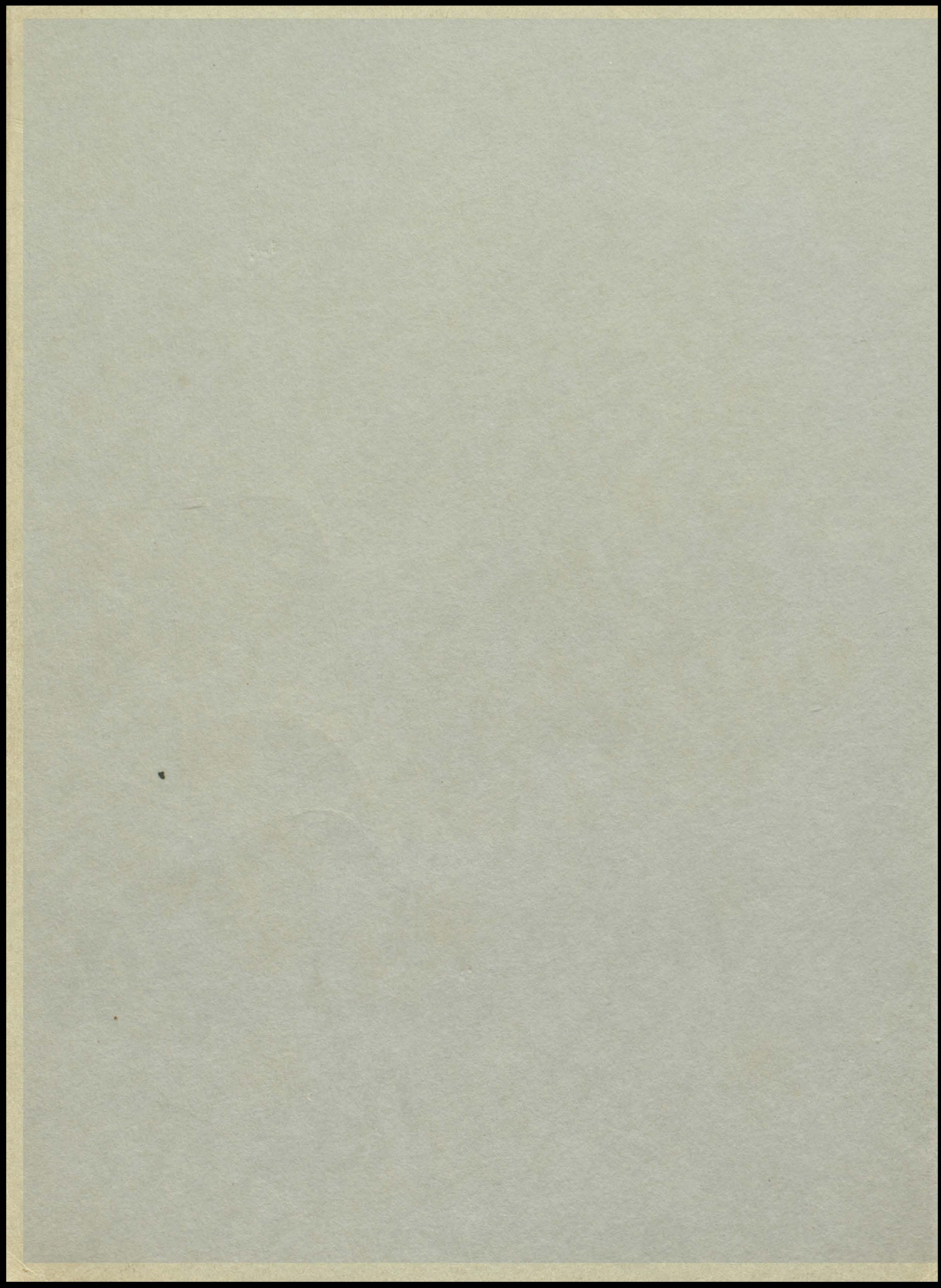


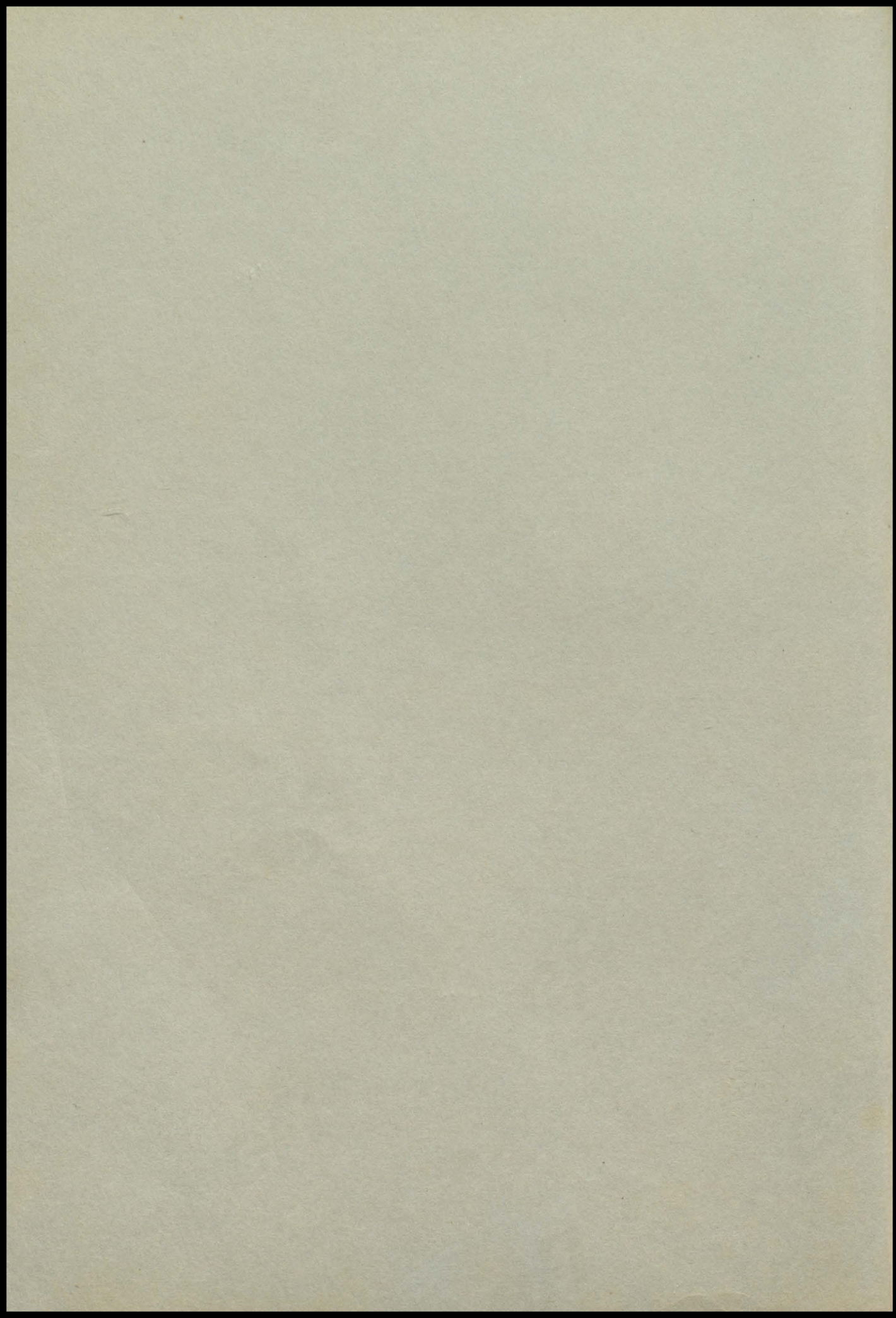
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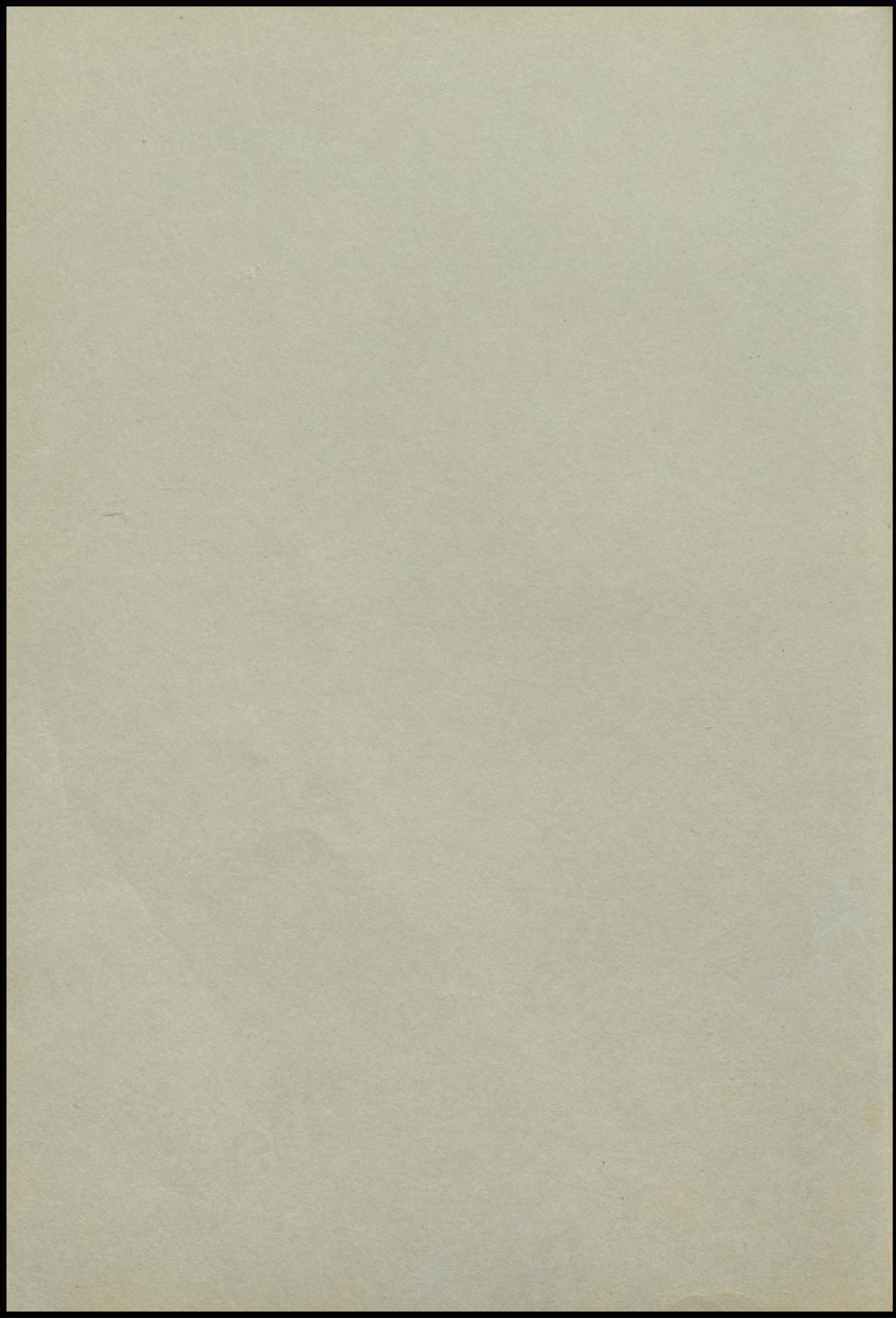




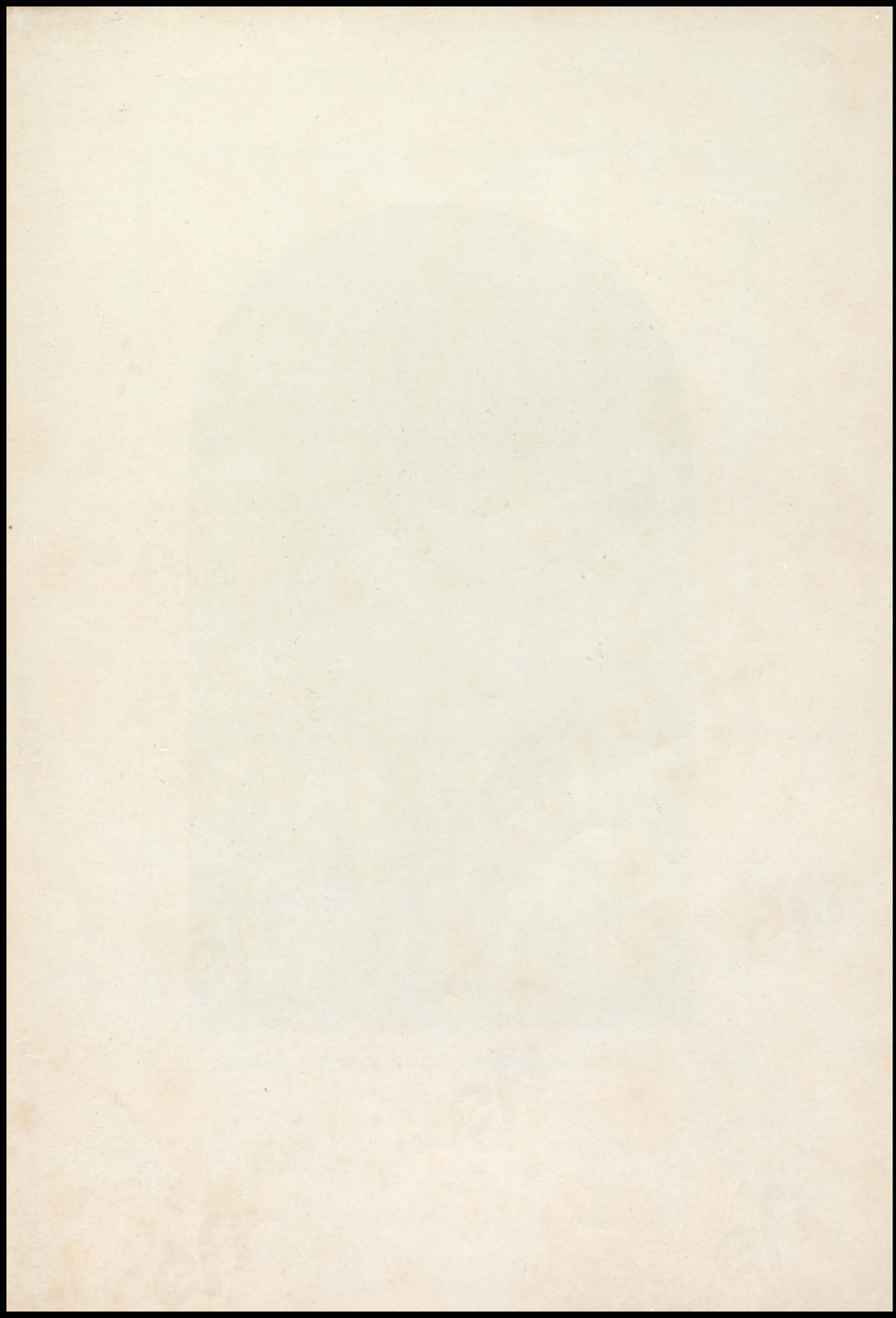


















# THE POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL

DECEMBER • 1925



PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY BY THE  
*Journal Class of the Polytechnic High School*  
SAN FRANCISCO • CALIFORNIA

VOL. XVIII, NO. 2



*In Memoriam*

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LOIS WOODARD

A BELOVED POLYTECHNIC STUDENT

DIED JUNE, 1925

MRS. ELIZABETH EHAT

WHO IN HER FEW WEEKS IN POLYTECHNIC  
ENDEARED HERSELF TO PUPILS AND  
TO FELLOW TEACHERS



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## EDITORIAL



EDITOR ARTHUR PIDGEON

We have chosen two topics for editorial comment this year: the convention of the California Scholastic Press Association, and the foundation of the Student Body Scholarship Fund.

The editor of the JOURNAL had the privilege of attending the third annual convention of the California Scholastic Press Association, held at Stanford University on November 13 and 14 under the auspices of the Journalism Division of the university and the Sigma Delta Chi, the honorary journalistic fraternity. Some sixty-odd high schools in all parts of the state were represented by about three hundred student and faculty delegates, who were all entertained on the campus.

The purpose of the convention was to stimulate interest in high-school journalism and, through discussion of the problems arising, to improve the quality of it and broaden its influence.

For discussion purposes the delegates were divided into six groups, each group attending six round-table discussions. The round tables were led by Professors E. W. Smith and B. O. Brown, of the Stanford Journalism Department, and by students who are and have been for some time active participants in journalistic work at Stanford.

The problems were presented by the delegates; then the group, by general discussion backed by individual experience, tried to solve them, or, at least, to present ideas that would make the problems less difficult in the future.

Such subjects were brought up as the functions of high-school publications, editing and financing, advertising, news writing, make-up, selection and organization of the staff, and many minor questions of method and content.

The association has also established an official organ, "*The Bulletin*," to be published quarterly. This is designed to keep the members in touch with one another during the time that intervenes between the general meetings.

The second matter, the establishment of a scholarship fund, is an achievement of which the whole school may be proud. We have long felt the need of some sort of recognition of the distinguished student. Now we have put into operation a plan by which good scholarship combined with active and intelligent participation in school activities may receive substantial recognition.

The larger portion of this fund is to be raised by an entertainment given semi-annually by the Student Body. The sum thus realized may be added to from time to time in any way deemed desirable.

The award of the prize will be in the hands of a committee composed of members of the executive body of the association and faculty advisers. The award is to be based not only upon academic standing but also upon natural ability, personality, qualities of leadership, and participation in school activities. In short, the recipient of the Student Body Scholarship prize must be a student of wide interests and all-round development.



