



POLYTECHNIC
JOURNAL JUNE '25

You are invited to the
Fieldmen's Homes.

Laura Marano

Eliza Blanton

Oliver Wilson
Lillian Malibis
George Buck
Carrie ~~Mc~~ Vog
Herman Carl
Frances Grant Kuhnle
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Helen Hayes
Stanley Whelpley '26
Evelyn Whelpley '26
Albert White
Bernice Ober
Edith Dugay
Ferd Glass

Hilting Mystery



Raymond Carpentier 1926

Macbride's Collection

THE
POLYTECHNIC
JOURNAL

Frank Williams
JUNE 1925

Leslie Gorgoll



Mary Mozza

Patsy?

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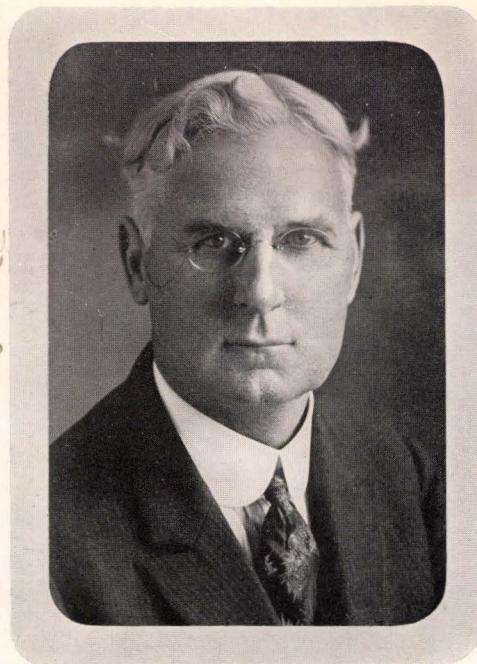
THE POLYTECHNIC

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THE POLYTECHNIC

James E. Addicott



PRINCIPAL JAMES EDWIN ADDICOTT

Mr. Kegler's
Photo

THE POLYTECHNIC

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R. O. T. C.

Capt. J. P. Adams, U. S. A., *Commandant of Cadets*

Sergeant J. W. Giblin

Sergeant S. Sorensen

EDITORIAL



LOUISE STETSON
Editor

JUST four years in high school and then we leave; only four years, but into them we cram all the joy and happiness possible, for that is the prerogative of youth. We work hard, play a little, make good friends; and then all too soon comes the day when we realize that our time in school is limited. As this fact becomes more apparent, the little familiar things become more worthy of our attention, and



LAVERNE MOLLER
Manager

although we may appear quite debonair, there is always a little ache in our hearts that we can't quite ignore when we realize that everything is almost over.

Still there is a deep satisfaction in knowing that we have accomplished what we intended to do when we entered Polytechnic as freshmen. We now have the right to call the coveted diploma our own.

We learn much from books, but we learn to live in a world peopled by human beings through contact with our fellows. Nowhere can this lesson be learned to greater advantage than in a great democracy like Polytechnic.

Among Polytechnic's two thousand students are to be found all types: the earnest, the frivolous, the sober, the gay; the student, the waster, the snob, the good fellow. These offer a wonderful field for the study of human nature, and a wide choice for the selection of our companions. It is here that we lay the firm foundation for those friendships which are to endure through the years when many of our book lessons have faded from our minds. This is the best gift of our school life.

The editor and staff wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed in any way to this issue of the JOURNAL. Their names are so many that just to enumerate them would require too much space. The book belongs to

them and to the other students of the school; it is not only for them but by them as well. The growing interest on the part of the student body as a whole in our semiannual publication is most gratifying.

THE JOURNAL was unable to use all the stories submitted, largely because of lack of space. The editors trust that the authors whose stories do not appear will not be discouraged but will try again next term.



ALICE DIERKS
Art Editor



LESTER WADE
Advertising Manager

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BON VOYAGE
SENIOR

GRADUATES OF JUNE, 1925

Alexander, Alonzo	Gagos, Herbert
Alexander, Mervyn	Gardiner, Bertha
Allen, Ida May	Garrett, George
Angelis, Marguerite	Geldert, Margaret
Axt, Milton	Gericke, Luke
Beesley, Edward	Goehler, George
Black, Rachel	Goldberg, Harry
Brasesco, Dario	Goldberg, Morley
Bredlow, Melvin	Goodberlet, Andrew
Breidenstein, Leonard	Gordon, Gladys
Brown, Edward	Granucci, Estelle
Brown, Frederick	Greninger, Daniel
Burnett, Willis	Gresham, Laura
Caro, David	Haimovitch, Louis
Castberg, Harold	Hamblly, Marjorie
Charleston, Vivian	Hamill, Elizabeth
Chatham, Russell	Hamerman, William
Chekanowski, Henry	Hay, Dorothea
Clark, Ralph	Hetherington, Robert
Clotere, Gustave	Higgins, Carol
Conens, John	Hilker, Gertrude
Connors, Milton	Hoeflich, Marcel
Cotal, Charles	Holliday, Gwendolyn
Cove, Robert	Horowitz, John
Crow, Alvin	Hudspeth, Katherine
Davis, Aimee	Jackson, Ross
Davis, Harold	Jansen, Elizabeth
Decia, Alfred	Johns, George
DeLauff, Helen	Johnsrude, Harold
Dierks, Alice	Kahn, Samuel
Diez, Harry	Kane, Joseph
Dillingham, William	King, Elizabeth
Donahue, Margaret	Kishi, May
Doan, Catherine	Lamprecht, William
Doan, Nelson	Lanthier, Howard
Douglas, Archibald	Lapham, Emerson
Duffee, Edward	Lawcock, Harold
Earwaker, Thelma	Lawson, Alice
Ebert, Victoria	Leach, Martin
Eddy, Adair	Leando, Harold
Elliott, Louis	Lennen, Elliott
Ellis, Edith	Leong, Elmer
Erickson, Nellie	Levy, Louis
Feldbush, Herbert	Lieb, Arnold
Fewster, Stanley	Lindstrom, Lloyd
Finnigan, George	Lorenzini, Albert

THE POLYTECHNIC

Lotz, Frank	Rodrigue, Florence
Lucas, Joseph	Rogers, Alma
Lyman, Russell	Rosinski, Harold
Magnani, Loretta	Saito, Edward
Malnick, Joseph	Savella, Pedro
Martin, John	Schell, Cornelia
McGrew, Walter	Schramm, Ruth
McLaughlin, Garnett	Schwartz, Samuel
McLeod, Hector	Selo, Monroe
McLeod, Norman	Shapro, Gerald
McMurtry, Irma	Simpson, Frank
Mertes, Everitt	Sitterle, Joseph
Meyer, Margaret	Sjogren, Astrid
Middleton, Edith	Sommer, Julius
Miles, Richard	Spears, Sybil
Miller, Margaret	Stahl, Arthur
Moller, LaVerne	Steffens, Everett
Morgan, Mary	Stetson, Louise
Morie, Leslie	Terrill, William
Morton, John	Thal, Alfred
Nicholson, Sybella	Tiernan, Geraldine
Nogren, Mildred	Titlow, Marion
O'Brien, Lucille	Victor, Peter
Olayos, John	Waegner, Kenneth
Pats, Ida	Wainwright, William
Perkins, Ethel	Walker, Eunice
Perrine, Ethelmae	Watson, Harry
Petterson, Earl	Webster, William
Phillips, Melvin	Whitney, Louis
Phinney, Forbes	Wight, Wallace
Preston, Herbert	Wozab, Irene
Rickleffs, Herbert	Wright, LeMoine











“Mabel Koda”



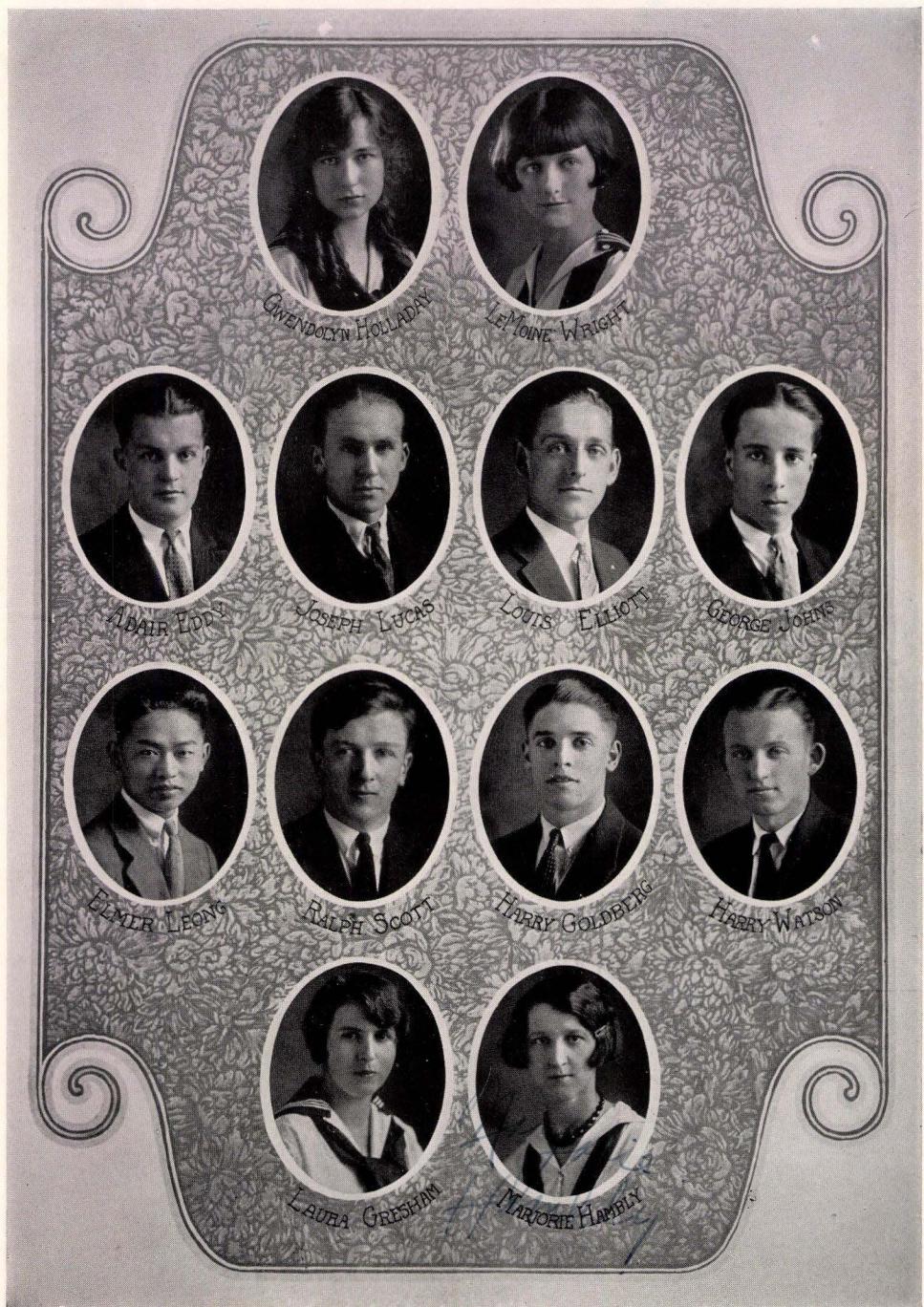


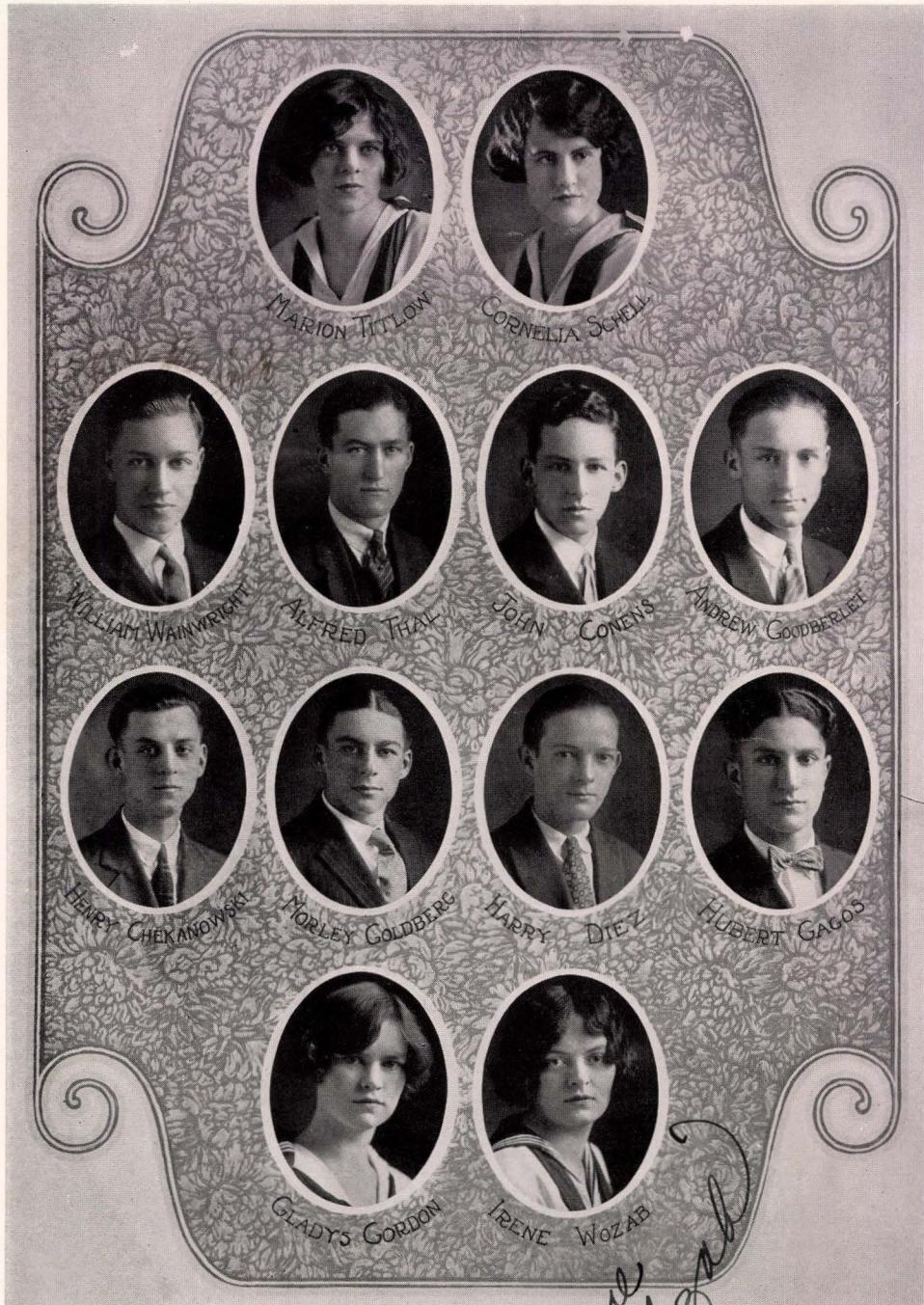




Alvin Crow
Louise M. Nutley









26

Everett
Steffens

MARGARET ANGELIS

ESTELLE GRANDUCCI

MARGE
Angelis.

THE POLYTECHNIC



Another Senior

Margaret Donahue '25
Gong.

Catherine Edwards

Gertrude Henne

Edwin Stevens

"Little" Muriel.

Gertrude Wilke
Alvaria '25-6
Memories of Rigby

Deen Goodwin
Fred Boyd Jr. T.S.
'24

HIGH FOUR CLASS

Arthur Pidgeon

THE SENIOR CLASS started its activities this term by electing an extremely capable set of officers. For president, Russell Lyman was chosen as the best executive in the class. For vice president, Edith Middleton was elected; for representative, Nelson Doan; for secretary, Jack Morton (who writes up the minutes in a "goodly fashion," as Chaucer would put it); for treasurer, Archie Douglas; for athletic manager, Milton Axt, our "three star" athlete; for yell leader, Al Decia. It seems that the class must have expected some stormy sessions, for they provided two sergeants at arms, Milton Connors and Bill Webster. All these officers have proved to be efficient assistants to their energetic president; and this fact, added to the co-operation of the class as a whole, has made possible the excellent record of the last term of the Class of June, 1925.

The first big feature the Senior Class presented was the Freshman Reception, which was pronounced one of the most successful functions of the kind ever given here. The little Frosh were welcomed into the school with open arms. Every little girl had a Senior boy to protect her, and every little boy had a big Senior girl as guide and guardian. Archie Douglas, dressed as a cowboy, welcomed them in a true Western fashion. To make them feel thoroughly at home, all-day suckers were distributed; but, when it came to eating these, we noticed that the lordly Seniors were no whit behind the lowly Frosh.

An amusing program was presented. The star act was Bud Lotz, billed as Anna Pavlotza, who interpreted the "Shades of Pavlawa." His rendition of the "Dying Swan" was a work of art and temporarily stopped the show. We understand that a producer in the audience came up afterwards and offered Bud a contract, but he said he would rather remain at school.

The next important event will be Senior Day. This has not been held at the time the JOURNAL goes to press, but it will be safe to prophesy several things about it. First, the prospective graduates will all be here; second, they will all be on time, for they will be anxious to see how the others look in their more or less fantastic garments. Third, the feature of the day will be the "Jinks," and the high light of the latter will be the "Jazz Chefs" presented by the boys' cooking class. We are assured that patrons will not have to eat any of the concoctions, so it will be quite safe to attend.

After Senior Day, the members of the class will enter into a stretch of hard work and plenty of study in view of the imminent final examinations; consequently there will be few social functions. This period will soon pass, and then will come the climax of our high school careers—graduation night. Well-groomed young men and women will step forward to get their diplomas, and, after listening to merited praise and good advice, they will disperse, each to go his separate way.

It will not be with complete joy that they will turn away from Polytechnic and all that it stand for of work and play, success and failure. Just four years ago they entered with hesitant steps and eager faces, not knowing what lay in store for them; now, with no less hesitant steps and no less eager faces, they go out, not knowing what the future may hold but better equipped by their four years of training to face whatever it may be. Most, no doubt, will find success and happiness; few, we hope, will find the going too hard.

Farewell, Senior Class; your record here has been a worthy one and should be a good measure of your success in the future.

THREADS

The Weaver guides His Pattern:

In and out, out and in,
Day by day, year by year,
Ever the silken threads entwine
In weird design
A strange and bewildering maze.

The Weaver tears His Pattern:

Threads break in wild discord;
Strings bend; strands snap;
Ever the tarnished is cast aside;
New strands replace old.

The Weaver mends His Pattern:

Love and joy, hope and sorrow,
Age and youth, faith and friendship,
All are woven together,
You and I, I and you—
Just threads?

EDITH TRICKLER.

YE COURTE GOSSIPPE

Inscribed every blue moon at ye courte of His Majesty Peter V. King, of this realme.

Ye Scribes { DAME EDITH TRICKLER
DAME BERTHA GARDINER

THE chief event of the social seasone was the Hunting Bee staged at Osglove Terrace, property of the Knight Gallant, LaVerne Moller. The King and Queen Margaret of Geldert, as well as Lady Louise of Stetsone, Lady Geraldine Tiernan, Sir Everett of Steffens, Maid of Honor Ruth Schramm, Countess Edith de Middleton, Lady Irma de la Macmurtry, Guy Harry of Watson, and hosts of others were guests of honor.

It is not definitely stated what was hunted, for the guests did as they did please. Honorable Monroe Selo, a confirmed gopher, gave lessons to some on how to golf. For the dancing Earl Gerald of Shapro played the Russian Ruble and the Italian Lyra, and his Jazze Bande included Sir Hubert Gagos, artist on the German Mark.

A programme under the tour direction of Mister Sam Kahn, American manager, included Prince Frank Lotz, champion chef and camp cooker, who demonstrated his song hit, "How Many of My Pancakes Did Fido Eat Ere They Carried Him Out on a Stretcher?"

Baron Joseph de Lucas gave the audience a demonstration on the art of combing hair. Lady Alice Lawson danced the Jigsaw from the ballet "I Ain't Gonna Twist No More." Sir Russell Lyman, barytone of the Songster's Quartette, also sang.

The Hunting Bee was a buzzing success.

△ △ △

His Honor Harold de Lawcock, renowned physiological researcher in the country of Bologna, gave a talk last Thursday eve on "My 206 Bones." Duke John of Martin acted as skeletal model for the lecture. It is rumored that more than one bone rattled.

△ △ △

The first cinema was shown at the Earl of Petterson's Drawing Rooms last Mandaye nite. The producer of it was M. Louis de Levy, our French novelty importer, and the scenes were shot at the Lloyd Lindstrom Memorial Parke and at Sir Gilbert Lorenzini's studios. The caste was composed of the creme of society and included:

The Snake	Duke Joseph of Kane
The Sheba	Lady Aimee Davis
The Shriek in the Night	Count Carol Higgins
Wild but Not Woolly	Baron Edward Beesley
The Roaring Lion	Sir Louis Elliott
The Cherub in the Case	Childe Arnold Lieb

△ △ △

It is rumored that Lady Elizabeth Hamill and Countess Dorothea Hay, co-

authors of "Evangeline My Beautiful Heifer," are again at work. Their new novel, "My Career at Hardwood and Hail," will undoubtedly be short and sweet.

