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THE REDWOOD



1954



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THE REDWOOD

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

—OF THE —

UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA



SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

VOLUME XXIII

Foreword

POETS who have not reared their own enduring monuments are known sometimes to chant their humbler song in praise of the master-builders whose efforts have lifted them to immortality. Like the farther stars that outwatch all the years, such poets burn with unobtrusive splendor. So may it be with the makers of this book. Sad wisdom it is for us, who are flushed at the moment with the realization of our labors, to sense that a year book must inevitably grow indistinguishable among the years. Yet by dedicating our annual to the builders whose monument is a new university, we are hoping to live on quite far across the years in lesser immortality.



Dedication

TO REV. ZACHEUS JOSEPH MAHER,
of the Society of Jesus, seventeenth
President of the University of Santa
Clara, who for his untiring efforts in
bringing to fruition the long cherished
hopes of a Greater Santa Clara has de-
servedly won from all the title of "The
Builder", we the editors of the annual
have thought it only fitting and proper
to dedicate this, the "Builders' Edition"
of the Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-
Four "Redwood".







1911

Clayton
1841



St. Louis
1889

1884



1851



1911



1908

1912



1913

1911





A Page From the Past

MAY this page with its simple record of Santa Clara's development from the early forties to the present excite some few happy memories in the minds of those who look upon it. Santa Clara of the past, we bid you a fond farewell. May the new Santa Clara prove as faithful as you have in the service of God and country.





FRONT VIEW OF THE

In Appreciation of:

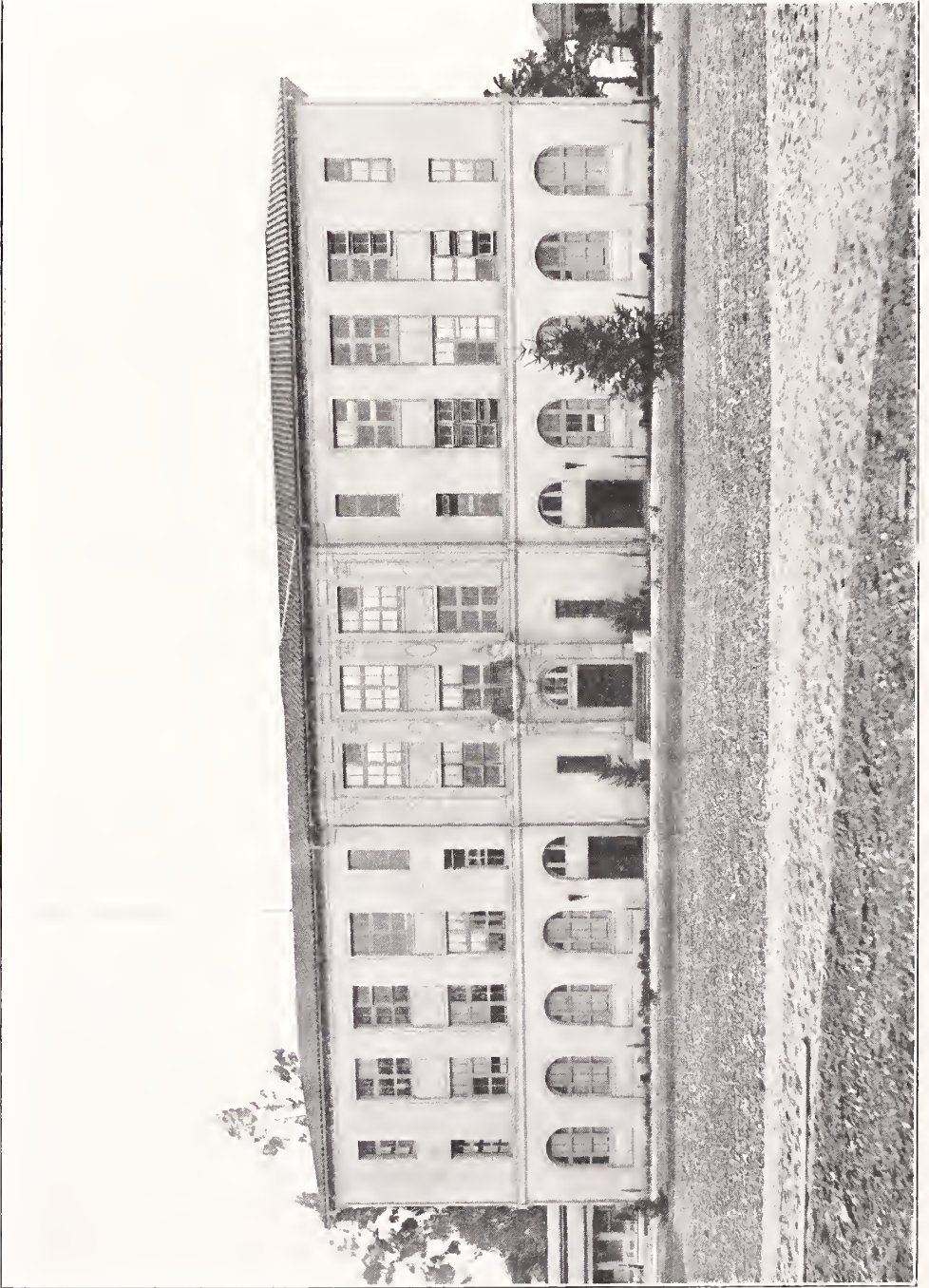
JOHAN JOSEPH DONOVAN: Architect and Engineer, who brought to the reconstruction of Santa Clara native talent and wide experience and enthusiasm bred of understanding of the ideals of the University, and who with far reaching vision conceived a Santa Clara which will embody the noblest in Mission art and the best in academic architecture.



UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

In Appreciation of:

H C. MILLER: Master of Crafts and Master of Men, who took in hand the dream of his guide and made it a reality. With painstaking care and by resourceful management he has achieved that which could otherwise never have been accomplished: the erection within one year of Kenna Hall, Seifert Gymnasium, Montgomery Laboratories and the Service Building.

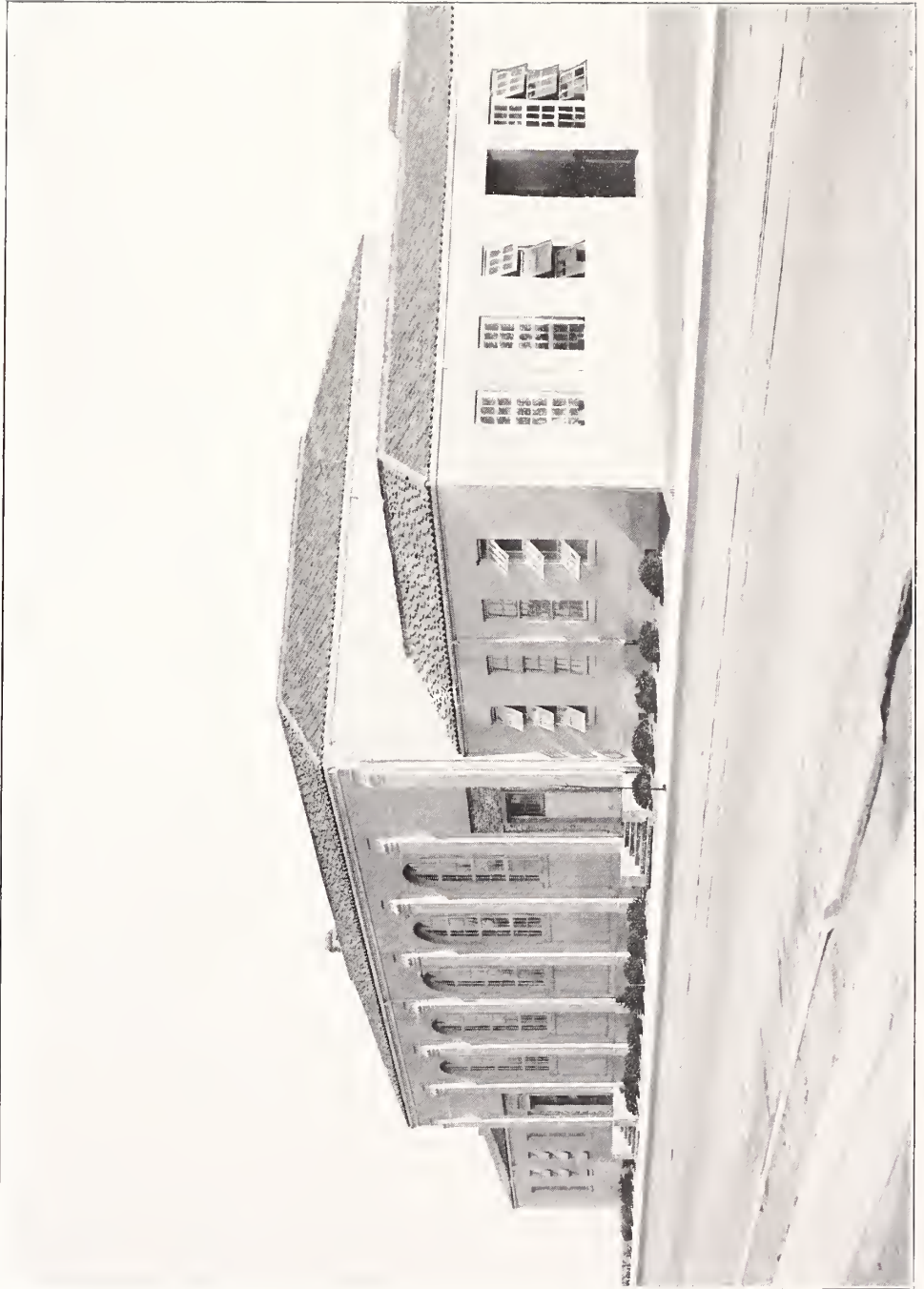


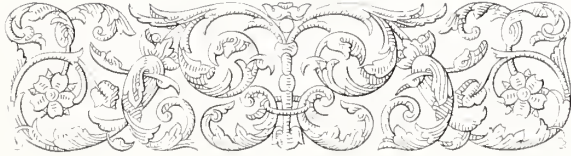


Alumni Science Hall

FROM the Boys of Yesterday to the Boys of Tomorrow". Of reinforced concrete and fireproof, this building accommodates the various Departments of Science. On the first floor are the Physics Lecture Room, Laboratories for General Physics, for Electrical Measurement, High Frequency Currents, Radio and Power Research together with a Display Room containing a rare collection of physics apparatus. The second floor is taken up with drafting rooms, blue printing, oil and materials laboratories and lecture rooms. On the third floor are located the Chemical Lecture Room, Laboratory for General Chemistry, for Organic and Inorganic Analysis, the Premedical Laboratory and the mineralogical lecture and specimen room.



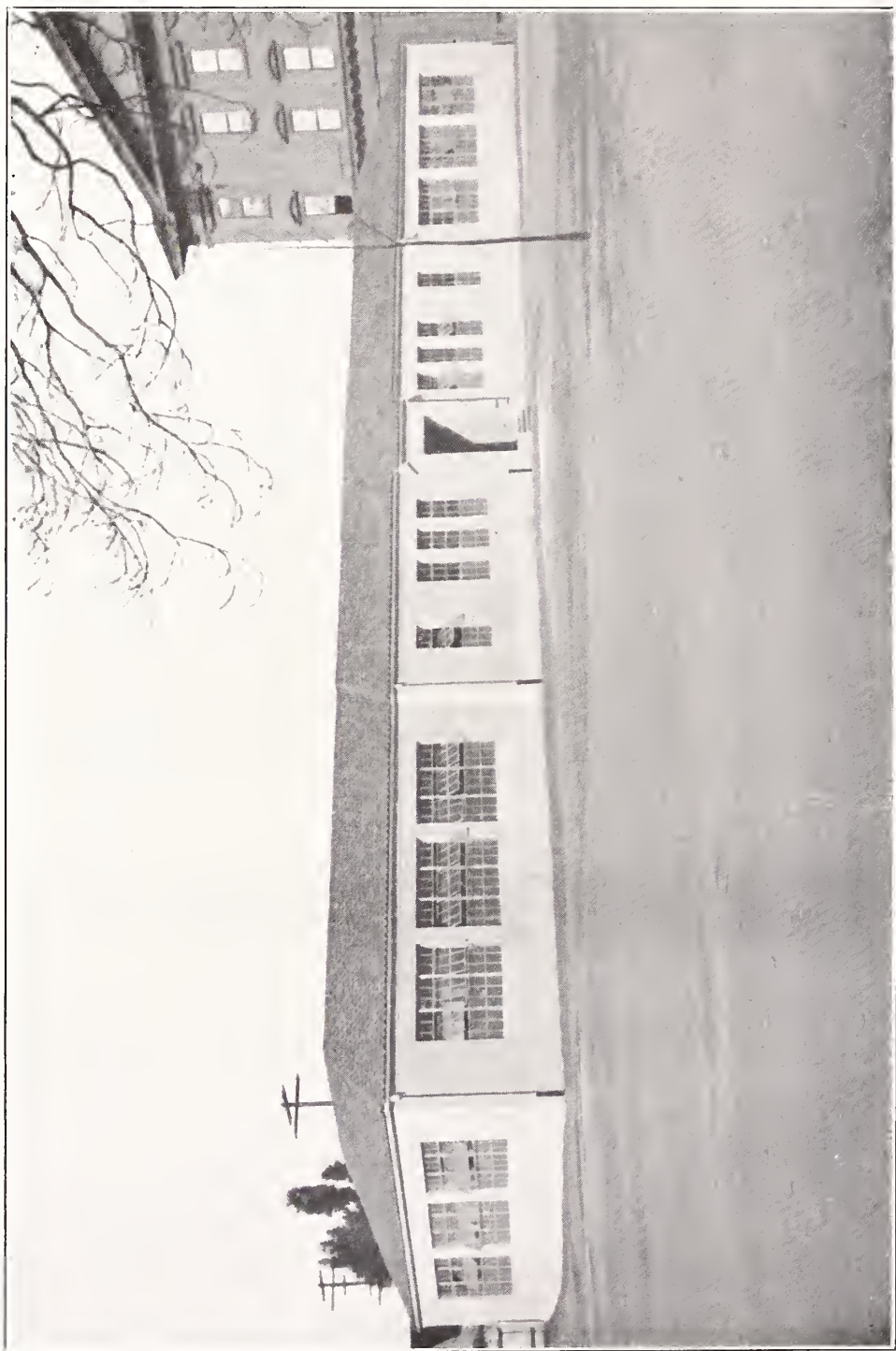




Seifert Gymnasium

MADE possible through the legacy of Dr. George W. Seifert, B. S. '79. This structure is particularly interesting from the fact that it is built largely of material salvaged from the old swimming pool and the old science building. It contains swimming pool 40x100, a basketball pavilion 65x101, seating 1000 spectators, a large lounging room, locker and shower rooms, Varsity rooms and Alumni Headquarters. It covers a total area of 21,000 square feet. The pool is the gift of the students of '21-'22, '22-'23 to the University.



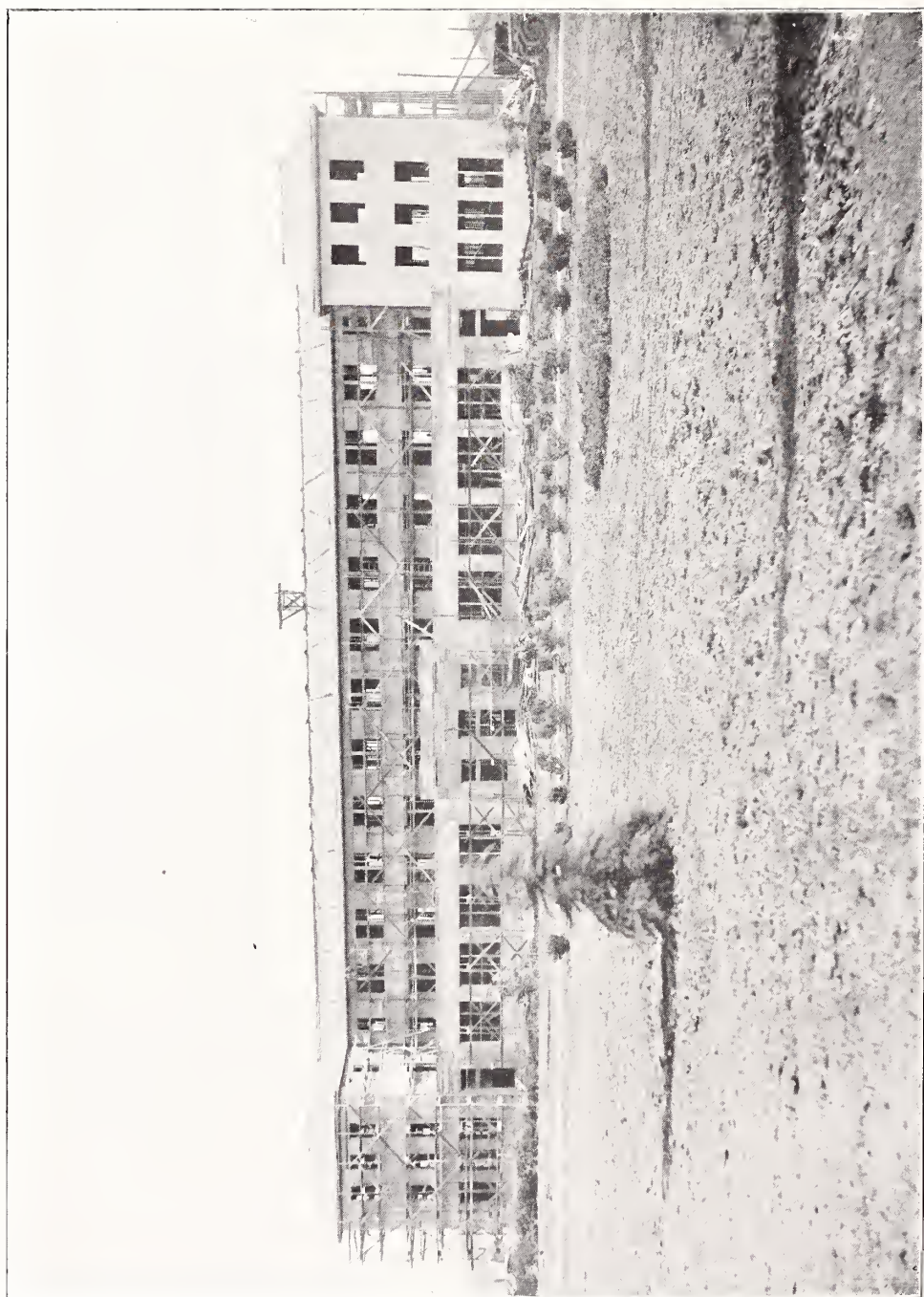


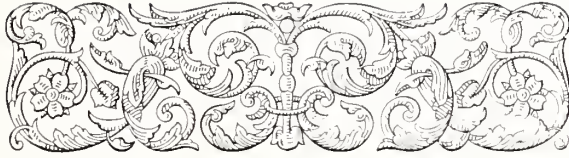


Montgomery Laboratories

NAMED after John J. Montgomery, formerly professor at Santa Clara and "Father of Aviation." Mr. Montgomery's researches were made in large part at Santa Clara; here he built his glider "Santa Clara" which made the record flight of one mile far back in 1903. The laboratory affords 9000 square feet of space for experimentation in hydraulics, mechanics and electricity.







Kenna Hall

DEDICATED to Rev. Robert Emmett Kenna, S. J., student, professor and twice President of Santa Clara College. The erection of this hall was made possible through the sale of property purchased under the presidency of Father Kenna. The ground floor will have ten class rooms and the Norma Ryland Reading Room, gift of Miss Norma Ryland out of regard and esteem for Father Kenna. On the second and third floors will be living rooms for 200 students. The accommodations are modern throughout. Kenna Hall is by far the largest and most imposing building on the campus and will be used exclusively by the preparatory department. It will be ready for occupancy next session.







ARCHBISHOP FUMASONI-BIONDI, Papal Delegate to the United States, while traveling over the country on a mission connected with his high office, paid a special visit to the University on March 3 with Archbishop Hanna to view "Greater Santa Clara." The Delegate is seen standing in the center of the picture, with Archbishop Hanna at the left and Rev. Father Maher, S. J., president of Santa Clara, at the right. The Delegate is surrounded by members of the faculty and the graduating class.



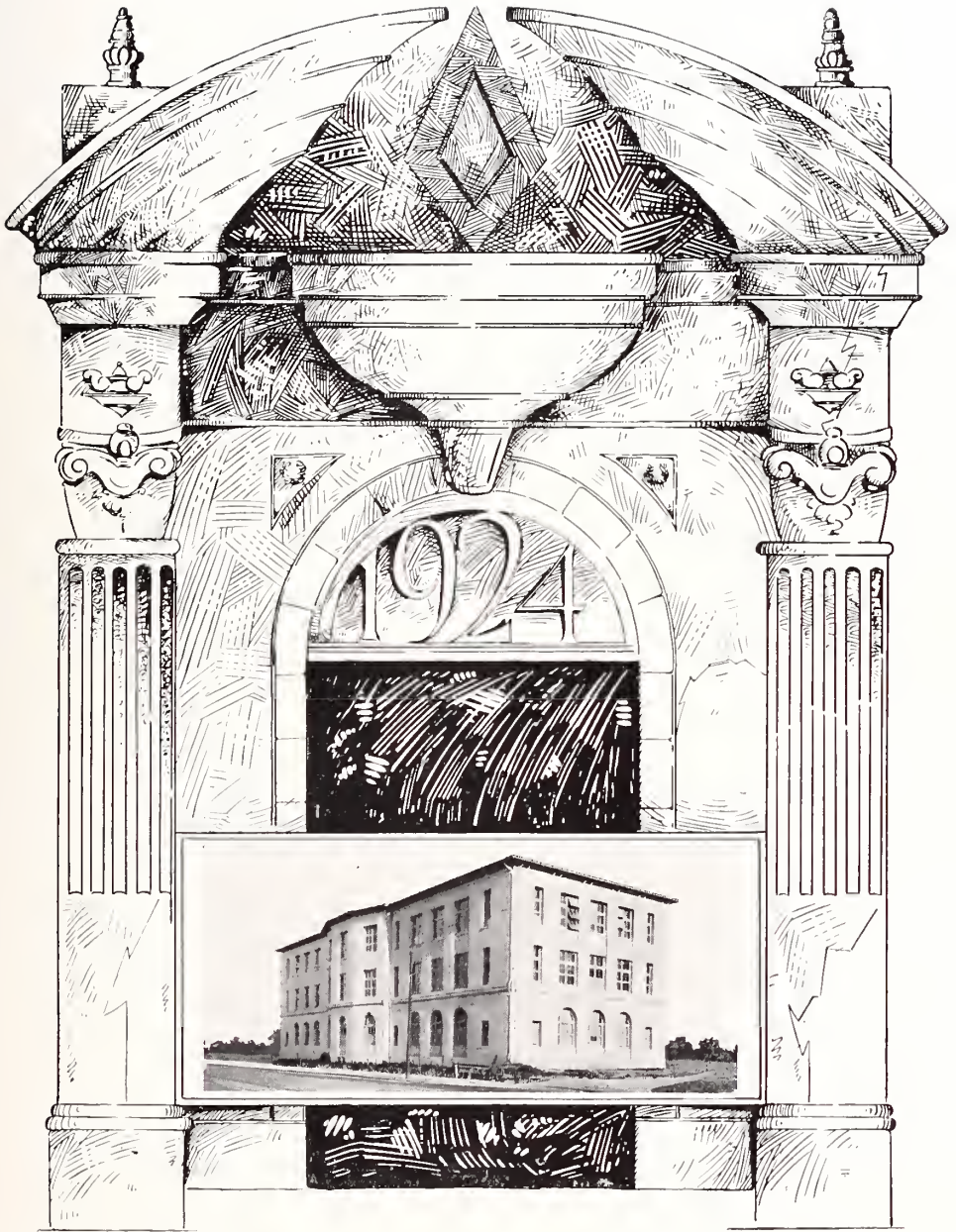


Table of Contents

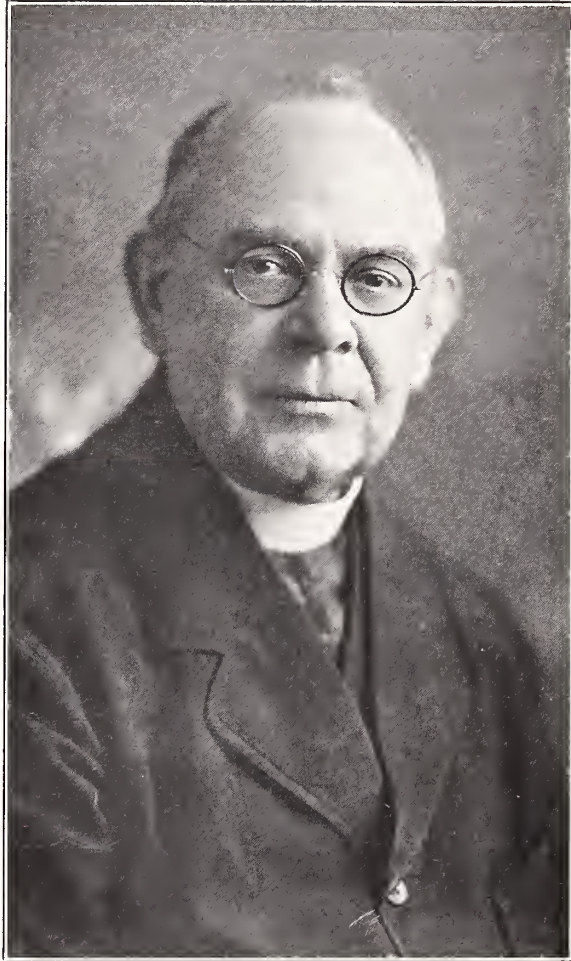


Foreword	5
Dedication	6
Buildings	8
Literary	23
Graduates	55
Organizations	67
Dramatics	95
Athletics	107
Preparatory	125





Literary



REV. RICHARD BELL, S. J.

Father Bell and the Radio



Without that great foe of nobleness, self-interest, and devoid of every suggestion of the mercenary, Father Richard H. Bell, S. J., has since his advent to St. Ignatius College in 1898 and his subsequent transfer to Santa Clara in 1902 been quietly and unostentatiously delving into the mysteries of the wireless and the radio. Interested to engrossment in advancing the radio since its very inception, the "Marconi of the West" allows no other material thing to interfere with his continual research, as is well evidenced by his successes. That so little has been heard of him, rather than extenuating his glory, adds to it, for his ideal is of Grecian purity and is unsullied by the brazen lustre of gain. When Horace speaking of the Greeks extolls their high literary ideals,

*"Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, praeter laudem nullius avaris."*

he is speaking also, *mutatis mutandis*, of Father Bell. In him the man of science is surpassed only by the priestly man of God, and when in Chapel with his simple eloquence he betrays his filial devotion to the Virgin Mother, the eyes of his listeners are frankly moist. Seldom is it given us to see the genius of the scientist and the soul of the priest so intimately intertwined, never in opposition, but the one assisting the other to more perfect accomplishments "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam", as true science and the teachings of Him, the Master of all Science, must always do.

It was in 1894, while Father Bell was studying Theology in Rome, that Marconi succeeded by means of his adoption of the Branley tube in receiving, or detecting, a current of electricity transmitted through a few feet of air. Branley, the learned professor of the Catholic University of Louvain, little expected that his rather cumbersome detector tube would be the inception of so revolutionizing a discovery as wireless telegraphy, but it is history that his tube, although never intended for such a purpose, was the foundation of Marconi's invention, and being an indispensable attribute to his instrument, was of the very essence of it. Branley's detector tube consisted of a cylinder containing powdered particles of silver, hermetically sealed at either end by terminals, one of which was connected with the positive pole of a battery and also with a current of high frequency electricity, and the other was connected with the negative pole of the battery and to the ground. Whenever a current of high frequency electricity was projected through the tube, the particles of silver would align themselves and thus close the battery circuit; when the high frequency current was shut off, the particles of silver would be disengaged by an automatic tapper, and the battery current as a consequence would be broken, the flowing and breaking off of the battery

current being registered by an indicator set in the battery circuit. Marconi made a small replica of this tube and instead of projecting a high frequency current from a local source through it, attached an aerial to one terminal and grounded the other. Whenever he picked up a current of electricity from the air by his aerial, the particles of silver aligned themselves and the battery circuit was closed and broken in accordance with the reception of the impulses received by the aerial, and the instrument set within the local battery circuit would click off dots and dashes accordingly.

Marconi's successful detection of a current of electricity transmitted through a few feet of air is justly said to be the birth of the wireless telegraph, but contemporaneously and entirely independently of him, Poppoff in Russia accomplished the same feat in almost an identical manner, since he, too, used the Branley tube as the basis of his instrument. Poppoff deserves the same degree of honor as Marconi, and would today be so acknowledged only for the fact that Marconi, possessing more business acumen than his contemporary, immediately set out for England and interested English capital in his wireless telegraph.

Father Bell brought with him when he returned to California from Rome in 1898, a copy of the book that Marconi had published on his new discovery. The fame of Marconi's invention spread far and wide, for it was epochal in the science of the day, and all wondered at this mysterious way of picking a message out of the air, but few—very few—had ever witnessed its workings. Father Bell immediately upon his installation as professor of science, erected an aerial and constructed a set similar to Marconi's, and during the fall of 1902 he received at Santa Clara the first wireless message ever received on this coast, a message broadcasted from a sending set Father Bell had installed at St. Ignatius College in San Francisco. When the magnetic detector was then invented by Marconi, it, too, was immediately applied at Santa Clara successfully.

After making several improvements on this magnetic detector, Father Bell then invented his microphone detector of which Mavey in his book on wireless speaks so highly, and accounts of which were published by all the leading scientific magazines of that time. His life motto of "Ad Maorem Dei Gloriam" and his ideal of "Scientia scientiae gratia" effacing all desire of material gain or glory, Father Bell had no thought of commercializing the result of his genius, but gave it as his contribution toward the advancement of the wireless. With the assistance of Prof. J. J. Montgomery, Santa Clara's aeronautic inventor and the world's first successful builder and pilot of a glider that could be sustained in prolonged flight, Father Bell continued his research and experiments with wireless. In the spring of 1903 he delivered a lecture in the Auditorium of Santa Clara College upon the Hertz wave theory, which was then being newly expounded, and before a throng of noted personages attracted from all over the west by the press accounts of the "Marconi of the West", he publicly received a message from St. Ignatius College, much to the

astonishment and bewilderment of his audience. Regular intercourse was engaged in with the Villa Maria, a University property about nine miles from Santa Clara, signal lights placed in the tower of the old Science Hall and upon a promontory on the villa grounds serving as a check upon the correctness of the operation. Early in his research, Father Bell was the first to discover that a live tree served admirably as an aerial, and experimented with the idea and extensively developed it. General Squires, a figure prominent in radio now, more recently claims to have discovered this phenomenon.

When Poulsen invented his electric arc burning in an atmosphere of hydrogen by which speech and not mere dots and dashes could be transmitted, Father Bell, in 1904, applied the idea to seven arcs connected in series submerged in alcohol, and with the aid of this Jancke transmitter, he spoke by wireless to Professor Herold in San Jose, an ardent student of the radio, and his voice was heard in San Francisco and as far north as the State of Washington, the first spoken words ever to be broadcasted in the West.