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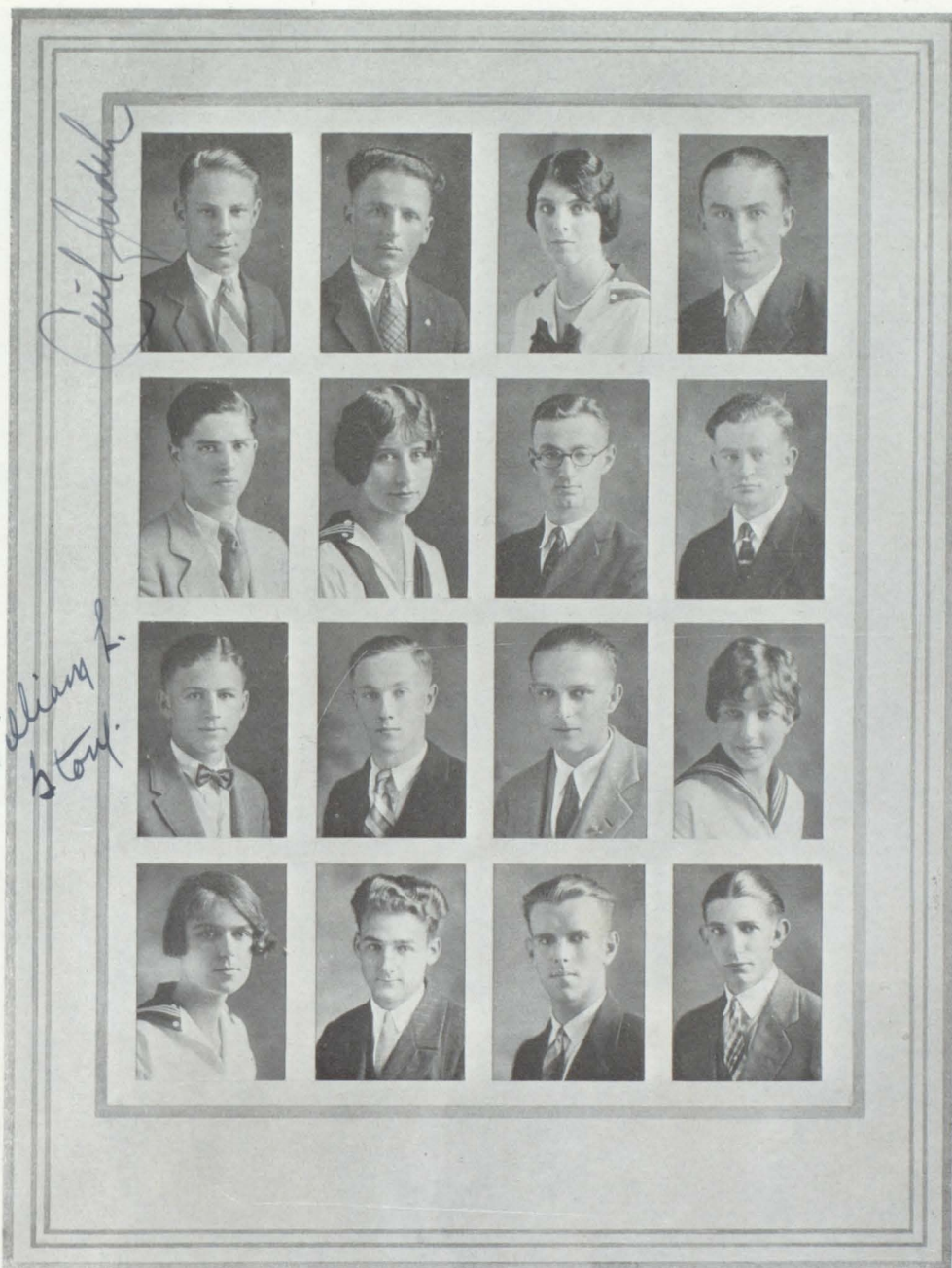


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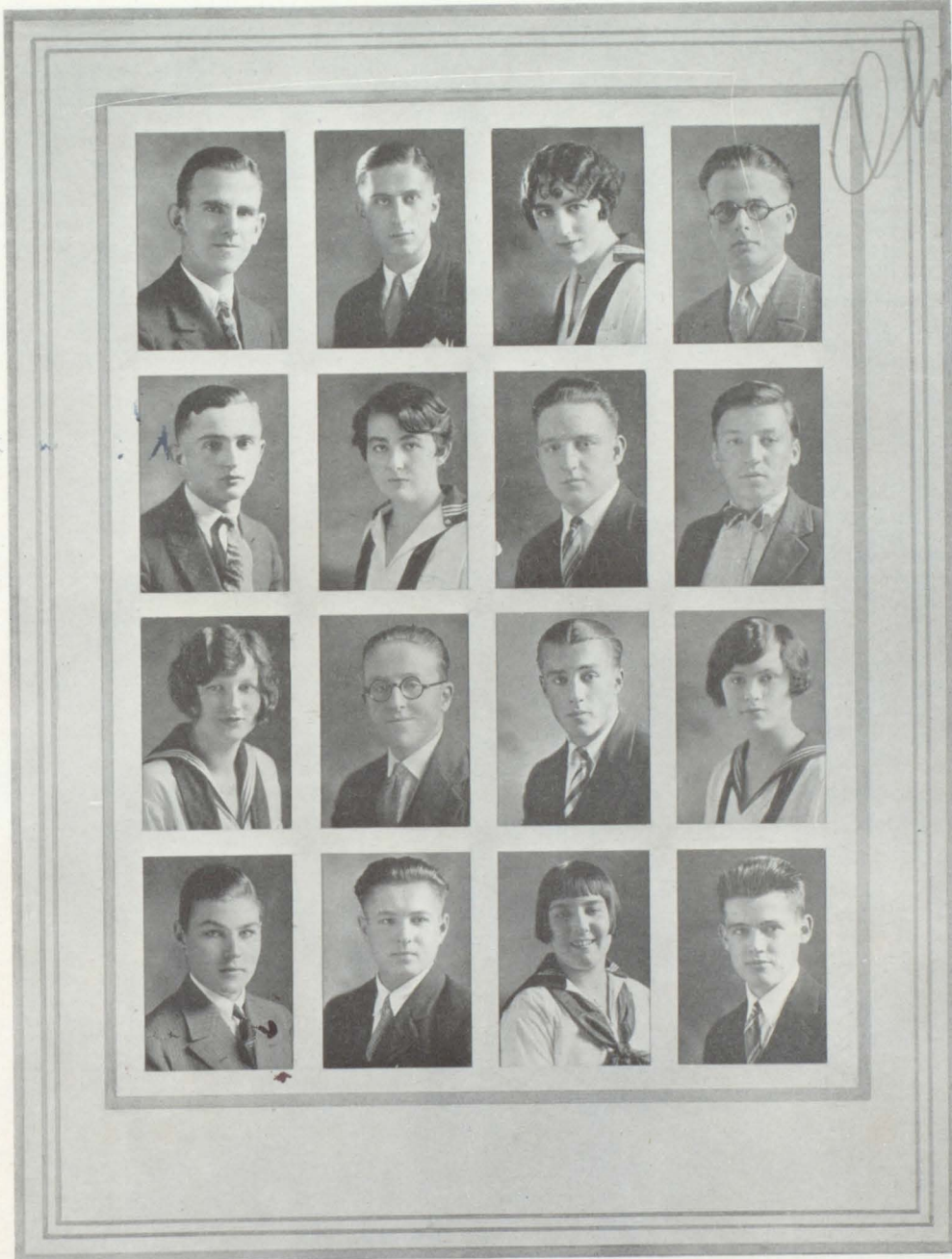


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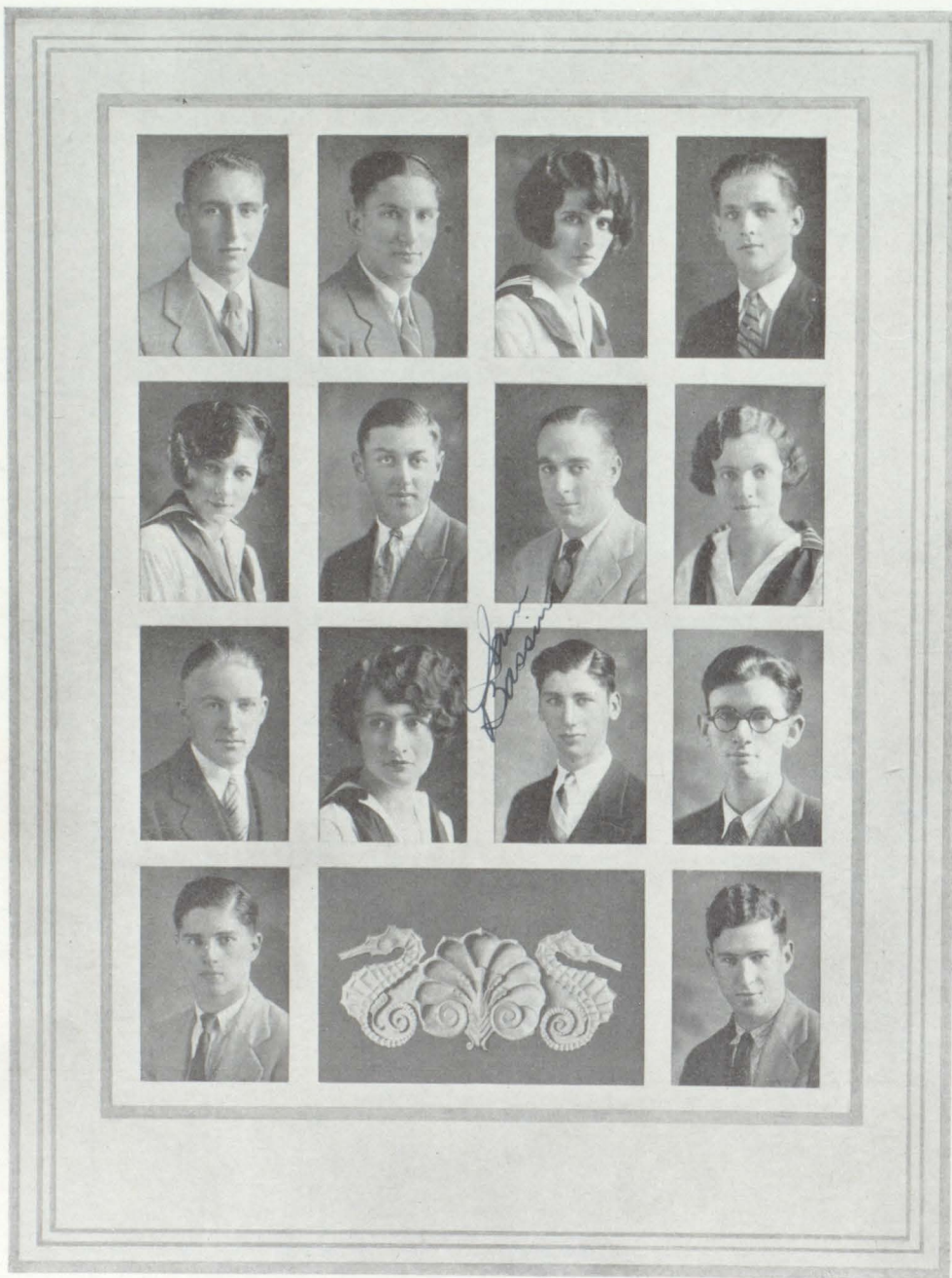
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## THE SENIOR CLASS



PRESIDENT TERRELL LEWIS

Pep! Enthusiasm! Cooperation! These dynamic words have characterized the actions of the class of December, 1925, from the very first meeting when Terrell Lewis, a prominent worker around school and past president of the class as Low Fours, was chosen class executive. Other officers elected to serve with President Lewis were Edith Trickler, vice-president; Harold Hocking, Secretary; Theodor Kaplanis, treasurer; Halwen Dunker, athletic manager; Sidney Johnston, yell leader; William Power, sergeant-at-arms; Raymond Boege, representative.

Lewis then appointed his various committees. Harold Hocking became chairman of the Freshman Reception Committee, Arthur Pidgeon of the Dance Committee, Joseph Allendorf of the Graduation Committee, and Theodor Kaplanis of the Senior Jynx Committee.

The first event was the Freshman Reception. After weeks of effort the workers of the committee in charge, put on an entertainment for the little folks that said little ones will cherish until they become big ones and can do the same thing for the little folks of their school generation. The program had its hero, its villain, its heroine, and the poor old father; but, best of all to the rosy-cheeked lads and lassies who have recently entered this in-sti-too-tion of learnin', there were nice, big, red, all-day suckers. When "Tess of the Storm Country" arrived, the frosh shouted warningly to the sweet, unsuspecting heroine that the villain was about to kidnap her, and when the brave hero entered and started to dismember the villain, the youngsters howled with glee, waved their suckers in the air, and mischievously pulled the pigtailed of the little girls in the front row. The hit of the whole show, however, was a chorus composed of the talent of the graduating class grinding out that popular tune "Why Do They All Pick on Freshie?"

It has long been the custom for the seniors to wear distinctive hats as insignia of their superior intelligence. At a meeting given over to a discussion of this matter, suggestions were varied; but it seems that the popular melodrama "The Sheik," still sways the imaginations of our younger set, for the choice was soon fixed upon the Turkish fez. These hats proved so popular with all members of the class, including the girls, who, for the first time were permitted to wear the distinguishing badge, that Poly has been transformed into a junior oasis.

The later events on the senior calendar—the Luncheon, the Jynx, and the Dance—will no doubt equal or surpass the earlier ones, but as the JOURNAL goes to press before their presentation we can only tell about the plans.

To celebrate Senior Day, December 11, the members of the class have planned a luncheon to be held during the noon hour. On this day they will cast aside their mantles of dignity and deign to romp as they did when they were freshmen. They will then attend the Jynx, which, according to Ted Kaplanis and his aides, promises to eclipse all previous attempts in this line.





FRESHMAN RECEPTION COMMITTEE

The Dance Committee composed of Art Pidgeon, Malcolm Scott, Frieda Kuhl, Millah Mullen, Gwendolyn LangenBaker, Art Silven, and Harold Hocking, announces that a "best ever" dance will be held at one of the downtown hotels on January 9, 1926.

During the last few weeks of the term even a casual observer is conscious of a tension in the air, a tension produced by the thoughts and efforts directed toward the common

goal, graduation. It has been said many times that graduation is an occasion of mingled joy and sadness, and the fact is just as true now as ever before. For, though graduation means the realization of a dream, it also means the breaking of many of friendship's bonds. Saying good-by is not a pleasant experience. We shall all make new friends and develop new interests, but, no matter where we are, our thoughts will often hark back to our high-school days with a tinge of regret for those happy times.



SENIOR JYNX COMMITTEE



EVELYN W. - AIN'T HER SWEET



IVY HANSON  
IS IT STILL - "LOVE ME - LOVE MY DOG"?



FLORENCE ROSS



"GWEN" L.B.'S BABY PICTURE.



HELEN G. OH! HOW YOU'VE GROWN.



THIS IS GLADYS B. -



ALICE V. CUTE YES, BUT THEY OUTGROW IT.



EDITH T. "OUR PRIMA DONNA"



JACK R.



ANOTHER "JACK" SCHRAGGE



FRIEDA K. WHY OF COURSE!!



"BINKS" THE DARLING AT 12 MOS.

OUR "HIGH AND MIGHTIES" 100 YEARS AGO.



## SHADOWS

Shadows are phantoms:  
Weird wisps that float gently  
Through silent spaces of the air,  
Gilding the universe with glamour,  
While beckoning and calling to mortals.  
Shadows are mockery:  
Remaining a moment,  
They vanish to nothingness,  
Touching some chord of infinite peace  
In gliding o'er the harpstrings of hearts.  
Shadows are images:  
Vague shapes that form  
Undreamed-of thoughts, unspoken words,  
Unlonged-for hopes, unprayed-for faiths,  
And things yet unknown:  
Shadows are Life.

—EDITH TRICKLER, '25

## TWILIGHT

Silence is all around us; it is twilight;  
The willow trees are drooping to the ground;  
The day is done, now comes the dreary night,  
And with it, far away, I hear the sound  
Of falling leaves upon their silent bed:  
It is the cold, cold twilight of the dead.

But by the brook a million fireflies play;  
Merrily do they mingle with the leaves;  
And round and round they wheel and whirl away;  
When twilight comes, their happy life they live,  
And gaily thru the night their vigil keep:  
The happy souls of little unborn flowers that lie asleep.

—FRIEDA KUHL, '25





## THE ELF

## JOURNAL PRIZE STORY

*Robert McClelland*

IT WAS closing time. True, the great wheels still showed no signs of diminishing their speed, nor did the huge hammers slacken in their pounding, but the long line of workers kept glancing at the burly foreman, whose pudgy fingers would soon ring the bell that marked the end of the long day. For this was a paper mill, the largest in Moscow. Daily, enormous piles of rags entered the gloomy building and there, by the magic of machinery and the toil of many hands, they were transformed into paper.

At the end of a long corridor, sorting rags as they came down an endless chain, was a boy. And such a boy! Two brown eyes set in a face remarkable for the perfection of its oval form, and almost hidden by a great mass of brown hair that fell about his shoulders. The workers called him "The Elf." An indefinable sense of deformity hovered about him, but it was not until he moved that one noticed that he was a hunchback.

Daily, for three years he had sat there, his tiny hands sorting the rags as they came, noticing no one, seemingly as devoid of feeling as his partner in labor, the chain. Today, had one listened, a remarkable change would have been apparent. The hunchback was humming, a tuneless hum that kept time with the rhythm of the chain. His eyes, usually dull, were dancing with pure happiness, and the little hands were trembling with excitement. He was very happy, for he had a brother, and the brother, after six years' absence, was coming back to him.

Thoughts of the past came pulsing through his brain. He could just remember the brother, a big blond fellow, who used to toss him in the air and catch him. Then there had been a father, a silent, brooding father, who held secret meetings in their home with other wild-looking fellows. How his mother had hated these meetings! The Elf, sensing this, had feared these men, especially when they drank and, becoming careless, raved of aristocracy and tyranny and revolution.

The meetings had continued for a long time. Then like a flash of lightning came the dreadful night when the door had been smashed open and uniformed soldiers of the Tsar had rushed in. The mother had screamed; so had the dark, wild men. There had been oaths and dull thuds and shots. Some one had thrown a club, and the Elf's back had received it.

Then there was a lapse of time during which his only remembrances had been those of pain and fever and calling for a mother who never came.

Weeks later he had awakened on a neighbor's cot, a hunchback. His mother had been killed outright; his father, less fortunate, had lived long enough to feel the vengeance of the Tsar's officers. The brother, because of his youth, had been sent to Siberia for six years. That was now six years ago. Only the Elf knew the sorrows of those years. But why think of that? The time was up, and, if the bulletin outside the courthouse was correct, his brother was coming home tonight.

The Elf's reveries ceased abruptly. Would the bell never ring? The minutes seemed weighted with lead; the foreman seemed oblivious of time. Then, when further waiting seemed unendurable, the bell rang.



With flying fingers the Elf sorted the last rag in his box, grabbed his hat, and scurried out past the towering walls. Through alley, down street, over lot, the little fellow ran toward home. So happy was he that the driving wind, the biting cold had no effect upon him. He arrived, panting, at a tiny alley down which he plunged. "Home" was the former stable of a deceased butcher's horse. The horse had gone the way of all butcher's horses, but the stable had remained; and the Elf, through divine right of possession and a soft spot in the heart of the butcher's widow, had taken it as his abode.

Entering, he dived beneath his bed, a little bunk made from boxes, and withdrew a small cake destined for the welcoming dinner. Giving the table, likewise made from boxes, a few finishing touches, and placing his precious cake on his brother's plate, he departed for the station.

It was dark when he arrived at the station, which was crowded with a variety of people: the haughty rich impatiently waiting for friends, officers of the Imperial Guards there to welcome some high official. At the very end of the station was a different group, for the most part ragged and pale. They were watching with painful eagerness the long line of prison arrivals. Every now and then one would rush forward and, after searching the face of some wan arrival, would claim him as kin or friend.

Off to one side a number of officials stood in a group. The object of their attention was a great tall fellow, wasted to the point of emaciation and evidently blind. They were questioning him, and the guard was making out the dismissal report.

"Blind from a fall," the man read on the card the prisoner held out to him.

There was a moment's hesitation. "Yes," said the prisoner, "blind from a fall—the fall of a club in the hands of a drunken guard."

The questioner reddened and hastened on.

"Have you any relatives? If so—" He looked up, his question answered, for the two relatives were locked in an embrace that shut out the world.

Down the wind-swept street walked the two brothers. The elder asked the Elf countless questions about himself but carefully avoided any reference to his own experiences in Siberia.

The Elf was busily thinking, thinking as he had never done before. The shock of seeing his brother thus had not stunned him too much to ask the prison doctor at the station if the blindness was curable, and the words of the physician were ringing in his ears: "His eyes may be saved by an operation if it is performed within the year. It will cost four hundred kopeks." And then the doctor had gone, little realizing how large a sum four hundred kopeks seemed to a rag-picker whose yearly wages totaled barely half that amount.

The Elf, gently guiding his companion, reached their humble home. Together they sat down at the little feast, in very different mood from what the boy had planned. But the brother was so cheerful that the Elf held back the sobs that kept choking him.

Late that evening when Ivan had gone to bed and the Elf had said his prayers, he chanced to burn himself on an oil-soaked rag that served as a candle. He gasped and, clutching the hot rag, stared into the darkness. An idea was coming to him. Rags! Right where he worked they bought rags!

Running to the table, he noiselessly relit the candle, and sat down with a board and a piece of charcoal. For an hour he laboriously ciphered and calculated, and then he went to bed. The darkness concealed the despair in the little fellow's eyes.



And well he might despair. Rags sold at a kopek for four bundles. To get four hundred kopeks meant sixteen hundred bundles and he had but a year to get them; that meant four and a half bundles a day. There were in Moscow some three hundred and fifty rag gatherers, each one of whom held lawful license for respective districts where rags were gathered. No wonder the little body sagged and the brown eyes were moist. Yet when a stray shaft of morning light fell upon the box table, it disclosed five neatly folded sacks.

Battles have been fought against unequal odds. That year there raged a battle between three hundred and fifty ragmen on one side and a hunchback on the other. If ever the odds were unequal, they were in this instance. When the ragmen found their districts poached upon, their rage was boundless. Through back alleys, lots, basements, it raged: a battle of wits.

Early dawn found the Elf scurrying through the streets gathering rags. A thousand times the battle seemed lost for him. At such times he would drag his aching body to some dark spot and there in the pelting rain would cry by himself. But these spells were short. The brown eyes would glint with determination, and away would go a bent shadow, stooping here and there and inspecting every corner, with eyes peeled for the burly ragman in whose district he was trespassing.

Each day, twice, when the time for his work in the mill approached and when the blackness of night called a halt, he secreted the rags in the basement of a great warehouse. The warehouse belonged to Athel Murl, a creature whose craftiness and hatred for mankind were proverbial in the business centers of Moscow. In payment for the lease, the Elf gave Murl one sack of rags from every five. That meant getting an extra sack every day in order to maintain his necessary average.

A year passed by and Christmas Eve arrived. Up the street walked the little hunchback carrying a huge bundle of rags. But it was the sixteen-hundredth bundle.

