POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL.

Jan 1910
Dr. Anderson addressed Assembly Tuesday a.m., January 26, on Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama. His remarks were in part as follows:

"The Institute consists of 2700 acres of land, of which 300 acres are occupied by the buildings and 1200 acres in the farm, with 1200 acres in forest. There are about 100 acres set out in garden. A good deal of the land is used for pasture, as 150 cows are kept on the grounds.

There are about 1500 students, 1000 being boys and the remainder girls. 170 teachers and assistants.

About 100 of the students work in the creamory and 300 on the farm.

They teach about 40 different trades such as carpentry, harness-making, forging, wagon-making, shoe-making, masonry, plumbing, electrical engineering, making brooms and mattresses, cooking sewing, millinery, laundry and tailoring.

The farm is equipped with over 100 mules, 150 cows and all machinery needed.

The students are paid by the hour for the work they do, from $2.5 to 7 cents per hour and if a student cannot earn $2.5 cents per hour he is sent home.

All of the students wear uniforms and are governed by a major and his two assistants.

The students rise at 5 a.m. to the ringing of a gong in the yard. They eat breakfast at six o'clock and then have from this time until seven to straighten up his room. The room must be in perfect order. Class or shop work begins at 7 and ends at 5 or 5:30 o'clock."
If the student is poor he must work every day in the week and have his lessons heard in the evening for two hours.

The students have put up all of the buildings. They have a saw mill and brick yard.

The $150,000 dining hall will seat 2000. It is about 40 or 50 feet from the floor to the ceiling and about half way up around the wall is a balcony. During the evening meal a few musicians furnish music for the students.

About $240,000 worth of products were turned out in the year 1905.

5000 bushels of sweet potatoes are kept in store. White potatoes are not used by the negroes.

Booker Washington’s object in the school was to teach the negro, who is naturally lazy, to use his hands. He wants every negro to own his own home and some land. He wants every negro man and woman to know a trade.

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First and Last Ride in an Aeroplane

“Take me up, up, up with you Dearie, away up in the sky” sang Lester as he stood beside an aeroplane I had just brought home from the aviation meet held last week. “I have never been up in one of those darn things yet and I wonder if I will get seasick. Well it can’t be any worse than the blues for I have had them all day,” said Lester as he climbed aboard.

As if by magic we shot into the air after leaving the monorail and we swiftly began to rise to such a height that the town of San Luis Obispo looked like a pin head and the Polytechnic school was completely off the map. The air was beginning to get lighter and soon Lester cried out, “I wish I had saved that oxygen in that chemistry experiment and brought it along because this crazy machine is liable to break and we might keep on going forever, besides I have a date to take a girl to the Poly dance.

Zizzl! and we dropped thirty feet while we were talking. My
hair commenced to rise and my heart found it's way to my mouth. I shut off the motor, thus taking another large drop, as though riding down in an elevator, but worse. I was just getting ready to pray when I saw that only one of the fuses was burnt out which I replaced. I soon had the machine under control and started to shake Lester who sat ghostlike on his seat, from his trance. We were soon near our landing place and after circling two or three times I landed with ease.

My only thanks from Lester was "Who told you you could run an aeroplane? I'll bet the guy that gave you an aerial license did not know his business."

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My Flight in an Aeroplane

One day I received a note from one of the aviators to accompany him on a trial flight. The paper I represented had previously asked that a reporter be allowed to fly with the aviator, as they wished to give their readers a description of a flight in an aeroplane.

I went to the aviation field and was admitted to the grounds and also to the small enclosure allotted to the aeroplane and machine shed. Here I watched some expert machinist repair a slight break in the steering gear.

It was some little time before the aeroplane was ready, but finally the aeronaut called me to take the seat to his left and we started, that is, the engine started and the ground seemed to move away from under us. It was the strangest sensation I have ever felt, we seemed stationary and yet the ground seemed to fly from under us at a great rate. The only sensation of energy or motion was the throb of the big motor. But as the throbbing was continuous I soon got over noticing anything but the scenery beneath me.