The crystal detector was the next step forward, and then Fleming made a receptor for electric waves out of Edison's invention of the "Electric Trap", which in transmitting an alternating current, a wireless wave being an alternating current before being "trapped" and a direct current after, admits one impulse and bars the other. DeForest greatly improved the receptor tube of Fleming by inventing a "grid" which he placed within a globe between an incandescent filament and a plate—the common audion tube of today.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of Father Bell to the radio during its early stages of development was his invention of the double-grounded long aerial, which was later developed to so great a degree by Zenke in Germany. Just as his microphone was given to the world as his bit towards the perfecting of the radio, so too did Father Bell present the world with this discovery, receiving unqualified encomiums from Professor White of the Radio Institute of New York, who praised this gift as invaluable and lauded its donor, as a true man of science laboring for the love of his art, and as an example of altruism which if more often imitated would do much towards furthering science.

Now, when radio seems to be almost at the highest possible stage of perfection, Father Bell is ready to present a new discovery that opens unthought-of virgin vistas of advancement—a new set depending upon a new theory for reception modification, and which also may be applied to sending apparatus. Since the authorities deem it best to withhold this new principle until more thoroughly tested and approved, the Patent Office at Washington, D. C., now has the matter under investigation and it is, therefore, politic to indulge in generalities only, but it may be permitted to say that the success with which this new set operates under the inspired hand of its inventor in his private laboratory is assuredly no generality, but is a fact that is substantiated by a single demonstra-

tion. The new set, portending to be epoch-making, in no way depends upon the Armstrong principle, since it is distinctly not a regenerative set, that is, none of the current is taken from the plate back through the tube again to be amplified, but is amplified upon a theory entirely foreign to the Armstrong principle. Static is diminished to an amazing degree because of the lack of all regenerative amplification in the Armstrong sense, resulting in an effect that is a vivid reproduction of the artist's rendition with a volume whose clearness vibrates with a strumming resonance that is uncommonly purged of the ear-splitting crackle of static. Besides working better when not grounded, it possesses also that very desirable advantage of being able to select whatever waves one may want, cutting out all others, thereby making it unnecessary to listen to a stock-exchange report when one is in the humor for music.

Marvelous as his new set is, and much as he loves to satisfy his music-loving soul with the triumphs of artists that it brings to him so chaste and so pure Father Bell, with his usual altruism, delights more in the fact that the new and unthought-of principle which he has evolved and upon which his new set depends, will open vast and untouched fields of research. Other master minds will find in this new theory, incentive for creative thought that only geniuses can conceive, and who can tell what will be the ultimate result of the latest discovery of Father Bell, a true man of science seeking only to understand and not to confound the ways of God.

—J. Howard Ziemann, '26.



A Master's Word



"When will the ship arrive, most illustrious Lu Fang? Our men are short of weapons and courage, and this coming boat load of Indian Tau rifles should do much for the revival of that wherein they are lacking."

"This evening, son of a cursed coolie; and see to it well that the cargo is properly stored and then distributed."

Night drew on, and a mantle of darkness was commencing to shroud China's largest river port. Here and there bandy-legged fishermen were straining their backs in the last effort of the day to dismount a flapping sail or urge their poor craft closer to the rugged shore.

"Prince Hung Wo, tyrant of the people, may think that he can forever grind us down beneath his heavy heel of unjust taxes and ignoble laws, but even the cowardly beast when trapped will turn and bare his fangs, and I say, that before many suns disappear in the west, we shall strike like a serpent in the night. As certain as my name is Fang, Prince Hung Wo shall serve as a tender morsel for the mouths of the wrathful gods coupled with mine own tender jaws."

"You were ever right, O Savior of the people," acquiesced the faithful servant, a sneer overspreading his clouded Mongolian features.

"I care not one joss for thy opinion, servant. As thy work is done so shall I consider you. Remember your place and all is well. Till tomorrow."

So saying the people's champion stalked haughtily towards the abiding place of those whom the gods extolled, leaving his harsh commands still ringing in the ears of his faithful minion.

"He is gone, after nothing but sharp words. Savior of the People! May the gods help the people, should the reins of the government ever rest in his hands. But the worm will turn, and in this case, humble Ming might be the serpent to strike and slip between the polished fangs. Who knows?"

Thus he continued musing to himself until long after nightfall while silently waiting to discharge his duty. Once more, however, did he murmur before greeting the oncoming junk, "Were I not bound to Lu Fang, my master, I could return to my home in the north from where I was stolen. As for the destinies of this city or her Prince I care not."

Morning rose.

"Ming", said Lu Fang to his servant, "nearly have I convinced myself that thy head should pay the penalty for thy blunder of last night. Nay, it approaches open treason to be so careless as to allow the arms, boat and all to fall into the hands of the Prince's spies. Did I not order you to use no light when unloading? Answer me, dog!"

"But, Honorable, the case was slipping into the water; we had to—."

"No more; a touch of the whip will aid you to be more careful in the future. Away with him."

But he motioned for the guards to tarry a moment before dragging the frightened prisoner from his sight.

"When they have succeeded, wretch, in sharpening your wits with a touch of the hide see that you keep them so, for it is an old trick to sharpen a dull weapon with a smooth strap."

Ming had received his final orders, but he had also received a good beating and the beating was uppermost in his mind. Not while his shirt was caked with blood and clinging to his raw and quivering back would he concern himself with Prince, master or coolie. He had silently listened to the words of scorn poured upon his unprotected head by Lu Fang, and these had cut more deeply into his northern pride than had the blows into his tender flesh. His long line of ancestors had been outraged, his kind parents reviled as the lowest of the low.

Ming pondered for awhile, then slowly and painfully rose to a standing position. Through the open window he could see the wide expanse of glorious wind-swept mountains, the mountains that he knew and loved so well. Ah, if he only were free to return to his home. But he knew that as long as the master continued to keep a watchful eye upon him, for he was a good and useful servant, he would never leave Canton. So with a deep sigh he turned his back upon the tiny grilled casing and the life of fancy, to the true, plotting world which moved about him. But all the time a thought was forming in his slow Chinese mind for he had overheard a conversation between Lu Fang and his brother:

"Tomorrow is the day the Prince Hung Wo rides inland accompanied by his chiefs and warriors, and I being his chief advisor will trail just behind him. Twelve sedan chairs will be used to convey us to the Prince's country place, and as the Prince has always feared assassins, these chairs will be entirely closed in and covered with heavy black cloth. Only I shall know where the Prince will ride, and I follow close upon his heels."

"But what has Ming to do with all this?" he remembered having heard the master's brother interrupt.

Lu Fang had answered: "Ming will obey my commands, which are to hide upon the outskirts of the city in the direct line of the pilgrimage and put a bullet through the tiny white disk I have placed upon the Prince's sedan, visible to none save the skilled vision. Ming, dog though he is, has a mountaineer's eye and is consequently a sure shot."

But that had all happened yesterday. Now Ming had been given the gun and was sent to his hiding place right after the noon meal of rice and baked fish. It was an excellent gun and Ming felt that he knew how to use it.

Crouching low behind a sheltering rock he watched the oncoming procession with bated breath. Now and again he half raised his rifle as if measuring the distance between himself and the moving company. As usual he was soliloquizing while he prepared for action:

Truly will I obey the master's command and fire at the tiny white patch; but Ming has had first to place the patch where it will do him the most good."

Suddenly he sat erect, brought the gun to his shoulder and fired point-blank. But the shot flew wide, for the instant he had fired Ming's sharp mountaineer's eye had detected upon the side of each advancing chair a spotless white disk. He sobbed in disappointment.

Prince Hung Wo had ruled his people for many years and consequently retained a well paid secret service for a reason.

E. O. McCormick, '26.

Vermis Non Homo

I saw an ugly clinging worm
Upon a leafless tree at rest,
In time—the glories of the morn—
A butterfly with quiv'ring crest,
A glorious, glittering butterfly,
Was waiting for her wings to dry.

But soon she sailed on silken wing
Into the fragrance of the morn.
She flitted o'er the lifeless boughs
And fairy-like she trod each thorn,
A flash of color here and there.
And then I gazed on empty air.

Of old 'twas said of Christ the Lord,
When on the tree in withered form,
Vermis non Homo, worm not man,
He called for death to end the storm
Of anguish. His soul, the butterfly,
Rose up exultingly on high.

—Frank A. O'Toole.

The Poet of Olympia



"Mine shall be
The song that wakens up from age to age
The memory of that prowess which achieves
The honor of the leafy crown."

8th Olympic Ode.

The Seventh modern International Olympiad was held at Antwerp in nineteen hundred and twenty. The result of that great struggle was a complete conquest for the United States. A brilliant page was added to our athletic history. We glory in it not so much because we were victorious over all the nations competing but because the principles of athletic competition which must be forever associated with the Greeks, the founders of these classics, were fully vindicated. The games symbolized more than the striving for physical supremacy—they symbolized the unselfish ideals of amateur sport.

We stand on the eve of another Olympiad. Will the United States emerge from the contest at Paris with another victory? This is the question paramount in the mind of every sport lover. Our prospects this year seem as bright as they ever have been. The United States, mainly because of the wonderful spirit of amateurism upheld by our colleges, more than any other nation resembles the Greeks who were true amateurs. It seems but fitting that America, where the athletic ideals of the Greeks find their fullest expression, should win the Eighth Olympiad.

A marvelous institution, these Olympic Games, in their origin Panhellenic, in their growth international. In elder days the Greek athlete trained and endured to win—what? Only an olive wreath; but the glory that went with it was the crowning achievement of the hero's life. That spirit which the Greek idealized, the spirit of competition for sheer love of the sport and the skill acquired in it, marked the true Grecian athlete. If honor came, be it only an olive twig or the plaudits of his proud countrymen, it came as a reward of honest superiority:

"The calm divine that overspreads
The mind from sweet successes in the strife."

It is because this old Grecian spirit of athletic prowess prevails that every four years the nations gather on the field of sport and clash in competition as keenly as did the ancient Hellenes.

Every great historic and heroic institution has its poet laureate. The approach of the Eighth Olympiad which will take place this year in Paris recalls the original Olympic Games and their first Panegyrist, who sings of

"Fame won in the course upon Olympic soil,
Where whosoe'er is swift of foot, and those
Who in the very flower of their age
Can put their strength to sternest proof contend."

The beloved Olympic tournaments of Greece provided, with their beautiful tableaux and their grandeur, a theme to give full range to any poet's rhapsodic lyre. These contests were a manifestation of the Greek love for athletics. Not only was the conquering athlete crowned and eulogized but even his very city was exalted by his glory. No college gridiron star of today ever received such adulation as the hero of the Grecian Olympic games received when he proudly entered the city through the broken wall, with "the honor of the pale-green olive-wreath twined around his hair and shaded brow."

The ennobling of man's physical development is a noticeable vein throughout the early poets of Greece. The Greeks realized the importance of the all-round training of man—his physical and moral as well as his intellectual nature. Much better did they realize it than nearly all of our modern nations. And this love of athletics that is characteristic of Americans is a strong safeguard of our country against the enervating influence of our complex civilization and the degeneracy which follows close upon it.

The Olympic Games were immortalized by Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece. His odes are a fine history of these classics, wherein the great contests are vividly portrayed. He held up manly sports in their true light as a worthy and noble theme for poetry. The Olympics inspired Pindar and the great poet has inspired the Olympics. The bard of Olympia was boldly original and his account of the thrilling events in the athletic arena is so fascinating that he has won for himself the unchallenged title of their Poet Laureate. The esteem in which he was held can best be understood when we remember that Alexander the Great spared one house when he razed Thebes—the house of Pindar. All Greece mourned for the poet as she did for few men when he, the "Eagle", passed to join the heroes of whom he loved so well to sing:

"Where the soft ocean breezes float forever
Around the Islands of the Blest."

It often happens in our own land that an unappreciative public fails to recognize the genius of her great writers. This occurs so much more often in the case of the foreign muses. There are men fated to sleep unsung because of an unfamiliar language and difficulty in style and manner. This is even more true if the vehicle of the muse is not only foreign but ancient as well. Of this class, Pindar is an outstanding example. Yet certainly his works are not doomed to oblivion, for they contain that genuine human touch that books any literature, whether prose or poetry, for immortality. Besides, though Pindar's mode of expression is obsolete, the theme of his poetry to a great extent harmonizes with the spirit of present-day America.

Despite the best translation his songs must in the process lose tremendously in beauty and power. We miss the admirable balancing of clauses, the fine rhythm, the exquisite music of the cadences. Those deli-

cate shades of meaning and difficult processes of his art cannot be put felicitously into English. No great poet, and least of all Pindar, can be translated. Perhaps there is no bard in all the world's literature of whom a less adequate conception can be obtained through renditions in the vernacular.

“Within my quiver I have many shafts of song that,
Loosed from the resounding string,
Speak to the wise, but to the general ear
Are meaningless until interpreted.”

Pindar considered the business of a poet to be that of a moral, religious and political teacher. To these ideals he was true throughout his life. For a pagan he possessed a wonderful understanding of the law of God. In sublimity of thought, in simplicity of style, in dignity, in charm of manner, he expresses the very best in Greek poetry. If a soul-enobling theme, if vivid imagination, if naturalness, mark the great poet, then Pindar, the Poet Laureate of the perennially popular Olympic Games, is very great.

Hellenic poetry, as exemplified by him, rose to its greatest heights. With the single exception of Homer he outranks all Greek bards. Homer, irresistible as the Nile, pours out his riches of thought and figure with an untamed flood; while Pindar carries us along a quiet stream of simple dignity and beautiful rhetoric. Poet, philosopher, patriot, he was an exemplary Greek. But the unfailing characteristics of his lyrics are sublimity and simplicity coupled with majesty of rhythm. The word “immortal” has been applied to many writers undeserving of the epithet, but taking the word in its true literary sense, we may well say that Pindar, as Poet Laureate of the Olympic Games, is both in theme and in time immortal.

—Charles Mooney.



The Frosh and the Tie



"Say, Lawrence, where's that trick tie of mine?" cried Ralph as he rummaged frantically through his bureau drawer.

"Do you mean that bow-tie with the elastic on it?" returned the other lad. "Well, the last time I saw the thing, you were out in the hall snapping some fellow with it."

"I don't know what I did with it now," said Ralph with a frown. "I'm in a fine predicament. I wouldn't wear these other rags to an old-clothes party."

"Why, take one of mine," said Lawrence. "Look there in the top drawer. No—the other corner. There—help yourself."

"Thanks a million, old man! These are beauties. Boy, here's a stunner. How about it?"

"Surely, take it", responded Lawrence, carelessly gazing over his book. I received that from Ruth Mason, Mary's cousin. Singular design, isn't it? Do you think Ruth would recognize it?"

"I'll take a chance", answered Ralph as he carefully arranged the tie.

Lawrence was again absorbed in his book. Ralph took a final glance into the mirror, straightened out a few stray locks with a dash of Sta-comb and gave a last touch to his borrowed finery. There was no doubt about it; he was a self-ordained "shiek." There was only one flaw in his make-up—unshined shoes.

A minute later he was rushing down the street. Classmates ventured to stop him, but received only a faint smile and a bored response to their greeting. Those fellows were such pests, he explained to himself, and not worth wasting time on. Stepping briskly into a shoe shining parlor, he submitted his Oxfords to the tender mercies of an attendant and while the operation was going on, gazed with approval at his image reflected in the mirror on a neighboring wall.

"That tie is certainly odd", he mused and then dismissed the subject from his mind lest he find himself figuring out the possibilities of its being recognized as borrowed property.

Shortly after Ralph armed with an irresistible box of candy was mounting the steps of his aunt's home on the outskirts of the town.

"Hello there!" he shouted to the couple sitting on the veranda.

"Why, Ralph! I'm so glad to see you," exclaimed the surprised lady as he walked toward her and deposited the box in her lap. The expression of thanks assured him that he stood in her good graces, so he boldly made his request.

"Aunt Rose, do you think I could use the car tonight? I am going to a dance at the Country Club."

Aunt Rose hesitated; Ralph squirmed uneasily; his uncle looked up from his newspaper, glanced at the box of sweets, winked at his wife, and very seriously replied:

"Well, Ralph, since you were so kind as to bring my wife this candy for me to eat, I'll let you take the car."

As Ralph bade his aunt good-bye the kindly lady whispered: "Ralph, you look really handsome tonight. You dress so nattily and that tie is beautifully odd."

Ralph looked at her quizzically and ventured that it was quite odd. He said good-night and disappeared around the corner.

He became so nervous as he neared his destination that he could hardly stop the engine. If she should ever discover his secret—he hated to think of it—it was perfectly clear that he would be ruined forever in her eyes. But he managed to free his mind of all unpleasant forebodings, hastened up the walk of a pretty little home, and gently pushed the door-bell. Mary Kenyon, the dainty Mary herself, opened the door. A few minutes later they were spinning merrily along the road that led to the Country Club.

He talked constantly and unceasingly. He was determined to create an impression that would never wear off. He felt that she was scrutinizing him carefully as he rambled along and told of the offices he held in college organizations, his prowess on the gridiron and splendid class record. He felt uncomfortable under the examination and wondered if there was any danger of her discovering his secret.

"Those hills look beautiful in the moonlight, don't they?" he remarked; and to his great pleasure she immediately became interested in the landscape.

The ride was soon over and together they entered the ball room of the Country Club. To Ralph's intense dismay, they were met by Ruth Mason. They chatted for a few moments which seemed like hours and Ruth seemed to have her eyes literally fixed on him. The music saved the day though, and he and Mary whirled away in a dance. Notwithstanding his burdened mind, the evening passed happily but all too swiftly for Ralph. The dances with Mary seemed so short.

After his seventh dance, Ralph lost sight of her. Two more passed and still no sign of Mary. At last he gave up in despair and sat in a corner to wait. When the next dance was well under way, she found him out. Without questioning her he calmly asked for the dance, to which she gladly consented.

It seemed an age of silence before he could muster up courage to make inquiries.

"Where on earth have you been for the last two dances?"

"Oh! you missed me, did you?" she replied gaily.

There was a long pause,—then: "Did you go out?" he asked."

"Yes. We were out in the garden; Ruth Mason, Harvey Bowen and I. I guess we talked longer than I imagined."

"I see," Ralph answered with a calm which belied the state of his mind. So Mary had been talking with Ruth Mason! If he really knew Ruth

as he thought he did, he felt that her loquacious little tongue must surely have babbled forth what she knew. Yet Mary didn't seem to have changed. Perhaps she didn't know—and perhaps she did, but said nothing out of regard for his feelings.

On the way home neither spoke much. Mary tried several times to start a conversation and even resorted to the moonlit hills as a mutually congenial topic. Finally she gave up. But Ralph's mind was far from idle. "Did Ruth tell her?—and if she did, what must Mary think of me?"

After an eternal ride, they reached the Kenyon home and Ralph, with quivering hands, assisted Mary out of the car. Twice he started to say something, but each time he almost choked from the effort. Eventually he spluttered out:

"Di-did Ruth tell you anything about me?"

Mary gave a little laugh—a queer little laugh—which left him wondering whether it was born of irony, or of that sort of pity one feels for a jelly-fish. He was certain that she knew the truth.

"Well, Ralph, she only told me that you—"

"Don't!" interrupted Ralph. "I know". He groaned heavily in utter chagrin and confusion. How could he ever expect to keep it secret when Ruth Mason knew so much. What a heartless girl that Ruth was! The inevitable had happened—the crucial moment had arrived. She knew it all; Mary knew that he was only a lowly Freshman.

—Fred Boach, '27.



An Ode



(Read at the Golden Jubilee banquet of the Junior Dramatic Society of the University of Santa Clara, November 3, 1923.)

I sing a song of arms—but not the roaring tubes of crimson battle,
 Nor charging lance, nor cleaving brand, nor shaft nor bending bow,—
 Arms and the boys! remote from martial trump or war-drums rattle,—
 The boys— a galaxy of stars with Thespian fires aglow!

I sing a song of Alma Mater's arms, the staid conventions scorning,
 Embracing this bouquet of youth, including buds like me.
 There's nothing old about the souls our festal board adorning
 As smile and laugh present a scene to greet the Jubilee!—

A scene of smiles and laughter, save for only one reflection—
 For just a fleeting shadow of a moment fraught with tears,
 While absent hearts return from out the land of recollection
 As thought goes back an instant to the realm of yesteryears!

The yesteryears, methinks, had brighter suns and fairer flowers!
 The feathered choirs sang sweeter in the old days than today!
 The willowed walks, the clay-built shrines, the clock that chimed the hours--
 Can marble splendors fill the void since they have passed away?

Our yesteryears are peopled with the dearest, kindest faces,—
 With leal and cherished comrades whom no longer we behold!
 The fragrance of their gentle love, their virtues and their graces,
 Abides with you who guard their trust unsullied from of old!

If yesteryears could speak, Today might marvel at their story:
 The genius of Carreda then might Music's tribute claim,
 And Young, whose luster lit the stage which still reflects his glory
 In name survive where some proud hall might symbolize his fame.

The mentor of your Junior dawn still glads the sphere he blesses—
 The poet-priest who trod the aisles of heaven in a dream.
 Though decades long, for Father John my love no whit the less is,
 And none the less his cheery eyes with pure affection beam.

As blithe he looks, as brisk his step, as keen his wit and merry,
 As fond, as sympathetic he, as in that elder day!
 Be all your guides like Father John and, till you cross the Ferry
 You'll wear them in your heart of hearts in quite the self-same way.

Hail, Thespis! with your tinsel'd pomps, your wigs and painted mummers,
 Your spangled robes, your buskined feet, your screens and traps and
 wings,—
 Your paper snow, your thunder-drum, your fly-hand's warbled summers,
 Your gestured line, your peak of thrills when "bravo" domeward rings!

Hail, Juniors! ye who wave aloft our standards with elation!
 Hail to a new half-hundred years, and hail to new renowns!
 Hail, heir of Kenna, Nobili! and hail the inspiration
 Whereby the son of Zacheus their soulful labor crowns.

The hammers ring! Art, Science vie in building for the ages!
 Majestic rise the temples of the times that are to be!
 Achievement frames an epic for the Mission's hallowed pages,
 While hope's fulfillment heaps the joy of Golden Jubilee!

—Charles D. South, A. M.

Alice Meynell



The Perfect Essays



WHILE Alice Meynell has put her thoughts into view clearly, she has curiously hidden herself. It is the same thing as to say that she has concealed her art, for to be conscious of the art is only to glimpse the laboring artist. We may be vexed at her success, because mysteries are not popular. And after continually marvelling we are apt to look for assurance that she is not more than human; for perfection, unless labor and pain explain it, is not earthly. But labor and pain have left no record—the sigh of them is in that breath which Alice Meynell repressed. She has, perhaps, merely kept back things; and we are unwise if we doubt they exist.

Of her harvest—and we reflect that she was old when she brought together the pages of her first and last book—we must believe that the essays reveal only a chosen portion; that she has gone down on her knees on the threshing floor, picking out the goodly grains—the gold handful. When, imprudently, we declare that her field is not as other men's, yielding such harvest, there is no answer. She may, perhaps, murmur,

“But O, what labor!
O Prince, what pain!”

No one has heard her.

She has left no sallyport by which we might drive at these hidden things; the essays, I have said, are adamant to such attack. And if she wrote revealing letters, we are not at present allowed to read them. Flaubert saved his despair for letters; and they are very depressing. In the books he could hide what was not to his purpose, and you do not see him labor; but hiding the art, he hid also the inspiration. Yet Alice Meynell, whom we have conceived as equally sedulous to conceal, is always manifestly inspired. After all, we cannot explain away the wonder of Alice Meynell; we can read the mystery, but this is only to come face to face with greatness. To suggest that she selected with care, discriminating between the chaff and the wheat, only shows how she may have got rid of the chaff; it does not tell how she came by the grain. And that is not properly a mystery any more than Shakespeare or Dante are mysterious; at least, there is no secret in them to be discovered—only

“the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind.”

which is to be acknowledged.

We cannot connect Alice Meynell's work with her life, for she seems to have been at one age perpetually. She was demure perpetually, which does not imply anything child-like in her, for she had more than a child's dignity. Perhaps it was her reticence which hid the outflowering changes of the years; at any rate this restraint deeply affected all her

work, not only in a negative way, but also adding much. It defined her peculiar achievement, directing her peculiar purpose: this was, not to give things the fire of her own emotion, nor to impose her meaning upon them, but to present them, not differently, but perhaps more clearly, than in nature. Here, at the end of "In July", she has herself contrasted the two manners: Of the aspen tree—

"It is a coolness of colour, as well as of leaf which the breeze takes on both sides—the greenish and the grayish. The poplar green has no glows, no gold; it is an austere colour, as little rich as the colour of willows, and less silvery than theirs. The sun can hardly gild it; but he can shine between. Poplars and aspens let the sun through with the wind. You may have the sun sprinkled through them in high midsummer, when all the woods are close

Sending your fancy poplar-gathering, then, you ensnare wild trees, flying with life. No fisher's net ever took such glancing fishes, nor did the net of a constellation's shape ever enclose more vibrating Pleiades."

The essay ends with this glorious metaphor, coming on the heels of something which is yet greater, as it throws the snare about a thing yet more elusive. Nothing is more elusive than the exact property of a beautiful thing. Metaphor does not hit upon it; as it does not try to hit upon it. Comparison in the act implies a baffled groping after an essence, able to find only what a thing is like. But poplars and aspens do let the sun through with the wind, and to know that is both to understand and to see the vibrant light and color among the aspen leaves. And that "You may have the sky sprinkled through them in high midsummer," is true literally.

And yet we do generally see and remember in metaphors. Beauty is frail and cannot bear the prying fingers; frail, because beauty lies in the sense of the beholder, and that sense lamentably soon wearies. We read poetry with a certain fine despatch; and if we go abroad for delight on a country road, we walk steadily to change the view; for should we linger on what charmed us—"behold, the vision gone." So fleet, indeed, is beauty, the mind has nothing fleet enough to grasp it except comparison. One may seek words and names, till his pleasure turn to ashes in his mouth; but the comparison is ready at the moment of the sensation. And so one remembers that the quick leaves of the aspen, trembling before the bright sky, pleased him because they were lively as the shaken catch in the net of a fisher. And that Alice Meynell could preserve her delight while she carefully noted all the particulars—investigating her emotion of the moment—is her great wonder; perhaps, it was her unshared gift. "For half a summer night" Alice Meynell watched the reflected stars wheeling "in a pool of the country Thames." And in passing we may reflect that no beauty is so unremarked—nay unremarkable—as the flight of the disordered stars; that while there is a charm in sailing with Virgil under the influence of "the rainy Hyades", or being lighted through the watches of a classical night by a river Andromeda and Arcturus, yet one suspects—to borrow a phrase—that their souls are in their names. They can bring an O! to our lips not

otherwise than by being surprising—as they are, when, while crossing dark meadows, we come upon a brook full of them suddenly. But Alice Meynell, quietly and confidently, has watched the flood at work scattering the constellations; noting how “two movements shake but do not scatter the still night.” And she has written an entire essay—“The Tethered Constellations”—upon this gentle and small performance. All its unsteady glory, with the bursting of stars in the ripples, and the dark silences around and between, is in the picture. And it does not weary. Nay, at the end, and for all the detail, only the simple scene remains—quiet stars burning in quiet water.

It seems inevitable that Alice Meynell must have somewhat diminished her stature to get into such narrow secrets. She may have found,—like Alice in Wonderland after she drank the elixer—that certain things were dismally beyond her reach. Certainly, to become, like Titania, no bigger “than an agate ring on the forefinger of an alderman” and “drawn by a team of little atomies,” must change one’s view of the world. Titania, for instance, took a blade of grass more seriously than we do, for she had to go around it. And Alice Meynell’s great things were small (though not unimportant therefore).

To Ruskin Venice was the body of a dream—his dream; a work of art all conceived in the tone of St. Mark’s, that rose to his eyes, “a vision out of the earth”—

“And all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away . . . a multitude of pillars and white domes . . . the solemn forms of angels . . . leaning to each other across the gates . . . their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when its gates were angel-guarded long ago . . . a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in the breadth of golden strength . . . at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches burst into a marble foam, toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreathes of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.”

That is Ruskin’s Venice but in a different key Alice Meynell recalled

“Venice, where the campo has its circle of carved stone, its clashing of dark copper on the pavement, its soft kiss of the copper vessel with the surface of the water below, and the cheerful work of the cable.”

If a mood is anywhere reflected in her writing, it is the habitual proneness to what is quiet; when she might have been gazing in rapt wonder at St. Mark’s, she was off looking at wells. And so she ever chose the small and the gentle—and it was not ever the unlovely. We see her walking mildly down the paths of her garden—and the flowers on either hand may be primroses. She never meets anything ugly or startling, but she is not looking for excitement. Nothing is lacking of garden beauty, nor yet of garden order; it is a pleasant place to live; and there is a wall about it. Most old ladies in gardens forget what is outside the wall and lose their sense of proportion. And here Alice Meynell is truly great, preserving that indispensable sense (we notice in the essays a

charming sense of humor, which, after all, is the same thing). This just proportioning implies not only wisdom, but a certain generosity as when Shakespeare, who loved Falstaff, forbore to laud him. He had him die of a broken heart, because Falstaff was, altogether an incomparable villain. And I am sure it was no less hard for Alice Meynell to see that her pleasant garden was not the whole world, and to speak, as she has done with such charming taste, very quietly about her quiet beauties.

We note this further: that the grandeur of Ruskin's Venice is a good half the grandeur of his own mind,—a supreme metaphor; while the loveliness of Alice Meynell's picture, is only that of the scene itself. If we wish to embellish her picture, we can do it without either Ruskin or Alice Meynell to help us. We can have doves in the sun; and beautiful women, carrying urns, come to scatter them; and sweet speech like a fountain, gently bursting, among the quiet house walls. To a well Rebekah came at evening with her kind face; and at a well by the city where Christ was, lay the sinful woman, soon to be comforted. There is no end to this weaving of thought—no end to the tale of wells. But Alice Meynell has left it all to us. One thing more—a note somewhat by way of remonstrance against those who would not heed Alice Meynell, because as the comparison reminds us her beauties are small. After all, one hesitates to say that beauty can be either large or small. If “No sound is dissonant which tells of life”, cannot the same sanction admit the stars—the stars who sing together, though with Lorenzo we hear them faintly or not at all—or aspens combing the wind, or the captured charm of a flying moment of happiness? They are not great, but, because they are beautiful, life has something to do with them, and will take some motion from them. They are sounds not dissonant.

The Poems

Given the poems, we cannot well let the essays judge Alice Meynell, because she has done a nobler, if less perfect, thing in the poems. About all the world of the essays, we have noted the cloistering wall; amidst which in a monastery quiet, flowers grew by living water, and the air searched among aspens, and in one part the ground was cool with the shadows of Umbrian cypress; but Alice Meynell had forgotten to people her world; there were no men and women, busy with life, in the placid ways where she walked; no voice, save, perhaps, on a sequestered lawn, the laughter of “the darling young”—her own children. But in the poems she turns her watching thoughts not upon the life of the senses, but on the life of the soul; her errand is not to English water brooks, or upon the Via Appia to see how the green weeds outrun the plucking laborer and bloom wildly in august places; she attends upon the comings and goings on the mystical ladder into heaven, where Jacob saw his angels. All that goes on, all the cloaked hurrying upon dark missions, she watches, as she has ever watched all things, until she knows many truths that were secret.

