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JOURNAL

JUNE 1924



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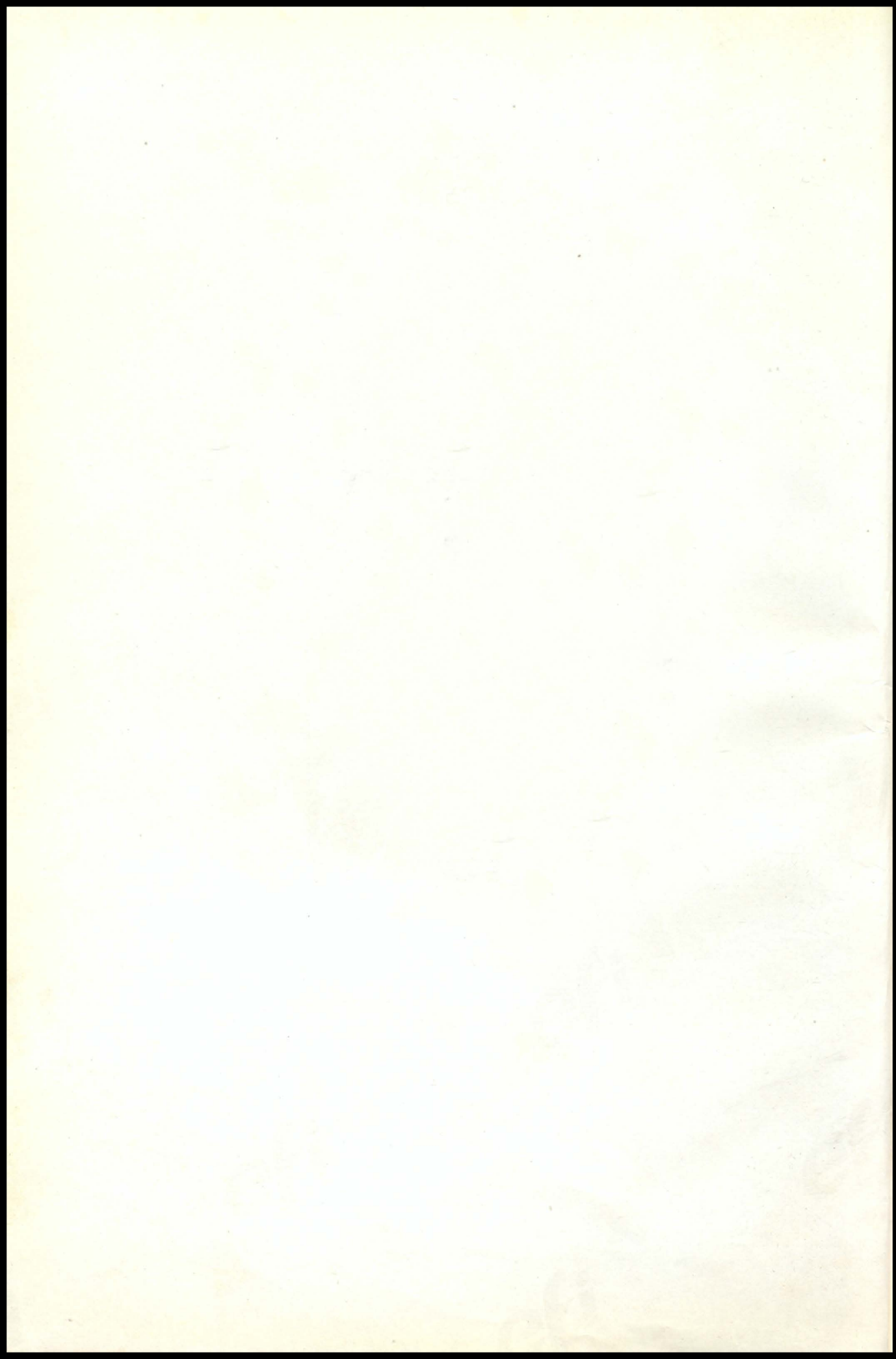




THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF POLYTECHNIC
HIGH SCHOOL DEDICATE THIS JOURNAL TO

DAVID J. COX

SPORTSMAN AND SCHOLAR



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Editorial



MARJORIE HOOK
Editor

WHEN this issue of the JOURNAL has found its way into the hands waiting to receive it, the curtain will have fallen on another act of the drama going on at Polytechnic. Another large class is about to graduate and to scatter, each one going his own way. The editor and staff of this magazine have tried to make it a faithful record of the term just closing. Their aim has been the realization of the familiar phrase, "This term the JOURNAL will be better than ever before." By better is meant more entertaining and interesting. In order to achieve this result, this issue has been made largely pictorial. The cooperation of the student body in the advertisement drive has made this plan financially possible. This

cooperation also enabled the staff to devote its time to the make-up of the JOURNAL rather than to outside work. We hope the results will meet with the favor of our public, i. e., our fellow students.



LOUIS FEINBERG
Manager

The competitive advertising campaign, waged over a period of two weeks, netted over a thousand dollars. The competition was among registry classes, and the one selling the largest amount of advertising space received a holiday. This prize, won by Miss Franklin's class, Room 423, with a total of one hundred twenty dollars. The individual student getting the highest total received a five-pound box of candy; the one getting the largest number of



WALTER FRANKLIN
Assistant Manager

advertisements, irrespective of the amount received, a leather-bound copy of the JOURNAL. Both these prizes were won by William Brock of Room 423.

The staff desires to thank all those students and teachers who helped by soliciting advertisements, turning in stories or pictures, selling tickets, or in any other way contributed to the success of the JOURNAL. Without their cooperation and interest, this 128-page book would not have been possible. Thanks are also due to Mr. Langton of the Sierra Art and Engraving Co., to Mr. Johnston of the Sunset Press, and to Bushnell's Studio for their cordial cooperation and assistance.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Adios

To say farewell is passing hard
 in any land or tongue;
But roads diverge, and paths must part,
For friends both old and young.
To some, "Farewell,"—the winds of fate
 May toss you far from here;
To some "Goodbye,"—we'll meet again
 Before the coming year.
To all of those it leaves behind,
 The class that outward goes,
Says not "Farewell forever, friends,"
 But simply "Adios."

HELEN GROWNEY '24

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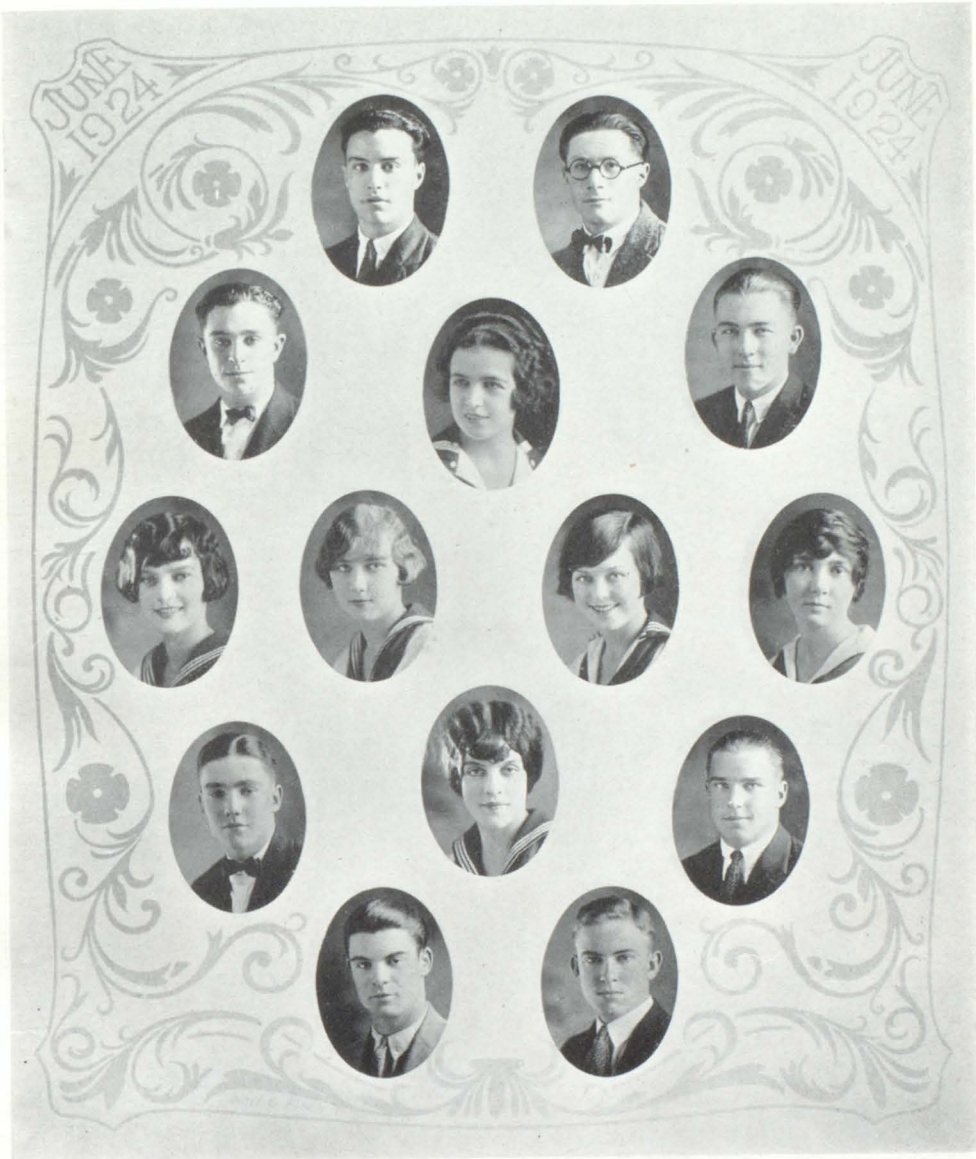
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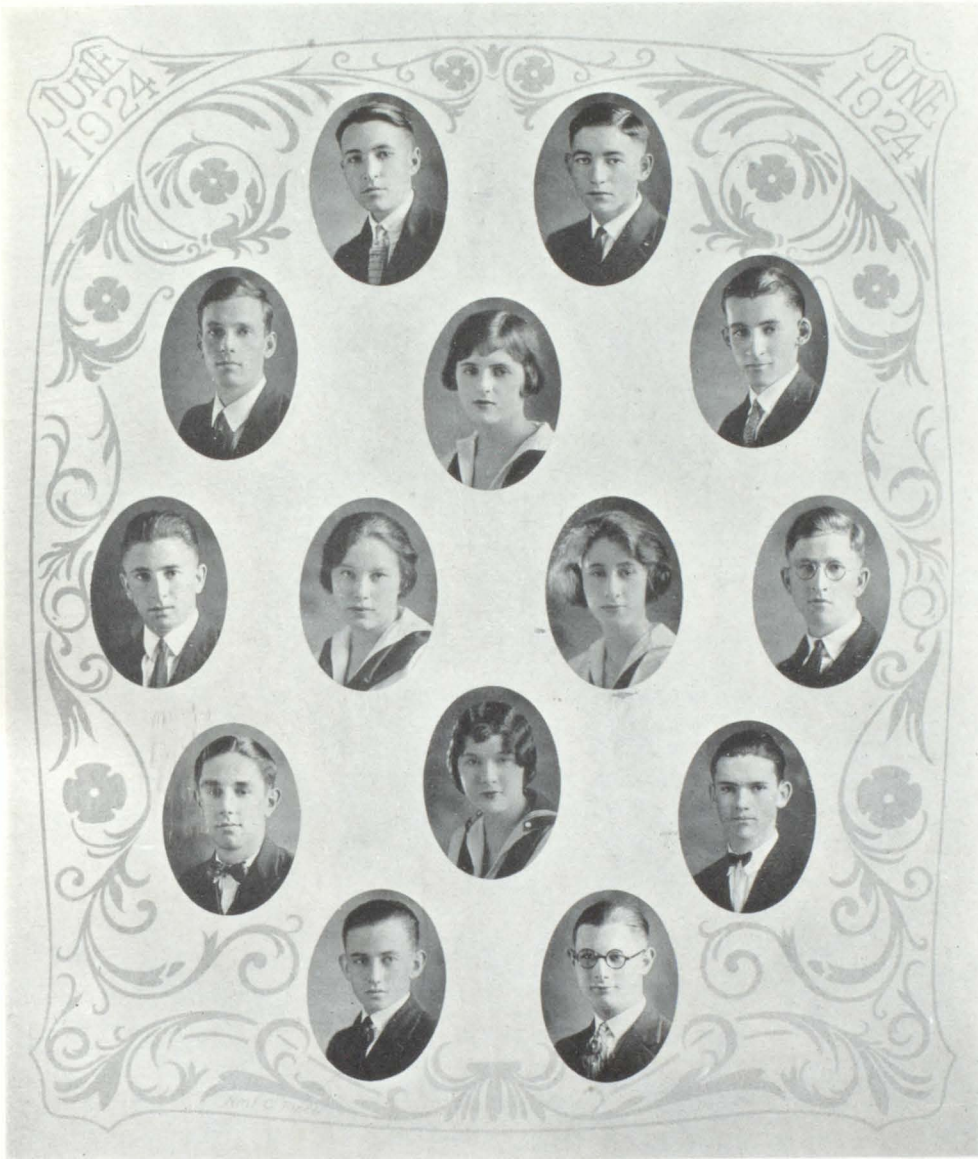
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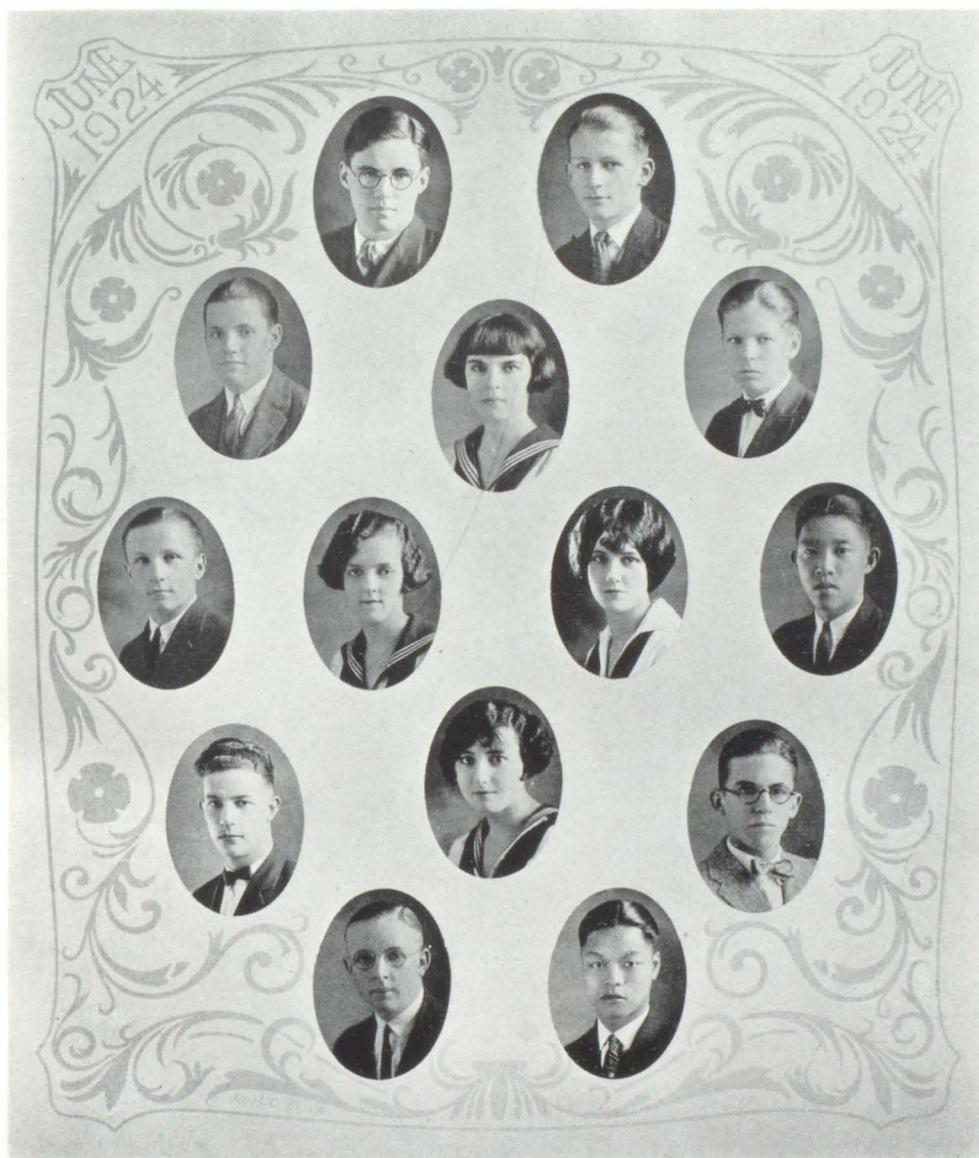
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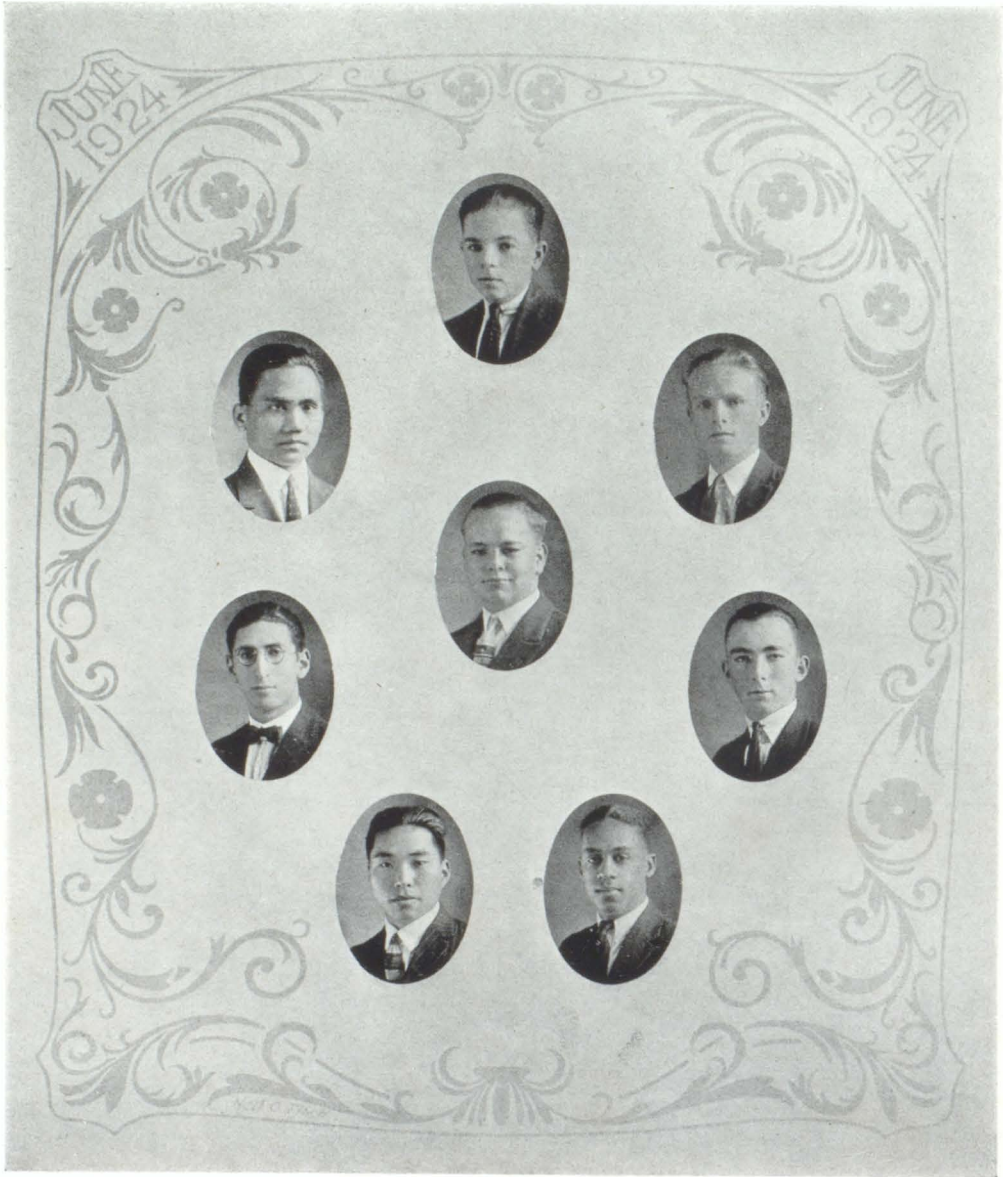
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STORIES



La Pi Qui Chante

Journal Prize Story

RODRIQUE laughed. They were, as yet, but at the first steps of the stairs, and here was Laurence already puffing.

"You see, mon ami," he said, shaking his head, "you were not made to be an adventurer; you should content yourself with the role of bon vivant. At this hour you should be dining in the Cafe de Paris with plump, correctly gowned American ladies, instead of climbing up a queer little street, on your way to a notorious Montmartre cafe in the company of an impossible artist person."

"Tais-toi," replied Laurence good naturedly. "I am every bit as adventurous as you, even though my waist band does exceed yours, and I am not as light on my feet as a young gazelle. Besides, how do you know that I am stopping to get my breath? Perhaps it is the view. Look! Far to the southwest, one can see against the midnight sky, the towers of the cathedral at Tours."

The view from the crest of the little street was indeed magnificent, especially on this luminous summer night. All Paris lay at their feet in a symphony of light, from the golden blaze in the Place de l' Opera to the tiny pinpoints of silvery light in the surrounding villages. If one were possessed of a good imagination, one might see, even as Laurence did, the towers of Tours in the distance.

Rodrique smiled and slipped his arm around the shoulders of his friend.

"I take it all back, my dear American, you have indeed the soul of an artist, you who paint with words. I'll wager your soul is a gay, dashing, devil-may-care sort of a fellow, a veritable Pierrot."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders as he replied, "Perhaps so. I think our souls are expressive of the things we love and not the things we are. I think, if you do not mind my saying it, that your soul, my debonair friend, is not, as you think it, a merry butterfly but rather a sleek, well-fed creature that loves warmth and comfort, even luxury. I'll wager that if you become a great success as an artist, that in a few years' time you will be an artist no longer but a jovial dilettante. You will no longer take pleasure in poking around in quaint little corners; you will be an habitue of the smart salons, a little stouter, perhaps, but a lion among the ladies."

