

**Our New Gift**

Lillian Jarvis

The citizens, clubmen and women of the Potrero decided some time ago that the children of the Potrero should have a playground.

To make this playground, a lot of work had to be done. The piece of ground that was given for it was for many years a large pond. This had to be filled in, and it took a very long time and a lot of money.

This piece of ground, which was once the home of frogs and pollywogs, is now the largest and most beautiful playground this side of Chicago, and second in the United States.

The ground was given by a very nice lady, whose name is Mrs. Chatham. It is four and a half acres in area, containing many amusements for boys and girls and a beautiful clubhouse.

The clubhouse is about 75 by 50 feet. There is a fine piano in the large dance hall and two dressing rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, also shower baths, and a large room where the bats, balls, basket balls, football, handballs, gloves, mits, masks, ropes and tennis things are kept. On each side of the clubhouse is a drinking fountain. There are basket ball courts, one for the boys and one for the girls.

In the girls' basket ball court they play tennis also. A tennis net is put up and the bases are in white paint, and in red paint for basket ball.

Large swings and rings are found on each side of the clubhouse, and these are used nearly all day long by small and large children together.

Two large handball courts are situated at the left side of the clubhouse near the entrance. The boys and girls both play this game and all enjoy it very much.

There is a very large racetrack which runs all the way around the grounds. There have been many races on the track on special days.

Inside of the track is where the baseball and football games are played. Grass is planted in this piece of ground and is kept cut, therefore giving it a nice appearance.

Football and baseball, besides basket ball, are the chief games.

Swings for babies and a slide, rock-a-bye and many other amusements are to be found here.

This park is called Jackson square and is bounded on the north by Seventeenth street, on the east by Arkansas, on the south by Mariposa and on the west by Carolina street.

**Where the Good Fairy Keeps Watch**

Hazel Hamilton

When our school was built, several spaces were left for garden spots. In these places were planted small trees, which now have attained a considerable size. We have several stately palms, one being a date palm.

In a corner of the girls' yard grows a company of trees, including a willow, two acacias, an olive tree, a laurel and a magnolia. The climate of the Potrero is milder than that of any

the sharp leaves, which felt like needles, and noticed their arrangement on the stem.

But the tree we all love most is a great weeping willow, about 30 feet high, standing next to the olive and spreading its branches outward and downward. It is beautiful in the spring, when the pussy willows only are out, but it is more beautiful in the summer and in the autumn, for it is so



Listening to the story of the fairy tree

other part of our city, and so these trees flourish and add joy to our school yard. The trees were planted here 17 years ago by Mr. McLaren, the superintendent of Golden Gate park. He also planted a Scotch broom, which is now about 10 feet high.

When we studied the geography of Australia we had a lesson on the trees of that country and learned how peculiarly the leaves of the trees are placed on the branches. Our teacher brought in a piece of the Australian acacia from the yard and we touched

leafy and shady. When a hot day comes crowds of girls stand under it, especially during the lunch hour. The little children of the primary classes call it the "fairy tree," and say that when they are good in line the fairy tells their teachers. They listen for the fairy's voice, which, of course, you know is a bird chirping in the tree. When they do not hear the chirping voice some one is talking in line and the fairy is too sad to sing. Nearly always there are birds chirping in the tree.

**The Panama Canal**

Violet O'Keefe

The completion of the Panama canal will in the year 1915 turn the eyes of the world toward the Pacific ocean and Pacific lands, and the fact that the United States has accomplished this feat and achieved this victory will incline the world's attention toward America's western coast.

In 1879 the Panama Canal company was formed by De Lesseps and work began in 1883, but was abandoned in 1888 on account of the failure of the French company. In 1902 the canal property was offered to the United States for \$40,000,000 and was accepted in 1903. A canal treaty was signed and ratified by our country, but rejected by Colombia. In 1904 the United States made a treaty with Panama, immediately appointing canal commissioners. On April 22, 1904, the canal was transferred to the United States and April 26, 1904, our government provided for the proper administration of affairs in the canal zone.

The length of the canal from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific is 50 miles. The obstacles encountered by the engineers in their work can not be understood by the average person. The canal zone covers 448 square miles. There are 12 locks in the canal, all duplicate, and are 1,000 feet wide, with a usable width of 110 feet. The lock gates are steel structures, 7 feet thick by 60 feet long and from 47 to 82 feet high.