And here appears, perhaps not hitherto manifest, the profundity of Alice Meynell.

Alice Meynell has a way of veiling profundity with charm, and her essays are apt to please us out of discernment. But if we can possibly be less delighted we may find greater matter for wonder. Remember that what she set shining in the sun was got by searching in the shadows, and that the profound appears evident when we have been shown, because it is profound. Only after this preface can we approach a right criticism of Alice Meynell disposed to see profundity in the essays as well as the poems. This quality really belongs to the artist alone; nor is there any subject which implies shallow treatment. That "Poplars and aspens let the sun through with the wind", is profound; just as

"You never attained to him? "If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be."
"Endless the way, followed with how much pain!"
"The way was He."

The difference seems to lie chiefly in the importance we attach to these truths, the more important naturally working into expression in the poems.

Alice Meynell was not always fortunate in the poems—with the thoughtful in her frowning on what was willing to be wanton. Note how the analytical manner of describing, so lightly carried off in the essays, burdens the poetry to breaking. In "Rivers Unknown to Song"—

"Man has no word for their eternity—
Rhine, Arno, Avon, younglings, youth uncrowned:
Ignorant, innocent, instantaneous, free,
Unwelcomed, unrenowned."

With the flourish of rhythm in the ending and the falling climax of the words, there is yet no thrill; the force of thought is dissipated in the elaborate expression. Alice Meynell is somewhat too thoughtful; somewhat too lacking in passion; she sings a song of Sion—not for the joy, but for the meaning of it—her gaze upon a land that is very far off. But not always—here she revels and is lovely (The Rainy Summer)—

"No scents may pause within their garden fold;
The rifled flowers are cold as ocean shells;
Bees, humming in the storm, carry their cold
Wild honey to wild cells."

Having a book of poems and a book of essays, and no more, one enquires after the unrecorded fruits of her years, trusting they have yielded more. And we come to see that they are too filled with the business of life for much writing. Between the infrequent essays she was rearing children, and Francis Thompson was writing poems to them, in gratitude for the charity of their mother. And so we have but two books, and she cannot sit with the Homers and Dantes; but she is at least immortal without being majestic; secure in the company of those who ". . . will

never, like the Shakespeares, command the homage of the multitude; but they are safe; the multitude will not trample them down."

Through her writing, if much that is unimportant in the personal author lies hidden, there yet shines through a high purpose and a placid wisdom. Art that is the flower of nobility is worth preserving; and men do infallibly find it and preserve it. And Alice Meynell's sincerity precludes all thought of her art not issuing legitimately from her true self. On this she has a noble word, applying to her life as to her writing: "Without anxiety, without haste, and without misgiving are all great things to be done, and neither interruption in the doing nor ruin after they are done finds anything in them to betray. There was never any disgrace of means, and when the world sees the work broken through there is no disgrace of discovery. The labour of Michaelangelo's chisel, little more than begun, a Roman structure long exposed in disarray—upon these the light of day looks full, and the Roman and the Florentine have their unrefuted praise." A. J. Steiss, Jr., '26.

The Death of the Mountain

Bleak loneliness, how languid thou dost lie!
 Thy tresses dance no more on windy wing
 And fret soft melodies. Thou canst not die!
 But yet, I hear thy gruesome death knell ring.

Now comes a shroud of ghastly leaden mist,
 A frigid breath, fell Proserpina's scourge.
 Why hast thou, Death, so 'larged thy awful list?
 Wail now, ye winds, cry out your funeral dirge.

Icy! cold! impenetrably locked,
 Thy cloudy tomb awaits eternity.
 Oh, canst thou rise again; would Death be mocked?
 Anon the night is come, it cannot be.

But lo! a page from nature's fiery king
 Darts forth in herald of that lovely reign
 And rushing onward spreads his dazzling wing
 To rend thy misty sepulcher in twain.

Immortal creature, thou so well dost wear
 Thy garment woven of divinity.
 Thy death is dead; thy soul is now laid bare,
 Thy beauties bounded by infinity.

—Donald J. Pierr, '25.

I Doubt It



WE were a group of men, bachelors, and often met for the purpose of criticizing and discussing literary works.

One night we were gathered at the apartments of Colonel Lawson. Dick Moreing was among us, and, as usual, had come out with his skeptical, "It may be true, but I doubt it." The topic for discussion was Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." Dick claimed that this work was untrue to life.

"Never mind," he was saying, "you may laugh for all I care, but that old theme of getting babies mixed when they are infants is all tommy-rot! I don't believe there ever was such a case or ever will be. Why! the maternal instinct is too great. Any mother is able to distinguish her own child from another. I say it's all bosh!"

No one wanted to argue with Dick Moreing. It was time wasted. Silence reigned for a moment.

"There's where you're wrong, my boy," said old Colonel Lawson finally. "I myself was mixed up in a case of that kind. It was almost a tragedy at first, but it turned out to be most humorous. And I am ready to swear it was true."

Literary discussion was suspended for the evening and we prepared to listen to the Colonel's story.

"I was in sunny Italy at the time," he said, "visiting my sister and her daughter. I had been made an uncle and grand-uncle within a space of two days. By Jorry! it was quite a coincidence. It happened this way; a young man, Alec Phillips, had fallen in love with my widowed sister, twenty years his senior, and after quite a romance they were married. About this time Bartholomew Phillips senior, a man of fifty years, and the younger man's father, proclaimed his love for my niece, my sister's daughter, so June and the senior Phillips were married.

"You see now, Dick, that's something unusual right there— isn't it? Here we have an old man marrying a young girl, and a young man his son, marrying an old girl. Quite strange, nevertheless it is as true as I sit here. The senior Phillips was much put out at his son's marriage to the mother of his wife, and in fact, had practically disowned him.

"Well sir, this double marriage created quite a stir in Rome. The newspapers were full of it, and it set the whole city talking. However, that's neither here nor there. After a time, these two ladies, namely my sister and my niece, found themselves the mothers of bouncing boys; and say! they were huskies with mighty lungs. These two infants were the cause of my visit, as I said, for I was quite proud to be an uncle and a grand-uncle at the same time. After hearing the good news I promptly took the first liner from New York to Italy. Two weeks later, I arrived and immediately made my way to my sister's residence; and what a mad-

house I walked into. It seems the two women had temporarily patched up the break between father and son when they received the cable I had sent. Both families were together in the same house, with all the relatives from both sides present in a grand re-union, waiting for me.

“Well by Jorry! those two kids were as like each other as two peas—blue eyes, brown hair, dressed alike, and darned if they didn’t squall in the same key! Now Dick, you may say a thing like this is a physical impossibility; but think on it awhile man—if father and son marry mother and daughter, why shouldn’t their offspring look alike? It’s possible, in fact it’s very probable.

“Well of course all the relatives had to caress and fondle the infants, and you can guess what happened. After passing the kids from one to another, they finally discovered they did not know Bartholomew from Alexander. When the two mothers heard of the horrible plight they became frantic like most women do, and there was cursing and weeping and gnashing of teeth! By Jorry! it was an awful hullabaloo. It began with both the mothers, and ended with both the fathers coming to blows.

“Then one of the infants started in with his healthy lungs. At first, I thought all pandemonium had broken loose. I glanced at my sister in a helpless sort of way, and was taken aback to see a broad smile lighten her tear-stained face. I looked at my niece and was also surprised to see a smile upon her countenance. Simultaneously, the two women made a rush for the distressed infant, but my sister won out. She snatched up the child and held it to her breast.

“‘This is my babe,’ she cried, ‘I would be able to tell that cry out of a thousand.’

“‘No, no,’ screamed my niece, ‘I know that is my Bartholemew,—why that’s exactly the way my little darling sobs. Give him to me I tell you! Give him to me, that is my child, I know it’.

“But with all my niece’s wailings, my sister would not give up the child, saying she knew just as positively that it was her own little Alexander. All this time, the other poor child was neglected—an outcast with no mother. I took it up and gave it to my niece, but she made absolutely no effort to stop its squalling.

“Well, this thing carried on for four or five hours. I didn’t know which baby was my nephew and which was my grand-nephew. However, that was the least of the worries. My niece didn’t know whether she was holding her own child or her half-brother or her brother-in-law! My sister wasn’t absolutely sure whether she had her child or her grand-child or her husband’s son’s child!

“My niece’s husband didn’t know whether he was the father of his own son, or of his grandson, or the son of his mother-in-law. My sister’s husband didn’t know whether the child his wife was holding onto so frantically was his son, his half-brother, or his wife’s daughter’s son.

“Wasn’t that an awful predicament for an honest man to be in? I for my part didn’t know where I stood in the family tree. My brain got muddled and I began to think Bartholomew was one of my ancestors, and that my niece must be a lineal descendant of Alexander.

“But here is the worst part of it. The older Phillips was wealthy, decidedly so, and the younger Phillips was as poor as a pauper. His father wouldn’t give him a cent because of his ill-will towards the boy’s marriage, since that had made the mother of the elder Phillips’ wife his daughter-in-law, and no self-respecting man wants his mother-in-law to get into any closer relationship to the family.

“Immediately the question rose as to which child would receive the inheritance. Which would be the rightful heir? Would one receive the money that lawfully belonged to the other, or not? This caused another battle which lasted exactly an hour and a half. Then I quieted the storm by suggesting that the elder Phillips bring in the nurse and question her. She had been in the family for years, in fact had nursed the younger husband in his infancy. It was a brilliant idea and everybody applauded my ingenuity.

“So the nurse, a strong-headed old Venetian, came in and on being questioned, admitted her positive knowledge of the identity of the children. Everybody breathed a sigh of relief. But she started a new riot, when she declared she would not reveal which infant was which until the old man gave a handsome share of his fortune to his son, my sister’s husband. Of course old Phillips flatly refused. He threatened to fire her, have her arrested, and everything else he could think of, if she didn’t tell him which was his son and stop trying to bribe him. She only smiled and prepared to leave. He tried to reason with her, force her, and threaten her, but it didn’t work; she simply laughed at him. Then when he began to realize his fortune might go to the son of a pauper, he reconsidered.

“‘How much do you want?’ he asked disgustedly as he pulled out his check book.

“‘Ten thousand will do,’ she replied coolly, ‘he deserves twice as much.’

“Hereupon he bellowed like a bull, but she stood beside him until he signed the check and handed it over. She gave it to my sister’s husband.

“‘Now which is my son?’ the old boy demanded.

“The nurse pointed, saying ‘Bartholomew Phillips, your wife has him.’ We all gasped.

“‘I don’t believe it’, he shouted.

“‘Come here then’, said the nurse, ‘turn him over and look close’.

“My niece, who had allowed the youngster to squall uncomforted for two hours, turned the child over, and there in the fancily brocaded stitch-work on the hem was the name, ‘Bartholomew Phillips Jr.’

“‘I just knew it was my Bartie all the time,’ she said, kissing him half to death.”

The Colonel ended his story suddenly . We sat silent for a minute.

He turned to Moreing and said, "Well, Dick, I swear to every word of it. What do you say?"

The narration had been delivered with such positive assurance that we thought its veracity beyond all question.

"Well, I don't know," replied Dick after a pause, "It may be true, but I doubt it."
—Stephen F. Phelan.

The Spectre Pirate

I steer a treasure ship that sails
The turbulent sea.
May God permit no pirate bold
To plunder me!

My cargo is of richest worth,
My hand is strong;
My vessel drives with a steady breeze
Her course along,

When lo! a sudden distant speck,
A ship is seen.
It sails with unabating speed
And evil mien.

'Tis as I feared, the spectre bark,
The ship of hate,
With Death, bold pirate, at the helm.
Alas, my fate!

But as I pause with bated breath,
The pirate grim
Far in the west descries a sail,
A vision dim.

And ne'er he shouts his dreaded hail
Across the wave,
For well he knows an angel bark
Has come to save.

He crowds all sail and hastes away,
Abandons me.
I breathe a prayer of fervent thanks,
My God, to Thee!

—Frank A. O'Toole.

Travels With a Dory



T the town of Nahant, which sees the boats for Liverpool and the French ports setting out from Boston, and on a street of quiet, shuttered houses looking down mildly on the ocean where the sails of pleasure boats careened in the sun, I lived for two Junes that were murmurous with the sea and with summer. And, thus far having traveled little, and still being young enough to take breathless joy in the sight of a ship with her tower of sails or a morning glitter on the water, I know of no place whose memory so recalls happiness and bright days.

There were two of us, and for the first time in our lives we were abroad at four in the morning; for the hour is no stranger to fishermen. Upon such an excursion after being warmed within by tea prepared by a faithful and agreeable servant, we slipped silently from the hotel, and after briskly walking reached the place where our boat lay. We then glided off into the darkness and with a solitary gas lamp as our lighthouse, pulled for the fishing grounds. We reached them after a hearty row, and threw over the anchor with a splash. My companion was looking at the lights, onshore, in the direction of Boston, when he observed one hanging over the dark sea at an unusually near distance. It shone in a spot where by day one could see no land or reef; only the moving waters. As the dawn came up, the light grew dim, the outlines of a tall ship began to stand out beneath it, very still upon quiet waters two miles away. After a while the soft chime of the ship's clock tinkled over the flat morning sea, sharp over that distance as a sounding gong from one room to another. We caught no fish on this excursion, but were so fatuously pleased with sea life, that our hearts could not have been lighter on the return, had the boat been loaded.

In this exclusive little village, lives an exclusive little man—Henry Cabot Lodge. Though he keeps to himself largely, he has kindly consented to let the public stroll through his spacious and beautiful estate. We took advantage of this privilege one afternoon at the fashionable hour of four, and discovered on his grounds every freak formation of rock and earth that might possibly add to its interest. Ascending a wooden staircase, we reached the brink of the cliffs overlooking the sea; a slight afternoon breeze ruffled the waters and made the waves rush in to fill the chasms of the rocks. Here, as we wandered along, we beheld a natural bridge, quite perfect, but in an ungainly position; a huge pulpit-shaped rock faced towards the sea. At the very end of the trail the owner has built himself an ample library, where, I can imagine, he sits often, reading and gazing at the sea. Man's hand, however, is little noticed in this naturally beautiful estate.

Early one morning we started for the fish nets of the harbor on an

invitation by Captain K——. We headed up the coast toward Lynn, and stopped over at Bass Point, where we saw the Italian fishermen rowing in dories to an ugly and dirty seine boat that wallowed there at anchor. Dories and seine boat—unsightly and ill-assorted fleet—were towed at length, amid the rustle of spray, to the first net on the rounds. It is shaped like a bowl, only the upper part of the sides extending out of the water, into this a long runway leads the unfortunate fish, who, once started on this passage, never turn back, but always continue into the central net. The fishermen enter by the runway, and forcing all the fish into one corner, scoop them out with hand nets. The catch, they told us, would not pay for the gasoline that brought them out, yet they laughed and joked continuously.

In one of the dories a very singular man could always be observed fast asleep. He lay in the bow, no part of his body appearing over the side save a face, quite scarlet in color. On four excursions he distinguished himself by nothing save this remarkable color and his indomitable propensity for sleep. An old man, who seemed to be his father—his face a milder shade of red, as though faded with years—sat in the boat with him, and seemed to do most of the work.

In place of the cheap refreshment counters usually seen strewn over a beach resort, fashionable tea shops are the vogue in this aristocratic village. It was in one of these, or perhaps in several, that I acquired my habit of drinking tea. And so, quite often, between three and four in the afternoon, two transformed fishermen could be seen entering the shops of the tea vendors.

While sitting in the hotel one evening the kitchen boy came running in and announced that a shark had been caught on the beach outside. We ran out, and saw it on the sand, in the fading light. It was only a baby, weighing about ten pounds. It had been trapped in low water when the tide receded. There, floundering about, it had been seen and clubbed to death by village boys. It was placed on a tray and exhibited to all the guests of the hotel. Though obviously too small to do any damage, its appearance in those quiet waters discouraged swimming for some time.

The beauties of the scenery appeared at their best in the early morning, as we learned from experience. We rose at five one blowing dawn and set off to try our luck near the banks on the opposite side of the peninsula. The gas street lamps were still burning as we strode along the shore road; a heavy and exceedingly damp mist obscured all outside a small radius about us, and a nipping early morning breeze made us step more briskly. The beach is shaped like a wash bowl, with huge rocks flanking three sides. On these rocks we walked out carefully, as the slippery surface made them dangerous, and finally reached the perch from which we were accustomed to fish. Our anticipations of a catch were badly disappointed, but once again the scenery made it up to us. The fog gradually lifted until we could see the dim outline of the shore oppo-

site; objects then became more distinct and soon, as the sun rose, the whole scene became bright and clear.

The sea washed on the rocks with a continuous and vicious roar to which we soon became accustomed. We descended and tried our luck elsewhere, but with no success and finally in the warm sunshine we trudged home rather ashamed of our lack of fish. However, we were in bed again before the rest of the guests had arisen, so our failure was kept out of sight.

The most exciting fishing of the season came when we were some three miles and a half at sea. Monster fish inhabited there and seemingly were very hungry, for twenty-five or thirty flopped into our boat in an hour's time. Here I was curiously unsuccessful. Though the two of us were in the same boat and scarcely three feet apart, I pulled up but two of the entire catch. The largest of the string was fully three feet long, and weighed nine pounds, with huge gills and mouth. That night fish was served to all hands and the cook at the hotel.

The wharf was the social meeting place of all the chauffeurs and waitresses on the peninsula. There they would dance to the tune of a concertina, while the waves beat below them with dismal repetition. The sole lighting system was a wharf gas lamp and cigars.

One morning we took advantage of a misty sky and a rising tide and went forth in our boat to fish. Two miles and a half out we were unpleasantly surprised to hear a peal of thunder. At the same time a fog bank covered all but a small point of land. We weighed anchor and pulled for the shore at once, but when half way in, were startled to see a rolling porpoise just astern. We at once forgot the storm and chased the porpoise until it rolled under a wave and was seen no more. By that time the fog had cleared, but we decided to row in and inquire about the weather.

We were told there was no danger, so once more set our bow in the direction of Europe. Three miles from shore we were fishing contentedly when of a sudden the sky blackened and sulphurous streaks of light appeared along the dark horizon. Rolls and claps of thundering clouds urged us to the task of pulling up the anchor, which had caught in some rocks deep under water. We labored strenuously and at last freed it; then started for the misty, far-off wharf. Whitecaps slowed our progress and though we bent four oars in unison we found that we were but slowly making headway. With the help of a huge spar which stood on a reef to our right, we could record accurately what progress we were making by watching it move along the shore of Bass Point just opposite. Our eyes anxiously looked towards it often, but were just as often turned away in disappointment for the choppy waves impeded us greatly.

After ten minutes of hardy toil we were relieved to find ourselves half way in, when a motor boat started from shore, headed for us and came alongside. We at once recognized our friend Captain K——, who had left his dinner to come after us. Under his power we were soon in port.

In the meantime clouds of rain burst in the heavens and when we arrived at the hotel with six slimy fish we felt half like fools and half like heroes. The slamming of the front door as we entered was the signal for the entire Irish Catholic kitchen force to get to work and stop praying.

Thus for a month we lived with the sea, and at night that we should lose no time by sleep, we dreamed of the sea; of the perils of navigating in the surge of the waves; the pleasant work of the oars, and the deep, hidden leap of the fish on the sunk line; the blowing, dark, misty, mornings when we rowed out upon the ocean to fish and see the sun come up in glory.

—Charles F. Steiss.

Vain the Quest

Yon fares anew the dauntless hunter, Day.
His eye is keen, his stealthy step is light;
His trumpet blast from Eastern fields of grey
Stirs night's black vulture into dreary flight.

She flaps her frightened wings in swift retreat
Across the dimming fields of starlit blue.
Pursuing Day on swiftly flying feet
With golden shafts of sun would pierce her through.

'Tis eve; he wearies of the fruitless quest
As round about him drear the shadows creep.
His lagging steps attain the purple west,
His eyelids close despairingly in sleep.

How like the hunter of the fleeting night
Is he who seeks for rainbow urns of gold.
Each hopeful morn his foolish heart beats light.
At eve his warmest hopes are dull and cold.

—Richard McInerney, '27.

Easter Sun



Thou daybreak queen begot of virgin dawn,
Effulgent mistress of the mirthful morn!
Art thou from heaven's starry palace drawn
To light the earth for Jesus Christ reborn?

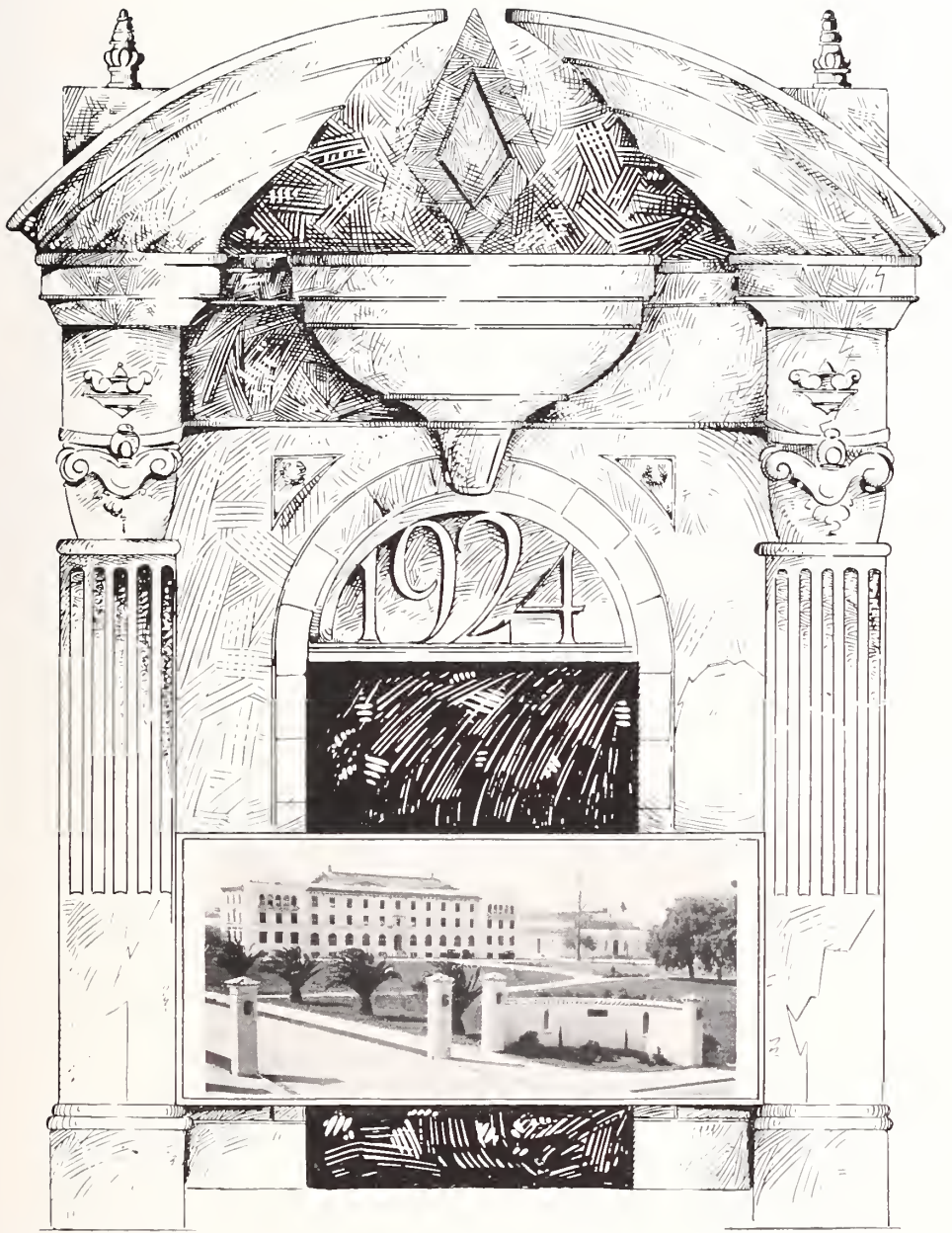
A goddess, gold-bespangled and with hue
Of paling purple streaming from thy train,
Thy pages clad in diamond sparkling dew,
Why com'st so slow? Pour forth thy sweet refrain.

And let thy laughter lift the sombre pall
That lingers yet and fights its lethal hour;
And let thy silver trumpets sound the call
That scurries night and hails the regal Power!

Thy flaming cape now flashes out behind
While gilded petals drop along the way,
Sweet incense to enrich the misty wind
That honors Him who rose this blessed day.

Thy golden beams from out the Easter sky
Are brilliant gems to place before the King;
Thy seraphs chant celestial hymns from high.
All heaven and earth with Alleluia ring.

Donald J. Pierr, '25



Graduates

Senior Foreword



THE Class of '24 leaves Santa Clara with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, hope and regret: pleasure at having attained recognition as true sons of Alma Mater; pain in the realization that they will no longer be able to take part in student body activities; hope that they may live up to the high standard of life that has been taught them regret that their presence at Santa Clara will be a thing of the past, that the intimate relations between student and son on the one hand and teacher and spiritual father on the other will be, in a measure, severed.

Let it be said at this time that the Class of '24 leaves Santa Clara with the best wishes and highest hopes for success on the part of those they leave behind, and for the Class of '24 let it be known that no matter what distance separates them physically from Alma Mater, ever will they be with her in spirit ready to render any service she may require.

Senior Law

WITH the advent of the commencement exercises in May, 1924, Alma Mater sends another quota into the practice of law. This quota is composed of men who have given back to the University all that any institution can expect of the sons for whom she has done so much.

With the three years of legal training the class of '24 has not only mastered the intricacies of the law but has also produced men who entered heartily into all the functions that go to make up the existence of Santa Clara University. In its numbers we find those who have gone out for athletics not only for one year but for several, and have gained a name for themselves and the institution they represented.

The law class of '24 has been prominent in all the dramatic endeavors of the institution for the past four years, and the members have unselfishly given their free time to the winning of fame for their Alma Mater. They have taken active part in the various campaigns for the rebuilding of the institution. In short not only have they attained proficiency in their studies but they have earned the right to be remembered individually by the students they leave behind.

As this class departs from Santa Clara let them not forget that there is an invisible link binding their hearts to the hearts of the students remaining and that those left behind wish for the class of 1924 all success in their practice of law.

Senior Letters

SINCERE endeavor makes time pass rapidly, and the four years spent by the Letters Class of '24 within the portals of Santa Clara have indeed sped by.

We have really attended two Santa Claras, considering the entirely different appearance the institution has assumed during the past two years, yet have felt the same Santa Clara spirit throughout the great changes that have taken place on the campus.

When the class entered the University in 1920 Santa Clara was the "old" Santa Clara. The same buildings that had been used as places of learning for the past fifty years were the structures wherein they attended their classes. This continued until the latter part of '23 when the "new" Santa Clara came into being. Then the old buildings were removed one by one and the campus took on a new aspect, an aspect of modernity that bodes well for the future.

Throughout the changes the class of '24 had the privilege of assisting in the rebuilding of the University. A report of their efforts is not necessary to show the endeavors they put forth in accord with this privilege. Let it suffice to say that the class made untiring, unselfish efforts to help Santa Clara out of the rut she had been in for years and place her on the high road to success and new laurels.

Members of the Letters Class of '24 have won fame for themselves on the field, and have added materially to the victories of former years by their devotion to Alma Mater.

In forensics the class can boast of a long chain of successes in their debates with institutions throughout California; in their dramatic endeavors they have excelled and made the productions of the University recognized by dramatic critics even in the eastern states, as far superior to the offerings of other institutions.

The Letters Class of '24 have given to Santa Clara in return for her gift to them, all that loyal and devoted sons can give. Their efforts have never lagged and the University is justly proud to graduate such men of high moral character, of learning and ability, men who are sincere in their devotion to duty.

Many of the Letters class will return to finish their law studies next semester, but there are others who will leave Santa Clara to take up duties in various occupations. To those who thus leave we can say they go with the best training that any man could wish; and with such training Santa Clara is certain that their future efforts, like those of the past, will be crowned with success !

Senior Engineers

THE Engineers of the class of '24 leave the institution to take up their life work in the various schemes of construction at a most opportune time. The close financial period following the war has passed and the necessity of construction throughout the world is sorely felt.

To meet this necessity Santa Clara is sending into various localities men trained in all phases of construction work. The class has been most proficient in the theoretical training of the classroom; they have been trained to solve the difficulties that may present themselves whenever and wherever they may be called upon to act.

Besides their high attainment of scholastic honors the Engineers of '24 have been responsible for the great success of Santa Clara's theatricals. They have taken active roles in the productions on the stage, they have gained a wide reputation for their action in producing scenic effects, and have been responsible in a large measure for the financial success of these offerings to the public.

They have led men on the field in every sport Santa Clara has fostered, they have assisted in the rebuilding of Santa Clara, they have given all their time and energy to bring greater honor and recognition to Alma Mater.

The future of the Engineers of '24 is most bright and those who know the members of the class are assured that each will attain distinction and merited honor in his special line of endeavor.

—Paul D. Bean, '24.



DELWIN A. BRUNETTE, Ph. B.

House
Senate
Dramatics
Sodality
Basketball
Santa Clara

RAYMOND E. McCAULEY, B.S. in E. E.

Engineering Society
House
Dramatics
Class President
Redwood
Santa Clara
Sodality
Student Member A. I. E. E.

EDWIN E. DRISCOLL, Ph. B.

House
Senate
Santa Clara
Redwood
Dramatics

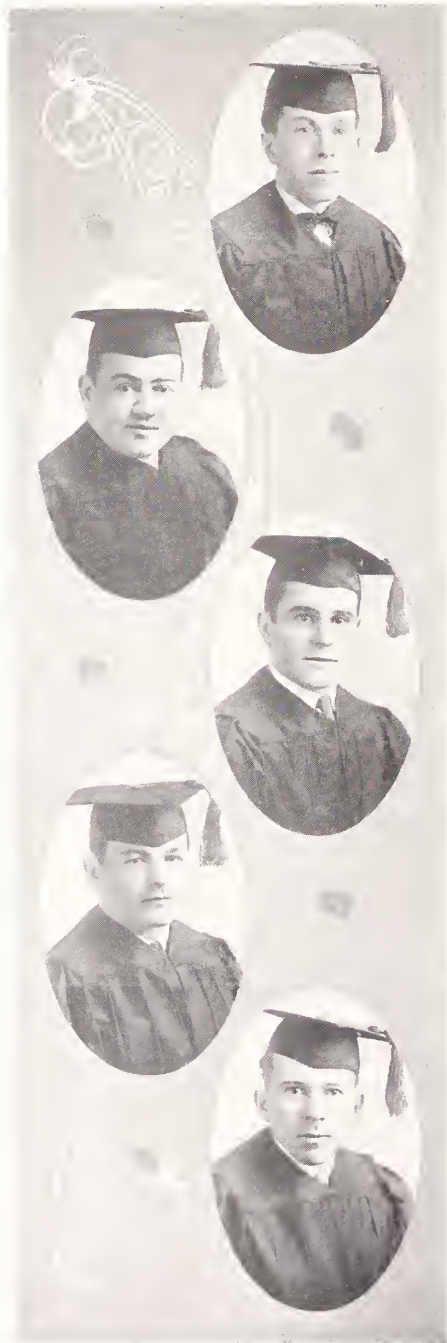
ALFRED V. MAINERO, B. S. in E. E.

Engineering Society
Student Member A. I. E. E.

CHARLES C. HARRINGTON, B.S. in E.E.

