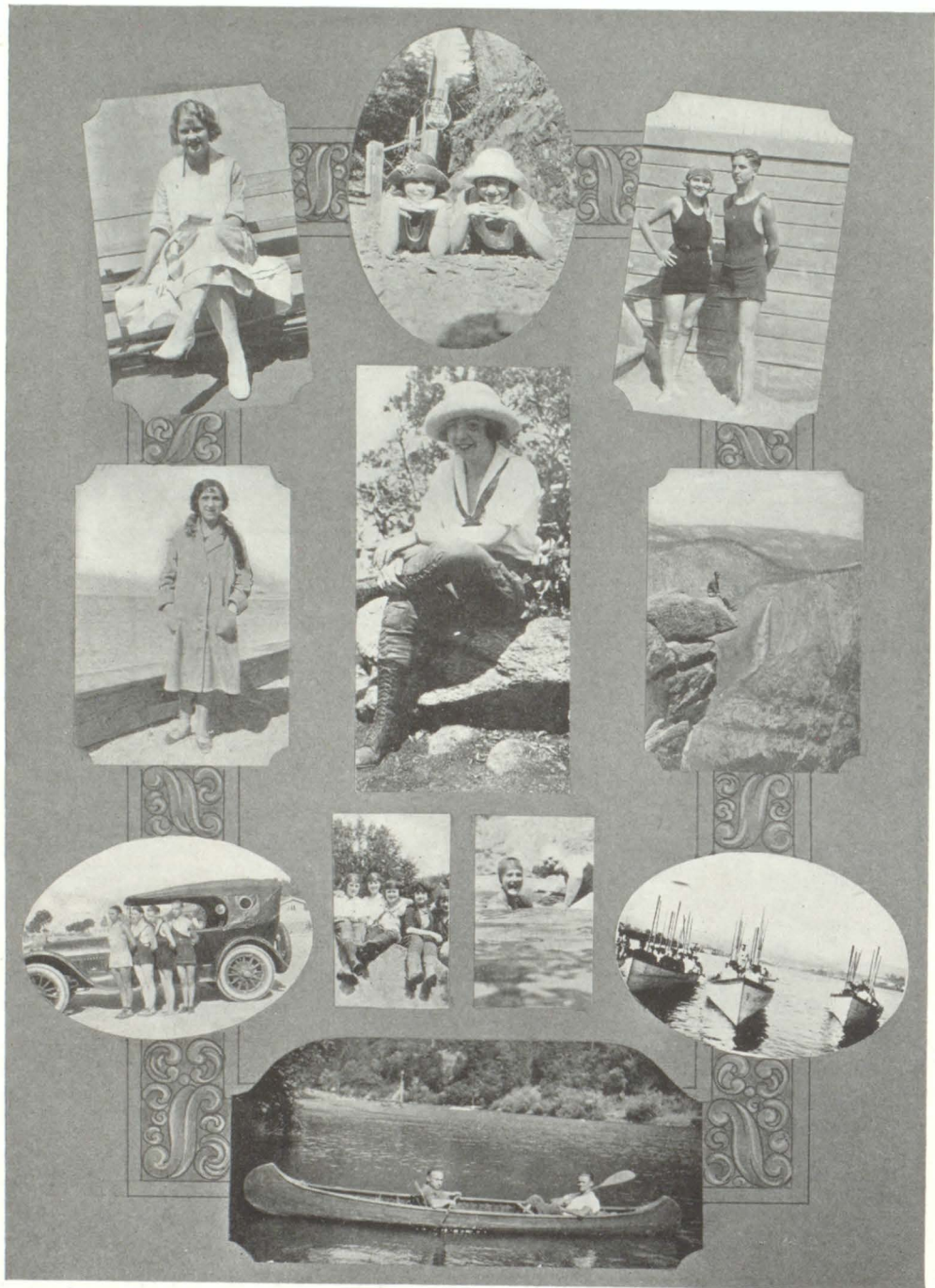
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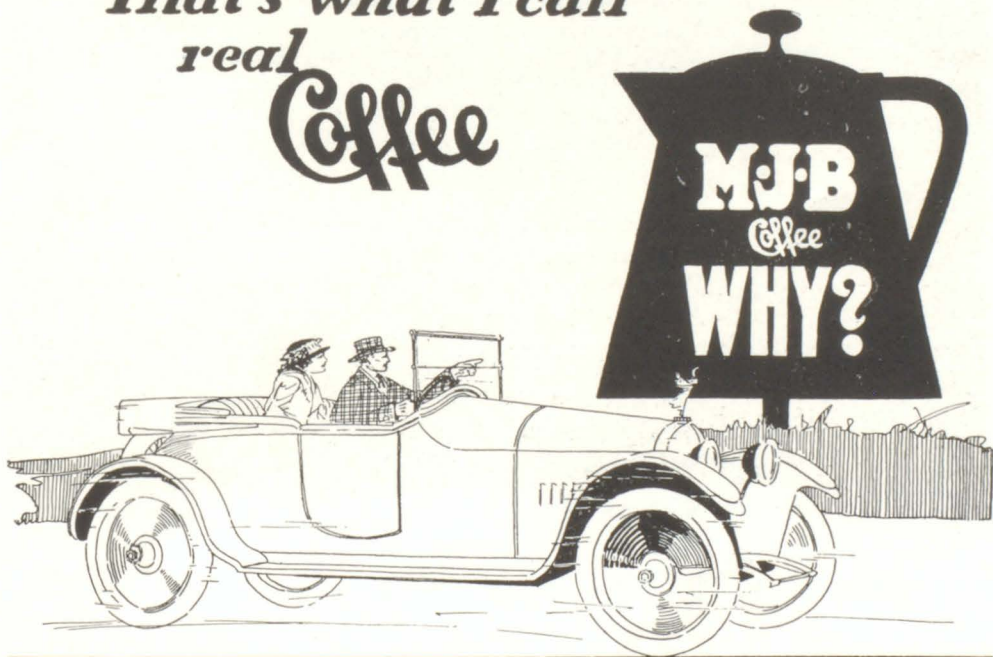