△ △ △

The annuale Royale Feaste took place on Prince Arthur of Stahl's private yacht laste weeke but one and was muchly enjoyed by all. The feastings part included an unusual arraye of knifes, fourks, and other confusing tools, but as everyone used his ten digits, the probleme was solved. The fad for using these new and most ridiculous implements will, we predict, not become popular.

Among the evening's entertainers was Bart. Julius Sommer, journaliste à la carte. Viscount Hector McLeod did a chariot race to commemorate his ancestor. Knight Bachelor Everitt Mertes, who is said to be sweet but not quite twenty, was the center of attention with his new Turkish style mustache.

Sir John of Morton, noted etiquetologist, was present. As yet he has not invented a formula for retaining greased chicken on a plate.

The Honorable George of Johns was a most unfortunate victime of circumstantiale evidence. While unexpectedly sneezing, three pearl handled knives popped out of his mouth. Upon bending to recover them, his wig slipped and disclosed a highly polished dome. Evidently the man has architectural ideas.

△ △ △

Sheik Harold Davis, our Arabian interpreter, recently lost the championship gum-chewing contest by the length of a chew. Unfortunately several dozen lengths of gum became tangled in his esophagus. The Sheik is recuperating by degrees.

△ △ △

A most delightful tea was given in honor of her Highness Princess Irene de Wozab by the Duchess LeMoine de la Wright on laste Tuesdaye in the afternoon. A short dialogue, "Sweet But Almost Too Simple," was enacted by Guy Harry Goldberg, editor of our *Morning Breeze*, and Lady Helen de Lauff, one of the season's most promising débutantes.

CLASSIFIDE COURTE ADZES

(Classify them an ye can.)

Senor Harry Diaz, Spanish gent and haberdasher. Goods guaranteed to be neat, but how about gaudy?

Knight David Caro: Sheiking de luxe, Coaching hours 9-3.

Honorable George Goehler: Champion Argumentator. Lessons in repartee given daily. Special class 10-10:50 four times a week.

Guy Martin de Leach, Court Barber, Specializer in false and misplaced eyebrows.

Admiral Elliott Lennen: Burnups a specialty.

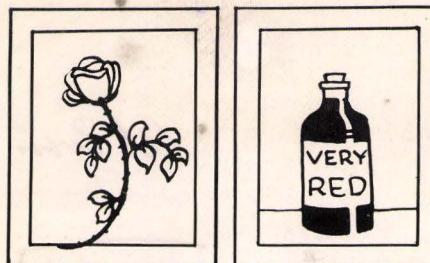
Sir William Hammerman, Agent for choice Lounge Liniment, good for the back.

HISTORY OF A POLYITE

John Morton

The Freshman enters Poly expecting to find life here a path of roses, but he finds that the road to success is full of obstacles. It is here that he becomes acquainted with ink of various shades and meanings.

Intimate close-up of a rose.

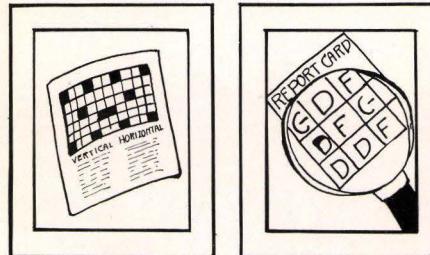


Bottle containing enough ink to flunk 11,108,901 students.

He soon overcomes these obstacles, however, and becomes a natty, overdressed and overbearing Sophomore. In his own opinion he is one step ahead of a Senior, and only one step removed from the Prince of Wales. He attends all the school dances and cultivates the acquaintance of the ladies.

He enters his third year optimistically, with a knack of "getting by," and with a subtle contempt for all further education and educators. As a rule, during this year, his parents are invited to come to school.

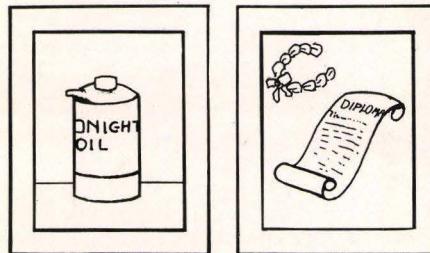
One type of "homework" much featured in third year study halls.



Reason why parents find it necessary to accept the principal's cordial invitation.

If he is lucky, he becomes a Senior, and the problem of how to get out confronts him. To attain this end, he must burn the well-known midnight oil. By the mercy of Allah he is graduated at the end of four stormy years, with a diploma, a social position and a strong tendency toward egotism.

One gallon M. N. Oil imported from the land of the M. N. Sun.



Common symbols denoting learning, distinction, or what have you?

LITERATURE



THE GYPSY LADY

Journal Prize Story

Frieda Kuhl

“YOU’LL be next, Sohnya.”

A smiling face was lifted to the speaker; then, as the gray eyes of the girl encountered the dark ones of Shek-esu smiling at her, her own were quickly lowered.

“Oh, Fenella!” she said to her companion with a happy sigh; then quickly changing the subject, “Doesn’t Reyora look pretty! And how Artaros loves her!”

“And how Shek-esu loves you!” mocked the other.

“Let’s follow the bride, Fenella. See, Shek-esu is waiting for us.” And they became lost in that chaos of merry people, dancing, singing, larking, in one of the maddest performances in all the world—a gypsy wedding.

The day wore into darkness, and still the merrymaking was going on. On the doorstep of one little house sat a man and a woman, their hearts beating in perfect unison.

“Little Sohnya, little love, there is only one more month, just one short month, and yet it is an eternity—” with a sigh. “It is years, and years, and years—”

They sat in silence for a while; then it was she who spoke.

“Shek-esu,” and his name upon her lips was as the fragrance of a flower, “you will be breaking the tribal custom of the Zigani by marrying me; I am not all gypsy, dear.”

“And what difference does that make, little one? I am now chief and I shall set my own rule.” Then, as an afterthought, “Your father was Zigani, Sohnya, little one; your father was a gypsy.”

“Yes,” said the girl, proudly, “my father was a gypsy. But,” she continued with a note of sadness, as she always did when thinking of the mother she had never known, “my mother was a gentile, of a great family, old Mother Kaisaya told me, and it was from her that I got my eyes, so different from the Zigan’s.”

“The most beautiful in all the world,” said he.

“She was a great lady, Shek-esu, but very unhappy. But my father made her happy for two wonderful years—” she broke off with a sob.

He began playing softly on his bas-aja, the violin, and in his music it was as if his soul spoke to the girl he loved, and his song was as free as his life. From ethereal heights it descended to howling depths; from the plaint, barely heard, it passed to the warrior’s song, bursting loudly forth, passionate and tender, at once burning and calm. His playing was an art full of passion, life, laughter and tears.

The gypsy girl, whose mother had been a great lady, was crying softly as he finished.

Fifteen minutes later, Sohnya was praying, kneeling before the little golden crucifix that had been her mother's:

"Mi Duvl, dear God, make me be a good wife to him, make me be a good wife to Shek-esu, for I love him so, I love him so."

And in the young chief's house, on the other side of the village, Shek-esu was murmuring, "O boro Duvl, O great God, give me the power to make her happy, for I love her, mi Duvl, I love her."

Morning in Oura. Women sitting in groups, weaving baskets; children playing in the sun; men talking idly in the square; the occasional rattling of wheels passing by. It was a lovely day.

From far away came the wild, sweet song of a gypsy girl:

"Paller tute sarrasa,
Pardel puv te pani
Trinali—O krallisa!
Miri chovihani."

It began softly, like summer breeze rippling over the lake; it was like a gleam of moonlight on the water. It became sweeter, sadder and stranger, increased rapidly, until all was wild and fast and mad; then a sudden silence. It stopped. Shonya was happy.

There was a flash of scarlet in the sun, and a little boy was running toward her as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"Why, Faunio, gothni, why art thou running so fast?"

"There is, there is—" he began breathlessly.

"There is a great roglan in the village, and a great lord, and a great lady with a funny thing to look through, with a dog as small—"

"There, there, mi gothni, let us go and see."

He chatted incoherently all the way to the village, but Sohnya did not heed him. She was thinking of Shek-esu; she was always thinking of Shek-esu.

Men, women, and children, their dark faces aglow with surprise and fear, were gaping at a large carriage drawn up on the square. A short, stout man, of perhaps seventy, was talking to the chief. From the carriage a haughty, white-haired lady gazed with great contempt upon the gypsies through her lorgnette.

"H'm, my name is Mortimer," the man was saying. "H'm, Lord Mortimer, y'know."

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir," replied the Shek-esu with a touch of sarcasm. Strangers were never welcome in Oura, especially gentiles.

"H'm, do you call yourself king?"

"We have no king; I am the chief."

"H'm, I had a daughter, y'know—"

"I am afraid I'm not interested, sir," interrupted Shek-esu icily.

"Wait a minute, young man—well—h'm, I had a daughter, y'know, and—well—damme, she ran away with a gypsy! I heard that my granddaughter was here."

Shek-esu's handsome mouth became set in a hard, straight line; his eyes burned with a fire of a thousand passions; his nails tore into the palms of his hands until they bled.

"James," came a hard voice from the carriage, "tell those tramps to let us have her immediately."

"Let us have her immediately, young man," said that great lord, like a parrot that is being taught his lesson.

With a great effort, his hands clenched, his eyes like steel, Shek-esu answered, "There is a young lady belonging to our tribe, sir, whose mother was a gentile. She is my betrothed. May I ask, sir, how you know she is your granddaughter?"

"What is it that you want of me, sir?" It was Sohnya. She had heard the latter part of the conversation and had seen the look on the face of Shek-esu. Her eyes were ablaze, her body all aquiver.

"Are you here? Damme, girl, don't you know me? I'm your grandfather, girl, your mother's father, girl. I've come to take you home to the manor."

"What reason have you to think I'm your granddaughter? And if I am, what reason have you to think I'll come with you? You did not make my mother happy —you—you—" Her eyes were blazing with pent-up passion, her body quivering with mixed emotions.

"Damme, girl, I like your spirit. H'm, we've been looking for you for years through our agent, Leland. You'll be a great lady, girl—" Then with sudden remembrance, "Stella, m'dear"—she was walking over slowly as if treading on snakes—"Stella, m'dear," continued her husband, "we have found her at last."

Lady Mortimer looked down at Sohnya through her lorgnette, with a condescending smile on her harsh face.

"What have they named you, child?"

"My name is Sohnya," answered the girl proudly. "It is a gypsy name."

"H'm," mused the grandfather, "the Lady Sohnya."

At that, that great lady who was a gypsy girl, that scion of a famous house who was proud of being a Zigan, that heiress who loved the gypsy chief, sank upon the ground, her body shaken with convulsive sobs.

"I'll not go!" she cried, "I'll not, I'll not! You'll not let them take me away, Shek-esu? You'll not? Say you'll not, Shek-esu, because you love me!"

He lifted her up gently, his eyes looking down at her with infinite pity, infinite love and longing.

"It is just because I love you so, little one, that I must let you go. Sohnya, my Sohnya!"

Then with forced frivolity in his voice, "You are now a great lady, little one; you can never be the wife of a Zigan," he said with ineffable sadness.

There came to her mind the sweet song she had often sung with Shek-esu:

"No wild horse will leave the prairie
For a harness with silver stars;
Nor an eagle the crags of the mountains
For a cage with golden bars."

Yet the Lady Sohnya Mortimer rode forth to a new world.

△ △ △

The lights from the great house reflected themselves in the water like myriad diamonds; from the inside came the strains of popular music; on the dark terrace a man and woman stood silently, each with vastly different emotions. The moon reflected his well-set blond head and his tall, slim figure; it smiled pityingly on his face full of admiration, hope, longing, as he looked down at the girl beside him. Her own face was exquisitely oval; and her dark, shining hair enhanced the paleness of her visage. Her long, gray eyes were strangely full of misery.

"I would make you a duchess, Lady Sohnya; I would give you jewels and lovely gowns, my Lady; and I would love you—Sohnya," he said softly, confidently.

From the ballroom came the discordant clash of cymbals; to Sohnya it seemed as if her heart was like that, just a discord of emotions. Should she accept this man who offered her everything, everything but what she wanted? Should she become "My Lady the Duchess," and try to forget? Ah, could she forget? Can a prisoner forget the lovely outside world? Can a bird in his cage forget the sweet freedom of the forest?

The other was waiting breathlessly, yet confidently. He was quite sure now. She turned to him a face full of agony, full of the misery in her heart.

"No—please—yes—please, not now—tomorrow—"

A flash of white and she was gone.

In her room she sank before her golden crucifix, her body aquiver.

"Mi Duvl, mi boro Duvl," she prayed between sobs, "mi Duvl—Shek-esu," she murmured incoherently. "Oura, Oura, and Shek-esu—"

The door opened softly. It was the little maid, Marie. It was not the first time she had seen her mistress thus, yet her heart went out anew in sympathy for this lovely bird imprisoned in her jeweled cage.

"My Lady," she said, rousing her gently, "My Lady, you are wanted down stairs. There is great excitement there from news just received."

"Dear Lady," she continued as Sohnya stood up, "I'll just fix you up a bit and then you can go down."

In the great ballroom all were assembled around the host and hostess. The former held a letter in his hand, and his face was a study in emotions. All were waiting. The crowd gave way for Sohnya to pass, and she came up slowly. On her face were the signs of recent tears; otherwise there was no expression; it was a blank page.

"Did you want me, sir?" (She never could bring herself to call him "grand-father.")

"Yes, yes, h'm." Then suddenly, as was his wont, "Here, girl, read this."

She began reading it disinterestedly. Suddenly a wonderful change came into her face; it was as the sunshine after the storm, as the dawn after the night; it was happiness after misery.

The letter was very short and to the point. It was from Leland, the Mortimer's agent. He was sorry to say that it was a misunderstanding that had made him think he had found their granddaughter in the gypsy girl, Sohnya. It had been a sad mistake. Now he had found the real one who possessed some things that had belonged to the Lady Alicia. He hoped Sohnya would not take it too much to heart.

She returned the letter with a smile that was like the sun, and slowly turned and left the room forever. And those poor people, great lords and ladies, wondered at the happiness that made her face so beautiful.

And she who had entered that house as the unhappy Lady Sohnya, left it as the gypsy girl with the song in her heart.

An old servant drove the reglace, and they traveled all through the night; and with the dawn came happiness—and Shek-esu.

THE FOUNTAIN

Such a pretty little fountain,
Singing all day long,
As a brook plays o'er a mountain,
This brook plays o'er a stone.

This stone is one of marble,
A lion at its feet;
The little brooklet warbles
Through the lazy lion's teeth.

GERALDINE BUNCE, JUNE, '26.

LIFE SENTENCE

Robert McClelland

THE sickly gray light from the midwinter sun fell through the stained-glass windows of Bridgeport's courtroom. A trial was in progress and the court was packed, for trials, even insignificant ones, were a rarity in the New England township of Bridgeport.

The case of the prosecuting attorney was nearing its close. For two solid hours, the grim, square-faced young lawyer had launched forth a tirade against the prisoner, a miserable old man who sat shivering in his chair. For Bridgeport, of all New England's hidebound towns, was the strictest, the sternest, and the hardest towards evil-doers. Therefore the court was concentrating its spleen upon the wretch who had dared commit such crimes as the defense was guilty of. He had stolen a dog, a valuable one. The crime was bad enough, but it was the mayor's best dog. He had smashed the window of the leading hardware store in town and robbed it. This was outrageous, but the fact that the presiding judge controlled the major portion of the store's stock made the crime doubly insufferable. And then, as a fitting climax, the brazen old fool had been found sleeping in the grounds of Bridgeport's city hospital, with part of the stolen goods in his possession. Such conduct in the town was unheard of.

Clearly and forcibly the young lawyer had outlined an already strong case, and now he was closing the prosecution. "Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "you see before you the most despicable character that has ever menaced this community. You see before you a man whose very presence is obnoxious. In the name of justice, gentlemen, I demand that you mete out the heaviest punishment possible that he may stand as an example to the human dross that constantly seeks to degrade this town."

The young lawyer formally closed his case, and was seated. He had taken this opportunity to show his capability as Bridgeport's latest prosecuting attorney. Certainly he had succeeded admirably. He glanced at the jury, and the expression on the hard faces assured him of success. He looked at the judge. That individual was glowering at the prisoner with eyes that possessed more of the qualities of burnished steel than those of a human being. The citizens of Bridgeport had nicknamed him "Old Flinty." His anger was proverbial in the community.

The jury was angry at the doddering old fool who had sinned so awfully, and because he had sat in sullen silence throughout half the trial, refusing to answer a single question. It had never occurred to them that the old man was partially deaf. Human nature is an unreasonable thing.

The prosecution finished, the judge called the counsel for the defense. But the old man had no defense, since the public defender was ill. The judge considered

the matter. The only thing left was to have the old man testify in his own behalf. "Prisoner," he roared, "you are called upon to give reasons, if any, why you should not be adjudged guilty of these outrages." The old man turned a bleak eye toward the judge. He had not heard. The bailiff, sensing the trouble, bellowed the command in his ear, and at length he stood up.

He cut an odd figure as he stood there in the dock. His thin face was haggard. One lean hand was wrapped in a blood-soaked rag, and his white hair, the one thing savoring of beauty about him, fell in sorry ringlets about the old bowed head. The sneering faces frightened him so that he could not speak, but swung his head weakly from side to side. "Speak!" roared the judge. The fury of the command had its effect. The old man began to speak.

It was a thin cracked voice, with but a trace of Irish brogue. The crowd tittered, the situation was amusing. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may well think ill of me, for it's guilty I am of whatever the young man might have said of me. But this is an explanation I would offer you; not to beg your mercy, for I do not matter, but because I think that you should know." He stopped to cough, a wracking cough, and then continued. "It was a dreary morning three days ago, as I sat resting upon a curbstone, a wee, black, puppy dog ran out directly in front of a speeding machine. 'Twas then that across the road a small red-haired boy ran screaming out to save the dog. And both were crushed. I had closed my eyes, and when I opened them, the lad lay crumpled in the dirt, clutching the dead body of the little dog.

"I rushed and knelt beside him, and the cries he let would have melted the very stones. His eyes were opened, big blue eyes, and they held agony down in their depths. Quickly then gathered a crowd, and I was pushed aside. The red-haired lad was rushed to the hospital, leaving the black doggie in the street. So I picked the little body up, and scratching a hole in a near-by park, I buried it and went my way. But the boy preyed much upon my mind, for he struck me as greatly like a little lad I used to have who—"

The old man coughed violently, and after a brief silence continued "—who was killed of the black plague long, long ago. Oh, what a joy he was to me and his hair was red, and he had a dog, a small, black puppy dog. The thought of it all near drove me mad. I walked the streets all day, seeing nothing. At length I came to the park again, and I flung myself down on a bench. An old ragged man, much like myself, sat on the bench. He had a paper and was spelling out the words in it. I paid no heed to the babblin' cromie, but suddenly the word 'red-haired' fell upon my ears. I gripped the bench. It was the lad that the man was reading about. Slowly came the words, 'A red-haired boy is dying in the county clinic. Nothing is known of him except that an old man, presumably a relative, was seen at the accident.' As the last word was spelled out, I sprang from the bench, and ran. I, who could hardly walk, ran, and ran, towards the clinic. For it struck me that I was the man they thought a relative of the boy, and something urged me on to see the lad. I reached the clinic, I know not how, and rang the bell. The door was

opened, and I told the nurse I was the boy's grandfather. Quickly they brought me to the doctor. Not unkindly, he said the boy would die.

"They led me to the baby. The bed lay in a corner in the shadows. Lightly I crossed the room, and looked down on the bed. 'Twas then that my heart near twist. For his eyes were turned upon me. Baby eyes, but eyes that held a hell of agony that no morphine could dull. 'Twas not the pain. No! No! 'Twas the dog, the black puppy dog. I read the question in his eyes. I had told the doctor a lie. 'Twas then I told another. For I said, 'Your little dog is living, safe and well, within my house.'

"The wee boy gasped, a hot hand grasped my arm, and he whispered, 'Bring him to me.' And then, fool that I was, I promised. What else could I do? I ran from the room. 'Twas raining now and the dark was falling. I ran, and cursed myself for the promise I had made. The baby was dying, a red-haired baby, and he was waiting for a dog, a black dog, that was dead. In the midst of my thoughts, I heard a yelp. I swung around and on the other side of the fence was a dog, the mayor's black puppy dog. With a single bound, I leaped the fence. A second, and I had the dog, and then I ran and ran.

"For many blocks I stumbled on. The rain was lashing the trees. The thunder roared and lightning flashed, like the thoughts that seared my mind. And then, to the left of me, I saw puppy collars. There was a stone on the pavement. I hurled the stone, and grabbed the string of collars. From them all I took a plain brown one, like the one the dead puppy had worn. And then I ran. My eyes were blurred. My breath was coming now in jerks. My limbs were trembling. I stumbled, and then the fall quelled me, so that I would have lain there, but there rose before me a vision of a red-haired boy, dying of the plague. So I ran.

"The clock was striking twelve when I reached the clinic. This time, no bell did I ring, but crept round the back, and, concealing the dog within my coat, pulled myself up the fire escape till I reached the floor where baby lay. I peered in through the curtains. The doctor and the nurse were there. The doctor was shaking his head. The red-haired boy had not long to live. They left the room and I crept into it. The puppy, hapless thing, let out a sleepy whine. And then, the saints be praised, the laddie turned his head and gazed at the dog. I feared the baby could see through my deception. But the room was dark, and he was very sick. Gently I laid the puppy on the bed. A tiny arm stole around the pup and he hugged it to his breast. The boy did not speak, he was too sick for that. But oh, his eyes. The whole love and peace was summed up in the two eyes that gazed at the wee black doggie.