Engineering Society
Dramatics
President Senior Class
Redwood, Assoc. Editor
Sanctuary
Sodality





ROBERT E. SHIELDS, A. B.
 House
 Senate
 Dramatics
 Santa Clara
 Sodality
 Redwood

EDWARD W. BACIGALUPI
 Certificate in Law
 House
 Senate

ANGELO V. RIANDA, Ph. B.
 House
 Senate
 Football
 Track
 Baseball
 Dramatics

ERNEST V. SCETRINI, Ph. B.
 House
 Senate
 Baseball

GRANDIN H. MILLER
 Certificate in Law
 House

ELISANDRO W. PALOMARES, Ph. B.
House, Ryland Debate
Track
Sodality

JOHN M. JACKSON, Ph. B.
House, Ryland Debate
Senate
Dramatics
Redwood
Football
Owl Oratorical Prize

ANDREW M. SCORSUR, Ph. B.
House
Orchestra

J. ERNEST BECKER, A.B., B.S. in M.E.
A. B. Gonzaga, '11
World War Veteran
Past Grand Knight, K. C.
Engineering Society, President
Chairman Bonfire Committee
Stage Manager

PAUL D. BEAN, Ph. B.
House
Senate
Senior Class President
Dramatics
Santa Clara
Publicity of Centennial Celebration





W. MCKINLEY ROLL, Ph. B.
Senate

JOSEPH T. GEOFFROY, Ph. B.
House
Senate
Dramatics
Santa Clara

JOHN T. LEWIS, B. S., LI. B.
House, Speaker
Senate, Chairman
Sanctuary, Prefect
Football
Dramatics
Sodality, Prefect
Redwood, Editor

ARTHUR J. SAXE, A. B.
House
Senate, K. C. Debate
Yell Leader
Dramatics

FRANCIS E. SMITH, Ph. B.
House, Speaker
Senate
Dramatics
Sodality
Redwood, Editor

WARD HAHIR, B. S. in E. E.
 Engineering Society
 Dramatics
 Santa Clara

HENRY J. MILLER, B. S. in E. E.
 Engineering Society
 Dramatics
 Football
 House
 Student Body President

JAMES M. CONNERS, A. B., LL. B.
 House
 Senate
 K. of C. and Stanford Debates
 Dramatics

HARRY V. MILLER, B. S. in E. E.
 World War Veteran
 Engineering Society
 Student Member, A. I. E. E.
 Baseball

GEORGE L. HANEBERG, B. S., LL. B.
 House
 Senate
 Baseball, Captain
 Prep Coach
 Redwood
 Santa Clara
 Dramatics





THOMAS J. HIGGINS, Ph. B.

Senate
Sodality
Dramatics
Sanctuary
Santa Clara, Editor

CHARLES R. BODEN, B. S., LI. B.

House
Senate, Chairman
Ryland, California and St. Mary's
Debates
Santa Clara, Editor
Sodality
Dramatics

JOSEPH E. FLEMING, Ph. B.

House
Orchestra

RAYMOND W. SHELLOE, Ph. B.

House
Senate
Orchestra
Sodality
Dramatics
Basketball

JOSEPH A. MADDEN, B. S. in C. E.

Engineering Society
Tennis

ROBERT J. GARDINER, B. S. in M. E.
Engineering Society
Dramatics
Stage Manager

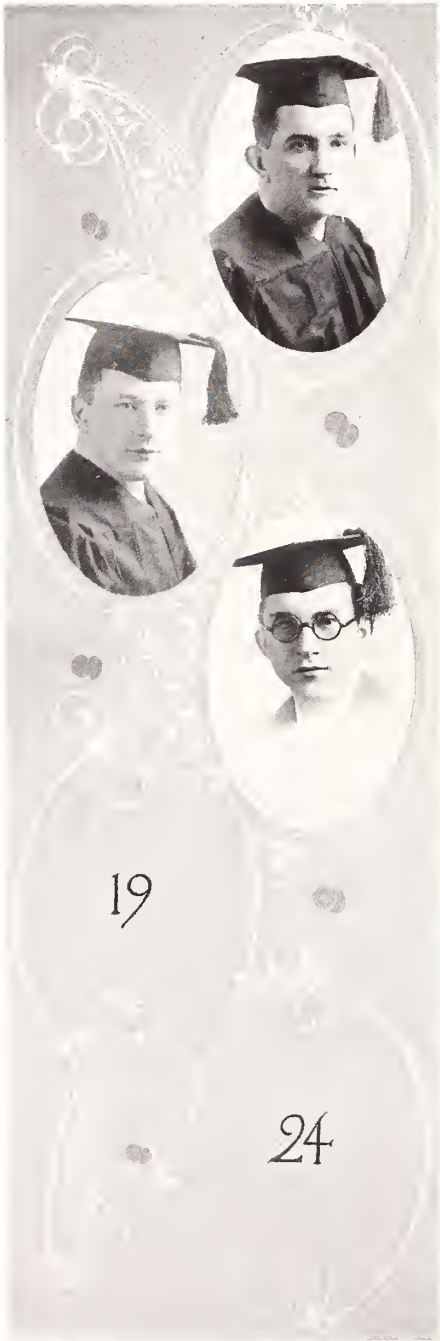
TULLIO A. ARGENTI, B. S., LL. B.
House
Senate
Sodality
Athletic Manager
Redwood
Santa Clara

JOHN G. STAMP
Certificate in Law
House

JOHN P. DEMPSEY, A. B.
House
Senate
Ryland and Stanford Debates
Owl Oratorical Prize

SELAH T. PEREIRA, Ph. B.
House
Senate
Orchestra
Sodality
Organist



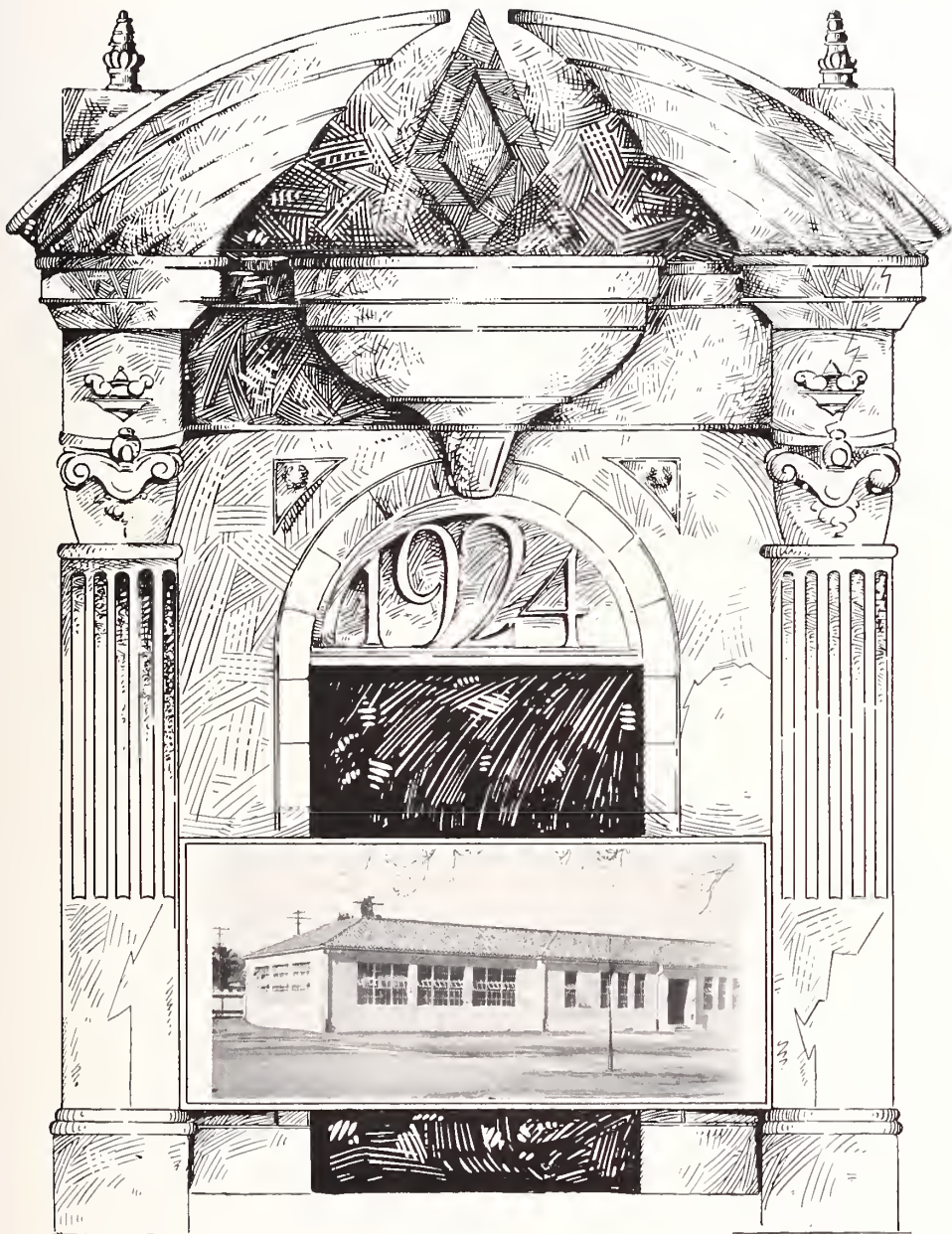


GEORGE B. NOLL, Ph. B., Ll. B.
 Captain, Asst. Coach
 House
 Senate
 Football, Captain, Asst. Coach

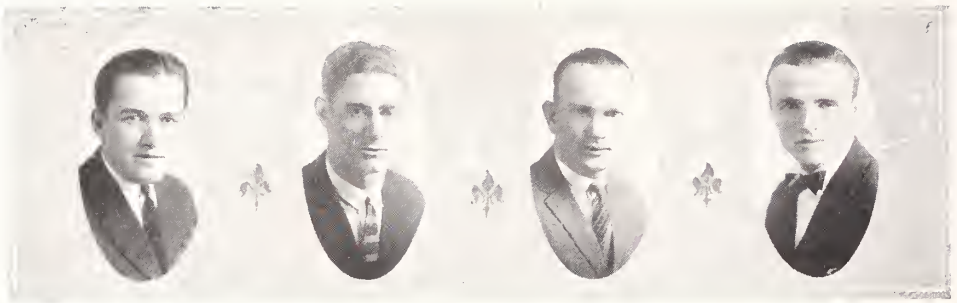
GUNLEK O. ABRAHAMSEN, B.S. in E.E.
 Sanctuary
 Football
 Engineering Society
 Santa Clara
 Redwood
 Dramatics
 Sodality

M. HENRY ROBIDOUX, Ph. B.
 House
 Senate, Ryland Debate
 Winner Dramatic Art Contest
 Dramatics





Organizations



O'DONNELL

MILLER

CURLEY

MALLEY

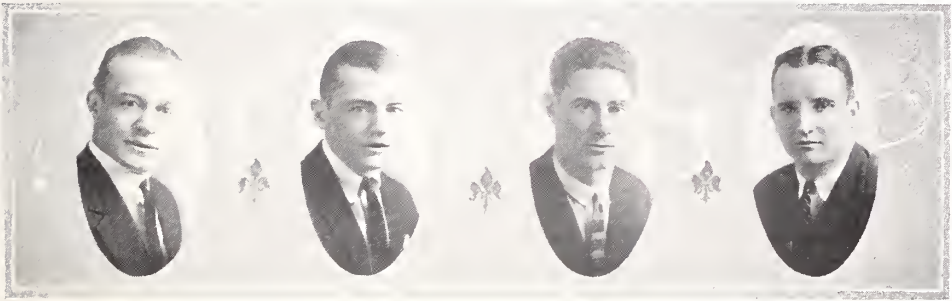
Student Body Activities

IT would not be making a rash statement to say that the Associated Student Body has just completed one of the most eventful years in its history. When we stop to consider that the University of Santa Clara is the oldest institution of learning on the Pacific coast, and that the Associated Student Body of this University is probably the oldest organization of its kind in the state, the above statement may appear somewhat exaggerated. However, a review of the activities of the past year will disclose a series of successes which have never been equalled.

The first meeting of the school year was replete with enthusiasm, and was an evidence of the successful year to follow. Talks were given by Father Ryan, Moderator of Athletics, and Charles R. Boden, Graduate Manager, both of whom predicted a successful year in athletics.

At later meetings this same spirit of enthusiasm prevailed. The changing of the Varsity name from "Missionites" to "Broncos," on suggestion of a former student; the organization of the different branches of the Freshmen into one class; the restricting of the block emblems to college men, and the establishment of the Castruccio Punting Trophy, were a few of the many accomplishments. Besides these, two events stand out prominently. The new gymnasium was the scene of the first dance given by the Associated Students. To say that this was a success would not be doing justice to the occasion. It made possible the staging by the student body of the "Santa Clara Minstrels in a 1924 Revue", the returns from which are to finance the tiling of the new swimming pool in the gymnasium.

Much credit is due the officers for the splendid manner in which they handled the meetings and promoted activities, for it was through their efforts that the year was so successful.



BECKER

LANGE

MILLER

JACKSON

Committee Activities

PRESIDENT H. J. MILLER of the Associated Student Body appointed a number of committees to serve during the school year of 1923-24. The most active of these were the Rally Committee, the Bonfire Committee, and the Tennis and Handball Committee.

The Rally Committee, consisting of William Lange, chairman, Gunlek Abrahamsen, Thomas Higgins, William Costello, and J. Howard Ziemann, was particularly active, staging some of the best rallies ever held at the college. The rally before the St. Mary's game was a sensation. After the football season this committee assumed the name of Entertainment Committee. Rarely has Santa Clara had a better yell leader than William Lange. He and his assistants, Pineo and Griffin, handled the cheers and songs in wonderful style at every rally and game.

The Bonfire Committee made possible the most unique spectacle that could be imagined. The fire was a replica of the main building at St. Mary's College, and afforded a most impressive sight for everyone who witnessed its burning. Moving pictures of the burning structure were taken by photographers of leading news weeklies and were shown on screens throughout the entire country. The general chairman of this committee was Ernest Becker. Paul Bean and Francis Smith were his chief assistants while the entire student body acted as a unit in helping the committee.

The Tennis and Handball Committee made up of John Jackson, chairman, Raymond Ferrario, Frederick Coolidge, Donald Pierr, and Charles Harrington, kept up interest in these sports on the inner campus. A tennis tournament for college men was held and the winner, Frederick Coolidge, was presented with a handsome racket by President Miller, in the name of the Associated Students. Spring tournaments in handball and tennis were likewise inaugurated.

Local Forensics—The Ryland Debate



“I cannot conceive anything more excellent than to be able by language to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies at pleasure—For what is so admirable as that among an infinite multitude of men there should rise up one who alone, or almost alone can do what nature intended to be done by all.” De Oratore, Cicero.

To develop the hearts and minds of her students has always been the great object of Santa Clara in everything she has undertaken. For almost three-quarters of a century, now, she has labored ceaselessly and untiringly to give to the world men who would be truly deserving of the name. That this end might be further realized Santa Clara has turned the minds of her sons to the noble study of oratory—for through its great and far-reaching power, if properly applied, she saw a tremendous force for good.

In fostering the art of public speaking, Santa Clara has never adhered to the erroneous though somewhat prevalent notion that the orator, like the poet, is born, not made. On the contrary she has upheld the reverse—*orator, fit, non nascitur.*” With Cicero, she has believed that to be able to speak in public is to “do what nature intended to be done by all.” Thus it was the pleasant and welcome task of the old Mission College, even in the days of the adobe walls and gable roofs, to train all her students in the art of oratory.

More than half a century ago, to be exact, on February 22, 1857, Father Edmund Young, S. J., founded the Literary Congress for the purpose of giving Collegiate students further training in public speaking than was offered in the class room. This organization was composed of two bodies, the Philalethic Senate and the House of Philhistorians. This was the first collegiate debating organization ever modeled after the national legislature at Washington. Harvard University was the second to adopt the plan, and in one of its publications admitted the fact that Santa Clara was the originator of the idea. At present, literary congresses are to be found at colleges and universities in all parts of the country.

Many of the most prominent of Santa Clara’s alumni who afterwards became famous for their oratorical powers, were members of this honored organization during the days of Father Young. Among them may be mentioned D. M. Delmas, nationally famous attorney, and the late Senator Stephen M. White.

In the year 1897, the fortieth anniversary of the inauguration of the Literary Congress, Hon. Caius T. Ryland, friend and benefactor of Santa Clara, founded an annual purse of \$45, leaving its distribution to the judgment of the faculty. It was thereupon decided that the purse be divided into three prizes of \$20, \$15 and \$10, respectively. These were to

be given to the three best speakers in a debate to be held annually between the two branches of the Literary Congress. It was further agreed between the societies that each in turn would select the question, while the other would be granted the choice of the side it would defend. The question discussed at the first Ryland Debate was, Resolved: That the United States should retain possession of the Philippine Islands. Representatives Harold O'Connor, Thomas Leonard, and Carlos McClatchy upheld the affirmative side of the question, while Senators Moraghan, Charles Laumeister and John Ryan supported the negative.

Since the time of its institution, the Ryland Debate has held its place as one of the leading college events of the year. So keen is the rivalry between the two organizations that the debates have been almost without exception extremely close; and no college honor is looked forward to more eagerly by students than to be awarded a place on a Ryland Debating Team.

Ryland Debates

1903. RESOLVED: That the U. S. government should retain possession of the Philippine Islands.
Affirmative: Senators Laumeister, John Regan and Moraghan.
Negative: Representatives O'Connor, Leonard and McClatchy.
Winner: House.
1904. That in the present war in the Far East the sympathy of the people of the U. S. should be with Russia rather than Japan.
Affirmative: Senators McElroy and Johnson.
Negative: Representatives Harrison and Gerald Beaumont.
Winner: Senate.
1905. That the opposition of the U. S. Senate to President Roosevelt in the Arbitration Treaties merits the approval of the country at large.
Affirmative: Representatives Fitzgerald, Allen and Atteridge.
Negative: Senators Ivancovich, O'Reilly and Riordan.
Winner: Senate.
1907. That the United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people.
Affirmative Representatives Farrell, Collin, and Bogan.
Negative: Senators Twohy, Denton and Fitzgerald.
Winner: Senate.

1908. That the voyage of the American fleet was reasonably likely to excite the apprehension of Japan.
Affirmative: Senators Bogan, Dooling and McKenzie.
Negative: Representatives McHenry, Hurst and Daly.
Winner: House.
1909. That the United States ought to retain permanent possession of the Philippine Islands.
Affirmative: Representatives Budde, Barry and Heney.
Negative: Senators Maltman, McHenry and Dooling.
Winner: Senate.
1910. That women should be given suffrage in the United States.
Affirmative: Senators McHenry, Ford, Hirst.
Negative: Representatives Posey, Bronson, Ganahl.
Winner: Senate.
1911. That the recall of judges as proposed in the Senate constitutional amendment No. 23 will promote the best interests of the people of the state.
Affirmative: Senators Barry, Heney and Blake.
Negative: Representatives Bronson, Degnan and Ganahl.
Winner: House.
1912. That the closed shop is as beneficial to the interests of the people of California as the open shop.
Affirmative: Senators Ganahl, Bronson, Degnan.
Negative: Representatives Yoell, P. O'Connor, McGowan.
Winner: House.
1913. That it is for the best interests of California that capital punishment be retained in this state.
Affirmative: Representatives Yoell, McKinnon and Boone.
Negative: Senators White, McGowan and Bronson.
Winner: Senate.
1914. That American ships engaged in coast-wise trade and passing through the Panama Canal should not be exempt from paying tolls for the use of the canal.
Affirmative: Senators Yoell, McKinnon and McGowan.
Negative: Representatives M. Fitzgerald, Cannon and Geo. Nicholson.
Winner: Senate.
1915. That the U. S. should increase its armament.
Affirmative: Representatives Aurrecoechea, G. Desmond and Morris.
Negative: Senators P. O'Connor, McKinnon and Geo. Nicholson.
Winner: Senate.

- 1916.—That the U. S. should place an embargo upon the exportation of munitions of war to belligerent nations.
Affirmative: Representatives Aurrecoechea, G. Desmond and Martinelli.
Negative: Senators Boone, Canelo and Cannon.
Winner: Senate.
1917. That the U. S. should adopt a system of compulsory military service.
Affirmative: Senators Aurrecoechea, Harter and G. Desmond.
Negative: Representatives C. Damrell, E. Desmond and Dasteel.
Winner: Senate.
1918. That the U. S. should permanently operate the railroads after the war.
Affirmative: Senators G. Desmond, E. Nicholson and D. Ryan.
Negative: Representatives Jaeger, J. B. O'Connor and Conneally.
Winner: Senate.
1919. That the League of Nations in the form presented by President Wilson at the Peace Conference is preferable to any system based on the mere balance of power.
Affirmative: Senators Conneally, Jaeger and Veit.
Negative: Representatives R. O'Neill, Walsh and Heafey.
Winner: House.
1920. That one of the great reconstructive measures to meet the present condition of social unrest in the U. S. would be the enactment by Congress of more stringent and comprehensive Immigration laws.
Affirmative: Senators C. Damrell, Jaeger and Heafey.
Negative: Representatives Copeland, Daly and F. Damrell.
Winner: House.
1921. That the State Legislature was justified in passing the King Tax Bill.
Affirmative: Senators Sperry, Pecarovich and Crowe.
Negative: Representatives O'Shea, Comer and Daly.
Winner: House.
1922. That Congress should pass the Sterling-Towner Bill.
Affirmative: Representatives Burnett, Del Mutolo and Dempsey.
Negative: Senators Logan, O'Shea and Crowe.
Winner: Senate.
1923. That capital punishment should be abolished.
Affirmative: Senators Robidoux, Boden and Fallon.
Negative: Representatives Jackson, Del Mutolo and Burnett.
Winner: House.



Officers of the Philalethic Senate

1923-24

FIRST SEMESTER

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 Vice-President..... Charles R. Boden
 Corresponding Secretary..... James Connors
 Recording Secretary..... Selah T. Pereira
 Treasurer..... Delwin A. Brunette
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SECOND SEMESTER

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 Vice-President..... Charles R. Boden
 Corresponding Secretary..... John M. Burnett
 Recording Secretary..... Selah T. Pereira
 Treasurer..... Delwin A. Brunette
 Sergeant-at-arms..... Edward A. Bacigalupi

1924 SENATE RYLAND DEBATE TEAM

Senators Fallon, Boden, Trodden and Sullivan opposed the question:
 Resolved, That the U. S. accept the World Court as proposed by President
 Harding.



Officers of the House of Philhistorians

1923-24

FIRST SEMESTER

Speaker.....	Rev. George G. Fox, S. J.
Clerk.....	E. Andrew Renetzky
Corresponding Secretary.....	J. Burke Curley
Treasurer.....	J. Howard Ziemann
Librarian.....	Marsino G. Del Mutolo
Sergeant-at-arms.....	Donald J. Pierr

SECOND SEMESTER

Speaker.....	Rev. George G. Fox, S. J.
Clerk.....	Whitton C. Monteverde
Corresponding Secretary.....	J. Burke Curley
Treasurer.....	Joseph Rank
Librarian.....	M. Patrick Battle
Sergeant-at-arms.....	J. Marius Becchetti

1924 HOUSE RYLAND DEBATE TEAM

Representatives Palomares, Becchetti, McDonnell and Curley defended the question: Resolved, That the U. S. accept the World Court as proposed by President Harding.



Stephen M. White Debating Society**Officers, 1923-24**

President.....	Rev. Father Fox, S. J.
Recording Secretary.....	Emile Maloney
Corresponding Secretary.....	John J. Flynn
Sergeant-at-arms	Samuel Dagley

THE Stephen M. White Debating Society, founded last year in honor of an alumnus, former Senator White, is an honor society exclusively for Freshmen. Its inaugural year was marked by a brilliant victory over the Senate, and the high standard of debating excellence thus established has been maintained during the 1923-24 session. A challenge was issued to the Freshmen debaters of St. Mary's College, but arrangements for the debate were never completed. When this year's Freshmen graduate into Sophomore the training many of them have acquired in the Stephen M. White will enable them to step immediately into the House of Philhistorians and hold their own with the best.



THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

AT no time since the Engineering Society was first instituted over twelve years ago, under the supervision and guidance of Dean Geo. L. Sullivan, has there been a more splendid opportunity to bring forth the true Engineer's spirit than during the past year. The Engineering Society has been particularly successful, for with the realization of a larger and grander Santa Clara, brought about by the rapidly nearing completion of the "Greater Santa Clara" building program the engineers have done remarkable work.

When the college doors were opened for class in the latter part of August, the new Science Hall, which was to house the Engineers, was not as yet fully completed. This, however, did not affect their spirit. Each engineering student took his little parcel and package and amid the tapping of hammers and the swish of paint brushes, classes were held with an interest never before seen. This time also saw the completion of the new swimming pool which had been redesigned the year before by the Engineering Department with a saving to the University of nearly one-half the previous estimated cost of construction.

The support which the engineers have given to athletics and Student Body affairs may well be considered a credit to any college organization. A large percentage of the members of all teams were engineers and this year saw the football and basketball captaincies held by engineers, as is also the office of Student Body president.

Passing on to strictly Society activities, we come to the first of the customary inspection trips. The mechanical and electrical engineers spent the morning inspecting the manufacture of water turbines at the Pelton Water Wheel Co., and the afternoon was spent inspecting the Pacific Coast Steel Mills. The civil engineers spent the morning reviewing bridges in Marin county but were prevented by traffic regulations from joining their comrades in time to inspect the steel mills. On May 8th, the Society journeyed to Davenport to inspect the Portland Cement Manufacturing Plant there located.

The custom of having men prominent in engineering lecture before the Society has not been neglected this year. Father Maher was the first speaker of the opening semester, and gave an interesting talk on what was expected of the Society. Mr. Ned D. Baker, civil engineer of San Francisco, gave an interesting talk about irrigation problems met with on the Sacramento river. Mr. Fred L. Wight, of the United States Steel Corp., gave a most interesting talk on the manufacture and properties

of steel. For the remaining part of the year lectures were scheduled and given by Mr. Frederick A. Kolster, formerly in charge of the Dept. of Weights and Measures at Washington, D. C., and now located at the Federal Telegraph Co., at Palo Alto; Fr. Jas. B. Macelwane, S. J., now in charge of the seismographs at the University of California, who lectured on Earthquakes and their relation to Engineering structures; Harold B. Hammill, who was resident engineer on the Pittsburg Highway Road tests and lectured on the above tests.

The Engineers' Dance which was given in the new Seifert gymnasium was indeed the greatest decorative and social success of the year. A flying model aeroplane suspended from the steel trusses overhead, its wings carrying the Society emblems lighted by miniature lights on the wing tips, and revolving above the heads of the dancers, was but one of the novelties of the evening.

The Society had now the opportunity to see its greatest expectations for years fulfilled. This opportunity came in the form of a letter from Father President asking the help of the Society in moving the equipment from the old engineering shops to the new Montgomery Laboratories. The Society unanimously voted to move the equipment and in one day dismantled and moved materials to the value of \$20,000, with a total breakage cost of but fifty cents. The casualties of the day were the sum and total of the anguish and despair on the part of a civil engineer who could not locate the D. C. transformers of which the "electricals" were in immediate need.

In Society athletics the tennis and handball tournaments, have not yet been concluded. In a baseball game played by the Junior Engineers, Day-scholars and Boarders, Professor W. D. Lotz played for the day-scholars and Professor D. W. Griswold's services went to the boarders. The duties of umpire were very ably fulfilled by Dean Geo. L. Sullivan. The day-scholars showed their superior athletic ability on this occasion and annexed the honors of the day by a 10 to 8 score.

The annual "get-together" banquet was held on Saturday evening, April 26, in the Grey Room of the Vendome Hotel. The society was honored by the presence of Mr. J. B. Leonard, a prominent Consulting Engineer of San Francisco, whose learned address on bridge construction was appreciated by the assembly. Rev. Father President Zacheus Maher, S. J., and the Engineering Faculty were in attendance.

On Saturday evening, May 3, in the Hotel Vendome, the "big" dance of the year was staged with unqualified success, the colorful decorations and the music attesting to the efforts of the committee. The greater number of Alumni members that attended evidenced the ever-increasing popularity of this annual custom.



ENGINEERING SOCIETY



ENGINEERING SOCIETY



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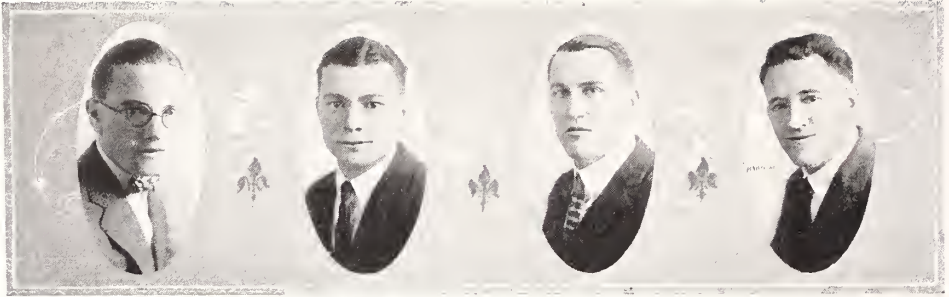
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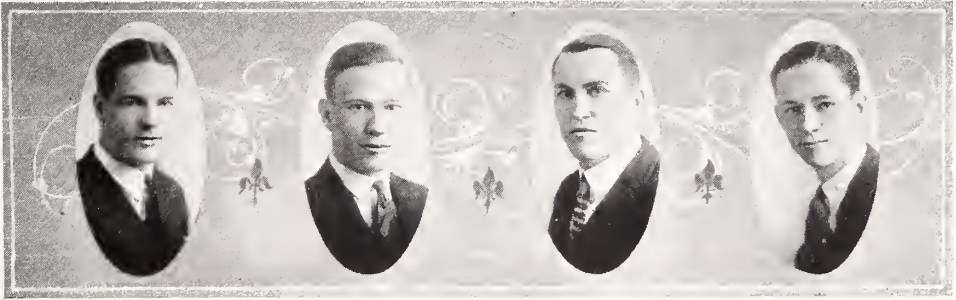
Holy Name Society

DURING the past year a new organization has come into existence at Santa Clara—the Holy Name Society. In keeping with the general movement throughout the country of forming this great society for Catholic men a meeting was held in San Francisco, March 5, 1923, to establish a union of the Holy Name societies in the Archdiocese of San Francisco. Rev. Father Deeney, S. J., organized a chapter at the University two weeks later.

As the name of the society implies, its great aim is the suppression of the vice of profanity and the cultivation of the virtue of reverence in speech for holy persons or things and especially for the Name of Our Redeemer.

Since the Santa Clara chapter of the Holy Name Society was organized, March 15, 1923, its members have been busily engaged in its work. Delegates were sent to a meeting in San Jose, held for the purpose of county-wide organization. More recently a delegation was present at the Holy Name Day exercises for the Archdiocese of San Francisco, held at St. Mary's Cathedral. A formal reception into the society was conducted by Reverend Father Wm. P. Sullivan, December 19, 1923. During January of this year two prominent lecturers fostered by the society, Mr. Silvester Andriano and Hon. Frank Silva, spoke in the Sodality Hall to capacity audiences.

Santa Clara may well be proud that such a worthy organization has taken its pace among the student societies.