Electricity will be used to tow all vessels into and through the locks and to operate all locks and valves, the power being generated by water turbines from the head created by Gatun lake. The United States began the work on May 4, 1904, and though retarded by several unforeseen circumstances, it has pushed ahead rapidly.

In San Francisco and the region around it interest will be concentrated, for at San Francisco America will celebrate the cleaving of the two continents in a world's exposition, and in San Francisco bay the fleets of the world, after steaming through the new waterway, will cast anchor. China and Japan promise most gorgeous buildings.

Much of the immigration that now goes to our eastern ports will be turned, it is thought, through the Panama canal and brought to San Francisco, where opportunity is greater than in the older east. California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Mexico will share in the influx of population.

**The Winners of Twenty Paint Boxes**

Prizes were awarded to the following Juniors who painted the picture in the paper November 18:

- Edmund Buckley, 1221 Grand street, Alameda.
- Clara Mager, 2858 Howard street, San Francisco.
- Russell Taylor, Livermore.
- George Larkin, 396 Guerrero street, San Francisco.
- Amanda Parker, 433 Clement street, San Francisco.
- Henry Lafrena, 1721 Broderick street, San Francisco.
- Harold Deisechi, 425 Lyon street, San Francisco.
- Lester Healy, 696 Haight street, San Francisco.
- Verna Clymo, 1612 St. Charles street, Alameda.
- Blanche Ulrich, 2018 Folsom street, San Francisco.
- Heela Stasy, 729 Green street, San Francisco.
- Marguerite Grabe, 6 Hillcrest court, Berkeley.
- Thekla Mahr, 757A Seventh avenue, San Francisco.
- Kathryn Donelon, 315 Twelfth street, San Francisco.
- Osmond Stone, 1243 Twenty-fifth avenue, San Francisco.
- Ruth Hanchette, 2151 Forty-seventh avenue, Oakland.
- Amelia Thomann, 1944 East Sixteenth street, Oakland.
- Eloise Seyden, 158 Albion avenue, San Francisco.
- Roland Hansen, 2705 Hearst avenue, Berkeley.
- William Heaney, 318 Madrid street, San Francisco.

**Winners of Puzzle Prizes**

The answers to the puzzles published in The Junior Call of Saturday, November 16, are as follows:

- 1, Calculate; 2, Cambridge; 3, Pizarro; 4, Constable; 5, Baldwin; 6, Yeggman.

The Juniors to whom prizes were awarded are:

- Charlotte Wilkinson, 1338 Fifth avenue, Oakland.
- Washington McGee, 536 Bartlett street, San Francisco.
- Frances Wilson, 2102 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco.

**What He Wished**

Margaret Dillon

The tourist left the train at every station and went to the baggage car to see if his trunk was safe.

"Are you quite sure," he asked the official for the sixth time, "that my trunk is safe?"

"I wish you were an elephant," said the official, "so you could carry your trunk around with you."

**HISTORY OF THE POTRERO**

Frank Adams Jr.

The Potrero was first settled by the Spaniards, and they, seeing the good grazing land, named it Potrero Nueva. The word Potrero means horse pasture or grazing land, and Nueva means new. The Potrero at that time was practically an island, surrounded on three sides by the bay and on the other side by a creek, called Mission creek, which had a bridge over it connecting the Potrero with the mainland.

The Spaniards, seeing that it was surrounded by water, let their cattle and horses roam about wherever they pleased, having no fear of their getting away. In 1848, when gold was discovered here, Americans took up large tracts of land, so that few of the early settlers lived here. Cattle were soon numerous and so they made a special place for them to be slaughtered. This was at Sixteenth street and Potrero avenue. At that time the Spaniards only killed the cattle for their hides. In 1860 the slaughter house was removed to South San Francisco, where it still stands.

Manufacturing places soon sprang up, among them being the Pacific Rolling mills, the rope works and the glass works. The Pacific Rolling mills was then on the bay shore, but was later moved to Seventeenth and Mississippi streets. The rope works was at Twenty-third and Iowa streets; the glass works was at Mariposa and Iowa. A shipyard was also located where the Union Iron works is now. A ship repair dock was just south of the rolling mills. Later the gas company established a plant here.