At this point he was interrupted by the subject of his diagnosis, who put a silencing finger upon his lips.

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"It is my turn to 'tais-toi', Laurence. I cannot let you thus slander me. But come, en avant, we must hurry if we are to reach the Cafe du Rat Mort before old Pierre has sold his last bottle of Chianti."

At this, the two grown-up playfellows recommenced their climb up the steep, narrow stairs to the top where the crooked little street climbed and twisted its tortuous way into the sinister shadows.

The air in the Cafe du Rat Mort hung heavy with cigarette smoke and the vapor of steaming food. Old Pierre beamed happily; business was good. There were several tourists to augment his regular clientele; besides there was M. Rodrique, the artist, who was always generous, and with him was a friend who might prove to be equally liberal minded.

It was past midnight. Rodrique and Laurence sat smoking and chatting over their liquors. Laurence was entertaining his companion by guessing who and what were the habitués of the place. He was a keen judge of human nature and his characterizations came close to the truth in most cases. Rodrique looked speculatively around in search of some more difficult type with which to puzzle his friend. Suddenly, he gave an exclamation and, turning to Laurence, said,

"Ah, M'sieu le savant, here is some one to try your powers on. Can you tell me who and what the person seated at the second table to our left is?"

Laurence turned and gasped, for the creature of whom Rodrique spoke was an oddity indeed. He—or possibly she—was clad in an old, ragged "Blue Devil's" coat, the sleeves of which ended in tatters at the elbows, disclosing incredibly thin white arms, one of which rested on the table. The claw-like fingers of one hand held a Russian cigarette and from time to time flicked the ashes from it. The head was turned from the watchers so that all that could be seen was a shock of close-cropped, straight, black hair. The rest of the body was hidden by the intervening tables. Laurence was about to speak when the creature suddenly turned, and two large, black eyes, glowing like coals were fastened on him. He saw in that brief moment that it was indeed a girl. But what a girl! She was more like a bird than a human. The face, which would have been a perfect oval but for the sharp, thin chin, was a sort of ghastly white; the lips and cheeks were colorless; the only relief was the great dark eyes which burned so abnormally large in the thin pinched face. Above these eyes were straight, thick black eyebrows. The nose was very aquiline—almost Semitic—and by reason of the tightly-drawn skin and narrow straight mouth, gave her the look of a bird with a large beak.

She looked as though she had not eaten heartily for weeks, yet she sat with her shoulders hunched up, and sipping a glass of absinthe, the price of which would have more than paid for a hearty meal.

"I admit I am puzzled," said Laurence speaking in a low voice. "Of one thing I am certain: we are beholding a *rara avis*, of which much has been written and little known—a feminine Apache. And yet, there is something contradictory about this one. She is not of the *grisette* type; there is something of the boy about her, a sort of grown-up gamin, an "atom of Paris" as Victor Hugo says.

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"Very well put, my friend, but you have not yet solved the riddle," said Rodrique. "Look!"

Both turned. A big, fierce looking fellow, wearing a black sweater had lounged over and sat insolently on one edge of the girl's table, and started to address her familiarly. She did not raise her eyes; she merely turned half away and said in a hard voice, "Fiche-moi le paix!" (the French equivalent for "beat it").

The man paid no attention; he merely leaned further over the table and leered into her face. The girl was distinctly annoyed. She hesitated a moment and then deliberately shrugged one thin shoulder free of its loose covering. Laurence and Rodrique, who had been watching this proceeding with interest, simultaneously gave a little exclamation of wonder, for on the bare shoulder startlingly black against the white skin, was the imprint of a black rat, which had been burned or branded in.

The girl uttered a single word, "Regardes!"

A change came over the man. His face blanched to a sickly gray; he dropped his bullying manner, and tremblingly slid from the table murmuring, "Ah—pardon—," and withdrew.

"Ca!" exclaimed Rodrique, "explain that if you can."

"By heavens, I am cornered!" replied Laurence. "If I were only a romantic school boy what a story I could weave about an Apache queen, leader of a gang, whose sign is the black rat, burned into the skin. Of course that solution is ridiculous, but, even so, I cannot help wondering—"

His sentence was cut short by a commotion at the other end of the room. A young man rose, stepped to the center of a space that had been cleared of tables and cried in a loud voice, "Silence!"

Rodrique gave Laurence a nudge. "Watch now. This is the treat of the evening. The artists of this quarter come here in the wee hours to offer their talents, and to be hissed or applauded as the case may be."

The young man, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, opened an old piano, crying as he did so, "Allons, la divertissement!"

His fellow Bohemians quickly took up the cry: "Oui, oui, la divertissement!"

The announcer addressed himself to the room and inquired, "Who has something to offer?"

In the far corner, a dark young man rose, with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Moi, j'ai des poemes," he said quietly.

He was evidently well known to the habitués of the cafe for they greeted him with welcoming cries of, "Ah, Pierre! Pierre de Gaulon!"

The young poet stepped forward and read in a deep, vibrant voice, while the pianist played softly the while. They were rather good, pretty lyric things, mostly sonnets to Madelon, Laurette, Renee, etc. He was applauded appreciatively but not encored.

Following him came a pianist and an actor who were respectively hissed and acclaimed

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Then there was a pause. Everyone seemed to be waiting for the event of the evening. Suddenly someone cried, "La Pi! La Pi qui chante!" (the singing magpie). The others took up the cry, "La Pi! La Pi qui chante!"

Rodrique whispered, "Regardez donc! our Apache queen must be 'La Pi qui chante!'"

Indeed the girl whom they had noticed earlier in the evening had risen from her seat and was walking indolently toward the piano. She made an odd picture standing there in her nondescript clothes, like some mongrel that had wandered in from the street.

She sang a popular song of the boulevards, a lurid, raucous thing, in a shrill voice. Rodrique and Laurence were disappointed; they had expected something more unusual. The song, however, was rendered with spirit and evoked much applause.

The girl's thin cheeks flushed, her dark eyes grew luminous, and for the moment she was almost attractive. Then she saw the two men who were sipping their drinks unconcernedly and not joining in the applause. She seemed nonplussed; she was evidently accustomed to unanimous enthusiasm.

Rodrique, leaning over to Laurence, murmured, "How incongruous that this ugly little Pi should sing at all."

The girl spoke rapidly to the accompanist. He shook his head and seemed greatly amazed. She stamped her foot, struck two or three high notes on the piano. The pianist finally acquiesced and she turned once more to the audience, which was hushed in expectancy.

Rodrique and Laurence looked at each other in astonishment as the first exquisite notes of "Un Bel Giorno" flowed from the lips of this little Apache. Clear and smooth and effortless they came with the artistry of the true music lover. As the last sweet sound died away, the girl, with the true savoir faire of the real artist, held her pose for a moment, and then bowed to the audience. And there was triumph in her glance as she observed the dumbfounded Laurence and his friend.

A veritable storm of applause greeted the efforts of "La Pi," but to this she seemed strangely indifferent, for she turned suddenly and darted out of the cafe into the night.

* * * *

It was warm in the great Metropolitan Opera House. One might be excused for napping through the first two acts of Lucia di Lammermoor, especially if one had an assured social position. So Rodrique Paget snoozed on comfortably. He was rather tired of this high brow stuff anyway; he would have preferred the Follies; at least there was some snap to that.

His friend Laurence, however, was following the opera closely. Perhaps it was that, as a newspaper owner, he wished to be sure that his critics were correct, or it might be that he was interested in the prima donna, a new French singer, who was creating quite a sensation.

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Suddenly Laurence leaned forward with an exclamation. The blouse of Lucia's peasant costume had slipped from her shoulder and revealed something which looked like a large court plaster beauty mark. Laurence trained his opera glasses on the singer, and after a few moments scrutiny exclaimed, "Jove! I thought I couldn't be mistaken; it is a black rat!" Then he jumped to his feet and left the box without a word of excuse.

Rodrique sat up and blinked. "Really! what's got into Laurence?" he murmured.

He would have been even more astonished if he could have heard his recent guest saying over and over to himself as he hastened down the corridor to the Green Room, "La Pi,—La Pi qui chante."

HELEN GROWNEY, '24.



Maybe So

Maybe yes, maybe no,
I am lazy, maybe so,
For I hate to do my work,
All the hardest part I shirk.
I would rather, pensive lie
On the grass 'neath God's blue sky,
In the hills beside a stream,
'Neath whisp'ring trees, and think and dream;
A distant cow-bell tinkling clear,
A white-tailed rabbit without fear,
A song-bird with its honeyed notes,
And floating leaves like fairy boats.
These things all I hear and see,
And wonder why the folks like me
Are always chained to office chairs,
Or caged in towns like captured bears.
Oh, I love the open hills,
Running water, singing rills,
Boundless sky and sweet, clean air,
And wand'ring trails through meadows fair.
Oh, I love the forest deeps,
The whispered secrets that it keeps,
The solitude and beauty, too,
Of places haunted by the few.
At my desk is waiting work,
How I wish now I could shirk,
Maybe yes, maybe no,
I am lazy, maybe so.

M. H., '24.

The Wife of Henri-Pierre

IT WAS a lovely summer afternoon in beautiful Milan, but the most exclusive part of the town was practically deserted; people were not in town at this time of the year. However, one of the big palaces of the "Piazza del Duomo" was open, and the few peasants and street-venders who passed there wondered a little. Above, in the little tea room of the palace, two lonely members of society were sighing and wishing they were at the seashore, in the Alps, at Monte Carlo, anywhere but here.

"I think it's perfectly disgusting, my dear Silvia, to be here in this suffocating heat when every one is away," sighed the Countess Violanti, "but then, when one hasn't the means!"

"But Bianca, you were here last summer, and you told me you had a perfectly lovely time," replied Silvia.

"Ah, last summer!" sighed the Countess. "Last summer at this time half society was still here. Last summer, yes, last summer....Oh, well! Last summer there was someone here, someone whom I could take around with me, in order to arouse the envy of all my friends. There was one dear boy over whom I had all the power in the world, one who would not dare say 'No' when I said, 'Dear Hen— dear Someone, you are taking me to the opera tonight, and tomorrow we will go for a walk, for my dog is getting fat and my friend the author has left town!' Ah! Then it was lovely to stay in town, and society stayed behind to watch and envy me."

"If you are talking about Henri-Pierre, my dear...."

"Yes, I'm talking about Henri-Pierre, our beautiful Henri-Pierre, the man who is more handsome than....oh, I don't know. But he was beautiful, Henri-Pierre. Of course, he had no mind of his own, the dear boy, he had to have someone to tell him everything!"

"My dear, as I was telling you," said Silvia, rather timid before all this ardor, "as I was telling you...."

"Yes, I know what you were telling me," interrupted the Countess Violanti, "you were telling me that now he is posing for our friend the artist, or that our friend the poet is writing sonnets about him."

"Oh, but you won't listen, Bianca!" said her friend. "I wanted to tell you that Henri-Pierre is married!"

"Married! Henri-Pierre married?"

"Yes. He married a little street girl, a girl of the people," said Silvia sadly. "Poor boy, he never did have any sense."

"But Silvia," cried the excited Violanti, "I must go and see her. Maybe the marriage can be annulled or something. It may be that we can save him yet!"

It was early the following afternoon that Bianca, Countess Violanti, was shown into a beautiful panelled room, richly furnished. In the dim light, Bianca

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saw a beautiful girl standing before a big carved chair from which she had just risen. She was young and sweet looking, yet with a certain dignity and poise and air of pride in the little dark head, that made her look as much of the "class" as the countess. She came forward timidly and extended her hand.

"I have come to congratulate you," said the countess, "on having married Henri-Pierre, the beautiful Henri-Pierre!"

A bright smile illumined the pale face of the little bride as she answered, "Oh! Yes, I realize that I am fortunate. For is not my husband the best, the kindest, the noblest of men?"

"That may be," said Bianca, "but what no one can deny is that you have married the most handsome man in Milan."

"Oh," said the wife of Henri-Pierre, with a little gesture of impatience, "that to me is nothing. I am blind."

FRIEDA KUHLMAN.



A Sunrise Expedition

KNOW, gentle reader, that it is neither my habit nor my pleasure to get up at five o'clock of a cold spring morning for the mere purpose of enjoying a self-conducted tour of blossom-dotted hillsides. However, not many days ago, I did that very thing.

The wind was blowing coldly from out the very sunrise as I ascended the side of the hill that was to be my hunting ground. Suddenly, I saw that very bit of gold that I had been praying for,—a johnny-jump-up! What inward joy and increased expectations! Where one was, others must be, so on I climbed, gathering a poppy here, a buttercup there, wild sweet peas in the rock crevices, and johnny-jump-ups wherever I happened to find them.

At last I reached the top to see a soul-stirring panorama of early morning beauty. To the east lay great banks of morning mist with the swiftly changing colors of the sunrise playing upon them. The sky itself seemed to be made of layers of color that changed from pure gold, through all the shades of green gold, to deep blue, shading near to purple in the west.

And there, rising from the darkness of the shadowed valley, was a gray-blue wisp of smoke veiling the olive-green forest behind it as with a bit of delicate chiffon. That wisp of smoke made me lose my feeling of aloneness, and so I turned my course toward home, my arms laden with the gold of the spring time, and my heart with the gold of the sunrise.

LOUISE ATWELL, '24.

The Blue Goose

WHERE the great moose crash through the underbrush, and the wolves howl through the long, star-lit winter nights, a hunter crouched on the shores of a wilderness lake. The smell of wet earth and bursting buds was in the air, and as the man listened, there came the "honk, honk" of wild geese coming north with the spring. Nearer and nearer came the flock, flying low, and the hidden man became tense. He intended to shoot the big leader flying at the point of the wedge, but as he watched the bird over the gun-sight, he gave an exclamation and lowered his weapon to stare at the goose. Where the ordinary wild goose is grey this one was blue, and the early sun gleamed on its wild blue wings.

The hunter smiled. "Go on: I'll not touch you." He raised his gun and fired swiftly at the nearest gray in the flock, which turned over in its flight and fell to earth. The blue goose screamed and fled up and away on flashing blue pinions so swiftly he left his flock behind. The man laughed after him and retrieved the dead grey.

* * * *

Walter Allenfrere was among the first to answer the call of war. He went as an aviator and before long he was considered one of America's best aces in the air. He had brought down a number of enemy planes and had been chosen several times to go over the enemy lines when it took a very good pilot indeed to bring himself and his plane back to the home field. When he went out, they knew he would get what he wanted before he came back, and they were confident also that he would come back, for he knew how to handle a plane like a master. After the war, he became a government flier piloting the mail planes across the continent.

Walter was a cheerful, happy-go-lucky sort, loving excitement and being a firm believer in the saying, "Variety is the spice of life." He had once said that some day he would build a plane. He would make it himself and when it was done it would run away from the fastest plane the government owned. It would break the French and American speed records, and win the great air races. In short, it would be one of the fastest planes ever made, if not the fastest. Walter loved a fast plane. One of his companions had said with a smile, "What'll you call this dream plane when you get it done?" Walter's eyes became deep with recollection. A faint smile softened the line of his mouth as he thought of a wilderness lake where the wild, blood-stirring "honk, honk" of the geese sounds as they wing northward with the spring.

"I'll call it the Blue Goose."

Walter left the service. They had said of him that he was a born flier and could not get along without a plane. They shrugged when he left and said he'd be back, aching to get into a pilot's seat again. But Walter knew better, for

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tucked away where nobody knew about it was a tested plane, powerful, swift, Walter's own, built by his hands, planned by his brain. Walter loved it, from the flashing blade of the propeller to the slim gleaming tail resting so lightly on the ground. The body was blue faintly toned with grey, the exact color of the blue goose Walter had spared in the north. Across the spreading wings he had painted in dazzling white the name of his plane, The Blue Goose.

Walter's second flight had taken him to the Mexican border. In Tijuana he met a man who, on learning Walter's name, fell into conversation with him.

"Don't you ever wish to fly again?" he asked when Walter said he had left the government service. Walter smiled.

"I have a plane of my own now. I can fly when, where, and as much as I like. It's a better plane than I ever had in the service. It's faster than the government planes, and I know every part of it because I built it myself, and I love it. It's a pal to me." The man was silent a moment, then said,

"I told you my name, didn't I? Wayne, Paul Wayne. I'd like to hire you and your plane if you're free."

"I'm free," Walter replied, "what do you want, stunt flying or passenger service?"

"Well, not exactly either one. I want to hire you to fly around to certain points which I'll name later. All you'll have to do is fly your plane, and you'll be well paid." All of which sounded interesting to Walter.

It was dusk a week later when he left the ground in the Blue Goose. He was ignorant of the nature of his cargo, knowing only that he was carrying boxes into the United States. He sped swiftly northward and in less than a half hour he was circling around the improvised landing field on his native soil, looking for the signal fires. In a moment they blazed out, and he dropped down lower and lower and landed safely. He busied himself with the engine while men unloaded the cargo; then when the Blue Goose was empty, he sent her up high above the earth and turned her nose southward.

Walter had been running only three nights when the border guards reported the crossing and re-crossing of the border by an unknown plane which blended so well into the blue-grey of the night. She always flew high, swiftly, and without lights, they said, and made from three to five trips from Mexico to United States soil each night. Much interest was aroused by the movements of the mysterious plane, and it was not long before government agents were hunting the landing field on the U. S. side. Government planes flew low over the country searching for the hangars of the plane on either side of the border. But Walter had found a giant tree overhanging the edge of the Mexican field, and he ran the Blue Goose beneath it each dawn, and slept under her wing until past noon. He never left the plane for he feared some curious Mexican might meddle with her or scar her trim blue body.

One bright moon-lit night, less than two weeks after he had begun flying for Wayne, Walter was flying high and fast when he became aware of the drone of

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another plane. He shut off his engine and listened. The plane was nearer now, and presently it shut off its engine, evidently to listen for the Blue Goose. Walter waited until he saw it behind him, then switched on his engine and raced for the safety of the landing field. The government plane heard him go and started in pursuit. Walter looked at the dial denoting his speed rate and smiled when he saw that it registered better than two hundred miles an hour. In less than ten minutes, he saw the signal fires ahead and shut off his engine to glide down to a halt on the field. A moment later when the government flier passed over, he saw nothing but a smooth stretch of ground and a fringe of trees casting heavy shadows in the moonlight. He circled higher, listening, looking for the plane that faded so easily into the blue haze of the night. Presently the hum of his motor died away in the distance.

After that, two government planes were waiting each night for the Blue Goose. Walter laughed and sent his plane roaring between them, and led them a gay, wild futile chase, circling, climbing, swooping down; then when he had them more than fifty miles away from his landing field, he straightened out and left them far behind while he dropped down to shelter between the beacon fires.

One night the Blue Goose developed a cough in her engine and Walter was only able to make two trips before the pale dawn crept over the horizon. When he landed at last in Mexico, he found Wayne walking in circles.

"Allenfrere, we've got to get this stuff out of sight and there's no place to put it here." Walter looked at the pile of cases Wayne indicated. "Can't you make one more trip? I'll give you three hundred to land those safely at the field on the other side." Walter looked at the sky; it was daylight. In less than a half hour the sun would be up. Yet why not make one more trip? It would be his first by daylight; was he afraid to do it? He'd tell the world he wasn't, not with the Blue Goose. "Right! Have them load her!"

He was no more than off the field when the two government fliers appeared. Walter let them come quite close before he shot the power into the Blue Goose. Suddenly there was the sing of bullets in the air and the ripping sound of one striking the Blue Goose somewhere. The smile faded from Walter's face. So it was war? He let the Blue Goose out to the last notch. Two hundred, two hundred ten, two twenty. He looked back and smiled a little, grimly, then slackened speed and began to climb. The government fliers looked up and read the name of the fugitive plane before it slipped away and left them far behind as it fled north. Later when they were gone, Walter circled back, left his load, and headed south, where he dropped to rest at the Mexican field. In his heart he exalted, but he resolved to keep out of gun range in the future.

It was just before the Pulitzer Trophy Race that the Blue Goose disappeared. The annoyed authorities hoped it was for good.

Walter had done some thinking after his daylight race with the Government's swift planes. As a result, he painted grey the small blue body of his plane, and flew east to St. Louis, the scene of the great triangular course of the Pulitzer

THE POLYTECHNIC

Trophy Race. It was a gruelling race, but Walter had been an ace in France. He beat the plane sent over by the French; he beat fliers from all parts of the United States, but there was one, a Navy racer, he could not beat. He opened the throttle of the Blue Goose to its widest extent, and so great was his speed that several times he lost consciousness on the turns of the triangular course when going around the pylons. He saw that the speed dial denoted two hundred and fifty three miles an hour. At last he realized defeat. There was one plane in the country that his own racer could not beat. The Navy Curtiss racer won the Pulitzer Trophy with its two thousand dollar purse, its trophy and its glory. Allenfrere in a special built plane was second.

After the race Walter slipped away, and the next day started west. His contract with Wayne had not yet expired. Now that he knew the powers of the Blue Goose, Walter did not hesitate to fly by day and the border guards became used to the swift blue plane with its name in dazzling white. For six months the Blue Goose made her high, swift flights unharmed, and ran away from the government fliers when they attempted to overtake her. Wayne found a new landing field well away from the suspected area, and when her pursuers had been led off and lost on a wild goose chase, the Blue Goose circled back and sank to her hidden shelter.

Walter looked back. A new plane had taken up the chase, a blue Curtiss racer. Walter laughed a challenge and opened the throttle of the Blue Goose. With a response that gladdened his heart, the plane leaped through the air at ever increasing speed. When the dial marked two fifty, Walter settled himself to watch the flier behind him fade from view. Presently he realized his pursuer had a very good plane indeed, for he did not seem to be losing ground. In ten minutes Walter knew that the game of the Blue Goose was at an end. He recognized the plane behind him and knew it for the winner of the Pulitzer Trophy. Protruding from its side he saw the muzzle of a light machine gun. With one last effort the Blue Goose swung higher and began to circle southward in a vain attempt to reach the border. From the inside, the Curtiss racer swept southward also, and the movement brought her within range of the Blue Goose. There was the report of the machine gun, once, twice, and faltering like a wounded bird, the Blue Goose fluttered earthward. Down, down, turning, dipping to land at last, held upright only by the superhuman efforts of her pilot. The Curtiss racer circled back and landed not far off, but found only a deserted plane, blue with a tinge of grey, and across her wings in dazzling white her name, The Blue Goose.