HARRINGTON

DUFF

LEWIS

KING

Senior Blessed Virgin's Society

A GOOD Christian keeps two purposes always in view: his own personal sanctification and that of his neighbors. The two go hand in hand. One who lives in an edifying manner will even unconsciously radiate a good influence which cannot but lead others to a better life; and one who tries to do apostolic work is almost certain to be benefitted in spirit.

The Senior Blessed Virgin's Sodality has tried to realize its high purpose of personal sanctification of the members and the doing of good to the neighbor. It set out on a career of active apostolic work this year on a scale hitherto unattempted. The work chosen for the members was the teaching of the catechism to the children of the local St. Clare's parish school.

Each month four new instructors were appointed by Prefect John Lewis and on Sunday after the children's mass some forty of fifty youngsters, varying in age from five to twelve years, were assembled to be drilled in the fundamentals of Catholicity. The difficulties to overcome were far from trivial. Some of the children were so young as scarcely to know their own names. Many besides were of foreign extraction and the task of imparting the great truths of Christianity to them thus became doubly hard. Yet even after the novelty of teaching catechism wore off the sodalists kept faithfully at their work and today are able to view with satisfaction the fruits of their labors.

This spiritual enterprise will be continued from year to year by the Sodality, as its benefits are incalculable.



Sanctuary Society

Officers	First Semester	Second Semester
Moderator	Mr. C. J. Walsh, S. J.	Mr. C. J. Walsh, S. J.
Prefect	G. O. Abrahamsen	F. A. King
Secretary	C. C. Harrington	C. C. Harrington
Treasurer	T. W. Temple	T. J. Higgins
Censor	C. J. Read	J. H. Ziemann
Sacristans	{ J. E. Oliva	E. M. Stretch
	{ E. M. Stretch	H. A. Vachon
Vestry Prefects	{ F. J. Cox	F. J. Cox
	{ H. A. Vachon	A. G. Ruettgers

THE Sanctuary Society is made up of students of both the Preparatory and the College Departments. Only those whose conduct is above reproach and whose scholarship is highly creditable are accepted as members. In consequence, the personnel is of a very high order.

As the name implies, the object of the society is to assist at the daily religious functions of college life. Surely graces innumerable are showered upon the members, for next to the priest who represents Christ Himself, those who attend him in divine service must share most generously in the blessings he calls down from heaven.



The Philharmonic Society

Signor Camillo d'Alessio.....	Director	Ernest O. McCormick.....	Vice-President
Mr. James J. Lyons, S. J.,.....	Moderator	Robert Thompson.....	Secretary
Fred Boach.....	President	Duncan Krattiger.....	Librarian

“From the modern jazz back through the ages
 Way to the primal days o’ Pan
 The solitary Indian flinging
 His weird wild song to the setting sun—
 Music’s the tie of the kinship of man,
 And ever will be till man is done.”

PROFESSOR CAMILLO d’ALESSIO, a musician with an international reputation who has directed Italian and French opera companies, has been doing his best to thwart the prevailing tendency for “popular” music. It was he that secured the San Francisco String Quartet for the beautiful sacred concert on the night of March 19. It was he that succeeded this year in combining a number of talented student players into a very creditable organization. Rehearsals were held several times a week throughout the year and the orchestra became one of the most successful organizations of its kind in the county. The various entertainments and dramatic recitals of the college were greatly enhanced by the work of the orchestra, and it is always in demand at these functions.

Santa Clara was fortunate in securing Professor d’Alessio as musical director. To keep enthusiasm alive the Professor has offered two substantial cash prizes to be awarded at the end of the year. One will be for the most regular attendance and the other for the greatest progress shown. If the orchestra makes such marked advancement again next year under his leadership, it will rank second to none among the college orchestras of the West.

Alumni Doings for 1923-1924



THE following of the class of '23 are practicing law MR. THOS. CROWE, at Visalia, MR. JOSEPH FITZPATRICK, at San Francisco, MR. PORTER KERCKHOFF, at Los Angeles, MR. FRANCIS J. O'SHEA, at Galt, MR. EDWARD FELLOWS, at San Jose, MR. R. E. MORGAN, at San Jose. MR. JOHN CONNELL is in his father's firm at Seattle, Wash. Of the engineering class, MR. T. J. BANNAN is at San Francisco, MR. HARRY HILL, in the San Joaquin Valley, MR. F. B. TINNEY at San Francisco, MR. HENRY BAKER, at Los Angeles, MESSRS. ENRIQUE LINARES AND RODOLFO HERBURGER, at Panama City, Cen. Amer. MR. ADOLFO VERGARA y RODERIGUEZ is at Zapotlan, Col., Mex. MR. WILLIAM de KOCH is pursuing his studies at Vienna, Austria.

MR. MAURICE J. RANKIN, '15, was elected president of the Santa Clara County Bar Association.

MR. JAMES BACIGALUPI, '03, elected President of the Bank of Italy in San Francisco, while MR. W. J. KIEFERDORF was given the Vice-President's chair.

MR. DESMOND GALLAGHER was made Director of the Players' Guild in New York.

MR. GERALD DESMOND, Ll. B. '18, is President of the Sacramento Chapter of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

MR. ADOLFO RIVERA, an old student, has been made President of Ramona Parlor 109, N. S. G. V., at Los Angeles.

EX-SENATOR REGINALDO del VALLE made President of the Board of Public Works in Los Angeles.

WILLIAM HIRSH, '10, appointed President and Manager of Fillmore and O'Farrell branch of Mercantile Trust Co., San Francisco.

MR. RUDOLPH SCHOLZ, '20, made Lieutenant in the Third Battalion of the 159th Infantry of California National Guards.

MR. EDWARD AMARAL, '20, made President of the Block S.L. Society at St. Louis University.

MR. EDWARD MULLEN, '09, made Manager of Mullen & Bluett's Clothing Store in Los Angeles.

MR. JAMES K. JARRET, '11, recently elected Senator in the Hawaiian Legislature.

- MR. MICHAEL de CAZOTTE, ex. '23, graduated from Stanford and announced his engagement, the wedding to take place in June.
- MR. JOHN IVANCOVICH secured contract for playing on the stage with Margaret Anglin in Chicago.
- MR. CLAY M. GREENE, playwright and critic, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday at San Francisco during the early part of March.
- MR. CLARENCE SULLIVAN, '22, promoted to sales force of the California Division of the Westinghouse Electrical Company.
- MR. JOHN W. BYRNES made General Manager of the A. C. Blumenthal Construction Co., of San Francisco and Los Angeles.
- COLONEL STANTON, made President of the Board of Public Works in San Francisco in March.

Marriage of Members

- JACOB HEINTZ married Miss Jones on May 31, the day after his graduation.
- MR. L. LOUIS GIRAUD, to Miss Irene Montmayeur, Dec. 6, 1923, at San Jose.
- MR. THOS. A. GOODRICH, to Miss Margaret Leslie Davis, Aug. 20, 1923, at Oakland, Cal.
- MR. HERMAN C. DERRINGER, '20, to Miss Lena Branstatter, June 20, 1923, at Milwaukee, Wis.
- MR. HORACE MAGGETTI, on Oct. 6, 1923, at Marshall, Marin County, Cal.
- MR. EDWARD KINNESON, ex. '20, on Mar. 12, 1924, at Tucson, Ariz.
- MR. PHILLIP MARTIN, to Miss Anna Berry, Mar. 4, 1924, at San Diego.
- MR. AUSTIN ENRIGHT, ex. '22, married Miss Helen Foley of Santa Clara December last.
- MR. THOS. WILLIAMS, '20, was married at Oxnard, September last.
- DEMETRIO DIAZ, '20, married Miss Clementina Calli at San Jose, Sunday, April 20.

Deaths of Members

FRANK LEJEAL, '07, at San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 18, 1923.

REV. JOHN J. FORD, S. J., at Spokane, Wash., July 15, 1923; one of the first students from Santa Clara to join the Society of Jesus, in which he spent forty-two years of his life.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Litt. D., '07, at Pasadena, Calif., Nov. 8, 1923, a California Mission writer and lecturer.

LEMUEL R. BOLTER, '21, at Logan, Ia., June 28, 1923.

CHARLES RUSSEL, '05, at San Jose, Calif., Dec. 16, 1923.

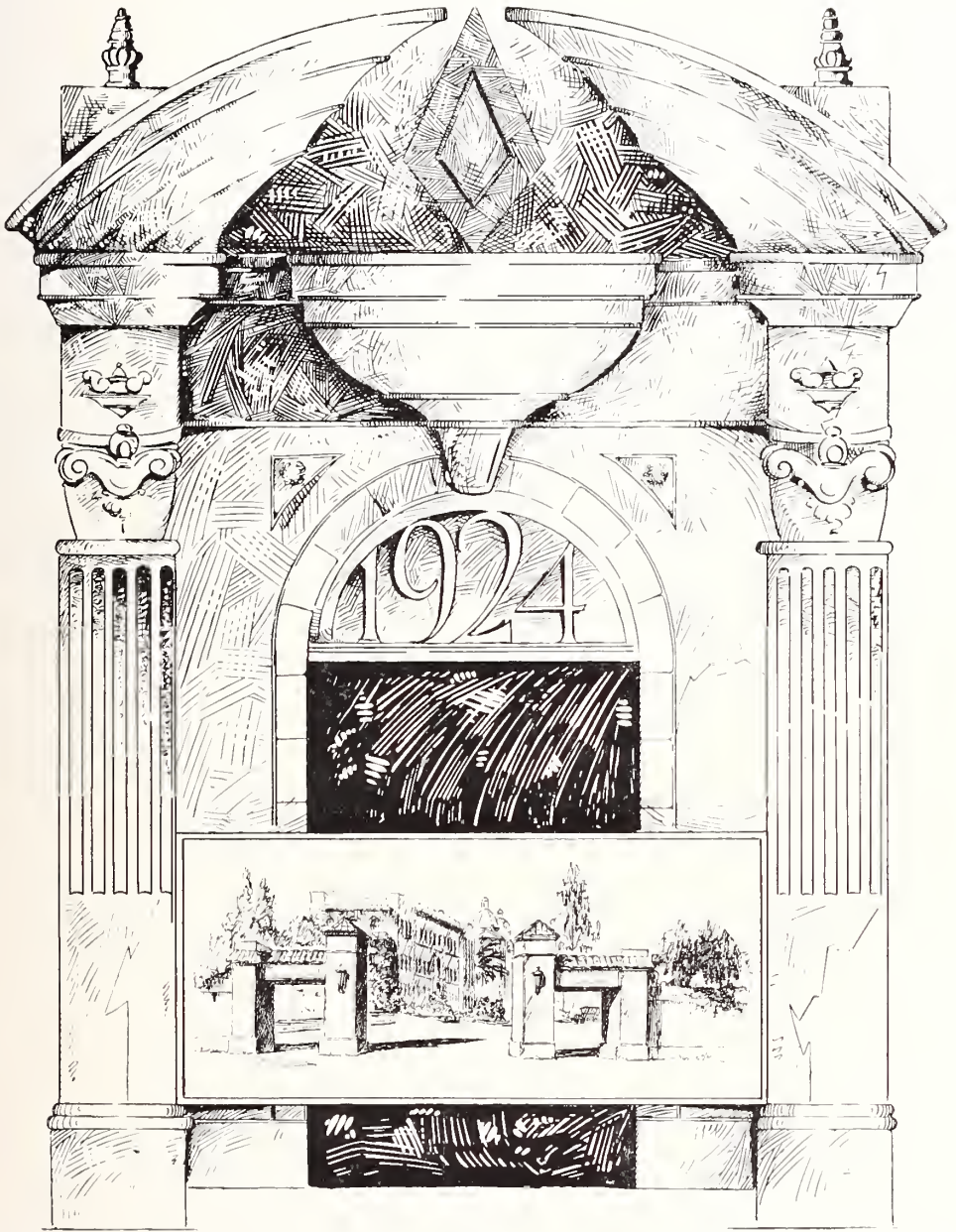
HENRY E. WILCOX, '80, at San Jose, Oct. 6, 1923.

NAPOLEON VALLEJO, at San Francisco, Calif., Dec. 16, 1923, at the advanced age of seventy-five; was the thirteenth son of General Guadalupe Vallejo.

ELMER SMITH, B. S. '91, at San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 20, 1924, prominent member of the Olympic Club.

CHARLES M. CASSIN, Ll. B. '91, at San Jose, Calif., Mar. 30, 1924.

REV. JOSEPH P. McQUAIDE, B. S. '87, A. B. '88, Ph. D. '12, at Los Angeles, Calif., Mar. 29, 1924. Veteran of three wars.



— — — — — Dramatics — — — — —

Dramatic History of Santa Clara



It is practically impossible to have plays without a playhouse. History relates that the first local exhibition hall, called the "Old Theatre", was erected by Father Cicaterri, S. J., in 1858, and though earlier plays and players may have been and undoubtedly were produced at Santa Clara College, their names are lost in misty antiquity. Hence we may well date Santa Clara's dramatic history from 1858. The earliest edition of the "Owl", predecessor of the Redwood, speaks of a splendid play entitled "Brutus" which was put on in 1869 together with a number of shorter skits. James T. Malone, destined to become a famous Shakespearean actor, starred in the character of Brutus.

In 1870-71 the second exhibition hall was built by Father Varsi and dramatics received a new impetus. The Dramatic Society became quite flourishing and a number of entertainments featuring humorous and tragic themes were staged. In 1871 "Sedesias", or "The Last King of Judah", was presented quite successfully. The "Owl" states: "In the tragedy Josias by J. A. Waddell was a splendid and very affecting representation. In his hands it lost nothing of the spirit which the author intended it to possess." Mr. Waddell was likewise given credit for preparing the elaborate costumes for this production.

The next offering of great pretensions we find in the records is "William Tell" staged in 1879. At that time I believe Father Kenna was moderator of dramatics and the play, as everything else that Father Kenna was connected with, proved a great success. The parts were well acted and the public was pleased. In 1884 Sedesias was again produced on the College stage, and 1889, 1890 and 1891 saw Santa Clara give to the theatre-goers of the state three Shakespearean dramas, which as one of the local papers said "were carried on with an ease and finish that is seldom seen off the professional stage;" a comment, by the way, that is frequently made after a Santa Clara play. These dramas were Richard III, Henry IV and Macbeth.

Father Dennis J. Kavanagh then wrote a play, "Henry Garnett", which was staged under the joint direction of himself and Martin Merle in 1904. In addition to these plays we have to our credit the Passion Play, Mission Play and Constantine,—the last produced by Father George Fox, S. J.,—not to mention a host of smaller, but nevertheless highly artistic performances.

To go into the casts of these productions would take more space than we are allowed. It is sufficient to note that Santa Clara has given to the world such actors as James Malone, Tully Marshall, Edmond Lowe, John Ivancovich and a score of others, and such playwrights and producers

as Rev. Dennis J. Kavanagh, S. J., Rev. Alexander Cody, S. J., Clay M. Greene, Gerald P. Beaumont and Martin V. Merle.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in connection with the old plays at Santa Clara is the manner in which the all important matters of scenery, costuming and stage lighting were handled. Without these things no play is a success and yet our predecessors had not nearly the advantages we have today.

I have been informed that Father Kenna had a set of scenery painted for William Tell, and this put together with odd pieces acquired now and then accumulated until a fairly complete supply was on hand. At first the scenery was painted by the more artistic members of the faculty and student body; but later on Mr. Michael O'Sullivan was called on to do considerable painting on the University stage.

The lighting effects were crude when compared to present day lighting. First the open gas flare was introduced; and then people thought the millenium had been reached. But now we realize there is quite a difference between the sputtery arc and the efficient bulb of today.

Another great epoch in the history of Santa Clara dramatics was the introduction of rented costumes from a professional costumer. We of the present day, who are so used to saying, "Well, Goldstein will look after the matter," do not realize how hard put were our sires in the matter of "digging up" costumes. Of course, they were nearly all homemade. The good ladies of the town of Santa Clara used to sew for weeks in order to provide costumes for these productions. That they were not always fine and elaborate is brought out by the fact that at almost the last moment a student actor, who is now considered one of Santa Clara's most prominent graduates, refused to act the part of Hamlet because he thought the costume provided for him was so ridiculous looking.

But whatever the lack of properties, the old time students and their teachers deserve a world of credit for what they accomplished. And many there are who comparing the actors of the present and the past, readily give the palm to the older boys.

In this connection not a small share of the praise for Santa Clara's success in dramatics belongs to Father Richard Bell and Mr. John A. Waddell. To the former is due much credit for the overcoming of practical difficulties such as the working out of plans in lighting matters. It was Father Bell, for instance, who installed, directed and operated the magnificent lighting effects in the first production of the Passion Play in 1901.

To Mr. Waddell the University owes many thanks for the efficient manner in which he has handled the costumery of almost all our plays, and for the artistic way in which he has made up the actors year after year. His ingenuity along these lines has greatly contributed to the success of every play at Santa Clara from the first production of Brutus in 1871 down to the last production of Everyman in 1924.

Dramatic Art Contest

IT was a wise man who first said "You cannot eat your cake and have it too," because, although the Mission Play and Passion Play have been great events at Santa Clara and every student has been interested heart and soul in their success, nevertheless we have extremely regretted that due to the immense amount of labor required to produce these masterpieces during those two years the "Dramatic Art Contest" had to be dropped from the role of University events.

Therefore it was with great pleasure that the Student Body, as well as the outside friends of Santa Clara, witnessed, under the able direction of Father Fox, the staging of the Second Dramatic Art Contest, which was remarkable because not only the acting but also the acts were the result of college talent and student labor.

Although ordinarily the actor receives the greater part of the glory, nevertheless much credit is due the students who wrote the plays for this event, plays which were a credit to the University, which would be a credit to any University.

A play writing contest was held in October. "The Last Assyrian", written by Jack Steiss, who has always been distinguished in literary and classic lines, won the prize.

In the Dramatic Art Contest itself there were nine attractive and nicely balanced acts. Of these, although only the first, fourth and ninth were prize winners, nevertheless in an ordinary contest of this kind, any act presented would have been good enough to get one.

The first act was rather a light production written by Louis Fatjo with the scene laid in New York. It was smooth and pleasing. The naturalness of Henry B. Martin's acting in this production won him second prize.

We were then carried back to the plains of Asia Minor to witness "The Last Assyrian." This play written by Jack Steiss was the heaviest, most pretentious, and most difficult to act of them all. It was beautifully written and very well acted. It is enough to say for the quality of the acting that Vincent H. O'Donnell had the leading role. Vincent received third prize for his work.

The last act was all that could be desired. The cast was excellent. And the play was beautifully written. It was in this act that Henry Robidoux won first prize. The cast seemed like a little bit of the Mission or Passion Plays although the subject matter was vastly different. But any cast with Henry Robidoux and Arthur Saxe in it would make a Santa Clara audience feel at home.

Summing up, Henry Robidoux won first prize on account of the general all-round merit of his acting; Henry Martin was given second prize because of his wonderful naturalness on the stage. Vincent H. O'Donnell was given third because of the capable manner in which he acted a well-written though highly difficult production.

DRAMATIC ART CONTEST

Friday Evening, Nov. 23, 1923

Program

Overture, Diana	E. Oscher
University Orchestra	
The Golden Rule	Written by Luis G. Fatjo, '27
Sextette from Lucia	Donizetti
University Orchestra	
The Song of the Road	Adapted by Jos. A. Sheehan, '26
March, The Young Marshal	H. Englemann
University Orchestra	
Pop	By Walter E. Dean, '26
Indian Dance, Chippewa	G. E. Holmes
University Orchestra	
The Last Assyrian	By Albert J. Steiss, '26
Selection, Grand Opera	E. Oscher
University Orchestra	
The Swan Song	Adapted
Valse, Fairyland	G. E. Holmes
University Orchestra	
When Faith Was Young	By Albert W. Schimberg, '26
Selection, Tanhauser	N. Wagner
University Orchestra	
Bob's Mother	By James Nealis, '27
Selection, Eco di Napoli	E. Oscher
University Orchestra	
Great Heart	Adapted
Selection, Old Glory	J. Seredy
University Orchestra	
A Candle to Christ	By Daniel Lord, S. J.
March, Cup Winner	Towben
University Orchestra	
Announcement of decision of Judges by Mr. W. H. Leahy	
Postlude	University Orchestra
The following gentlemen very kindly consented to act as Judges:	
Mr. James Beatty	Mr. Joseph G. Redding
Mr. Clay M. Greene	
Mr. Eric Johnson	Mr. W. H. Leahy
Exit march	University Orchestra



The Minstrel Show

THERE is really nothing so attractive or pleasing to the average man as light, catchy music. Consequently minstrel shows are always bound to be popular. At the minstrel show given by the Associated Students on Washington's birthday there was an added feature, a one-act play, that also was a great success. The production of both play and minstrel was under the combined direction of Martin Merle and Roy Emerson; Mr. Merle looking after the dramatic end and Mr. Emerson the musical.

The characters in "The Prairie Judgment" were Vincent O'Donnell, Arthur Saxe, Charles R. Bodon and Henry M. Robidoux. The scene was laid in the hut of a western sheriff during a blinding storm. There were thrills in the playlet, together with a bit of romance and pathos; and altogether it was a most satisfactory act.

Another feature of the evening was the introduction to the program furnished by Roy Emerson, who sang several songs in that pleasing tenor voice for which he is so well known.

In the main part of the performance the song numbers in particular delighted the audience. But the jokes, queries and riddles expounded by the end men, especially Andy Devine, came in for a goodly share of applause. Andy's relating of how he came from Royal Stock, why a taxicab is like a highway, and why the Statue of Liberty stands, were among the best. Of the song numbers it is hard to say which was the best.

The motive for the show was to raise money for the purpose of tiling the new swimming tank, and the proceeds contributed considerably to that goal.

THE SANTA CLARA MINSTRELS IN 1924 REVUE

Program

Overture University Jazz Orchestra
 Santa Clara's Singing Alumnus, Roy P. Emerson, '16, in Popular
 Selections

"Hejre Kati" Camillo d'Alessio
 "THE PRAIRIE JUDGMENT"

A play in one act, written and produced by Martin V. Merle, '06
 Cast of Characters

Joe Ross, a cowpuncher Henry M. Robidoux
 Manuel Vegas, a halfbreed Arthur J. Saxe
 Robert Harron, Sheriff of Diablo Vincent H. O'Donnell
 John Warren, a rancher Charles R. Boden

Scene: The Sheriff's office and telegraph station at Diablo, Ariz.
 Time: One night in March. (Scenery: By William E. Ronstadt)

Overture University Jazz Orchestra
 "THE SANTA CLARA MINSTRELS IN 1924 REVUE"

Scene: The terrace of the University Country Club
 Interlocutor: Henry J. "Hoot" Miller.
 Tambos: Andrew A. Devine, Robert E. Page, Charles G. Hoover.
 Bones: Henry B. Martin, William E. Ronstadt, John W. Tavelle,
 Ignatius J. Carney.

Musical Numbers

"Call Me Back Pal o' Mine" Maurice J. O'Brien
 "My Sweetie Went Away" Henry B. Martin
 "That Old Gang of Mine" Quartette
 Tullio A. Argenti, Robert E. Page, Henry B. Martin, William E. Ronstadt
 "Somebody's Wrong" Ignatius J. Carney, Charles G. Hoover
 "Wonderful Mother of Mine" Carleton D. Young
 "My Lovey Came Back" Charles G. Hoover
 "When Will the Sun Shine for Me "
 Carleton D. Young, Maurice J. O'Brien
 "Not Here, Not There" Tullio A. Argenti
 Dance Specialty—Albert F. Zanetti

"Sleep" Quartette
 Tullio A. Argenti, Robert E. Page, Henry B. Martin, William E. Ronstadt
 "Santa Clara Anthem" Ensemble

Chorus

Saied M. Karam, Leon B. White, Jerome M. Lanigan, Ernest O. McCormick, Martin L. Griffin, James M. Trotter, Richard E. Doyle, Joseph A. Sheehan, Whitten C. Monteverde, Henry M. Robidoux, Archie McDougall, William Fallon, Arthur J. Saxe, Peter J. Friermuth, William A. Ford, John E. Nolan, Hayden A. Vachon, Thomas J. Flynn, Francis A. King, Albert Campodonicio, Clarence C. Mitchell, Walter E. Dean, William C. Long, Daniel J. Buckley, William G. McDonnell, Thomas W. Higgins, William J. Dooley, Raymond W. Shellooe, Harris R. Wilson, Patrick H. McHugh, John M. Jackson, Thomas W. Temple, Frank J. Hagenbarth John M. Burnett, Earl J. Twomey, Wallace K. Downey.

THE REDWOOD



“EVERYMAN”

April 4, 5, 6, 1924

“Everyman” is the most famous of all the medieval Morality Plays—it has been called by critics ‘the Play of all times’—in which human life is brought face to face with inevitable death.

The name of the gifted author of “Everyman” has been lost in the gray mists of antiquity; but to those who will listen to its inspiration, the power of the play is still undying and appealing.

Dramatis Personae

The first characters to appear are two Capuchins (Samuel W. Matthews, Frank J. Cox) who are the genii of the Play. They exhort the audience to heed its precious lessons and to remain in silent reverence. Upon a sign given by them, a civic and religious pageant consisting of Trumpeters, Heralds, Courtiers, Pilgrims, Rustics, Men-at-Arms, Sacristans, Clergy, Acolytes, etc. (J. Nelson, O. Saunders, S. Sunzeri, E. Steffani, J. O’Keefe, V. Devine, A. Kettman, A. Day, C. Steiss, J. Monteverde, J. Gillick, M. Boland, L. Wall, T. Bonetti, T. Woodley, E. Smith, H. Hibbard, T. Donovan, J. Sullivan, R. O’Brien, E. Erle, J. Flynn, E. Maloney, H. Orozoco, C. Wald, H. Wald, T. Kearney, R. O’Neill, P. Bannan, J. Leonard, J. Bonacina, A. McGrail, J. Degnan, A. Bihn, S. Phelan, H. Mullin, G. Cokely, R. Johnson, C. Zapp, J. Matthews, J. Caire, R. Hook, W. Downey, L. Kalich, F. Somers, E. Thrift, R. Bondi, J. Sheehan, C. Scherf, E. Schimberg, L. Duff, L. Lanscioni, T. Temple, E. Logomarsino, Wm. Long, H. McCarthy, Wm. Ford, H. Boyes, V. Diepenbrock, M. Barceloux, E. Corbolini, F. King, F. Cox, S. Reckers, S. Matthews, E. Twomey, R. McInerney, H. Vachon, J. Casey, A. Zanetti, R. Pope, E. Stretch, A. Gaspar, A. McDougall, Wm. King, H. Painter, W. Berry, S. Biagini, R. Fatjo, G. Sullivan, O. Koehle, L. Arnelles, A. S. Biagini, R. Fatjo, G. Sullivan, O. Koele, L. Arnellas, A. Vasvasconcellos, V. Bertocchini, V. Frigoli, B. Pritchard, F. Morey.)

Then the Prologus (Charles R. Boden) explains the nature of Morality Plays in general and of this particular Morality Play. After which Heraldus (Arthur J. Saxe), Legatus (Henry M. Robidoux) and Nuncio (Harry J. Miller) introduce the principals, who are seated at a banquet, the guests of “Everyman” (Henry B. Martin, Jr.) Then accompanied by the sweet strains of heavenly harps, the Voice of God (Joseph F. Rank) is heard

lamenting man's forgetfulness of the sublime purpose of his creation—the knowledge, love, service of his Maker.

Whereupon the Voice of God summons Death (Edward P. Murphy) and instructs him to bid "Everyman" to make the long, inevitable journey.

"Everyman", a few moments before in the midst of revelry but now deserted by all his friends, is suddenly warned by Death that he must depart from this life. Desiring company on the way to the grave "Everyman" makes his appeal first to Fellowship (Andrew A. Devine) but is refused. Then "Everyman" turns to his relatives, Kindred (Thomas J. Higgins) and Cousin (Joseph P. Fleming). Although these are willing to assist "Everyman" in this life, they draw the line at dying with him.

In despair "Everyman" summons Riches (J. Harold Bundy) but alas! No aid can the death-sentenced victim receive from that source.

Heeding the inspiration which comes from humble, earnest prayer, "Everyman" turns at last to his Good-Deeds (Vincent H. O'Donnell). Good-Deeds is anxious to go with "Everyman" as his "best friend and true", still he cannot, because "Everyman's" sins and utter neglect of Good-Deeds has so bound and enfeebled that character that he cannot stir. Good-Deeds, however, advises "Everyman" to seek inspiration and help from Knowledge (Harold J. Toso).

Knowledge with sympathy pledges assistance to "Everyman" and leads him to Confession (Timothy P. Sullivan) who proves to be a most comforting friend in need and who counsels "Everyman" to do penance and to amend his life. A scourge and sackcloth, symbolic of these virtues, are presented to "Everyman".

Converted from his evil ways and assured of God's mercy, "Everyman" now relieves his Good-Deeds from bondage and henceforth keeps him near as a faithful companion upon his journey to death.

Upon the suggestion of Knowledge and Good-Deeds, "Everyman" now calls to his aid Discretion (Raymond J. Hulsmann), Strength (George J. Fosdyke), Five Wits (Ignatius J. Carney) and Beauty (Clarence C. Mitchell). These with Knowledge urge "Everyman" to receive Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

After receiving these Sacraments, "Everyman" returns fortified for his last agony. The short procession symbolizes the remaining hours of his last journey.

When all the friends and earthly possessions in which "Everyman" had put his trust abandon him, he is assaulted by Satan (J. Marius Becchetti) in a supreme effort. But the demon is conquered by Knowledge and Good-Deeds.

Death, growing insistent, appears again to "Everyman" and with silent command points to the tomb. To this decree which all must obey, "Everyman", accompanied and defended by Good-Deeds alone, with a heart-felt cry for mercy, yields to the inevitable and dies.

The sweet voice of an angel (Francis Cronin) is heard welcoming into bliss the soul of "Everyman", which ascends into heaven amid the glad "Alleluias" of angelic choirs.

CRITICISM OF "EVERYMAN"

FOR five performances which took place Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday afternoon and evening of the fourth, fifth and sixth of April respectively, the University players presented to the public their interpretation of one of the most difficult and pretentious plays that has been written. This was the century old morality play, "Everyman".

It is a play most beautiful and inspiring both in thought and composition, but nevertheless one that is extremely archaic in diction and in the manner in which the story is spun out before the people. Every line is poetry, and there are many extremely long speeches, both of which qualities are never to be found in a modern drama. Moreover, the characters are abstractions: virtues, vices, habits and qualities of mankind. For example, Fellowship, Beauty, Strength, Good-Deeds, and like characters actually appear on the stage.

This is not said in a spirit of adverse criticism, but on the contrary to show how unlike the manner of present-day drama this play is, and consequently how difficult was the proper acting of it. Then by reflection it may be seen how much more credit is due to those who made it a success.

But now let us review the play itself. The part of Everyman is more than half the play. Henry B. Martin enacted this role; and his naturalness, his grace, his technique, his power to hold the audience through long speeches containing the deepest and most abstract principles of morality and philosophy, reflect

a great deal of credit on his dramatic qualities. Henry Martin appeared in a part which required more artistic ability, and more strength than any portrayed in Santa Clara during recent years.