"All through the night I sat there till dawn came and I stole away, taking the puppy with me, for the boy seemed quite dead. I had reached midway between the house and street when something in me seemed to snap, and I knew no more till wakened by the guard."

The old man had finished. His eyes were closed. For him life was ended;

for jail spells death, a horrible death to a consumptive, and he knew the sentence forthcoming. Yet life was sweet and he was old, and sick, and childish, so he cried.

The court was silent. The prosecuting attorney sat slumped in his seat. He cursed himself for the case he had presented. That judge, the iron judge, was heartless; the old man was "out of luck." The jury was blowing its nose, and the crowd in the courtroom seemed similarly affected. But the judge paused; then, "Gentlemen," he said, "the defense has closed his case. And," as he raised his voice, "it has failed to shake the prosecution's argument. Therefore, I demand from the jury a verdict of guilty." Listlessly the foreman handed the verdict. The crowd grew tense. The sentence was coming.

The judge turned to the luckless prisoner. "Prisoner," he said, "the court finds you guilty. I therefore sentence you for the rest of your natural life—" There was a rumble in the courtroom, then a roar and every mother's son of them voiced his protest. Like the boom of a cannon came the thundering voice of the judge, "Silence!" The crowd lapsed into a sullen mass. But his will prevailed; there was silence.

The judge glared at the mob, cleared his throat, and began, "I hereby sentence you, for the remainder of your natural life—" someone coughed—"to the job of raising the pluckiest red-haired baby that ever fooled Bridgeport's clinic doctor. I adopted him this morning when I heard that he would live!"

"Court adjourned."

THE UNATTAINABLE

Gertrude Roche



"THEN you have joined them?"

"You mean the minutemen?" as she nodded. "Yes."

"Which means?"

"That at any moment I may be called to war." The young man bent forward. "Do you care, Elizabeth?" he asked earnestly.

The girl averted her face till the young doctor could see only the golden halo that the warm glow of candlelight cast round her head.

"I have known you all my life," came the somewhat discouraging reply; "how can I help but care—a little?"

Samuel Prescott, doctor, minuteman and ardent patriot, sat down again on the chintz-covered chair and fingered his musket restlessly. His was a hard duty. He was faithful to his country, would give, willingly, his life for her, but there was also—Elizabeth. It was she who finally broke the silence.

"I wish I, too, could fight," he heard her say, "for the honor of my ancestors—their country."

"You would fight for the king?"

She nodded.

"For my father's country," Elizabeth went on, a tinge of sorrow in the soft voice. "I must carry out his work, the work of my ancestors—if 'tis needed."

"And the 'work'?"

Elizabeth reached up and grasped the gilded hilt of the sword that hung on the wall. She ran a slim forefinger over the dusty blade. In the dim glow of the candlelight he could barely make out the words: "Vengeance is Mine."

"But should it not go to your brother?" he demanded, as he handled it reverently.

The blue eyes flashed in sudden wrath.

"No!" she exclaimed hotly. "He, too, is a minuteman." For a moment there was silence; then she went on, in a subdued tone, "Because I am a girl, I must give it to a man, one whom I honor, respect—and trust! I do not think it would be father's wish to have it in the hands of—a rebel!"

Young Prescott's face flushed a dull red.

"Then for me, too," he said, grimly, "it is unattainable."

"Yes," she echoed, "for you, too, it is unattainable."

Elizabeth had scarcely uttered the words when the dull thud of horses' hoofs rang through the still night air. The young man sprang to his feet and flung open the door. Two horsemen passed in a cloud of swirling dust and leaves, their warning echoing through the house: "To arms! To arms! The Regulars are coming!"

Doctor Prescott turned to the girl beside him.

"Revere and Dawes," he explained hurriedly. "America's time has come, Elizabeth, and I must help!"

He ran down the path and, mounting his horse, Firefly, spurred the animal to its utmost speed. The familiar places flashed by like meteors, Firefly's hoofs beating a dismal rhythm on the soft dirt of the road as they left Lexington in the distance. The rushing wind cooled the rider's still burning face and brought the vague, unpleasant recollection that he had not even said good-by.

Prescott looked up at the road, a satiny strip of ribbon in the moonlight, unwinding before him. Far up on the ridge were two black specks—the two horsemen. Again he spurred his horse on. Larger, yet larger grew the specks, enlarging themselves into horse and rider, until Firefly was but a few scant yards behind.

Revere glanced back, anticipating a redcoat, but his shout was answered by a reassuring "It's I—Prescott!" and the three went galloping madly toward Concord.

The road was good but narrow. Paul Revere and William Dawes kept up their untiring gait, but the doctor, being within speaking distance, preferred to bring up the rear. Firefly needed no guidance now, and the doctor's thoughts once more flew back to Elizabeth.

"She does not even care for me," he assured himself sorrowfully, "so I have naught to live for, except my country." The taunting thought inspired reckless deeds—he hoped he would be wounded, killed, because she had said—

Prescott pulled the reins in brusquely. From out of the shadowy trees bordering the road, a dozen mounted redcoats had appeared simultaneously, surrounding the surprised Revere and his fellow rider. Prescott took the situation in at a glance. It was necessary, absolutely vital to America's fate, that the alarm be carried to Concord. Already a rider had started toward him. Quick as a flash, Firefly, guided by her master's unswerving hand, wheeled around and, leaping the brick wall, dashed over the fields toward Concord.

Prescott's heart leaped in his breast. From the road came the cries of the British, and the clatter of the pursuer's steed. Firefly was tired, the redcoat's horse a fresh one, yet he, Prescott, must guide his horse to Concord, must reach there and spread the alarm. Unmercifully he dug the spurs into the already sweating flanks of the faithful beast. Again they leaped the fence and came out on the road.

One mile—one and a half. Prescott counted them with feverish reckoning, the wind whistling in his ears till he could not hear his pursuer; or was he pursued? He dared not look back, dared not take his eyes off the moonlit road, or what would happen to his beloved America?

Two miles—two and a half—three. Every shadowy spot might shelter an armed redcoat who could bring him down without anyone's knowledge. Beads of perspiration gleamed on his forehead. Oh, God! Firefly sped with phantom speed.

Four and a half. With thankful eyes he saw the tiny white half-mile post.

Twinkling lights gleamed in the distance. Specks loomed larger, shaped themselves into houses. Then, just as the steeple clock struck two—Concord!

From dry, encrusted lips came the cry: "To arms! The Regulars are coming!"

Men, women, and children swarmed into the streets as the alarm was spread. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, seizing muskets, all ran to the common. The minutemen, the saviors of America, were responding . . .

His work done, Doctor Prescott stopped at the inn to rest. Feeling ran high, and a crowd swarmed excitedly around a new messenger from Lexington, as bees around their queen. From where he sat, Prescott caught snatches of the talk. Suddenly he pressed his way through the crowd.

"Did you speak of an Alden?" he demanded of the man.

Someone in the crowd answered, but the main speaker rattled on, unmindful of the interruption:

"So the drunken redcoat tried to kiss Mistress Alden, and when her brother tried to protect her, he was shot!"

There was a cry of protest, quieted only by the last of the messenger's story: "He's gone now, for sure. The crowd was up and after him when I left." He started out the door, his voice trailing in the distance. Prescott waited to hear no more. Elizabeth's brother had been killed—she was unprotected.

Once more Firefly's hoofs beat a dismal rhythm, not on the road—the Regulars were coming—but on the soft earth of the ploughed fields. There were fences to hurdle, ditches to leap, and the way was longer than the road, but Firefly's gait was a steady one and before morning she stood before the house of Mistress Alden. Prescott dismounted and ran up the path.

He raised the brass knocker and, at his touch, the unlatched door swung open. Elizabeth stood in the shadows of the hall.

"I have come to offer my sympathy, and to say good-by, Elizabeth," he faltered. "I am ordered to Virginia to spread the news. Will you wish me—luck?"

She glanced downward and his eyes, following her gaze, caught the glitter of steel. She held out to him the coveted sword.

For a moment he remained motionless, gazing in disbelief at the glistening blade. Then unsheathing his own sword and taking the other from her hands he slipped it into his scabbard.

For one brief moment their lips met, then he strode down the path and mounted Firefly.

And so, with tear-dimmed eyes, she watched him ride away in the after-glow of rose-tinted dawn, the dawn of American Independence.

THE TOP SERGEANT'S TALE

John Morton



WE were all seated around the camp fire one evening, in the summer camp near Neemah, that veriest sink hole of that none-too-wholesome country, India. I had traveled more than four thousand miles to meet and mingle with the men who now lay about the fire in positions of ease; for I am a novelist, and at that time I was in search of material for a series of stories.

I was not long in getting acquainted with the grizzled old top sergeant who now faced me across the fire. He was the typical Indian soldier: a true Kipling character with duty to king and country foremost in his mind. His was a brogue known only to the twenty-year Indian campaigner, and I shall not try to imitate it in the following story.

'The old soldier broke the silence with a low, musing chuckle. "So you came to India looking for story stuff, did you?"'

I admitted as much.

"Well," he added in his slow drawl, "you arrived about thirty years too late to get the real stuff, but it's not so far away but what an old campaigner can recall it. There was a time, my boy, when the life of an unarmed man was not worth the knife thrust that killed him, and a Snider brought its weight in coined silver from the border bandits in the hills of Jagai. I was then a private in the Queen's Royal Rifles, as fine a bunch of boys as ever looted a Ghurka village. Those were the days when the fastest hand and the longest knife were law, and the devil took the lad not able to protect himself."

The sergeant paused a moment to relight his cuddly pipe; then as the smoke curled up from his lips, he continued his reminiscences.

"Your hunt for material brings to my mind a little occurrence that took place during the early Indian rebellions, and in which I took a leading part. With your leave I'll just give you a hand with those stories of yours."

I told him by all means to continue, for I scented the unusual in the queer look that came into his eyes.

"We were stationed near Fort Buckalew, near the south fork of the Ganges. The natives were giving us no end of trouble, what with religious uprisings and sneak thievery; hardly a day passed that two or more rifles did not disappear from the barracks. We knew well just where those rifles were going, and we knew just what to expect. The crisis came one night when a commissary sergeant was knifed in the back by two priests of the local temple.

"The C. O., of course, demanded instant retribution from the Hindu council, with the accompanying threat of armed attack unless the murderers were given up.

We knew that the demand was useless, as it soon proved to be when the High Priest of Klesh refused to surrender the miscreants.

"We immediately began a siege of the temple, for we could not afford to let an issue of this kind pass.

"The great majority of the natives had taken refuge within the edifice, and our first two attacks were repulsed with surprising force. But the best of Hindu cunning cannot compete with English gunpowder, and before long we found ourselves within the stronghold, engaged in feverish hand-to-hand combat with the furious Dahs. But by the grace of God and a six-foot bayonet thrust, we soon were able to call for a surrender from our evil-looking opponents.

"After the last skirmish was over, we began to look about for the secret doors and death traps that are common in Ghurka temples. As luck would have it, I became separated from the main party, and before long I found myself in a great, high-ceilinged room, at the end of which stood, or mayhap I should say sat, one of the most hideous idols I have ever seen. Imagine my feelings when I realized that I was in their holy of holies—me, a Christian! I didn't have time to indulge in misgivings, for just then I made a discovery that brought the wind to my lungs and held it there; in the middle of the idol's forehead beckoned and gleamed a blood-red ruby the size of a hen's egg. Now the pay of a soldier in the service of the Queen—God bless her!—is not much; and so, almost without thought, I sprang up the wooden image until I was in a position to pry the gem loose with my bayonet.

"No sooner had I started operations than the idol began to swing around turret fashion; and before I could regain the floor, I found myself in a low, dark room back of the altar. For a moment I could do no more than swear, for I, who had looted more than a score of Dah temples, was trapped by one of the most common of altar pitfalls.

"I could little afford to stand idle; I knew I was in for it and that my chances for escape were few. I remembered the battle. Mightn't the Dahs be busy fighting yet? At any rate, I decided I'd better do a little exploring. Accordingly, I drew my revolver and with it in readiness proceeded down a dark tunnel-like passage leading from the little room I had so inadvertently found.

"As I expected, I soon came into a room about the size of the main room except that this one was devoid of furniture and lighted by a single brass lamp of huge proportions hanging from the ceiling. The glow from this lamp was a queer, greenish tinge; and as my eyes became accustomed to it, I noted that the walls were lined with huge pillars of wood, each of which was carved in the most hideous way. Horrible masked faces, crudely colored, peered at me from the columns. I could hear the drip, drip of water, and I knew that I must be underground in the hill that stood back of the temple.

"The silence that permeated this vast chamber was perhaps the most appalling of all the many horrors, and I hurried on lest I lose my courage. I was making my way slowly around the wall when I suddenly felt the hair rising on the nape of my neck. I gazed, fascinated, at the thing that quivered and shone in the wall before

me. It was a long, keen Klyber knife, and it had flashed past me and buried its point in the wood not ten inches from my chest. I turned quickly, determined to fight to the end. But the odds were too much against me; I had been attacked by seven sub-priests, and was overpowered almost immediately. As I struggled, I was struck on the head, and everything turned black before me.

"As my senses slowly came back, I could hear a steady tick, tick, tick, that sounded strangely like the old clock that stood in my mother's kitchen at home. In my fancy I could hear my father scolding me for throwing knives at a favorite pigeon that laid blood-red rubies . . . As my mind became clearer, I realized that I lay spread-eagled on the floor, bound down by wrists and ankles, in a third great chamber. Seated in a circle around me were about seventy-five natives. One who stood before me was chanting in a low, vibrant voice a doggerel of which I had heard but which I had never believed existed. It was the 'Ritual to the Unhallowed Dead.'

"I had no more than taken this in, however, when my eyes became riveted upon the principal object in the room. It was a huge brass pendulum that hung from the ceiling; and as it swung back and forth a wave of terror swept over me, for, at each stroke, it passed directly above my body, and at each stroke seemed to come closer. From the end there hung what appeared to be a length of rope; in the half-light I was unable to decide just what it was. Then my ears picked up a familiar hissing sound that seemed to come from the pendulum, but it was a sound that I could not connect with the pendulum itself. I forced myself to look closely, for I could not afford to miss a single detail of this unholy proceeding. As the pendulum began the return journey on its wide arc, I followed it with my eyes; and as the end approached the point nearest to me, I stared, stiffened, and screamed. I tore at my bonds, and shrieked to all the gods to set me free. For, tied to the end of the pendulum was a huge, black, north India cobra!

"How long I lay there I do not know. The only thing I realized was that every stroke of that great brass weight brought that hideous death closer to me. My brain seemed on fire, the room swam before me, and unconsciousness relieved me once more.

"As I dimly remember it, I was awakened by a terrible explosion. In a twinkling the room was full of the boys of my regiment cleaning up those natives like so much dirt. Some one cut my bonds, and another explained how they found me.

"It seems that the C. O. couldn't account for a large number of natives that seemed to have vanished. In order to force the priests who had been captured to tell the whereabouts of the others, he had threatened to blow up the big idol in the outer room where I had started my adventure. They refused to betray their followers, and consequently the idol was blown up. That's the way they found the tunnel leading to the torture chamber and that's the way they found me."

The old soldier rose and stretched his stiffened joints. As he knocked the ashes from his pipe, he concluded his yarn:

"That's how the story ended, and believe me, boy, my story almost ended there, too."

AROUND THE SCHOOL

Louise Stetson

IT TAKES a good many things in combination to make up our life in high school, but what is more interesting to do than to watch the great assortment of characters which daily parade our halls? Some of them are well known by us for their certain little—well, we'll call them peculiarities. We shall now give you a glimpse of the most popular ones.

Drifting around a large school like this is invariably the Humorist, he who is always in a chronic state of vast amusement, caused by his own jokes. This specimen is always in evidence and is ever ready to deliver unto your patient ear the latest of his witticisms.

Next comes the Amateur Yell Leader. This individual springs up only in moments of great stress during rallies or assemblies. When the lives of the students are in danger due to repressed enthusiasm, it is then that this ambitious person rises to the occasion. Sometimes he hides behind his blushes and timidly waves his arms aloft, or else he suddenly dashes up, rolls himself up into a knot and then instantaneously seems to fly apart. These actions generally take place at the wrong time and are met with a frozen silence or loud guffaws. After this he meekly returns to his seat and never again offers his unappreciated services.

And now the Social Leaders. They are slightly above the common herd and linger not around the halls and stairways conversing with those who are not in their Set. They are forever planning some little affair, just a select group you know, and live in constant fear that somebody who is not to be included will learn of it and be catty.

Then we find strolling around the halls with an innocent expression upon his cherub-like countenance, none other than the Beloved Dumb-bell, he who is the butt of all the classroom jokes. The wit which finds its outlet from the pen of some enterprising young Journalist via the school paper centers chiefly on him, but he minds it not. Rather, he glories in the unique position he has acquired, for he does not realize that he is being laughed at, and not with. But who is there who would awaken him, for is not the Beloved Dumb-bell enjoyed by everyone?

Still another comes to our mind and that one is the well-known Important Personage. He is easily distinguished by the important manner he assumes. No committee is considered complete without his presence, and the school would fail without his support. He is always seen hurrying along with a bundle of papers in his hands, or else in deep consultation with some member of the Faculty. Yes, he admits it, he is doing important work which will benefit the school greatly, but he really hasn't time to tell you about it right now.

And last but not least, we have the most common character of all and without which no self-respecting high school would be complete. Enter the school Hero. Don't you just love his "line"? Perhaps he is the perfect dancer and Beau Brummel, perhaps he has just recently made a touchdown and saved the team from defeat.

But whatever he is, or whoever he is, he is always the idol of the co-eds. Naturally it is he who must be given all the privileges of cutting dances and breaking dates and still keep his garden of adoring females. But whatever the case, he is always first and foremost in everything save perhaps—Scholarship.

CHINA: AN IMPRESSION

The crawling, slimy rivers slinking by,
The halt, the maimed, the blind are on the street,
The lepers, begging for a copper, cry
Because they have not had enough to eat.

The dirt, the filth, and muck are breaking me,
The time will come when I shall go away,
But oh! the spell of the Orient calls,
I will return, I must return some day!

The lovely blossoms breathe into the air,
The temple bells are ringing clear and sweet,
The night is warm and starry—oh, I hear
The running rickshaw coolies' pattering feet.

Forgotten all the filth and river slime,
The gruesome leper crying on his way;
I may leave it for a little while—but oh,
The Orient will call me back some day!

GLADYS TILTON-STEELE, '25.

TEMPERAMENT

Edith Trickler

THE entire cast of "Milady's Handkerchief" was in a turmoil. No one could stay calm very long when Mme. Vivelle, the beautiful, the temperamental, was in a tantrum.

Indeed, no one could help getting excited when, from the dressing room of the star, came such words as "Idiot! Stupid! Imbeciles!! All—" the rest would be drowned out by the banging of chairs and the hurling of various articles against the walls.

"What is the trouble now?" asked Ronaldo, the stage manager, of a lady who stood at the end of the corridor.

Mme. Jeanette, former idol of the company, shrugged her shoulders and raised her eyebrows significantly.

"Perhaps the dinner did not suit Madame," she murmured, "or perhaps she has heard of your—"

Ronaldo silenced her with a frown and an imperious gesture. He was not only stage manager, but he had entire charge of the production.

"She cannot have heard of my plans as yet," he replied. "Time enough to let her know after the performance tonight that the next play will not star her."

Ronaldo started toward the door whence came the terrible sounds, but Mme. Jeanette called him back. Her dark eyes glistened.

"Has not the American gentleman sent the right flowers for Mme. Vivelle? That might perhaps have something to do with her temper."

"You mean Mr. Knight?" questioned Ronaldo. "But surely he would not make such a blunder."

"I know he has not called once since the evening before last," said Mme. Jeanette with quiet assurance.

"Then, of course, she is angry. Oh, these actresses! They must be always admired, loved, flattered, or they get temperamental. Mme. Vivelle must have someone to dance attendance upon her, and the American gentleman—ah, he seeks diversion while in Paris."

After this remark, Ronaldo went on to the door of the star's dressing room, where, however, he hesitated. Once before he had been greeted with a shower of various missiles, and he had no desire to be received thus a second time. But the star must be calmed. Already the company was upset by the shrill voice and alarming noises coming from the room, and the time for the rising of the curtain was a scant forty minutes off.

As he paused, Ronaldo felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned swiftly around and saw Mr. Gerald Knight, the "American gentleman" of whom Mme. Jeanette had spoken.

"You are just in time," cried Ronaldo. "Mme. Vivelle is upsetting the entire company, and I cannot quiet her."

Mr. Knight smilingly rapped at the door. "I will try," he said.

Ronaldo nodded. "It will be a great help. I will return a few moments before the curtain rises."

Mr. Knight again rapped at the door, and called, "Elsa, it is I," but the door was already thrown open, and Elsa Vivelle herself stood on the threshold, her anger a thing of the past. He entered and closed the door. She put her arms around his neck, and her face, make-up and all, she buried on his shoulder.