The hunchback had changed greatly. The brown hair was tangled and unkempt; the eyes were sunken deeply in the sockets; the bent body was sagged and weary. Only the eyes themselves had remained unchanged; they glowed like stars. Tonight, in spite of the deadly weariness of his body, his spirit soared, for he had won the unequal battle. Tomorrow he would get the agent from the paper mill and sell the rags, and then there would be an operation and brother would see again. Soon they would move to the country and have some cows. Three cows they would have, and a big white goat with horns to draw a little cart. The Elf would buy a suit, a real new suit with pearl buttons, too.

In the midst of his daydreaming, the Elf chanced to glance at the sky. It was red, a dull glowing red. He dimly wondered at this as he turned down the street towards the warehouse.

Suddenly there was a great clanging. A man ran by yelling "Fire!" and the street soon became alive with people. As the Elf ran, a hot ember stung him in the face. Firemen were running here and there and a great crowd stood watching his warehouse and his rags burning. The Elf, screaming, ran wildly toward the basement, where the flames were most violent; he must save some of his precious rags.

A thick brown hand clutched him; it belonged to a worker in the mill. "You little fool," he shouted, "you put oily rags in the warehouse, and they caught fire. Just wait till Murl catches you!"



The Elf escaped the hand and ran like a wounded rabbit to its burrow.

\* \* \*

Murl had been arrested, charged with deliberately placing oily rags in his warehouse, thus causing the fire and damaging the imperial postoffice adjoining.

"It was not me. It was the hunchback. To him I leased the basement," whined Murl.

The judge looked at Murl. "You lie, of course. Go and get your hunchback. If you return without him, you will be punished not only for arson but also for perjury."

Motioning to two officers to act as escorts, the judge dismissed the trembling prisoner—trembling because failure to find the hunchback meant Siberia.

\* \* \*

The Elf had reached home and was sobbing out his story in his brother's arms. All of it he told: his hopes, his plans, the year of battle, the long nights of rain and cold, the wrath of the ragmen. Outside the dull light from a flickering street lamp fell upon two guards who stood at the mouth of the tiny alley waiting for Murl, and Murl stood on their threshold, halted by what force he knew not, listening to the pitiful tale.

On it ran. The brother said nothing, but gently stroked the boy's tangled hair trying to comfort him. Then the Elf told of the fire and how his rags had caused it and that they were looking for him to arrest him. Ivan grew tense, his face paled. Arrest? Why, arrest meant Siberia! He pictured the Elf tramping the great wastes, the brutal guards, the lash, the cold. No! Never should they take him there!

He groped for a long knife that lay on the table.

"Little brother," he said, "be brave. Close your eyes and it will be over quickly. I will follow you. It is better to die here than out there."

Holding the knife aloft, and groping with one hand for the spot where it would fall, he was on the point of plunging it in. With a roar Murl was in the room and grasped the raised hand. Gasping, he pointed a shaking finger at the Elf.

"Little fool, didn't you know the warehouse was insured and also your cursed rags?"

Murl plunged a trembling hand into his pocket. "Your rags were insured for four hundred kopeks."

Hastily he counted out the money on the box table, muttered a gruff "Merry Christmas" and departed. Too amazed was the Elf to notice that Murl was trembling from head to foot; nor did he notice that, as Murl went out, he carried the long knife from the table.

The judge had told him the punishment for failing to bring the hunchback, and as Ivan had said, death was better than Siberia.

When the two guards found Murl's body, they wondered at the smile on his face. It was Christmas Eve.



## WHAT PRICE THE GUARDS?

*Leon Husson, Dec. '25*

HIS Imperial Majesty, William the Second, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany! Thus was a herald pleased to call at the court of George of England in the days of the Kaiser's visit to Windsor before the Great War. Hence the crack! crack! crack! of white gloves on white rifle slings as a platoon of His Majesty's Second Grenadier Guards came to the royal salute.

What price the Grenadiers in their patent-leather ankle-boots; their blue-black trousers with the red-piped seams; their scarlet tunics with the royal blue collars, shoulder straps, cuffs, and skirt flaps; with their solid gold buttons evenly spaced down the tunic's front; with their snow-white brass-trimmed belts and rifle slings; with their great plumed bearskins and gilt chin-straps: what price, I say, this regiment of song and story when the men march past to the "British Grenadiers?"

"What price the Guards at Hyde Park on parade?" did I ask? Let me ask now, "What price the Guards under fire?"

Nineteen fourteen and all the world gone mad! France mobilizing, Russia up in arms, Serbia with Austria at her throat, heroic little Belgium vainly trying to stem proud Prussia's hordes!

And the Lion wakes. At his roar, hearty sons of a mighty Empire leap to their ranks by hundred thousands.

*"But of all the world's great heroes, there's none that can compare,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row for the British Grenadiers."*

The Second Grenadier Guards are gaily marching to face—but wait and see.

Now no pomp of parade; now only the prosaic work of war—war with the scarlet and brass and gilt torn off, and sharkee and bronze in their places—war devastating, blasting, maiming. Who are these fools who sing of the "glory of the field of honor?"

The great six-footers dug in right before the whole show. They were there to "win the blinkin' war before Chris'mus, by damn!" Some were new to the game, and, when the hellishly accurate Krupps began to thunder, many of these cowered on the fire step. The older and cooler heads tried to comfort them. "Cheer up, me bowld lad, ye'll never 'ear the one whut gits yuh," bluntly admonished an old Boer veteran.

The Saxon batteries had been well informed by the impudent, low-flying Taubes. Suddenly, in the early morning, a terrific six-gun salvo burst in advance of the Grenadiers' trench. Then another and another, as battery after battery belched flame and death. Gradually the intense bombardment drew closer, shrapnel now. Company sergeants-major screamed, "Stand to! Fixed bayonets!" to the thoroughly aroused Guards. A boy next the old South African campaigner suddenly dropped his Enfield with a gesture as of clapping his hand to his face. He fell, dead without a groan. Then, at last, his bullet with his name engraved on it, hit the old veteran. "Ye'll never 'ear the one whut gits yuh."

When the baptism of fire was over, the Linseed Lancers came to clear the trench of wounded. Two of them with their stretcher came to the boy who had been struck down so



ignominiously. He had fallen face downward and lay in a pool of his own blood. One of the Medical Corps men gently turned him over and then gasped wildly and fainted dead away. That boy's face and half his skull had been torn away by a jagged piece of shrapnel, which was now lodged in the trench parados.

One of the battalion "brass hats" (staff officers), under orders from the lieutenant colonel commanding, twirled the handle of a field telephone and yelled for "One hundred fifty-ninth battery, Royal Field Artillery; Third Woolwich Siege Train, Royal Artillery. Send up double 'A' and double 'V' batteries, Royal Horse Artillery. For God's sake, hurry! They're coming over!"

"All in position, sir," came an artillery officer's voice over the line.

"Good. Range from battery positions; four thousand; deflection, two, right; salvo, fire!" barked the "brass hat."

"—Salvo, fire!" faintly came the commander's voice over the phone.

And then the right of the line, the terror of the world, and the pride of the British Army hurled back the gauntlet of the insolent Saxons. A blue-clad horde of Bavarians rose up from the ground in front of the Grenadiers. On they came over the five hundred yards of disputed territory. It seemed as though the fire order to the English batteries had been held until the light-blue host could form that insane mass used so extensively in the first year of the war. A cordite cloud burst in the midst of the mob. Another followed, then a limber-ful all at once. The Germans fell in great heaps before the consuming blast. But more came, and yet more of those fearless Bavarians until the astounded sharkee-clad men saw before them a whole brigade lying slaughtered.

The first few weeks of horror lengthened into years. Many had left the ranks of the Second Grenadiers, but they had not gone home for Christmas that first winter. It was not until a strange band singing a strange tune appeared in the rear of the Guards that home-going time was near. These newcomers were clad like the Guards but bore no regimental initials on their shoulder straps.

"Where do we go from here, boys, where d'we go from here?" sang our Marines as they filed in to relieve what was left of the war-weary Grenadiers.

"You'll jolly well find out, you ruddy jokin' idiots, and the best o' luck to you, damn you!" screamed a shell-shocked Guard, who had lost both legs when a heavily bombarded trench had caved in on him.

At last the Show was over and the Foot Guards stood at the salute once more while the battered line battalions filed past in full dress before the king.

The Guards of my story were there. They, too, had left many a beloved comrade, rotting forgotten, in a caved-in sap during the big push near the close of the war. And as the line officers passed them, wearing the black of "severe losses" intertwined in their gold-laced belts, many a manly tear coursed down Guardsmen's cheeks for dozens of "Privates, unidentified, His Majesty's Grenadier Guards, died for King and Country" in the vast French cemeteries.

And once again I ask you, "What price the Guards under fire? What price the sense of war, anyhow?"



## HER HAND

*Frieda Kuhl, '25*

THE sun was sinking slowly behind the great wall of China, fiery, gorgeous, tremulous, casting its dying rays over the silent city. It was the hour of prayer. On the balcony of one of the town's most pretentious houses sat Kublai Khan, the last descendant of the great house of Khan. At his feet sat a young, beautiful girl, the perfect oval of her face lovely against the blue blackness of her hair, brown eyes looking up with infinite love to her father's old and withered face. On the other end of the terrace, on the stone floor, squatted an ancient female, dozing.

"Could'st never love him, little one?" asked Kublai Khan.

"Never, Father," said the girl, with a break in her voice. She looked away to hide the tears from her beloved father. Always she had obeyed his slightest wish with joy, but this time she could not.

"Could'st try?" Then as he saw the pitiful quiver of her red mouth, he asked softly, "Is there someone else?"

She lowered her head in assent.

"Thy old father would never make thee unhappy; he would never give this lovely hand to one its owner could not love."

Gently he stroked her little brown hand, and he, too, turned his sorrowful face toward the sunset. In her corner Pau Chao was rocking herself back and forth, whimpering to herself.

"Thou wilt not make me marry him, Father?" asked Ngau Lo.

"Nay, little one," and rising, he went slowly away. Not knowing what those three words cost him, she smiled and walked with happy stride toward her old nurse.

"Wake up, Pau Chao, thou hast been sleeping fully three hours! Up, nurse,—why—Pau Chao, thou art crying!"

She knelt beside the old woman and put her arms comfortingly about her.

"Tell me, nurse, tell thy trouble to thy own Ngau Lo."

"All thy life I have loved thee," said the ancient one, "loved thee and cherished thee, ever since thy mother died, and gladly would I give my life for thee."

"Yes, yes," said the girl, "well do I know thy love; but tell me"—her voice was softer, tenderer—"tell me why thou art weeping."

"All thy life I have loved thee, I would give my life to make thee happy, but, Ngau Lo, thou must marry Prince Shen-si."

Brown eyes wide open, the girl stood up straight.

"My father promised he would not make me—"

"Would'st see him killed, girl?" the old woman shrieked.

Ngau Lo paled and a look of horror came into her face.

"What! What is it? Tell me, woman! Something has been kept from me!"

The old nurse shook her head sadly, "Yes. We should never have kept it from you, daughter of my soul—"

The hands of Ngau Lo clutched the woman's arm and shook it roughly. "Tell me at once. Pau Chao, what is it?"

"Thy good father will not force thee to wed Prince Shen-si, but the promise will cost him his life."

Ngau Lo tottered back against the wall. She stared at the other, wide-eyed in horror.

"For many years has thy father been in debt to Prince Shen-si," continued the old nurse. "Thou knowest he has been selling his treasures but still has not enough. If he pays not within the next moon—if he does not pay—he will be killed!"

Ngau Lo's body quivered like a frail, brown leaf in autumn.

"But," Pau Chao went on, "thou mayest save thy beloved father, thou alone."

A little color came back into the girl's face.

"Thou mayest save him," continued the shrill voice, "by marrying Prince Shen-si."

Ngau Lo put both small hands on her heart.

"For a long time he has wanted thee, flower of heaven. But yesterday he told thy father he would accept thy hand in payment of the debt."

"Poor Father!" murmured the girl and looked away.

The fiery sun had disappeared behind the gray wall of China.

The great Prince Shen-si came the next day. He came for the last time to press his hateful suit upon the daughter of the house of Kublai Khan. Only once had he seen her exquisite beauty, but he had been seized with a mad passion for her.

Now, Ngau Lo, sitting opposite him, felt his small eyes piercing her to the soul. She shivered.

"Tomorrow," said the Prince, "tomorrow I send the soldiers for thy father. He shall be tied to the wheel—" His eyes gleamed as he saw her shrink.

"He shall be crushed—"

"Stop!" cried the girl, "I will—"

"Ah, thou art thinking better of the bargain?" His evil leer sent a shiver through her.

"Will my father go free if I give thee my hand in marriage?"

"I swear it, by the sacred souls of my ancestors."

"Then I promise. Thou shalt have my hand. Those of the house of Kublai Khan keep their promises."

All through the night she lay on her couch, fully dressed, staring blindly into the horrors the darkness held for her.

The great Prince Shen-si waited impatiently, dressed in his most gorgeous robes. All was in readiness for the wedding. Fifty slave girls dressed in silks awaited the bride.

Shen-si rubbed his fat, yellow hands nervously. Why did she not arrive? At last—

"A messenger from the house of Khan, O Prince."

A boy entered. On a silk cushion he carried a gold casket. He deposited it before the lord, then stooped and kissed his feet.

"This from the daughter of Khan, O great Prince!"

Once again Shen-si rubbed his hands, this time joyfully. So! Not only was he to get the lovely Ngau Lo but a dowry as well.

Slowly he lifted the casket; deliberately he raised the heavy lid. A surprising change took



place in his evil, yellow face. His small, cruel eyes narrowed, then widened in horror and rage as he looked.

For inside the casket, on a cushion of red silk, lay a little brown hand.  
Those of the house of Khan always keep their promises.

### WHAT NEED TO TELL ME?

She came in a wafted fragrance,  
She came in a rose-blush hue,  
Alight with gold and star dust  
Besprinkled o'er with dew;  
She came in the paling gold-light,  
In the misty pearly morn;  
She came, but she did not tell me  
That she was Dawn.

She came in the blazing sunlight,  
With flow'rs entwined in her hair,  
In a golden splendor she ventured;  
Never was one so fair!  
She came in a fiery sun-cloud,  
But parted all too soon;  
She came; why did she not tell me  
That she was Noon?

In the deep'ning hush of even  
She came in the silence apart;  
She clasped me close to her bosom,  
To her warm and fluttering heart.  
In the lull after twilight had left me,  
Shining with silvery light,  
She came; what need to tell me  
That she was Night?

—GLADYS TILTON-STEELE, '25

## APPASSIONATA

Edith Trickler, Dec. '25

“AND in her heart the jeweled hilt of a dagger . . . ”  
A hush fell as the last notes of the singer drifted away into the sweet-scented night. Carmina stirred restlessly. Even she was impressed by this last phrase, sung in her own deep, full, slightly husky voice. It seemed to embody a strange subtle undercurrent which could not be fathomed.

The man by her side stirred also.

“Fernando,” she whispered, “tell me, do you not feel an evil spirit abroad?”

His answer was firm and tender. “*Mi azucena*,” he murmured, “evil spirits are as remote from us as the starry heavens above. Look!” and he pointed to the silver-shadowed vault of the sky, “we cannot reach them, yet we see them. They cannot reach us, yet they influence us. Ah, Carmina, how much of my life would I give to bring you those stars! Your promise has meant my life and I shall devote it to create happiness for you, *sola flor de mi corazon*.”

Had not the night been so dark and languid with the poignant scent of perfumed flowers, or the soul of the man so deeply immersed in contemplation, he might have seen the girl stiffen and grow rigid.

“Fernando,” she said suddenly, and her words were as strange as the thoughts they revealed, “what would happen if we were—if we were parted?”

Fernando drew a long sibilant breath, tense with emotion.

“If we were parted,” he breathed, “if we . . . were . . . parted—But, Carmina, we must not think of such things.” Yet his eyes gleamed fiercely. “I think, I should . . . kill!” he hissed.

“What are you saying, Fernando?” came the girl’s frightened query.

“Ah, Carmina, who knows what one says? Our thoughts are but poorly expressed in speech. Remember, our ancestors have killed for less than love. But come! No morbid thoughts. We are happy, are we not?”

“Yes.” There was a pause; Carmina shivered.

“It grows cold. You must leave me now, for I go into the house.”

“*Hasta luego*,” he said, and, kissing her hand, departed.

Carmina remained for a moment gazing after her lover. Her lover! She shrugged her shoulders. When one is young, and the call of the world comes, what matters a lover?

For from the shadows came one who represented life to Carmina. He reached the center of the garden where she stood.

“Amigo Carlos,” she spoke, “it will hurt him, yet I must go.”

“I am overjoyed, my dear. We shall make a fine singer of you. You will sing in my country yet,” answered a cold and practical voice.

“Si.” And Carmina, thinking only of herself, stole away.

The perfume of the flowers was not as poignant as before.

“And in her heart the jeweled hilt of a dagger . . . ”



The closing phrase of the song that had made Carmina famous was ended. One could feel a breathless moment of silence, the supreme tribute to a singer's art. With a gasp at itself, the audience burst into applause. The concert was over.

Back of the stage Carmina was surrounded by a throng of eager people. Suitors there were, the elect of New York, who worshiped at the shrine of the beautiful Carmina. Hers was a beauty that compelled admiration, and hers was an art that demanded recognition.

The cries of many demanded that she sup with them.

"Si," she said, "we go to Delmonico's. I sup with you all."

At the gay café the crowd gathered around her. Society flitted like a butterfly about the gay flower of song. She was the idol of the hour.

Charles would often speak of her success. "The box office receipts were \$7,000," he would say. Carmina thought him mercenary. "You see how the past eight years of seclusion and study have benefited you, my dear. Now we are repaid for our labors. And to whom do you owe it all? To me, to me! But for me you would still be living in that dirty Spanish—"

"Stop!" Carmina's voice trembled with unexpected passion. "I can almost bear your patronizing ways and your mercenary use of my art, but I will not bear your reflections on my country!"

"As you please, as you please," was the indifferent answer and he would smile blandly, as he left.

As time went on, however, a noticeable change came over Carmina. Her thoughts were occupied with pleasure rather than with art. There were moments when her voice faltered, but she paid no heed to it. Her audiences grew restless. Once her voice actually shook and quavered.

Carlos became furious. "What is the matter with you?" he stormed. Her reply was always evasive.

Carmina accepted the frivolities of life as her due. She climbed to the heights recklessly, demanding everything and giving less and less in return.

One night just before a concert she sat at the piano, alone for a moment. As she fingered the music, she caught sight of the song which attracted her always, the song with its fascinating yet horrible phrase. She addressed it suddenly.

"You have made me famous," she said, and then whimsically cast it aside.

The telephone tinkled shrilly. With a bored air Carmina listened to its message.

"A gentleman? Send him up," and, thinking that Charles had forgotten something, turned again to the piano.

After a few moments the bell rang.

"You have forgotten the programs?" she questioned as she threw open the door. But it was not Charles who greeted her as she stood there. It was a taller, slighter form, darkly clothed, his features scarcely recognizable because of a hat pulled down over his forehead.

"Señorita Carmina, I have found you," said the person in a soft, musical voice. It was then she knew Fernando had come.

The suddenness of this meeting somewhat unnerved Carmina, but as they entered the living room, she regained her poise, though the first moments of their conversation were somewhat stilted.

Fernando had apparently just heard of her success and immediately came to congratulate her. Carmina smiled, and after a few casual sentences, said, "You must not detain me too long, Fernando; I sing at a concert tonight."

"I know. The concert . . . must . . . wait."

"Carmina," he said, "do you not think of Spain, ever? Do you not recall the garden where we were so happy? Do you not remember our vows under the stars? Or are you the creature people call heartless? Carmina, why did you go, before?"

"You mean, why did I leave Spain?" she laughed carelessly. "A career was offered me. I promised to take advantage of it. Could I break the promise?"

"Could you break a promise?" echoed Fernando. "You thought nothing of your promise to me."

"I promised you nothing," answered Carmina.

"You promised to be my wife."

"Did I?" The two words uttered with such thoughtless carelessness stung Fernando as no well-chosen reply could have done.

"It was but a childhood promise," she continued, "and they are forgotten as quickly as they are made. They may be broken as easily as the flower that I wear. See," and she caught a rose from her waist, crushing it. "It is nothing—to promise, Fernando."

The man gazed at her in stupefaction.

"You broke your promise to me," he repeated, half dazed.

"Ah, but I knew you would forgive me, as I knew you would find me to tell me so. You have forgiven me, yes?" And she approached him gaily.

"A thousand times—no!"

Fernando sprang to his feet furiously. Years of brooding had made him a madman. He spoke passionately.