The support which he received, however, was also above the ordinary. Vincent O'Donnell in the role of Good-Deeds added greatly to the play, and Fellowship, Riches, Cousin and Kindred all were extremely realistic representations of things which though dear to the human heart are nevertheless false when put to the test. Confession, Knowledge, Strength, Discretion and Beauty also symbolized with careful accuracy those qualities so useful and necessary to mankind together with all their good points and limitations.

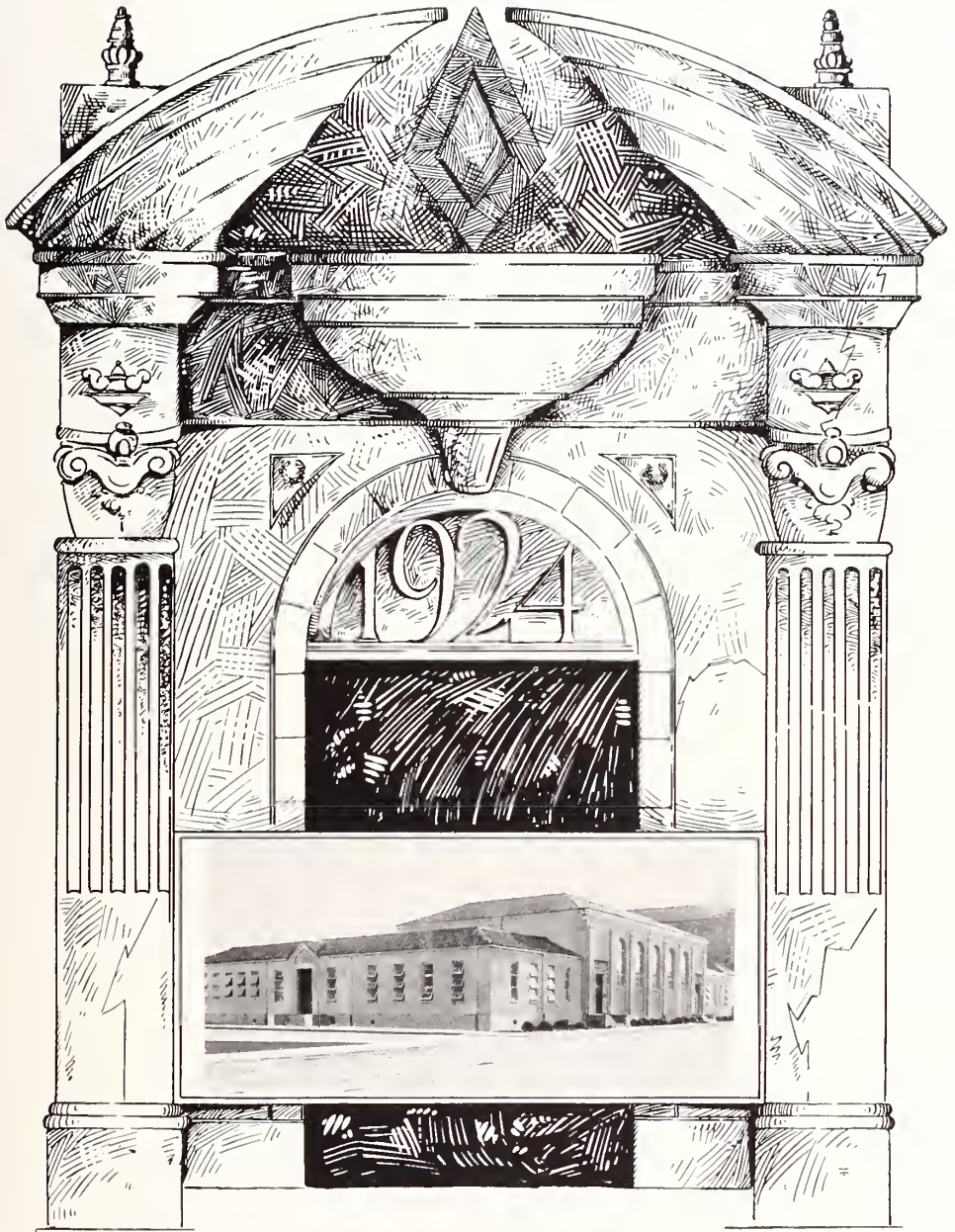
Death was as gruesome as might be expected and the Voice of God was quite astonishing, appearing as it did seemingly out of nowhere. Lastly the part of the Devil was sufficiently well acted to cause more than one of the audience to grip his seat just a little tighter in order that if Satan should desert Everyman he would have a rather difficult task to carry off the aforementioned member of the audience.

High praise is due not only to the actors, but to the others who made this play successful.

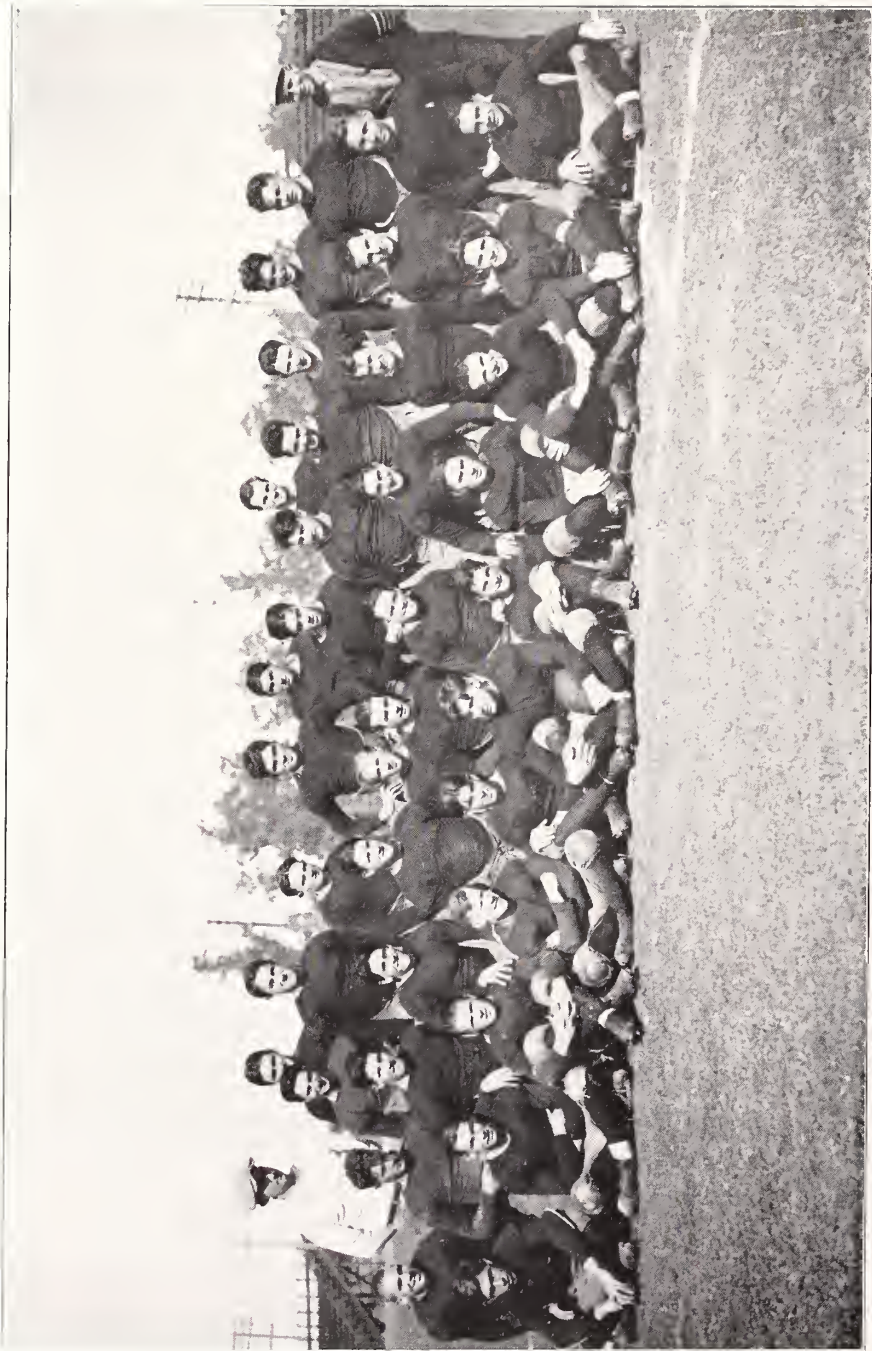
Father Fox, the director, put in night and day on the production and the finished work, we are glad to say, spoke well for his directing genius. Without him the play would not have succeeded, and with him it did. This was evidenced by the words of praise that came unsolicited from professional dramatic critics, as from all others who saw the performances.

Great credit must be given likewise to Mr. Ralph Vaughan, capable interior decorator, who tirelessly and freely gave of his time to produce the color effects, and with such success that the opening banquet scene has been declared to be the handsomest setting ever staged in Santa Clara.

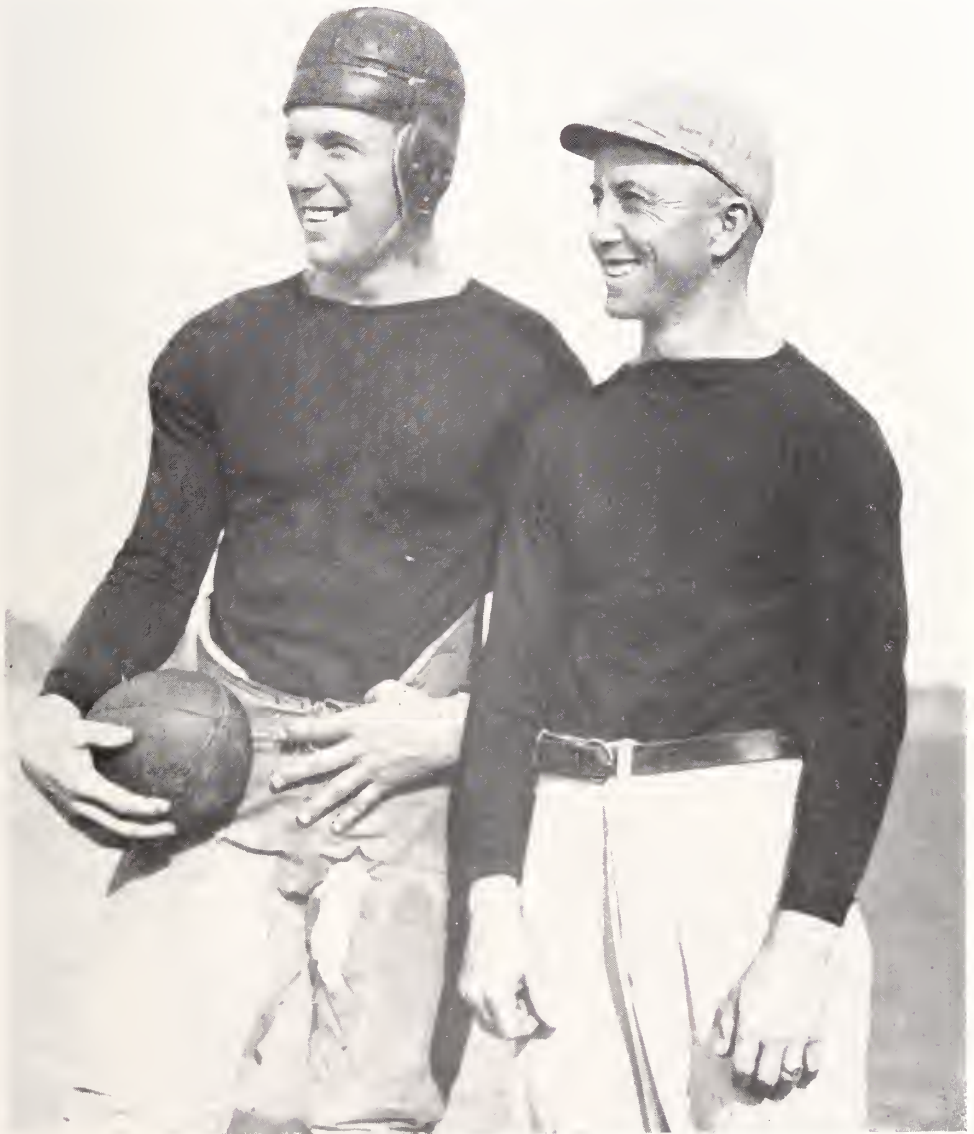
The ladies who made the costumes deserve many thanks for their efficient work as do also the choir of St. Mary's Church, San Jose, the make-up man, and the many others who contributed to the success of Everyman. The splendid choral singing was directed by Mr. Louis Epping. The music arranged by Professor d'Alessio was fully up to his usual excellent standard. In a word, everything connected with the actual production of the play was of an unusually high standard.



— — — — — Athletics — — — — —



1923 VARSITY



Football Leaders for 1923 and 1924

Coach Eddie Keinholtz after starring for four years at Washington State College, began coaching in 1913 at North Yakima High School, later became assistant coach at W. S. C., and since 1916 has turned out championship teams at Long Beach High School except during the war, when he was assistant coach at Camp Lewis.

Captain Philip G. Fawke is the only man in recent years to receive the honor of captaining the football team two years in succession. He came from Polytechnic High, San Francisco, where he starred in rugby. He is now considered one of the best full-backs on the Pacific Coast.

Review of Football Season



MILLER

LET us now take one last glimpse at the past season, scanning briefly each particular game, dwelling for an instant on the brighter spots and making a last comment on those individuals who shone out foremost amongst our moleskin heroes.

Two weeks after the squad was called for practice, they played their first game against the Mare Island Marines. This game was just for the sake of practice and gave lots of that. The coach had his first chance to look over his material. Needless to say the game was a pretty ragged affair.

The next contest, the first on the intercollegiate schedule, was with the California Aggies at Davis Farm. This game was peculiar inasmuch as no scoring was done until

the last two minutes of play when each team managed to cross the goal. Santa Clara converted but "Moose" Fawke blocked the "Aggies'" place kick, leaving Santa Clara on the long end of the score. The Aggies' score was due to a bad pass from center. The Broncos outplayed their opponents in this tussle but seemed to lack the punch at the right time. Every time Santa Clara got within striking distance of the goal she was penalized. Captain "Moose" Fawke, "Bob" Duff and "Fat" Gallagher showed to advantage in this game.

At the University of California it was a different story. Santa Clara was slated to lose but nobody knew just how badly. She sent a green, inexperienced team upon the field to do battle with an old well-ordered machine; the result,—the score of 49-0. The game was not as bad as the scoreboard would indicate. In the first half California managed to cross the goal five times. In the second half they scored only twice. Santa Clara's defense in the second half was far better than even her most loyal supporters expected. Time and again California struck at her line and stopped. To be precise compare the figures. The first time California tried a criss-cross they gained seventy yards and a touch-down, the last time they tried it they lost three yards. The first forward pass tried by the Bears netted them twenty yards, the last one was intercepted by Gallagher of Santa Clara, just as the final whistle sounded. On the first line play the Broncos tried they lost five yards, the last one netted them eight yards. "Moose" Fawke as usual was a tower of strength on defense. The whole team showed a good knowledge of fundamental football, in keeping with the Coach's policy. Practically all the substitutes got into the game.

The game at Stanford was a surprise to all Santa Clara boosters. On

this day the team played the worst football they were capable of. From the time of the first kick-off until the final whistle Stanford had things pretty much their way. The only bright spot in that game to cheer the hearts of Santa Clara supporters was the eighty yard run to touchdown made by Leonard Casanova. At this time Santa Clara and Stanford both had their second teams in. A Stanford man fumbled on his own twenty yard line, Casanova recovered and ran through a broken field to a touchdown. "Moose" Fawke was injured in the third quarter and had to be removed from the game. Abrahamsen also sustained injuries which necessitated his removal. One very notable fact about the game, significant of the excellent relations between the two Varsities, was that neither team incurred a penalty during the whole afternoon. Once again the Bronco squad showed a lack of experience. Santa Clara was weak in offense, scoring only two first downs in the entire game.



RIANDA

Much more encouraging indeed were the results of the game with the Sagehens at Nevada. This was the big contest of the year for Nevada and they figured to triumph over the Broncos. They were forced to change their minds after the starting whistle, and settle down to a real gridiron battle. Nevada drew first blood when she bucked the ball down the field to a touchdown in the second quarter. Soon afterwards when she had bucked the ball to Santa Clara's forty yard line she chose to pass. Bundy intercepted and ran sixty yards to a touchdown for Santa Clara. Bud McKee converted. After this the game settled down to a fight in midfield, where the ball remained most of the game. The Broncos lost their chance to win in the third quarter, when after they had advanced the ball to Nevada's 20 yard line McKee attempted a field goal and failed by inches. Some thought that Santa Clara had played over their heads in this game, until they saw the Broncos emerge victorious over St. Mary's. "Moose" as usual was a stronghold on defense. Nolan showed to advantage in getting down under punts; Bundy with his educated toe turned in a beautiful average for punts. Duff on the line played his consistent hard-fighting game.

In the game against the Olympic Club the Bronco reserves had a chance to show their true mettle. This they did, showing a lot more football-knowledge than their first string teammates did against the Golden Bear. The first half they held the experienced Clubmen to a scoreless tie. In the second half they held them to fourteen points. In this game the Bronco juniors were really defeated by their alumni. "Jimmy"



BUNDY

Needles and "Otto" Schwill contributed mostly to the Santa Clara defeat. In this game Leonard Casanova once more inscribed his initials in the hall of fame, when after fumbling a pass from center, he ran from punt formation for a gain of forty yards. Hulsman looked good for the Reserves in this game, plunging time and again through the sturdy Olympic line.

After a long hard season the Broncos traveled all the way to Arizona to play the Wildcats their big game. This was the third team of the year to be pointed at Santa Clara for their big game. After beating St. Mary's the boys had lost a great deal of their football spirit and were practically defeated by Arizona before they even took the field. Arizona was at top form according to her authorities and moreover was favored by

breaks and a not altogether impartial referee. The Broncos showed a great deal of power but lacked the fighting spirit. This was what the "Wildcats" had nothing else but. During the first half Santa Clara was unable to work the ball out of their own territory. Santa Clara tried twenty passes, completing about half of them and gaining a total of 290 yards by this attack. McKee, Fawke and Bundy starred for the Broncos. Fawke completed most of the passes, while Bundy did some very clever line plunging.

In summing up the season what then do we find? In the first place we notice a gradual increase in the unity, football knowledge and strength of the squad. We see green material growing into a football wise squad. We see a great increase in the grasp of fundamentals, in poise, and ability. We can surely report a world of progress as indicated in our football team of the past season. All we can say is that if this progress continues in the future as it has in the past, by the middle of next season Santa Clara will be represented by a football squad comparable to any on the Pacific Coast.

This is the first time in her football history that she has introduced a "system," which calls for several years of slow, gradual upbuilding of a team from untrained material. At times during the season just closed seven out of the eleven first string men were Freshmen. With their added experience a year from now, and under the same coach, the Kienholz System should begin to worry even the larger universities.

EDDIE KEINHOLZ came to Santa Clara with a wonderful reputation as a football coach, but he warned everyone not to expect too much from the start. It takes time to build a football team, he said. Two years, perhaps even three, will be required before Santa Clara can hope to turn out an eleven which can compete with the leading teams of this section. The coach's words were taken to heart by loyal Santa Clara supporters, and in the dark early season days when the opponents piled up large scores, confidence in the little mentor's ability did not wane. And when his team did the unexpected by beating St. Mary's on November 10 that confidence was rewarded a hundred fold.



MALLEY

SEASON'S RECORD

Santa Clara	13	Marines	6
Santa Clara	7	California Aggies	6
Santa Clara	0	University of California	48
Santa Clara	6	Stanford	55
Santa Clara	7	Nevada	7
SANTA CLARA	10	ST. MARY'S	9
Santa Clara	0	Olympic Club	14
Santa Clara	0	Arizona	20



St. Mary's Game



McKEE

ST. MARY'S were heavy favorites right up to the time the referee blew his whistle for the start of the game. From this time on the final score was always in doubt. Even the farseeing scribes whose predictions of a Santa Clara trouncing were broadcast for several days before settled down and nervously awaited developments.

St. Mary's managed to draw first blood. However, remember the old saying, who laughs last laughs best. Santa Clarans are still laughing. Early in the first quarter a poor pass from center got away from Bundy who was playing in kick formation, and rolled over the Santa Clara goal line. He was downed behind the line before he could run it out, thus giving St. Mary's a safety

and two points. This gave the Saints confidence and they at once started out to roll up a large score. In a series of off-tackle plays they carried the ball to Santa Clara's thirty-yard line. Here "Ducky" Grant showed his football ability by running through a broken field to a touchdown. Thus the score stood 9 to 0 in favor of St. Mary's.

Nothing eventful happened then until toward the end of the second quarter. Santa Clara had kicked and St. Mary's was downed on the Bronco 40 yard line. Anxious to score again in the short time remaining before the end of the half, St. Mary's resorted to their highly touted passing game. But alas it proved disastrous. Coach "Eddie" Keinholz had evidently analyzed their formations and was fully prepared. The ends instead of rushing the passer, played back and waited. Conrad Storm snagged the first pass thrown and dodged forty-two yards through a broken field to a touchdown, just as the gun sounded for the half. From the ten-yard line he dragged two St. Mary's men with him through the dirt and over the line. Bud McKee converted for the extra point. Thus the score at half time stood St. Mary's 9, Santa Clara 7. Not near so bad.

Up to this time St. Mary's had outplayed Santa Clara. Their line was holding like a stone wall, whereas they were making lots of yardage through Santa Clara. I do not know what the coach did or said to the Santa Clara team between halves, but it was to all appearances a new team which took the field for the second half. They had lost their sluggishness and seemed loaded with fight. In the third quarter Bundy caught the kick-off on the Santa Clara one-yard line and raced it back to the twenty-yard line. On a series of line bucks by Hulsman, Bundy and Fawke the ball was advanced eighteen more yards. On the fourth down

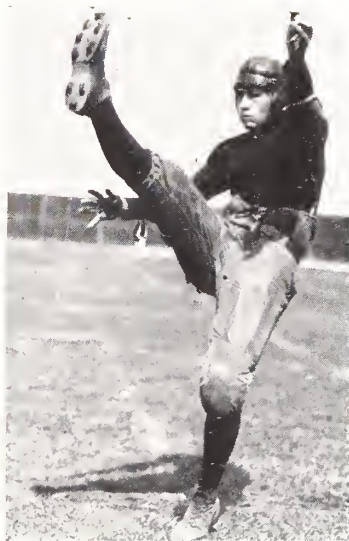
Bundy kicked to Underhill who received on St. Mary's thirty yard line.

But here is where Santa Clara won the game. Before Underhill could take one step he was tackled so hard by Malley that he dropped the ball and Nolan of Santa Clara fell on it. For three downs the St. Mary's line held, then McKee fell back and drop-kicked a pretty goal from a difficult angle. This gave Santa Clara the needed three points and the score now stood Santa Clara 10, St. Mary's 9.

Then commenced a battle unequalled in any football game of the season. St. Mary's bucked, criss-crossed, and passed their way down the field until they reached the Santa Clara eighteen yard line. Then they chose to pass, but "Moose" Fawke intercepted. Once more the Broncos were safe. The teams battled back and forth until almost three minutes before the finish when Santa Clara obtained the ball and held it till the period gun sounded ending the hardest fought and most interesting game of the 1923 football season.

It would be difficult to pick the outstanding star in that game. Fawke and Bundy played stellar football in the backfield, and Hulsman getting his first chance opened the eyes of all Santa Clara supporters. Then McKee cannot be overlooked because it was his toe which really won the game. And Conrad Storm, and Malley and Nolan, and Bob Duff and Springer, and Gallagher and Miller and Leonard and Rianda and Sumner, and the substitutes waiting and hoping that they might have a chance to jump into the fray all must be mentioned when we give credit to Santa Clara for winning that game.

The Broncos did more than avenge themselves for the 9 to 7 defeat of 1922. They fooled the scribes and prophets who had predicted for them a severe trouncing, they battled against overwhelming odds to a glorious victory. This game was a wonderful lesson to Santa Clara supporters inasmuch as it proved to them that if they got behind their team and supported it in the proper way Santa Clara would come out on top. Yes, it was a great game, the best of the season as many prominent newspaper men put it, and on the strength of it we are only too glad to speak of the 1923 football season as a success.



STORM



LEONARD

NOCK

NOLAN

Henry Hoffman Trophy

NEXT year when the Broncos don the moleskins against St. Mary's, their traditional rivals, they will have something to strive after besides the winning of a football game. They will be fighting also for the possession of a beautiful Trophy presented to the two Varsities for competition by Mr. Henry Hoffman of San Francisco. The conditions governing the possession of it are as follows: The winning team shall have possession of the Trophy until the game the following year when it shall again be contested for. The first team winning three out of five of the annual games shall have the right to permanent possession of the Trophy. This gift was inspired by the wonderful sportsmanship displayed by the two elevens on November 10, 1923.



HENRY HOFFMAN TROPHY

Castruccio Punting Trophy

On September 25, 1923, Santa Clara was presented with a perpetual punting Trophy by one of her most loyal Alumni, Constantine M. Castruccio, of Los Angeles. Mr. Castruccio is a great booster for athletics at Santa Clara and presented this Trophy to stimulate interest in punting among members of the squad. He proposed that it be contested for during spring practice, that the name of the winner be inscribed upon it each year and that it be placed in a conspicuous place with other Santa Clara Trophies. The winner shall be judged by a committee including the Coach and Student Body President. Each aspirant shall make five punts, the averages shall then be taken, and the man making the highest average will be adjudged winner.



1923-24 VARSITY

BASKETBALL—SEASON REVIEW

LOOKING back over the basketball season for 1923-24 we don't see much to be elated over. But after we analyze conditions and recall the various games we must come to the conclusion that it was more of a "hard-luck" season than a poor one.

The loss of Jimmy Logan, brilliant forward, and Claude Zent, star center, early in the season left in a demoralized condition a team that bade fair to be the strongest contender for championship honors in this section of the country.

Santa Clara began her season by picking on Stanford, one of the best teams in the Coast Conference. This was a tough contest and it was entirely due to the ability of the Cardinals to shoot from difficult angles that Santa Clara was defeated. In this game the Broncos put up a stonewall five-man defense which the boys from Stanford were at no time able to penetrate.

Next came our old basketball rivals, St. Ignatius. In the first part of the game they were bewildered by the stiff defense of the Santa Clara five. In the second half the Broncos did some good offensive work, but at no time were they able to overcome the Ignatians' lead. The final score read against us.

California, the team which later won the Pacific Coast Conference title, came next on the schedule. In this game the Broncos worked hard,

as usual, but the Bears functioned as a well-oiled machine and were altogether too much for the local lads. Vukota, guarded though he was, managed to gather twelve points for his Alma Mater. At no time in this contest, however, did the Broncos threaten.

On the night that the \$60,000 George W. Seifert Gymnasium was opened Santa Clara entertained the Olympic Club of San Francisco. This was a contest replete with thrills, a game not to be forgotten over night. With the score 15-7 against them at half time the Broncos made a desperate attempt in the last half and were one lucky field goal from victory when the final whistle sounded. In this contest the team showed lots of improvement over their previous form.

The second game to be played in our new gymnasium was greater even than the first. This time we entertained St. Ignatius for the second game of that series. St. Ignatius received from Santa Clara their first defeat of the season after eight straight victories. Before the Ignatians even knew they were in the game the Broncos had scored eight points. However, at half time St. Ignatius led 13 to 11. In the second half the city boys were only able to make four points while Santa Clara doubled her first half score. Superior team work won for Santa Clara. St. Ignatius, unable to penetrate the Bronco five-man defense, was forced to resort to long shots. The final result of the game was always in doubt till the timekeeper interfered; and the game was a thriller from start to finish.

Our next guest was the Young Men's Institute team of San Francisco. This was another moral victory for Santa Clara. After trailing for practically the whole game, the Y. M. I. team managed to tie the score with only seven minutes to go. Soon after they dropped in another basket, giving them a two-point lead which the Broncos were unable to overcome. This game was unique in that neither Bronco forward made a field goal.

The Nevada series came next and with it two more defeats for Santa Clara. This is the first time in two years that Nevada has been able to beat Santa Clara in basketball. Both games were fast and clean and at no time in either game did Santa Clara really threaten.

Then came the St. Mary's series and with it more grief for Santa Clara. In the first contest both teams played a close defensive game. Free throws practically won for St. Mary's. Out of seven chances they converted five, out of nine chances Santa Clara converted but two. Vukota worked hard in this game, scoring fifteen of Santa Clara's twenty-six points. The final count was 29-26. The second game was extremely ragged. St. Mary's was at top form, Santa Clara was demoralized after her discouraging season. The Broncos were completely outclassed in this contest.



1924 VARSITY

BASEBALL—SEASON REVIEW

THIS year Santa Clara took a forward step toward her old position at the top of the collegiate baseball world. In the past two or three years she had fallen off in baseball until in 1923 she scarcely offered any competition to any college or club nine. This year in her upward climb she succeeded in beating the ball teams of all the leading Varsities in the district at least once, while St. Ignatius and California Aggies were badly kicked by the Broncos in a brace of encounters each.

Santa Clara opened her baseball season with a series of three games with the McKinley Club of the San Jose Winter League. The Broncos managed to win two out of the three games though at this time they did not show any too much baseball knowledge.

Next they took on the fast team representing the Olympic Club of San Francisco. The Club emerged victorious in both the games.

The Broncos split with the University of California, winning the first and dropping the second. The first game was excellent, running for eleven innings. Charley Scherf's splendid pitching was the feature. The second game was very ragged. The Broncos were shy on pitchers as Scherf was being held for St. Mary's, and Gallagher did not make the trip to Berkeley. The Santa Clara fielding was also poor, if six errors mean anything. The Bears won by a big margin.

With the Stanford series came lots of hope for the future, when Charlie Scherf in his first big game for the Broncos nosed out the Cardinals 3-2. In the second game Scherf should have won, but poor support, and failure to hit in the pinches gave the long end of the score to Stanford. Big Ernie Nevers had things all his own way in the third game of the series, and beat Santa Clara handily, allowing only three hits.

St. Ignatius, trying to build up a varsity team once again, was handed two bad defeats by the Broncos. Both games furnished mere batting practice for our Broncos this year.

The varsity also journeyed to Davis Farm and returned with two victories dangling from their belt. The Cal Aggies proved easy for the Santa Clarans and were badly beaten in both contests.

The St. Mary's contests as usual proved the most interesting to Santa Clara boosters. The first game played on our Varsity field was rather discouraging for local supporters. Santa Clara was beaten fairly and decisively. The boys played bad baseball, and the large score run up by St. Mary's was largely attributable to Santa Clara misplays. After the first four innings the team became entirely disorganized and could not hold the elusive sphere when it touched their hands. St. Mary's played like champions in this contest.

Many thought the second game would be a mere formality for the

Saints, but "Fat" Gallagher beat them in a slugfest played at the Pacific Coast League Park in Oakland. This came as a most agreeable surprise to all Santa Clara supporters and necessitated the playing of another game to decide the series. In the deciding contest the Saints won by a large score.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES

Stanford Series

FIRST GAME			R	H	E	SECOND GAME			R	H	E
Santa Clara	3	5	3	Santa Clara	2	10	4		
Stanford	2	6	3	Stanford	3	10	2		
Batteries: Scherf and Marques. Teague, Solomon and Lawson.					Batteries: Scherf and Marques. Lowenstein, Solomon and Lawson.						