There was silence for a moment. Then suddenly Elsa Vivelle, the lovable, changed once more to Mme. Vivelle, the temperamental, and she cried sharply:

"You have not come near me for forty-eight hours."

"Yes, but I have come tonight—and with a marriage license, dear."

"A what?"

"A marriage license. We can be married this evening after the performance by my friend, an American minister. I have secured passage on—"

"But I do not wish to marry you."

Gerald looked at her in amazement.

"Not marry me! Why, you told me you loved me," he said.

"Ah, yes—love! but you forget my work—"

"My dear Elsa—"

"No, Gerald," she looked at him sadly, "I shall not marry you. The world calls me; my career must not suffer. Why, even now there are thousands of people waiting out there—" she pointed in the direction of the audience—"and Ronaldo is about to produce another play. We shall talk it over tonight."

"You shall not act any more, Elsa. The best years of your life—"

"Belong to the public, Gerald. Oh, I have quite decided what is best. Please go now; the audience is waiting."

Gerald moved slowly toward the door; then he turned.

"Elsa, if you should decide to refuse this part in Ronaldo's next play, promise you will come to me right away. Do not hesitate a moment."

Mme. Vivelle smiled.

"It is utterly improbable, Gerald, that I shall ever do such a thing; but, if it will make you any happier, I promise."

And Gerald left.

That evening the performance was not as good as usual, and at eleven-thirty Mme. Vivelle returned to her dressing room, tired and haggard.

There was a step outside the door and Ronaldo entered. He was anxious to tell her the worst and have it over with. He sat down.

"Mme. Vivelle," he began, "we are starting rehearsal on another play next week."

Elsa was busy removing her make-up.

"Yes, I know, Ronaldo," she replied; "when will you have my lines ready?"

It was not an easy task, but Ronaldo was used to firing temperamental stars. He sealed her doom in one bitter sentence.

"Mme. Jeanette has been cast for the part," he said brusquely. Elsa was too stunned to speak. She merely sat still. Ronaldo continued: "Her type is better for the rôle. The change is for the best. Good-by, Mme. Vivelle."

Elsa, left alone, could scarcely credit her senses. She forgot to be disagreeable; she forgot to fly into a temper; she was very tired.

Finally she roused herself enough to remove the make-up. Then she sat at the mirror, looking straight ahead, seeing nothing; and thus she remained for almost two hours. It grew cold. Suddenly she thought of Gerald; he was all that mattered now. Hastily she put on a dark dress, coat, and hat, left the theater, and summoned a cab.

At two o'clock in the morning she stood before the desk in the hotel where Gerald was registered. She roused the sleepy clerk.

"Will you call Mr. Knight?" she asked.

"I am very sorry, Madam," replied the clerk, "but he left half an hour ago to catch the boat sailing for America."

HATS

Once I had a pretty hat;
Each day I loved it more and more;
It was a sweet little pink hat;
And I was four!

And once I had another one;
Oh, how I loved that hat of mine!
It was a very big blue hat;
And I was nine!

Now I recall another one;
I liked it well, for it was green;
And I was much, much older then;
I was thirteen!

I have a pretty pink hat now;
On it are flowers and ribbons e'en;
I love my darling little hat,
For I'm sixteen!

FRIEDA KUHL, Dec. '25.

WU CHING

Ruth Schramm

THE beams of the setting sun cast oblique shadows across the narrow cluttered passageways of that colorful bit of the Old World known as San Francisco's Chinatown. At this hour the streets were nearly empty, but here and there Orientals, clad in the costumes of their native land, were padding swiftly along, with the feline grace characteristic of the Celestial.

In a quaint little antique shop, right off Grant Avenue, Wu Ching sat in contented solitude. He was an amiable-appearing old man, with a face as round as the full moon and with inscrutable, almond-shaped eyes. A policeman passing by looked in through the open door and greeted him with a cheerful smile, for Ching was a great favorite with the men of the force.

Though everything seemed so peaceful in this Oriental quarter, there were rumors of an impending tong war. But two suns ago, word had been received that the mighty Ming Foys and the powerful Ahy Fins were about to clash. This day, then, O'Leary had a troubled look on his usually sunny Irish face.

The wily Wu perceived this, but chose to ignore it and, with a bland smile, commented upon the weather. Conversation turned after a while to the tongs, and from the hints of the Chinese, O'Leary figured that the reason for the war was the struggle of the two powerful orders for the control of the illicit dope traffic, and the desire of the Fin master to get in his possession Yftu, the beautiful and chaste daughter of a Ming Foy follower. The Ming Foys realized the need of abolishing the dope trade in their colony, and hostilities might be looked for at any moment.

As the days succeeded one another, more evidence of a *Something* hovered over Chinatown. Down in the tea rooms, Chinese murmured nervously over boiled rice and tea, and the fan-tan games were played listlessly. The tiny temples were daily filled with suppliants who called upon the grinning idols to deliver them.

One bright blue morning the expected happened. The war broke like a bolt out of a clear sky. Days and nights passed, and always some awful deed was performed. One time it was a Fin man with a dagger plunged into his heart; then it was a Ming Toy with a mortal wound in his forehead. Accounts of these crimes were reported to the police chief, but still the crimes continued.

Just a month after the outbreak of hostilities, as O'Leary on his beat approached the shop of Wu Ching, a figure emerged from the now dark store and, by the faint light of a street lamp, O'Leary recognized the sharp features of Choy, the Ahy Fin leader. The next night the same thing occurred, only this time the Fin leader had two tong men with him. O'Leary made for headquarters and reported what he had seen.

The next night, a squad of special police planted themselves about the dark

passageways near the tiny shop. Patiently they waited, and finally eight Chinese, clad in the flowing robes of a tong, padded noiselessly to the side door of the store and entered it. For a time the police waited, and then swooped in upon the shop. The inside was as dark and silent as a tomb; but, aided by a searchlight, they discovered a panel in the wall which told its own story. All together the men with a mighty lunge, splintered the panel into a thousand pieces and entered an elaborately furnished chamber. Lying in the middle of the floor was Choy, a dagger hilt protruding from his breast, and the pallor of death upon his brow. A gorgeously costumed Chinese slowly advanced to the police squad. O'Leary stepped forward to speak to the unknown Toy master, and gasped in astonishment as he beheld the round, full face of Wu, the little antique-shop owner.

The little Chinese colony again lay in blissful serenity; children played happily on the sun-flooded streets, merchants padded softly about their shops, and the doves cooed contentedly from the eaves of the ornate Chinese temples.

PALE MOON

O moon, pale moon, O lovely moon of gold,
My tale is short, and it will soon be told;
O moon, sweet moon, wherever he may be,
Tell him, kind moon, tell him to come to me.

I've waited, moon, for years, and years, and years;
Laughter outside, O moon, in my heart tears;
'Tis years, O moon, that I am all alone;
Tell him, pale moon, to come to take me home.

FRIEDA KUHL, 25.

LOOKING THEM OVER

Estelle Granucci

AN EXAMINATION into the activities of recent Polytechnic graduates who, as students, showed marked interest in the special lines of English work offered by our curriculum seems to prove quite clearly that these courses have an important part in determining, or at least in influencing, the life careers of many of our boys and girls. To them graduation is a true "commencement," and the transition from school to college or to the business world has been a simple one requiring little or no readjustment.

The chief cause for this situation lies in the fact that these courses are not only theoretical but practical. The biweekly newspaper and the semiannual journal provide the field for the application of whatever skill in self-expression the pupil may have or may develop under the guidance of the instructor. The classes are limited in numbers, only those genuinely interested are admitted, so that conditions for laboratory work approach the ideal.

Besides this, some of the best students write for city or district papers while still in school. During the past term Peter Victor and Sue Aikin have written school news for the *Daily Herald*, Hubert Gagos for the *Daily News*, Mary West and Edith Trickler for the *Mission Enterprise*, Betty King for the *Ocean Breeze*, Mary Morgan for the *Sunset Dispatch*, and Alberta Nagel for the *Haight-Ashbury Advance*. This has been valuable training as well as interesting experience for all these young journalists.

Both the Biweekly and the JOURNAL are self-supporting; hence both publications provide considerable training in business management. This aspect appeals to quite a number of students, and they frequently pass to similar positions on college papers and magazines.

The list that follows—former students who are following journalism in one form or another—is not complete, but it is representative. For convenience, the names have been grouped according to the publications with which they are affiliated.

At the University of California are:

Bernard Greensfelder, manager of the '22 JOURNAL, who is on the managerial staff of the *Daily Californian*.

James Rolph, '22, editor of the '24 *Blue and Gold*.

David Harrington '22, Eugene Harrington '23, Jack Lane '23, Albert Elledge, manager of the '23 JOURNAL, all on the staff of the *Daily Californian*.

Elwood Squires, who does trade magazine work in addition to his college work. Gerald Levin '23, with the California Publicity Bureau.

Leo Gosliner '23, on the staff of the *California Engineer*. He was formerly on the *Daily Californian* but found that it took too much time.

Employed by the *Bulletin* are the following: Marjorie Adams '22, who still ranks as the city's youngest full-fledged reporter; George Davis '17, sport writer;

Sherwood Tyrrell '18, a "desk" man; Madison Kirby, '18, feature writer; A. O. Bercovich (formerly with the *Examiner*); and Prescott Sullivan, ex '24.

With the *Examiner* are: Harry Hayward, sports; Harry Thornsvard and Forrest Anderson '24.

On the *Daily News* are: Leon Adams, editor of the '22 JOURNAL, who attends college and does feature stories for the paper; Peter Victor and Sue Aikins, mentioned above.

Katherine Hulme '18 has had a number of stories accepted by Eastern papers and magazines.

Juliette Graf '20 is president of the Young Writers' Club, a juvenile branch of the Women's Press Club. Marjorie Hook, editor of the '24 JOURNAL, and Evelyn de Marta are also members. The latter was co-author of a play recently produced by the club.

Tom Bailey left Poly before graduation to go into newspaper work. From that he passed to publicity work for the syndicate of Ackerman and Harris.

Were one to add to this list the names of those who follow music or art professionally, the numbers would indeed be large, showing that these subjects as taught in Polytechnic are not mere "trimmings" in the curriculum.

EVENING: A SONNET

The sun across the heav'ns had made his way,
And now sank down behind the western hill;
The world turned gold, as if a magic quill
Had swept the sky the sun's last gift to pay;
He sank, and stars and moon with softest ray
Peeped down into the world, and all was still;
And men lay gladly down to rest until
The sun arose to claim another day.

As God is good, so ends our mortal cry,
And, like the sun, we gladly sink to rest,
Too tired and glad to leave the world afar,
To wonder if we've done our earthly quest.
And man's good deeds by God are placed on high
In Heaven's own blue, a bright and shining star.

GERALDINE TIERNAN, '25.

STUDENT BODY

THE watchword of this administration has been "For the School." In every way this term's executives have worked to improve the school and raise its standards in everything that is worth while.

The leader of these activities was Peter Victor; and a better choice could not have been made, for he proved himself a leader in the best and truest sense of the word. Pete had some student body experience last year when he handled the secretarial position and did it most capably.

Mary Morgan, who, although no relation of Margaret Mary Morgan, seems to be following in her footsteps, was elected to the office of first vice president. Mary is so quiet no one realizes she is doing anything, but after a while he sees that it has been efficiently done.

Edith McClelland, second vice president, must be commended for the satisfactory way in which she has managed the dances. She also did fine work on the hospital committee.

Treasurer Arthur Silven started the activities of the student association in the way they should go by obtaining a hundred per cent student body membership in almost record time. Since then he has kept a weather eye on the finances of the school.

For the first time in the annals of Polytechnic the school has had a girl secretary. This girl who has aspired to pull mere man from his pedestal, is none other than Gwendolyn Langenbaker. Since Gwen is an exceedingly neat young lady, we have no doubt that the minutes are neat and orderly.

It is only natural that two athletes should be chosen for two athletic offices, and that's what happened when "Bill" Hammerman and Ernie Ward were elected custodian and athletic manager respectively.

Carol Higgins filled the office of yell leader, and led the yells and songs at rallies and other functions in the approved manner.

One problem that the student officers have interested themselves in has been the improvement of the yard at the west side of the building. This was started by Lee Eisan and his fellow officers, and has been continued by President Victor and his committee. We are now quite proud of our "student body lawn."

Smoking and loafing near the school premises has been practically eliminated by the withdrawal of patronage from one of the neighborhood stores. This step in the right direction was made possible by the whole-hearted co-operation of all the boys of the school, led by the officers of the organization. This was a marvelous exhibition of the effectiveness of co-operative effort.

If the succeeding groups of student officers reach the high standard these officers have set, the school can have nothing further to ask.





GIRLS' STUDENT BODY

THE GIRLS' STUDENT BODY has been an energetic one this term, and not the easy-going organization it has frequently been in the past. It has taken part in all the important activi-

ties of the school, and has initiated some activities of its own.

At the girls' installation rally, plans were discussed for a girls' Jinx at as early a date as possible. Friday, March 13, was the day finally agreed upon as most appropriate to the name of the function. The girls turned out for it as they never had before, and made it the best girls' Jinx in many a term.

The next heard of the plans of the student body was for a candy sale to help defray the expenses of the Boys' Week parade. About fifty dollars was realized and turned into the fund.

On April 30 a most entertaining girls' rally was managed by the Seniors. A clever play called "The Cast Rehearses" met with great approval.

On May 8 the Parent-Teachers' organization had an afternoon and evening moving picture show in the Poly auditorium. It was decided to sell candy, and again the girls came forward and offered their services.

The president of the Girls' Student Body, Mary Morgan, has worked hard and tried to make the organization an active one. Judged by results, she should be satisfied. The vice president, Edith Trickler, has been especially helpful in arranging and carrying out programs for rallies and the girls' Jinx.

Geraldine Tiernan, secretary, has kept accurate record of the meetings and carried out her duties in the most approved manner. The treasurer, Cornelie Schell, has managed the finances very efficiently.

Beth Clement, athletic manager, has been active in girls' sports and was an excellent choice for her position.

Geraldine Bunce and Margaret Donohue were yell leaders this term. They did their part at the rallies.

Several class representatives deserve special mention for the active part they took in the various activities. The High Four representative, Elizabeth Jansen, the Low Four representative, Ivy Hansen, and the High Three representative, Frances Todd, could be depended upon to back anything the organization undertook.



POSTER CLUB

THE POSTER CLUB of Poly is one of the unique features of the school. It is composed entirely of students majoring in commercial art, and its membership is limited to twenty.

This term it has met every Thursday and is under the supervision of Miss E. Shotwell Goeller, the teacher of commercial art.

Besides creating colorful posters advertising the many school activities such as plays, dances, athletics, meetings, and publications, it has also played an important rôle in making Poly's part in Boys' Week a success. The members of the club painted most of the signs and banners and had full charge of the "Sunset Float" which represented the school and won the first prize.

They also entered city-wide poster contests; in one of these, Everett Steffens captured third prize and several others received honorable mention.

While this was going on, the social life of the club was by no means neglected. A dinner and theater party started off the spring term and a dance at the Hotel Richelieu provided a fitting climax. The latter was largely attended and was a great success.

The officers that guided the club this term were: Herbert Rickleffs, president; Eva Hery, vice president; Hazel Buckman, secretary-treasurer; Alice Dierks, student body representative; Everitt Mertes, chairman dance committee.

POLYTECHNIC BIWEEKLY

POUNDING typewriters, flying pens, working brains, scurrying feet: all these it takes to get out an issue of the biweekly paper, but it's worth it from the standpoint of the reporter as well as from the viewpoint of the school at large.

The sheet is issued by the High Three Journalism Class. This term the editor-in-chief is Peter Victor, who is also president of the student body. Pete works hard and long; for in addition to the regular business of editing, he also writes many of the editorials and sport stories for the paper.

The revolving system of editors has been followed this term, the various editions being under the direction of different journalists.

The April Fool's edition was put out by Betty King, Alma Rogers and Geraldine Tiernan, who bore the appropriate nom de plume of "The Three Wise Fools."

Elaine Donworth's spring edition; the athletic number by Max Hirsch and Al Decia; the cub edition by the Low Three class, assisted by the ancient scribes Bertha Gardiner and Alberta Nagel, who added the dignity and wisdom of years and years and years; the old timers' edition, in which news of the still-more-ancient was played up; the jinx edition of Edith Trickler and Mary Elizabeth West, put out on Friday the thirteenth, the day of black cats, ladders, etc.; the program edition by Harry Goldberg and Hubert Gagos; the Senior edition—all these comprise the list of the news sheets given to the school during the last term.

At the beginning of the year, Miss Edith M. Bell was the faculty adviser, chief paster and general boss of the paper, but after the Easter vacation she left for a European trip and her duties were taken over by Mr. L. M. Childers.

STAFF

PETER VICTOR	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
ELAINE DONWORTH	<i>Editor</i>
ALFRED DECIA, MAX HIRSCH	<i>Sport Editors</i>
EDITH M. BELL, LAURENCE M. CHILDERS	<i>Faculty Advisers</i>
ELAINE DONWORTH	<i>Literary</i>
GERALDINE TIERNAN	<i>Jokes</i>
ALMA ROGERS	<i>R. O. T. C.</i>
DOROTHY MCKENNA, VIRGINIA PLOUGH	<i>Exchanges</i>
ROBERT BOYCE	<i>Art Editor</i>

BUSINESS STAFF

ELLIOTT LENNEN, ALBERT JACOBSEMEYER	<i>Circulation</i>
LESTER WADE, WILLIAM BROCK, WILLIAM STERN	<i>Advertising</i>

REPORTERS

Sue Aikins	Mary Morgan	Arthur Silver
Bertha Gardiner	Lou Mulloy	Lois Smith
Gertrude Hilker	Manuel Levin	Louise Stetson
Betty King	Ruth Schramm	Mary West
Alberta Nagel	Hubert Gagos	Edith Trickler



THE PRESS CLUB

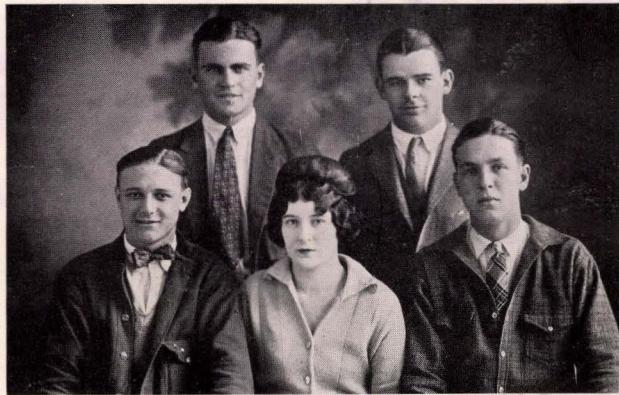
THE PRESS CLUB has at last become a reality. Although it has been in existence for many terms, it was not until the beginning of this semester that anything happened. Then the club was reorganized under the leadership of the following officers: Elliott Lennan, president; Geraldine Tiernan, vice president; Alma Rogers, secretary; Albert Jacobsmeier, treasurer; Betty King, representative.

The members of the Press Club include those who have served on the Polytechnic Biweekly for one term or more, and those boys who are members of the advanced printing class. The object of the club is to stimulate a deeper interest in journalistic work, and to improve the standard of the school paper. The members are given the opportunity of sending their articles on school activities in to the daily papers. If they are lucky, they see them in print.

But the Press Club does not follow a program of all work and no play. It entertained Miss Bell, the faculty supervisor, at a dinner given at the Aladdin Studio on March 27, just before her departure for Europe. Mr. Childers of the English Department has taken her place.

Another accomplishment of this semester was the selection of a pin, which would prove to the world in general that the wearer was a member. The design chosen was a clever combination of ink bottle, quill, scroll and parrot. These pins now ornament many lapels and sweaters.

Now that the Press Club has been converted into an active organization, the members are confident that it will flourish; and in the future, when some have become great journalists or distinguished novelists, they will perhaps remember their early struggles at Polytechnic.



FORUM CLUB

THE FORUM CLUB this semester has been very active. The officers were elected early, and activities began to shape themselves.

The students chosen for office were Carol Higgins, president; Mary Morgan, vice president;

George Goehler, secretary; David Caro, representative; Milton Connors, sergeant at arms; Forbes Phinney, chairman banquet committee.

In conjunction with the student body, a vaudeville show was given, and the proceeds, over two hundred dollars, was devoted to paying the necessary expenses of the Boys' Week parade. "Twenty Minutes in a Broadcasting Station" and the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" were popular features of the program.

The climax of each term's work is a banquet where the ability of the members to speak in public is demonstrated. Plans for this event are under way as this article goes to press. It will be held in the evening; prominent persons will be invited as guests; each member may bring a guest. There will be a toastmaster, toasts, speeches, and general good fellowship. This year, the club expects to have the biggest and best banquet held.

Raymond Boege

C. S. F.

ONE hundred and sixty-seven members is the triumph of Chapter 71 of the California Scholarship Federation this term.

Several activities have been incorporated in the program of the organization, including a field trip through Sutro Forest; a chapter banquet held early in May at the Aladdin Tea Room; and assemblies at which speakers of prominence addressed the students. At the first of these

latter, Dr. Edward Hulme spoke on the value and necessity of an education. Dr. David Starr Jordan later addressed the upper classes on world peace, giving an interesting survey of his prize-winning peace plan.