"You know not what you have done. When I discovered you were gone, bitterness was in my heart and fire in my soul. I killed—for you!"

"You . . . killed?"

"José, who I thought had taken you from me. All these years I have known no rest. I but just learned of your success here. I come. I find you sacrificing art to foolish pleasure. The world is cruel, Carmina, the gods are unkind. They put us here for a little space to learn our lesson and begone. Carmina, Carmina, the world has no place for such as you."

A quick gesture, then Fernando turned and sprang from the window to certain death.

Carmina lay in a still heap upon the floor. They found her there, her care-free companions. Near her was a single fragment of music which had fallen from the piano to her feet.

"And in her heart the jeweled hilt of a dagger . . ."



## ENCIRCLING BARS

*Gertrude Roche, '28*

"YOU are restless, Nemissa."

The Indian girl thus addressed sprang to her feet and stretched her bronzed arms heavenward.

"It is the white blood in me, Hai-en-Wat-ha," she cried; "it is the white blood urging me on to the lands of my father's people. See!" She shielded her eyes with a brown hand and pointed a slim forefinger across the plains. "Afar is the smoke of the white man's beast of iron. Some day I must ride on one, Hai-en-Wat-ha."

The old chief shook his head slowly. "The white man stole our hunting grounds; we should be grateful to the Great Spirit for our homes, Nemissa."

"No," the girl sighed, "I am not like that. I am like Chacopee beating her wings against the bars that encircle her."

The maiden glanced tenderly at the little yellow bird in the cage above. Then she gazed sadly at the silent circle of wigwams. "Those are the bars that encircle me; I, too, would burst them, little Chacopee."

Again the old chief shook his head, and, taking his pipe in his hand spoke wisely, "They are protecting bars, Nemissa. Truly you are like the bird beating against the bars that shelter it. Once free of them, little Chacopee would die. She was born to be caged, Nemissa, just as you were born to live in old Hai-en-Wat-ha's village. She could not survive the cruel world outside her cage any more than you could survive the life of the white man. They are different, Nemissa; their ways are not our ways."

The chief's words silenced the Indian maiden, yet she remained poised on the boulder overlooking the plains. The old man smoked placidly; a tranquil peacefulness prevailed, broken only by the beating of wings against encircling bars.

The bright summer days brought prosperity to the Indian village at Tahoe, for the ever-surging tide of tourists bought eagerly of their colorful wares. But to Nemissa it brought more than mere gold. From the bevy of Indian girls she had been chosen as a model by a young artist who aspired to put the picturesque spots of the Lake region on canvas. Each day she led him to enchanting glens and posed as an Indian maiden of yore, slim as the pines that topped the Sierras, brown as the earth she stamped beneath bare feet, graceful as the deer that hide in the forest depths.

She loved his tales of the city, the mansions, the lighted streets, the rush, the noise. He, in turn, absorbed her stories of the woods, the ripple of baby waves on white-pebbled beaches, the whirl of wings, the beauty of fern-rimmed forest pools.

In time Nemissa changed. She was no longer the girl who pitted her strength against that of other younglings of the tribe. Her eyes no longer reflected the sunlight and laughter, but became gentle and wistful.

Hai-en-Wat-ha saw and understood, yet said nothing, waiting in his wisdom. And so, one day, Nemissa dropped softly beside him, her slim fingers weaving the fringe of her garment, and her voice murmured in the stillness.

"I love him, Hai-en-Wat-ha, and he loves me," she declared, "he told me so."



"You are handling live coals," the old chief warned; "his people will not favor you, you will not long be happy. Beware lest the charms of some white woman cloud the rosy sky of your love."

Nemissa hung her head but answered nothing.

That night Hai-en-Wat-ha watched two figures steal away in the darkness. The next morning he entered her tepee and glanced up at the wooden cage; the tiny, barred door was open; the bird had flown.

Summer faded slowly. Hai-en-Wat-ha and his tribe still passed their monotonous lives on the mountain slopes. Honored for his age and wisdom, the old chief squatted contentedly at the opening of his wigwam. It was here Nemissa found him when she returned. Dropping on the ground beside him she told him her tale—a tale of life in the city, of love and faith in the white man until she found him with his arms encircling a woman of fair white skin and hair of gold. Heart-broken, she had slipped away to the home of her kindred, asking only one boon of the Great Spirit, the boon of death.

The whir of yellow wings roused the chief from his reverie. The little bird had come home, but the door of its cage was closed, and again it winged its way into the heavens.

Two weeks later the tranquillity of the camp was broken by the mechanical hum of a motor. As it swung into view, Hai-en-Wat-ha was surprised to see that it carried the artist, and beside him a woman with fair white skin and hair of gold. The painter sprang out and rushed up to the chieftain with an inquiry for Nemissa.

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"My mother died," said the artist, "and my sister—" he motioned toward the woman in the car—"had to return home. When I got back, Nemissa was gone. May I speak to her?"

Slowly the old chief shook his head, "The Great Spirit has taken care of Nemissa," he said.

The artist stared, not comprehending for a moment the significance of the Indian's words.

"Nemissa," he stammered, "is—"

"Dead," finished the chief.

"Dead," repeated the row of squaws holding out their wares.

"Dead," echoed the mountains from their wooded heights.

The artist bowed his head, and with slow steps made his way to the little new-made grave and sat down on the freshly turned earth.

So the sun went down, casting his last shafts on the sorrowful figure; the stars came out, and still the man sat, lost in meditation. At length a slight thud brought him back to reality. He turned to see what had caused the sound, and there on the maiden's grave, lay a little ball of yellow fluff, caressed by the pale rays of the moon.



## NON PARLO NORTH BEACH

*Marshall Black, Jr., '26*

"GOING North Beachward, mister?" I yelled to the burly driver of the clattering wagon headed north on Taylor Street.

"No spik Inglese," he roared back with a great show of teeth.

However, my intuition and a certain fishy odor informed me that my genial friend surely was a denizen of San Francisco's famous North Beach. Thus reassured, I clambered into the rear end, and after utilizing some sacks to absorb the jolts, I soon lost myself in reveries upon the North Beach which preceded Rincon Hill as the haunt of fashion in San Francisco and which was also the holiday resort of the city before Golden Gate Park was evolved from the sand hills or the Cliff House had been conceived.

The hub and nucleus of North Beach in the days of its pristine glory was undoubtedly Meiggs Wharf, where foregathered the fleets of whitehall boats and catboats that aforesaid plied between the city and the ships that studded the bay. In those very early days, the wharf was the principal haunt and rendezvous of the city.

Many survivors still recall the halcyon crab days—the mountains of succulent, freshly boiled crabs; the redwood blocks that served as tables; the mallets furnished free for the easier smashing of the shells, and, best of all, a "tank of suds" for a nickel.

But don't think that bolting crabs, and guzzling steam beer was the only pastime of our forbears. No, sir! There were dog fights at Paddy Gleason's; the catboat races around Goat Island from the foot of Vallejo Street; such unique haunts as Abe Warner's Cobweb Palace, where cobwebs were not only allowed to grow but were fostered with loving care; "Cockney" White's museum and his educated pig that played seven-up (and always won); Heydenaber's Atlantic Hall, famous for its beer, its fights, and its dances; Driscoll's Salt Water Bathing Sanatorium—

An avalanche of "fins" from somewhere above queered what I was going to think about the naughty bathhouse. Well, anyway, I scuttled from that packing house and after reaching fresh air, I found myself transplanted to some Old World fishing port where brawny fishermen, garbed in tam-o'-shanters, knit jerseys, broad sashes, and sea boots, were tinkering in their gay little power boats or busily mending their nets with stout twine and long wooden needles. As they killed the time, they shouted back and forth in Esperanto or some similar lingo, emphasizing every sound with a mighty exhibition of fisticuffs.

Gosh darn it! Who said North Beach was a colony of foreigners? Huh! I never felt more foreign in my young life.

My curiosity to find what all this chitchat was about having conquered my inherent timidity, I sauntered over to a lusty crew of linguists, intending to test my knowledge of foreign hanky-panky. I mentally compared this jovial band to Big Game fans when Cap. Nevers stretches his legs—all yelling in chorus and waving their arms something fierce.

Finding that all this flummery arose from a mere game of blackjack, I opened conversation by shrieking at the top of my voice, "Heaha keia pilikia, mis bonnes frau?" Failing to attract their attention, I then warbled several extracts from "The Merry Adventures of



Chicken-licken and Jimmy the sh—I mean fox,” in excellent German, Deauville French, and fair Trotsky. But when I began crooning a rollicking dirge from the Siamese jungles, a swarthy gamester furtively slipped something from his sleeve. I didn’t wait to find out whether it was really a stiletto—or only a card.

Leaving these fellows behind, I stepped briskly up picturesque Columbus Avenue, the Market Street of North Beach. Turning up Filbert, I set the 294 feet of Telegraph Hill as my goal.

As I climbed up those steps in the afternoon sun, I passed before a long file of black-eyed bambinos sunning in their mothers’ arms, ancient gossipry having a scandalous time, and several salesmen (at least they were carrying convex handbags).

When I reached Kearny Street, approaching famine made it necessary to invest my savings in a pound of salami and a yard or two of cressini.

Allah be praised! I was soon perched upon the fence on the northern edge of the historic mound.

What a sight to behold! Between lengths of cressini I gazed upon a marvelous panorama of land and sea. In the center of the glistening expanse of water lay Yerba Buena Island, while the forbidding gray bastille of Alcatraz with its lighthouse rose from the straits, with Angel Island beyond.

Along the Embarcadero I perceived winchmen busy emptying the holds of great freighters. On the piers, hundreds of brawny stevedores perspired as they received the valuable cargoes from distant lands. Out in the stream an endless procession of palatial passenger liners, huge freighters, tramps, and an army transport or two passed in review.

So absorbed had I become in a study of sunny Marin County that I utterly overlooked certain climatic changes on my own side of the bay.

Good lands! An icy gift from old Jupiter Pluvius dashed down my neck. Startled, I looked up to an ashy sky, and only then did I become aware of a chilling breeze off the ocean. The breeze became a gale; the water came by the gallon and kept on coming.

Having left my spatterdashes at home, I thought I was a goldfish as I swam off that hill. The crowded streets were now deserted. Everybody had “gone out” for indoor sports, even the gossips. The windows were crowded with frankly curious youngsters who seemed to derive keen pleasure from my plight.

San Francisco’s weather is sorta funny, isn’t it?



## DYING EMBERS

*Edwin H. Robinson, '27*

IT WAS in the southeastern, mountainous portion of Kentucky that two rude farm-houses stood. One was the simple one-room home of Mattie Stone and her young son Miles. Near it was a moss-covered well, turned beautiful with age. A rusting plow, a handmade, wooden-toothed harrow together with a few other crude farm implements, were to be seen lying about in the back yard. An unkempt airedale, drowsing in the shade of a scraggly, nature-planted pine, roused from time to time to snap at flies that disturbed his rest. Occasionally a few crows flew past with an eye toward the growing corn, and two lean work horses munched their noonday meal. There was no other sign of life.

At the other house Rhoda Hawkins, a woman prematurely aged with hard work, was washing clothes by kneeling and beating the wet garments over large stones. In a field adjoining, her son Noel was cultivating the season's crop of corn.

Less than a mile's distance separated these two dwellings, but between them was a barrier of hate such as had wrecked the happiness of many another home in Kentucky and Tennessee—the feud.

That was why, in all their growing years, these two young men had seldom spoken to each other. The feud had started far back in the times of their forefathers in a fight over a boundary line. These men were two of Kentucky's pioneers, followers of the explorer Daniel Boone. In those hectic days when continental America was but a dream, hard feeling was a thing created with ease and allayed with difficulty. Abner Stone claimed a piece of land that belonged to Caleb Hawkins. The easily enraged Abner shot Caleb squarely in the breast. With no slightest feeling of remorse for his act, he faced a hastily summoned court and was allowed to go free.

This was the planting; the fruits were generations of hatred, gun play, court trials, and bitterness. As a result of a quarrel similar to that of their predecessors, Noel's father was killed, and Miles's father died after languishing many years in jail. There remained now only the two mothers and their sons.

During their boyhood each lad had evinced a desire to associate with the other, but each was forbidden to do so by his vengeful parent. During the course of years they were occasionally brought into contact, sometimes while working on their farms, again while hunting or fishing in Pine Mountains. Noel sometimes realized the utter folly of all the hard feeling but was forced to keep his place.

The hot summer days passed uneventfully until one morning when Miles rushed into the house and excitedly said to his mother, "Summon's gone an' stole a set o' harness an' the ridin' bridle Uncle Jed gin me!"

Mrs. Stone turned away from the stove as mother and son looked at each other with one thought in their minds, but it was the mother who voiced it.

"I reckon I know, Miles; hit's thet air Hawkins varmint. He's been a wantin' to do us mean all his life. 'Pears like he's done hit."

Miles stood motionless; then slowly, quietly, but with set mouth and determined air,



he crossed to the opposite corner of the room and took from the wall the old gun, the grim partner of the feud. Without a word he strode through the door. This, to the proud mother, was an action as worthy and courageous as that of fighting for the nation's honor.

Miles quickly covered the distance to the Hawkins farm. Being wary of Noel, he hid a while and watched. Seeing no one about, he cautiously advanced to the house. He was no coward, but his nerves were tense. A squirrel, frightened at his approach, darted through the branches of a near-by tree, and he trembled at the sound, for imagination is active at such a time. Finally he reached the door, only to find that all his caution and all his tremors were wasted, for the place was deserted. However, something was pinned to the door—a soiled scrap of paper with writing on it. Slowly he spelled out the words. It was dated six days past.

"To them as knows the Stoneses. Please somebody see thet they git this. 'Stead o' keepin' up this fightin' 'tween us we reckon we'll clear out o' these parts. Hit ain't doin' none of us any good fightin' so we're movin' on. Our fambly's been here nigh one hondred years, an' hits worser'n dyin' to go, but hit don't seem there's nothin' else to do."

The paper's crumpled appearance was mute evidence of how hard the writer had labored over the sentences.

Miles stood transfixed. For some moments he stared blankly at the writing. Did he only imagine that tear stains marked the page? He recalled the date—sure evidence that they were innocent of the robbery.

Then a light seemed to break in his mind and he realized what a sad, pathetic thing had come to pass. For the first time in his life Miles Stone felt sorry for his thoughts and his actions in regard to the Hawkinses. He began to look at the matter from a different angle now, and a new feeling came upon him, a feeling of shame.

He turned and retraced his steps, but it was the shortest and most direct way he took this time. It was a different Miles who stepped inside his own door to find his mother anxiously waiting him.

Sensing something wrong, she rose from her chair and exclaimed: "Oh, Miles boy, you ain't hurtet, be ye? God, I was a fool to let ye go, Miles! Tell me, what's wrong? What ails ye, boy?"

For some moments he did not speak; then he slowly answered: "Ma, you ast me am I hurtet. Yes'm, I'm hurtet an' hit's all wrong. See this h'ar," and he handed her the letter which he had found upon the door of the deserted home.

Once, twice, she spelled it out; she tried to speak, but words failed her, and she crumpled up in her chair and wept. They were hard tears that racked her body, for women of her kind do not weep easily. Noel watched her, feeling as she did, but, being a man, denied the solace of tears.

Presently she lifted her eyes, still filled with tears, and said, "Oh, Miles, we been all wrong, all wrong. Let's us pray to God now so's we be forgiven."

They knelt; she tried to pray, but could not find the words. Presently in desperation, she repeated the Lord's Prayer, and the Father in Heaven surely heard the plea of an humble soul seeking forgiveness.



## OUT OF THE FOG

*Frieda Kuhl, '25*

A THICK, yellow fog spread over land and sea. The great ship lay at anchor, its engine throbbing slowly, rhythmically—waiting. Last-minute passengers rushed up the gangplank, a few hasty farewells, kisses. A man and a girl watched with feverish anxiety every traveler who came into the ship and scrutinized every man's face.

"Charley!" said the girl.

"He must come, Aline. The man from Scotland Yard said he would probably be here at the last minute—" Gray felt a nervous hand on his arm; the girl turned her back toward the incoming passengers.

"There he is," she said quietly, but with anxious eyes, "the tall dark fellow. He must not see me or all will be lost."

"With the yellow pigskin bag?" asked Gray.

"Yes. It must be in there. You'll recognize him, Charley? I must go now."

The shrill warning whistle drowned all sound; then the cry "All aboard! All aboard!" echoed over the ship.

"Good-by, Charley. You'll get it, won't you?"

"I swore to you, dearest, that I'd get it. I couldn't fail you now," he murmured, "now that I know—"

"Don't, Charley, you'll—you'll ruin my hat. Good-by, good-by, dearest, good-by," and she was gone.

He watched her till she was out of sight, her slight loveliness lost in the throng.

The engine gave a great throb, beat louder, and then settled down to a steady rhythmic hum as the vessel moved from the dock. Gray stood staring blindly at the spot where Aline had disappeared, until it became lost in the yellow fog. Finally all land was out of sight.

Then he turned around, awakened to the task that lay before him. Before his eyes rose the vision of a girl with pale yellow hair, a vision of the girl he loved, with tears in her big gray eyes and anguish in her sweet face. "He—he has gone off with it," she had cried. "I must have it back, Charley; I must have it back." There had been terror in her face, terror and sorrow and anguish; and he who loved her swore he would get it back for her, her little wooden hand-carved box that contained her secret. He had sworn blindly, impulsively.

"I can't tell you what is in it," she had said; "it is just my dowry, and I can't marry you, Charley—never, unless I get it back."

This man, Mr. Parker, had seemed so interested in her family, had seemed to be such a good friend. He had expressed a great desire to see the box. "How beautiful it must be!" he had exclaimed. Aline, eager to please, had fetched it and then left the room for a moment. When she returned, Parker was gone, Parker and the box.

It had been necessary to hush up the affair; Parker could not be openly accused. So Gray had sworn to recover the lost box.

He came out of his reverie just in time to see a tall man enter a cabin. The man carried a



yellow pigskin bag. Gray's heart beat faster. He looked at the cabin number—213. His own was 215. Here was luck indeed. He entered his own cabin, then rang the bell. To the boy who appeared he said, "At what time is dinner served, boy?"

"H-archibald, sir, my name is H-archibald, sir."

"Well, Archie, at what time is dinner served?"

"Dinner at 'alf past six, sir, yes sir."

"Are you in charge of 213, Archie?" asked Gray.

"Yes, sir, ex-acly."

"Have you seen the gentleman in 213?"

"Yes sir, 'e's a tall one, sir."

"With a yellow pigskin bag?" probed Gray.

"Yes sir, a yellow pigskin bag, sir, ex-acly, sir."

In Gray's mind a plan was forming. He handed a pound note to the boy.

"Can you spend this, Archibald?" he asked. The lad, grinning, took the money; then, wise from experience, waited for what was to come.

"Dinner at half past six," mused the man.

"Yes, sir, ex-acly."

"This evening at half past six the gentleman in 213 will go down to dinner. After that he will probably go into the music room. You will see that he does. In the meantime you will see that 213 is left open for fifteen minutes—"

"Oh, but I can't do that, sir, no sir; dooty is dooty, sir."

Charley Gray took a two-pound note from his wallet and extended it toward the boy, who stared at it, blue eyes opened to their widest.

"This is between you and me, Archie."

"Ex-acly, sir, but dooty, sir—" Archie could not take his eyes from the money. "I says dooty, sir, is—" he broke off lamely as Gray advanced the note a little further. With no more hesitation, Archie took it.

"Ve-ry well, sir."

Charley breathed once more.

"You may go now, Archibald. Remember!"

Archibald went, one small fist clenched tightly in his pocket.

Gray was left alone. For three everlasting hours he waited. At six o'clock he changed for dinner; forty-five minutes later he left his cabin. The upper deck was deserted. A fierce wind was blowing, a thick fog spread over the sea. Gray leaned for a moment against the rail and looked down. He could not see the water, only depths of blackness. He shivered and passed one hand over his eyes. Then he looked up; through the fog he saw a small, pale star shining above, and it seemed to smile at him. Before his eyes it seemed to change slowly into the semblance of a girl's face, a girl's sweet, oval face, crowned with pale golden hair. The vision faded into the mist, and only the small, pale star smiled at him from the sky. He turned, and with resolute step, walked toward 213.