When he had gone to report the fallen plane's location, Walter came out of his concealment and approached his crippled bird. For the first time he examined his cargo, then turned and put a hand on the blue-grey wing.

"They'll confiscate you because you're carrying contraband. They'll take you away from me, and that will never do." Walter's voice was soft and wistful.

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"Goodbye, old pal, I'll never fly another like you. I'll never fly any other! You served me as well as I had dreamed. Sixty thousand you've earned me in your brief life-time." He climbed into the pit and handled the controls. It would be the last time.

"Goodbye, Blue Goose, goodbye!"

When the authorities reached the place, they found only ashes and blackened steel. To one side lay the evidence of her law-breaking, but the outlaw plane, The Blue Goose, was beyond their reach forever.

In the north where the great moose crash through the underbrush, and the wolves howl through the long, star-lit winter nights, a man without a gun crouched at the edge of a wilderness lake. Flock after flock of geese sped north, but the man remained motionless, watching, waiting. At last when the wild "honk, honk" was heard no longer, he stretched and started away. Suddenly he stopped. At his feet lay a tuft of feathers, blue with a tinge of grey. The man stooped and gently picked them up. Another hunter approached and looked at the feathers in Walter's hand.

"Those are from a goose I shot a while ago, let's see, it was just a month ago today. Blue, he was, strange. I never saw one like him before."

Walter smiled, rather sadly. So the blue goose had gone down, too. A month ago today. There was a curtain of mist in Walter's eyes as he looked back just a month, and saw the flicker of leaping flames, flames which devoured the small, fleet body of his Blue Goose, an outlaw plane all of her brief life, wild and free even as her namesake, to the end.

M. H., '24.



Impressions

Now winter hangs her mantle white
On every bush and tree;
She spreads her sheets of frost and snow
To glisten on the lea.

Soon spring will come with mantle green
And bring new life to all;
Her warmth will clear the crystal lakes
To mirror willows tall.

WESTON GORDON, '25.

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My First Riding Master

WE APPROACH the Captain to give him our customary greeting. His dark eyes, always asparkle, catch sight of us, and he thunders a welcome in his curious French accent. We mount our horses and the lesson begins.

The Captain sits in his chair on the balcony and directs our course around the ring. He tugs at his long, drooping mustache, pounds the floor with his cane till I wonder how he gets such a show of action out of his poor, paralyzed body. As our horses pass him, he bellows his directions.

"Halt! Eet is peetiful, peetiful! Numbair One, hold up the head of your horse. Numbair Four, stomach een! Numbair Seex, squeeze the side of your horse with your knees! I tell you so many times. Why do you not do eet? Now, again,—forward! trot!"

When it is all over, we are in despair of ever being able to ride well enough to please that old French cavalryman. Yet, when we go up to bid him goodbye, he puts out his hand with a smile.

"Ah, my poor bebe," he says, I scold you so much today, but you forgive me, yes?" And we part good friends.

EDWIN GHISELLI, '25.



Ode to the Moon

Moonlight, gleaming in the skies,
Lead me where my loved one lies,
All that's beautiful and fair,
With almond eyes and scented hair.

Look upon me, lead me soon
Unto her; guide me (e'er I swoon)
To what's as dear as life to me;
Look down, O moon, in sympathy.

And when I find her, I will bless
You for the gift, the best
And dearest thing in life to me,
And thank you for your sympathy.

GLADYS TILTON-STEELE, '26.

Sir John of the Green Feather

How silent, dark and gloomy the forest was! Sir John rode on and on, wondering dreamily if he would not soon reach the end of these trees. He was dressed in the costume affected by knights of mediaeval times, a fine silver chain armor, nicely fitted, and a helmet from which floated a long green plume. This last gave him the name by which he was known, Sir John of the Green Feather. He rode on a snow white charger, gayly caparisoned in green and silver.

The forest grew darker. Night was coming on, and Sir John aroused himself from his reverie to quicken the pace of his horse, for he feared he would have no place to sleep that night if he did not reach the end of the forest.

Suddenly he heard the sounds of a horse which seemed to be coming swiftly toward him. Not knowing who the stranger might be, riding abroad at such a time and in such a place, he pulled in behind a clump of bushes.

The stranger rode up and dismounted quickly. He took from his saddle a woman whose golden hair was long and loose to the breeze. He knocked on the trunk of one of three trees which formed a circle near by. A little old man opened a door in the tree, and the knight, who was all dressed in black, said gruffly, "Banana oil!" and entered, with the girl, shutting the door behind him.

Sir John had hardly breathed during these few seconds. The beauty of the unconscious maiden, and the strangeness of the door in the tree overwhelmed him, so that he felt it necessary to pinch himself to see if he were awake. Even then he was not quite sure, for a pinch through armor is apt to be rather ineffective.

Almost immediately, a second black knight rode up. Sir John, quickly collecting his wits, spurred from behind the bushes, and challenged the knight to combat. A long, hard battle followed, but Sir John was ultimately the victor.

He put on the dead knight's armor and, hurrying to the tree, knocked upon the door. The same little old man answered the summons, and Sir John said gruffly, "Banana oil!" just as the first knight had done. The old man stepped aside, and Sir John entered. He found a flight of stone steps leading down to another door. He went down, opened the door, and stepped into a long, low, bare room, with a table at the far end.

On a couch at one side of the room, the maiden lay, stripped of her bracelets and ropes of pearls. At the table sat the first knight and another one whom he addressed as "my Lord." On the table lay the girl's jewels.

Sir John had often heard of robber bands who preyed on the surrounding country and on the travelers passing by, and he realized that he had stumbled upon the den of such a band. What had happened to the girl's attendants? He knew only too well, and trembled for the fate of her who lay, still unconscious on the couch.

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While these thoughts raced through his mind, he was seating himself in the empty place at the table. As the light was dim, and the helmet shaded his face, his companions did not realize that he was not the man they were expecting. The leader seemed to be speaking to him, so he forced himself to take his eyes from the girl and pay stricter attention to what was being said.

"Methinks that thou wouldst, perhaps, prefer to have the maiden for thy share, this time," said the leader, and Sir John nodded in affirmation.

The other knight rose, bowed and began to divide the jewels which lay in a heap on the table. Sir John also rose, bowed to the man at the head of the table, and, walking over to the girl, saw that she was beginning to regain consciousness. He picked her up gently in his arms, and whispered to her that she need not fear, that she would be returned to her friends in safety.

At that second, the door burst open. The little old man rushed in, pale with excitement and screamed, "This man is an imposter, a spy! The real knight lies dead outside!"

Brushing the old man aside, Sir John set the girl on her feet on the stairway, and telling her to flee, turned to meet the weapons of his opponents. The advantage was with him, for the stairway was so narrow that, as he retreated, only one could reach him at a time. He fought furiously but withal warily, and soon managed to thrust back one of the knights, who fell upon the other one, knocking him to the stone floor below. They both lay still, and Sir John, tired and wounded, staggered slowly upward and out into the air.

There, much to his surprise, he found the girl sitting upon his horse. He sat down wearily leaning against a tree, and shut his eyes. The girl knelt at his side, and he could feel her cool, slender hand on his forehead. She shook his shoulder gently and—

"Johnny! Johnny! Get up! You'll be late for school."

He opened his eyes reluctantly. His mother was bending over him shaking him not too gently.

"Yes, yes. All right," he murmured sleepily. He came to full consciousness slowly. As he turned over preparatory to getting up, he felt a hard lump under his pillow. What could it be? He put his hand under and pulled out the book he had been reading the night before—"Ivanhoe."

MARY OST, '24.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Windows

AS EYES discover the soul of a person, so do windows discover the soul of a building. What, for instance, do the narrow, barred windows of a prison suggest but the narrow, cramped lives within? Does not the fact that new houses have more space devoted to windows show, perhaps, that we are becoming broader-minded?

The soulfulness of windows is shown as night shadows fall and lights twinkle their way into existence. Even under the calm, pale gleams of the moon, some windows are reticent, unlighted, or heavily shaded. Others, in their ingenuousness, are wide open to the gaze of the passing stranger. Such pictures as these last windows frame are often more interesting to a person inclined to dreaming than a dozen books.

What a delectable pastime it is to imagine the lives and loves of the peoples enframed in the window casings. Here we see a cosy fire place, a shaggy dog, and a child playing on the rug; there, many young people dancing and singing and having a rollicking good time. Again, a basement window discloses a tired woman ironing under the flickering light of a gas jet, and one wonders how she can go on with so little of comfort and pleasure.

If you have an active imagination, go out into the night. See if you, too, can find the soul in windows.

LOUISE ATWELL, '24.



Gray Seas

I know a beach that lies beneath gray skies,
Where foamcaps dance and whirl before my eyes;
There seagulls wheel and soar above the sea,
I wish that wings like theirs were giv'n to me.
The breakers roar and tower high to break;
I would that I could such a high leap make.
Only an earth bound thing I seem to be;
But oh I love the freedom of the sea.

GEORGIA HUNT, '25.

We Mount the Wall

THE stillness of the summer morning was broken by the jangling of bells from the chapel belfry. Out in the patio, the mocking birds began to trill gleefully, and the trees and flowers, awakening from their slumber, nodded cheerfully to all those around them.

A faint rustle went down the long row of white beds in the dormitory as, one by one, the dark heads raised themselves from their pillows. Sister Angelica's soft pattering steps on the brick tiles of the floor caused us to spring quickly out of bed, and the chatter of girlish voices mingled with the sounds without.

"I was late to chapel yesterday," said Carmel Gonzales, my neighbor, a dreamy, dark-eyed girl, and a devotee of the Holy Infant of Prague, as I buttoned up her gray gingham dress. "Sister Angelica says if it happens again, I will spend the siesta hour writing irregular verbs."

We filed out in two's along the octagonal, red-tiled walk to the chapel. How grateful we were for the sunshine in the patio, coming as we did from the dim solemnity inside those thick walls. How gaily the mocking birds called to each other, hopping about on the newly sprinkled earth! How delectable was the odor of freshly-made chocolate! For chocolate in its native state is quite different from the spurious product that masquerades in tin foil.

Our classes proceeded in their usual calm monotony. Above my interest in the dative case was running a mischievous scheme to hold conversation with Carmel. After several baffling attempts, I arranged, by dumb show, to meet her in the hall at recess.

Carmel duly appeared, and we tiptoed around the hall till we found a seat which concealed us from the rest of the girls. Here Carmel whispered to me the bits of scandal that a day pupil had told her: Betty and Alice Mullen were going to Spain to school the very next day, to be away a whole year; tonight, Thursday, the string band would play in the Plaza Hotel, and was it just that we should be shut within these walls listening to those strains while all the world amused itself? If we could have two or three turns and hasten back! But how could we manage it?

The difficult part would be slipping down the long corridor to the second patio; once there we could mount the wall by a series of maneuvers that she indicated. We would start immediately after Sister Angelica had returned to her room after her first look of inspection. This sister slept in a small room raised on a platform in order to include all sleepers below in one look. Having just made sure that all was serene she would not be suspicious for ten minutes at least. I must only partly undress, wind up my skirt and my shawl in a roll, and smuggle them under the bedclothes. Oh, yes, and most important of all, we must arrange bundles to resemble our sleeping persons with dark mops—yarn would do—for the heads.

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So two quaking figures crept down the long corridor at half past nine. The golden moon threw sharply-defined shadows of the arches on the pavement, cold beneath our feet. Suddenly we heard footsteps approaching from the opposite direction. I clutched Carmel's arm, and we rolled beneath a bush that happened, by good fortune, to be near by. Something soft and slimy crushed beneath my foot; instinct told me it was a snail. At any other time I would have shrieked, but now I was gazing with terrified eyes at Father Cripzano's fat form approaching, and wondering if he would hear the beating of my heart. He passed us by all unwitting, and, when the echo of his steps had ceased, we crept out, for even a snail does not kill romance at sixteen.

There is no more effective and simple disguise than a Mexican shawl. In our black skirts, and with these long black scarfs pulled over our heads, no one need know us unless we chose.

I climbed up the devious way Carmel had indicated in the afternoon, and found myself balanced precariously on the top of a wall bristling with broken glass set in the plaster. Suddenly there was a cry of "Halt!" on the night air, and I was gazing down upon a sinister-looking bayonet in the hands of a guard. A snail was nothing to this.

"What happens?" he asked sternly. "Why do you mount the wall?"

Taking my cue from his familiar address, I glibly replied, "We are servants of this house, señor; we have been grinding chocolate till late, and now the great iron gate is locked. We leave in this manner to save trouble."

Carmel was wildly clutching my arm, and had apparently lost the power of speech. A glance below showed me that we could never hope to climb the wall again from the other side. With all our plotting, we had not thought to plan our return.

"Why do you not pass the night within?"

"We will do so, señor," cried we both in one voice.

He grunted approvingly and turned away as we scrambled down the inside. Not daring to speak, we stole back into the corridor, hugging the black shadow next to the walls.

Mockingly, the strains of music floated to our ears as we crept along. After several terrified minutes, we reached the dormitory door. Dark rays of red from the tiny night lamps indicated the position of our beds; with a fearful look at the sister's room, we crossed to them.

"Tomorrow," whispered Carmel, "we must both say a novena to the Holy Infant of Prague."

PATRICIA PEARCE.

ORGANIZATIONS



Student Body

THE close of the spring term of 1924 will witness the termination of one of the most successful administrations in the annals of the Polytechnic High School Student Body organization. With a set of officers truly representative of the finest ideals of the school, a spirit of cordial cooperation has been developed which has made possible the carrying out of several notable projects.

Among these accomplishments may be mentioned the planting of the garden below the West Court, the formation of plans for a "Poly Life" booklet, the establishment of a literary cup to be awarded competitively, the establishment of a branch of the California Scholarship Federation, the successful carrying out of a clean-up campaign, and the formation of tentative plans for a memorial, of a nature not yet determined.

Due to the efforts of President Leland Eisan and of Mr. Neilsen, the lot to the west of the building has been cleaned up and planted in grass which already shows what an improvement a bit of greenness is. We hope, in time, to transform every barren spot around the building into a thing of beauty.

The contemplated "Poly Life" booklet is to be a pamphlet that will contain a lot of valuable information as to requirements for graduation and such things, the school songs and yells and traditions: in a word everything to make a good Poly citizen out of every entering student.

The literary cup is to be awarded each semester to the student submitting the best story. The name of the winning student and the date will be engraved on the cup. At the time the JOURNAL went to press, the award had not been made for this term.

Much time and thought has been spent by the committee entrusted with the task of preparing a constitution for a branch of the California Scholarship Federation. It has, however, been accomplished to the satisfaction of everyone, so that some of our graduates will this term have upon their diplomas the seal of the C. S. F. This organization will supersede the old Honor League.

A jollification rally was a fitting reward for a successful clean-up campaign. An aftermath worthy of note is that the good work has continued without interruption.

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Much interest has attached to the plan for the foundation of a fund which will ultimately be used for some suitable memorial to those former students of Polytechnic who served in the World War. Just what form this memorial will take has not been decided, but the suggestion of a pipe organ has found considerable favor.

The officers for the term were: Leland Eisan, president; Margaret Simpson, first vice-president; Ruth Mills, second vice-president; William Keil, treasurer; Charles Eckstrom, assistant treasurer; Donald Gilson, secretary; Robert Vermilya, custodian; Irving Marcus, athletic manager; George Martin, yell leader. The committee chairmen who have cooperated with the elected officers were: William Keil, finance; Nicholas Morrissey, publicity; Louis Feinberg, clean-up.



Girls' Student Body

FOLLOWING the excellent example set by the Girls' Student Body the previous semester, the organization of this term upheld the record of "doing things."

At the regular business meetings held on alternate Thursdays, and presided over by Margaret Simpson, plans were developed for carrying out a number of good ideas. Among them was the one of taking fruits, jellies, candy and cookies to the hospital ward of the Relief Home, in order to make life a little happier for the sick.

Girls' rallies were few in number this term, but one that was helpful and interesting was the rally at which etiquette was the topic under discussion. A movie demonstrating the right and wrong with knife, fork, spoon formed a part of the affair.

The girls jinx took the form of a "kid" party this time and was held June 6. Suckers, hair ribbons, curls, and short dresses were the features of the affair.

The officers who were at the head of this interesting program were: Margaret Simpson, president; Irene Smith, vice-president; Ruth Lundquist, secretary; Frances Carroll, treasurer; Audrey Freed, athletic manager.

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STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

LELAND EISAN, President		RUTH MILLS, Second Vice-President	
CHAS. ECKSTROM, Assistant Treasurer	IRENE SMITH, Girls' Vice-President	WILLIAM KEIL, Treasurer	RUTH LUNDQUIST Girls' Secretary
AUDREY FREED Girls' Athletic Manager	ROBERT VERMILYA Custodian	FRANCES CARROLL Girls' Treasurer	IRVING MARCUS Athletic Manager
MARGARET SIMPSON, First Vice-President		DONALD GILSON, Secretary	

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The Polytechnic Bi-Weekly

THIS spring term of '24 has probably been one of the most successful in the annals of the bi-weekly. "The best paper ever" has long been the by-word of "The Polytechnic" staff, and, if the number of papers sold is the mark of success, the youthful scribes may well lay claim to having faithfully lived up to their creed.

The list of students taking journalism this term has greatly exceeded that of any other semester in the paper's history; notwithstanding this fact, no one has managed to get in another's way.

Martin Coburn has very creditably held the office of editor-in-chief; and the custom of rotating the editorship for each edition has been observed this term as in terms past. This plan has proved its worth most conclusively, as it has provided an incentive for each new editor in his endeavor to make his paper better than all the others; this, in turn has led to each edition being distinctive in style and subject matter alike.

Ten superlative editions of the "Polytechnic" have made their appearance this term, and each has been better than its predecessor, if such a thing is possible. The first, a welcome edition to the frosh, was edited by Newton Leavitt. This number also did its bit in boosting for a 100% student body.

The second journalistic effort to make its debut was edited by the efficient Theodore Bulotti, and it was followed by the Poly Life edition. This last is always one of the most popular numbers of the bi-weekly, and, considering the number of papers eagerly purchased, this term's Poly Life has proven no exception to the rule.

The fourth, fifth and sixth editions of the "Polytechnic" were presided over by Mary Ost, Herman Metz, and Peter Victor, respectively. The "Leap Year" edition, next in line, was bossed by Edith Trickler, and boasted an all-girl staff.

After the girls had seen what they could do, Carol Higgins tried his hand at an "Athletic" edition. His hand proved quite steady, and the paper was a success in every way. Charles Eckstrom then took charge, very ably, of a "Senior" edition, wherein all the pranks and capers of the June '24 class were exposed to the light of day.

The tenth and final number was the long-awaited "Program" edition, heralding the end of the spring term.

The bi-weekly has, at all times, advocated real school spirit and loyalty to Polytechnic's traditions. It has endeavored to foster good scholarship and sportsmanship. This work has not been in vain, for never before has Poly had such an all-round successful term.

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POLYTECHNIC STAFF

HERBERT HILKER	NICHOLAS MORRISSEY	
NEWTON LEAVITT	BERTHA GARDINER	LOUIS FEINBERG
ROBERT BARTELS	JANE CORBETT	RUTH SCHRAMM
FRANK WULZEN	MABEL BENNETT	MARTIN COBURN
	THEODORE BULOTTI	ARLINGTON HALSEY
		HERMAN METZ

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The Drama Club

A PLAY by Sir James Matthew Barrie carries an irresistible appeal to both audience and cast, so the Drama Club made no mistake in choosing for its vehicle this term "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." It needs no further description than to say that it is truly Barriesque. The club gave two performances with different casts, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening, and both highly successful.

The double cast was as follows:

Alice.....	EDITH TRICKLER, RUTH MILLS
Colonel.....	IRVING MARCUS, GENE KNOTTS
Amy.....	CORINNE LAYNE, MIGNONNE TOWNLEY
Steve.....	PAUL JACKSON, FRANK LOTZ
Cosmo.....	SAM KAHN, CARL HAMMER
Richardson.....	MARGARET ROSHER, DOROTHY MAYBERRY
Genevra.....	ALICE HUMPHREYS, DORIS BRUNDAGE
Fannie.....	ELVA JOHNSON

For the freshman reception the drama class gave "The Pot Boiler," a farce that was greatly enjoyed by all who were privileged to witness it.

Mr. Pfeiffer's division of the drama class gave three one-act plays: "Two Slatterns and a King," "Rosalie," and "Pierrot of the Minute."

The Drama Club officers for the term were: Frank Lotz, president; Guinevere Harrington, vice-president; Gene Knotts, secretary; Leonard Wilbur, treasurer; Russell Lyman, property man; Olin Berry, representative; Mignonne Townley, mistress of the robes.



Forum Club

FORUM CLUB activities for the spring term of 1924 followed the usual line of work of this organization. Its members engaged in the usual discussions and debates, provided the programs for patriotic and other rallies, practised parliamentary law, and reached the climax of the semester's interest in the banquet held on April 30. In two respects this function departed from tradition: it was held outside the school, and was in the form of a dinner rather than a luncheon. This innovation proved so pleasing that it is probable that the same plan will be followed hereafter. It has numerous advantages; but the chief one is that the program need not be hurried on account of the very limited time.

About forty students and teachers were present at the dinner, which was held at the Aladdin Studio. Charles Lang as president of the club introduced the

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toastmaster, Vincent Detwiler, who, in turn, presented the speakers, who dealt with a variety of timely subjects. These speakers included: Leland Eisan, William Keil, Charles Eckstrom, Nicholas Morrissey, Pedro Savella, Harry Watson, Pierce Stockton, Ruth Painton, Agnes Simmons, Mr. Addicott, Mr. Cox and Mr. White.



The Latin Club

THE Latin Club is a new organization which has sprung up within the walls of the Polytechnic during the term now ended. Latin has been a course in the school for a number of years, but its devotees were never organized into a club until recently. Mr. Dixon supervised its organization, and President Gladys Palmer, assisted by Vice-president Bertha Gardiner, Secretary-treasurer Lou Mulloy, and Student Body Representative Joseph Lucas, have carried it through its first successful term.

Its formation was with the object of creating a greater interest in the course and to promote a feeling of good fellowship among the students. Its enrollment exceeded one hundred and fifty members. The activities for the term included plans for a play to be given before the Student Body, but when the Journal went to press, it had not yet come off.