The officers of Chapter 71 are Terrell Lewis, president; Ivy Hanson, vice president; Lou Mulloy, secretary-treasurer; Mason Roberson, representative. Miss Fisher and Miss Murdoch co-operate as faculty advisers. The executive committee includes Raymond Boege, Harold Castberg, Luke Gericke, William Kenealey and Eunice Walker.

The efficient work of Polytechnic's chapter is to be highly commended. The raising of scholarship, which is the objective of the federation, has been noticeable throughout the term.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

DURING the last semester, Polytechnic has added to her list of active organizations a new club, namely, the Girls' Glee Club. This organization is composed of members of the Glee Class with Miss Robinson as instructor.

The club made its first appearance at the girls' Jinx, where it contributed two numbers to the afternoon's program. The club provided entertainment for the ladies of the Lincoln Park Women's Club, and also at the Children's and Letterman Hospitals. In the latter part of the term they expect to be heard over the radio, so that all the world will know that Polytechnic has a Girls' Glee Club.

On May 8 the club gave its first social function in the form of an entertainment followed by a dance. This party was attended by members and their friends, and everyone spent a delightful afternoon.

THE POLYTECHNIC

The officers are Sue Aikins, president; Alice Ordway, vice president; Frances Todd, secretary-treasurer; Odette Groux, representative; Sybella Nicholson, custodian; Edith Middleton, Frances Todd, press representatives; Miss L. M. Robinson, faculty adviser.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB has completed the most successful term in its short history of one and a half years. It is the aim of the club to raise the work to college standard, and to bring honor and glory to the name of Polytechnic. The boys sang at the Freshman Reception, for the patients of the Children's and the San Francisco Hospitals, over the radio, and have been asked to sing at the graduation exercises. The boys are always willing to give their services to the school at any of the rallies or entertainments, and will be heard quite often in the future.

The "Round Table" of the club was held this spring in the form of a banquet and theater party to which all alumni of the organization were invited.

The officers of the organization are Jack Gianelli, president; Gustave Peterson, vice president; Thomas Sneed, secretary-treasurer; William Brock, representative.



THE BANK

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the father of the American thrift movement, was likewise the reputed parent of a well known and useful saying to the effect that saving a penny is equivalent to earning one. The Polytechnic High School Bank is the institution which fosters this idea among our

students and helps them to develop habits of thrift.

In the hope of inducing ever larger numbers of students to patronize the bank, the practice of crediting a twenty-five cent bonus to each new account was inaugurated this term. The response of the thrifty to this plan made the first floor on banking days assume a very business-like aspect.

The executive personnel in charge of the bank consists of a faculty committee composed of Miss Kelly, Miss Roddy, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Gannon; representatives from the Anglo-California Trust Co., Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. McNew; a student banker and his assistants, Adrian O'Connor, Edwin Miller, Douglas Miller, Joseph Barringer, and Daniel Penkoff. Viren Dutton and Stephen Tiffin attend to the making of posters, and Ruth Schramm looks out for the publicity end of the business.

P. T. A.

THE PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION of the Polytechnic High School, commonly referred to as the P. T. A., has increased its membership during the last six months to over one hundred active members.

About five hundred dollars has been raised by this organization during the past year by holding a successful food sale on Open Night, by a card party, and by a motion picture show. This money has been used to help defray the expenses of Boys' Week, to purchase a filing cabinet for the school, to donate prizes for the students, and to add to the memorial fund.

About two hundred fathers and sons were entertained in the school cafeteria. The fourteenth anniversary of the organization was celebrated with a Founders' Day luncheon at the Canterbury Hotel on February 16. Those present enjoyed most instructive talks by Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, and by Dr. Nieto, a distinguished rabbi of San Francisco.

The club is now working on the proposition of installing an amplifier in the school auditorium.

The officers recently elected are Mrs. E. N. Bunce, president; Mrs. E. A. Nelson, first vice president; Mrs. N. Wragly, corresponding secretary; Mrs. F. B. Turner, recording secretary; Mrs. C. Wyatt, treasurer; Mrs. G. F. Keil, parliamentarian; Mrs. F. Brune, historian; Mrs. A. L. Williams, financial secretary; Mrs. E. F. Lee, auditor.



Hetch Hetchy water problem; Poly won one side and lost one. As every other school in the city did the same, Poly reached the finals. Here, however, Poly lost to Lowell and tied Commerce, thus placing third in the League.

A debate on the Duboce-Eureka tunnels was held by the class at the Oceanside Community Council. Arnold Lieb and John Kenny spoke in favor of the Duboce project and won the contest.

The Shakespearean declamation contest was entered by Fred Keil and Bertha Gardiner, but neither won a place in the finals.

This term there was a call for Freshmen who might be interested in this line of work, and quite a large number responded. They held a debate on the Philippine question, and some of the speakers showed much promise.

DEBATING

POLYTECHNIC'S ORATORS will conclude their term's work showing marked improvement over former years. Interest in debating, attendance at the contests, and the turnout of material—each has increased.

The League debate this term was on the

RADIO CLUB

AT THE TIME of this writing, the Polytechnic Radio Club is near the end of its eleventh term. It was originated for the purpose of bringing together the amateurs of the school, and for the promotion of amateur radio. "Amateur" is a word applied to a certain grade of radio license that is issued by the United States Government; hence, a person who obtains one of these licenses is called an amateur.

The meetings this term have been unusually successful. At the experimental meetings, many experiments were conducted with rectifiers, power transformers, storage batteries, and especially with the club's receiving and transmitting sets. The club has had strenuous code practice before business meetings, and as a result several of its unlicensed members will have obtained amateur licenses by the time this article goes to press.

The club's apparatus, with its call 6QC, has yielded exceptional results. It has been in constant communication with Canadian 6AW. The operator of 9BSP, which is located at Olatha, Kansas, mailed the club a card stating that the club operates the loudest amateur station in California.

Because of over-crowded conditions in the school building at the beginning of the term, it was impossible to install the club's apparatus or to obtain club rooms there. However, Gordon Evans offered two rooms in his home at 1913 Howard Street as headquarters, and it is in these rooms that the club has met every Friday evening.

The officers are Wm. A. Terrill, president; Stanley Johnson, vice president; Eugene Gray, secretary; Liston Robinson, treasurer; Wm. Laib, chief operator; Louis Lind, sergeant at arms.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

THE Polytechnic Student Engineering Society was organized in 1922 by the advanced students in mechanical drawing for the purpose of fostering interest in all lines of engineering work. In pursuance of this object it has arranged trips to the various engineering establishments about the bay region. Every one of these trips has been a great success from the standpoint of pleasure as well as from the standpoint of education.

Leonard Breidenstein is president, and he has had a capable set of assistants in Raymond Boege, vice president; Elliott Lennen, secretary; Harold Lawcock, representative; Fred Boyd, business manager.

THE JAZZ BAND

THIS year the Jazz Band was under the guidance of Jerry Shapro, and it enjoyed one of the most successful seasons of its existence. The boys were often referred to as "Shapro's Serenadin' Synco-Symphonists." They played at all the student body dances and at most of the entertainments this term, and jazzed them up considerably.

The fellows who thus gave their services are Gerald Shapro at the piano; Robert Cove and Harold Harris, saxophones; Oscar Kurlfink, banjo; Hubert Gagos, trumpet; William Johnson, drums.

THE LATIN CLUB

THE LATIN CLUB is one of the up and coming organizations of the school. Composed of the students in Latin, it is under the supervision of Mr. Dixon and Mr. Schofield.

The Latin Chorus includes several grades of students who sing the old Latin chants and songs. It meets once a week, the "X" period on Friday.

Two plays have been given, and plans are under way for a Latin banquet.

The officers are Ethel Wale, president; Edith Trickler, vice president; Alberta Nagel, secretary; Mason Roberson, treasurer; William Kenealey, student body representative.

CAFETERIA

DURING the last few semesters, the commissary of Polytechnic has risen from an insignificant organization to one of prime importance. Under the efficient direction of Miss McNab it has come to be recognized as the best school cafeteria in the city.

Not only have improvements been made in the cafeteria proper during the last term, but additions have been made to the counters in the basement, and novelties have been introduced from time to time. The latest of these novelties is the hot hamburger sandwich which has proven so popular that the sale of hot dogs has fallen from three hundred to one hundred per day. The box lunch has also been introduced lately and has been a successful innovation.

The student manager this term is Alvin Crow. He has worked hard to furnish food at the lowest price consistent with the high standard of quality for which the cafeteria is noted. An excellent lunch can be obtained for twenty-five cents. This includes a large, cool, sparkling glass of water, a napkin and the necessary tools that fashion demands we use.



"**F**IVE or six hundred New Yorkers, two or three hundred friends of the management, and about fifty sophisticated first nighters were in grave danger of rolling off their seats in hysteria because of 'The Torchbearers,'" according to Kenneth McGowan, writing a preface to the play chosen by the advanced drama class as its production this term.

Miss Amy Tabrett is the coach; and, being part Welsh and therefore gifted with second sight, she has confided to the JOURNAL that the play is really a scream. May twenty-first is the date for the production, so by the time the JOURNAL is out, the school will know whether Miss Tabrett's second sight is truly Welsh. Ten to one it is, for here is the cast of the play:

Mrs. Nelly Fell	Gwendolyn Langenbaker
Mr. Spindler	Frank Lotz
Mrs. Pampinelli	Edith Trickler
Mrs. Ritter	Ivy Hanson
Mr. Ritter	Raymond Boege
Mr. Twiller	George Johns
Jenny	Irma McMurtry
Florence McCrickett	Louise Whittaker
Huxley Hossefrosse	Joseph Lucas
Mrs. Clara Sheppard	Aimee Davis
Teddy Spearing	David Caro
Stage Manager	Homer Robertson

The play deals with those people who from the abysmal darkness of their own misguided ignorance, profess to hold aloft the torch to light the pathway of progress for the masses. It is a satire full of clever lines and amusing situations which give excellent opportunities to all the members of the cast.

THE PLAYCRAFTERS

"**T**HE ROMANCERS," "White Elephants," and "Renting Jimmy" were the three plays presented by the "Playcrafters" this term, under the direction of Miss Eileen Roxburgh.

These plays present a variety of plot from love scenes to rapid action comedy, and afforded an ideal evening's entertainment.

"The Romancers" is a delightful comedy true to its title. The lovers are confronted by the parental objection situation. At the close, after all the complications imaginable, everything turns out for the best.



"White Elephants" deals with a burglar and his sweetheart, who believe a young married couple of their superfluous wedding presents.

"Renting Jimmy" is a college girl's play. Men being very scarce at the college, the girls are only too willing to pay for the privilege of entertaining a handsome young man who is rented by one girl in order to pay a bill.

These plays were presented on May 15.

At the beginning of the term, the Playcrafters elected the following officers: Russell Lyman, president; Libertha Vivell, vice president; Beth Clement, secretary; Jack Gianelli, stage manager; Jane Corbett, publicity manager; Natalie Mayo, mistress of the robes.

POLY PLAYERS

THE POLY PLAYERS, organized last term, had its origin in the High Two drama class. At that time, all the players were new to dramatic work, but in January they presented three plays that were very successful.

This term the membership of the club has been materially increased and three more one-act plays are scheduled for presentation in the near future. These plays are "The Proposal," a comedy; "The Maker of Dreams," a fanciful human-interest play; "Two Crooks and a Lady," a thriller that is very popular in high school circles.

The Poly Players are under the able direction of Mr. Paul Pfeiffer.



Helen Jackson

Photo by
Helen Jackson



R. O. T. C.

DURING the past semester, the Polytechnic unit of the R. O. T. C., under the able supervision of Sergeant J. Giblin, has progressed with rapid strides.

The companies are working in a larger field, taking up less close-order work, which in the past has been the main feature of the training, and are studying more along the line of combat tactics. They have also come into possession of a Model 1918 Browning Automatic rifle, which will be used for the purpose of instruction and later for target practice. Lieutenant Magni is the officer in charge of the rifle.

The specialties of the companies are as follows: I Co., rifle drill; K Co., company drill; L Co., guard mount; M Co., extended order; headquarters Co., physical drill.

The officers and non-commissioned officers meet every Monday morning at eight o'clock to go over the happenings of the past week and especially the battalion drill of the previous Friday.

The officers of the battalion held their semiannual banquet at the Stewart Hotel on April 15. Among those present were several former officers of the Polytechnic Battalion, and our good friend and former instructor, "Captain" Dunaway, who is now at Fremont High in Oakland. The banquet was in charge of Lieutenant Husson.

On April 25, when a call was issued by the Sunset District for volunteers to aid in a celebration, two full platoons and at least half the band turned out to march. This is the true Poly spirit, which the officers are trying their best to impress upon the men.

On April 27 a squad of the best drilled men in the battalion, under the command of Major Watson and Captain-Instructor Wise, held a drill down at the Palace Hotel at the request of the Optimists Club.

On April 28 a company under the command of Captain Kelterer and Lieutenants Martin and Syvertsen went to the Civic Auditorium to act as a guard of honor to Mr. Frank McGlynn, who portrayed Abraham Lincoln at a patriotic pageant given by the Mayor's committee as a Lincoln memorial.

The men who have been trying out for the competitive platoon should be highly commended for the true Poly spirit they have shown by "falling in" at seven-thirty in the morning and after school to practice with the hope of bringing home another trophy to Polytechnic.

The May Day platoon, under command of Captain Hocking lost the cup but displayed the same spirit of good sportsmanship they would have shown had they won.

In the Boys' Week parade, the Polytechnic Battalion won first prize as the best marching unit. Our recruits were included in our unit which made it the largest in the line of march. The R. O. T. C. band also won a first prize as the best band in the parade.

THE POLYTECHNIC

The annual competitive drill at the Civic Auditorium on May 22 is expected to be the keenest competition staged in the history of the Junior R. O. T. C. The platoon will be under the command of Captain Kelterer, who was commander of the prize-winning platoon at the California Industries Exhibition last fall.

There have been several inspections held this term. One was by Major W. S. Overton, former Commandant of the San Francisco R. O. T. C.; another was by Captain Fisk of the American Legion.

The Commandant's Cup, which is awarded semi-annually to the best drilled unit in the city, is the reward toward which the Polytechnic unit is now striving hard.

The honor school inspection will be held on May 21. We have not yet won this coveted distinction, but the battalion is still trying its utmost to do so, in spite of its lack of facilities.

Men formerly with the Polytechnic Battalion are doing splendid work in the colleges and academies they are now attending. A letter received from Colonel M. B. Stewart, Commandant of cadets at West Point, stated, "Cadet Thomas B. White, a member of the class of 1926 at the United States Military Academy, West Point, recently took part in the production of the annual Hundredth Night Show given by the corps of cadets. Cadet White is also a member of the Cadet Choir and the rifle squad."

The non-commissioned officers of the battalion are:

<i>First Sergeants</i>		
Leslie Gordon	Jack Clover	James Lauten
Fred Voight	John Sinnott	Roy Meade
John Martin	Edward Hogan	Stanley Tanner
Frederick Keil	Felix Benigno	Herbert Christensen
Richard Miles	Robert Cove	Thomas Demenio
Hubert Gagos	Grayson Varner	Eugene Gray
<i>Staff Sergeants</i>		
Burns Phillips	Franklin Hose	Jack Grey
Gordon Sollman	Wm. Chartock	Manuel Levin
Edwin Campbell	Rudolph Wicks	Chas. Ramsden
<i>Sergeants</i>		
Americo Lazzari	Lester Wade	Wm. Stone
George Greene	<i>Corporals</i>	Howard Thornton
Walter Gasser	Louis Elliott	Reynold Jope
Guy Ray	Daniel Penkoff	Ralph Castberg
Manuel Gordon	John Kenney	Frank Miller
William Clouter	Arthur Baldi	Frank Pidge
John Weisner	Paul Hartman	James Conrad
Young Biggs	Raymond Boege	George Helms
	Clyde Fredericks	Stanley Fewster
	Richard Sinnott	Osborne Greene
	George Robinson	Raymond Moyle
	Fred Glass	Charles Thumler



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CAPT HAROLD HOCKING



CAPT LUKE GERICKE



CAPT. CAROL NEWBURGH



CAPT. HERBERT PRESTON



1ST LIEUT. HAROLD CASTBERG



1ST LIEUT. GEORGE MURTON



1ST LIEUT. MAX NADLER



1ST LIEUT. PAUL HUSSON



2ND LIEUT. WM WAINWRIGHT



2ND LIEUT. STEPHEN TIFFIN



2ND LIEUT. MARIO MAGNI



2ND LIEUT. DAN MARTIN



2ND LIEUT. HARRY SYVERTSEN



2ND LIEUT. LEROY OSBORNE



2ND LIEUT. HAROLD DAVIS



2ND LIEUT. MORLEY GOLDBERG



THE POLYTECHNIC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION is now close to the seven hundred mark in point of membership. The Association in its present form came into being with Roderick Cassidy as its president and Bernice Brown as its secretary, just three years ago. Before that time, there were Alumni associations, but they did not remain continually active, nor did they grow as they should have done. The spirit of Polytechnic graduates, however, was strong and real, as was evidenced by the organization of the new association.

Two events have recently taken place under the auspices of the organization. The first was a business meeting held in the school auditorium on the evening of December 4. A good crowd was present to transact the business and to enjoy the informal dance that followed. The annual Valentine Reunion Dance was held in the Gold Ballroom of the Palace Hotel on February 14. It was a merry crowd and a real reunion, representatives of classes as far back as 1900 being present and joining in the happy meetings of former classmates. A novelty cross-word puzzle was a feature of the evening. In the orchestra were George ("Shrimp") Eveleth, Kenneth Dogan, and José Johnson, former Polyites all.

During the month of May, the annual election of officers will take place. Those who are now serving in that capacity are: Bruce Wale, president; Marion Brune and Edwin Addicott, vice presidents; Gus Hoffman, secretary-treasurer; A. L. Jordan, banker. The members of the executive committee are: Rosa Murdoch, Bernice Brown, Evelyn Moulin, Gladys Thompson, Roderick Cassidy, Dr. Ernest Fischer, James Hamill, F. Graham Hasty, and Leonard Mentzer.

Both recent and older classes are so well represented at the two great universities that it would take a full page merely to record their names, so no attempt will here be made to give a complete list.

Those who have most recently entered Stanford are: Bob Vermilya, Phil Rainey, Dave Painter, Sidney Robbins and Ted Bulotti. Raymond Farley gets his pre-legal degree this spring, Cranston Holman is still playing tennis with the best of them, and Jimmy McDougall is doing his stuff on the track. Ruth Jordan and Bernice Windt are giving good accounts of themselves. The latter is planning a most interesting trip to Europe this summer.

THE POLYTECHNIC

William Keil, June '24, has distinguished himself at California by winning one of the Kraft prizes, offered to the fifty Freshman students making the best scholarship record. Bill is also a member of the Freshman track team, and in the meet with Stanford placed second in the 220. In the same meet, George Greenwood placed in the quarter, and "Brick" Marcus in the high jump and the shotput.

Quite a number of former Polyites are at San Mateo Junior College. Among these are Joseph Catanich '22, Claire Laugenour ex-'24, Olin Berry '24, Frank Wulzen '24, and Edward Little '24.

William Yuvan '24 and Charles Packer '23 are at St. Mary's; and Pierce Stockton '24 and "Squints" Granucci are at Santa Clara along with "Moose" Fawke and "Jap" Toso. Thomas Buckman is a junior at St. Ignatius Law School.

Benjamin Dubinsky '21 recently finished his dental course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Harry Morgan will graduate from the same college soon.

Walter Schwartz works for the Anglo-London Bank; Sherman McGahey and Edward Sanford for the Anglo-California; Richard Lewson for the Bank of California; and Edward Moore for the Federal Reserve Bank.

Vincent Brown and Roy Hughes work for the Telephone Company. Frank Hills, Jake Smelensky, Carl Keller, Ellis Johnson, and Henry Dickens have found their respective niches with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Kenneth May '19 is now a prosperous stock and bond salesman and also a top notch racquetier of the Golden Gate Park Tennis Club. Lee Eisan is also with a bond house and plays football for the Olympic Club.

Eddy Henshaw, June '18, is in the engineering department of the Standard Oil, and also plays a wild piano occasionally at a dance.

Clarence Dulfer and Stephen Nagy are "mates" working for the Dollar Line.

James Hyde, who received his early art training at Poly, is now a professional artist and decorator.

Jack Reznick plays the violin in Max Dolin's orchestra; Sam Rodetsky is at the piano in Dolin's Sunday morning concert orchestra. Ray Gorman may be heard playing the sax with the Avalon Orchestra over KPO. Roberto Escamilla plays in the Palace Hotel orchestra and attends California. Reginald Krieger is another industrious youth who plays professionally and goes to California. He is considered the best trumpet player on the campus.

Virginia Watt has completed her course at the Western State Teachers' College, Marion Brune '22 attends the San Francisco State Teachers' College, as do Edith Boge, Gertrude Giesen, Helen Gowney, Constance Wisewell, Angela Butterworth, and Elva LaRue, all of '24.

Mabel Wiles is now a full-fledged art teacher, and has been substituting at Polytechnic for Mrs. Raymond, who has a leave of absence. Lillian Christiansen has been teaching in Richmond for about a year.

Elsie Schultz is a pupil at Miller's, and Helen Berg at Healds'.

Ruth Dykes and Mary Louise Fowler toil daily at the Western Pacific, and Dorothy Cohelan '23 works for the Market Street Railways.