He looked around; no one was in sight. He tried the door and it opened under his touch. (Gray thanked the Archibalds of the world.) He locked the door behind him and turned the spotlight on the cabin. It was identical with his own. Clothes were thrown around in careless disorder. On the chair—Gray's heart gave a great throb—on the chair stood a yellow



pigskin bag. Feeling like a thief, the man took out several keys and tried them, but in vain. The only thing to do was to break the lock, but with what? He took the bag, resolutely walked to the door, unlocked it, and entered his own cabin. Once there he breathed freely, for he had Aline's treasure in his possession; he had Aline. Feverishly he worked at the lock until, at last, it gave way. With nervous hands he opened the bag. Underwear, handkerchiefs, neckties, he threw on the floor; a little notebook, nothing else. But wait! an inside pocket! He put his hand inside. Empty!

So he had failed after all. From below came mockingly the last strains of a popular waltz; then all sounds died away.

Crash! The great ship shuddered, then heaved up and down as if panting for breath. There was a grinding, crunching sound, then silence as the engine stopped, an appalling silence, as if life itself had ceased. Only for a breath, however; then chaos broke. Women screaming, men shouting, children crying, the captain and officers bellowing orders; all the horrors of a disaster at sea when the ship is sinking fast.

\* \* \*

"Monsieur is better now?" The voice was kind and gentle, a woman's voice.

"Monsieur has been ver' seck, but *maintenant* Monsieur is better, *oui*? Mon Jean, he carry Monsieur in, ver' ver' seck, almos' drowned, when the beeg ship went down. *Le bon Dieu* save Monsieur. *Le bon Dieu* smile on France always. *Et* Monsieur lie here two, tree week, an' all time he speek of Mademoiselle Aline. *Et* Monsieur he cry. But Monsieur is better now, *oui*?"

The kind voice went on gently, soothingly, and the man lay still, with his eyes closed. Presently he opened them. He looked at the speaker and saw a kindly, sympathetic face.

"Monsieur is better, *oui*?" He smiled at her. That was the beginning of his convalescence.

After a few days he was able to go down to the beach. He sat on the warm sand and thought of England and the girl waiting for him to fulfill his oath. Before him lay the blue, blue sea, striking against the blue-gray line of the sky, the waves gently kissing the white rocks and the fine white sand. The man stood there looking way out—out toward England. Slowly his eyes came back, followed the little curling waves that left a line of foam along the sand. Suddenly his eyes rested on a small object, a little piece of wood that might have been washed ashore. As he walked toward it, his heart gave a great leap; for it was a small, square, wooden box, and as he picked it up, he saw on its lid in golden letters, "Aline."

With tears in his eyes, the man looked up and thanked *le bon Dieu* who smiles on France.

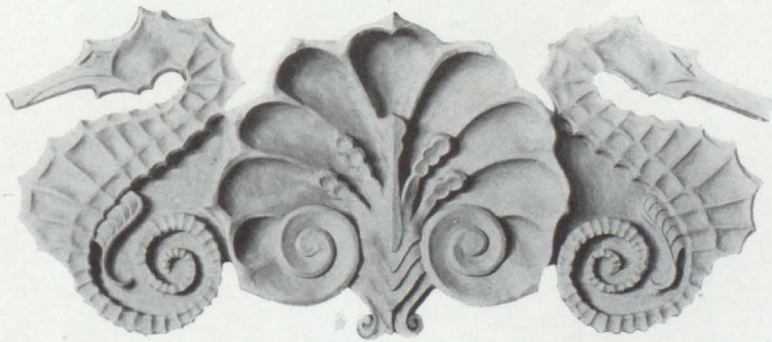
## MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

*John Keenan, Dec. '25*

MY MOTHER'S garden—even the name seems to excite emotion, and yet it is only a simple back-yard garden. No attention has ever been paid to principles of landscape design; my mother has planted things just for her own pleasure. As a result there are plants and bushes of every description, all mingling together the greens of their foliage and the masses of their bloom.

There is not a naked spot of earth in the entire garden. Even the fences are covered with varicolored geraniums and honeysuckle, and sweet peas work their way up through them, filling the air with their rich perfume. The rest of the garden is mostly roses, but between the bushes there are a thousand smaller plants, each one of which adds its small part to the attractiveness of the whole.

Each hour seems to change the scene. The morning sees everything fresh with early dew, motionless in the quiet air. The rising sun throws its cool light over the still sleeping flowers. Soon the breeze comes up, making each leaf softly vibrate and each blossom gently sway. As the sun grows ever warmer, leaves and flowers assume their brightest hues. All day long the breeze plays lazily over the garden, and warm scents rise from every direction, until the sun, slowly sinking, leaves the garden in the luminous pink of the sunset and, at last, in the clear, white light of the moon.





## THE STUDENT BODY



PRESIDENT ARTHUR SILVEN

Today is Monday, the day for Student Body meeting. If you are very quiet, you may journey with us up to Room 420, the Student Body headquarters. We observe Poly pennants, a new flag, and pictures of former officers upon the walls. Evidently this term's executives have been active interior decorators.

Well, well, there is Arthur Silven presiding at the meeting. He needs no introduction, for everyone knows Art, president of Poly's Student Body. (Those who do not, report to the shooting squad at sunrise.)

We see Ivy Hansen next to our worthy president. Our 100 per cent pep first vice-president likewise needs no introduction. Ask anyone around school what she has accomplished. She's all there when it comes to managing a difficult task.

The demure miss sitting near Ivy is Jeanette Ahrens, second vice-president. Jeanette has taken care of the dances and the hospital programs with great efficiency.

That bashful person in the corner is Lou Mulloy, treasurer, known as the record-breaking lad (no references to phonographs). Fred Keil assists him in cornering and distributing the silver eagles.

Next in line is Jimmie Wickersham, official pen-pusher. We are informed by ocular evidence that the minutes are up to par.

Our Red and Black athletic manager is none other than Johnny Hunkin. He is the one who put the base in baseball, don't you know.

The custodian this term is "Moco" Roberson, and he proved as popular as ever in this position.



THE DANCE COMMITTEE





THE STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Last, but certainly not least, in line is Bill Power, our flashy yell-leader. He has been the sponsor for the organized rooting section this term.

This set of "ossifers" has accomplished many things for the benefit of the school. First, they have displayed an unusually keen interest in scholarship. To promote this they presented to eligible students those "torches of learning," the California Scholarship Federation pins which adorn the lapels of the highly intellectual.

They have also started a scholarship fund from which a sum will be awarded each term to our most distinguished graduate. On November 2, a successful show was presented and a tidy sum was realized.

For the first time, student managers have been installed in the "Lost and Found" department in Room 100. This innovation has proved very satisfactory.

Clippings of school news from the daily papers are posted on the bulletin board between the second and third floors. Poly has many such clippings.

Committees have been very active. The clean-up committee is the original busy bee when it comes to keeping Poly free from all undesirable litter. A flower committee furnishes the pick of the florists for rallies; while the publicity committee cooperates with the Poster Club in the novel announcements of school events.

The Student Body officers are self-appointed gardeners and tenderly cherish the lawn, operating on it with rake and hose, even crooning lullabies to the sprouting grass as they work.

We cannot answer any further questions now, for a most interesting football game is due to absorb our attention. Let's see you there, rooting.





PRESIDENT IVY HANSON

## GIRLS' STUDENT BODY

The Girls' Student Body is another one of the fundamental organizations of a large high school, for there are so many affairs and interests that pertain to girls alone. This organization, then, provides the government by which they are guided.

The first vice-president of the large Student Body is ex officio president of the smaller organization, but all the other officers are elected separately and voted for by the girls only.

This term Ivy Hanson has served as president; Helen Bishop, vice-president; Frances Bishop, secretary; Florence Ross, treasurer; Irene Matlack, athletic manager. Mrs. Murphy is dean of girls and supervises all girls' activities.

To raise funds to purchase some more football blankets, the girls gave a candy sale early in the term. Florence Ross was chairman of the committee in charge, and their efforts and the cooperation of other girls in school raised quite a tidy sum.

The semiannual Girls' Jynx was held on October 30. It was a costume party this year and was a great success. Helen Bishop was chairman of the committee which managed this event.



THE GIRLS' STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



WORKING HARD??



WE OPERA STARS



WHOZIS ? WE DUNNO



THE INTELLIGENCIA ?????



OUR P.G.



FRESHMEN AND OUR FAMOUS "TED"



LOT'SA FISH --



## THE POLYTECHNIC

Our bi-weekly paper was just as successful an enterprise this term as it has been in the past. Miss Edith M. Bell resumed her place as faculty adviser after a trip to Europe, and, besides directing the regular reporters, she has trained many cubs for next year's staff.

The editor-in-chief was Edith Trickler, prominent high senior. The rotating editor system was again followed, and each edition was a feature in itself.

The first paper featured the freshmen and was edited by Alberta Nagel, who is in line for the position of editor-in-chief for the next term. The lowly scrubs were given much good advice in this number; we trust that they profited by it.

The second issue was a result of Sue Aikins' handiwork and was devoted to the second-year students especially. The third, the junior edition, was planned by Dorothy McKenna and Virginia Plough. It was here that our third-year prodigies were formally christened "purcies."

The second paper of October was the girls' edition and featured the comparatively few, but nevertheless important, girls. Lois Smith and Frances Todd were responsible for the success of this paper. Mary West and Lou Mulloy got out the hilarious Hallowe'en number, which, as usual, razed many Polyites.

Equally welcomed by the whole student body was the athletic edition, product of the hard work of Max Hirsch, assisted by Sidney Johnston and Leslie Ryan.

The Thanksgiving number was the next, followed by the senior edition. The former was sponsored by Ted Kaplanis and the latter by Edith Trickler.

In January, the staff will resume its activities after the Christmas holidays, and will produce two papers, the last one being the program edition.

The personnel of this semester's staff follows:

Editor-in-Chief Edith Trickler		Editors: Mary E. West, Lou B. Mulloy Edith Trickler	
STAFF			
MAX HIRSCH . . . . .			Sports
LESLIE RYAN . . . . .			Assistant Sports
TED KAPLANIS, HUBERT GAGOS . . . . .			Literary
LEONARD WEISSER, MANUEL LEVIN . . . . .			R. O. T. C.
MARY E. WEST, LOU B. MULLOY . . . . .			Poly Fun
JACK ROHAN . . . . .			Alumni
VIRGINIA PLOUGH, DOROTHY MCKENNA . . . . .			Exchange
LOIS SMITH, FRANCES TODD . . . . .			Girls' Column
EDITH M. BELL . . . . .			Faculty Adviser
LAURENCE GRONOSKY . . . . .			Posters
BUSINESS STAFF			
AL JACOBSMEYER . . . . .			Manager
WILLIAM BROCK, LESTER WADE, FRED DeBERRY . . . . .			Advertising
REPORTERS			
Sue Aikins	Sidney Johnston	Cleve Raymond	
Cecil Armstrong	William Magner	Jack Rohan	
Frances Bishop	Richard Merrill	Alice Ross	
Sophie Blumberg	William Morrissey	Jack Rosenbaum	
Richard Barrett	Alberta Nagel	Leslie Ryan	
Martha Catching	Alva Parker	Clarice Shapiro	
Sarah Holm			





BI-WEEKLY STAFF

## THE PRESS CLUB

The Press Club was first established in the early part of 1922, and it was through this organization that the large press was secured which now does most of the printing matter of the various school activities. The members consist of those that have finished six months of work in journalism.

Various members of the staff are representing the school on the city papers, and these students are doing their best to give Polytechnic all the publicity that they can. These representatives are: Mary West, Ted Kaplanis, Lou Mulloy, Sophie Blumberg, Hubert Gagos, Jack Rohan and Frances Todd.

Though they all hope to be the Carl Van Vechhtens, Joseph Conrads, Michael Arlens, and Sherwood Andersons of tomorrow, they somewhat enjoy a good time. This term they held a banquet at a down-town hotel, to which a few members of the faculty were invited.

The president of the Press Club this term is Ted Kaplanis, whose informal and intimate manner of conducting the meetings of the organization has put a new interest into the members for the club. The other officers are vice-president, Dorothy McKenna; secretary-treasurer, Al Jacobsmeyer; club representative to the student body, William Magner.



### C. S. F.

With a membership of over one hundred and seventy, Chapter 71 of the California Scholarship Federation has added to its records another successful semester.

Headed by Lou Mulloy as president, the executives, Helen Bishop, vice-president, Raymond Boege, secretary-treasurer, and Frieda Kuhl, representative, have planned many interesting features.

The first activity was a walk through the park to the beach to watch the sunset. Chaperoned by Miss Fisher, Miss Murdoch and Miss Prioleau, about twenty members enjoyed wienies to the accompaniment of the roar of the ocean.

Following the precedent set last term, a breakfast is being planned for some day in the near future, and it is expected that a large number will attend.

At an early date Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt of Mills College will address the upper classmen and will also formally award the chapter pins.

Started only two years ago, this organization is now one of the most important in the school. Its aim is to raise the scholarship standards in Polytechnic; the rapidly increasing membership would seem to indicate that its aim is being realized.

### THE LANTERN BEARERS' CLUB



The Lantern Bearers' Club, a literary society, was organized in the closing weeks of last term. To belong to this club is quite an honor as its membership is limited to fifteen students of senior standing. Candidates for membership must be recommended by the English Department, and the final decision as to who comes in rests with the members of the club.

The object of this club is to foster an interest in and appreciation of good books. Last term Mr. Harris, of the Mechanical Drawing Department, spoke to the club on Bret Harte; Mr. Perham, head of the English Department, spoke about books in general and what to read; and Miss Fisher, also of the English Department, spoke on Robert Louis Stevenson. This term the members are devoting their time to modern poetry and so far they have read and discussed Rupert Brooke, Robert Frost, Joyce Kilmer, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Amy Lowell. On November 5, Mr. Ernest Bare, of the University of California, spoke to the members on "Problems of the Little Theatre."

The largest banquet of the term was given by this organization, to which various members of the faculty and Senior Class were invited. The club meets every other Thursday and

has Miss Hazel M. Fisher for its faculty representative. Mr. F. E. Perham is the organization's honorary member. The officers of this term are President, Theodor Kaplanis, founder of the society; vice-president, Alice Jernberg; secretary-treasurer, Doris Flynn; and club representative, Betty Wale.

The charter members are Peter Victor, Betty King, Joseph Lucas, Cornelia Schell, Earl Petterson, Hubert Gagos, Irma Wuori, Kenneth Waegner, Doris Flynn, Ruth Schram, Harold Castberg, Katherine Hudspeth, Russel Chatham, Geraldine Tiernan, Theodor Kaplanis, Mr. F. E. Perham, and Miss Hazel M. Fisher.

## ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Polytechnic Students' Engineering Society is rounding out the third year of its existence. Each year has contributed much to the pleasure and profit of its members, for it satisfies both these ends at one and the same time.

The club has been fortunate in having a capable and enthusiastic set of officers each term, and the present group is no exception. They are Raymond Boege, president; Richard Sinnott, vice-president; Richard Miles, secretary-treasurer; Howard Roof, business manager; Akira Horikoshi, representative.

Visits to industrial plants about the city were made each month, and two all-day trips outside the city were planned. At the time of this writing, one of the latter, a trip to the Portland Cement Company's plant at Redwood City, has been carried out with great success.







### POSTER CLUB

Perhaps you wonder whence come the posters and signs which adorn the bulletin boards and stairways of our institution. Up on the fourth floor in Room 414, there are paint pots, brushes, paper, and other paraphernalia, and it is here that our artists work under the supervision of Miss Goeller. They are organized into a club, which meets every Thursday. The officers are Sam Smith, president; Frank Broderson, vice-president; Millah Mullen, secretary-treasurer; Grace Giles, representative.

The club had a party on October 2, and their semiannual dance on November 7.

"There are several seniors who will be missed, but just the same," Miss Goeller says, "it's the best little poster club in school."

### THE ART CLUB

The Polytechnic Art Club held its first meeting in the middle of September for the purpose of electing new officers and discussing plans for the term. The officers elected were president, Dolores Ayoob; vice-president, Leslie Hyams; secretary, James Ziegler; treasurer, Evelyn Wilds, and Ted Kaplanis as the student body representative of the club and its all-round publicity agent. Miss K. B. Bishop is the faculty representative.

The club has been supplying the main office and various art rooms with fresh flowers, and the members also have visited various art galleries and have "taken in" some of the more noted plays in order that they may gain some knowledge of stage setting design. The membership is open to all students that are interested in art and its applications.





THE ART CLUB



THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB





## MUSIC

If, as the immortal bard has suggested, "music be the food of love," then the most voracious appetite of the most lovelorn should find ample satisfaction in the varied supply that is offered here. Any one interested in music—no matter what the motive may be—can surely find a place in orchestra, glee club, or ensemble group where he can join those of like interest to himself to the advantage of all concerned.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Lamp, is a most valuable adjunct to school life; in fact, it has made itself indispensable. Both members and leader are ever striving to make it the best organization of the kind in the city.

Singing is pursued as an avocation by two organizations, the Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Glee Club. Their aim is to raise the standard of high-school glee classes and to provide associations in which the social element is combined with the technical side of learning.

The two have combined their efforts this term for the production of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, "The Sorcerer," which will be directed by Miss Robinson.

At the time of writing, the date for the production has not been set. However, as this is the first opera to be given at Polytechnic for several terms, it will doubtless draw a large and interested crowd, all of whom will be well repaid for attending.

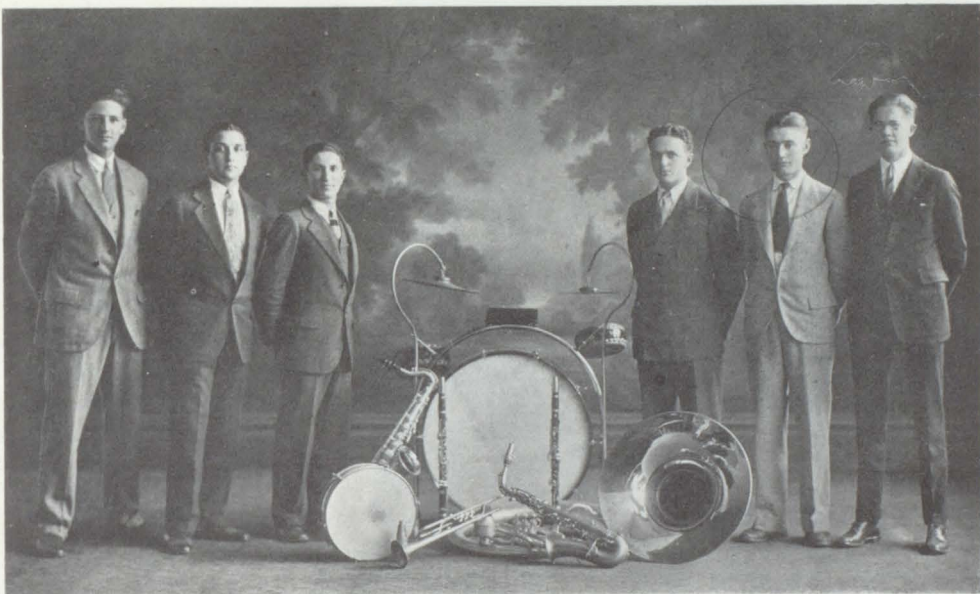
Sue Aikins served as president of the girls' organization during the fall term, and William Brock acted in the double capacity of president and representative for the boys' group.

## THE JAZZ BAND

The Jazz Band was organized in 1921 under the leadership of Gene Knotts, and it has since enjoyed tremendous success under its successive leaders, Cowell, Dein, Jerry Shapro, and Otto Clare.

It plays at the school dances and entertainments; no senior jynx or freshman reception is complete *sans* a few toe-teasing numbers by the band.

At present the band is composed of Otto Clare, piano; Carvel Craig, saxophone; Ezra Jacobs, saxophone; Hubert Gagos, cornet; George Stohl, tuba; Frank Taforo, drums.



## P. T. A.

In order that a closer contact might be made and maintained between the school and the home, the Parent-Teachers Association came into existence. In our school this organization has served the purpose most admirably and always is ready to give generously of time, effort, and money for anything that will be beneficial to the boys and girls.



## FORUM CLUB



The Forum Club has completed another term, this time under the guidance of Mr. Cooper. The routine instituted by him differed somewhat from that of former years. Voice culture and gesture were studied two days a week, while the remainder of the week was devoted to speeches, humorous recitations, and the like. The class is preparing the chapel scene from "Much Ado About Nothing" with the hope of presenting it at the

Shakespearean festival in the spring. Those who have parts in it are: Edith Trickler as Beatrice; Lucile Miller as Hero, Jack Rohan as Leonato, George Johns as Claudius.

The semiannual banquet was held early in the term at the Bellevue Hotel, with Miss Tabrett as the guest of honor. This event is always looked forward to with anticipation by members of the club; when it is past, it is held in pleasant remembrance.