For Permanent and Robust
HEALTH
eat
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
3 cakes a day

Who on the land
Cornet doth play,
Is apt to croak
Most any day.

Worst of all
Is the big razoo,
Who blows upon
A tin kazoo.

That's what I call
real
Coffee



MY LUNCH HOUR

I walked into a restaurant,
A funny place near school;
I ordered up some beans and hash,
And sat upon a stool.

The man—he was a funny one,
With mustache and greasy look,
But then I did not care, for
Waiting I read my book.

I read and read and read,
And still I read some more,
But not a glimpse I got,
Of the hash I needed sore.

I grew so darned impatient,
I fairly bit enraged,
When out came the proprietor,
And he looked dumb and dazed.

“Da hash you ordah, sir,
It ain’t-a redda yet,
For I ain’t had da time
To sweep ma kitchen set.

Da kitchen’s all upset,
I can’t find nothin’ there,
So if you goin’ to have ta eat,
You can have a dish of pears.

Da pears ain’t vera goot,
But dey’s putty goot at dat,
You know I’m kinda upset here,
But you won’t mind-a dat.

Jes eat and take ya time,
Don’t mind da other folks,
We want ya to enjoy your lunch,
And read da paper jokes.

You ain’t all finished, are ya?
Gee, but you eat-a quick!
Well, I guess you’re in a hurry,
Say listen, you aren’t sick?

Now, isn’t it just disgusting?
Think of the time you waste.
I think I’ll try our cafeteria,
It means quality, food and—haste.

“DEL.”

*Say it
with Flowers*

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Flowers arranged for all occasions.
Call upon us for your holiday plants and flowers.
Prices moderate. Service and courtesy our motto.

Those Movie Titles as Applied to Poly Grads

- "The Kid"—That great big boy, Raymond Keegan.
"The Delicious Little Devil"—Our winsome, sharp-eyed Dorothea Myer.
"Be Careful, Dearie"—Those harsh words from Malcolm McCurdy to one Eleanor Horgan.
"Fascination"—All of us to our favorite instructors.
"The Speed King"—That fast man of affairs, George Ghiselli.
"Too Much Business"—"Agricola" Ralph Quast, Poly's future farmer, now Assistant Treasurer.
"Take It From Me"—Believe it or not, but Helen Dierks says so.
"The Great Moment"—By all grads, December 12.
"Love Is An Awful Thing"—Really it is, Edith Quick says so, too.
"If You Believe It, It's So"—And Jack Hall is going to be a salesman.
"Sonny"—is his name, but we'll call him Gardner Judah, the smallest graduate.
"The Siren Call"—Joe Johnson plays it.
"The Dictator"—Leland Crichton says he is in the Caf.
"The Vamp"—Our flashing Ruth Chambers.
"Orphans of the Storm"—Smith Bros.
"Pay Day" is always at hand for "watch charm" P. G. Elledge.
"Tol'ble David"—Bashful Davie Lund, of course.
"Manslaughter"—Seniors vs. Faculty.

Modern Zoology

Rubgub—A small fish of the genus pisces rubdubious. They are caught chiefly in the numerous small lakes that dot the Sahara Desert. The rubgub feeds exclusively on apple sauce and hence the dried flesh is an epicurean delight. The dried rubgub industry has grown by leaps and bounds and the product is shipped to all parts of the world.