Jack Frisch, Raymond Bertrand, John Trollman, Fred Lindgren work for their respective dads, and Lloyd Christie '23 works for his brother.

Jack Puccinelli '24 is in the real estate business, and Jack Rhodes is with the Sterling Furniture Co.

Up "on the hill" are Harry Garcia, Walter Franklin, Arnold Ciucci; the first is studying dentistry, the last two, pharmacy.

Gladys Posch '24 was married in April at the Stanford Memorial Chapel. Dorothy Douglas '19, after teaching school, and Harold Utschig '19, after completing course at U. C., decided that one name was enough for both, and are now married. Claire Greenough '24 is married to William Hocking '20. Grace Winter, Agnes Pape, and Elva Johnson have recently marched up the aisle to the tune of the Lohengrin Wedding March.

Two of Poly's grads who have recently announced their engagements are Vera Petersen and Virginia Wolter. Vera's fiancé is Dr. Russell Clinkenbeard, and Virginia's is Dr. Wilbert Thomas.

Readers of the *Call* may not have known that the prize baby belonged to Vernon Holt '19.

The three students who rank highest in the College of Commerce at U. C. are all Poly boys: Bernard Greensfelder, John Sermattei, and Emil Hansen.

A few words about notables of the Class of December '24 might not be amiss. Phil Rainey, president of the Student Body, entered Stanford in April; George Frahm, treasurer of the same organization, is now working but expects to enter California in August; Mabel Bennett, second vice president, is assistant hostess of the French Room at Magnin's; Al Hilderbrand, athletic manager, is going to Lessman's Business College; George Ybareta, custodian, is working for the Southern Pacific at Sacate. Ivor Prout, president of the December '24 class, is working for his father. Bob Vermilya, football captain, entered Stanford in January. Rudolph Aehnlich, captain of the swimming team, is coaching swimming at the Y. M. C. A.

BASKETBALL

Unlimited Team

ALTHOUGH defeated in their first encounter of the year against Piedmont, the heavyweight hoopsters did not let this mar their chance for a successful season. Considering the fact that they were playing their first game with but a week's practice, the team showed well against the strong, fast-passing Piedmont aggregation.

The Piedmont team ran up a score of 19 to 8 by the end of the first half. After the intermission the boys came back with the old fighting spirit and took the floor to win. They had now got accustomed to the large court, and proceeded to cut down the lead Piedmont had established. The boys passed rings around their opponents, and the shooting of Bareilles and Hammerman featured. Toward the end of the game, Piedmont held the ball under our basket and passed it back and forth stalling for time. The final score was Poly 24, Piedmont 33.

The progress of the Red and Black quintet was evidenced by their showing against Napa, a team which made a strong bid for the state title in the C. I. F. With Hammerman, Victor, Anderson, and Don in great form, the boys piled up a comfortable lead. Then Coach Cox gave every man on the team a chance to display his wares. The "shock troopers" were slow in getting started, and Napa tightened up the score. The time had to be cut short on account of the long trip our boys had ahead of them, so the final score stood Poly 24, Napa 24.

Our team also showed its class by trouncing the Commerce Bulldogs by a good score, and by twice beating Mission High. The Red and Black also added to its laurels by defeating two East Bay schools, Oakland Tech and Oakland High.

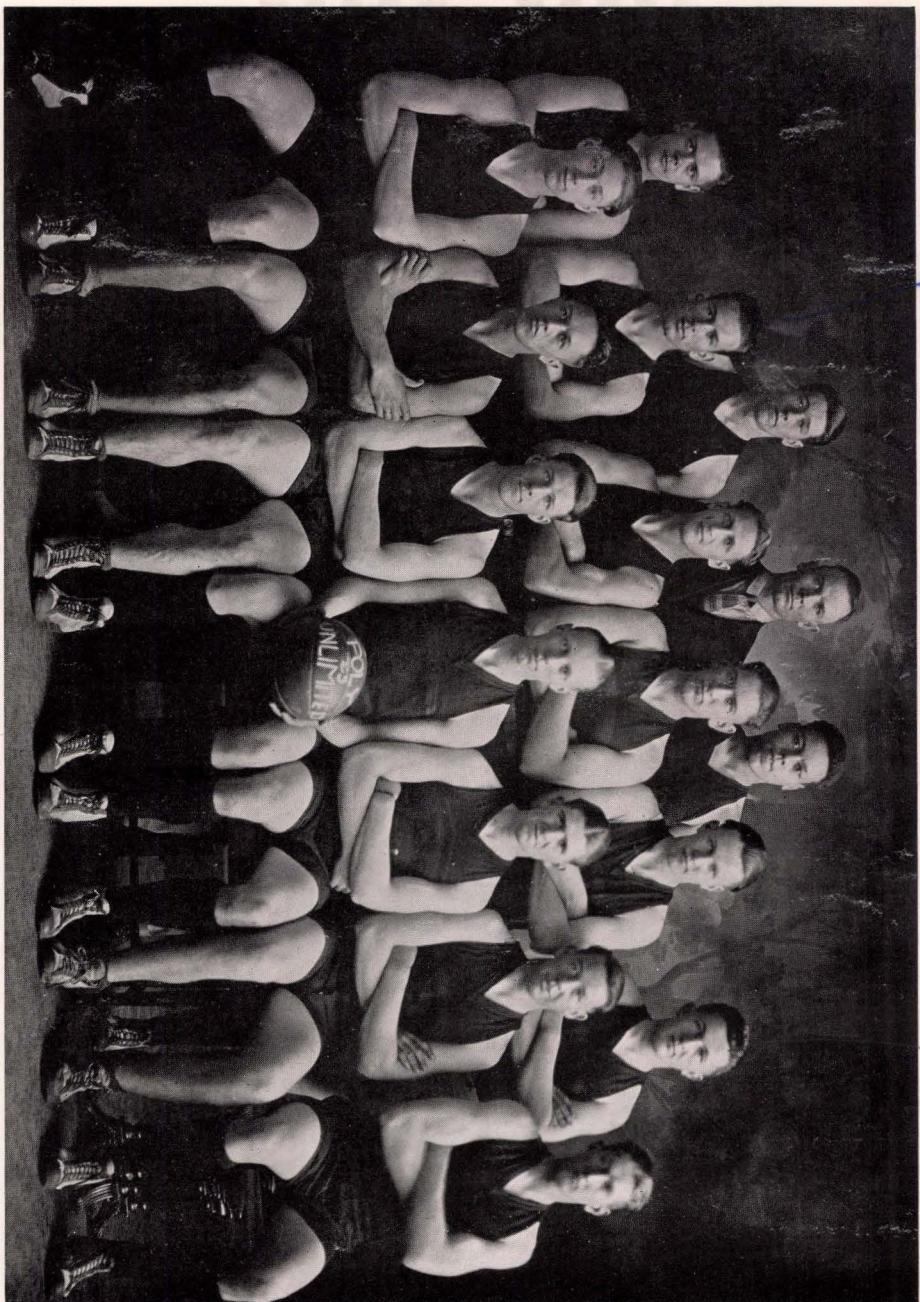
No doubt with such consistent all-around players as Captain Hammerman, Victor, Don, Bareilles, and Anderson, the team was the fastest in the state. At the end of the season a challenge was issued to the champs of the S. F. A. L., but it was not accepted.

The games and scores were as follows:

Poly 24 . . .	Piedmont 33	Poly 55 . . .	Mission 4
Poly 25 . . .	Oakland Tech 21	Poly 33 . . .	Commerce 16
Poly 30 . . .	Oakland High 14	Poly 24 . . .	Napa 24

Members of the Unlimited Team were:

Don	Forward	Lauterwasser
Bareilles	Forward	Lyman
Hammerman	Center	McGuirk
Anderson	Guard	Tonzi
Victor	Guard	Risso
Voight	Forward	Roberson
Cox	Coach	
Schragge	Manager	



G. Young

Babe Presso

145-POUND TEAM

FOUR years without a defeat at the hands of a high school team, a string of victories which almost equals that of the Golden Bear's great football team!

This is the remarkable record hung up by Poly's welterweight squads since 1922. Although we did not enter the S. F. A. L., our boys may well lay claim to the city championship, for at the end of the season they issued a challenge to Lowell, the winner of the S. F. A. L., but it was not accepted. During the season the Red and Black defeated San Rafael Unlimiteds, Mission, Piedmont, Oakland High and Oakland Tech.

The Piedmont game was the first trial. The small score of 12-6 will show how closely guarded the game was. George Martin was in fine form and was high point man, tallying six times besides holding his opponent to no baskets. "Red" Morton played a stellar game along with Captain Aronowitz.

The San Rafael tussel was the most thrilling of the season. Our boys were pitted against heavier opponents, but with our speed and skill we came out on top. The Red and Black team did not get going until the last canto. At half time they were trailing with a 20-13 score. Coach Cox sent in the famous wrecking crew and evened up the score. After that a furious burst of speed swept the San Rafael boys off their feet. Max Hirsch scored four pretty baskets from the floor in quick succession. Then Aronowitz found the basket and put our boys in the lead. Dick Gyselman got his first trial with the first combination and more than made good. The score finally stood Polytechnic 35, San Rafael 23.

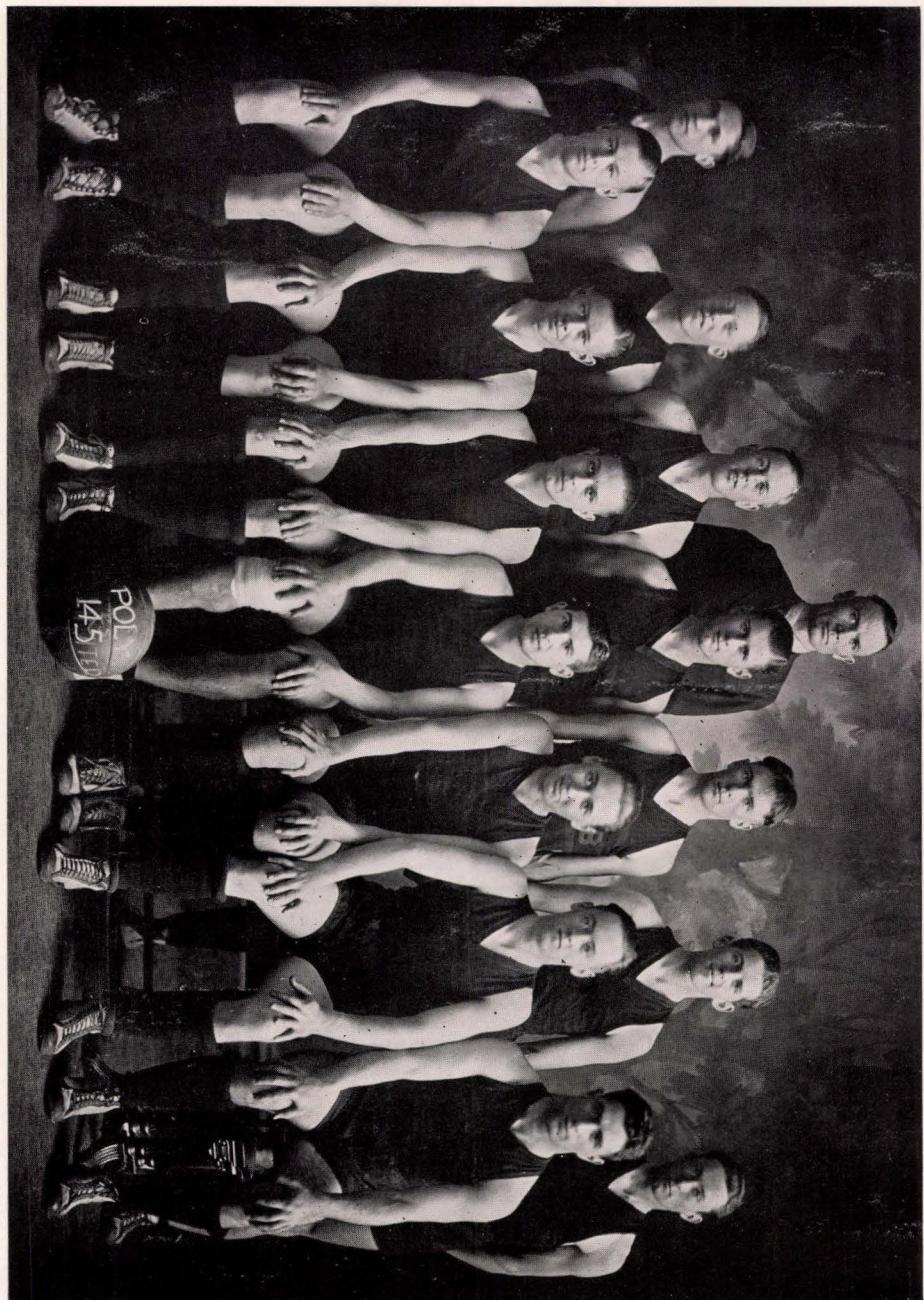
Oakland High players were our guests at Hamilton Gym. The game started out like a whirlwind with both sides scoring. This did not last long, however, as our boys started to sink baskets from all corners of the floor. The Oakland boys fought hard, and at half time the score was 12 all. During the second half the Red and Black came back strong and piled up a score of 26-17.

The season's games and scores were as follows:

Poly 29 . . .	Mission 15	Poly 30 . . .	Old Guard 31
Poly 12 . . .	Piedmont 6	Poly 28 . . .	U. S. I. 32
Poly 35 . . .	San Rafael 23	Poly 26 . . .	Oakland Tech 19
Poly 26 . . .	Oakland High 17		

The personnel of the team was as follows:

Capt. Aronowitz	Forward	Hansen
Morton	Forward	Lind
Gyselman	Center	Carlson
Hirsch	Guard	Bradley
Martin	Guard	Stern
Bertolet	Center	Perley
Stockton	Guard	Garvin
Cox	Forward	Fowler
		Coach





130-POUND TEAM

STARTING the season with only one veteran from last year's squad, the outlook was not very bright for our "Fighting Thirties." The material on hand was very green, and it seemed that the team was doomed to a poor season. A new lease of life was taken, however, when several junior high school stars enrolled. With the addition of this material, Coach Kittredge had the task of remodeling the entire line-up. Through tireless practice the boys finally found themselves and developed into a very classy quintet. They played through the season without gaining a victory, but it must be remembered that they met the very best teams in the state.

The record of these lads will bear watching next year, as all they lacked was experience and weight. Coach Kittredge will also have a line on his players, and another year will make them a finished aggregation. Some wonderful basketball was displayed by Levin, Pyne, O'Donnell, and Kimmerle.

In the hardest-fought game of the season, our boys were defeated by Tamalpais, winners of the state title. The game was nip and tuck throughout, and was the closest call the champs had all season. The game was played in the Hamilton Gym, and the followers were treated to a snappy tussle. Levin and Pyne starred for Poly.

The score stood Poly 14, Tamalpais 20.

The California game was a fine exhibition of basketball, despite the score that was piled up on us. The California team boasted several former Poly players, and

they gave the fans many thrills with their spectacular shooting. Lack of experience told the tale for our boys. Ryan and O'Donnell found the hoop for the most of our tallies, and they played a good floor game.

Poly held the college boys to a 15 to 9 score at half time. The final whistle found the score doubled for both teams, which goes to show that it was a good game from start to finish.

The final score stood: Poly 18, California 30.

The games and scores were as follows:

Poly 14 . . .	Tamalpais 20	Poly 17 . . .	Commerce 26
Poly 18 . . .	California 30	Poly 29 . . .	U. S. I. 43
Poly 23 . . .	Mission 35	Poly 36 . . .	Old Guard 43

Members of the 130-pound Team were:

Pyne	Forward	Hourquet
O'Donnell	Forward	Wysinger
Kimmerle	Center	Mulford
Ryan	Guard	Lawcock
Levin	Guard	Hunkin
Tanner	Forward	Brown
Sparks	Guard	Watts
Kittredge	Coach		
Berliner	Manager		

CREW

CREW is gaining in popularity each year. This term Poly has three crews, which, at the present time, are rounding into fine form and showing all the fight in the world. Coach Clark is very much pleased and hopes for places in the S. F. A. L. which will be held on May 23 at Yacht Harbor.

On May 5, Polytechnic and Oakland High School held a dual meet. The Unlimiteds won the half-mile by two lengths, and the 45's beat the Oakland aggregation by three lengths. Up to the time of writing, the 30's have not raced any other crew of their own weight but have shown up well in competition with heavier rivals.

The captain of the Unlimiteds is Larssen; the coxswain, Frisbie. The captain of the 45's is Brisbin and the cox is McGavrin. The captain of the 30's is Eberhart, but as yet the coxswain has not been chosen. The choice lies between Connolly and Friermuth.

All three crews seem to stand a good chance in the approaching S. F. A. L. We may be sure at any rate that they will give the winners stiff competition.

*Dutch
Eberhart*

BASEBALL

Poly 3 — Alameda 2

Polytechnic opened the baseball season with its transbay rival, Alameda. The game was well played by both teams and was featured by good fielding.

Poly drew first blood in the second inning when "Pep" Adams, our second sacker, drew a pass and then stole second. A wild throw by the Alameda pitcher resulted in our first score.

The game from then on was a nip-and-tuck affair. In the eighth inning Alameda filled the bases, and a measly Texas leaguer that should have been an out brought in two runs and put Alameda in the lead.

Things looked bad for Poly in the first of the ninth, but Powers, the first man up, drew a walk. Ernie doubled to center, scoring Powers with the tying run. With the winning run on second base, Gyselman doubled to deep center, scoring Ernie. This ended the scoring for Poly.

Alameda had no chance in its half of the ninth, as Red Stone threw fifteen balls resulting in three strikeouts.

Poly 11 — California 10

Heavy hitting featured the game at California, and Poly upset the dope by handing the Babes an eleven-to-ten beating.

California started off with a rush and scored a run in the first inning. Poly retaliated by scoring two in the second. In the fifth, Poly, by heavy hitting, filled the bases. It was then that Adams pulled a grandstand by poling out a long triple to right. The succeeding innings were marred by numerous errors on both sides, but at the end of the hectic affair, Poly was the victor.

Red Stone, our pitcher, was in his usual form, and, although hampered by a torn finger, pitched his usual stellar game.

Poly 7 — Berkeley 4

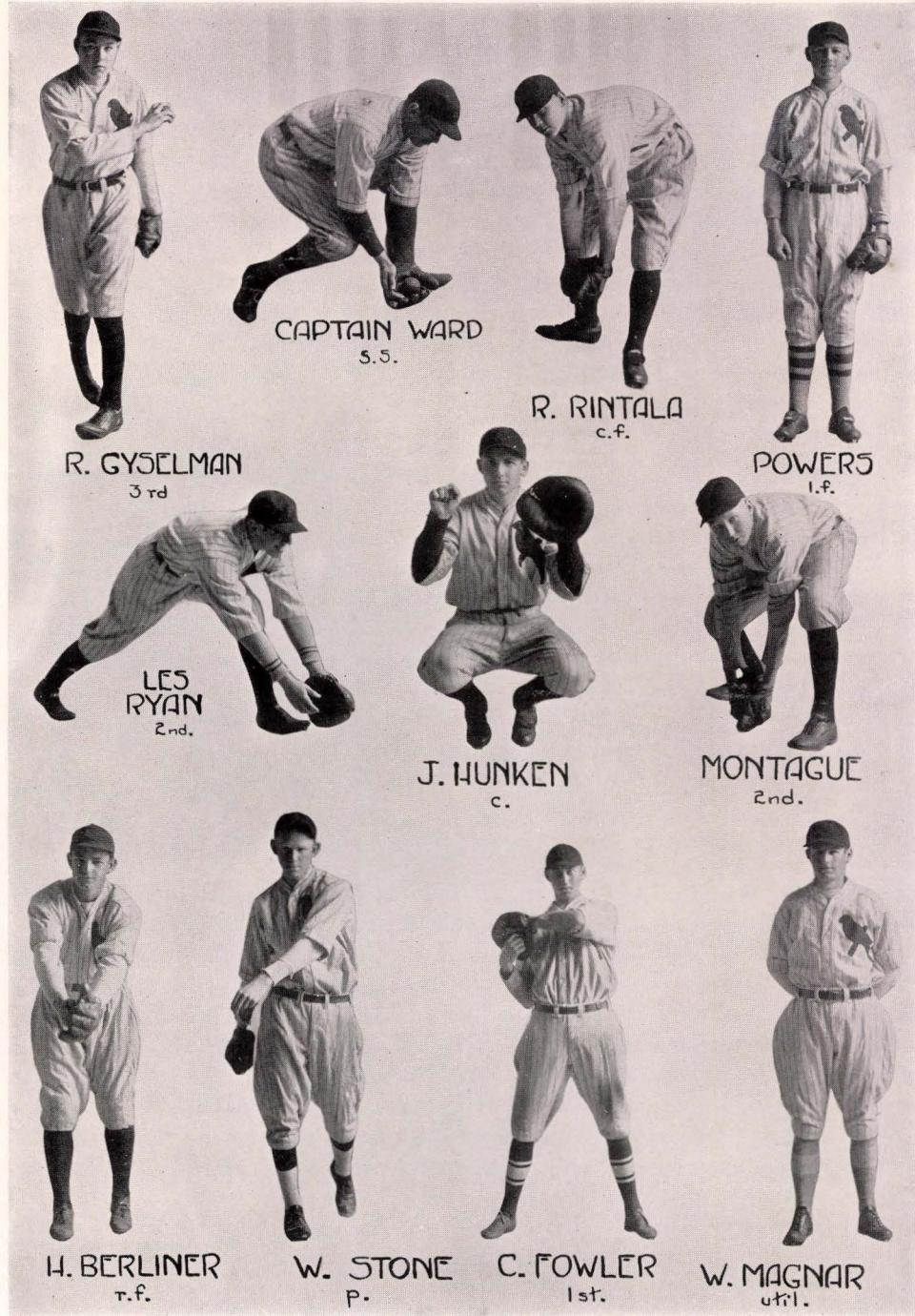
For its third game, Poly journeyed to Berkeley to play against the much-heralded Berkeley High team.