The officers elected this term were Edith Trickler, president; Jack Rohan, vice-president; Ivy Hanson, secretary-treasurer; Gladys Tilton-Steele, chairman program committee; George Johns, chairman banquet committee; Dorothy Fox, representative.

## DEBATING



At the beginning of the fall term it seemed that Poly would have no debating since the entire class enrollment totaled only four. However, interested students formed a debating club, which meets every Thursday after school. Two credits are given for the work, and considerable interest has been maintained.

Under the direction of Mr. Cooper, class work has consisted of exercises for voice development and training in oral expression.

The first debate was held with Girls' High on October 16. The question, "Resolved, That California should abolish its free-textbook system in all secondary schools," was up-

held by Frances Todd and Virginia Mulloy, who were defeated by a 2-1 decision. Our negative team, composed of Robert McClelland and Erna Schmidt, was victorious by unanimous decision of the judges. Our representatives were also adjudged first and second best speaker in the order named above.

Neither the time nor the question for the second debate has been chosen at the time the JOURNAL goes to press.

The club's social affair was in the form of a luncheon held on October 28. Hallowe'en decorations lent color and charm to the affair and helped to make it a great success.

### THE BANK

Do you want to be like Diogenes and live in a tub? Spend all your money and the tub is yours, but save some of your money and the Spanish-type bungalow can be yours. The Polytechnic bank is the institution that will assist you to be a landed proprietor, or a bondholder, if you prefer that investment.

The executive personnel in charge of the bank consists of a faculty committee composed of Miss Kelly, Miss Roddy, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Gannon; representatives from the Anglo-California Trust Company, Mr. Wilson and Mr. McNew; a student banker, Adrain O'Connor; his assistants, Douglas Nesbitt, Joseph Barringer, Daniel Penkoff and Edward Moore. Paul Husson attends to the making of posters, and Frances Bishop looks out for the publicity end of the business.





## DRAMA

The study of dramatics at Polytechnic is in the hands of two organizations known, respectively, as the advanced group or the Drama Club and the Low Three group or the Playcrafters.

The Drama Club of the fall term 1925, chose to produce Shakespeare's delightful "Twelfth Night." The presentation of this comedy served as a revival of the great William's works at Polytechnic, for it is now three years since the last one, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was given.

The divided feminine lead, the parts of Olivia and Viola, were admirably taken by Edith Trickler and Frieda Kuhl, and the masculine lead was played by Jack Rohan. Upon these three depend the success of the comedy, and each one did his full share toward that end. Gladys Tilton-Steele as the saucy Maria and Gordon Sollman as the amusing Sir Toby, are also to be commended for their work.

The entire cast was as follows:

Olivia, a rich countess . . . . .	Edith Trickler
Viola . . . . .	Frieda Kuhl
Maria, Olivia's woman . . . . .	Gladys Tilton-Steele
Servant to Olivia . . . . .	Lenore Carrasco
Malvolio, steward to Olivia . . . . .	Jack Rohan
Sir Toby Belch, uncle of Olivia . . . . .	Gordon Sollman
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek . . . . .	Gustave Peterson
Orsino, Duke of Illyria . . . . .	Jack Gianelli
Sebastian, brother to Viola . . . . .	Richard Barrett
Antonio, a sea captain . . . . .	George Johns
Feste, a clown . . . . .	Justice Young
Curio, an attendant on the Duke . . . . .	Henry Miller
First Officer . . . . .	Henry Miller
Second Officer . . . . .	Benjamin Baizer
Valentine, an attendant on the Duke . . . . .	Frederick Keil
Priest . . . . .	Thomas Anderson
Fabian, a servant to Olivia . . . . .	Theodore Nasser

Attendants, sailors, etc.

The club is also preparing a modern comedy, "Rollo's Wild Oat," by Clare Kummer, which it will present during the latter part of the term. No definite decision as to the exact cast has been made, but it will be selected from the following: George Johns, Edith McClelland, Beatrice Shubert, Frederick Keil, Carol Waddington, Marjorie Kahl, Eleanor Webb, Henry Miller, Mary West, Ethel Roland, Rosalie Scott, Helen Casey, Edith Vogel, and Edith Ordway.

The executives of the Drama Club for this semester were the following: George Johns, president; Edith Trickler, vice-president; Gladys Tilton-Steele, secretary; Gus Peterson, treasurer; Jack Rohan, representative; Frieda Kuhl, mistress of the robes; Jack Gianelli, property man; Jack Rohan, publicity secretary.



SCENE FROM DRAMA CLUB PLAY "TWELFTH NIGHT"



SCENE FROM PLAYCRAFTERS' PLAY "CLARENCE"



## THE PLAYCRAFTERS

The Playcrafters report a most enthusiastic term's activity. Under the leadership of Billy Kimmerle as president and Clyde Fredericks as business manager, pins have been selected and the production of Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, "Clarence," has been undertaken. Since many of the actors have had several terms of experience, the play should prove a great success and afford real pleasure and amusement to the audience.

The part of Clarence is to be taken by Herbert Galloupe, who comes from Santa Maria with a ready-made dramatic reputation. Mary Louise French and Henry Cornils are most delightful in the "kid" parts of Cora and Bobby. Eugenia Duffy is the charming governess of whom Mrs. Wheeler (Libertha Vivell) has good reason to be jealous as she vamps Mr. Wheeler (Billy Kimmerle). Jerry Lawton is the bold, bad villain; Marion Weinberger, the fascinating little maid; Tait Smith, the very correct butler; and Natalie Mayo, the efficient private secretary.

Miss Roxburgh is the director of this group of players.

## WISHES

If I had a wish, 'twould be  
That I were a bird in the highest tree,  
Singing, singing in the sky,  
Then soaring, soaring,  
Soaring high.

If I had a wish, 'twould be  
That I were a flower of the sea,  
Growing, blooming, fair to see,  
Then resting on a mermaid's breast,  
Ah, Me!

—GLADYS TILTON-STEELE, DEC. '25

## R. O. T. C.



MAJOR HAROLD HOCKING

The Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit in Polytechnic has been striving toward one goal, and that is the distinction of being the best unit in the regiment. The Polytechnic Battalion has rated very high among San Franciscans ever since the days of the High School Cadets when they were in charge of Major James Reade Watson, who organized the unit immediately after such a thing was made possible by an act of the Legislature in 1911.

In 1919, the United States Government took over all high-school cadet companies and formed what has since been called the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

Following the precedent set in former years, each company has this term specialized in some one phase of military activity.

"I" Company has specialized in guard mount; "K" Company in athletic games; "L" Company, in close order drill; "M" Company, in extended-order drill and battlefield tactics, in the pursuit of which they have fought many battles on the green near the tennis courts in Golden Gate Park. Headquarters Company was composed almost entirely of recruits, so the officers of that company had the responsibility of training their men in the fundamentals of military life. The Band is a hard-working organization and an important one in the battalion. It has done its share in adding laurels to Poly's R. O. T. C.

The officers of the Battalion are as follows:

HAROLD HOCKING . . . . .	Major
JAMES BROWN, Major Instructor . . . . .	Adjutant

## STAFF OFFICERS

LEON HUSSON . . . . .	First Lieutenant
BURNS PHILLIPS . . . . .	Second Lieutenant
THEODORIC PRYOR . . . . .	Second Lieutenant

## "I" COMPANY

DAN MARTIN . . . . .	Captain
HAROLD STEIN, JOHN SINNOTT . . . . .	Lieutenants
LESTER WADE . . . . .	First Sergeant

## "K" COMPANY

LEROY OSBORNE . . . . .	Captain
RUDOLPH WICKS, FREDERICK KEIL . . . . .	Lieutenants
YOUNG BIGGS . . . . .	First Sergeant

## "L" COMPANY

HARRY SYVERTSEN . . . . .	Captain
JOHN WIESNER, LESLIE GORDON . . . . .	Lieutenants
JACK CLOVER . . . . .	First Sergeant



## "M" COMPANY

MARIO MAGNI . . . . .	Captain
GORDON SOLLMAN, THOMAS MULLENS . . . . .	Lieutenants
MELVIN BREDLOW . . . . .	First Sergeant

## HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

JOHN KELTERER . . . . .	Captain
MAX NADLER, RICHARD SCHIMMEL . . . . .	Lieutenants
GEORGE GREEN . . . . .	First Sergeant

## THE BAND

GEORGE MURTON . . . . .	Captain
HUBERT GAGOS, GRAYSON VARNER . . . . .	Lieutenants

Besides the regular routine work and company drills, there have been a number of outstanding features of the term's work. On October 21, our competitive platoon, under the command of Captain Dan Martin, drilled in the annual competition sponsored by the California Industries Exposition. The drill was held in front of the Civic Auditorium. Although "Polytechnic's Finest" did not win first place, they came in second with the winner only half a point ahead.

On the same day the R. O. T. C. Band, with Osborne Green as drum major and Mr. C. J. Lamp as director, won second place in the band competition, with a margin of two points between them and the winner.

The regular semiannual R. O. T. C. dance this term was restricted to men in uniform, each one of whom might bring a girl. The size of the student body made a restriction of this kind necessary.

Other features are in prospect at the time of this writing but have not yet taken place. Battalion Day will be held in honor of California's only Congresswoman, Mrs. Julius Kahn. On this day the battalion will turn out 100 per cent strong and show all of San Francisco that Poly's corps knows how. All the companies will give exhibitions in the work in which they have specialized during the past term.

Plans have also been completed for an R. O. T. C. entertainment to be held at the end of this term or the beginning of next. The money derived is to be used to purchase uniform sabers for the officers of the company.

The officers' banquet, another semiannual affair, will take place this year at the Richelieu Hotel. Those who have charge prophesy that it will be the best yet.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Join the Alumni Association! This to the members of the present graduating class, for if the association is to become the institution that it deserves to become, it is necessary that every succeeding graduating class of our Alma Mater give it their full support.

The organization has passed an altogether successful half year. The initial event was the publication of a six-page paper filled with interesting items pertaining to former Polyites. The plan is to make this paper a quarterly affair and to send it to all active members of the association.

The Alumni Informal was held at the Palace Hotel on October 3. It was, as usual, well attended, and brought together graduates of many years. This event is one that is looked forward to by all alumni. Keep the date free for the next one, which will be the annual Valentine dance.

It is interesting to note how many of our recent graduates are completing their studies in the two universities or professional and technical schools. It is impossible to give a complete list, but we can mention a few.

At Stanford are Bernice Windt, Ruth Jordan, Gaetan Zucco, Cranston Holman, Bob Vermilya, Dave Painter, Phil Rainey, Ted Bulotti, Sidney Robbins, and Russell Chatham. Bernice spent her summer vacation in Europe and reports a wonderful time. Ruth had an important part in the Stanford Sophomore play, "Dulcy," last winter. Cranston Holman is still wielding a wicked racket on the tennis court, and spent most of the summer in the East playing in the various tournaments. Bob Vermilya has been playing center on the Varsity football team.

Among those at California are Bertha Gardiner, Jane Corbett, Mildred Nogren, May Kishi, Mary Morgan, Margaret Geldert, Louis Elliott, Luke Gericke, LaVerne Moller, Harry Goldberg, Carol Higgins, Arnold Lieb, William Wainwright, Ralph Scott, Fred Lindgren, Lee Wise, and Alvin Crow.

Former Polyites who recently graduated from California are Melvin Bleadon, dentistry; Edward Vandever, dentistry; Philip Code, commerce; Stanley Hudd, mechanics; Robert Schram, pharmacy; Ben Sosnick, chemistry; Bernard Witkin, jurisprudence; Harry Witt, commerce; Leonard Geldert, engineering. Graduates from Stanford this year are Roland Mulchay, Christian Niemann and Roland Tognazzini.

Polytechnic is well represented at the San Francisco State Teachers' College. Marion Brune, Frances Bepler, June Speck, and Frances Olson represent the December '22 class; Betty Rohan, Anita Judson and Alice Archer the class of June '23; Edith Boege, Helen Growney, Constance Wisewell, Angela Butterworth and Elva LaRue that of December '24.

At the San Mateo Junior College are Mervyn Alexander, Fred Brown, David Caro, Milton Axt.

At various business colleges are Laura Gresham, Loretta Magnani, Astrid Sjogren, Victoria Ebert, Marion Titlow, Louise Stetson, Marjorie Howell, Gwendolyn Holladay, Frank Lotz, Gerald Shapro.

Martha Trockey, affectionately known as "Mique" and a member of the class of June '23 is now Mrs. S. Y. Reynolds of El Centro, California.



Grace Winter VanAllstyne is the mother of a baby son, Byron, Jr.; Betty King Snead has a daughter, and Helen Eels Vandevere has a son.

Ann Catching is helping her mother run an apartment house somewhere in San Francisco. Her sister Margaret is with the National Harvester Co.

Clayton Horn, December '22, is with the Standard Oil.

Myra Debont is in training at the San Francisco Hospital, Ruth Painton is at St. Luke's, Winifred McKellar at Mt. Zion, and Jean Robb at U. C.

Bert Roach will spend the next year in Los Angeles as a representative of his firm.

Alvin Weinberger won the last U. C. Medal Debate. Phoebe Bannister recently won the honor of being elected to Parliament, the oldest women's debating organization on the campus.

Ray Gorman, '23, is with the Shell Oil Co. and is playing with an orchestra in the evening.

Mignonne Townley is a model at Livingston's.

Margaret Simpson, '23, has a splendid stenographic position.

Loretta Street is now assistant executive secretary of the Women's City Club, formerly the National League for Women's Service.

James Smith is the assistant manager of the U. C. Glee Club. Louis Elliott also sings with them.

James Hyde is designing the stage sets for the Eastman Theater in Rochester, N. Y. He says the job is all right but he likes California.

Phyllis Plevin has graduated from U. C. and is now working in an insurance office.

Marjorie Morrish, '22, is now Mrs. Charles Hancock. The marriage took place in November.

Audrey Freed has completed her course at Munson's and is now in a local music store.

Jack Raisin, '21, was recently married to Miss Maude Neighbor, in Seattle, the home of the bride.

Helen Chartrand, '21, is now Mrs. Thomas Hartland. Aurelia Smith, '23, remembered for her "Tweenie" of "The Admirable Crichton," is now living somewhere in Oakland and answers to the name of Mrs. Richter. Laura Strickland is now Mrs. William Middlekauff. She was married in September.

Gretchen Dean, '23, is with Hale Bros.

Dellorice Johnston is to be a star in one of Natacha Rambova's forthcoming productions. This former Polyite recently appeared in one of Pola Negri's current releases, and from all reports a great future is in store for Dellorice. James P. Sexton, known here as "Jazz," is writing continuities for one of the large producers.

Lloyd Gilmore is with a large lithographing company.

Lee Eisan is playing quarter on the Olympic Club football team. His generalship and his playing had much to do with the defeat of the Bears by his team. "Moose" Fawke also is a member of the Olympic team.

Edwin Imhaus recently signed a contract with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Edwin is possessed of a fine tenor voice and was well known in musical circles at Poly several years ago. Mildred Mattice, under the name of Mildred Carol, is on the Orpheum circuit with Ernest Ball, the world-famous composer of "Mother Machree."



The presentation of "Twelfth Night" brought back many graduates to see if the present generation could do it as well as they did. The last time this play was given, in December 1919, the cast included such names as Walter Terry in the rôle of Orsino, Gus Hoffman as Sir Toby, Ford Myers as Sir Andrew, Paul Shannon as Malvolio, Harry Witt as Fabian, and Fernando Ybarra as Feste. Olivia was played by Mildred Mattice, Viola by Dellorice Johnston, Maria by Eva Schwartz. Minor rôles were portrayed by Roderick Cassidy, Elmer Collett, and Stanley Murch.

An engagement recently announced is that of Neil Brown, '23, and Winifred Suhr. Both are interested in tennis. Miss Suhr is one of the best players in the bay regions.

Jean Johnson, '24, has also announced her engagement. She is to be married next summer to Eugene Posniakoff.

Parlin Estes has been designated by the War Department as eligible to take the West Point entrance examinations on March 2. He is one of four San Francisco boys who will take the examination.

Chester Judah is still following adventure via the sea. He recently went out on the Dollar Liner *President Wilson* on her round-the-world cruise. He reports having met Edward Pimley in Shanghai. Ed has been out there for several years.

Another Polyite who is a long way from home is Edwin Addicott, who is in Honolulu for a stay of three years as representative of his firm, the Sherwin-Williams Paint Co.

Another engagement recently announced is that of Lloyd Whitney and Miss Beatrice Fazzi of San Rafael. The marriage will take place next year.

At the Poly-Lowell game on Armistice Day, an inquiring reporter with his eyes peeled for old-timers would have had more than an eye full. We doubtless did not see nearly all of them, but here are a few: Lee Eisan, Dan and Alfred Tapson, Harry Garcia, Walter Franklin, Peter Victor, Arlington Ansbro, Lincoln Clark, Harry Morgan, Clark Hutchinson, Jerry Levin, Jake Smelensky, Harry Kamp, George Luce, Harry Jacobowsky, Milton Axt, Ivor Prout, Fred Brown, Fred Lindgren, Frank Wulzen, John Ybraetta, John Trollman, Carol Higgins, Bill Yuvan, Al Haas, Martin Coburn, Bill Webster, Harry Goldberg, Sam Kahn, Andrew Goodberlet, Jack Kemp, Jack Rhodes, Antone Polati. Nor were the girls missing from this great occasion. We saw: Vivian Charleston, LeMoine Wright, Betty Rohan, Anna Meginness, Winifred Cox, Margaret McCracken, Elsie Shultz, Alma Rogers, Dorothy Nelson, Adeline Theis, Irma McMurtry, Helen DeLauff, Ruth Painton, Margaret Geldert.



## THE CAFETERIA

Good Eats! This is the thing that the cafeteria strives to give to the students. It is an organization that gets little recognition in the school, but it has earned a foremost place in the heart of every Poly student who gets his lunch in the "caf."

The cafeteria is a branch of the Household Arts Department, and is under the supervision of Mrs. Murphy, the head of that department, assisted by Miss Mathews. The student manager is Lester Wade, who hires, fires, pays, and controls the fifty student helpers.

About five hundred pupils patronize the cafeteria each day, besides the many who eat at the outside counters or buy box lunches. The average receipts for the day are from \$250 to \$300. This money is used for running expenses; any surplus goes toward the purchase of labor-saving devices. A spacious refrigerator has been installed this term, and has proved a great help to the organization.

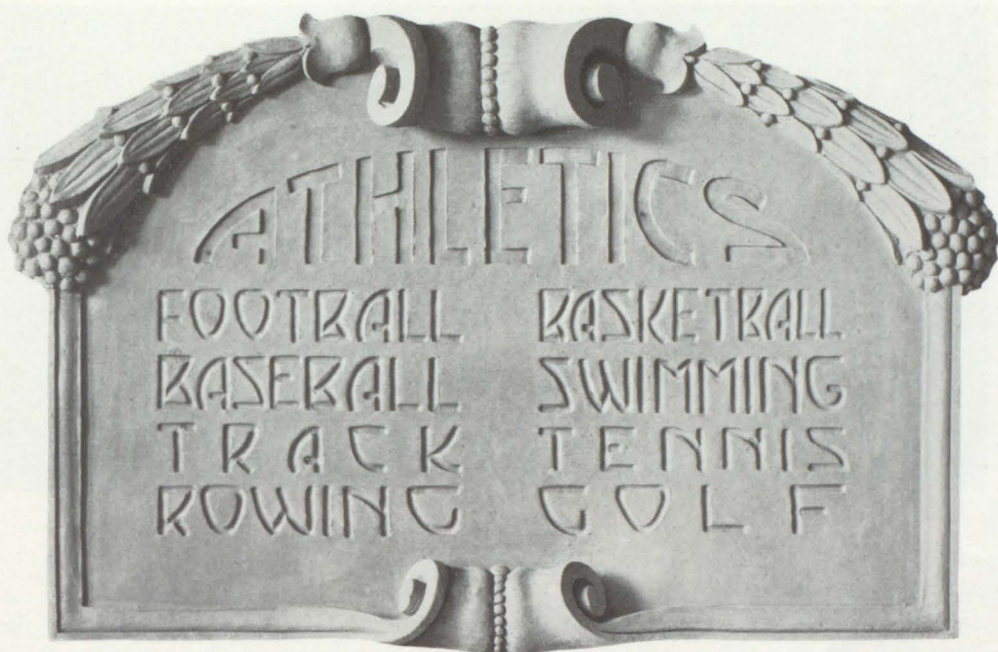
The food is prepared by six women, who are employed for the full day.