People, 1,000 feet or more below us, would run out and wave their hats or anything handy at us. Once while the aeronaut was working with a wrench it slipped from his hand and fell through the roof of a house under us. Immediately a man rushed out and shook his fist in our direction.
Suddenly the engine began to miss fire and my companion looked worried. I will tell the truth and say that I was very frightened, for I did not realize that although the engine stopped we were in no danger. Finally he stopped the engine and tilting the planes slightly downward, the earth appeared to rush up at us with great speed. Again he shifted the planes and our descent was checked and we settled slowly to the top of the small hill. People soon began to gather and a man was sent for a large hay rack to transport the aeroplane back to the aviation grounds.

A Flood

One day in April 1903 word came from Yuma that the sudden rise in the Colorado river had washed the headgate out and that the river was turning into the Imperial Valley.

Three days later the water reached the boundary line at Calexico and crossed over into the United States.

The country is flat, the river bed but a few feet lower than the surrounding country and grown up with mosquito trees. These trees caused the water to run slowly and spread out over the country.

The river continued to rise a few inches daily until it reached the edge of town and the railroad tracks at the same time. Here was a two foot rise in order to get over the track but a sudden rise in the river due no doubt, to melting snows above, brought the river up twelve inches in twenty four hours. That night a watchman was put up to watch the river.

By this time (May 10th) the river was six miles wide and families were daily brought to town in row boats.

On the night of the 10th we were aroused at three o'clock in the morning to help build a levee on the railroad track. My father and I took shovels, my brother a spade, while sister found a hoe, everybody in town turned out with something or other to work with.

When we started in, the water had started to run over in a few places. These were fixed and would have had things in shape in a couple of hours but the wind began to blow and splashed water over our low bank and washed it down. Thus we fought against wind and water for ten hours. At last it got the better of us in one place; nothing we could do would stop it, but it stopped when it reached the strong levee which had just been graded up by the teams a few yards from the railroad. The new levee was just high enough and saved the day.

For three weeks the river continued to rise a few inches daily and the levee was also raised daily, with watchmen on guard at night.

On June 4th the water ran seven feet
above, with the levee nine feet high and
the river a broad expanse of water fifteen
miles wide. When the river was
at its highest, a wind blew from the
west, beating the water against the
levee and washing it away until in some
places it was no more than twelve inches
wide. After three days the wind died
and we felt easier, but we were not at
rest until the following December, when
the river was turned back into the Gulf
of California, at a cost of two million five
hundred thousand dollars.

Look Out For Your Girl.

The phone bell jingled. Picking up
the phone from the hall table the maid
held the receiver to her ear.

"Miss King?—Yes, in her room.
Shall I call her?—Sure, And setting the
phone down called, "Phone for Miss
King."

Doris King pulled herself out of the
great easy chair in the corner of Maud's
room and munching a chocolate went
toward the door. At the door she paused
to receive a pillow "fired!" from the
divan by Lottie and to be laughingly en-
joined by that young lady to give
Lenard her love.

In the hall below she put the receiver
to her ear. "Hello," and faintly
through the buzzing of the phone came
the answer "Hello, is this Miss King?"
"Yes, Miss King-Doris." "Who? Oh!
The social? Alright, what time? Eight?
W-h-y e-s-s. Good bye." And Doris
slammed up the receiver.

"I might have known he would call
up," she said in disgust as she went up
the stairs to join the others. "It's
all off with me going. I've got to do
something about that old social for Fri-
day."

"I knew it was him," drawled Lottie
"Why didn't you tell him we were going
to the show?"

Kate's voice rose in reply "Oh, she
hasn't nerve enough to turn him down,
I don't see what he had to but in for."

Maud, the peace maker, looked up and
laughed, "Oh, it's not such a tragedy.
Cut him and go," she said to Doris.

But in reply Doris shook her head,
"He was very positive there was some-
thing important and I don't like to break
my word."

Kate's voice broke in again with, "Oh,
let her stay at home, she'd rather spend
the evening with him any way."