Cranberry Bug—This bug is found only in the Kamchatka Peninsula. It is so named because it does not resemble a cranberry in any respect. It is carnivorous, herbivorous, vociferous and heterodromous. Under ordinary conditions of heat and pressure it is a light purple color, but when frightened or embarrassed it turns a pale green.

Patronize Home Industry

Al Haas: "I hear they've done away with the elevators in the Gillett Building."

Billie D.: "Yes? Why?"

Al: "They're using safety razors now."

Bloodless Decapitation

Teacher (holding his hand in the spectrum): "You'll notice that my hand appears to be a little off when I hold it in the violet light."

Pupil: "Why don't you put your head in?"

Good Appetite

Mrs. G. (knocking at bedroom door): "Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!"

Mr. G. (sleepily): "Did you? Better call a doctor."

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The High School
Girl or Boy de-
mands to feel well-
dressed on every
occasion.



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S. & G. Gump Co. Below
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Let's get acquainted, come in
and look about. Nobody will
bother you. Anybody will help
you. You will find lots of new
things, not expensive, for Father,
Mother, Sister, Brother and Her.

"Dear Doctor, my hair is falling out. What can you give me to keep it in?"
"How would a pill box do?"
"Dear Doctor, what can I do to keep my toes from going to sleep?"
"Don't let them turn in."

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and Hatter

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433 California St.

POLY CALENDAR AND DIARY OF FAMOUS DATES WITH FAMOUS PEOPLE

- September 32—Citizens of Marin County donate a barber's trade certificate to Mr. Ansbro of San Anselmo.
- October 3—Ground is prepared for Stadium. Man with spark plug arrives to move barn.
- October 4—Spark plug dies but colt will be used to finish job.
- October 5—Colt has first birthday, one week old and able to stand without propping.
- October 9—Joe Catanich visits school.
- October 10—A. Ansbro, Polyite, has been missing for three days. Foul play is hinted.
- October 11—Ralph Ryan receives only six blue cards. Some teacher is asleep or lying down on the job, says critic.
- October 12—A. Ansbro identified under false wig. Everybody happy.
- October 13—Electric shop equipment is missing. That jynx again.
- October 16—St. Peter Quast stated he would get ad for the Journal or eat his hat. (Twenty minutes later): Peter comes back to journalism class. to get help to find hat.
- October 17—Frank Hills loses two teeth in football and one in crap game.
- October 19—Squirrels are gathering in great numbers around the premises presumably for the semi-annual freshman receipt.
- October 22—High Four English students receive marks on seventh period. All start saving examination papers for next semester.
- October 23—Pells' father bets him a dollar that he won't get a four during second report period.
- October 26—Pells wins seven dollars.
- October 27—Freshman reception is staged; pretty society buds dispense all-day suckers furnished by dentists' trust.
- October 28—Gus gathers a bucket full of teeth in sweeping auditorium.
- October 29—Frank Hills has new teeth fitted. Looks like Brer Rabbitt with lockjaw.

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PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement St. & 7th Av.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1922

Assets	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$76,170,177.18
Deposits	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	72,470,177.18
Capital Actually Paid Up	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,700,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	385,984.61

A Dividend to Depositors of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER ($4\frac{1}{4}$) per cent per annum was declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1922.

Diner: "Waiter, is this clam chowder?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Diner: "I can't find a piece of clam in it."

Waiter: "Well, really sir, you wouldn't expect to find pieces of horse in horseradish, would you?"

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Ice Cream and Candies

Haight and Clayton Streets

POINTED PARAGRAPHS PURLOINED FROM PEPFUL PUBLICATIONS

It's true that the sugar growers raise a great deal of Cain, but you must admit that the manufacturers of macaroni make a lot of dough.

Charge it to the dust and let the rain settle it.

You can't expect a mere man to understand a sex that thinks a three-cornered olive sandwich is a square meal.

Correct this sentence: "No, Gwendolyn dear, you cannot recite your piece," said the fond mother, "you know that I very much dislike to have you show off before visitors."

Speaking of insects, how's your aunt?

"Xeryzetkatiepquiesentakakerslap" is the Eskimo word for "I love you," which partly accounts for the length of their night.

In love and sausage only one thing is required, perfect confidence.

The radio as a means of communication will never make a hit in Ireland. It lacks the element of personal contact.

A skeleton is bones with the people rubbed off.

"Ah, at last I am in with the swells," quoth the social climber as she fell out of the boat.

The Professor: "Let us take the example of the busy ant. He is busy all the time. He works all day and every day. Then what happens?"