THIRD GAME			R	H	E
Santa Clara	2	3	4	
Stanford	6	9	4	
Batteries: Scherf and Marques. Nevers and Lawson.					

University of California Series

FIRST GAME			R	H	E	SECOND GAME			R	H	E
Santa Clara	5	4	4	Santa Clara	7	12	6		
U. of California	4	7	4	U. of California	14	13	0		
Batteries: Scherf and Marques. Nounnan, and Russell, Lloyd.					Batteries: Springer, Heinzen, Ran- dazzo and Marques. Nounnan, McEneaney and Russell.						

St. Ignatius Series

FIRST GAME			R	H	E	SECOND GAME			R	H	E
Santa Clara	13	14	3	Santa Clara	15	19	0		
St. Ignatius	3	6	8	St. Ignatius	4	5	2		
Batteries: Gallagher and Marques. Troy, McSweeney and Armenio.					Batteries: Heinzen, Storm and Williams. McSweeney, Troy and Armenio.						

California Aggies Series

FIRST GAME			R	H	E	SECOND GAME			R	H	E
Santa Clara	16	17	4	Santa Clara	11	12	2		
Cal. Aggies	6	7	3	Cal. Aggies	5	9	2		
Batteries: Heinzen and Marques. Eames and Broder.					Batteries: Randazzo, Storm and Wil- liams. Brown and Weymiller.						

SANTA CLARA-ST. MARY'S SERIES

S T. MARY'S again took the annual series from Santa Clara, by winning two out of three games, showing decided superiority in the first and third, but dropping the second before a terrific slugging attack by the Broncos.

FIRST GAME

SANTA CLARA	AB	R	H	ST. MARY'S	AB	R	H
Maloney, ss.	3	1	1	Biggs, rf.	6	1	2
Vukota, 2b.	3	0	1	Yore, cf.	4	0	0
Scherf, p.	3	0	0	Westlake, 2b.	5	1	1
Randazzo, cf.	4	1	1	Harrington, ss.	3	3	1
Dagley, lf., 1b.	2	0	0	Paynter, 3b.	5	0	1
Heinzen, rf.	4	0	0	Strader, lf.	4	2	1
McKee, lf.	2	0	1	Gardner, 1b.	2	0	2
Clancy, 1b.	2	0	1	Grant, 1b.	3	1	1
Gallagher	1	0	0	Meuter, c.	5	0	2
Miller, 3b.	3	0	0	Rooney, p.	5	0	1
Marques, c.	3	0	0				
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	32	2	5		42	9	12

SECOND GAME

SANTA CLARA	AB	R	H	ST. MARY'S	AB	R	H
Maloney, ss.	4	1	1	Biggs, cf.	6	1	2
Vukota, ss.	5	2	2	Grant, lf.	5	1	1
Scherf, 1b.	5	3	3	Westlake, 2b.	5	3	2
Randazzo, cf.	5	3	4	Harrington, ss.	5	1	4
Heinzen, rf.	0	0	0	Paynter, 3b.	4	0	0
McKee, lf.	3	1	1	Strader, rf.	4	0	2
Dagley, rf., lf.	5	0	2	O'Rourke	1	0	0
Miller, 3b.	5	0	1	Gardner, 1b.	2	0	0
Marques, c.	4	0	1	Meuter, c.	3	1	0
Gallagher, p.	4	0	0	Rooney, p.	4	0	2
				King, p.	1	0	0
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	40	10	15		40	7	13

THIRD GAME

SANTA CLARA	AB	R	H	ST. MARY'S	AB	R	H
Vukota, 2b.	2	0	0	Biggs, cf.	6	1	2
Scherf, 1b., p.	4	0	1	Yore, lf.	6	1	2
Maloney, ss.	3	0	0	Westlake, 2b.	4	3	2
Randazzo, cf.	4	0	0	Harrington, ss.	2	3	1
McKee, rf.	3	0	0	Paynter, 3b.	6	2	3
Dagley, lf.	4	0	2	Rooney, rf.	5	0	2
Miller, 3b.	2	0	0	Gardner, 1b.	5	1	0
Marques, c.	3	0	0	O'Rourke, c.	5	0	2
Gallagher, p., 1b.	3	0	0	King, p.	4	1	2
Clancy, 2b.	2	0	1				
Heinzen	1	0	0				
Williams	1	0	0				
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	32	0	4		43	12	16

MINOR SPORTS

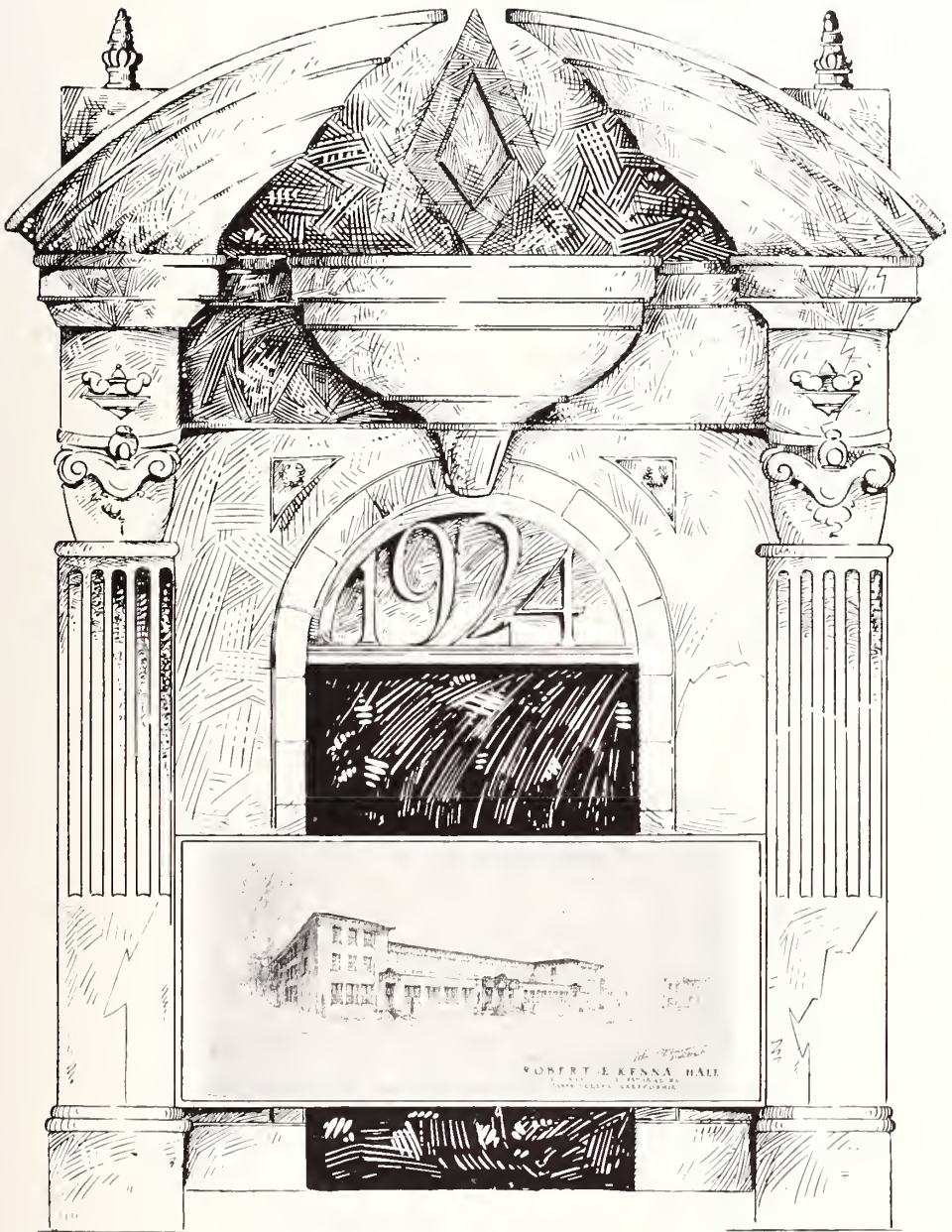
THE minor sports at Santa Clara at present are Tennis, Handball and Swimming. How long the first and the last will remain minor no one knows. The swimming tank was not opened early enough in the year to permit the formation of a representative aquatic team; that will have to be deferred till the coming year.

For the first time in local history Santa Clara this spring formed a representative intercollegiate tennis team. Commissioner Jackson conducted two tournaments, one last fall, one this spring, for the purpose of getting a good line on the material there was in the yard for a team. The fall tournament, singles, was won by Fred Coolidge, with Joe Madden runner-up. Other strong contenders were Dick McInerney, Jack Flynn and Ashur Wallace. These men at present form the Santa Clara tennis team which held its first intercollegiate meet with the St. Mary's team on the local courts April 30. Coolidge, McInerney and Madden represented Santa Clara in the singles, while the doubles teams were made up of Coolidge and McInerney, Flynn and Wallace. Commissioner Jackson obtained a beautiful trophy for intramural singles and another for intramural doubles to be contested for annually, the winners to have their names inscribed on the trophy each year.

The handball tournament aroused the usual keen competition as the names of the annual winners are inscribed on a plaque at the handball court.

With the great interest shown in handball, then, the unparalleled enthusiasm manifested in tennis, and the excellent material that was trained for next year's swimming team, followers of the minor sports at Santa Clara feel that a great deal has been accomplished here during the past two semesters.





Preparatory



FOURTH HIGH

Many of the class of Prep '24 have been together since 'way back in first High, and so it is rather sorrowfully that this year we take our leave. But to look back on the last four years brings, for the most part, a delightful flood of memories that will always remain with us and serve as a bond joining us to Santa Clara. Perusing the freshly written page of this year's history, we see Fourth High making a grand finish to their Preparatory course. We have good reason to be proud of our class—their efforts in all lines have met with success.

In the Santa Clara Revue produced in February, representatives of Fourth High held prominent roles. Maurice J. O'Brien starred in solo and duet numbers, while not a few lent their voices to the chorus. In the annual Elocution Contest, held in the same month, the first prize was awarded to Earl J. Twomey, for the second time in three years. Thomas O'Hara, Earl Twomey, Stephen Phelan and Harold Painter were members of the "Santa Clara" staff, and the latter and Victor Martin were appointed as the Prep representatives on "The Redwood."

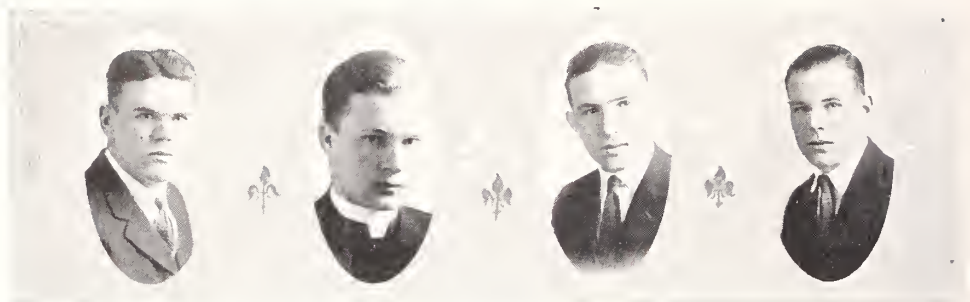
Fourth High has been well represented in the Junior Dramatic Society. As that society celebrated its Golden Jubilee in November of this year, it fell to the older active members to assist on the various committees.

The officers of the society are Wm. McLeod, vice president, Robert R. Pope, secretary; Victor L. Deipenbrock, treasurer, and Victor J. Martin, historian.

Captain Joe Egan guided his football squad through a season successfully terminated by a victory over St. Mary's Preps. Twelve Fourth High men were on the squad of twenty-two, giving the class a good representation. "Bob" Miller, captain of the basketball team, led his charges through a creditable season, a feature of which was the remarkable playing of "Bob" Pope. In baseball, too, the class is not found wanting, and its representatives added materially to the success of this year. "Slim" Wright, Robert O'Brien, Victor Diepenbrock and Captain Jimmy Morey would be hard men to beat.

But we must not omit Prep politics. Robert L. Miller was elected president of the Prep Student Body, and has successfully guided the Prep Ship of State through two more semesters. Earl J. Twomey, appointed Student Body Manager by the Faculty, worked hard and successfully in securing fit opponents for the Prep teams.

Chas. Read is president of the Holy Name Society, Frank O'Toole is vice president, and Emile Varanini, secretary. Frank O'Toole is prefect of the Junior Sodality, Emile Varanini is first assistant, and Edward Ackel is secretary.



MILLER FATHER KAVANAGH, S. J. McLEOD TWOMEY

The Prep Student Body

THE Prep Student Body of 1923 and 1924 was one that had continued success throughout the year. It was by far the most efficient organization of its kind since 1920, when the first Prep student body was organized, as distinct from the College student body. fi

Its meetings were held on the first and third Tuesdays of the month, when the ordinary business was gone over and new questions proposed, discussed and voted upon. The most important meeting was held on the third Tuesday of April when an amendment to the constitution was proposed. It concerned the reduction of the required number of quarters, halves and innings played in football, basketball and baseball, respectively, thus making the coveted Prep block easier to gain.

The Prep athletic successes of the past year, especially in football and baseball are attributed largely to the wonderful support that the student body gave the respective teams.

With the opening of Kenna Hall next year and the consequent complete separation of high school and college departments, undoubtedly the Prep Student Body organization will assume a more important position in Santa Clara organizations than ever before. We trust that this year's successful management of high school affairs will be but a prelude to an even greater success a year from now.

ELOCUTION CONTEST

February 21, 1924

Program

Medley Overture	Barnhouse
University Orchestra	
Introductory	Robert P. O'Brien, H. S. '24
Tom (Anon.)	Harold O. Hibbard, H. S. '26
The Soldier Tramp (Carlino)	*Earl J. Twomey, H. S. '24
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy (Brown)	John J. Casey, H. S. '25
Courtship Waltz	Hazel
University Orchestra	
The House With Nobody in it (Kilmer)	George D. Hall, H. S. '26
Spartacus to the Gladiators (Kellogg)	John P. McEnery, H. S. '26
Song of the Market Place (Buckham)	Richard P. Doyle, H. S. '27
Selection: Dainty Dear	Barnhouse
University Orchestra	
The Collier's Dying Child (Farmer)	Hugh H. Boyes, H. S. '26
The Deserter (Taylor)	**Thomas F. Woodley, H. S. '25
The Cremation of Sam McGee (Service)	
.....	Hayden A. Vachon, H. S. '25
Selection: Tannhauser	Wagner
University Orchestra	
Decision of the Judges	
Finale: The Fashion Plate	Hazel

The following Alumni kindly consented to act as Judges:

Rev. James W. Galvin, A. B. '98

Mr. Martin V. Merle, A. M. '06

Mr. Faber L. Johnston, J. D. '23

The Orchestra was under the direction of Prof. Camillo d'Alessio

*First Prize.

**Second Prize.



JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY JUBILEE

The J. D. S. Jubilee itself had been planned for some time, and it was felt by Mr. James J. Lyons, S. J., that early November, just fifty years from the foundation, was the opportune moment. The plans were carefully laid and elaborately carried out. These three days will oft be recalled by the many old members who came back, as well as the present active body of the society.

The Jubilee proper began on Thursday evening, November first, when the Literary Exercises were held in the University Auditorium. Those "Exercises" were rather on the order of an informal reception and light entertainment for old members who were present for the celebration. The program opened as a regular meeting of the society, with roll call, reading of minutes and a brief business discussion. Then followed a short talk by Robert P. O'Brien, the Secretary. The rest of the program consisted of a recitation, "The Prayer," by Earl J. Twomey; "An Historical Review" by John M. Burnett; musical numbers by the Freshmen Sextette; a cornet solo by Robert H. Thompson; a dialogue between Edward Stretch and John Casey; an address by the Hon. James P. Sex, and a dramatic recitation, "Lasca," featuring Henry Robidoux.

The affair was entirely successful, especially the address by Mr. Sex and the historical review by John M. Burnett. In his speech Mr. Sex told of the activities of the society in his day and predicted a long and prosperous career for this forensic body which had already passed fifty milestones in Santa Clara's history. He also paid a touching tribute to the Jesuit Fathers of his time, mentioning many names such as Fathers Pinasco Cichi, and Young, who, famed for their learning as well as piety, were admired and venerated by all. In conclusion Mr. Sex complimented Rev. Father Zacheus J. Maher, the president of the University, on his marvelous work in building the Greater Santa Clara, and expressed the belief that the University would always endure because the right kind of men were at her helm to guide her.

John M. Burnett detailed an historical review of the society from the times of Father Kenna, the founder, to the present. Mr. Burnett said in part: "Fifty years ago when the University was but a small college housed in humble buildings of wood and clay, Rev. Robert E. Kenna as president summoned together the charter members of the Junior Dramatic Society." He spoke of Santa Clara, the oasis of culture and refinement in an arid Sahara. He told of the isolation of the West from the East and how it was quite impossible to draw from the intellectual resources of the Atlantic States. Mr. Burnett lauded the early success of the society, both in the dramatic and debating lines. Some of the famous men of the United States, one time members of the Junior Dramatic Society, were mentioned, and Mr. Burnett spoke eloquently of the work of Father Kenna. His concluding remarks contained these words: "Now although this society has passed the half century mark of its existence, and has achieved great things, it has not reached nor will it reach the prime

of life and start on its decline. . . . It will continue to grow in the future as it has in the past. And fifty years from now when the members of the Junior Dramatic Society again gather, this time for a centenary celebration, they will find that a review of the fifty years now ahead of us, tells an even finer and more noble story than the fifty years just past."

The following day, Friday, a Memorial Mass for the deceased members of the society was celebrated by Rev. Father Maher in the Students' Chapel. All the members of the society attended the mass and received Holy Communion in a body. Saturday evening the Jubilee was brought to a fitting close by the banquet held in the University dining hall and attended by many prominent old members, past presidents, members of the faculty, and the active organization of the Junior Dramatic Society. The banquet hall was appropriately decorated in Santa Clara's Red and White, and attractive plaques and banners displayed the proud "1873—Junior Dramatic Society—1923." The program consisted of recitations, musical numbers and speeches. Mr. James J. Lyons, S. J., made a "Welcome" address, and then introduced the Toastmaster, Mr. Henry W. McGowan, a prominent "old boy." Mr. McGowan's ability to carry off the somewhat difficult role was distinctly manifest, and his humor and joviality caused a pleasing spirit of informality to dominate.

Mr. Charles D. South, able poet, then rendered his Ode, which lent an elegant tone to the program. We have always admired Mr. South's ability, and his stirring rendition of his work was keenly appreciated. Dr. Rodney Yoell was the next to address the Jubilee gathering. His speech was of a serious tone, and the sentiments so forcibly expressed, were, certainly, not to be lightly considered. Dr. Yoell spoke of the reasons why we should make the best of the opportunities offered us to train ourselves in order that we may speak before an audience. He explained that it was the duty of the graduate from a Catholic University to take his place among men and prove that Catholic education is equal to, in every respect, and in most ways superior to secular. He said we must be able to defend our beliefs from abuse, not passively but in an active manner. Dr. Yoell's talk was most sincere and the members of the society need only take his advice and follow his example. He is a true son of Santa Clara.

Michael O'Sullivan gave many pleasant recollections of the early stage at Santa Clara, and his reminiscences of by-gone days held his audience fascinated. Rev. John D. Walshe, S. J., one time president, spoke of his experiences with the Junior Dramatic Society, as did some other past presidents. A short address was then made by Francis Cox to the old members, assuring them that the "J. D. S." is still the same.

It was now the moment for Rev. Father Maher, S. J., to speak. Many had been the speculations as to the nature of his address, as all topics seemed exhausted. Father Maher, however, concluded the evening with a very touching epigram, and we feel it apropos to close this chronicle with his remark, "Junior Dramatic Society! A Golden Jubilee! For the past fifty years we thank God! And for the coming fifty years we trust in God!"



The Thomas I. Bergin Debating Society

REVIEW OF THE YEAR

THE new Thomas I. Bergin society was organized under the direction of Mr. Charles B. Langan, S. J., in honor of Santa Clara's first Graduate, and one of her most illustrious sons. Thomas I. Bergin was a prominent consulting attorney in California and for many years was the counsellor to His Grace, the late Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. He was ever a loyal son of Santa Clara, always most generous when called upon for services. Thomas I. Bergin died some ten years ago, and the loss was felt keenly by the entire State. It is fitting that his name should be perpetuated in the new society.

The Thomas I. Bergin society has had a most successful year. The enthusiasm that prevails at all meetings seems to be a good omen for a long and active life. The membership is limited to First and Second High, but the talent developed in the past season would speak well of any debating society for higher classmen. The debates are carried on according to parliamentary procedure, a feature being three speakers on a side instead of the customary two. This enables more views to be expressed on a topic and does not necessitate a very lengthy speech for any youngster. The society is a distinct addition to the campus organizations and we welcome it heartily.



Junior Holy Name Society

Officers

Moderator	Rev. Father Deeney, S. J.
President	Chas. J. Read
Vice-President	Frank O'Toole
Secretary	Emilio Varanini

THE Junior Unit of the local Holy Name Society was organized a year ago at the same time the Senior Unit came into being. Both were, of course, established for the same purpose, the inculcation of greater reverence and respect for the sacred name of Our Lord; both are under the same moderator, and both take part in all Holy Name conferences and celebrations. The only difference is that the Junior Unit was organized solely for local high school students. Practically the entire Prep student body was incorporated into the Holy Name Society by Father William Sullivan last fall. The officers have attended the various conventions held for the units throughout the archdiocese during the year, and have always returned strengthened in their resolution of making the society something really practical for its members.



Junior Sodality of the Blessed Virgin

REVIEW OF THE YEAR

The necessity of uniting spiritual and scholastic training has always been the keynote of religious educational systems, religious not in an ecclesiastical sense, but rather implying that young men of Catholic colleges are graduated with a keener sense of right and wrong,—a requisite almost universally neglected in secular educational institutions. Early in the present year several members of the Preparatory department formed the nucleus for the present Sodality, an organization in honor of Our Blessed Mother. Faithful attendance at the weekly meetings has been a certain proof that these Sodalists are devoted to their work. The Sodalists are obliged not only to attend the weekly meetings and to receive Holy Communion monthly, but also to exercise themselves in various corporal works of mercy. Hence during the past year members sacrificed their afternoon recreation in order to train the parochial school boys to serve Holy Mass. Other members have devoted their time to other exercises of charity.

On February 10, twenty-three members were received into the Sodality by Father President. The simple but impressive ceremony was opened by a spirited talk wherein Father President stressed the fact that Sodalists must be loyal to their Mother, to their Country, to their God. All the members pledged themselves ever to remain true and devoted servants of Mary, their Queen and Mother.



Prep Football Team

SEASON'S RECORD

S. C. Preps	12	Commerce	0
S. C. Preps	27	Santa Cruz	3
S. C. Preps	13	Polytechnic	26
S. C. Preps	6	Hollister	7
S. C. Preps	31	White's Academy	6
S. C. Preps	9	St. Mary's Preps	6
Total 98		Opponents 48	

THE Prep football season was brought to a happy close with the defeat of their time-honored rivals, St. Mary's Preps. Of the six games played, four were won and two were lost, a record not to be passed over lightly. In reviewing the past season, we can really feel proud of our high school eleven, because in five of the games played they were outweighed at least five pounds to the man. But nevertheless the old saying "Weight counts" fell flat. The Polytechnic eleven from San Francisco was the heaviest team encountered, outweighing the Preps probably ten pounds to the man.

The credit for the team's success is due largely to Coach John Lewis, the man who labored untiringly in their behalf. Although Coach Kienholz had the lads in tow for the first week, he did not have sufficient time

to give the boys the needed attention, so when the task was placed on the shoulders of John Lewis, he set to work with a will.

Throughout the entire season there was a large squad out for practice and the spirit with which the fellows worked was noteworthy.

Commerce High of San Francisco was the first victim of the Preps' onslaught. They were sent home with the short end of the 12-0 score.

The second fracas in which the Preps participated was against Santa Cruz, whom they defeated by the overwhelming score of 27-3.

Polytechnic High of San Francisco met the Preps on the home grid-iron and having the advantage in weight defeated our eleven 26-13.

Then came the Hollister contest in which our boys were sent home with the tally of 7-6 marked up against them.

White's Academy of Berkeley motored down in Lincolns, etc., for a tete-a-tete on the greensward and in due time motored back, after giving the Preps a good workout. The final score was 31-6.

Captain "Jodie" Egan handled his men like a veteran in all of the contests, never giving up heart when the opposing team was in the lead. "Jodie" should prove valuable material for next year's varsity.

"Maury" O'Brien playing quarter displayed perfect generalship in the close places. It was through his headwork that the play which won the St. Mary's game was called.

"Johnny" Morey, the diminutive half, was a sensation in every game he played. His long end runs were good ground gainers for the team.



St. Mary's Game

But the treat came when John Lewis' Santa Clara Preps established a precedent by defeating the Preps from St. Mary's by the score of 9-6.

In the first half the home boys were slow in getting started and it was in this part of the game that the visitors succeeded in putting over their lone touchdown, which they failed to convert. The second half was the big half for the Preps and in this part of the tussle they came back strong.

One of the neatest plays ever witnessed on the home gridiron placed the contest on the shelf for the local eleven. On the six yard line the Idaho spread formation was suddenly called by Quarterback "Maury" O'Brien. The center, instead of passing the ball between his legs, passed it quickly to the side to little "Johnny" Morey and a touchdown was the result. Everything happened so suddenly that the opposing eleven did not realize what had taken place until it was all over but the shouting. The goal was converted and the grandstands went wild. The other two points were made by the ends on a safety.

The team worked as a unit throughout the entire contest. They played in this game as they never played before and they well deserved the praise rendered them. A remarkable thing about the game was the absence of substitutions. The only substitutions made were in the backfield. The line held and charged better than they had done at any time previously during the season and the backfield worked in unison.

Never once did the team relinquish the aggressive style of playing and never once did they permit the opponents to catch them off their guard. The very thought of last year's defeat instilled into them the determination to win. But by their victory the Bronco colts made up for the stinging defeat handed them last year by the transbay lads.

"Maury" O'Brien barked signals and used his football head to good advantage, calling plays as they were most needed and seeking out the weak points in the enemies' make-up. His end runs were the sensation of the game.

Captain "Jodie" Egan handled his men with the air of a veteran and his long runs around end likewise netted large gains for the Preps. His punting, too, kept the ball down in enemy territory a good part of the tussle.

The Young brothers, "Tony" and "Bill", played their end positions just as they should, keeping their heads up all the time. It was through their alertness that the safety was made possible.

O'Toole and Miller worked wonderfully well at tackle, breaking up end runs and line plunges at every turn of the game.

"Duster" Varanini played a consistent game at fullback and a good portion of the yardage gained was due to his plunging. He backed the line up like a brick wall.



Midget Football Team

SEASON'S REVIEW

IN looking over the Midget football season we find that the little men won two, lost two and tied one, not half bad when we consider the green material on hand in the beginning of the year and the hard time they had to obtain a good coach.

The High School eleven from town administered the first defeat to the weight men 6-0, but later in the season the Midgets reciprocated nicely by handing them a neat trimming. The game ended with the score 12-0 in the Midgets' favor.

The pigskin adherents from Seale Academy tendered the Midgets a hard time when they defeated our eleven in a slow game 15-0. Two touchdowns were made and a safety was netted when Captain Pete Altube was tackled behind his own goal line.

On the same day that the Varsity tied Nevada and the Preps defeated the St. Marys Preps, the Midgets handed the fast 130's of Hollister a stinging defeat. The whistle found the tally reading 13-0.

In a very exciting tussle the wearers of the moleskin from Seale Academy tied "Tommy" Temple's Midgets 12-12.

Capt. Pete Altube displayed his knowledge of football to good advantage throughout the season and his ability to boot kept the team out of danger most of the time.

"Jawn" Casey, playing half, carried the leathern sphere through the line and around the ends whenever needed. Casey's line plunging was especially worthy of note and if he returns next year the Preps will have a valuable backfield man.



Prep Basketball Team

SEASON'S REVIEW

THE Prep basketball season ended fairly well considering the obstacles that had to be overcome. The lack of sufficient practice coupled with the need of a court in early season were the principal reasons why John Lewis' cohorts did not finish with more wins to their credit than they did.

Out of the seven games played the high school quintet was able to win but three, and dropped the big series to the Preps of St. Mary's.

At the beginning of the season "Bob" Miller, a veteran of last year's Prep team, was elected captain by a unanimous vote. His playing at standing guard was always a valuable asset to the team.

The opening game was dropped to the Santa Clara High cagers by one point, the final score reading 14-15. The long shots of the opposing five were too much for our boys.

In the second encounter the Circle "Y" of San Jose handed the Preps a defeat by the score of 21-14. In the first half the Bronco colts looked like winners, but the second half turned the tide.

The next game was little better than practice for the Preps. The cagers from California Academy donned their pretty grey and gold uniforms and engaged in a little game with the home lads. The whistle found the tally reading 30-5 in our favor.

In the second game with the local high school, the Preps were able to hand their opponents a defeat, after a hard close game. The tussle

(Continued on Page 182)



Midget Basketball Team

THE Midget basketball team under the able guidance of Mr. Largan, S. J., enjoyed a highly successful season. Of the seven games played, five were won and two were dropped.

In their initial appearance, the light men showed considerable form, both in floor and cage work. Their opponents, the Barbarians, were able to net but seven points against the Midgets' sixteen.

The cagers of San Jose Y. M. C. A. were the next victims of the weight men. The game ended with an overwhelming defeat of the Circle "Y" lads, 34-14.

Then came the contest with the local high school quintet, but in this engagement the Midgets suffered defeat. The final score read 16-12.

In the second encounter with the Circle "Y" boys, the high school light team dropped the game after a hard struggle. The tally stood 14-12.

The second fracas with the S. C. High school five proved a better game for the Midgets. After a period marked by fast team work and accurate shooting, the little men were able to leave the floor with a victory chalked up to their credit. The whistle found the final score 24-19.

Then the same privilege was rendered the Midgets that the Preps had enjoyed, the entertainment of the athletes from California Academy. With very little exertion, the Midgets squelched their opponents to the tune of 28-1.

In a fast game featured by thrills, the youngsters added another win to their string of victories by outplaying the local Intermediate five, 23-17.

Capt. "Jim" Giambastiani kept his men in excellent shape throughout the season. "Bob" Fatjo was the star of the team.



Prep Baseball Team

SEASON'S REVIEW

THERE is no exaggeration in saying that the Preps have enjoyed one of the finest baseball seasons in their history. Ten straight games were stowed away before they met a single defeat. Most of the scores were absolutely decisive, the only really close ones of the season being those against the strong Watsonville team, St. Ignatius and St. Mary's.

The success of the season is attributable first and foremost to the excellent coaching of Georgie Haneburg, former varsity captain and third baseman. Next in line for the high honors comes Kenneth "Slim" Wright, a pitcher already of varsity calibre. Game after game the opposing batters were helpless before "Slim's" choice assortment of slants and fast ones, while his teammates were driving in whole flocks of runs. Captain Johnny Morey, the young hitting fiend, and every one of the rest of the team come in also for their due share of the credit.