Kate's speeches are always sharp and
often rather impolite. To Doris, they
were always a trial. She rose and with-
out reply went to her room.

Lottie turned to Kate, "You should'n't
say things the way you do Kate, you're
always hurting her feelings."

"I don't care she doesn't care a straw
for him and the way she lets him tag
after her makes me sick," Kate replied

"Well, that's her own affair, said
Madge, "If the rest of us expect to go
we had better be getting ready," and
she slid off the study table and proceed-
ed toward the door, followed by the
rest.

Two hours later, Doris yawned weari-
ly and looked at the little clock on her
table, "Half past seven, a whole half
hour to wait and I just hate this geom.
I believe even Lenard is preferable. No he ain't," she reflected, flushing with anger. Social or no social, I shall get rid of him tonight."

Suddenly she began to devise a plan that had been framing in her mind. "Why not," she said, "nothing short of a cold bath will get me rid of him."

For a school girl to think is to act and no sooner were the last words out of her mouth than she proceeded to put her plan into execution.

Outside of her room was a balcony and thither she went with a small pitcher of water. To this she attached a string and hung the pitcher so it was immediately over the veranda steps, while she passed the string to her window; then turned off her light and sat down to wait, string in hand. She laughed softly at the picture of discomforted Leonard and waited.

Perhaps fifteen minutes passed. One car went by but did not stop. Now a second car was coming. Yes it was stopping at the corner. Some one alighted but Doris could not see who it was. The car passed on and now she heard steps on the pavement. Yes, they were coming up the walk. It was Lenard, he was on the very step.

Taking her courage in both hands she pulled the string and splash - A sudden exclamation from below told of the success of her project, but a moment later she gave a start as she heard an indignant voice asking for Miss King.

The voice was not Lenard's, it was distinctly feminine. For one moment she stood in utter astonishment and then rushed down stairs to make an explanation, but the sight that met her in the hall almost convinced her for there stood Miss Lenard, the preceptress, with the peacock feathers on her hat dripping water, as though she had been in a heavy rain storm.

Half choking Doris hastened to explain, first to a very irate lady, but when she came to the Lenard complication, the preceptress laughed. "Why, that was I who phoned," she said, "and any way, I think you are rid of Lenard for I heard him ask Millie Wade to go with him Friday night to the social.'

A SPECIAL'S WISHES

Oh I wish I was a freshman
And in the back seat, sit,
And giggle in assembly
And please the teachers (?) nit.

I wish I was a Junior,
I'd try to cut a dash
I'd have a case on all the girls
And act a little rash.

I wish I was a Senior
So dignified and tall,
I'd lord it o'er the freshies
And strut along the halls.

But, best of all, the Faculty!
They go to afternoon teas
And give "calling downs" to the children
And do whatever they please.
The Y. M. C. A. opened the New Year with a stag party in the administration building. The program was as follows:

- Vocal solo, Mr. I. J. Condit.
- A prophecy by Markloff, White and Hazeltine, in which the future of many of the members and friends were depicted.
- A mock prize fight, Yates vs Flint to represent Johnson-Jeffries.
- Shadowgraphs, by Condit, Shaw Swartz and Weymouth.

There were several social affairs during the holidays, which made it pleasant for those who remained here.

January 9th Mrs. Johnston chaperoned a party of boys and girls on a climb up Bishop's peak.

On the evening of January 21st Miss Gillett entertained the faculty and the students of the two dormitories, in her usual happy manner. The evening was spent in dancing and games. The refreshments were served by all.

We are all hoping for and looking forward to one of the best parties of the year in the dedication of the new dining hall.
E. W. Curtis who has been attending the Alaska-Youkon Pacific Exposition stopped off at the school for a few days visit en route home.

Mr. Shackelford was here and gave us a New Years greeting at our first assembly this term.

Professor Hopper, Dr. Herring, Dr. Anderson and Professor Hageman are giving lectures in the short course.

Our old friend, Rowdy, passed away last week. His death was mourned by many of his friends.