Mission bay extended from Townsend street to Sixteenth street and Potrero avenue and was about a mile wide. This small bay was navigable for small vessels. The glass company had a wharf at Iowa street, where vessels landed their goods.

To get to the Potrero at that time you had to take a road at Sixteenth street and Potrero avenue and go up the hill to a mound called Irish hill and then down past the rolling mills, or take a boat from the foot of Third street. However, people settled in the Potrero, and a more direct route was needed, so in 1862 a bridge was built over Kentucky street from Fourth to Sixteenth. It was a mile long. They then made a deep cut in the hill along Kentucky street from Nineteenth to Twenty-second. Later a bridge was built from South San Francisco to the Potrero over which they also ran a one horse car line which went to the racetrack. Toll was collected for many years over the bridge.

Fishing and boating were followed extensively at that time on Mission

bay. Soon the Southern Pacific Railroad company received a grant of nearly all of Mission bay from the state for railroad uses, and for 20 years it was used as a dumping ground.

In 1870 the first grammar school was built on a high hill at Twentieth and Kentucky streets. There were no streets, and a few roads served for communication. Houses were few and scattered.

The Union Iron works was then built and the company constructed river boats until they got the contract to build the cruiser Charleston. Thousands of men were employed, and everything was busy. On the day of its launching there was a holiday and thousands crowded to the Potrero to see it. Our hills were black with people.

Soon many other and larger war vessels were built, including the Monterey, Oregon, Wisconsin and California.

The Spreckels Sugar refinery was afterward established on the water front at Twenty-third street. The California Barrell company was also established here, and they had to cut away the hill south of the Union Iron works. Soon other streets were graded and an electric car line was also run in Eleventh and Kentucky streets, from where it was extended to South San Francisco.

Mission bay, by this time, was all filled in and occupied. When the Bay Shore cutoff was built and China basin, at the foot of Third street, was filled in by the Santa Fe by grading down the hill from Kentucky street westward for five blocks to Iowa street, and from Mariposa to Twenty-second. All this made a great change. The hill at Eighteenth and Missouri streets was graded so as to let the car line go to Sixteenth and Bryant.

After the Santa Fe railroad finished its grading, many new lines of business were established on their property, such as the California canneries and Ralston Iron works and many others. Later the Western Pacific dug a tunnel under the hill from Twenty-second and Mississippi streets to Eighteenth and Arkansas, running in a straight line to Eighth and Bremen. After the disaster of 1906 a great number of business firms came over here and many still remain. Also, a great many people came to live here and much of the property has been bought and homes have been built. New improvements are going on rapidly. Many new buildings have gone up—three new school-houses, a large play ground occupying two blocks, a new police station, electric lights and many other things have been added to this part of the city.

**The Painting on the Rocks**

Elizabeth Gow

In a quaint old seaport town near Cambleton, in Scotland, there lived a poor boy and his mother. His father was dead, so he had to work as a fisherman.

One day he was out fishing when he saw a large hole in the rocks. Upon exploring it, he found that it was a great cave. One side was very smooth and the water did not reach it.

The next day he came with his paints and brushes and began to paint a picture on the smooth cliff. He came every day for several months. At last it was finished and no one knew anything about it.

Several weeks later there was a terrible storm. Some fishermen seeking shelter found the cave. After mooring their boat they entered. They were terrified at seeing a picture of the crucifix in the cave. It was very large, and they thought it was something supernatural.

They hurried back to the village and told the people about it. The next day a crowd of villagers went to see it. It was very dark in the cave, so they entered with torches. They found that the picture was very real looking. The sea water had kept the crown of thorns fresh and green.

A great artist visiting the village saw the picture and wanted to know who had painted it. None of the villagers knew, so the artist hid among the rocks, waiting to see if any one would come to the cave. A little while later the boy came to see his picture, and the artist saw him.

He asked the boy if he knew who had painted the picture. The boy said he had. The artist sent him to Italy to study art. He is now one of the greatest artists in the world.

Every one who visits Cambleton goes to see this great picture, and it is admired by all.

**Our Boys**

Melvin Rice

Potrero boys are very good, We never talk, that's understood; We try to make ourselves look clean, And what we say we always mean. We really study every night, Our history work is our delight; Arithmetic's easy for every boy, And geography is just a joy. Athletics is our shining light, We simply glory in our might! We're never known for making blunders, And you'll agree we're surely wonders.