The club offers numerous advantages, not only to students planning for college, but also to those studying Architecture and History of Art. The club made splendid progress during the term because of the good backing from the students and the capable leadership of the officers. If, in future terms, the work of the club is carried on as well as it was this term, Polytechnic can always be proud of its Latin Club.



The Poster Club

ONE of the best-known organizations in the school is the Polytechnic Poster Club. With the return of Miss Goeller, the art students seemed to take a renewed interest in the club. The result was very evident in the many attractive posters that were displayed, advertising games, dances, plays, club meetings, the bi-weekly, and other school activities and organizations.

The twenty-two members were not so busy making posters that they neglected social activities. The semi-annual wienie roast was held at China Beach in April, and a dance was given near the end of the term.

The officers of the club are: president, Thelma Earwaker; vice-president, Everett Mertes; secretary-treasurer, Louise Atwell; student body representative, Everett Steffens; faculty representative, Miss Goeller.

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The Engineering Society

ONE-FIFTH of a decade ago the formation of an organization to promote interest among the students of Polytechnic in the profession of engineering as a life work was conceived by Lambert Becker and Sidney Freake. It was soon developed into a reality, with the assistance of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Walker. Capable officers have been elected each successive semester to carry on the duties of the Engineering Society. This term's officers are: President, Ed Rea; vice-president, Edwin Staff; secretary-treasurer, Harold Lawcock; business manager, Rudolph Bergroth; Student Body representative, Arthur Chase.

Semi-annual trips to the various industries about the city have kept up a lively interest among the members of the society. Under the auspices of the Engineering Society, annual trips to the University of California on Engineer's Day has allowed non-members of the Society to attend and watch the prospective engineers at work. All high school students should become members of this society if they are interested in Engineering or have natural inclination towards this profession.



The Cafeteria

PROBABLY no one, outside of the few who work there, realize how much planning and labor is necessary to feed daily more than three hundred hungry students in the cafeteria itself, in addition to twice as many at the outside counters. Five women work all day preparing the "eats" that are consumed in an hour. Miss Mathews and Miss McNab spend a great deal of their time in the cafeteria. In addition, forty student helpers earn their lunches by working an hour each day. The cafeteria and its equipment is the property of the Board of Education. Miss McNab is in charge, but since most of her time is taken up with numerous other duties, she is represented by Miss Mathews. The student manager, Leonard Wilbur, takes care of the employment and work of the student helpers. In spite of the growing hindrance of lack of space, the receipts are increasing quite steadily. Last semester the total receipts were over \$14,000, averaging more than \$140 a day. This term the average is several dollars higher each day.

Constructive criticism and suggestions are welcomed, since it is easier to please the customers when they make known what they want. The cafeteria is open to inspection at all times.

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Orchestra

POLYTECHNIC's pride in her orchestra is justified by their performances. Most schools are satisfied with one organization of the kind, but Polytechnic has three, advanced, intermediate, and beginning. Under Mr. Lamp's direction, they all do excellent work. This term, the orchestra gave an entertainment in conjunction with a playlet written and directed by Rogena Sanders, which was quite a success. Our musicians have added to the pleasure of the audience at numerous rallies during the term; they always have something new and interesting to offer.

Poly also has several classes in piano ensemble, in which the pupils learn duets and eight-hand pieces, classical selections by the greatest composers. Miss Rother, herself an accomplished musician, gets excellent results. The program given by this class this term was an exceptionally fine one. There are also singing classes, among them a newly-organized one in French choral to which all students in the French department are eligible.



Polytechnic Art Club

YET another new club organized and initiated during the past term is the Polytechnic Art Club, under the supervision of Mrs. Bushnell. Although so recently begun, the club membership numbers eighty, all of whom are art majors, this being one of the requirements necessary to join the club. The purpose of the organization is art service to the school, and during the past semester most of its activities were confined to work for the Boy's Week exhibits and for Open Night. Officers of the club are: President, George Delagnes; vice-president, Claire Greenough; secretary-treasurer, Rosalie Todd; Student Body representative, Emerson Adams.

The California Scholarship Federation

BY no means the least accomplishment of this term's Student Body was the formation of a local chapter, No. 71, of the California Scholarship Federation. There has long been a need of a state-wide or national organization for the encouragement of higher standards of scholarship. Such an organization is found in the C. S. F., as the federation is called. It promises to become to the high schools what the Phi Beta Kappa is to the universities. The purpose of this federation is "to foster higher standards of scholarship and general attainment on the part of the students." The constitution of the Polytechnic chapter was accepted by the state executive committee, and we were designated as Chapter 71. A 1 in any subject counts three points and a 2 counts one point. Ten points are required for admission to the federation, and fours and fives deduct from the applicant's total points. The fate of the society depends upon the Student Body. It has tremendous possibilities, and if sufficient interest is shown by the students, its success is assured.



The Radio Club

JUNE, 1924, marks the end of the ninth term of the Poly Radio Club. During the past semester, members enjoyed lectures, visits to nearby radio stations, and other interesting activities. Among the speakers prominent among radio circles, (or should we say waves?) were Superintendent of Radio Dillon, Messrs. D. B. McGown, E. W. Stone, Lovejoy, and Babcock. The club made several trips to nearby radio stations, among them, one to the General Electric Company's Oakland station. A meeting was held at the home of George Williams, where the fans listened to music from St. Louis, Chicago, Schenectady, and other eastern stations.

Chief Operator Lloyd Broderson is in charge of the transmitting and receiving sets of the club. Any member may operate the receiver, and any member holding an amateur license or better may operate the transmitter. The transmitter is not used between the hours of 8:00 and 10:30 P. M., as required by law, so that others will not be interfered with in their reception of music.

Membership to the club is open to any Polyite owning a receiving set. The officers of the club are as follows: President, Richard Warner; vice-president, Liston Robinson; secretary, Albert Hoeflich; treasurer, William Terrill; chief operator, Lloyd Broderson and sergeant-at-arms, Jackson Detsch.

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The Block P Club

THE Block P Club was organized late last term by Lee Eisan, Mr. White, and Mr. Neilson. Lee Eisan was the first president, and it is due to hard work and efforts that this organization is one of the foremost in school. Because of its late start, it was not very active last term, but this semester it has been one of the most active clubs in Polytechnic. President Stockton appointed Lee Eisan chairman of a committee to arrange two Benefit Basketball Games to raise a fund for injured athletes. Backed by the Student Body, the events were a success, the proceeds amounting to \$165. Peter Victor was appointed to look after the Marionette Show, which was given for the benefit of Arthur McDougall, injured in the Poly-Sacred Heart basketball game. The proceeds of this very entertaining show, amounting to \$150, were turned over to Mrs. McDougall.

During the term, the members of this club helped appreciably in keeping the school clean and in maintaining order at the rallies. This term's officers are: president, Pierce Stockton; vice-president, Brick Marcus; secretary-treasurer, George Martin; representative, Rudolph Aehnlich.



Girls' Block P Society

AT THE beginning of the spring term of 1923, the Girls' Block P Society was organized. The purpose of this organization is to promote higher ideals among the girls of Polytechnic and to encourage more girls to participate in athletics. To receive a block, a girl must make one hundred points a semester for a period of six terms. Any girl having a block is eligible to this society. Two social events were planned for the term. One was a hike, the other, the semi-annual luncheon which was given near the end of the term. At the business meeting held in the early part of the term, the following officers were elected: President, Audrey Freed; vice-president, Bertha Gardner; secretary-treasurer, Alice Holman.

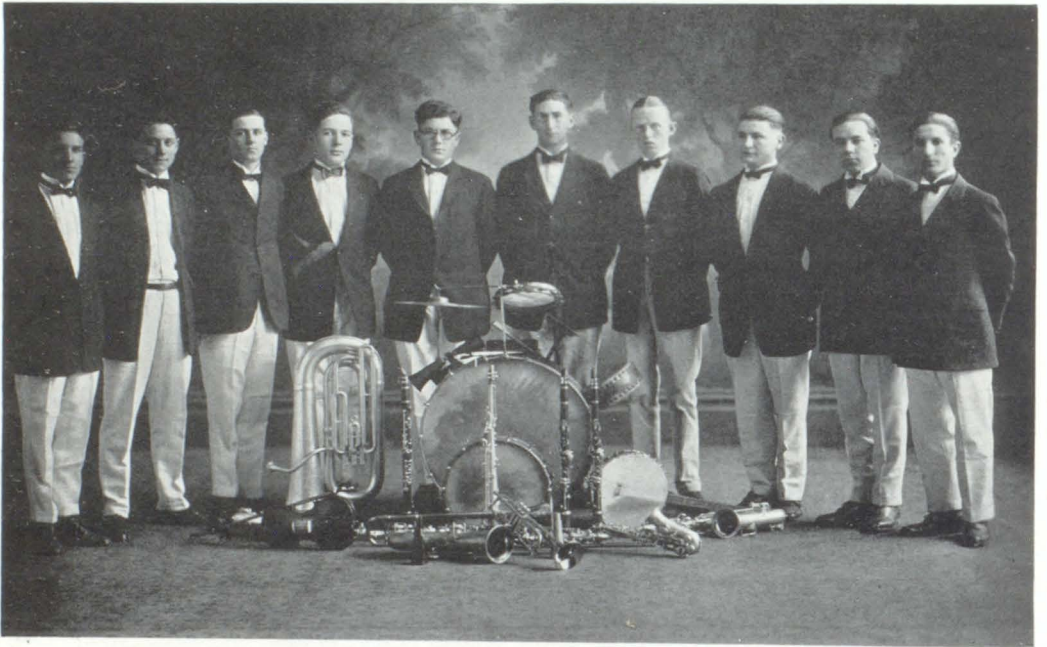


The Modern Language Club

A THIRD club which was organized during the term just ended is the Modern Language Club, under the direction of Mr. Watson. It is for students of French, Spanish, and Italian. As yet, it has not been given sub-managers for each language, and its activities were restricted to its presentation of The Bull-fight and Toreadors, Joan of Arc, and The Three Musketeers in the Boys'

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Week Parade. However, next term will see the carrying out of the original plans to have each language group meet in their respective rooms on Tuesday mornings, and the whole club, that is, all the language groups together, meet together Thursday afternoons in the eighth period. The club got off to a late start and all of its time and energy was dedicated to its activities for Boys' Week. Mr. Watson is president of the organization for the time being.



The Jazz Orchestra

"**B**Y THE shades of syncopation, what music!" Don't be alarmed, it's only Cowell Dein and his master synco-symphonists moaning the latest jazz number. Although this ensemble does not yet make phonograph records, it certainly is because they are unfortunate in their local situation, due to one Mr. Ash. The boys were always on hand to do their stuff at school dances and many of the rallies.

The personnel of this organization is: Cowell Dein, piano; Harold Harris, Ray Gorman and Harvey Freed, saxophones; Herbert Gagos, trumpet; Walter Lovegrove, trombone; George Newman, trap drum; Oscar Kurlfincke, banjo; Robert Darning, violin.

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Alumni

THE Polytechnic High School Alumni Association is flourishing in a manner that would cheer the heart of its most pessimistic well-wisher. The list of life members is growing steadily. Step up, ladies and gentlemen who are eligible, and pay your respective dollars; and get your names on the roster, so that you may receive all the interesting literature that is sent out from time to time.

The Association held the most successful dance of its career on February 16, at the Palace Hotel. Representatives of classes as far back as 1905 were there, as well as large numbers from the most recent classes. Some novel stunts were pulled off, the music was good (as always), the floor was comfortably filled, and everybody had a wonderful time. These alumni dances are too good to miss.

The next event on the schedule is a play to be presented at the school auditorium on May 24. Though the JOURNAL goes to press before that date, this enquiring reporter has been present at some of the rehearsals and is willing to invade the realm of prophecy to the extent of stating that "The Torchbearers" will bear a professional stamp. The cast includes such headliners as Roderick Cassidy, Stanley McLeod, Marion Brune, Grace Winter, and Bernice Brown in the principal roles; this list in itself guarantees the success of the production.

The annual business meeting and election of officers will be held at the Palace Hotel on May 28 and will be followed by an informal dance for members. This is a departure from previous custom which promises to be very popular.

Bruce Wale has proved a most energetic and efficient president. Bruce begins really to think at the point where most other people stop, hence his originality. The Association should avail itself of his services for another term, at least.

Many of our students are distinguishing themselves at colleges and universities. James Rolph was editor of this year's Blue and Gold at U. C. Bernard Witkin has been elected Speaker of the Congress Debating Society for the coming year. He won second place in the recent Joffre debate. Phil Bettens was captain of California's victorious tennis team this year. They had a record of four wins and one defeat.

Coleman Francis and Isadore Koblik were members of the California track team. The former goes to the I. C. A. A. A. meet to compete in the discus throw. Cliff Geertz was also on the track team but did not place. Bob Healy and Herman Lifschiz won their numerals as members of the Freshman Basketball team.

Lloyd Leith, who has been a member of the 130-pound basket ball team for the past two years was elected captain for the ensuing year. He has his circle C.

At Stanford, Holman and Kurihara won their numerals at tennis, McDougall in track and football, and Mulcahy in baseball.

On the staff of the Daily Californian are Bernard Greensfelder, Jerry Levin, and Jack Lane.

Ingomar Hogberg is manager of dramatics at California.

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Other former Polyites attending U. C. are: Phoebe Bannister, Clara Bishop, Teresa Okros, Louise Stone, Helen Flannery, Merle Towle, Kenneth Coltrin, Chester Harris, Eugene and Dave Harrington, Harold Levy, Lloyd Whitney, Roberto Escamilla, Alvin Weinberger, Ernest Holmes, Jack Kemp, William Floyd, Leo Gosliner, Frank Lee, Quon Lee, and Bing Wong.

At Stanford are: Bernice Windt, Ruth Jordan, Ray Edlin, Donald Bering, Nelden Hagbom, Alfred Virag, Gaeton Zucco, and Sidney Freake.

"Moose" Fawke is still at Santa Clara, where he was captain of the 1923 football team and has been re-elected for 1924. Harold Toso is a member of the same team. "Squints" Granucci is on the freshman basket ball team.

At the College of the Pacific are: Bill Harriman, who is studying medicine; Clinton Flannery and Leland Crichton, who are studying engineering.

Charles Wright and Clarence Peterson are at U. C. D., while Robert Schramm and Joe O'Donnell are up on the hill studying pharmacy.

Marjorie Adams is a reporter on the Bulletin. Geraldine Keneally, Alice Berghoff, and Hazel Addicott are attending secretarial schools. Margaret Haack is at Mills College. Virginia Wolters, Martha Trockey, and Clark Hutchinson are at Art School.

Martin Conlan, Jake Smelensky, Emmet Dose, and Frank Hills are working for the Metropolitan Life Insurance, while Joe Catanich is with the Royal Insurance.

Lee Miller, Herman Baines, Archie Bradford, Percy Peterson, Roscoe Sorensen, Eugene Rogers, Jim Anderson, and Leo Burton are with the Standard Oil Co. Mr. Rockefeller just couldn't run his business if it were not for Poly graduates.

Del Berry is studying law at the San Francisco Law School and Jack Hopkins is doing the same at St. Ignatius.

Thelma Kean is teaching school in northern California, and Marjorie Hook is preparing to teach in Tulare county.

Harry Kamp and George Luce are salesman; the former is with Dodge Bros. Motor Car Co., and the latter with the Peerless Radio Co. Bill Pidge is with the General Paper Co. He is now in the East working through the various plants in order to become a paper expert.

Al Elledge and Leland Lazarus are taking a little trip via ship, and seeing the world.

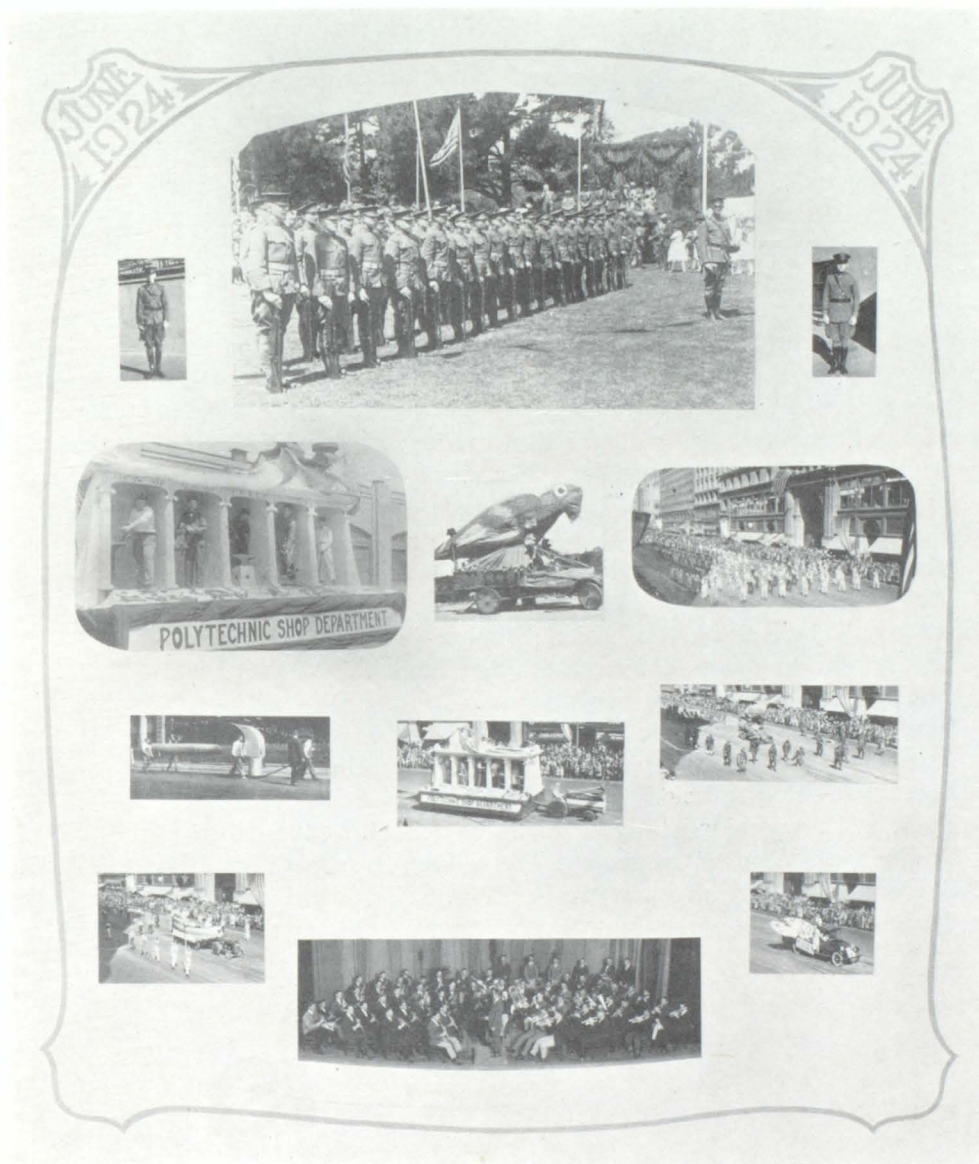
Whitney Wells '15 has just been awarded a European scholarship at Harvard, where he has been for the past two years as a LeConte memorial scholar. He took his A. B. and M. A. at U. C.

Bill Yuvan is a working man these days, but since he is working (?) for his father we notice he has a good many holidays.

Elmer Collett, Stanford '25, is on his way to the Olympic Games with the water polo team.

George Ghiselli is still with the Liberty Bank, while his lil' friend Eddie Addicott has a fine job with Sherwin Williams.

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BOYS' WEEK PARADE AND MAY DAY CELEBRATION

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The Boys' Week Parade

MARKET STREET wired off and lined with eager crowds, street cars shunted off on Mission Street and on the side streets, a line of khaki-clad police, mounted on proud, dancing horses. This was the beginning of the Parade! Held on May Day, Thursday, during Boys' week, the Boys' Loyalty Parade was one of the greatest successes for Poly that it has ever known. Poly won eight of the nine awards offered for high schools, and was second in the ninth.

Polytechnic was the first high school in the parade, which consisted of twenty thousand boys representing the many schools and boys' clubs of this city. The giant polly, riding on a motor float, and appropriately representing Polytechnic High School, came first, flanked by a group of boys dressed in green and red polly costumes. After them, came Polytechnic's other floats and groups, and it seemed to the watchers that Poly's part of the parade was as long as the other high school exhibits put together. Fifty-four judges stationed along Market Street decided the winners of the various trophies. The results were as follows:

Trophy for the best float in the parade—Polytechnic with "Mechanical Studies" float.

Most unique float—Commerce with "The Last Touchdown."

Best high school float—Polytechnic with "Mechanical Studies;" second, Commerce, "The Rainmaker;" third, Mission, "R. O. T. C. Camp."

Best appearing group—Polytechnic High School.

Best singing—Polytechnic High School.

Best Yelling—Polytechnic High School.

Best school band, including R. O. T. C.—Polytechnic High School.

Best stunt—Polytechnic High School.

R. O. T. C. marching—Polytechnic High School.

Lowell was second in the singing, the yelling, the school band and the R. O. T. C. marching. Poly also won the R. O. T. C. drill held in Golden Gate Park on the morning of the same day. Truly, it was a victory day for Poly High.

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WHEN the Reserve Officers Training Corps was organized in 1919, its main object, as its name suggests, was to supply reserve officers in case of need. Now, although the members of the R. O. T. C. bear this object in mind, there are more immediate goals to be achieved. This organization trains young men in physical fitness, gives them confidence and poise, and teaches them personal hygiene. It promotes punctuality, obedience, neatness, and respect for authority.

In December 1919, Captain Dunaway took charge of the Polytechnic Battalion, then known as the First Battalion. In the same month, our unit was declared the winner of a competitive drill at the Civic Auditorium, and was awarded the first of its many trophies.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Polytechnic Battalion is the participation of its members in all the activities of the school. Seven of the ten presidents the student body has had since the establishment of the R. O. T. C., have been members of the organization. Class officers, representatives, executives of clubs and student organizations, debaters, and musicians are found on its roster.

The Easter Camp, which has been an annual affair for the San Francisco R. O. T. C., was not held this year because the rifle range was not available at that time. At the 1923 Camp, Lee Wise made the enviable record of 308 out of a possible 350, and this qualified him as an expert rifleman, the first at Polytechnic.