Berkeley started off with a rush by getting three runs in the first inning, and things looked extremely dark for Poly. In the fourth inning, however, Poly took a liking to the slants of the Berkeley pitcher, and hammered out four runs, two of which were homers.

An error in the fifth resulted in another Berkeley score, and for a while the outcome of the game looked doubtful. But a fast double retired the Berkeley team, much to the relief of the Poly rooters.

In the seventh, Poly again demonstrated its hitting ability by banging out three more runs.

Axt and Ward were in rare form at bat, garnering five hits between them, two of which resulted in home runs.



Poly 0 — Stanford 5

By journeying down the peninsula, Poly suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Stanford Freshmen. The pitching and playing of both teams for the first six innings were beyond criticism, and many plays were pulled that would have done credit to any big league team. In the seventh and eighth, the Poly infield cracked, and five runs were chalked up on the Stanford side of the scorebook. Poly threatened to break into the run column in the ninth by getting two men on bases with only one out, but the man at bat hit a slow grounder to the shortstop, who started a pretty double, squashing Poly's hopes and ending the game.

Gyselman and Ward played good games in the field, and Rintala showed his ability to hit by getting a double and a single.

Poly 4 — McClymonds 4

In our fifth game of the season, Ward demonstrated his versatility as a ball player by leaving shortstop and climbing onto the mound as pitcher. Ernie pitched a wonderful game in spite of the lack of support given him by the team.

McClymonds was the first to get a run, and this they did in the first inning. It was practically presented to them by Poly on three errors. In the same manner, they again scored in the second. In the seventh inning, with bases loaded, Red Morton, our flashy outfielder, socked one on the nose for three bags, putting Poly in the lead.

In the eighth, McClymonds tied the score by a double and a home run, and, as it was getting too dark to play, the game was called.

Berliner, Hunken, Ryan, and Morton were the bright lights of the game for Poly.

Poly 9 — Oakland 4

In the Oakland High game, Poly went on a hitting spree, and many of the boys, including Ryan, Ward, and Berliner, fattened their batting averages greatly.

Poly started off with a bang and scored three runs in the first inning and four in the fourth. In the fifth, Oakland, by three hits, put three men on the bags with only one out, and for a time it looked like a score. But Ernie pulled a "Willie Kamm" and started a double, Ward to Ryan to Fowler, that fairly dazzled the spectators and darkened the hopes of the Oakland team. Poly continued to hit in the eighth and ninth, and two more markers were chalked up for us. In the ninth, Oakland staged a rally, scoring four runs, and depriving Wysinger of a shut-out game. Wysinger pitched a good game, and at no time except the ninth was he in trouble.

S. F. A. L.*Poly 4 — Sacred Heart 3*

Coming from behind to tie the score, and then scoring the winning run in the last half of the ninth is what our team did in their first S. F. A. L. game when they handed Sacred Heart a 4-3 trimming. The "Fighting Irish" won the title last year and were the favorites this year until Poly upset the dope and beat them. Heavy pitching by Joe Guerrero and heavy hitting by both teams were the features of the game.

All of the boys showed up well in this game and made it look as if Poly were headed for the S. F. A. L. championship.

Poly 9 — Mission 6

Poly did not have much trouble winning the second league game. We started scoring in the third when Ward, Gyselman, and Guerrero crossed the plate in rapid order. Poly again scored in the sixth when Joe hit a double to center and scored on a single by Rosenberg.

Coach Wilkin then decided to give the second team a chance, and they all played a good brand of ball. In the last of the eighth Poly again went on a hitting rampage and scored four runs in this frame.

Joe Guerrero played his usual stellar game, as did also Captain Ernie Ward. The two garnered five hits out of eight times at bat.

Poly 10 — St. Ignatius 2

Poly's next tussle was with the talked-of St. Ignatius nine, played at Memorial Stadium opposite Commerce High School.

Guerrero was on the mound for Poly and Spottiswoode was pitching for the Catholics. Before the game, it was thought that the game would be a pitchers' battle, but Poly started with a bang and scored three runs.

Joe's pitching was faultless and he held the opposing battlers helpless for five innings. In the sixth, he loosened up and allowed two hits and two runs.

In the seventh, Poly again took a liking to the offerings of the St. Ignatius pitcher and banged out eight runs.

The individual stars of the day were Morton, Guerrero, Gyselman, and Ward, each of whom got three or more hits.

Poly 2 — Commerce 1

Our fourth game, which was with Commerce, was supposed to result in an easy victory for Poly, but the "Bulldogs" played wonderful ball and the Red and Black team had to fight hard.

Commerce drew first blood in the initial inning, and for five innings it looked extremely dark for Poly. But in the sixth the team took the field with blood in their eyes and scored a run in short order on three hits by Morton, Ward and Gyselman.

Guerrero replaced Stone on the mound after the fourth inning, and was not in trouble at any time. Poly scored again in the eighth. Commerce came back

fighting in the ninth, but Joe's pitching was invincible. Two men struck out and the third hit a high fly to the shortstop, ending the game and putting Poly in line for the championship of the S. F. A. L. by winning the division championship.

Due to the fact that the JOURNAL goes to press before the Poly-Lick games, the results cannot be tabulated.

On the whole, Poly has had an exceptionally successful baseball season; our team has a record that any team could be proud of. Much credit is due Coach Wilkin for getting together a team of such caliber.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL

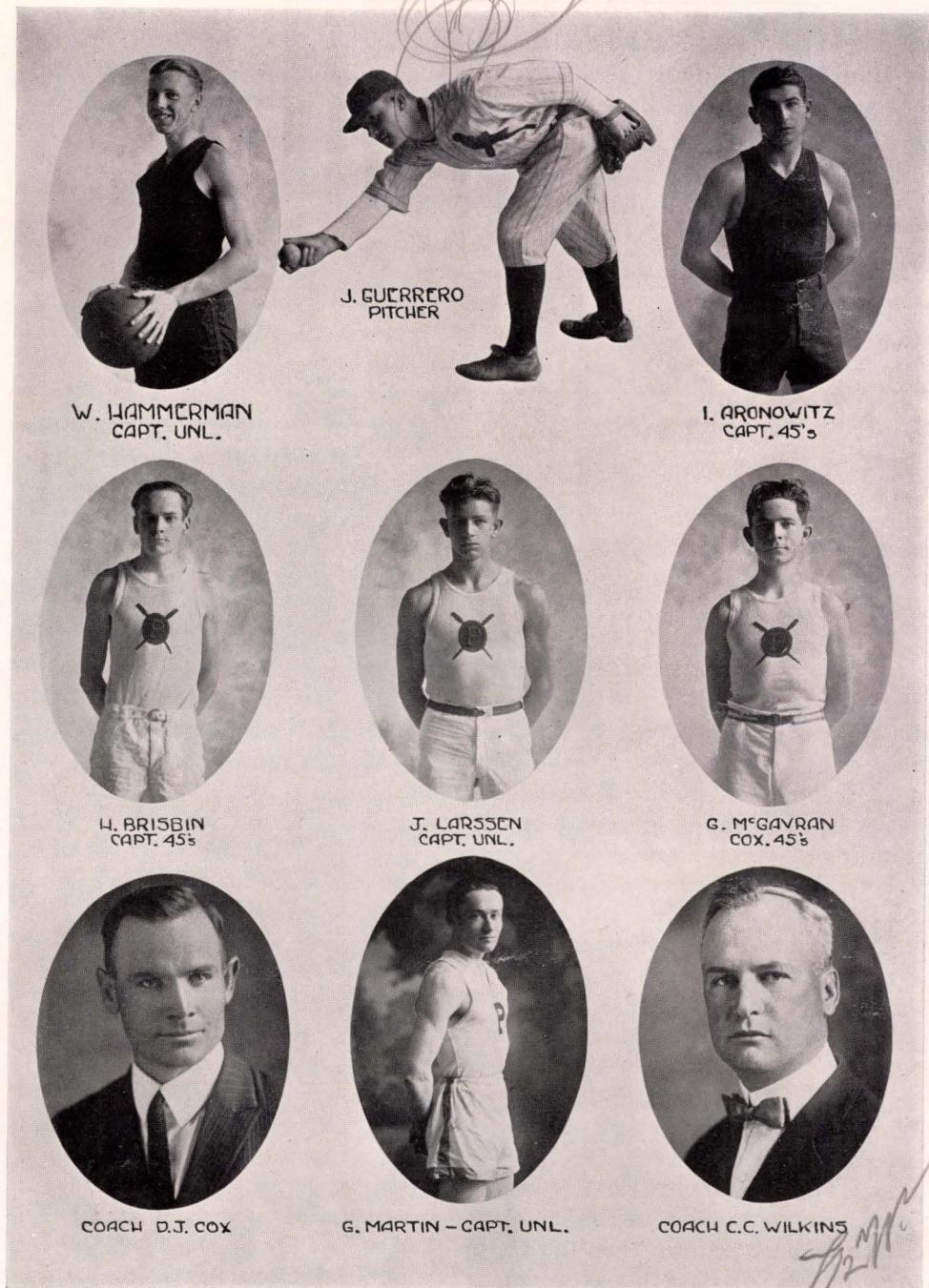
AT THE beginning of the season, Coach Wilkin issued a call for aspirants in the Freshman classes. Thirty athletes responded. Each was given his suit, and it was not long before Poly had a Low One team coached by Milton Connors and a High One team coached by Milton Axt.

The latter arranged practice games with every junior high team in the city and his charges trounced them all: Hamilton, Crocker, Horace Mann, and McKinley. Then he got two games with Sequoia High and San Mateo High. Our team was defeated in both these games, but they played a good brand of ball, and at all times displayed the sportsmanship for which Poly is noted.

The personnel of the High One team was: Captain Brundage, first base; Goldberg, second base; Tischber, third base; Yoshio, shortstop; Daugherty, infield; Kaufman, left field; Eklund, center; Georgie, right field; Mills, outfield; Gosliner, outfield; Pora, catcher; Allen, Smith, and Gorry, pitchers.



HIGH ONE TEAM



TRACK

ON SATURDAY, May 16, the Polytechnic Junior and Senior track teams meet the schools of the S. F. A. L. to decide whether Poly has the right to maintain its hold on the championship. As the JOURNAL goes to press before the meet is run off, it is a matter of conjecture as to how Poly will come out. According to the results of dual meets, Poly bids fair to annex both titles.

WEIGHT TRACK

This term Poly enters one of the strongest teams that ever represented the Sunset institution. The team is composed mainly of veterans from last year's championship team with enough new blood to make it one of the best lightweight teams in the state.

The hundred pounders are mostly new material, but their wonderful showing in dual meets has marked them as veterans. The team is composed of Sternberger, Misumi, Sosnovsky, Posin, and Oppenheimer. All these lads are good for several digits. Sternberger is the star of the outfit and should take both the fifty and the hundred-yard dash. Misumi and Oppenheimer have been running him close races and both should garner a few points in the big meet. Sosnovsky and Posin have been jumping around the seventeen mark and are good for a few chalkers in the coming fray.

In the hundred-and-ten-pound class we have two veterans, namely, German and Jujita. Both are members of last year's hundreds and have scored points in the S. F. A. L. New material has strengthened this division materially. A newcomer, "Doc" Schwartz, has been winning the 220 consistently and is rated to win the 220 and figure up in front in the 75. Mogelesky has also been making good time. In the broad jump, Coen and Scott have been showing championship form.

The hundred-and-twenty-pound squad is composed mainly of veterans. With an array of stars such as Ogawa, Rochette, Markowitz, Munson, and Saito, they are bound to bring home the bacon. In the dashes, Ogawa, Rochette, and Markowitz have been fighting for supremacy ever since the season began, and it will be a toss-up as to who will break the tape. In the high jump, we have a promising lad who has repeatedly broken the S. F. A. L. record during practice meets. This is Munson, who has recently transferred from Nevada.

The thirties have yet to be beaten in any event. They are going like world beaters, and are slated to take in many points for the Sunset. The "Paddock" of this outfit is Captain Kastus, who has been running off the hundred in 10.2. He is also putting the shot to good distances. Both Young and Lawcock have been running the 440 in fast time, and should place in the May meet. In the high jump, we have Merrill and Goff, both of whom are stellar performers. Some of the lads who have been heaving the shot are Aronowitz, Baldwin, Levin, and Green. All of them are good performers and should figure heavily in the coming fray.

All of these divisions have fine relay teams and will undoubtedly break a few of the existing relay records. Throughout the season the relay teams have been on the verge of breaking records and will probably succeed.



Schragge



Erickson



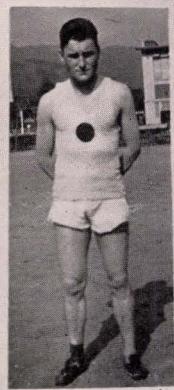
Ward and Webster



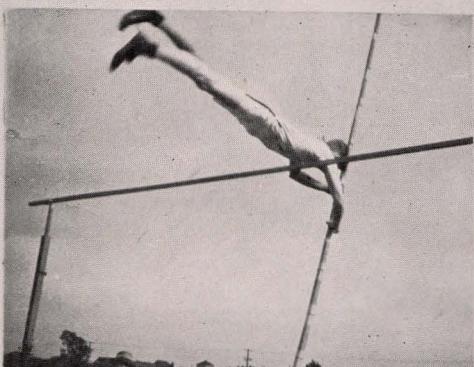
Capt. Marlin



Schragge and Perley



Capt Kastus



Evans



Thom Worden Martin Wilson

UNLIMITED TRACK

Heading the list of performers in this division is Captain George Martin, who holds the record for the broad jump. He is expected to cop this event and to give a good account of himself in both the hundred and the low stick affairs. With George there are Johnson and Sparks, both of whom have been jumping around the twenty-foot mark. Johnson has also been showing some class in the high jump.

Poly has been rather weak in the pole vault, but Coach Cox has uncovered some new material. Although these men may not take first places, they may be good for seconds and thirds. The best men in this event are Evans, Larsen and Perley.

In the low hurdles, we have Webster and Ward. Ward is doped to repeat his trick of last year and win the low sticks in fast time. Ward also runs a fast hundred. Thom-Worden has been showing the class in the high hurdles and has been running a fast half-mile.

The half-mile and the mile contain some of the best talent uncovered at this institution for many a moon. Erickson, Garvin, and Neft have been running the half in good time and are sure to offer some stiff competition. Wilson and Braun have been running off the mile around the five-minute mark, and seem likely to be among the winners this year.

Among the weight we have "Tiny" Berglund, who has been throwing the Grecian platter all over the landscape, and who is rated to place at the top of the heap. Helping him in this pastime are Simpson and Dunker. Both of these lads have also thrown the shot quite a distance. Another stellar performer in the shot-put is Hayward.

The javelin has claimed as its devotees Larsen, Farina, and Simpson, all of whom have been throwing the spear far out into the ozone and will probably rate high in the May meet.

Last but not least are the sprints. Poly is going to be well represented in these events. In the hundred we have Cannon, Edger, Ward and Martin. Any of these may win the event. In the 220 are Edger, Phinney and Webster. In the 440 we have Higgins, Schragge, Bertolet and McGuirk. They ought to bring home some of the points.

Summing it all up, Poly's Unlimiteds have a fine chance to win the big S. F. A. L. meet and bring back another championship to add to Poly's growing list.

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Poly lost the Senior meet by nine digits to our ancient rivals from Hayes St. The meet was exciting throughout and was decided by the last two events. Poly established a new prep record when our team won the relay.

INTERCLASS TRACK

INTERCLASS track achieved its highest place in the Hall of Fame this year due to the new system of registration. Each class acted as a unit, and a large turnout for the meet resulted. If the fellows will turn out in this manner every year, Polytechnic will retain her supremacy in track. Keep up the good work, Gang.

The day of the meet was a little cold, but ideal for the purpose, and the boys showed it by making very good records for this part of the year. Cannon was high-point man for the heavyweight division, while Rochette and Schneider were tied for honors among the lightweights.

UNLIMITED MEET

It has been many a moon since the Juniors have triumphed over the Seniors in the annual meet, but the Class of '26 turned the trick this year. The meet was hotly contested throughout the day, although the final results seem to discredit this statement.

The most thrilling event of the meet was the mile race, which, from the outset, proved to be between Braun and Wilson. During the first three laps Braun was able to hold a two-yard lead, but in the last three hundred yards, one of the most wonderful battles ever seen in an interclass meet took place. Wilson finally won with yards to spare.

Thom-Worden showed plenty of class in the high hurdles and should be among the foremost in the coming meets. Sparks has shown a lot of improvement and made quite a creditable jump for this early in the season. If he keeps up this good work, he will make good this year. Garvin, a veteran of last year, ran the half in very good time and just nosed out Erickson. Both of these boys should create a lot of trouble for the other contestants in the S. F. A. L. this year.

WEIGHT MEET

History may not often repeat; therefore the Class of '28 should make merry while it may. The Frosh turned in one of the greatest surprises that interclass circles have had for years. They practically walked away with the meet, beating their nearest rivals by twenty-one points. The Juniors have been going around like lost sheep since this catastrophe. Some of the Frosh that helped win the victory were Misumi, Schneider, Rochette and Sternberger. Others that showed up well were Kertz, Munson, Merrill, Aronowitz and Posin.

Munson, a transfer from a local high school, turned in a creditable jump of five feet four inches, which is good enough to figure in any meet. Rochette will be a welcome addition to the 20's. His performance in both dashes make him a logical contender for honors in coming meets.

DUAL MEETS

Poly 51 — Oakland Tech 47 — Mission 31

Poly upset all preliminary dope by defeating the teams of Oakland Tech and Mission by a narrow margin. Oakland Tech holds the championship of the O. A. L., and their defeat speaks highly for our boys. Poly showed class right at the start and took an early lead. Among the stellar lights of the day were Ward, Conens, Hayward and Martin. Each of these lads contributed five points or over, and is sure to be a S. F. A. L. place-getter.

Ward took a first in the low hurdles and a second in the hundred, making good time in both events. A new "find" was uncovered in Conens, whose remarkable time of 4:45 in the mile speaks well of his ability. Hayward heaved the shot 45 feet 4½ inches, which will go a long way toward winning a first in the May meet. Captain Martin easily won the broad jump with a leap of 20 feet 7 inches. He will probably do around the 22 mark when he finds some real competition.

Poly 50 — Berkeley 72

Due to the inability of two Poly men to show up, Poly was defeated in this meet. The men, however, cannot be blamed, as one was ill and the other was needed in an S. F. A. L. baseball game. Furthermore, it was no disgrace to be beaten by Berkeley, as they hold the Northern California championship.

A few of our men who showed up well were Conens, Martin, Garvin and Filmer. Conens again showed his ability in the mile and won the event in fast time. Kastus, captain of the lightweights, was transferred to the unlimiteds for the day and won two thirds. Garvin won the half in "Big Meet" time, and will be among the top-notchers in the May event. Despite a weak ankle, our George won the broad jump and brought in a few more tallies by placing in the low hurdles. Filmer tied with a Berkeley man for first place in the high jump at 5 feet 8 inches. He is going strong and will most likely win the event when the local schools clash.

Summing up all the pre-S. F. A. L. meets, Poly looks to be the logical pick for the big meet honors. Much of the credit is due to Coach "Silent" David Cox.

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Our lightweights repeated their trick of last year and romped off with the meet by a score of 63. Their nearest rival, St. Ignatius, made 42. The hundred-pound relay team established a new record.



SWIMMING

UP TO THE TIME of this writing, Polytechnic's swimming team has passed through a quite successful season. The aquatic program for the term started off with a bang on March 24, when the interclass swim was held. The meet was won by the Juniors, who ran up a total of 41 points. The Sophomores finished second, making 31; the Seniors succeeded in mustering 5; the Frosh managed to scrape together 4 tallies.

The main reason for the low score of the Seniors was the ineligibility of their best swimmers who are Block P men. There were two outstanding stars of the meet, "Red" Wickersham and Howard Maatta, both of whom brought joy to the heart of Coach Mitchell. Wickersham took three firsts, making a total of fifteen points, while Maata won two firsts and a second, thus accounting for thirteen markers.

The first dual meet of the season was held across the bay with Tamalpais Union High during the Easter vacation. Poly met with defeat, but the strength of the team cannot be judged by this score of 61 to 25 as many of our fellows were unable to show up, and the men who did go over were hampered by the fresh water tank. A return meet with Tamalpais has been promised, however, and the Red and Black mermen will be out for revenge.

At the time of this writing Polytechnic has also entered a team in the high school relay held under the auspices of the A. A. U. at the new Fleishhacker pool. The team consisted of Maatta, Scott, Fowler and Cannon.