The cafeteria is always open for inspection by parents, friends, or Poly students.

## AHEETA GIRLS RESERVES

Aheeta, Poly's Girl Reserve Club, has completed one of the most successful terms in its history. This club is composed entirely of Poly girls, its membership totaling about thirty-five. The girls meet every Tuesday at the Y. W. C. A. on Sutter Street in the Girl Reserve clubrooms.

Guided by a capable cabinet, consisting of Lois Smith, president; Mae Mezger, vice-president; Doris Surbeck, secretary; Elizabeth Mattson, treasurer; Alberta Helms, song leader; Elvira Johnson, service chairman; Kathryn Dion, social chairman; Ethel Wale, ring chairman; Balma Neal, program chairman; and Frances Todd, publicity chairman, Aheeta had many interesting meetings. At the first of the term the Poly G. R.'s enjoyed a roller-skating party. An outdoor photography meeting in the park, hikes, house parties, health and world-friendship discussions, alumnae party, swimming party, and a senior farewell banquet were some of the forms of entertainments enjoyed, while a business and committee meeting was held once a month. About twelve new members were initiated this term.







## FOOTBALL

Football in the San Francisco high schools is rapidly gaining the enthusiasm of all the sport fans, and this year promises to be one of the largest and best seasons seen in San Francisco for a long time.

Due to the fact that this journal goes to press before the San Francisco Athletic League is completed, the championship team cannot be named, but from the results of the games that have been played so far, there will be much competition.

Polytechnic has a well-trained and fighting bunch, with very few veterans, most of the players coming up from the Goof and Freshman teams of the last year.

Coach Cox is well known as one of the best football coaches in San Francisco high schools. It is through his efforts that Poly is able to put out a team each year that makes a name for itself.

Assistant Coach Wilkins, who coaches the backfield men, is another coach we can well be proud of, and it is because of him that Poly puts out such fast, hard-hitting backs. Captain Ward is one of the best safety men in the S. F. A. L. and should easily make the "All Star Team" this term.

## PRACTICE GAMES

### POLY 6 — ANTLERS 12

Poly opened the football season against the Antlers, who have many former Poly stars on their team.

The Antlers defeated us a 12-to-6 score after a somewhat slow game due to the many substitutions made by Coach Cox to try out new material. This defeat should not be considered, as it was only a try-out of the many players for the first-team suits.

## POLY 6 — McCLYMOND 6

In what was considered by many to be one of the hardest struggles ever fought on the McClymond field, Poly and McClymond fought a 6-to-6 tie.

The game was full of thrills and was snappy throughout. Poly's touchdown came in the first few minutes of play when Berglund intercepted a pass and ran twenty-five yards to a score. The convert was blocked. McClymond scored their touchdown in the fourth quarter when a Poly player fumbled on his five-yard line.

## POLY 12 — OAKLAND TECH 7

Playing the third game of the season against Oakland Tech, Poly's strong eleven came out victorious with a 12-7 count.

As in the previous games, our opponents made their only touchdown on a Poly fumble. The Poly warriors came right back and carried the ball the length of the field on two occasions for the same number of touchdowns. The Poly team played for the first time this season as a championship aggregation.

## POLY 6 — McCLYMOND 0

In a return game with the powerful McClymond team, the Poly fighters defeated them by a 6-0 score. This game was almost a repetition of the first game, with Poly showing the stronger offense and defense, but not able to buck it over. Ward broke the so-far scoreless game by a sixty-yard run through the whole McClymond team for our only touchdown. The convert was a failure.

## S. F. A. L. GAMES

## POLY 6 — COMMERCE 6

Poly started the S. F. A. L. series with a game against the Commerce Bulldogs in the Kezar Stadium on October 10. The game resulted in a 6-6 tie, both teams scoring their touchdowns in the second quarter.

This game was quite an upset in the league, as Poly was favored to win by a large score. Poly's chance to score in the first quarter was spoiled when a Poly runner was thrown for a seven-yard loss after having the ball on the Bulldog's ten-yard line.

In the second quarter, Poly had the ball on Commerce's thirty-yard line when Ward threw a forward pass; the pass was intercepted by a Commerce man, who ran seventy yards to a touchdown. The try for point failed.

In this same quarter, Poly started a drive down the field for forty yards, ending with a touchdown when a Poly half plunged over the line from the four-yard line. The convert was blocked, and this ended the scoring for the game.

## POLY 13 — POTTER 0

Poly played Potter in their second S. F. A. L. game at Ewing Field on October 21 before a good-sized crowd. It was a ragged game up to the fourth quarter, both teams losing the ball on many fumbles.



Poly's chance to score early in the game was lost by a fumble after Poly had the ball on the five-yard line. Potter never endangered the Poly goal during the game, but was very strong on defense.

When everything looked like a scoreless tie, making two for Poly's first two games, Ernie Ward broke the ice by returning a Potter punt fifty yards for a score. This was a wonderful run, as the captain of the team ran for thirty yards, within one yard of the sidelines, dodging the whole Potter team. Guerra ran around for the extra point. On the next kick-off, Poly returned the ball for twenty yards, and then Ward and McGuirk, alternating, carried the ball for another touchdown.

#### POLY 0 — LICK 7

In one of the best-played and most exciting games in the league this year, Poly's eleven was defeated by Lick-Wilmerding by the score of 7-0. The game was played at Ewing Field on October 28 before a record crowd.

The game started with Poly taking the offensive and, after brilliant runs and line bucks, carrying the ball to Lick's seven-yard line. It was here that one of the breaks came; the Poly center made a bad pass which a Lick man recovered. Lick then kicked to the center of the field and the ball remained here during the rest of the quarter.

In the second quarter, Poly had another chance to score after putting the ball on Lick's ten-yard line; but another bad pass with Lick recovering lost this chance. The third quarter opened with Poly on the defensive. Time after time, Lick would carry the ball into Poly territory, only to lose it when the Poly line held.

When the fourth quarter began, the game looked like a scoreless tie, but another break took place and this gave Lick the game and probably the championship. Poly started a drive from her own ten-yard line and carried the ball to the center of the field, where a pass, intercepted by Lick, paved the way for a Lick score. The game ended a few minutes later.

#### POLY 6 — COGSWELL 0

Poly's football team defeated the light but fast Cogswell eleven 6-0 at Kezar Stadium on November 4. Cogswell kicked off, the ball going past the goal line, and Poly took the ball on her own twenty-yard line. Guerra made four yards on the next play, Ward added eight yards more, making first down. From then on until a touchdown was made, Poly never lost possession of the ball.

In the same quarter, when Cogswell again kicked off, Farina ran the ball back to Cogswell's forty-yard line. The team was on the way to another touchdown, but a fifteen-yard penalty lost the ball for Poly, and Cogswell kicked out of danger. The rest of the game was devoid of thrills. The Poly team frequently endangered the Cogswell goal but could not put it over.

#### POLY 0—LOWELL 6

On November 11, at the Kezar Memorial Stadium, a crowd of 12,000 spectators, which is a record attendance in the history of the S. S. A. L., saw Lowell defeat Polytechnic by a 6-0 score. This is the first time that Poly has been defeated by Lowell since the revival of American football in the city schools.



CAPT. WARD



SANDY



"BOB"



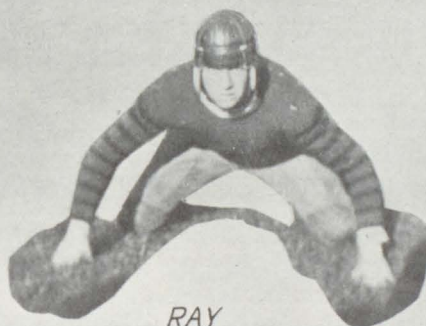
THE OAKLAND TECH GAME.



COACH WILKINS



"DICK"



RAY



COACH COX.



ANTLER GAME — WARD PUNTING



"MOCO"



The attendance was lessened somewhat because of a two-day rainy spell, and because of dark clouds which threatened rain on the day of the game. But the crowd that braved the elements witnessed one of the best-fought games that has been seen around the bay region for some time, in spite of the fact that the field was a sea of mud.

The Lowell band entered at 2:30, followed a few minutes later by the Poly band. Each band halted in front of the rival rooting section and played a selection.

The Lowell team came upon the field and was given a big ovation by the crowded stands. Then the Poly team appeared and was likewise given a rousing welcome. Both teams warmed up by running up and down and trying out the water-soaked field.

At three o'clock sharp, Poly kicked off to Lowell, who returned the ball to the thirty-five-yard line. On the first play Lowell tried a forward pass, which surprised the Poly team, but which was not completed owing to a fumble by a Lowell end. Lowell gained on end runs and forward passes until the ball was on Poly's eight-yard line. It was here that the game was lost, for two of Poly's linesmen, overanxious, were off side, giving Lowell five yards and the ball on the three-yard line. From here they plunged over for a score, but failed to convert. The rest of the quarter was even, the ball remaining near the center of the field.

The second quarter started with Poly on the offensive. Time after time our team would start a drive only to be stopped by the powerful Lowell line. During the latter part of the quarter, Ward punted to the Lowell safety man, who fumbled and a Poly man recovered on Lowell's five-yard line. On the first play only one yard was gained, on the next Ward made three yards; just as the third play was about to start, the whistle blew ending the half.

The third quarter was a continuation of the second, Poly carrying the ball deep into Lowell territory only to be held for downs. In the final quarter, Poly fought hard to make a score on forward passes, but lost out when Welsh of Lowell intercepted a pass and ran forty yards before he was finally downed. The gun ended the game shortly after, and Lowell rooters swarmed down onto the field. They gathered before the Polytechnic sections and exchanged yells and songs with the Poly rooters. Each school finally sang its school song, and the game was over.



### THE GOOFS

The Goofs have so far gone through a successful season. The Goofs originated last year when players who were ineligible for one reason or another and other second string men united to form a separate team. They went through their first season with but one defeat, that by Commerce's first team.

This year the Goofs started on another rampage, and from the way they are playing, it is safe to say they will keep their name at the top. Only three games have been played so far, and two of these have been against first-class teams. In the first game, our team defeated the Tamalpais second team 6-0. They handed the same treatment and the same score to the St. Ignatius second team, and then defeated the Sacred Heart Goofs 13-6.

Some of the shining lights on the team are Fowler, Weaverling, Conrad, Larson, Gianelli, and Graves.

In the Goofs' big game of the season, played at Kezar Stadium with the second team, they came out victorious with the score of 6-0. Although the game was cut short because Coach Cox wanted the players out for regular practice, it was a thrilling, hard-fought game. The Goofs had the ball nearly the whole time in the second team's territory and more than once threatened to score.





### 130-POUND FOOTBALL

Poly's 130-pound football team has, so far, gone through a very successful season, winning four out of seven games, tying one, and losing the other two by one point each. Two of the games were return games with teams which defeated them in their first meetings, and the 30's were victorious.

Coach Kittredge has a bunch of fighters on his team who will continue to fight no matter what the score may be. R. Rintala at fullback seems to be one of the best men on the team and nearly always makes good in the pinches. Quisling at half is another good man and will, no doubt, make good next year on the varsity. McDonald, who calls the signals, is a snappy quarterback and makes the men fight harder. Kemp is going great at end and gets under the punts in first-rate fashion. Hughes is about the only center on the team, but he holds down the position in good fashion. The remaining men on the squad are Gomph, Hourquet, Scott, Brown, Fewer, Shehadey, A. Rintala, Craig, Mitchell, Bogandorff, Schubert, Ichyaso, Cleveland, Eckland, Blanford, Wysinger, Stern and Moody.

Scores of the games:

Poly . . . . .	6 —	Mission . . . . .	7
Poly . . . . .	19 —	Galileo . . . . .	14
Poly . . . . .	6 —	Tamalpais . . . . .	7
Poly . . . . .	6 —	Galileo . . . . .	0
Poly . . . . .	6 —	San Mateo . . . . .	6
Poly . . . . .	6 —	Mission . . . . .	0
Poly . . . . .	13 —	Tamalpais . . . . .	0



### FRESHMEN

Freshman football started at Polytechnic in the 1921 season with only a few men on the squad, but now the turnout is so large that cuts have to be made in order to keep the squad down to a reasonable number.

The purpose of freshman football is to develop the muscles and minds of the boys so as to fit them for the very strenuous practice which they have to go through as candidates for the varsity team.

The freshmen this year have not played many outside games but have been scrimmaging with the 130-pound team quite regularly. Coach Telfer has been drilling his boys every afternoon, rain or shine, and should develop some good material for next year's first team.

The members of the freshman squad are Beede (G), Brown (E), Vivaldi (C), Ray (T), Lewkowitz (H), Horseman (G), Howich (E), Hinman (Q), Gordon (E), Goff (C), Williams (E), Schroll (G), Wise (E), Malaney (H), Siden (G), McKim (H), Combs (T), Simmonds (T), Frates (G), Smith (Q), DeMaria (F).



### 100-POUND BASKETBALL

Our 100-pound basketball team is composed of quite a hefty bunch of lads, and, although this JOURNAL goes to press before the final game, we can safely say that the Poly boys will make a good showing for themselves.

Ute is one of the best shots on this team, caging them from all angles, and has plenty of fight in the pinches.

Litzius is the smallest and lightest member, weighing but seventy-five pounds, but he makes up for his lightness by his speed and hard playing.

Luhman is the pivot man and is capable of holding his own with any of them. Frediani plays guard. He is a good coverer of ground and should be one of the best guards in the league.

Loustou is another little fellow who plays a great floor game and is steady in the pinches.

Red Morton, veteran of last year's 45's, coaches the boys and is capable of turning out a championship team.

FIRST TEAM		SECOND TEAM	
Ute . . . . .	R. F. . . . .	Molino . . . . .	
Litzius . . . . .	S. F. . . . .	Mendelson . . . . .	
Luhman . . . . .	C. . . . .	Catalano . . . . .	
Frediani . . . . .	R. G. . . . .	Dermody . . . . .	
Loustou . . . . .	S. G. . . . .	Marcus . . . . .	
Dortianic . . . . .		R. F. . . . .	
Thomas . . . . .		S. F. . . . .	
Hoeflich . . . . .		C. . . . .	

### 110-POUND BASKETBALL

Poly's 110-pound basketball team is one of the snappiest in the league and, with the support of the students, should place well in the league. Tischburn, a veteran of last year, is one of the best shots on the team. Bert holds down the forward position. Posin is Tischburn's running mate and is a very fast floorman. Dermody, the center of the team, has lots of fight and a good eye. Sosnovsky, one of the guards of last year, is holding down his old position and is a fair shot. Moriyama has the reputation of being one of the best guards in the league. His man seldom gets away, and he is considered the most valuable man on the team.

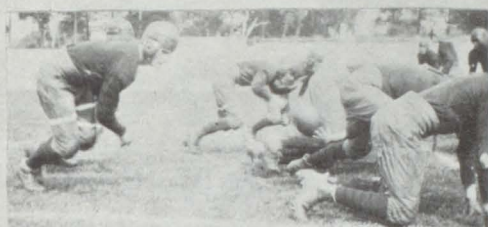
FIRST TEAM		SECOND TEAM	
Tischburn . . . . .	R. F. . . . .	Rubino . . . . .	
Posin . . . . .	S. F. . . . .	Fujita . . . . .	
Dermody . . . . .	C. . . . .	Pfefflerd . . . . .	
Sosmonsky . . . . .	R. G. . . . .	Shalldack . . . . .	
Moriyama . . . . .	S. G. . . . .	Goldberg . . . . .	
Tong . . . . .		R. F. . . . .	
Szeghy . . . . .		S. G. . . . .	
Mogeesky . . . . .		S. G. . . . .	



110 LB. BASKETBALL



120 LB. BASKETBALL



LINE PLUNGE IN McClymond's GAME



DOIN' THEIR STUFF!!



POLY SMEARS 'EM!!!!



130 LB. SOCCER



"DINK"



## 120-POUND BASKETBALL

Poly has a good bunch of players on the 120-pound team and, with the coaching of "Fat" Risso, should place well in the league.

Brundage, one of the forwards, plays a good game and is a fair shot. Hay is his running mate and is a shifty player with a good eye.

Lang holds down the center position and is one of the best fighters on the team.

Rarena is a hard-hitting guard, and very few get past him. He is also very fast, a valuable man on the team. Latreille holds down the other guard position and is equally fast as his partner.

### FIRST TEAM

Brundage . . . . .  
Hay . . . . .  
Lang . . . . .  
Rarena . . . . .  
Latreille . . . . .

R. F. . . . .  
S. F. . . . .  
C. . . . .  
R. G. . . . .  
S. G. . . . .

### SECOND TEAM

Sass  
Purpora  
Hooper  
Tanner  
Caton

### 130-POUND SOCCER

Poly's 130-pound soccer team went through a hard season, losing to Lowell and Galileo, and winning from Commerce and Mission. Captain Green, Finnegan and Powers stand out as the individual stars of the season due to their wonderful playing on both offense and defense.

#### POLY 0 — LOWELL 1

The first game was a hard-luck game. A Poly player fouled, giving Lowell a free kick, by which they easily scored their one point.

#### POLY 0 — GALILEO 4

The second game with Galileo was another defeat for our boys. The Galileo bunch won with a score of 4-0 in a fast game. The large score may be accounted for by the fact that several Poly regulars were unable to play.

#### POLY 4 — MISSION 0

Poly turned the tables in her encounter with Mission, winning by the same score that they lost to Galileo. This was a fast and well-fought game on both sides.

#### POLY 2 — COMMERCE 1

The last game was quite a surprise when Commerce, the title holders were beaten by a score of 2-1. Poly was not conceded a chance, but the old Poly fight was there and our boys came out on top.

### 110-POUND SOCCER

Poly's 110-pound soccer team won the city championship by defeating our ancient rival, Lowell, by the score of 4-1. Captain Tischburn led his team through the season without a single defeat. Tischburn, Schwartz, and Scholdsack were the outstanding individual stars of the season.

#### POLY 2 — COMMERCE 0

Poly's first game in the league with the Commerce Bulldogs was an easy victory, due to the splendid playing of the Poly team.

#### POLY 1 — MISSION 1

The second game resulted in a tie. Both teams did some spectacular playing, although the ball was in Mission's territory during most of the game.

#### POLY 4 — LOWELL 0

The big game of the season was a walkaway for Poly. Our team was out to even up old scores, and they did. Captain Tischburn did some wonderful playing on the defense, and Scholdsack and Powers also went strong. The team cannot be given too much credit for this victory.



## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Due to the untiring efforts of Miss Thompson, Miss Tait, and Miss Petterson, and the splendid cooperation of Poly girls, the term of Fall '25 has been a successful one in girls' athletics. The keeping of training rules on the part of the girls and able coaching on the part of the teachers produced basketball, crew, and tennis teams worthy of upholding the Red and Black.

Early in the term about fifty girls took part in the Girls' Field Day at Kezar Stadium as part of the Diamond Jubilee celebration. Not only the girls out for sports but all Poly girls were permitted to take part in the dances and gymnastic drill.

This term the girls have been able to use the stadium and so have received instruction in running and jumping. Although no track team has been organized, several of the girls have proved themselves junior Atalantas.

Polytechnic girls have enjoyed something new this semester in the introduction of clogging. Once a week the gym classes received instruction from Miss Thompson, and they have learned many forms of this popular dance.



GIRLS' CREW

There was no swimming this term due to a ruling by the Board of Education.

The girls' crew was organized this term under the supervision of Miss Tait. Beth Clement resumed her position as coxswain. The crew practiced faithfully every Monday at Yacht Harbor. With several of last year's veterans, it is probable that Poly will place near the top in the regatta. This is now an S. F. A. L. activity.





UPPER CLASS BASKETBALL SQUAD

## BASKETBALL

### UPPER CLASS

The inner court has been the scene of many a hard-fought and exciting basketball game every Monday and Wednesday afternoons when the upper-class girls have practiced. As only six seniors turned out regularly, it was not possible to have a full senior team, so an upper-class squad was chosen by Miss Petterson, who has coached them. Almost all the girls have played on teams previous to this term. With this as a starting point the inter-school games should be close and interesting. The schedule for the games has not been completed at the time of this writing, but it is probable that the team will play most of the city high schools.

### LOWER CLASS

Miss Thompson has shaped a promising squad of basketball players out of about fifteen freshmen and five sophomores. This group has practiced the technique of the game regularly every Tuesday and Thursday. About half of the freshmen have played on grammar-school teams, but the rest have had little or no experience. They have a fine start, however, and will put up a hard fight.

## TENNIS

Miss Petterson has organized two sections of tennis, one for the beginners and the other for the more advanced. Twice a week the girls have practiced in the stadium courts, learning the various strokes, rules, and other points about the game.