The drill teams of the Polytechnic Battalion have always been in a class by themselves; out of eleven competitions, they have won nine. The only time that two cups were won in the same semester was in the fall of 1922 when Captain Horn commanded the platoon that won a competition at Pacific City, and Captain Schmidt commanded a platoon that duplicated this feat at the California Indus-

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tries Exposition. The latest addition to our collection was made on May Day of this year when Captain Keil with a carefully selected platoon triumphed in the competitive drill at Golden Gate Park which is a regular part of our civic celebration.

This last victory was particularly gratifying to us as the prize for this event has reposed among Galileo's trophies for the past two years.

C. M. T. C.

Picturesque Del Monte was the place chosen for the Citizens' Military Training Camp last summer. In this way the United States Government offers, free of charge, military training for a limited period, to any one who desires to attend. Last year Earl Harvey and James Brown of the Polytechnic Battalion were among those enrolled. The former won the highest honor bestowed upon an individual at the Camp.

HONOR SCHOOL

"Honor School"! What this name means to those of the Polytechnic Battalion! The one big thing that we hope, above everything else, to achieve is to bring that coveted title to Polytechnic.

Five years ago this system of designating one school in the area as "Honor School" was inaugurated. Of the five inspections that have been made in the Ninth Corps Area, Manual Arts High School of Los Angeles has won the designation three times, Los Angeles High, twice; Hollywood High and Pasadena High have each gained the title once.

The Polytechnic Battalion failed to come through with winning material for two main reasons; lack of adequate training, and lack of proper facilities. The Los Angeles schools are the last word in R. O. T. C. equipment, and this is a very important factor. This year, however, facilities have a much lower grading than in previous inspections and this greatly reduces the odds against us.

At the time this JOURNAL went to press, the inspection had not been held, but it was expected that Lieutenant Claire Woodward, acting commanding officer of the R. O. T. C. affairs during the illness of Major Jordan, would inspect us at an early date.

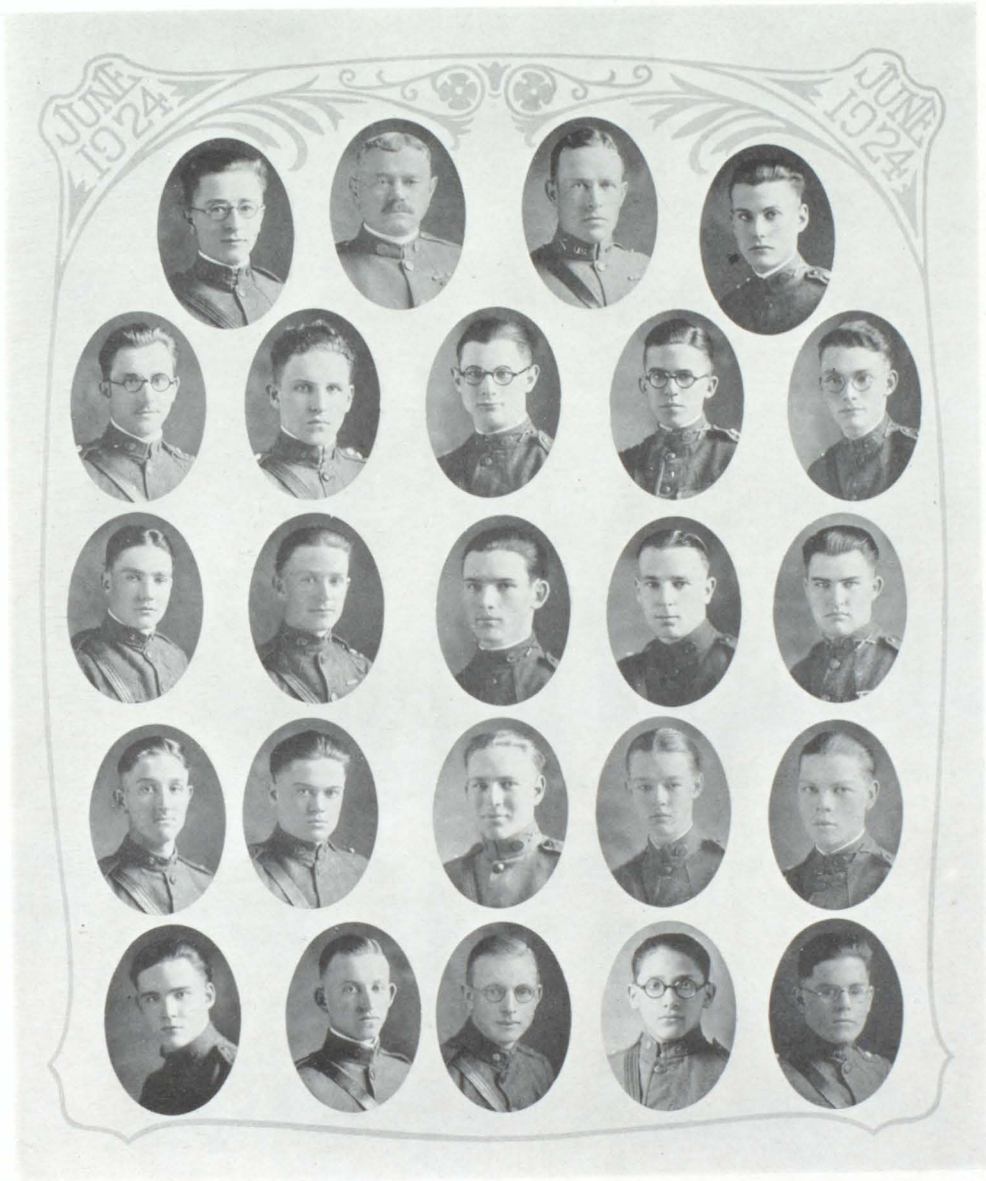
ORDERLY

One of the many new ideas that Lieutenant Donahue brought with him from Camp Lewis was that of having an orderly every week. This did away with the old system of Officer of the Day.

The five company commanders, each Friday, choose the neatest appearing man from their respective companies. These five report to the Major on the drill period, and the neatest of the five is then selected as orderly. The color guards are chosen from the other four.

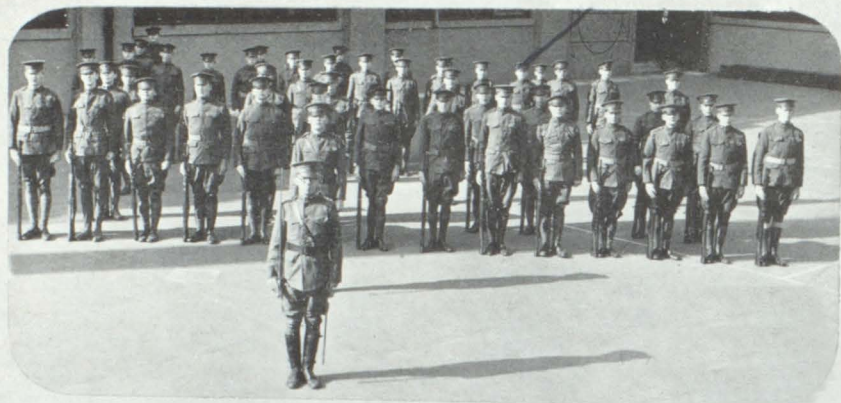
This system promotes interest among the students, as it gives them a definite goal toward which to work. The orderly is also of great assistance to the commanding officer.

THE POLYTECHNIC



OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS OF THE POLYTECHNIC BATTALION

THE POLYTECHNIC



COMPANY I



COMPANY K



COMPANY L

THE POLYTECHNIC



COMPANY M



H.D.Q. COMPANY



BAND

ATHLETICS



THE latter half of 1923 and the first half of 1924 constitutes a real athletic year for Polytechnic. The number of championships snared in this time puts us of the Sunset at the head of athletics in the metropolis.

On the gridiron, our huskies came across with the league championship, which is no small accomplishment when one takes into consideration the calibre of the teams they defeated.

Our basketball teams had three divisions entered in the finals, and two of them came out with championships. The unlimited cage men, for the first time in several years, handily won their division; while a post-season victory over the state champions of Utah showed that we had a team that should be entered in the prep school meet at Chicago. The reliable 145-pound squad, for the third consecutive time, came through with a win, defeating St. Ignatius in the finals. The thirty-pounders, who were easily the class of the league, for some unknown reason dropped a red hot contest and the title to the Commerce five.

Our baseball team, after concluding a successful practice season, emerged from the league schedule with only one win, having dropped games to Cogswell, Commerce, and St. Ignatius.

At last Poly seems to have a chance to smear Lowell's unbroken record of thirty-seven consecutive victories over us in swimming. Under Coach White, our mermen have won several meets with eastbay institutions, and are fighting to get out of their second-place entrenchment when the S. F. A. L. meet rolls around.

Since Mr. Cox has taken the track team in hand we feel sure that the inter-scholastic meet at Berkeley on May 17 will be won by our combinations. The unlimited squad has participated in three dual meets, and looks to be the class of the track men.

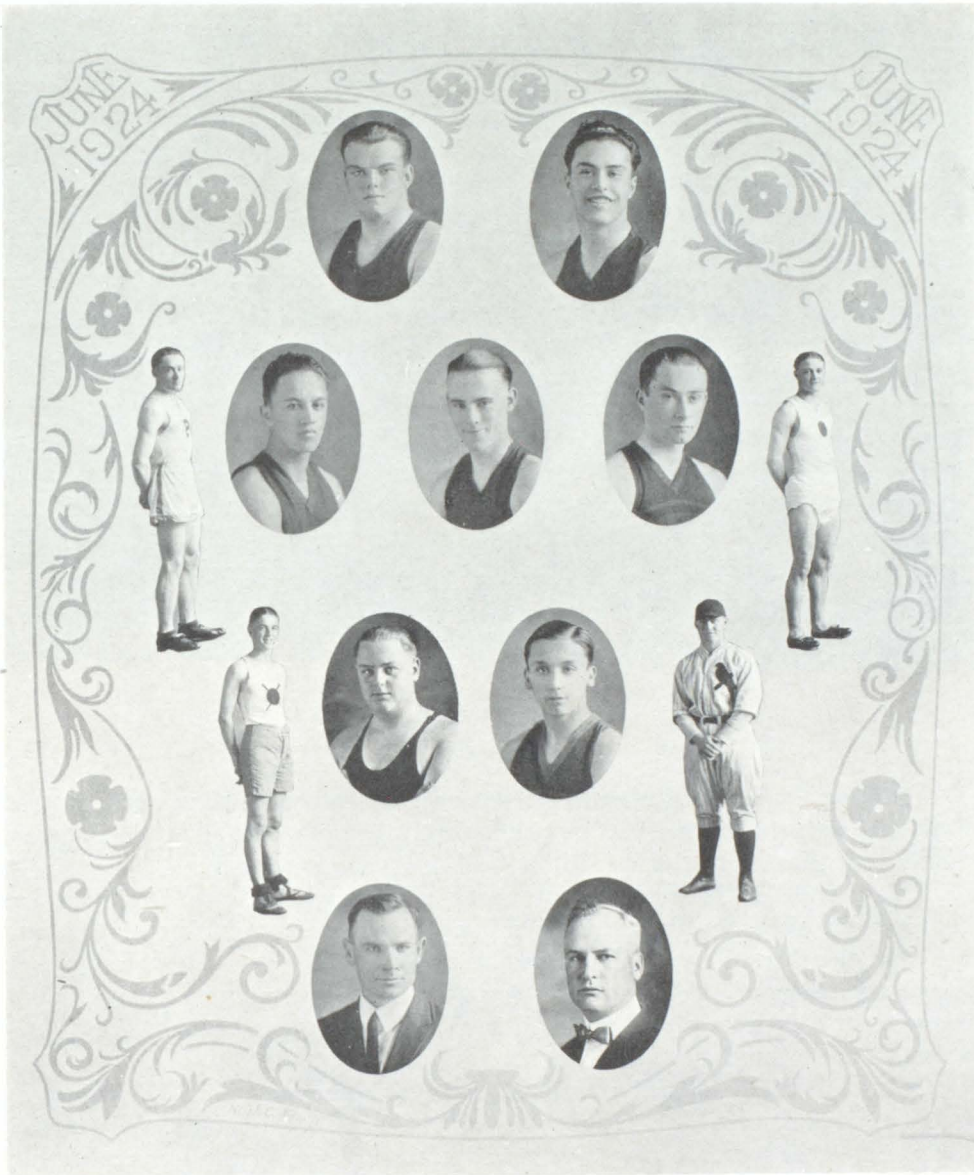
The tennis men, under Coach Koehler, have brought home some doubles victories, but for some unknown reason, have not been so successful in the singles.

Since rowing has been recognized as a school sport, Polytechnic, which was the first to organize a crew, has been a leader in this activity. When the date for the championship rowing races comes around, we can again expect our efficient oarsmen to cross the line first.

Golf, the business man's pastime, is now a recognized sport of the student body. It has not a great many devotees, but those few belong in the winning class.

Much of the credit for our successful athletic season is due, without doubt, to our superfine coaching staff, Mr. Cox and Mr. Wilkin.

THE POLYTECHNIC



DON GILSON, Manager, Unlimited Basketball			ROY HUGHES, Captain, Unlimited Basketball	
GEORGE MARTIN, Capt. Track	PETER VICTOR, Capt. 45's	AL DEASY, Man. 45's	GEORGE MARTIN, Capt. 30's	CAROL HIGGINS, Capt. Track
ROSS FRIERMUTH, Capt. Crew	RUDOLPH AEHNICH, Capt. Swimming		JOHN YBARETTA, Man. 30's	MILTON CONNORS, Capt. Baseball
	D. J. COX, Coach		C. C. WILKIN, Coach	

THE POLYTECHNIC

Mr. Cox is a college man who has taken part in every sport that he coaches. His favorite athletic contests are football, basketball, track, and baseball. His first term at Poly found him up against the proposition of turning the school from Rugby to American football. He turned the trick, and Poly finished in second place. On that squad was "Smoke" Francis, the only man from San Francisco now on the California Varsity.

Up to the present, three basketball titles and the 1923 football championship have come to us, while many formidable second place outfits have been turned out under his tutelage. During his term at Poly, not a team that he has coached has dropped a tussle to Lowell. Some record to hang up! We sincerely hope that this successful leader will be with us for a long time to come.

This is Mr. Wilkin's second venture with the Polytechnic bunch. He left us some years ago to take a position in the southern part of the state, but his longing for the San Francisco weather and the Red and Black finally lured him from southern soil. While he was away from Poly he coached many titled teams for schools that had never before dreamed of championships. A state basketball title and three football championships were recorded by his well-drilled proteges.

This year he was appointed baseball coach, and, though our team was not championship stuff, he rounded them into a fast stepping outfit. He also was a member of the Boys' Week committee which planned and executed such a remarkable showing in the May Day parade.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ *Basketball*

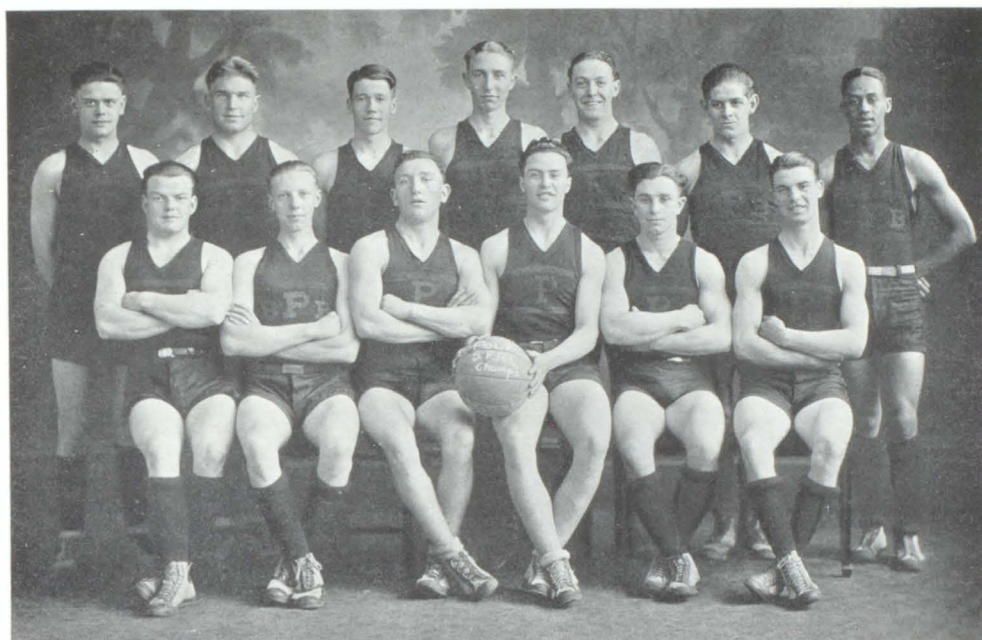
Finishing the S. F. A. L. basketball season in a manner befitting world beaters, Poly's cagers came home with two titles. Both the unlimited and the 145-pound teams went through the series without suffering a single setback.

This is the third consecutive time that the welter weight squad has finished at the top of the heap; for the first time in five years, our varsity basketeters annexed the championship. Playing an unbeatable brand of ball, they went through their games unchallenged. Although the lightest of the three quintets did not figure, every team they were pitted against knew it had been in a battle. Tough luck attended them throughout the season.

Gold basketballs, suitably engraved, were presented our unlimited passers by Bob Vermilya on behalf of his dad, who is Owl Drug Co. Controller. The lads on the varsity have been sporting their g. b.'s on their chains, but in some cases, said g. b.'s are strung around the slender necks of the players' ladies fair. Are we right, gang?

The preliminary practice season was satisfactory to every five but the 30's, who did not chalk up a single victory. Both of the heavier squads had everything their own way. The unlimiteds lost only one contest, that to the California Frosh; but matched this by defeating Berkeley High, the state champions. Every game the welters started, regardless of weight or size, ended in a Red and Black victory.

THE POLYTECHNIC



Unlimiteds Trounce Ignatians

In the first game of the season, Thursday, Feb. 7, Poly's varsity quintet defeated the fast passing St. Ignatius outfit by a 34-19 score, on the latter's court. Both teams displayed a fine defensive brand of ball, but the Eisan-Hughes combination proved too strong for the Catholic lads, Poly tallying fifteen points, while our opponents were only able to mark up twelve digits.

Practically every member of our heavies displayed real basket ability. Bill Hammerman, Fred Lindgren, Don Gilson, guards; Dan Tapson, center; and Captain Hughes, Lee Eisan, forwards, all received plaudits from the cash fares.

If an individual star is picked, the honor falls on Lee Eisan, who was responsible for fourteen of our team's chalk marks. The coaching they had received came to the fore, when the varsity started working the leather spheroid down the court. Teamwork? Why our bunch passed rings around the Ignatians.

This game started the fireworks, and from the time of this contest to the end of the series, the Red and Black Parrot tore through its opponents, with a vengeance. Not a team escaped the claws of our flaming bird.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Penpushers Routed

Thursday, February 14, and St. Ignatius court, were the date and place of our unlimited's second cage tilt. This time the highly touted Commerce Bulldogs were the victims, losing to our five, 29-16. Before an enthusiastic lot of rooters our avoirdupois squad showed a world of class and passwork, ending the initial frame on the positive end of a 12-6 count.

The Commerce Bulldogs did not get much meat. In fact, Poly's Blacksmiths were the lads that did all the chawing. The way our champs played in the second canto was a sight for sore optics. They completely outpassed the proteges of Coach Prince, and incidentally upset the famous McShane-Brady combine. Every single member of the Sunset team played bang up ball.

With the Eisan-Hughes duo performing in great fashion; the Lindgren-Hammerman guard combine breaking up plays; and Dan Tapson getting the jump, it was practically impossible for the Van Ness Avenue lads to break into the score column.

Once more Lee Eisan, offense man, walked off with high point honors. Eleven points was the number of digits that Lee was responsible for.

Lowell Defeated, 23-20

Once more the streamers of the Red and Black have been flaunted in the eyes of our ancient rivals, Lowell. Poly's varsity quintet turned the trick, when they took the Cardinal's heavy boys down the line to the sweet melody of a 23-20 tune. That music was enjoyed by the Polyites more than any of the great masterpieces has ever been. At no time during the squabble did the Hayes Street lads endanger our hardwood tickler's lead, the first frame ending with Poly leading 14-3.

In the second half the Lowellites showed a burst of speed, but it proved to be a flash in the pan, while the scoring machine of the Frederick Street gang still functioned. A crowd that was as noisy as a woman's convention, was packed in the Young Men's Institute court like sardines. "After the ball was over" the outburst that issued from the Poly rooting section nearly raised the rafters from the Y. M. I. court.

Wednesday, February 27, the date of the victory, can be marked down on the calendar as a red letter day, to be more precise, Red and Black. This was the first of the three times that we were to triumph over our antiquated rivals. The Lowell boys couldn't check our flaming Polly.

Not a member of our aggregation pulled a dumb play, it was perfect basketball. David Nyhan got into the fray and showed some good defensive work. Eisan was high point man.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Lick Barely Nosed Out

Lick Wilmerding's Tigers did quite a bit of growling, nearly upsetting the dope, and the minds of Red and Black enthusiasts, Tuesday, March 4, at Y. M. I. by losing to the Sunset's stellar quintet, 12-9. The boys from the Potrero threw a scare into our heavy basketeers, taking all that Poly gave, and coming back for more. Real gluttons for punishment were these lads. At that, they didn't get much of the aforementioned punishment.

At the end of the first half, which was exciting, if not well played, Poly was leading by a lone digit, 5-4. The far-famed Polyites, Eisan and Hughes, together with the rest of the outfit were off form, being able to rack up but few markers. Fred Lindgren tallied the five points our cagers made in the initial canto.

Only one field goal was garnered by the "Big Cats" in the last frame, who, about this stage, began to lose their effectiveness. The Parrot, however, had not lost its claws, continuing with success against our rival passers, and ending the contest on the long end of a 12 to 9 count.

A motley crowd was on hand to witness the encounter, if we may call it such, for it was one of the very poorest exhibitions of basketball witnessed in the past S. F. A. L. series.

Poly Wins Title

Displaying unbeatable basketball, Poly's varsity five in the play-off for the title against Cogswell, annexed the championship by beating the Cogswell aggregation, 26-12, at Y. M. I. court. At no time did the Cogswellites imperil the lead of our avoirdupois spheroid bouncers.

Rankling from the moral victory Lick had achieved over them, the Sunset cagers took their revenge on the innocent wearers of the Green and Black, trouncing them severely. The manner in which our basket tossers played in this game established without a doubt that we were undisputed "prep" champs.