When the Prep Moderator, Mr. Kavanagh, S. J., issued the call for diamond pastimers last February, a large squad turned out immediately, every man with the determination to make the first nine. There were plenty of veterans from last year, and these got together and elected Johnny Morey captain. After some negotiations, George Haneburg was secured to coach the lads and the results he obtained can be noticed by looking over the scores. From a very ordinary crowd of ball tossers he converted them into a snappy high school nine that whipped the strongest teams in this section.

It looked at the start as if the Preps would be handicapped by a short-

age of twirlers. But Kenneth Wright, a young six-footer from Fort Bragg, proved himself to be the neatest chucker seen on a Prep nine for years. Haneburg saved "Slim" as much as possible. Time after time he was put into the game when the bags were crowded, with none down, and time after time he calmly retired the next three batters. Besides knowing his curves, Wright was not backward with the stick. He was a hard hitting pitcher.

Captain Morey batted around the .700 mark for the season, and besides played a perfect center field. He is small, but will be excellent varsity material a year from now.

Fanny Martin, veteran backstop, held the team steady in the pinches. His clever headwork and iron whip were an invaluable asset at all times.

"Bad-hop" O'Brien at first picked 'em out of the dirt and the atmosphere at will. He will be a strong contender for a varsity position another year. The rest of the infielders, Johnson, Lagomarsino, Kalich and Woodley, played bank-up ball throughout the entire season.

Next to Captain Morey, perhaps the best hitter on the team was young King, right fielder. Although only a first high youth, he showed he was able to clout the ball with the best of them. He shows promise of being a Jimmy O'Connell before he finishes high school. "Three-base" Susanj and Vic Diepenbrock gave opposing pitchers much to worry about also in more than one game.

Little Pete Altube and Joe Donnelly took part of the pitching burden off the shoulders of Wright. These two men gained a great deal of experience this year, and after "Slim" has graduated to the varsity they will be able to take the full responsibility of pitching the Preps to a 1925 championship.

Season's Record

Preps 11.....	William Warren	0
Preps 11.....	Los Gatos	4
Preps 14.....	Los Gatos	3
Preps 11.....	Lowell High	3
Preps 10.....	San Mateo	1
Preps 5.....	Watsonville	3
Preps 5.....	St. Ignatius	0
Preps 22.....	Montezuma	0
Preps 18.....	S. C. City Blues	2
Preps 7.....	St. Mary's High	2
Preps 0.....	St. Ignatius	2
Preps 0.....	St. Mary's	4



Midget Baseball Team

Season's Record

Midgets vs. Santa Clara High:	11 to 2
Midgets vs. Santa Clara 130's:	7 to 1
Midgets vs. Santa Clara High:	2 to 6
Midgets vs. San Mateo 130's	2 to 6
Midgets vs. Santa Clara High	6 to 5
Midgets vs. Washington:	6 to 2
Midgets vs. Hester:	4 to 0
Midgets vs. Cal. Military:	11 to 2

PROSPECTS for the 1928 Varsity look brighter as the Midget team finishes their present year's baseball schedule. Bob Fatjo, the skipper, has lived up to early predictions in pitching and five victories with one defeat should satisfy both his ambition and the expectations of sport followers at the Mission school. Frank Morey, who was only supposed to romp well in center garden, surprised his teammates by stepping into the box on emergency and turning in a victory. The discovery, together with a subsequent win places him as a reliable member of the twirling staff. Pimentel catching makes a desirable backstop. The infield, consisting of Koehle, Boland, Kettman and Joe Carew are a neat little combination that never fails, even in the tightest pinches; whilst Joe Solomon and "Smudge" O'Brien, together with the idle pitcher in the outfield, make fly balls suicide for the opposition.



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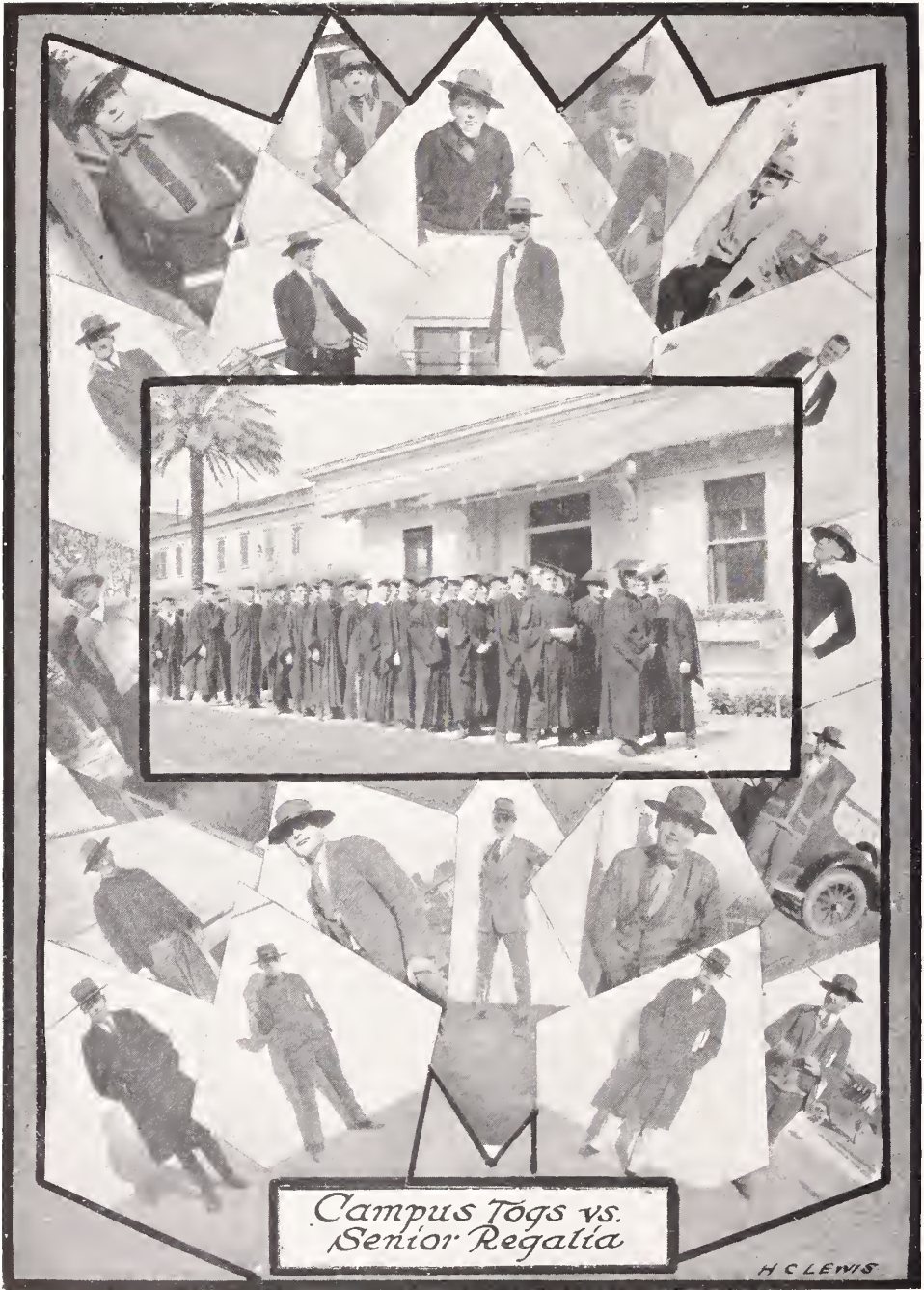
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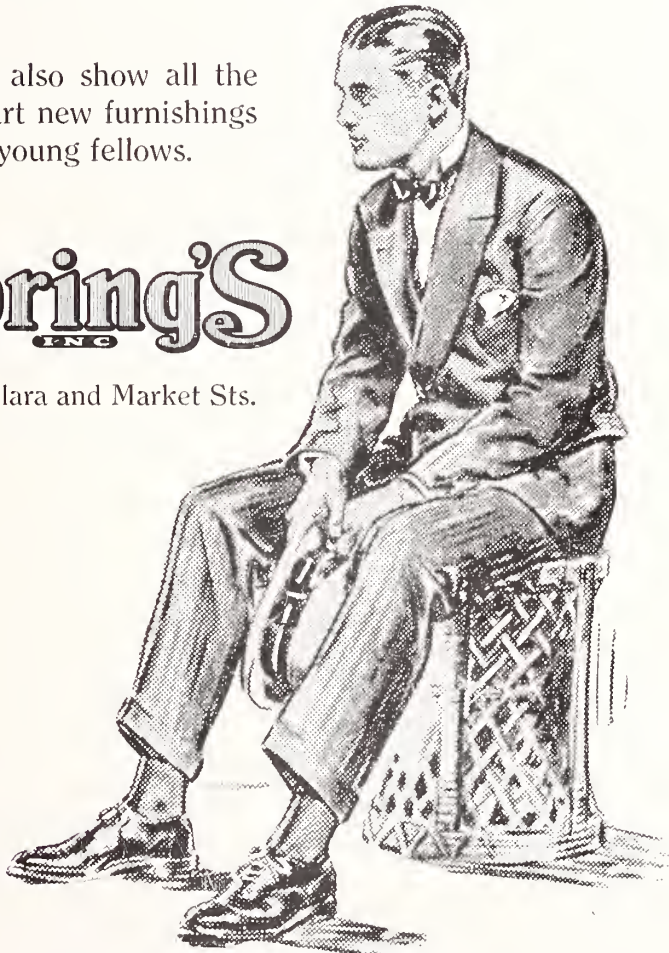
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“Around With The Clock”

First Semester

- Aug. 13 The day broke, but no one was hurt, and Santa Clara began her seventy-third year. A pale-faced student about to register for a number of years in First High was heard to say, “How that catalogue did lie.”
- Aug. 20 The college men arrived to register and the first blue cambray shirts and old cords were much in evidence. Future geometri-cians started field work on the numerous crazy shaped hats familiarly known as pancakes.
- Aug. 22 College work commenced in earnest when the first home work was given. Young barristers, medicos, engineers and bankers were agreeably surprised to find that books were to be used all of the year and that they could be procured at the book store. Poor logicians arguing “post hoc ergo propter hoc” would probably call this a frame-up.
- Aug. 26 Last touches were placed on the Alumni Science Hall such as fixing the lock to the flag pole and dusting the roof. However such things come in the life of every building.

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Sept. 2 The task of razing the old Science Hall was begun. The building sprung up in the Spring of 1862 and fell in the Fall of 1923. Many of the boys who first took Physics in it back in the seventies wept because of their inability to finish the course in the same room.
- Sept. 3 Labor Day, no work.
- Sept. 4 Charles R. Boden '24, was chosen as head of the Senate. The Senate thereby showed that they would be willing to try anything once.
- Sept. Jerry Harrington was elected president of the Junior class. Newspaper reporters were unable to photograph him or even gain an interview. He certainly wasn't misquoted at any rate.
- Sept. 6 Not to be outdone by the other classes the Freshmen also held elections. Carleton Young was elected probably on account of his singing. Perhaps they thought the position would prove so confining he would give up singing altogether.
- Sept. 7 The first student body meeting was held and a few of the officers were there. College regulations were read for the enlightenment of the new students and to refresh the memories of older ones.

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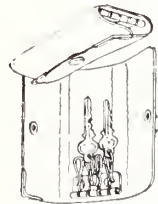
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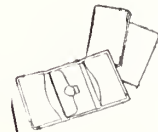
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“Around With the Cioc”—Cont.

- Sept. 8 With the aid of some long whiskered Russian conspirators Andrew Renetsky copped the highest office in the House of Philhistorians. Fellow immigrants began to look forward to a successful year.
- Sept. 10 Admission Day. All the new books remain untouched, as, like loyal Californians, the students willingly made the sacrifice to celebrate the occasion.
- Sept. 11 Bill Ford, artist's model and apple-saucer extraordinary, became the duly elected head of the class of 1926.
- Sept. 13 “Cas” Castruccio, a prominent and faithful alumnus of Los Angeles, donated a perpetual punting trophy.
- Sept. 14 First football rally of season was held. The old spirit just ran all over the place. The way that jazz orchestra blued, everyone felt blue that they couldn't start the game with the sailors right there and then.
- Sept. 16 Coach Eddie Kienholz' clan of football warriors opened the season with a 13-7 victory over the Mare Island Sailors. Eddie said “You know how it is, the boys like to start off right.” Ground was broken for Kenna Hall. This long hoped for unit in Greater Santa Clara had at last come true. The way in

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

which “Hoot” Miller, our student body “prexy” made the dirt fly was very encouraging. He has great possibilities as a section hand.

- Sept. 19 “Stud” Noll was appointed assistant coach. Stud says there is nothing to football; even a baby could play it—after twenty years practice.
- Sept. 22 Santa Clara Varsity 7, Davis 6. A miss is as good as a mile and we won.
- Sept. 24 A Freshman, Fred T. Boach, was made head of the Philharmonic Society. Fred shows great promise and one thing we like about him is that he never blows about himself even though he is a cornetist.
- Sept. 27 At a student body meeting Lowell Griffin and Gus Pineo were chosen assistant yell leaders. Whitten Monteverde ran as a dark horse.
- Sept. 30 Fred Coolidge '25 was the winner of the college tennis tournament. This tennis game is becoming quite a racket.
- Oct. 2 In excavating for the Junior Hall an old Indian skeleton was unearthed. It bears no resemblance to the Neanderthal man but was probably a member of the Dum-bell tribe.

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Oct. 3 Yell practice was held and stunts for the Big Game were explained. It was a howling success.
- Oct. 6 Collegiate season opened with California. Score, California 48—S. C. O. “They shall not pass,” said “Moose” Fawke, as he intercepted a fast one.
- Oct. 10 Paul Bean elected to head Senior Class. Remember, Paul, it’s the weight that counts.
- Oct. 13 Stanford handed us a tough defeat 55-6. However, maybe we were playing under wraps. The dance in the evening was a tribute to our gridiron heroes.
- Oct. 14 Mr. John Donovan, the architect who planned all of our new buildings, has donated a gate to be erected at the Alviso street entrance. We should be very thankful that there are to be no locks on the gate.
- Oct. 17 Albert Steiss '26 was winner of the first prize in the playlet contest. Jack swears that it was original.
- Oct. 19 Emil Maloney now directs the Stephen M. White Debating Society. The Freshmen will need practice in order to hand it out like their older brothers.

J. L. ATTERIDGE

Attorney-at-Law

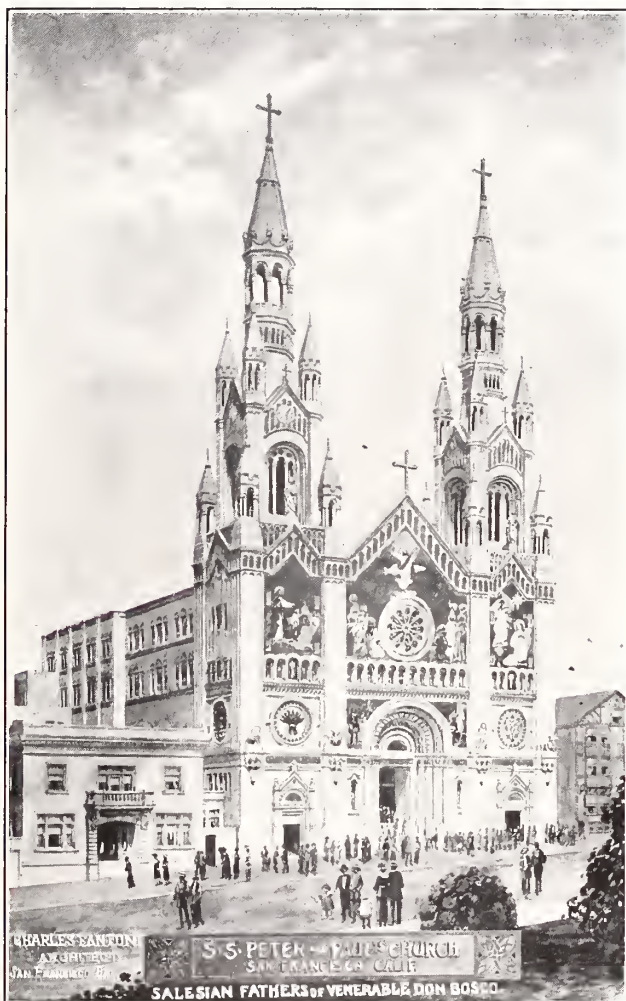
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"Around With the Clock"—Cont.

- Oct. 23 First Block S. C. pipes appeared on the campus; "Hey, what are you burning?"
- Oct. 27 Santa Clara 7, Nevada 7. Again we played a tie game with the Sagehens. Now it's about time that it stops or it will become a custom.
- Oct. 28 Students' retreat began under Reverend Victor White, S. J., of St. Ignatius College.
- Nov. 1-2-3 Big J. D. S. Reunion. Some of the old boys were carried to the festivities in their own Pierce Arrows and Locomobiles.
- Nov. 5 Name of "Broncos" adopted as title for the S. C. Varsity. Perhaps it was inspired by Hal Bundy's hat.
- Nov. 9 Big Rally for St. Mary's game at Varsity Field. Spirited oratory and be-flowered eloquence pervaded the atmosphere.
- Nov. 10 Santa Clara 10, St. Mary's 9. Mey-eh-eh!! The Bronco bucked too much for the Saints and we won the "Big Game."
- Nov. 12 Francis E. Smith appointed editor of the Redwood. He says it is going to be bigger and better than last year. Apparently he has good intentions, if nothing else.
- Nov. 17 Fire near school in which a horse was killed. "Tutz" Argenti tried to blindfold him with a silk handkerchief but was unsuccessful.

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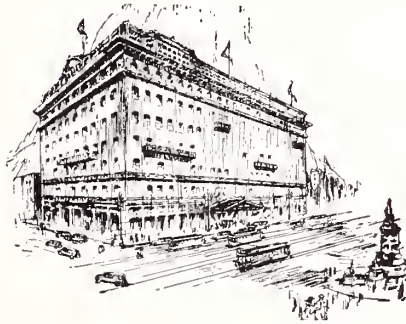
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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Nov. 20 Preliminary basketball practice started under the direction of Captain John Vukota. The game is about as simple as shooting fish.
- Nov. 23 In Dramatic Art Contest Henry Robidoux took first prize, Henry Martin, second, and Vincent O'Donnell third. And some prizes!
- Nov. 26 Redwood staff chosen. If they can only write like they talk we have a great production on the way.
- Nov. 28 Those possessed of baggage and those not burdened with such weight left dear old Santa Clara to enjoy Thanksgiving and to partake of the “Meleagris Gallonova,” vulgarly called turkey. Varsity lost to Arizona 20-0.
- Dec. 1 “Repititio est mater laborum.” At the rate some of us are repeating we will graduate with our grandchildren.
- Dec. 3 Repetitions continued.
- Dec. 6 Perhaps you shoulddn't judge a book by its cover, but just the same it makes them all the better. Watch for the Redwood.
- Dec. 10 W. W. Leahy, San Francisco theatrical producer, offered three prizes for the best original skits written here. Jump in, fellows, you can use that money for train fare home.

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"Around With the Clock"—Cont.

- Dec. 12 Henry Hoffman of San Francisco, a loyal supporter of Santa Clara and St. Mary's, has given a football trophy to be awarded to the winner of the "big game." It is perpetual. Perhaps some day it will be as famous as the little "brown jug."
- Dec. 13 Coach Eddie Kienholz had the first of the football squad to dinner. He says that he wishes he were coaching a 100 pound team.
- Dec. 19 Mid-year exams: Into the mid-year exams rode the three hundred, each without books, of course; each on his favorite horse; into the mid-year exams rode the three hundred.
- Dec. 21 Christmas holidays. No need for any comment.
- #### Second Semester
- Jan. 3 Students returned for spring term. Some new ones began and a few decided to stay at home.
- Jan. 5 Preparations for a minstrel show began. It will be during the smudge season under the direction of some dark gentleman.
- Jan. 7 The University was paid a visit by Gerald Beaumont, a prominent alumnus and writer. He is the author of "Forty Years a Cowboy."
- Jan. 8 The varsity dropped its opening game of basketball to San Jose Y. M. C. A. 19-17.

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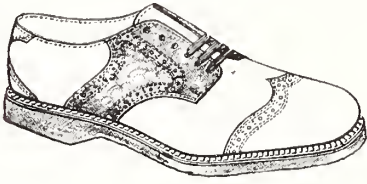
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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Jan. 11 With the first edition of “Santa Clara” off the press the joke editor has made a New Year’s resolution not to spring any this spring that have been sprung the spring before.
- Jan. 12 The proceeds of “Everyman” are to go for the building of a new gate as a memorial for the late Michael C. Dunne. Peace reigns! The Sophomore Engineer and Letters classes united. Oddly enough the same treasurer was re-elected.
- Jan. 14 Student body dance in the new gymnasium. What’s wrong with this picture? The Varsity was defeated by Stanford 27-16. Now at the end of the first half of—Oh! what’s the use?
- Jan. 19 Addresses by Mr. Frank Silva and Sylvester Andriano under auspices of Holy Name Society.
- Jan. 20 “Moose” Fawke re-elected football captain for 1924. “Well, I’m glad that’s over” said Moose, as he finished the dropkick. St. Ignatius defeated Varsity 26-14. Well, we’ll get ‘em next time.
- Jan. 22 The Varsity defeated by California. Captain John Vukota, the little Italian forward, had a great night. Again we can recall the glory of Rome.

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Jan. 23 The new gymnasium was formally opened. The Varsity was trailing the Olympic Club at the end, 18-17. At that, a former Santa Claran, Dick Berndt, turned the trick. There was an exhibition bout between Willie Ritchie, former World's Lightweight Champ, and Fred Murphy.
- Jan. 29 Santa Clara defeated St. Ignatius 24-11. Can they play basketball? Not very much.
- Feb. 2 Aeroplane Dance by Engineers. Varsity dropped two games to Nevada.
- Feb. 9 New Science Building announced.
- Feb. 14 Elocution Contest. Earl Twomey won the prize all by himself.
- Feb. 22-3 Minstrel show a big success. The participants got into the proper foolish mood by reading a chapter of Wells' "Outlines of History" prior to each performance.
- Feb. 26 Burke Curley's efforts in behalf of the student body are about to be recognized. He is going to run for Congress on Paul Maggi's meal ticket.
- Mar. 3 We received a visit from Archbishop Pietro Fumasini-Biondi, Apostolic delegate to the U. S. Incidentally we accepted a holiday and a half.

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Mar. 7 Essay contest under auspices of Chamber of Commerce. Marius Becchetti was the author of “How the Chamber of Commerce can bring Italian Immigrants to Santa Clara”, and Victor Martin, “The Casual Relation between the Chamber of Commerce and Fifth and San Carlos.”
- Mar. 8 In first intercollegiate game of the baseball season, Varsity defeated Stanford 3-2. Now among the false field betters, etc.
- Mar. 11 Yes it was too bad about Hatfield dying.
- Mar. 12 Varsity defeated by Stanford 3-2. “This is stretching things too far”, said the condemned man as the rope was placed around his neck.
- Mar. 17 Varsity defeated Califronia 5-4 in eleven innings. Yes, this does seem a little too far-fetched to one who hasn't the Spanish mode of thought.
- Mar. 19 Archbishop Hanna dedicated Montgomery Laboratory, Seifert Gymnasium and Kenna Hall. Incidentally His Grace gave a holiday.
- Mar. 21 John M. Burnett winner of Oratorical Contest.
- Mar. 23 The Santa Clara campanile, called “more affectionately” the bell-tower, was dismantled and the old Morse Seed House razed.

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Mar. 27 Centenary endowment fund campaign outlined. Speaking of centenarians, wasn't it Socrates who said “The first hundred are the hardest—to collect.”
- Apr. 1 Six ex-Santa Clarans picked for Olympic Rugby team. Probably Manelli and Scholz will visit the old homestead in County Cork.
- Apr. 4, 5, 6 Production of “Everyman”. Who called it “Nobody”?
- Apr. 9 Varsity defeated by Bruins 14-7. The outfielders wore out three sets of bicycles.
- Apr. 11, 12 Varsity defeated Davis milk-maids two straight.
- Apr. 14 St. Mary's defeated Varsity in first game of series 9-2. Our willows were forced to weep before Rooney's curves.
- Apr. 16 Coast baseball conference held. Our representatives fought successfully for summer games. Remember the canneries.
- Apr. 17 Varsity defeated St. Mary's 10-7. The Mission will probably welcome Joe Gallagher with a brass band.
- Apr. 21 Return from the annual herring split of the Easter holidays. Varsity 10, St. Mary's 7.
- Apr. 27 Ryland Debate. Notwithstanding the fact that no one understood what was said it was quite a success.

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“Around With the Clock”—Cont.

- Apr. 29 Engineers' dance at Vendome Hotel. No, the price, \$2.00, did not include a week's board.
- May 14 Sophomore Picnic. Those who arrived and those who didn't had a fine time.
- May 18 Picnic of House of Philhistorians. From advance reports it was bound to be a success.
- May 25 Baccalaureate Mass in Students' chapel.
- May 29 Seventy-third Annual Commencement. Evening fell, occasioning no damage—school was finished, done, completed.

—William Cornelius Glynn McDonnell, '26.

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Prep Basketball Team

(Continued from Page 140)

ended with the Bronklets one point to the good, 20-19.

Then came the first fracas of the series with the St. Mary's Preps, but in this tussle the Preps lost by the score of 19-15. The encounter took place on the rival court, and there was plenty of fight shown throughout the entire game.

The lads from California Academy of Palo Alto, not satisfied with their first lesson in the cage game, came down for a second instruction. They were permitted to shower after the final whistle found the score 26-0.

But the skies clouded up again and the Preps dropped the second and last game of the series to St. Mary's 18-11. Good team work and accurate shooting on the part of the opposition tolled the death knell for the Preps.

"Bob" Pope and "Dansca" Beguhl working at forwards, Rooney at center, and Miller and Lancioni at guards, composed the team. Egan and Casey substituted at forward while Woodley went in at guard. "Bob" Pope was high point man throughout the entire season. In every game his floor work and accurate shooting proved very valuable to the Preps.

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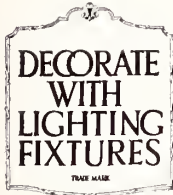
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I. Ten Flat

He of the loud sweater brought the news. From out of the unknown land of Humboldt county fell the bolt which upset the "dope" established by time itself. But then, could it be so? Must it be true? Professors spent days in looking up old letters; students shook their heads and passed it off with a smile; athletes said it was impossible; coaches declared nothing like it had happened before. But still it clung; the evidence grew; it gripped the whole student body. Everyone talked about it. Some believed, some said it was gross prevarication. But Ah! At last it came. Out of a cloudy sky dawned the longed-for truth. Clear and serene it fell from the lips of one, Joe Bonacina, who declared by all the giant redwood trees that there were THREE TEN-FLAT MEN IN ARCATA!

—E. M.

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II. The H. G.

The effect of the notice posted that morning was visible everywhere; everywhere its import was discussed, now heatedly, now mournfully. The climax came in the far-off call of a bugle. Clear as a silvertined bell it rang out on the air. Its notes were deep and melodious and inspiring. And its effect was instantaneous, for the little gatherings dispersed. From all sides men hurried to answer the call, while those who were in no way affected by the summons formed in new groups, whispering gravely to one another, in low, subdued tones.

Moments fraught with action came and went. Some thirty-five full-blooded, able-bodied, deep-chested youthful Americans lined up with heads erect and shoulders straightened. A few sharp, thrilling commands were issued, and the involuntary smiles that had blossomed on the faces of some faded quickly. The moment was tense; silence took possession of the throng.

There was a slight movement of feet, yet it lasted but an instant.

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The H. G.—(Cont.)

Then the lines stood in perfect order. Few and terse were the instructions given by the commanding officer. And like a clap of thunder issued the order: "Squads right! Forward march!"

The line swayed, moved, broke. Command after command was shouted, and each time the execution was perfect, whereat the admiration of the bystanders knew no bounds. Then like a second clap of thunder came the order, "Halt!" Every hat left its owner's head, and in perfect unison the brigade sang a song to the cause for which they had pledged themselves. The last note had not died when the commanding officer shouted, "Dismissed!"

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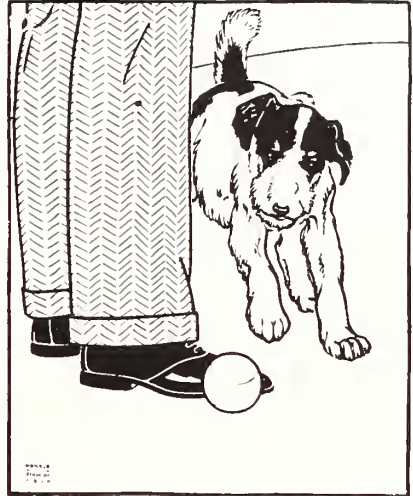
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III. Hal

I remember the evening well. The scent of prune groves was in the air. I was sitting on a hard bench, after having recently saved a young man from jumping into Alviso Slough. This gives us, or should give us, the "locus" (taken from the Latin by way of Ellis Island) of this great event that—now don't be presumptuous—it never really did happen—the event, I say, that shook the nails out of the University Auditorium.

He was undoubtedly the best speaker. Everyone admitted it. He had the best appearance and delivery and yet—Why? You ask me? Pray, put your hand on my hip while I tell you. But how can I tell you? It is too terrible, too dramatic. Yet I must tell. The most insidious thing about it is that even your friends won't tell you when you have it. Oh, yes—Halitosis!

—W. C. G. M.


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IV. Patti de Foix

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But as I was about to write of that Jour, as they say in France, my mind was stunned by the thought, "How about the 29th day of February?" That was the day the students were guests of the University at a little luncheon—the 29th of February!! Oh, it was too terrible—I mean the incident. It shattered all the ancient traditions of the University. Never since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary had there been such a day; for on that day Toso USED A WRONG FORK FOR HIS "PATTI DE FOIS GRAS"!

—D. P.

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The salon of the ship was filled with people large and small, and all had come from near and far and crowded our fair hall. While up upon the stage sat six would-be Haynes and Clays, all bent upon the proving of each other's erring ways. McDonnell and Becchetti, M., and Palomares, E., made up the team that filled good Philhistorian hearts with glee. And Boden, Mr. Fallon and another one besides, were three good Senatorial men who filled their friends with pride. First 'twas the Hague, and then the Court, and then the Hague again, until it seemed that victory's palm lay with the Senate's men. Rebuttal came, McDonnell rose, but 'ere a word he spoke, a drink of water he would seek, his burning thirst to slake. He stepped up to the chairman's desk—now did his memory fail? For when the cup went to his lips, HIS FOOT WAS ON THE RAIL!

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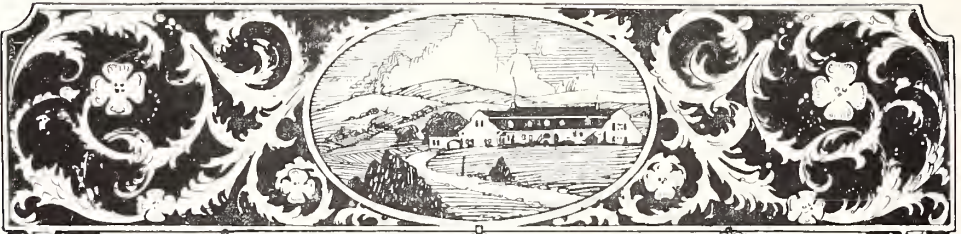
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Burlingame—population 4107—approximately 500,000 gallons per
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