The Bright One: "He gets stepped on."

Another Heavy One

Lloyd Whitney, commonly known as "Fat," obtained an interview with a celebrity and asked for a job.

"But, you said you knew me," protested the celebrity.

"I do," said Fat, "don't you remember when I was a page in your employ?"

"Oh, yes," said the celebrity, "but I didn't recognize you. You see you have become a volume since then."

Tenacity

Upon the beach she held my hand,
I let my soul-felt pleadings flow;
I coaxed, I begged, I swore, but yet
That doggone crab would not let go.

Some New Ones

Miss M.: "Now, girls, open your ears and take out your pencils."

Freshman: "Pygmalion made a statue and it was a perfect lady."



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Pacific Coast Soft Woods

Oswald: "My girl made me the feature of a poem."

Professor: "Yes, Oswald, and what was the title of the poem?"

Oswald: "Silly Thing."



Compliments of

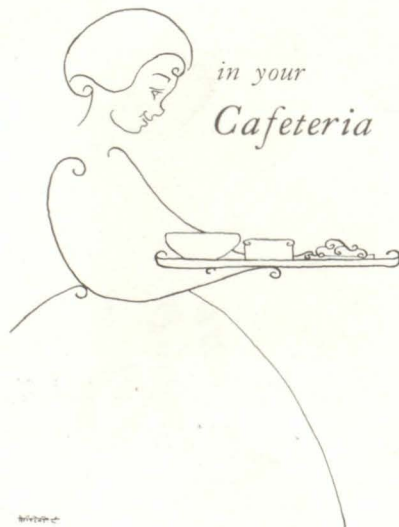
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Not At All

Senior (talking to Jerry N.): "You're quite a diplomat, aren't you?"

Jerry: "Naw—I'm a Catholic."

Movie History

Teacher: "What was the policy of Bismark's government?"

Bright Senior: "Blood and Sand."



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She started work at \$90. In three and a half months she was given a splendid position at \$125. *Rowe School* training did it; it will do as much for you! Come in and let's talk things over.

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Mrs. Motorist: "Why don't you ask where we are?"

Mr. Motorist: "What the deuce difference would it make? Five minutes from now we won't be any where near here!"

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JUST RAVIN'

Once upon a schoolday dreary,
While I studied, weak and weary,
Over mañy a fading volume of a fearful bore—
While I nodded, dozing, napping,
Then I thought I heard a rapping
As a pencil loudly tapping, tapping on a hollow door.
“ ’Tis the teacher!” then I stuttered,
Tapping on his desk’s wide door—
Only this and nothing more.
Ah, how poorly I remember,
It was sometime in September,
And each part of me, each member, wished itself without the door.
Eagerly I called the morrow,
Vainly had I sought to borrow,
From my dreams surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the endless bore;
For the dry and drier studies
Which the students called a bore—
Served to us for evermore.
Presently the sleep hung stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
“Teacher,” said I, “you’ll forgive me if I snore;
But in truth I feel like napping,
And so softly are you rapping,
That I cannot hear your tapping—here I floated out the door.
And I played beneath the cow bells,
And I gave a wheezing snore—
Followed that with twenty more.
Deep into the dreamland peering,
The result I was not fearing,
Doubtless snoring as no student ever dared to snore before.
Then the silence all was broken,
And my teacher’s only token,
And the only word there spoken was his dictum, “Take a four,”
Then I wheezed back an echo,
But the wheezing said, “What for?”
This I asked and nothing more.
But the teacher, sitting only
At his oaken desk so lonely,
Those cold words as if his soul in them he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered,
Not a single eyebrow fluttered,
Till aloud I softly muttered, “Other profs said that before,
On the morrow he will flunk me,
As the rest have done before.”
Then the prof said, “Take a four.”

J. B. W.

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 A saxophone,
 By all means ought
 To live alone.

He ought to be
 Towed out to sea,
 Who plays upon the
 Calliope. *Ex.*

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Both Swift

He: "What do you do in dramatics?"

She: "Oh, I'm the new stage coach. What do you do?"

He: "Oh, I'm the fast male."

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A violin,
A deep, deep well
He should fall in.

The lad who tweaks
A mandolin,
Had best be out
When I come in.

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Should surely slip on,
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Folks will agree,
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A teacher, instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen asked them to give her an example of its use, and the word "bird-cage" was submitted by a small boy.

"Yes, that is right," she encouragingly remarked, "Now tell me why we put a hyphen in bird-cage."

"Oh, that's for the bird to sit on," was the reply.

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Class (in chorus): "Aw—let him taste it!"

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Professor: "Who is with you, Oswald?"

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