"Poly, 14; Cogswell, 6," announced Jack Pucinelli, official scorer, to the referee, who then imparted this knowledge to the hundreds of waiting "pay-as-you-enter" customers.

The above occurred at the end of the first stanza, and it can easily be seen what a complete route the game was. The second frame was a replica of the first, each and every Poly cage man working in perfect unison. From tip-off to forward to the hoop, was the regular routine accomplished successfully by our heavies.

Both Captain Hughes and Lee Eisan shared high point honors, the former accounting for 6 goals from the field, while Lee tallied fourteen points. McGuirk, Terrill, Lyman, Whitfield, all played good gall while they were in the tilt.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Champs of Utah Defeated, 30-16 and 20-17

Poly decisively proved that the San Francisco High Schools are superior in many athletic lines over the "preps" of sundry other states, when they defeated the Latter Day Saints, the champion basketeers of Utah, in a post-season, two-game series. As this squad, but for a technicality might have romped off with the interscholastic title, it can be seen that the Sunset team's duo of victories were considerable.

Both games were played at St. Ignatius Court on the evenings of Friday, April 11, and Saturday, April 12. The first encounter ended in an overwhelming victory for our unlimited passers, Poly taking the long end of a 30-16 count. In the second fray the Utah lads showed a marked improvement, our cagers only winning by three digits, 20-17.

This is the first time in the annals of high school athletics that a team has ever visited this city to do battle against a local institution, and the clear cut manner in which Poly disposed of her rivals, conclusively proves that no better athletes can be found than here in San Francisco.

Utah Trimmed—Fast Game

With Lee Eisan and Roy Hughes sinking buckets with sickening regularity, at least, it was to the Utahans, Poly had little difficulty in winning over her highly touted rivals. Before an enthusiastic crowd that applauded long and wildly for our champs, the Poly varsity displayed a well-oiled, fighting brand of ball.

No sooner had the tilt started than the flaming Parrot began to show its claws. Chalk mark after chalk mark was tallied on the Poly side of the scoreboard, and before the initial frame had finished, the L. D. S. lads were on the negative side of a 20 to 10 score.

The second half was a repetition of the first, our heavy lads resorting to an offensive and defensive game that fairly swept the Mormons off their feet. Every player helped contribute to the fast tussle.

Poly 20, Utah 17

The second contest did not result in such an easy set-up for our unlimited leather bouncers, the lads from Salt Lake giving them a hard fight for honors. The final count, 20-17, is an indication of the closeness of the battle. In this encounter the wearers of the Blue and Gold played a much improved brand of ball, and it was only through aggressive fighting that our bunch came out on top.

Swish! Swish! This was the sound that assailed the ears of the Poly adherents; Utah had rung the bell four times before our basketeers had tallied once. Soon, however, the Eisan-Hughes combine began to function, and the end of the game found the Sunset lads leading 20-17.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Unlimited Personnel

CAPTAIN HUGHES: He was one of the best pilots Poly had had in many a day. Few are his superiors when it comes to basket shooting. A great player.

* * *

LEE EISAN: If all city forwards were chosen, Lee would easily head the list. No better man at the offense position than Lee can be found. He made a fine running mate for Roy.

* * *

DON GILSON: At guard few are his peers. Breaking up passes is Don's favorite indoor pastime. Too bad Gil leaves us; it'll be hard to fill his brogans.

* * *

FRED LINDGREN: All "Omaha" has to do is to stand on his opponent's 17 foot line, and nary a point will be tallied. One of the best defense men in the S. F. A. L.

* * *

MILTON TERRILL: This term was Milt's first semester in a Poly leather suit. Although handicapped by inexperience, he showed plenty of class at guard.

* * *

DAVID NYHAN: Every term finds an improvement in Dave's work. His playing at the defense position on the relief squad was far above par.

* * *

BILL HAMMERMAN: No better guard than this elongated gent can be found. He has broken up many sure shots with his long arms, and plays a wonderful floor game.

DAN TAPSON: A first class pivot man is "Snake" Tapson. Dan excelled at the tip-off, where, in nearly every instance, he succeeded in getting the jump.

* * *

RUSS LYMAN: Fighting guard. This is the way we sum up Russ. He follows the ball in approved fashion, and plays bang up ball. One of the best guards on the wrecking crew.

* * *

AL MCGUIRK: "Lefty" is always fighting for possession of the ball, and he usually succeeds in getting it. A first team berth should be Al's reward next year.

* * *

HARVEY WHITFIELD: Good offense man, and fast on the hoof. He has plenty of speed, covering the floor with alacrity. We're sorry that Harvey leaves us, but some lucky college will get him.

* * *

ART PIDGEON: Another new man to the squad, but one who performed in creditable style at the pivot position. Great material for next year's team.

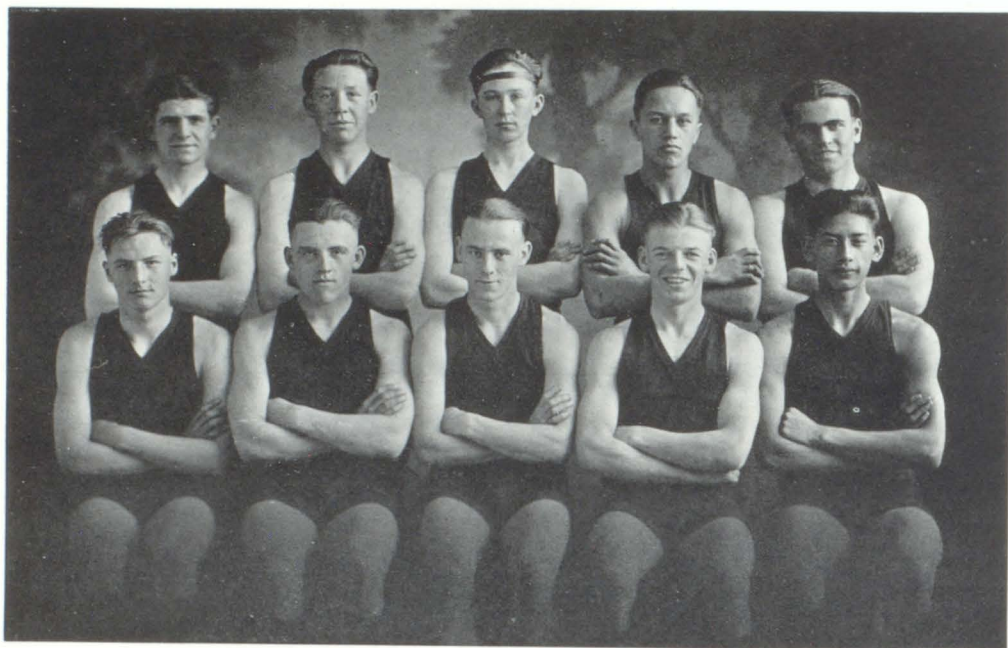
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ADOLPH LAZZARESCHI: Lazz has a favorite hobby—that of setting opposing forwards on their respective ears. He had plenty of time to indulge in his indoor sport.

* * *

PIERCE STOCKTON: As center there are but few that can outjump him. If he continues the good work, he should be a wonder.

THE POLYTECHNIC



TITLED WELTERS

All hail the three-time S. F. A. L. Champs!

Polytechnic's 145-pound squad, for the third consecutive time, has again proved itself worthy of the title by winning the championship tilt from St. Ignatius five, in a well-balanced, hard-fought contest.

Jean Jordan, Poly center, started the rampage, when he sank three goals from the field in succession, giving the Red and Black quintet a six point advantage. The Catholic lads, not to be thwarted, put enough markers through the net to be leading the affair at half time by a 11-10 score, through the accurate shooting of Kirby and Patridge, Red and Blue forwards.

After a stiff talk by Coach Cox, our welters came back with a fierce determination to annex that title or know why not. The second canto had not progressed far, when Al Deasy found his eye, and dropped the ball in five times. With but three minutes of play left, Bareilles gave Poly adherents a chance to indulge in a wide smile, by sinking an accurate shot from the side of the court. A few seconds later Hilde, playing in the hole, tapped the ball in, winning the game and title for Poly. The final count was 25-22. Victor and Axt, guards, played their usual defense games.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Welters Cop First Game

Playing their first league game, our welterweight cage team defeated the Tigers of Lick Wilmerding, in a hectic encounter, in which phenomenal ball was played by both aggregations during the entire period. The game, played at the Y. M. I. court, was featured by the roughness and hardness of play.

The Lick hoopsters started off in whirlwind fashion, chalking up a half decade of digits before our representatives overcame their stage fright, and cut down the lead of the 16th Street lads. At half time the scorebook read: Lick, 9; Poly 7.

In the second stanza, however, our basketeers fairly dazzled the mechanical lads with their fast and aggressive teamwork. Milt Axt, Peter Victor and Al Deasy successfully found the crocheted net on numerous occasions, in this canto.

Captain Victor and "Seagull" Axt, guards, played the greatest defense games seen in the S. F. A. L. for many a day. This duo scored most of our markers, which is a novelty, when the guards do the basket shooting. Twenty-four fouls were called.

Poly 27, Sacred Heart 18

With the championship in the offing, our 145-pound cagers met up with the quintet from Sacred Heart, in a game which proved to be one of their hardest tussles. Both schools were primed for the meeting, and showed great enthusiasm.

The first few minutes of play found neither squad able to rack up a point. The pyrotechnics started when Hildebrand found himself, and put the spheroid through the mass of twine, lessening the strain the rooters found themselves under. Everyone has his day, and the Sacred Heart game certainly was the one for Hildebrand, as he plinked in six field goals, and one free throw, besides playing a fast floor game.

The second part of the contest found the Catholic lads staging an almost successful comeback, during which time, however, the Poly lead was never menaced. Excitement ran rampant throughout this latter period, until the final whistle, ending the match.

It can be seen from the number of personal fouls that the game was no sewing party. Milt Axt and Peter Victor played their usual defense game, while Art McDougall, the only man without a foul against his name played a bang up game at the pivot position. In the third stanza of this encounter, Art McDougall hit one of the St. Ignatius supports that adorn the side of the court, breaking his leg. Poly thus lost a valuable man.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Hayes^{}St. Lads Defeated, 27-24*

By virtue of their win over Lowell, our welters have kept that chain of unbroken victories held by Coach Cox over the wearers of the Cardinal intact. The traditional rivals gave out basketeers a hard fought contest, and it was not until the end of the contest that the Sunset lads were found to be on the long end of a 27-24 score. The tilt, which proved to be the most popular in the recently completed S. F. A. L. series, was for the divisional championship.

The Lowellites started the fray with a rush, which resulted in five points on the Lowell side of the blackboard. In a few minutes the Poly cage men began an aerial attack that showed up the wonder five-man defense, and gave the Polyites the lead, which was to be theirs for the remaining periods. At the end of the initial frame the score read: P., 14; L., 11.

The third quarter was divided evenly, but the last canto found our basket men with a decided edge. A short time after the start of the 3rd period, Captain Victor was yanked on four personal fouls, being replaced by Milt Connors, who played the best defense games seen in the "prep" squabbles.

Every man displayed a fighting brand of ball. Hildebrand, Deasy, Bareilles, forwards; Jordan, center; and Axt, Connors, Victor, guards showed that Poly could overcome long odds.

Poly 30's Defeated, 22-15 by Commerce

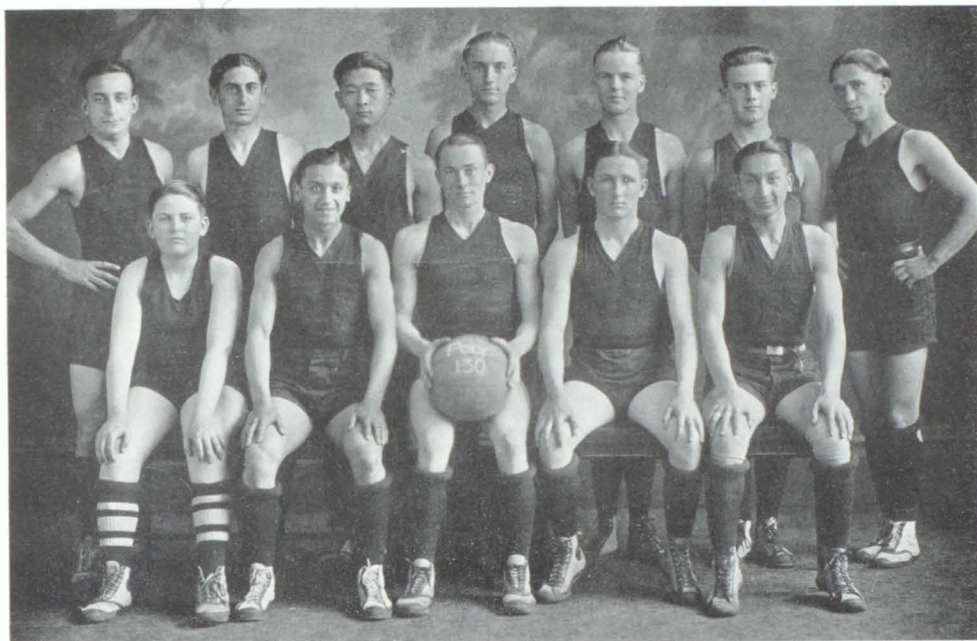
Friday, February 8, and the Y. M. I. court were the date and place of Poly's initial tilt in the 30-pound class. The Commerce Bulldogs were the 30's rivals. After forty minutes of strenuous playing, during which the adherents of the Sunset lads had plenty of excitement, the Commercites were found to be the victors. The score read: Commerce 22, Poly 15.

Without the services of the Ybaretta brothers, important cogs in the scoring machine, our hoopsters were severely handicapped. Because of sickness at home these stellar players were unable to display their basketball wares. Although the wearers of the Red and Black made a strong bid for the honors, they were no match for the Bulldogs.

Lowell Lightweights Hog-Tied

Undaunted by the advance reports that issued from the Lowell camp, Poly 30's went out on the court February 21, determined to scalp the Cardinal squad. And they did. The final count showed the Frederick Street cagers on the sweet side of a 24-18 score. Rooters of both schools had plenty of chance to give vent to their feelings, for many an exciting play was pulled off.

THE POLYTECHNIC



The shooting, passing "fools" of our five were Max Hirsch and George Ybaretta, stellar forwards, who divided twenty points between them. Chester Judah, Steve Rozasy, John Ybaretta, and George Frahm did good word at guard positions. Taizo Inazu and "Skitch" McLeod showed well at forward. Besides all around floor work, Captain Martin played a great game at the pivot position.

Poly 22, Sacred Heart 13

Sacred Heart was the second team to be taken into camp by our scrappy bunch of cagers. Not many followers of the hoop game were present, but those who were there witnessed one of the hardest-fought games in the lightweight division. The resulting score was Poly 22, Sacred Heart 13.

Despite the six point lead which Poly held at the end of the first frame, the Ellis St. lads were at no time far from striking distance. The first part of the game saw the score see-sawing back and forth. Soon, however, the ire of the parrot was aroused and before the second canto had begun the Sunset passers were leading 11-5. This lead was never lost.

George Ybaretta was the outstanding player. Only after he tallied thirteen points, did he call it a day. At the defense positions, Frahm and Judah showed some fine guard work.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Ignatians Downed

Poly 19, St. Ignatius 11. This was the way the scorebook read after our lightweights had tangled with the lads from the parochial school. The game was a close shave; the score at half showed the Red and Black in the lead by only two points. They couldn't seem to get off the proverbial dime, scoring but a few measly points. But in the second canto they seemed to arouse from their lethargy, and fairly dazzled the wearers of the Red and Blue, marking up nine points to their opponents' three. Every member of the squad played real basketball.

Title Lost to Bulldogs

As the first game ended, so did the last. In the final battle for the title, all Poly's hopes for three championships were lost, when our lightweight quintet dropped a red hot contest to Commerce, 35-23. Before a crowd that fairly oozed enthusiasm, a mob that burst out every now and then with wild cheers, the Sunset cagers went down to defeat in a blaze of glory.

"Fight 'em, Poly, fight 'em, Poly," was wafted o'er the rafters of the Y. M. I., all to no avail, for, although the 30's fought, and gallantly too, they were out-classed by their Van Ness Avenue opponents. The score at half time was announced as: "Poly, 7; Commerce, 20."

A better brand of ball was played by our hoopsters in the second canto, but the lead which the Bulldogs had obtained was too great a one to overcome. Time after time, Lady Luck turned her back on the Frederick Street cagers. Baskets that would have ordinarily been two points, rolled around the hoop, only to drop out.

The G. Ybaretta-Hirsch combine worked well, but not good enough to defeat the Gill-Sullivan duo. Too bad Poly lost; it would seem funny to annex all three titles, however.



Baseball

Practise started under Coach Wilkins in the latter part of February, after the basketball season gave way to the major spring sport of baseball. Four hard pre-league games were arranged with Bay district High Schools, and 75% of these conflicts were the share of our adherents of the national pastime.

THE POLYTECHNIC



POLYTECHNIC BASEBALL TEAM

THE POLYTECHNIC

Polytechnic 3, Alameda 2

The opening game was with the fast unbeaten Alameda nine, who, for fourteen consecutive years, have been winners of the Oakland Athletic League, and during which time they have never formed the habit of dropping practice games, especially to a school from the metropolis. The score was locked during the greater part of the nine stanzas, but the Poly Varsity started bunting and slugging the agate around the pasture, giving themselves an edge with a single marker. The seventh frame found Alameda rallying, and by their hard hitting, loaded the sacks. The next batter up smashed the apple for a drive that was labeled a home run, but here's where the spine chiller came in; Al Deasy, with the aid of his spikes climbed the right field fence, and with a leaping catch stopped the ball that would have meant sure victory for the proposed-naval-base lads, retiring the side. The aggregation that had not felt the sting of defeat since 1910 threatened again in the last period, when, with the bags full, a red hot drive was sent to Axt, in the center garden, but he majestically scooped it up, and made a beautiful throw to the plate, retiring the Alamedans and winning for Polytechnic. Red Stone was a big part of the winning factor, pitching air tight ball, allowing the Alamedans to garner but four hits off his delivery. When we take into consideration that this was the first contest in which our lads had played together, we must admit that they looked a sure winner for the S. F. A. L. series.

Polytechnic 7, William Warren 6

This game found Coach Wilkins' proteges journeying down the peninsula behind every conceivable kind of gas driven motor car to play nine hands of baseball, with the military exponents of the national pastime from William Warren Military Academy. The opening stanza was a banner one for Poly, when Al Deasy, to show that he can still smack 'em, hoisted a hot one over the center fielder's head for a round trip. For a short space of time it looked as though the outcome would be an easy Red and Black victory, but the Southerners, after miffing many a Poly agate, tightened up, and, after tying the score, forged into the lead. The tardy appearance of Coach Wilkins upon the battle ground inspired new confidence in the cityites, and after smacking them about the green, found themselves leading by one hole, by turning in some sparkling plays and hits that made the soldier lads pop-eyed, and putting the game on ice for the baseball students from Big Rec. In the fourth inning Milt Connors, having played a great game at bat, was forced to retire from the contest with a swollen hand. The twirling of Lazzareschi and Stone, together with the hitting of Deasy, who came through with two homers and a single out of four times at bat, were the luminous spots of the game. It was a well deserved victory, as the bunch had the team work of a well trained group of athletes.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Polytechnic 3, Oakland Tech 7

Overconfidence has lost many an athletic contest, whether it be baseball, basketball, football, or volley ball. This truism was illustrated by our ball outfit, when they, overconfident after winning the two previous games, allowed the aggregation from Oakland Tech to chalk up seven runs in their first time at bat. After a stiff talking to by Coach Wilkins the team seriously buckled down and held the Oaklanders scoreless for the rest of the seven inning game, while they made three runs to place after Polytechnic in the game summary. We might say that the game was a Poly victory, barring the first inning. The fielding of Ward and Andrews showed to advantage, while Geiselman pulled down some would be, ritzy, Texas Leaguers. The hitting of Connors and Axt was in the .500 column, they getting the few scattered hits off the star Tech Moundsman.

Polytechnic 6, Berkeley 5

The team did a right-about-face with Berkeley High School as the victims of this meeting. The tenth inning found both teams fighting desperately for the needed tally to grab the game, which came about when Ernie Ward, guardian of the keystone sack, and who was the slugging star for the day, came through with a triple, knocking in his man, scoring a victory for the Red and Black. From the start the game looked to be in our hands, with a five run advantage, but in the sixth canto, the College City lads smashed Al Deasy around the lot for four runs, evening up affairs, and to add to the complexity of the situation, his cohorts proceeded to muff everything that came in their direction. Red Stone was sent in, and held the Berkleyites in check for the remaining periods, pitching a bewildering brand of ball. The Poly outfield of Axt, Guerrero and Rooney, played brilliant ball, hitting and fielding above par, besides, from an artistic viewpoint, looking good with the Berkeley hills as a background.

With their practice season over, and about to start upon their league schedule, it became a necessity to choose a captain and manager for the year. Milt "Buck" Connors, was elected captain, while Ray "Jakie" Andrews was made manager. Both are veterans of the game in Polytechnic, and the Student Body credits its team with the faculty of wise choice.

Polytechnic 6, Cogswell 9

The first league game was lost to the small lads from Cogswell High by a 9-6 count, and was marked by the poor work of the Poly infield, coupled with the wildness of Lazzareschi, who, although he hurled an acceptable style of ball, was given poor support by his mates. "Liz" was supplanted by Stone, who tried to pull through with a win, but the lead of the Missionites was not to be overcome.

THE POLYTECHNIC

Our southpaw (twirler Stone) gave Poly a decided edge for three innings of the game by sending ten men to the bench, via the strike-out route, in that space of time. Aside from the pitching of Stone, Captain Connors, as the other pole of the battery, played a great game in his armor, besides getting two swats for base hits off of the Green and Black pitcher. It was a big day at the bat for second baseman Ward, as well as outfielder Guerrero, who always takes a healthy cut at the ball, which most times goes for a round trip. Perhaps the loss of the game can be attributed to the fact that Cogswell, with its small Student Body, had a larger turnout of rooters than Polytechnic with its 2200 student enrollment.