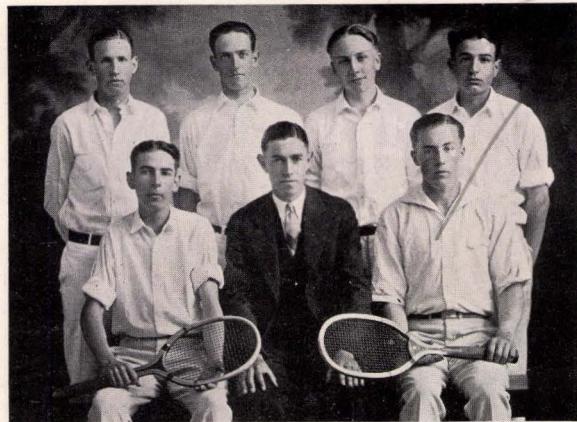
Promising results are expected in the S. F. A. L. meet, and it is hoped that Poly will at last knock Lowell off of her championship perch.

TENNIS

Art McDougall
POLY has been represented by a strong tennis team this term. All the players have been active in local tournaments and will be a strong combination to beat in the S. F. A. L.

The team has been picked from the largest field of entries that ever tried out for a tennis team at Poly. This is most encouraging to those who have

The rankings have been de-



been trying to stimulate interest in this sport. determined by a perpetual ladder tournament which gives everyone a chance to demonstrate his ability.

The unlimited team is composed of Arthur McDougall, captain, a husky left-hander who has been prominent in local junior tennis circles for some time and who has made a strong comeback despite a broken leg last season; Martin Kenealey, who ranked Number Two last year and is now playing better than ever; George Greene, a newcomer to the team and a promising prospect.

The 130-pound team is composed of Don Conrad, a Freshman, who plays a good brand of tennis and who, with more experience, will be a first class player; Sam Smith, who has been playing a consistent game all season; Bob Hagar, who plays brilliantly but erratically.

Tennis has been managed this year by Everitt Mertes, Number One man on last year's team, who was ineligible for the S. F. A. L. this semester. Practice matches were arranged with high schools around the bay region and with the Stanford Frosh.

This last was the most interesting match, and, although our boys did not annex any victories, the scores were very close.

Herrington, of Stanford, is ranked as the sixth best junior in the United States, but Art McDougall certainly gave him a scare and made him go the limit to win. Kenealey had an off day and did not meet with much success; Mertes pushed McEllvenny all the way, taking the second set 11-9.

SUMMARY

Singles

Herrington (S) defeated McDougall (P) 4-6, 6-2, 6-1.

Thomas (S) defeated Kenealey (P) 6-1, 6-0.

McEllvenny (S) defeated Mertes (P) 2-6, 9-11, 6-4.

Doubles

Thomas and Herrington defeated McDougall and Kenealey, 1-6, 6-4, 6-1.
McEllvenny and Casteltanos defeated Mertes and Lucas 4-6, 7-5, 6-1.

BLOCK P

TO ENABLE POLY students to see what their athletes have done and are doing and the various business and scholastic lines in which they are interested, the JOURNAL publishes the following list of Block P men who graduated from June, 1920, to December, 1924. Loss of records accounts for the omission of some names.

1920

Kenneth Miller is now a marine engineer. Walter Terry is with Langley and Michaels. Gus Hoffman is a Powell Street haberdasher. Philip Fawke is at Santa Clara, where he has distinguished himself in athletics. Elliott Jansen is now a banker. Ralph Rockwell is at U. C. Dental College.

1921

George Little is in the advertising department at Hale's. Don Heron works for the Standard Oil. For some time he went to the University of Nevada. Ignacio Estrella is studying dentistry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Junius Snead and Glen Kelly are at California. Roland Mulchay is at Stanford, where he won his "S" for baseball. Charles Packer is at St. Mary's. Arthur Hillman is in business. Isadore Koblik is at California, where he has been a member of the track team. John Sermattei is also at California. Ed Pimley is in the insurance business in Shanghai.

1922

Willard Saville, of football fame, is now a farmer. Coleman Francis is at Cal., where he has figured in various sports. Phil Bettens has represented U. C. in tennis tournaments ever since he has been there. Charles Matsen has played professional baseball ever since he left Poly. Howard Branch works for the Hartford Life Insurance Co., Bud McManigal is in a bank, as is also Al. Jensen. Herman Lifschiz, Bob Healy, Lloyd Leith are all members of U. C. basketball teams. Joe Vivaldi is working for his father. Dick Braunigal is an automobile salesman.

1923

Jack Reed, William Tobias, Jerry Levin, Walter Levin and Fausto Piatanesi are all at U. C. The two Levins play basketball. Frank Hillis is with the Metropolitan Life. Al Lazzareschi works in his father's garage, and Louis Girard in his father's machine shop. Lloyd Christie works for his brother in the Christie Machine Shop. Chester Judah is a seaman on board the *President Wilson*, but plans to go to college after he has seen the world. Al Virag is at Stanford. Walter Strand has done various things; the last we heard he was driving a taxi. Guido Granucci is at Santa Clara, and Bill Floyd at Cal. Ray Kotta is a pattern maker, Jack Puccinelli is with a real estate firm. Jack Kemp is out of college working for a year. Eugene Rogers works for the Standard Oil.

1924

At U. C. are "Brick" Marcus, George Greenwood, Don Gilson and Charles Daglow. Al Deasy was there for a while, but is now working. Lee Eisan is a

THE POLYTECHNIC

bond salesman with Mitchum, Tully. F. C. Stickton is at Santa Clara. Roy Hughes works for the Telephone Co. Castley Tinkler is a wiper in the engine room of the *President Taft*. Bob Vermilya and Dave Painter are at Stanford. Art Elder is at San Mateo Junior College. Al Hildebrand is attending a business college. Fred Lindgren is working for his father but expects to enter college in August. Rudy Aehnlich is a swimming instructor at the Y. M. C. A. George Ybaretta is working for the S. P.

Still in Polytechnic there are thirty-nine Block P men. They are Milton Axt, Isaac Aronowitz, Alonzo Alexander, Rene Bareilles, Fred Brown, Errol Chipp, John Conens, Milton Connors, Alvin Crow, Albert Dermody, Nelson Doan, Archie Douglas, Sandy Erickson, James Finnegan, George Fossey, Charles Fowler, Tadishi Fugita, James Gray, William Hammerman, Carol Higgins, Akira Horikoshi, Jesse Kastus, Harold Lawcock, Frank Lotz, George Martin, Arthur McDougall, Albert McGuirk, Richard Merrill, Iwao Moriami, Arthur Pidgeon, Mason Roberson, Shigiaro Saito, Sam Schwartz, William Stern, Willard Stone, Bert Tischbern, Peter Victor, Ernest Ward, Justice Young.

THE POLYTECHNIC



Lee Morrison

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



SWIMMING



TENNIS

from Sutro Baths on Thursday afternoons when the girls are out for practice.

Girls who uphold Poly's swimming fame are Geraldine Bunce, Evelyn Ridgley, Margaret Donahue and Mae Mezgar. These girls will have a chance to show their swimming ability at the meet to be held at Sutro on June 5.

"Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main" goes an old sea song, and that is what meets the eye when Poly's girl crew tames the waves. Pat Donahue, Helen Goodwin and Victoria Irvine are able strokes, and are coached by Beth Clement, coxswain. A regatta is scheduled for June 6, and we hope our girls' crew leads with flying colors.

A separate organization from the crew is the Jill Tars. However, only crew girls can join. The Jill Tars go sailing every Saturday, and conduct business meetings once a month. Many enjoyable trips are planned for this term. Here are the Jill Tar officers: Beth Clement, first mate; Pat Donahue, second mate; Victoria Irvine, yeoman; Geraldine Bunce, purser; Helen Goodwin, boatswain.

baseball



SOPH. BASEBALL



Gismon
FRESH. BASEBALL



JUNIOR BASEBALL



CREW

RADIO LOG

STATION J O A K

AFFILIATED WITH F U N AND BROADCASTING THROUGH
THE POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL

Announcer, LOUISE STETSON

Wave length 6-25

Watt H₄

GEOGRAPHY

MISS FRANKLIN (in history): "Where is Florence?"

JACK RAWLINS: "Why, she isn't here today."

MORE BISCUITS

"Don't you think it looks like rain, John?" asked the wife as she placed the soup before her husband.

"It certainly does," said John; "why didn't you try to make it look more like soup while you were about it."

SAME THING?

MARION: "Did he really say I was dove-like?"

EDITH M.: "Well, he said you were pigeon-toed."

ZAT SO?

Silence may be golden, but whoever heard of Mr. Perham giving an "A" in Oral Expression for it?

DIETETICS

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you diet.

HEARD IN PHYSIOLOGY

According to Evelyn Ramberg, there are two kinds of respiration, chest breathing and abdominal breathing.

LITTLE WILLIE AGAIN

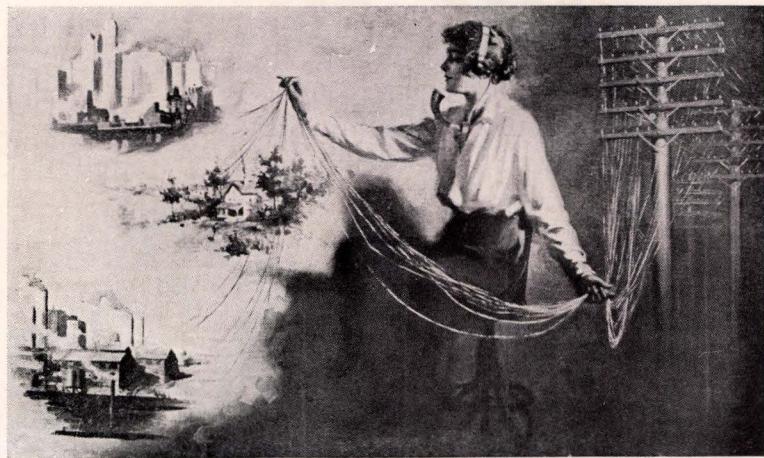
From the window Little Willie
Dropped his brother with great joy;
Told his mother as she fainted,
"Watch our bouncing baby boy."

RIGHT-O

BOB COVE: "Do you know how rats get in here?"

HAROLD H.: "Naw."

BOB: "That's right."

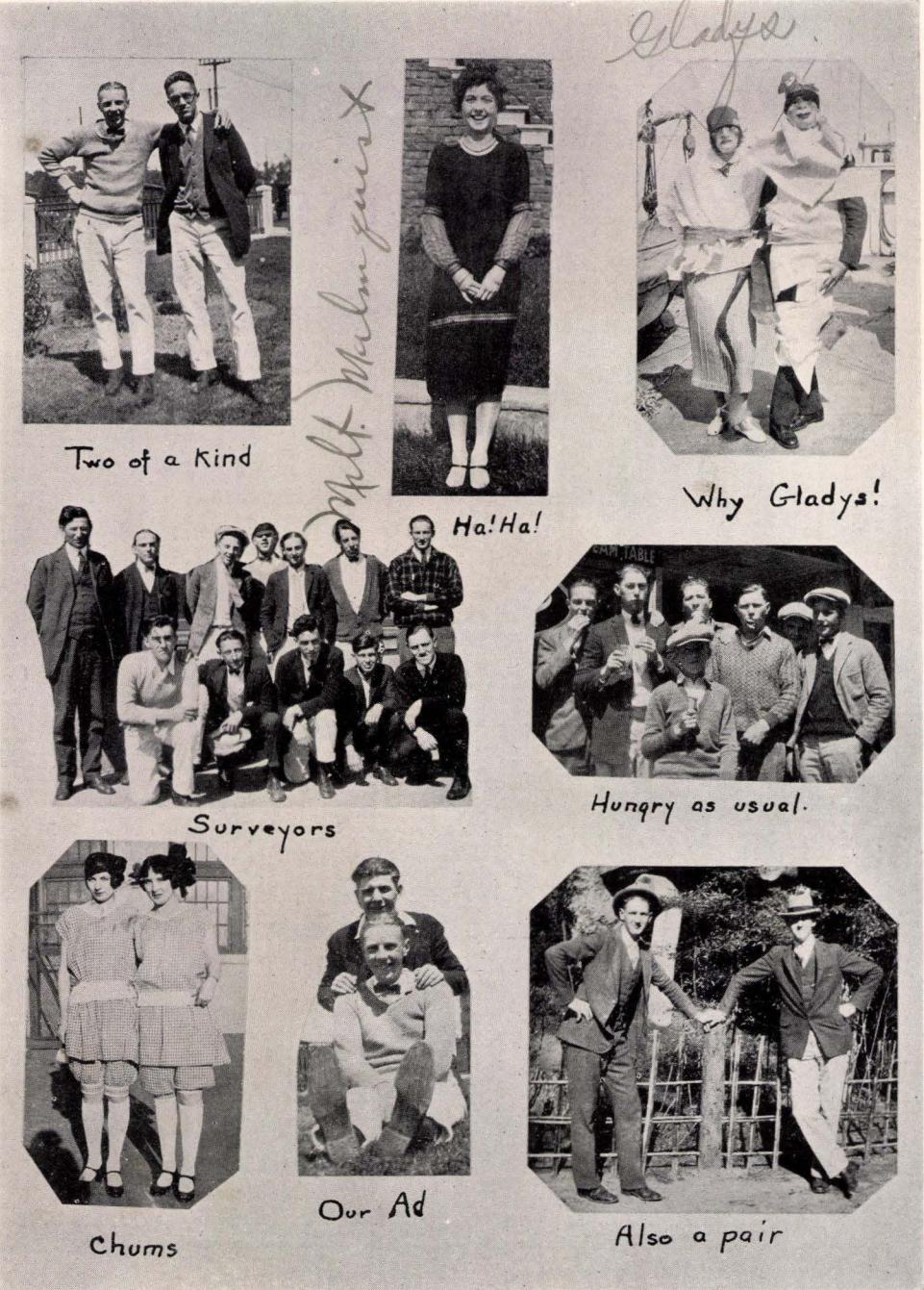


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THE RUNAWAY

Geraldine Tiernan

AYBE it was just the weather—dry, hot, sunless, with not a breath of air stirring; then, maybe it was the fact that he wasn't where he should be; but of course, it wasn't that he was scared. A feeble smile came and played about his mouth, scared, huh! say only girls would get scared when they were running away to the north. They would get so scared they would want to turn back, but not him! Even if his name was Edgar and he had nice white skin and his mother called him her jewel and made him sing to her lady friends that came to tea and even if they did call him pretty and sweet, he was sure he would make a good runaway. He was going straight north, through Canada, Alaska, Arctic Circle and finally to the North Pole. There was one thing certain, however, he would never turn back. He was through with everything and everybody. No more would the fellows laugh at his stiff collar, no more would those tea-sippers smile when his voice wavered and cracked up on high "g," no more would—

Darn! why did people leave such sharp rocks in the middle of the road for runaways to step on? He might as well rest his legs. Funny, how your legs got so weak when you walked a lot. If he'd only have had more time to prepare his journey, he might have remembered his bicycle. A bicycle is a good thing, it not only saves your legs, but also your shoes from sharp rocks.

Edgar looked at the sky. It seemed to him that it was getting dark unnecessarily quick. He wondered where he would sleep. No place would be so comfortable as home, but then runaways had lots of hardships to bear. He knew he was a first-class runaway, because he wasn't the least bit scared. He felt a tug at the string that he held clutched in his hand. Oh! that old hen! It was always trying to get away. If it wasn't for the eggs a runaway needs, he never would have brought her. The old thing, it seemed to him weighed at least ten pounds and had to be packed, too. Funny, how it could walk around the chicken yard, but it couldn't walk on a road. He didn't know which was the worst, the hen or the side of bacon or the sack of coffee. But just the same, they were all necessary for runaways to have, and he would just have to pack them all.

He got up and started on his way again. His step was not so buoyant as it had been at the beginning. He wondered why his feet were so heavy when he lifted them. About this time, they must be eating dinner. He stopped short. Tonight was the night they were going to have cherry pie. Gee whiz! he wouldn't get any.

These remorseful meditations were cut short by a distant rumble. His heart skipped a beat. For the Luv of Pete, what was that? Gosh, but it was awfully dark. It was pitch black. He pulled out his watch to see what time it was only to find that it had stopped at twenty minutes to six. He looked at the sky and decided it must be about midnight now. He guessed he must have walked about fifty miles. His arm was beginning to feel heavy like his feet from packing the hen. It was a good thing he filled up before he left so he wouldn't have to stop now. Say, he

(Continued on page 112)

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DR. ERNIE WARD: "I don't like your heart action. You've had some trouble with angina pectoris, haven't you?"

FRED BROWN: "You're right, Doc, only that isn't her name."

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THE RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 110)

wouldn't have to eat for a long time so why pack all that junk? Besides he had \$2.33 in his pocket and he could buy something when he got hungry. Lots of times runaways didn't eat for a week at a time. With this thought he dumped all the excess baggage by the roadside. He decided he might as well take another rest for there was lots of time.

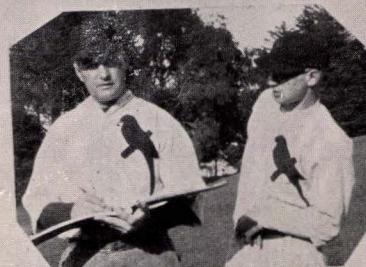
Another rumble and then a louder one, a glaring flash across the sky; and after that the rain; first little drops then larger and larger, as if gaining in momentum. More thunder; this time it was horribly near. He shivered violently. Gosh! If it was going to storm, there was no sense in going to the North Pole. He might as well go home and wait till it was over. The more he thought about going home, the better he liked it. More thunder, peal after peal. Up like a flash he jumped, his legs no longer heavy, he wildly tore for home. As he ran, he thought how it was a good thing he wasn't a girl, 'cause they would be too scared to run home out of the storm. They would probably sit there and bawl. But not him! He had sense. He knew when was the proper time to run away and when it wasn't, and this wasn't the time.

The gate banged and his feet barely touched the gravel path up to the door. The clock was just striking six-thirty. (He had been gone an hour and a half.) Through the hall came the sweet aroma of hot cherry pie. Just in time for dinner. Pretty good time he made coming home. Almost as good as if he had been on his bike. No use in mentioning that he had almost been to the North Pole and get them all excited. He guessed he might as well put off his trip till summertime when there wouldn't be any storms. And with that he went in to dinner no longer perturbed.



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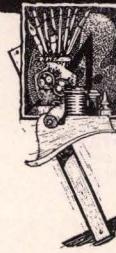
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31

In History of Art one morning, when the class was reciting on current topics, Miss Wolfenbarger, who was under the impression that everybody had recited, happened to look at her book, then said:

"Oh, no, I see one blank; Davis, you may recite."

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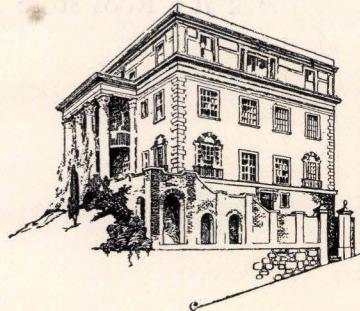
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"I ~~wish~~ to complain," said the young bride, "about the flour you sent me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" said the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it and my husband could hardly cut it."

THE DIFFERENCE

The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow:

There is a difference you will allow.

What is the difference? O, I have it now,
It's the thoughtful look on the face of the cow.—Ex.

THESE MUSICIANS

MR. PRONATI: *Give me a sentence with the word 'tango'.*
JERRY SHAPRO: *Tango ran no more.*

SIMILARITY

MILT AXT (in History of Art): "The lake dwellings were just like houseboats only they didn't float."

PROTECTION?

NEW BOARDER: "What kind of table do they set here?"

OLD DITTO: "O, all right, I suppose. We have chicken every morning."

NEW BOARDER: "Chicken every morning? How is it served?"

OLD ONE: "In the shell."

NO WONDER

MARY LOUISE: "Mother says those stockings I bought are shocking."

ALICE: "I don't see why."

M. L.: "Guess it's because I had them charged."

OH, I DON'T KNOW

"Not many people can do this," said the magician, as he turned his Ford into a lamp post.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE POINTED

Now, folks, we hope
You'll like these jokes;
We've tried to make them good.
But still it's hard to find the kind
That penetrate through wood.

SO DID MINE

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge.

"Yes," stammered the prisoner.

"To whom?"

"To a woman," answered the prisoner.

"Of course, it was a woman," snapped the judge, "Whoever heard of anyone marrying a man?"

"I did, sir, my sister did," meekly replied the prisoner.

AND THEN HE GOT HIS

L. M.: "Awful accident down the street."

G. M.: "What happened?"

L. M.: "Car ran into a garage."

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MOTORIST: "I'm almost sure I have run across your face sometime before."

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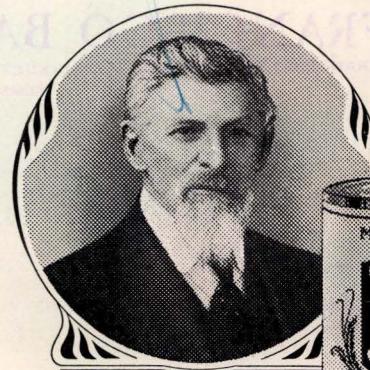
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*Evelyn Snare
Dec 25*

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