At the beginning of the term they watched the national champion, Helen Wills, in action, thus learning some of the fine points of the game. The more advanced girls gave





FRESHMAN BASKETBALL SQUAD



TENNIS PLAYERS

exhibition games for the benefit of the beginners, and thus about twenty new tennis players have been developed.

Among the advanced players, Dorothea Swartz, national junior head-court champion, and Sarah Paley, Golden Gate Park Tennis Club title holder, deserve special mention.

From the results of the practice games, it is safe to say that Poly's tennis prospects look bright.

### DANCING

Dancing, the newest activity, although not classified as a sport, has met with great success in its initial term. About twenty girls signed up, and with this number, Miss Thompson has organized an enthusiastic class. The girls learned the fundamentals of aesthetic dancing, and a few simple dances. As yet the class has made no public appearance, but it hopes to in the not too distant future.



### GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Girls' Athletic Association was started last term by Miss McDonald, but too late for extensive activities. The organization was in working order, however, and was ready to begin on its ambitious program at the opening of the new term. The officers, already elected, were retained and an advisory board appointed by Miss Thompson to assist them. The executive group consists of Mae Mezger, president; Ethel Wale, vice-president; Irene Matlack, secretary-treasurer; Mary Lauritzen, Frances Todd, Estelle Wells, Eleanor Webb, Grace Jackson, advisory board.

A system of making awards according to the point system has been adopted—G. A. A., 150 points; Poly, 650; Block, 1000; Pin, 1,500.

Upon entering school each girl automatically becomes a member of the association. Each one has a chance to obtain the awards because points are given not only for making teams but also for out-of-school activities, such as rowing and sailing.



## IN THE VILLAGE

*Marjorie Christiansen, '28*

IN A quaint little village near the mouth of the Russian River, the unique originality of the inhabitants would provide Dickens with ample material for a host of characters.

On an Indian-summer day, the villagers were gathered at the post office awaiting the arrival of the mail. Mr. Hopkins, postmaster, notary public, sheriff, and chief of the fire department, was busily sorting the outgoing mail. He was a tall, thin, dignified individual, whose legs were bowed as if he had ridden much. A curling, gray mustache gave him a distinguished appearance.

Seated on the steps was Harry, the best hunter and fisherman in the county. He was known as "Squat, the Crawfish King," because of his cleverness in catching and handling these fish. Squat was a short, wiry little fellow. He wore a dilapidated pair of jeans, which continually made motions as if about to slide over his hips, whereupon he would give them an impatient tug. He wore the usual fisherman's boots, which made his feet look enormous. A coat of sheepskin, with its collar turned up about his ears, and a queer red and green "beany" perched perilously on his small head, completed his attire.

Seated in a chair, his red face wreathed in evil-smelling blue smoke, was Pete. Cap Nelson, a tar of the old school, with a fierce countenance and a gruff voice, also puffed a pipe that was black as coal and was undoubtedly of genuine antiquity. As usual he was having a heated argument with Mac, the moon-faced Scotchman, concerning the merits of their respective boats.

The train was nearly due when Big Bill lunged up the steps. Bill, with his whalelike proportions, his gay, careless manner and his unfailing generosity, was one of the most popular men in the village.

The train pulled in with a shrill whistle. The freight man threw the bags from the moving train to the postmaster. One struck the dignified Hopkins, and he tumbled backwards down the incline from the station platform, his long, thin legs and arms waving frantically. Bill, striving to repress his laughter, assisted him to his feet. The outraged postmaster, grumbling furiously, retired to his private domain, the office.

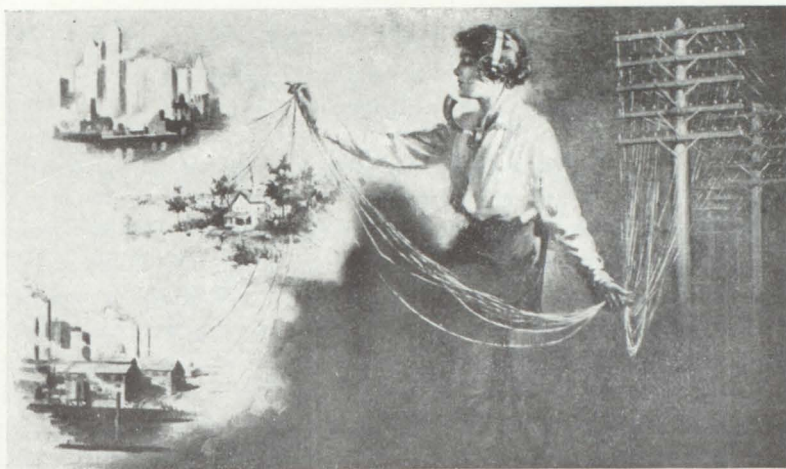
Suddenly a voice boomed from across the road. It belonged to the giant Bulgarian, Squat's pal. His name was unpronounceable, so he was called Brunco. Now he shouted, "Aye, Bete, gimme a len' o' yer red hoars!"

"Vat's dat? I aint got no red horse."

"Yer hoars, vot you use on yer boat!"

"O, yas, you can dake 'em."

The mail being by this time distributed, the group on the porch was beginning to disperse. Finally, the last was gone, and Hopkins settled down to his solitary meal.



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## SINK OR SWIM

*By Ted Kaplanis*

Know all men by these presents that I, Robinson Crusoe, was born in the year of 1632 in the city of Cork, the son of a humble "Hot Air" Producer. At the early age of four I told my father that I was going to join the navy and see the world. At first the "governor" did not like that, but when I told him what a fine story my adventures would make for Daniel DeFoe he gave his consent and said that he would place the "Lantern Bearers" lamp at the door so as to light my way when I returned. Packing my typewriter, Oxford bags, red necktie and golf sticks, I left my good father's castle on Nob Hill and made for foggy London. There I was fortunate to find passage on the good ship "Kee Root," that was leaving for the discovery of America. We were hardly at sea when a slight breeze came up and set us off our course and blew us toward the East Pole, where we were met by a cyclone that wrecked us.

"What shall I do?" roared timid Cleopatra, who was on her way to star in "Abie's Irish Rose," for Charlie Chaplin. "Collect insurance, you mummy," answered Alexander the Great, who was coming to Poly to take R. O. T. C. But, luckily for me I had a package of Life Savers and thus I was able to save my life from the sardines. The others all went down with the ship.

Evidently there must have been plenty of yeast on board the steamer, for in the morning when I came to the beach to swim I found that the ship had risen. I swam over to it and as I was looking through the ship I found a bar of Ivory soap, which I at once threw into the water and sitting upon it I was able to float into Salt Lake.

S' your ole man!

## THE TWO GREEN HATS

*By The Same Nut*

(Two young girls comparing notes on their week-end conquests.)

G.—"My dear I—, is it you? How did you enjoy the week-end?" (Kisses.)

I.—"Swell! And you, sweet wild rose?" (More kisses.)

G.—"Swell! I met the cutest fellow from—" (Still more kisses.)

I.—"And so did I—he's from Cal.—a perfect dream!"

G.—"Jimmie is from Stanford, and—"

I. (suspiciously)—"Jimmie?"

G. (very icy)—"Yes, Jimmie!"

(The reader will here probably suspect that the two girls have met the same Jimmie, who has told them a "fairy tale." Nothing of the kind. The two Jimmies are two distinct individuals. So you get fooled!)

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And another next door, which was quiet a neat feat.

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## New Golden Gate Market

DEALERS IN  
FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

*Open Evenings*

1641-43 HAIGHT ST. · SAN FRANCISCO



### APROPOS SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS

"A blank, m'Lord": any Frosh's mind.

"She never told her love": Eleanora W. (Sh! We think it's either George J. or Jack R. or, as a possible understudy, Stanley F.)

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?" Any one looking for a knife in the Caf.

"All the perfumes of Araby cannot sweeten this little hand": Senior after having spilt formaldehyde on it in the biology lab.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune": D's and F's on report cards.

"Give me excess of it": Ted Kaplanis in reference to publicity.

"Tis but fortune" whether we get our diplomas or not.

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow": Justice Young plans to learn his lines in the play.

### ABOUT THE LAWN

(It all depends on who you are)

OLD TIMER: "What an improvement!"

GIRL STUDENT (artistic): "Such a lovely patch of green!"

BOY STUDENT: "Yeah, class!"

PRINCIPAL: "That lawn should be replanted."

S. B. COMMITTEEMAN: "Oh, gosh! I gotta water the darned thing! I wish it would rain."

### AT THE LOWELL-POLY GAME?

POLY NEPHEW: "Well, Aunt Mary, did you enjoy the game today?"

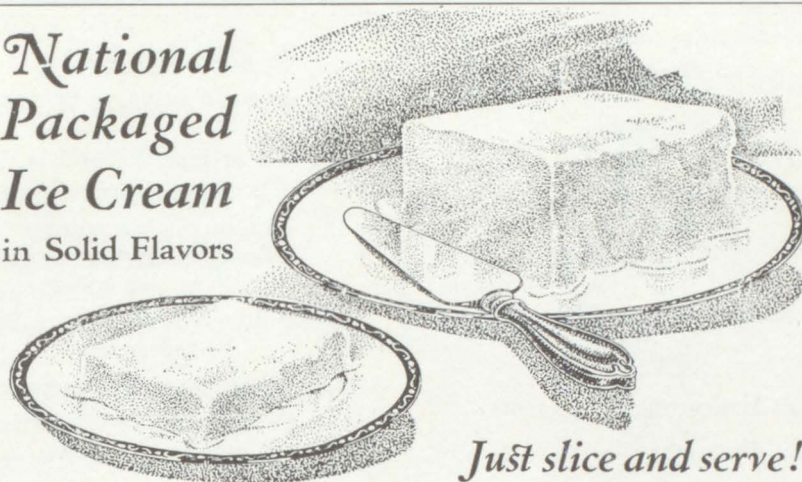
POLY AUNT: "Not much. But the players tried hard to be entertaining."

### POLY MOTHER GOOSE

There was a senior in our school  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He flunked in the Comp. ex.,  
Much to his surprise.

But when he saw he'd flunked the ex.,  
With all his might and main,  
He vowed he needs must graduate,  
And took it o'er again.

**National  
Packaged  
Ice Cream**  
in Solid Flavors



*Just slice and serve!*

NATIONAL wants every housewife to know that the nicest, daintiest and most economical food-dessert is ice-cream, served in the form of individual slices.

You may now buy from your National dealer Packaged Ice Cream in solid flavors, just as you have heretofore been able to buy Brick Ice Cream in the several flavor-combinations.

National Packaged Ice Cream is carried by most National dealers in the following solid flavors:

1. *Genuine Vanilla Ice Cream.*
2. *Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream.*
3. *Strawberry-Vanilla Ice Cream [half and half].*

That the purity and rare delicacy of flavor of this super-quality product may be safeguarded and preserved under all conditions, it is automatically wrapped and packed in pure parchment paper, and sealed at the factory, in the air-tight, odor-proof, sanitary National package, untouched by human hands from the freezer to you!

For your protection, always demand National Ice Cream in the sealed package, bearing the familiar National trademark. It pays to insist!



**NATIONAL ICE CREAM CO.**

366 GUERRERO ST.

Hemlock 6000



# The Family Barber Shop

COR. 10th AVENUE AND IRVING STREET

Ladies' Haircutting - 50 cents

Ladies' Shampoo - 50 cents

Entrance to Mezzanine Floor for Ladies  
on 10th Avenue.

POLY! POLY!!  
RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

Bring us your apparel problems.

We know what college men like.

COLLEGE SPECIALTIES:

Rough Rider Corduroys  
with 25-inch bottoms.

Snap Brim Mallory Hats with the  
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College Sweaters, Blazers, etc.

Orders taken for Class Hats  
and Rooting Hats.

Johnson & Nordquist

740 CLEMENT STREET  
Opposite Coliseum Theatre

Hickory, dickory, dock, the janitor fixed the clock;  
The bells rang too soon, we had an hour for noon,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

ED BIRCHALL

MARKET 6076

BIRCHALL'S

Candies

ICE CREAM PARLOR

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1898 HAIGHT STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

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hands—such as you find at

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POLY LUNCH

A SQUARE MEAL

AND

A SQUARE DEAL

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Graduation Gifts

ALSO

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Chains, Belts, Etc., for  
Girls and Boys

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COMPLIMENTS OF

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Phone Mission 196

*The Milk With More Cream*

## THE SHEIK

Miss S. (in 8° Journal): Anybody here know George Hector?

Girls (in chorus): I do!

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BRAND

FOOD PRODUCTS

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The world is calling loudly for the educated and trained young man and woman. Writers, statesmen, business men, and nearly all successful people earnestly desire that you of the younger generation profit from the experience of all that has gone before in the history of mankind. Also that you avoid all that has been proven to lead to failure.

Time has shown that the person who can answer "YES" to the question, "ARE YOU ABLE TO SAVE MONEY?" need have no fear about the outcome and the success which he will make of his life. The ANGLO-CALIFORNIA TRUST COMPANY especially desires to encourage students in building up their savings, and through the co-operation of student bankers a Bank Day once a week is held at Polytechnic High School for your convenience.

4¼% INTEREST ON ALL SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

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Market and Jones	Market & Sansome Streets				Mission and 16th
Market and Ellis	San Francisco				Fillmore and Geary
101 Market					Third and 20th

## GOOD EATS

This is something that every student looks for when noon-time comes. He looks for good service and favorable prices.

If you just walk down to the west end of the basement, you will find all these things in

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SUTTER 6112

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Violin, Mandolin, Banjo, Tenor Banjo,  
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*Inspiring  
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that Pay.*  
Limited Enrollment  
Day and Evening  
Classes  
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## *Fashion Art School*

SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE  
SUTTER AND VAN NESS

Three wise (?) students of Poly  
Came late with an excuse;  
If the excuse had been longer,  
My song had been longer.

## COMPTON'S SHOE REPAIRING SERVICE

*New and Better Methods For  
Repairing of Your Shoes.*

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Established 1872

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WE MANUFACTURE ABSOLUTELY HIGH GRADE  
CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

## *New York Sweet Shop*

✧ ✧

PHONE MARKET 5021

1674 HAIGHT STREET



## STARS

Stars that twinkle in the night,  
Stars that bring the rain,  
Stars that light and guide our path,  
And stars that bring us pain;  
Each star becomes a nothingness,  
It fades into dull hue  
Beside the one, the lovely star,  
I call it my star: you.

—EDITH TRICKLER, '25

## DADDY CHIPMUNK

I sat beneath a forest tree  
In quiet solitude and peace;  
My thoughts contented were and free,  
My brow was calm without a crease.

And soon I saw beneath a pine  
A chatt'ring chipmunk clad in gray,  
At whom I gazed with love divine,  
For I loved all creatures on this day.

Dear little beastie of the wood,  
A-hunting food for his dear mate,  
Who would be with him if she could,  
But home she stays with children eight.

How those fluffy balls of gray  
The trees and daylight soon would see.  
Papa Chipmunk told me this  
Whilst chatt'ring 'neath that spreading tree.

Then I passed and left him there  
A-gath'ring nuts at that tree trunk,  
And I meditated, out there,  
On the pride of Daddy Chipmunk!

—HELEN SHATTUCK, '27

# What Profession Shall I Choose ?

Those girls who are asking that question  
can find the answer by entering

## MT. ZION SCHOOL OF NURSING

AND BECOMING A

## NURSE

The most womanly of professions. The Nurses' course offers special advantages. One hundred and eighty-five beds. Students live in Nurses' Home, receive board, tuition and monthly allowance while learning. Ample facilities for recreation during leisure hours have been provided for in our New Home. Two weeks annual vacation.

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OPEN AT ALL HOURS

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We arranged the graduation flowers  
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*"Service and Courtesy" our Motto*

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POLYTECHNIC POSTER CLUB



FALL 1925

*The Pictures in this Book  
Were Taken by*

## BUSHNELL STUDIOS

*Your Leading Photographers  
for Thirty Years*

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MARKET 4189

STUNG AGAIN!

Mr. T.: Nick, define son-in-law.

Nick: Son-in-law is the guy that marries your daughter.

Mr. T.: Sorry, I have no daughter.

*"The Meeting Place of High School Students"*

## ARTS at the Beach

*Our Specialties:* HAMBURGER SANDWICHES, HOT DOGS  
CANDIES, ICE CREAM, SANDWICHES of All Kinds

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*Open Evenings.*

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at special prices.

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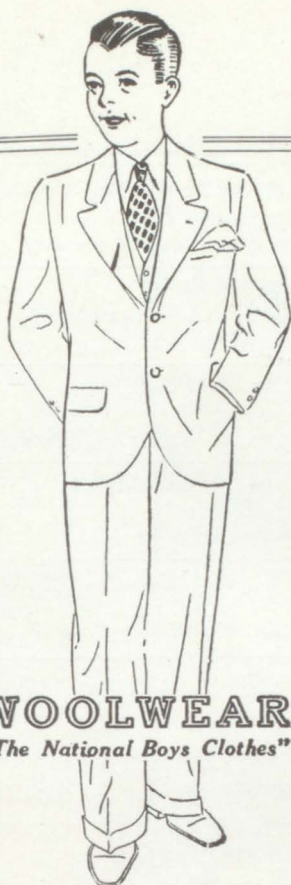
1061 MARKET ST.      SAN FRANCISCO

PHONE MARKET 1637

Mister Merry, quite contrary,  
How does your report card go?  
No A's or B's, but many C's,  
And D's and F's all in a row.

*We Make Your Class Pins*

**Granat Bros.**  
*Manufacturing Jewelers*  
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**WOOLWEAR**  
*"The National Boys Clothes"*

WE FURNISHED THE POLY "SENIOR FEZ"

## College Clothes

The style for College men set by the leaders in the foremost Eastern Colleges decree the following: Coats shall be single or double breasted with full back and decidedly English in character. Pants shall be wide, straight and large bottoms, vests blunt cut or semi-blunt. Overcoat, longer, no belt and preferably double breasted. We have the real College style in all the preferred fabrics.

*Priced at*

**\$25 and up to \$35.**

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2554-56 Mission Street, next to New Mission Theatre

## 100 Students Trained and Placed In 10 Months

From January 1 to October 31, 1925, this school has trained and placed one hundred students in good office positions. The average beginning salary was about \$90 per month. The maximum training time was only *four* months. The cost to the student was only \$100, including necessary books and supplies. Every student we have ever trained has been placed in a good position!

Why not let us train and place you, too—quickly?  
 Call, write or telephone for further particulars.

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D. J. SCHAFFER  
*Grocer*  
 CORNER FREDERICK & STANYAN STREETS

ARCADE MEAT MARKET  
*Choice Meats*  
 1733 FILLMORE ST.

OWL BAKERY & DELICATESSEN  
 858 STANYAN ST.  
*Special Orders. Wholesome Food.*

## MAH OLE ALABAM

'Twas Christmas time and ole Unc Sam  
 Had wandered far from Alabam.  
 Says he:  
 "If yo're in Alabam, stay whare yo be.  
 Right now I'se pahked in Texes,  
 An all wot Texes talks about is how  
 It whipped de Mexes.

"Sometahms by de Rio Grand' I sits;  
 Dere's whar Unc Sam's territ'ry quits.  
 An den I gets finkin' ob Christmas  
 In ole plantation days,  
 Ob old Black Joe an' his old banjo  
 Wat he jest plays an' plays.  
 An', folks, I've been in ebery state  
 Dat's owned by ole Unc Sam,  
 But ebery Christmas time I finks  
 Ob mah ole Alabam."

—MARJORIE CHRISTIANSEN, '28

## *A Message to Editors and Managers of School Annuals*

**Y**OURS is a one-time job. The annual that you publish is your first and your last. You can't learn by experience. You can't correct your mistakes. Yet you want and your student body expects an annual that is "different" and "better." What's the answer?

We say go to a good printer. For, believe it or not, the printer makes or breaks an annual. Also a good printer can cut your own work in half.

Here at Crocker's we have a special department for handling school annuals. We've published scores of every description. We have a book-planning system that will take a lot of worry, to say nothing of work, from off your shoulders. And, if you have only a thousand dollars to spend we do not quote you a fifteen-hundred-dollar price, but show you instead how to make the very most of what you can afford to pay.

That's good printing *plus*.

Whether you are next door or in the next county, it will pay you to get in touch with our school annual department when planning your next year's annual.



### **H. S. CROCKER CO., INC.**

*SCHOOL ANNUAL DEPARTMENT*

**565 Market St. Phone Douglas 5800  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA**