Polytechnic 4, Mission 2

After playing ragged ball against Cogswell, our ball tossing combination, having become acquainted with their new parrot breasted ball suits, staged a comeback by defeating the fast Mission Club. Red Stone was slated to twirl the affair and pitched big league ball, keeping his hits well scattered besides gathering two blows for himself. Our pastimers scored in the first stanza, and from that time on were never headed. It was easily seen that Coach Wilkins had again rounded out his charges into the fast nine that defeated Alameda in a practice squabble. The hit of the day was credited to Hildebrand, who connected with a fast ball, driving it into the right field garden for three sacks. Everyone worked in unison and had "Doc" Strub been a spectator, he could not help saying that we looked like a well coached bunch of professionals. However, the game was a close shave, and the small band of rooters were treated to some real pastiming. This win again puts Poly in the championship race, and at the time of this going to press, they yet have to play Commerce and St. Ignatius nines, and should they cop, we will wrest the ball title from Lick Wilmerding for '24.

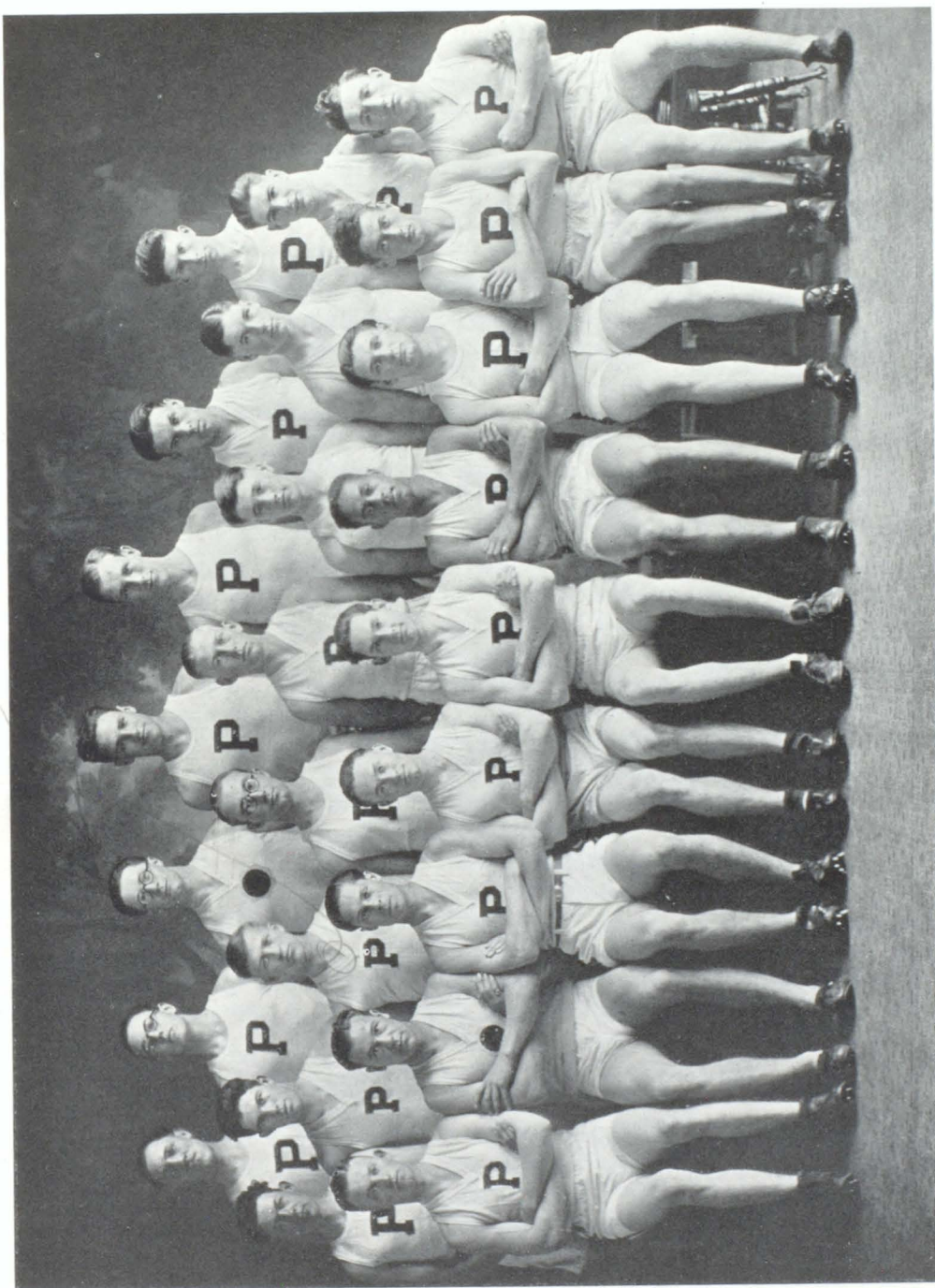


Track

As the S. F. A. L. meet has yet to be run off, at the time this goes to press, it is a matter of conjecture as to how Poly will figure in the big meet. With a wealth of new material on hand, a score or more of old timers, and a coach who holds a record of unbroken victories over Lowell, the Sunset school's chances to triumph over all other "prep" outfits is more than bright. Our rivals from Hayes Street are rated as the probable winners of the May meet, but since Mr. Cox has taken over the reigns of the track team, and since he still holds his record over the Red and White, it is more than probable that Poly's tracksters will come out on the long end of the count.

An interest in track that has not been equalled for many a day has gripped the present generation of Polyites. This interest has created new junior and unlimited cinder aspirants, and their development has progressed so rapidly that a well balanced outfit will take the field for the Frederick Street lads against rival highs. New and old faces are among those rated to annex firsts, seconds, thirds, and fourths.

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CHAMPIONSHIP UNLIMITED TRACK TEAM

for 1910

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UNLIMITED

Starting with the Senior events, we have George Martin, who has repeatedly hurled himself through the ozone over the twenty foot mark. By the way, George is Captain of the squad, and if he doesn't come home with a first or second in his favorite field event, we'll be disappointed, to say the least. With George in the broad jump is "Brick" Marcus, the track man supreme, who competes in the high jump and shot put also. Two firsts should be "Brick's" meat for the day.

Pole vaulters Poly has a plenty of. Heading the list is Bob Shafer, holder of the existing mark of 10 feet, 6 inches, who, it is figured, will shatter his record. Fred Simpson, a new lad to the team, has already equalled Bob's height in the elevated jump, and bids fair to defeat that worthy for the first place honors. Another good man in this event is Art Lindauer. He handles the bamboo stick in approved style, getting up in the atmosphere to a good height.

Harvey Whitfield is adept at both the hurdles and broad jump, making fast time in the low and high sticks, and getting good distance in the latter event. Five digits should be the number of points Harvey will account for. An expert low-obstacle man has appeared in the person of Milt Axt. He will disappoint his many fair admirers if he doesn't lead the field in the hurdles. In Henry thom-Worden Poly has another fine high barrier man and jumper, who clears the big sticks with ease. He and Milt should be able to garner about eight chalk marks.

The Sunset school is not lacking in sprinters. Archie Douglas, a newcomer from Monterey, clips off the century in fast time, besides performing over the high hurdles with dexterity. Close on Archie's heels is "Mercury" Ward, who travels so fast the judges don't know whether he's coming or going. Ernie races in the low hurdles as well as the dashes. This duo should divide about fifteen digits between them.

The mile and half-mile claims such past masters at the cinder game as Jack Puccinelli, Newton Swift, and "Stud" Tinkler. Although the last two named are new men, they can be classed in this category because of their phenomenal work in competition against outside schools. The Poly enthusiasts are counting upon this trio to contribute quite a few points.

In the "beeg, strong man" events we have quite a few lads clamoring for general recognition. Ivor Prout has been the most consistent point getter for our aggregation. He should help make Poly's total a large one by coming through in the discus, shot, and javelin. Another field man, who is doing particularly well in the javelin, is David Gerald Nyhan. He has thrown the "spear" in many dual meets, winning his favorite event by large margins. Together with Doane, who also hurls the "African toothpick," he should be able to bring five markers to the Poly side of the scoreboard.

Arnold Ciucci is a field man par excellence. Both the javelin and discus are thrown with ease by this young Apollo. "Sue" should garner about six points.

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Adair Eddy and Frank Simpson are the two other promising men on our unlimited team. Both these lads have good stuff in them, when it comes to the shotput, javelin, and discus. The incentive that will be supplied when the big meet rolls around, should make them both much feared antagonists.

Three other half milers have come to light in the personages of Leslie Loomis, Carol Bertolet, and Al McGuirk. All three of these lads are good material, and it will be a sad day if they do not rate in the May Meet.

If you have cast your orbs over the preceding paragraphs carefully, you can readily see that Poly's chances for picking the title off the championship tree are more than ripe. According to Coach Cox there is no time like the present, and it is either now or never.

Assuming the track squads' work in dual contests a criterion of what the team will do when it meets up with the best that San Francisco can produce in the way of track athletes, we'd like to say that at no time in the annals of cinder spiking at Poly has the Sunset team had the chance to cop the much coveted title as at the present moment.

The heavy lads are not the only spike donors that are about due. The lightweight outfit, which hasn't won a meet since time immemorable, judging from the dope, is on the books to snatch a victory from the long arms of our Hayes Street opponents. A "hot time in the old town" will be held if Poly annexes both titles.



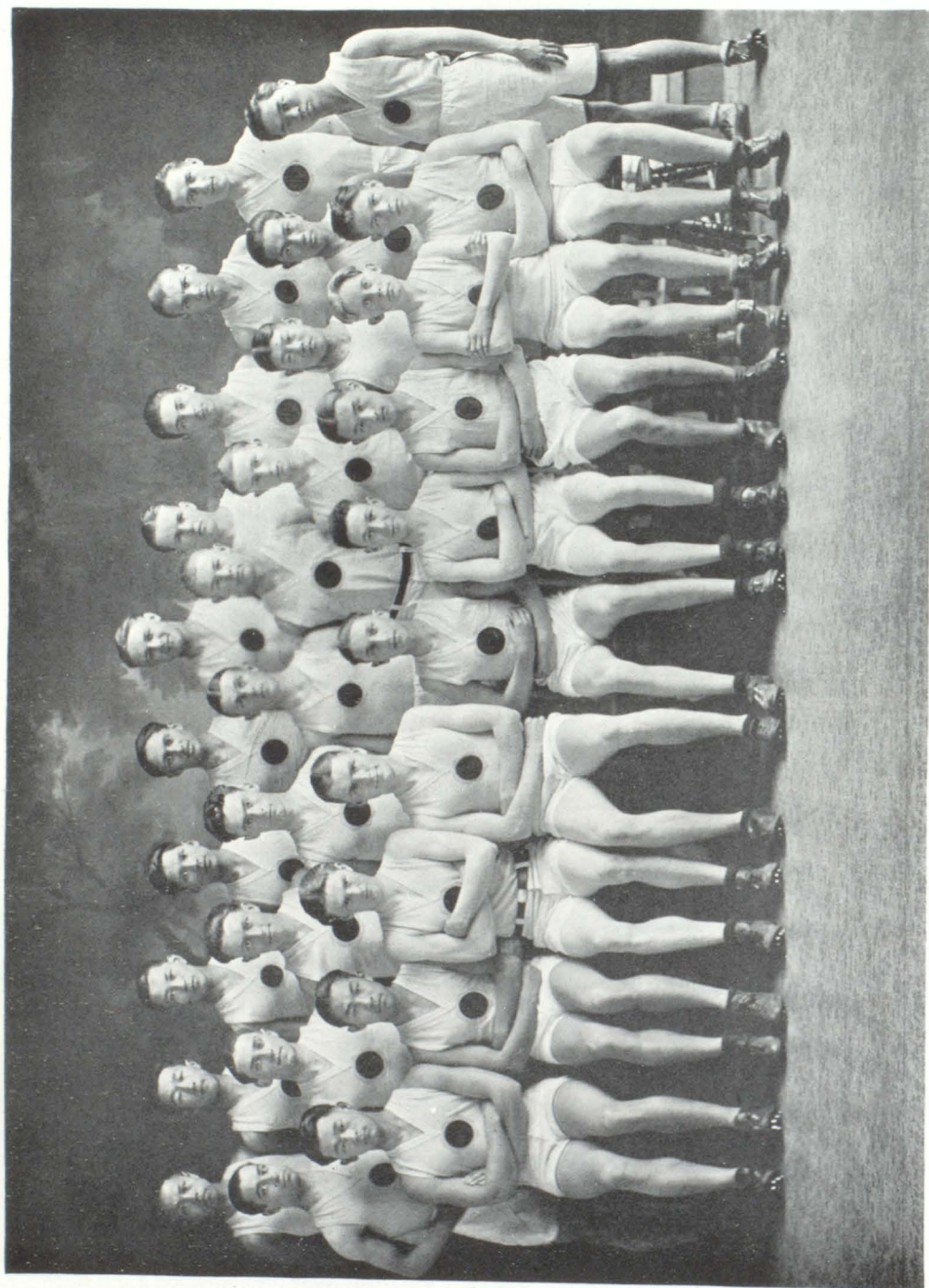
Junior Track

AN ARRAY of stars has been lined up by Coach Cox for lightweight track, and if their work in pre-season meets is any harbinger of what they will do in the big May Meet, it is more than probable that Poly will romp in with two titles. Although the highs have not vied for honors, Poly will be more than well represented on the cinders. Quite a spell has elapsed since the Red and Black spikesters have won the S. F. A. L. meet, but this semester should find the lads from the Sunset leading the field in all events.

This term the tracksters have a very capable leader at their head in Carol Higgins, who has all the attributes necessary for a good captain. Carol is counted upon to rate in both the century, and 440, especially in the latter event, in which he specializes.

George Greenwood is figured upon to cop the shotput, and incidentally break the high school record, as he has consistently putted over the 50 ft. mark. The century is George's other favorite event; he "Paddocks" in fast time. Other of the 30's, who are expected to come through in creditable style are, George Frahm, an excellent high jumper; Bill Johnston, another jumper; Young and Thal, 440 men; and Reginald Steward, who might have rated high in the shotput, but for the fact that he was injured while practicing. All the afore-mentioned men but the latter should contribute heavily to the Sunset's total.

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CHAMPIONSHIP JUNIOR TRACK TEAM

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The 100 pounders have a number of promising lads in the dashes and jumps. Heading the list of these young fellows are, Jim Finnegan and Sam Gerrman, stellar performers in the short distances, who should bring many digits to the Red and Black side of the scoreboard. Others that promise to hold the flaming Parrot high above the heads of our antagonists are Akira Horikoshi, a broad jumper of unusual ability, and a newcomer, who answers to the name of Richard Coen.

In the 110 pound class we have such worthies as Ogawa, a freshman, who looks to win both the 75 and 220 yard dashes; Shigero Saito, a man that should rate high in both the 220 and broad jump; Moy, a high jumper and 75 yard man par excellence; and Bill Sparks, a lad figured upon to annex more than five points. When these lads begin to chalk up the digits, the fair rooters, and other adherents of the Red and Black tracksters, will doff their bonnets and start rending the air with boisterous yells.

If the men on the 120-pound squad do not garner a decade or more of points they will be brought to account, for with the many stellar performers on their roster, they should be able to cop everything in sight. Sam Schwartz is the main stepper of this outfit. He and Jess Kastus should divide the firsts and seconds in the 75 and 300. A trio of other pastimers in the 30's that look good are, Louis Paine, "Tiny" Lawcock and Merrill. All the divisions have fine relays.



SWIMMING TEAM

Poly's Aquatic Performers

A new era in the aquatic sport has dawned for Polytechnic and it is a practically sure thing that our mermen will ease into first place when the S. F. A. L. swim meet rolls around. We hope to break up the custom that Lowell has formed of copping honors for thirty-seven consecutive times, with the Red and Black always runners-up.

A peppy, well educated sport mentor has been found in the person of Mr. White, who, as a side issue, is putting our water performers through their paces, in hopes of bringing the swim title to Polytechnic, as an addition to our athletic year. Several practice meets have been arranged by him, which we have divided with bay schools. The team has elected as captain the veteran swim star, "Tiny" Rudolph Aehnlich, who holds the interscholastic plunge record, while Don Gilson, a good ten point man, was chosen as manager.

Don, who copped the 440 and 220 a year ago, is counted upon to duplicate this feat, which will be a big factor in garnering the coveted title. There is but one outcome as to the plunge, which will be hands down for Fat Aehnlich, who can glide through the aqua pura for a good seventy feet. For the 100 and 50 yard swims we have a performer who is counted on to place at the top of the list, in Cannon, a natural born swimmer from Honolulu. Pidgeon, who was star of the inter-class meet, is also looking good in these events. In the 220 and 50 backstroke swims, Chas. Heinecke is expected to cop two firsts. Roy Hughes, who made three points last season, is showing up fine in practice, and should breast stroke his way to five points. Louis Whitney, who goes through the water with speed, should give Hughes competition for first place.

In the junior events, we have a speedy man in Danny Mullens. He is a slim youth, but his slimness does not indicate any physical frailty which might hamper him in winning the century dash. Eubanks, another lightweight, should be a high point man.



Golf

The royal and ancient game of golf has taken a hold upon the interest of Polyites that speaks well for its future in the school. Quite a few members of this institution have been glimpsed on the various links trying to hit a small white pellet. Some of these embryo golfers succeed too, for the way they have come through in pre-season tournaments shows that they do more than pose for the fair sex.

The leader of the "green hounds" is Schuyler Catlett. When he and Bob Vermilya were pitted against Santa Rosa, they lost by a score of 4 and 2. Their unfamiliarity with the Santa Rosa course greatly handicapped our representatives. In the return match, William Kino, a senior, substituted for Vermilya, and played a game that would have done Chick Evans justice. This time the playing of the Poly team was too much for the lads from Santa Rosa. The scores were as

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follows: Catlett (Poly) 74; Richards (Santa Rosa) 77; Kino (Poly) 84; and Wright (Santa Rosa) 84. If Catlett can make the same score in the S. F. A. L. as he did in this meet, we can depend upon the Frederick Street lads to romp home leading the field.

A very creditable showing was made recently by our golf team when, out of thirty competing schools, they took seventh place in the Bay Counties Tournament. This feat is noteworthy considering the fact that the best players in the bay counties were entered.

When the tournament of the San Francisco High Schools drives up in the championship Rolls-Royce, you can bet the family silverware that Poly will be aboard, sitting in the very front seat. We'd like to see a golfing trophy added to the collection of athletic awards we already have.



Rowing

Rowing has developed with leaps and bounds in the various high schools throughout the city. Aided by Mr. Gutleben, who has charge of all paddling activities, local oarsmen have had a wonderful opportunity to display their wares. Particularly has Poly come to the fore in this line of aquatic sport.

Under Ross Friermuth, captain and coxswain, the Sunset crew has taken many veteran aggregations down the line. Although the S. F. A. L. Regatta has yet to be rowed it is a conceded fact that the Frederick Street lads will annex championship

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honors. If the Poly boys do not devour the salad in the form of the title, more than one Red and Black enthusiast will be forced to resort to the much abused 'kerchief.

Oakland High, rated as one of the best teams on the other side of the "big water," was taken into camp by our stellar crew men. Our "water dashers" were defeated in a close contest with Oakland Tech, the only team that survived all the meets across the bay. Since Oakland Tech has participated in rowing for many semesters, while we are comparatively new comers in this sport, the defeat was not such a notable one.

The many members of the crew deserve worlds of credit for the time and effort they have spent on the briny deep preparing for the May Regatta. All Polytechnic will be rooting for you, rowers, and every student in school is hoping you garner the big meet!



Poly Tumbling Team

At last the Polytechnic tumbling team has come into its own. Sponsored by Mr. Neilsen, and coached by Monroe Selo, a student who is an experienced tumbler, Poly can now boast of a team of acrobats who are comparable only to the state champions, the Columbia Park Boys Club.

The nimble ones practice daily in the gym, and by this steady work have developed into a well-balanced machine, with every member functioning without a hitch. The team has created much favorable comment on the stunts they have pulled off every time they have appeared on a program. The Student Body recently presented the team with ten new suits of red and black, so now they are properly uniformed as representatives of Polytechnic.

The repertoire of stunts includes pyramids, back somersaults, handsprings, rolls, and work on the parallel bars. The personnel of the team is as follows:

Captain Jerry Nyhan is the strong man of the outfit. "Scotty" Crawford, the smallest of the group, is a fine top man for pyramid building. Raymond Gray is the best mat worker. Kumbli, a team mate of Gray, does handsprings.

Kampe, a new Polyite from Germany, crossed the pond with the intention of signing up with Barnum and Baily, but, hearing of Poly's team, came to the west. Morton, a husky bottom man, is the mainstay of the pyramids. Lucas, the horizontal bar expert, is the thrill dispenser of the group.

Jack Shragge, known as "Big Boy," acts the part of bouncer. He is also good on the parallel bars. Harold Horn, who is a member of the famous brass band section, takes the \$50,000 when it comes to drawing out a noise from the crowd on his back somersaults. Les Lewis can stand on anything from bottles to razor blades.

Luby is but a freshman, but is a turn verein artist and is going strong.

The team is planning many new stunts, and it is suggested that a team made up of the fairer sex work with our fellows in developing the most novel outfit in the country.

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Tennis



Although the net sharks of Poly did not come home with the proverbial rind, they made their rivals hustle to beat them. The doubles team composed of Everitt Mertes and Walter Franklin have shown some great work and have taken quite a number of matches in the first round of the S. F. A. L. In the singles encounters, however, Poly has been out of luck.

On the roster of the 130's are "Mit" Keneally and Carvel-Craig. The latter, in competition with Sacred Heart, defeated Francis Jillick of that school by a big score. "Mit" did not annex any singles encounters, but showed plenty of good all-around ability on the court.

Besides these lads, there are other racket wielders who deserve mention. They are Hughes, Hester, Forde, Lucas and Hartman.

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Mr. Koehler, a tennis player of no mean ability himself has had charge of the squad, and has developed some net men of promise. In a school as large as this with the wealth of material at hand, we should find more than one man of the caliber of Cranston Holman, who won the municipal tournament last year.



Senior-Faculty Baseball Game

The same annual story! Again have the knowledge seekers overcome the knowledge dispensers. Or, in plain every day English, the prideful seniors defeated the faculty in a ball game which for interest and spirit, was comparable to any Yanks-Giants tussle.

By mutual agreement, the erratic game was to last but six innings, supposedly because of the necessity of the married members of the Faculty Ball Club being on time for their family dinners.

The game was so fast that the lone star umpire had his hands full in trying to give favorable decisions to both outfits. The Faculty had first chance at wielding the stick, and, due to the diamond fright of the Seniors, they were enabled to garner five runs during the first few minutes. They owed these to the .500 hitting of Teacher-catcher Neilsen, who let a two-bagger fly from his bat.

The Faculty rampage was soon over, and the Seniors took the bat, determined to show their superiority. Not many hits were needed to tie the score, and this was attended to immediately. The remaining innings were marked by strong Senior defense, which shut out any possible hits that meant Faculty markers. The Seniors added to their score, at an average of a run an inning, till their total was nine at the end of the sixth.

For the Faculty, the brilliant satellites were "Prexy" White, who snared some red hot ones about second, and "Right-Hander" Wilkins, who delivered some good pitching. For the Seniors, everyone played well, of course!

SENIORS		FACULTY	
Hughes, Chase.....	p	Wilkins
Sankowich.....	c	Neilsen
Dutton.....	1b	Addicott
Hutchison.....	2b	White
Niles.....	3b	Jordan
Chase.....	s. s.	Mohr
Weck.....	r. f.	Bannister
Eisan.....	c. f.	Koehler
Morimoto.....	l. f.	Walker

Girls' Athletics

THIS year the girls are celebrating their success and enthusiasm in sports by having their pictures in the JOURNAL "just like the boys." This has been a long-wished-for event until it was realized this term. Girls' athletics

received good support during the past semester, and a number of first-class teams was the result. Baseball, swimming, crew, tennis, volleyball, and rifle practice were the sports represented.

Beginning with the Senior Baseball team, which won the interclass championship, we have from left to right, Marjorie Hook, first base; Margaret Simpson, pitcher; Audrey Freed, catcher; second row, Frances Carroll, short-stop; Alice Holman, second base; and Irene Smith, short-stop. First and second bases alternate, likewise catcher and pitcher. Myra Debont, third base, and Margaret Catching were absent when the team was photographed. When the

JOURNAL went to press, the girls had not yet played their scheduled games with other high schools of the city, so scores are missing. However it is safe to say that when the senior girls of Poly High get going, they usually strike a winning streak. They were slated to play Girls' High on the latter's

field on May 12. At one time it was rumored that the senior girls were to stage a baseball game with the women members of the faculty, but it was found that there was a shortage of baseball players among our charming faculty members of the fair sex.

It is not every year that the juniors have a



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full team, but they did this spring, and had six over besides. The members of the junior squad are Marguerite Angelus, Dora Baragene, Elma Coburn, Jane Corbett, Margaret Donahue, Ila Ford, Helen Goodwin, Calia McGinn, Mary Morgan, Miriam Nagel, Helen Schoeinger, Edith Steward, Lois Smith, Eunice



Walker, and Beth Clement. Ila Ford was one of their best players, being a regular "Babe Ruth" at the bat, and one of the best catchers Poly has ever had.

The sophomores, as usual, had a large turnout, and from it developed a fine, fighting team which gave the seniors something to do to win the interclass

championship. The probable stars of the soph team are the versatile Mae Mezger, and "Home-run" Matlock. Those out for steady practice were Edith Evans, Doris Fitzgerald, Ruth Kermode, Irene Matlock, Virginia McCready, Mae Mezger, Balma Neal, Louise Poch, Frances Todd, Frances Vogel, Louise Wall, Dorothy Weiss, and Elinor Werner. When the sophomores play, they always put up a good fight, win, lose, or tie, and with Mae to pitch their games, and Dorothy Weiss to "razz" Mae's pitching, how could they lose?



The freshmen had the largest number of candidates of all the classes, their steady players numbering twenty-four. Probably the star of the team was Alberta Helms, the freshman pitcher who is fond of putting strikes across the plate. The freshmen played some nice games when pitted against the hardy seniors during the interclass games.

Among those present at the after-school practice on Mondays and Wednesdays were Dora Cook, Virginia Campbell, Flora Flynn, Frances Cluff, Lolita Herrington, the Dorothy Johnsons, two of them, one a low one, the other a high one, Marian LaFollette, Mary Lauritsen, Jessie McDonald, Melba Massoni, Ruth

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SWIMMING TEAM

McKendry, Dorothy Mirtle, Alberta Nagel, Doris Suneck, Maxine Swanson, Marian and Alberta Sigler, Nora Taylor, Hazel Turner, Marian Weinberger, Mabel Wiberg, Margaret Uhte, and Alice Davis.

An unusual number of girl paddlers signed up this term for swimming, and were to be seen in action any Thursday afternoon at Sutro Baths. Quite a few of the swimmers showed a preference for the Y. W. C. A. tank on Tuesdays, but a majority showed up at Sutro's all set for a Thursday splash. Plain diving and back diving were featured at the meets, as well as the various strokes, crawls, etc. The following are the Poly mermaids who came out for practice: Lois Smith, Helen Goodwin, Florence Ross, Gladys Bushnell, Cora Brindle, Margaret Donahue, Doris Fitzgerald, Mary West, Bertha Gardiner, Helen Gowney, Dorothy Randall, Myrtle Thelen, Charlotte Mauk, Margaret Voight, Audrey Freed, Mae Mezger, Irene Matlock, Evelyn Sonnebaum, Elma Coburn and Marjorie Hook.

Volley ball progressed with its usual "ginger" this term except for the fact that senior girls were conspicuous by their absence. The volley ball team was composed of a majority of sophomores, assisted by three juniors and four freshmen. The players were: Juniors, Eunice Walker, Edith Ordway, and Elizabeth Jansen; sophomores, Evelyn Stark, Dorothy Bahm, Frances Todd, Vivian Hall, Mae Mezger, Elenora Webb, Balma Neal, Louise Walter, and Ethel Roland; freshmen, Rose Cohen, Laurel Cahlan, and Anita and Alice Ordway.

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THE CREW

Girls' Crew attracted several new sailorettes this term, and these, together with the "old timers" formed a full crew. Bob Korn efficiently coached the girls, who are chaperoned on their outings by various members of the faculty. The lineup of the port side is as follows: Charlotte Mauk, port stroke, Margaret Donahue, Alma Rogers, Geraldine Bunce, Beth Clement, Bertha Gardiner, and Marian Weinberger. Starboard side: Marian Bruecker, starboard stroke, Elinor Perley, Helen Goodwin, Helen Growney, Le Moine Wright, Audrey Freed, Betty King, and Georgia Hunt. Frances Bredimus is coxswain.

Iota Tau Alpha, the Poly girls' rifle club, has been coming along beautifully this term. In their two contests, one with Lowell, the other versus Riverside Junior College, they won by a comfortable margin. Sergeant Sorensen coaches the girls, assisted by Lieutenant Donahue. Tuesday is their practice day. The members of the rifle club are: Le Moine Wright, Alma Rogers, Cornelia Schell, Elsie Trollman, Vivian Charleston, Margaret Donahue, Margaret Catching, Geraldine Bunce.

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Practice for the tennis teams differs from that for any other school athletic team in that the girls are left to themselves to practice up for the tournaments, which are held in Golden Gate Park. Winners of the tournaments meet other

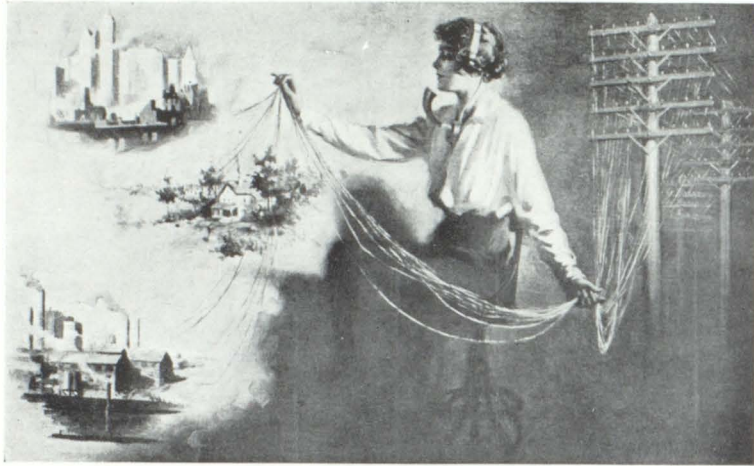


winners, and the best girl meets other schools in competition. The seniors had one lone representative this semester, Ruth Dykes. The juniors had two, Frances Hammerson and Adelaide Warneke. The sophomores were best supplied with material, having five aspirants to the title. They are Ellanor Gorny, Balma Neal, Dorothea Schwarts, Libertha

Vivell, Helen Cummins. The two freshmen out for tennis were Vera Babcock and Eleanor Blum.



VOLLEY BALL TEAM



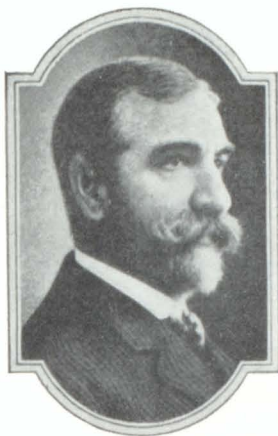
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THE POLYTECHNIC

THIS being the joke column it would seem strange not to begin with a joke of some kind, but queer things are happening every day, and so I am going to attempt an editorial. Whether this turns out to be an editorial or not I will leave to your own judgment, but if you get a big laugh out of this, sit down and try to write an editorial yourself. In all my career at joke writing I have found but one attempt at any sort of an article to precede a humorous column of this sort.

It is my purpose in this and the following pages, to introduce simple, concise jokes that hit the nail on the head. The great failure of many jokes is that they are too long, too complicated and too hard to understand. So in order to avoid the many mistakes in joke writing, we present to you our jokes so simple and with such a sharply defined point that no one but a child could fail to grasp the idea of each story.

* * * *

"What became of that gate you and your girl used to swing on?"

"She gave it to me."

* * * *

"Is he polite?"

"Say! That guy takes off his hat in a 'phone booth before calling central."

* * * *

Breathes there a girl with a soul so dead,
Who never to her sheik hath said:

"Where do we eat."

* * * *

Some girls are so dumb they think the Mayflower Compact is a new kind of rouge.

* * * *

"Is he a vegetarian?"

"Yes, he even has cauliflower ears."

* * * *

A peach came walking down the street;
She was more than passing fair;
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach became a pair.

* * * *

WILLIE—What is a Collision, Pa?

PA—A collision is what happens, son, when your mother drives the car.

* * * *

TEACHER—What is a postoffice?

WILLIE—A postoffice is a place where a Scotchman fills his fountain pen.

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—they dare you
to abuse them!

Wear your whipcord suit on a Sunday picnic in Marin County—it will defy the dust! Forget to take it to the presser—scarcely will the coat wrinkle or the trousers bag. Wear it through the full season—it will last! There is no cotton in Roos' whipcord suits; not so much as 1%. Because they are woven of pure wool hard-twisted worsted yarns that withstand use and abuse.

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Labels

AS A CHILD I was fascinated by any sort of label or covering on a can, a bottle, or a box. I was not attracted by the beauty of its design; neither was I engrossed by the content of its inscription. It was the fact that the carefully-placed labels could be removed that claimed my attention. Long hours would be spent by my childish self in the process of stripping these poor cans of their covering and leaving them, shining with shame, upon the kitchen floor for some one to stumble over.

When we were to have some sort of canned food to eat, the selection would always be purely guess work; for who can tell a can of apricots from a can of beans if the cans are the same size and the labels have been removed by some industrious infant?

My mother loves to tell an amusing incident that resulted from my mania for peeling all peelable objects. It seems that, in the course of my early explorations, I found a great quantity of dry onions, and discovered that the skins could be removed. When the lack of noise was noted, and an investigation was held, I was found in the middle of a sea of tears and onion skins, just as I was peeling the last of my treasures. I have never eaten onions since that time; but as I had never eaten them before the incident occurred, it is a question whether that event was the cause for my abstinence from the pungent product of Bermuda.

The ultra of all prizes to be captured and treasured was a cigar box. For a time, the box would serve as a wagon or other childish vehicle, but it served its real purpose when the time came to remove its outer covering and expose the cheap wood beneath. The reader is, no doubt, familiar with the way the wood of cigar boxes is covered with paper made to look like cedar and so enhance the beauty of the container. As zealous as any reformer in the task of exposing the evils of mankind, I would set out to bare the crude wood beneath the veneer of paper. The revenue stamps would be torn off in an instant; then would come the long, arduous task of scraping and tearing off the paper which adhered to the wood. Sometimes I would moisten the covering of the box. The water would turn the paper and glue to a white, pasty substance which could be peeled off in long rolls by running the thumb over the surface. When all the paper had been cleaned away, the box had terminated its period of usefulness; then I would break up the thing and discard it to some place from which it could be removed only with great difficulty. It had lost its attraction along with its paper garment.

WILLIAM HERBERT, '24.

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The Last Days of a Molar

EVERYONE of us can remember the painful and interesting times we had in childhood when our first teeth were jerked out to make room for their more or less permanent successors. But these early trials and tribulations were exceedingly mild in comparison with those accompanying the extraction of a member of the second molar growth. I speak from experience, for one of my pet teeth was extracted recently. I never realized how much I loved that molar until I had to say good-bye to it.

One evening, about two weeks ago, I went to bed apparently in the possession of a fine set of teeth. About two o'clock in the morning I woke up with a terrible toothache. I honestly believed that the top of my head was coming off. Innumerable times I besought Morpheus to take me to his bosom, but the fickle god of sleep would not relieve his most loyal worshiper.

Never was mortal happier to see the dawn than I. I went to the nearest dentist and clamored for instant attention. The doctor, however, had to attend to another patient first, and I beguiled the time reading some of the fiction of the last two decades. I was reading the latest account of the Russo-Japanese War when, from the operating room, I heard a screech that would have done credit to an Iroquois. My toothache stopped that instant. I got ready to go away; I had my hand upon the doorknob when I heard a voice. Nemesis, in the form of the dentist, imperiously commanded me to enter his inner sanctum.

I entered and sat down in the operating chair. After considerable deliberation, he took out some vicious-looking instruments and made a few flourishes with them, just as a tennis player swings several racquets before he makes his final purchase. Finally, he picked out the biggest pair of forceps and started toward me. The forceps got a strangle hold around my tooth, and I thought my last day had come. I gripped the arms of the chair, closed my eyes, and resigned myself to my fate.

I felt a slight jerk and a sudden stab of pain. I opened my eyes, confidently expecting to see angels and to hear harp music. Instead, I had to rinse my mouth and look foolish.

With the tip of my tongue, I started to explore my mouth, and found that where there had been an aching molar, there was now but a pleasant hiatus.

MILTON HARTMAN, '24.

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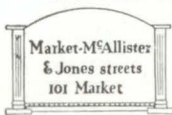
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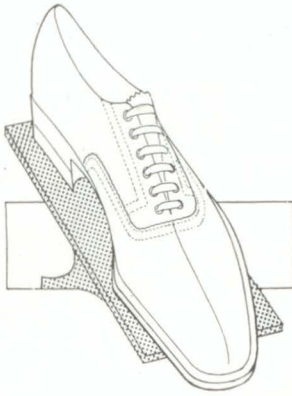
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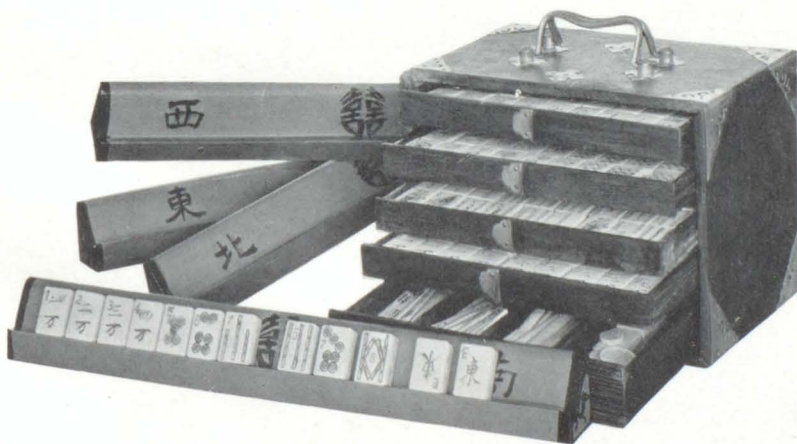
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THE POLYTECHNIC

MRS SMITH: "Does your husband object to cats?"

MRS JONES: "He said I fed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you have some tea?"

* * * *

JACK: "I know a stone mason who only has one arm."

TOM: "Nonsense. How does he do his work?"

JACK: "Oh, he holds the chisel between his teeth and hits himself on the back of the head with a hammer."

* * * *

DOCTOR: "Come, young man, put your tongue right out."

YOUNG MAN: "I can't, it's fastened at the back."

* * * *

MANAGER: (Yelling from ringstand) "For the love of Mike, Bill this bout is scheduled for ten rounds. Go easy."

INDIGNANT CHAMP: "Huh. I guess you didn't see th' dirty bum try to get me wit my back to the camera."

* * * *

SHE: "Tell me sir, are you from the frozen north?"

HE: "No, little one. Why do you ask?"

SHE: "You dance as if you had on snowshoes."

* * * *

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR IN DRUG STORE: "I want to buy an empty pint bottle for experimental purposes."

CLERK: "All right, here it is."

PROF: "How much?"

CLERK: "Five cents for the empty bottle, but if you want something in it, we won't charge for the bottle."

PROF: "Very well, just put in the cork."

* * * *

BILL: "Who was that guy you were talking so nice to?"

JIM: "Aw, that's our old family druggist."

BILL: "What did he say?"

JIM: "No."

* * * *

MARY: "Did you see Gwendolyn's new evening gown?"

MARIE: "Yes. It's a wonder that she doesn't get confused and go to bed."

* * * *

FRIEND (to mother): "I suppose your son is doing fine in high school."

MOTHER: "Yes, he is doing very well." (To son) "Willie come here and say something in algebra."

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The Weather

THE WEATHER! What a friend it can be! Yet, daily, people are wronging this, their most faithful stand-by. When its name is mentioned, someone may smile or even scoff, but O, how unjustly!

To many a poor navigator on the treacherous seas of conversation the weather has oft proved a veritable life-saver. Its possibilities are boundless. It is a safe channel for even the most tongue-tied, and many a person has been saved from plunging into the abyss of utter dumbness by a mental clutch at the weather.

To discuss this inexhaustible topic requires no brilliance, no super-human efforts at thinking—to all it stands open as an avenue of escape from that most lamentable of misfortunes, earning the name of "human clam." Laughing when the weather is mentioned is really a gross social error, comparable only to laughing at the individual who rescues one from a violent and untimely end.

MARION BROOKS, '24.

* * * *

My Hobby

MY HOBBY is athletics. There is nothing I like quite so well as a good, rough athletic contest. Take, for instance, casino. To my mind, casino is the sport of kings, to say nothing of queens and jacks. What is more satisfying to a democratic nation than to see a king holding a high position but yet topped by the lowly ace. A fight against odds always quickens the blood, and, since half the deck is odd, chances for an exciting contest are fifty-fifty.

One good thing about these athletic contests is the fact that there is no admission charged. Another good point about the game is that the suits do not cost as much as football suits. Indeed, Polytechnic High School would be saved quite a bit of money if casino were adopted in place of football.

IRVING MARCUS, '24.

* * * *

A president of a meeting once announced: "All I want is silence, and I want very little of that."

* * * *

Did you ever stop to think that a telephone pole never hit a machine, unless for self defence?

* * * *

WILLIE—(age eight): "O, Elsie, I know a fine game. Let's pretend we're Adam and Eve."

ELSIE—(age six): "Oh, yeth, but wait till I finish eating my apple."

* * * *

A boss is a boss, but a good looking stenographer is an asset to any business.

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OLIVE—Which side are you rooting for in the baseball game?
DOTTIE—How in the world can I tell until I know whether I'm going with
Jack or Harry.

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BOYS!—Let's Eat at the

POLY LUNCH

A SQUARE MEAL

AND

A SQUARE DEAL

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"Naw. He tells me that's the board of health."

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THE POLYTECHNIC

HISTORY PROFESSOR: "Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

A STOUT GIRL IN THE REAR: "I don't know or I'd take some myself."

* * * *

SENIOR: (To a freshman who has just arrived) "I want to give you a bit of advice."

FRESH FRESHMAN: "Awright, but I want to give you some too."

SENIOR: "Well what is it?"

FRESH FRESHMAN: "Follow the advice you are going to give to me."

* * * *

The boy stood on the burning deck,
He did not cry or shout.
He waited till the boat went down
And put the fire out.

* * * *

GOOF: "He was driven to his grave."

GOOFER: "Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk?"

* * * *

FATHER: (Reading a letter from his son at college to mother) "Bill says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

MOTHER: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."

* * * *

NATURAL HISTORY TEACHER: "Jimmy, where does the swallow go when it goes south?"

JIMMY: "To the stummick."

* * * *

SON: (To father after getting a new pair of shoes) "Fadder dese shoes hurts me every step I take."

FATHER: "Then take longer steps and there won't be so many hurts."

* * * *

INSTRUCTOR: "Now, what formation are those men marching in?"

ROOKIE: "Banana."

INSTRUCTOR: "Whazzat! Whazzat!"

ROOKIE: "Yes, in bunches."

* * * *

COLLEGE STUD: "You told me to file these letters, sir."

BOSS: "Yes."

COLLEGE STUD: "Well I was just thinking that it would be easier to trim them with a pair of scissors."

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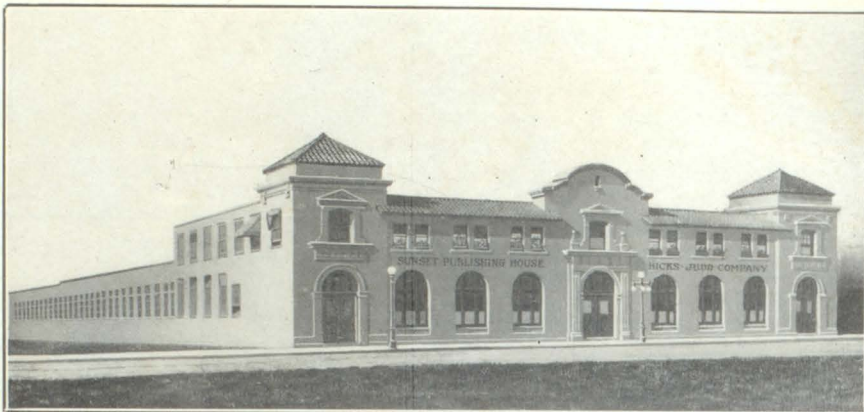
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