Harvey Hall has returned to his home in Imperial Valley.

Valentine Drougard of class '08 is a student at the Belmont school. This year he has a scholarship which pays all of his expenses. He has made the foot ball team which has not been defeated for seven seasons.

The School Creamery is now being operated commercially and butter is shipped daily to the Loeb-Fleishman Produce Co., of Los Angeles. We consider that a very superior grade of butter is being produced.

Paul Condit is a taxidermist and has some fine examples of work. He has recently very successfully mounted several birds.

Miss Richardson, Mr. Smith's secretary, has resigned her position on account of the illness of her sister.

The basket ball team's picture was taken Thursday.

Paul Condit was elected captain of both, the girl's and boy's tennis teams.

The senior girls are giving their luncheons now. On the 18th Alma Miossi entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Berringer, and Mr. Johnson. Gena Bergh's luncheon took place on the 25th when Dr. and Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Smith and wife were the guests.

Ralph Foster did not return to school after the Christmas vacation. He is farming with his father in Ramona.

Mr. Smith has obtained a new secretary in Miss Carrie E. Castle who hails from Ohio.

Miss Margaret Waters has come in possession of two teeth and another is expected soon.
Mrs. Anderson is visiting Mrs. Le Roy B. Smith at the dormitory.

The new dining hall will be completed by February 1st.

Our herd of dairy cattle has recently been subjected to the test for tuberculosis.

High school maid.—Well I don't see why Bur et couldn't debate, his head is nearly as big as his feet.

Ray E.—How much do we have to write on bonds?
Prof. B.—Write all you know and that won't be much.

Alma M.—My foot is asleep and when it wakes up it tickles.

Cora S.—Is there any hydrogen in the air?
Prof. E.—If there was hydrogen in the air there would be an explosion across the railroad track every noon.

AN EPICURE.
At the present, Dora prefers scalped (sculloped) potatoes.

Prof. B.—Ray E., can't you take more care of yourself. You know there is a draught through this room, and you'll take cold sleeping in the draught.

Rutherford (studying English)—What is the obstacle?
Bright student—Geometry.

Mrs. Johnson. Nap, six and four is eleven or six and four are eleven?
Nap. I think six and four are eleven is correct.
Mrs. J. When I went to school six and four used to be ten.

Pansy, standing with outstretched arms, "please come Freddie."

P. M.—Certainly.

Sophia H. (talking of her brother)—I'm sure you'd like Fred.

Pansy (looking back at Fred S)—Well I guess not.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY SHARK.
Mr. Rubel—Give essentials of a good dairy barn.

Chas. Baumgardner—You should not have any calves in the milk room.

Freshman Girl—Dora what is your favorite song?
Dora.—Everyone was meant for someone
Freshman Girl—Do you think that is pretty?
Dora.—Yes, kind of pretty because every time I sing it, it cheers me up so.
McDowell says that churning was first done in the skins of animals that had been sewed up. Poor animals.

Pedley wanted the brakeman to put out the lights on the train going south. Must be a lady in the case. Enquire boys.

Three senior girls are copywriting a new use for the butter paddle. Ask Judith, Gena, and Jean for demonstrations.

Miss Wade—Did you say there are fifty-two feet in a mile?
Prof. C.—Fifty-two of some body else's, not mine.

THE 'POLY' LIBRARY
The School for Scandal—S. L. H. S.
The Reveries of a Batchelor—Day dreams of Prof. B.
The Newcomers—The 1910 Freshies.
The Wizard of Oz—Coleman.
The Celebrity—Mr. Hopper.

The Deerslayer (dear)—Wheeler King.
Vanity Fair—Margaret.
Much Ado About Nothing—M's excitement over the coming of Van.
Bleak House—The H. A. building on Rainy days.
The Choir Invisible—The Soulful Rendition of Sweet Adeline.
Old Curiosity Shop—The dairy.
Trilby—McDowell.
The Refugees—The outcasts of the History Room.
Les Miserables—Trig. people after an ex.
Whispering Smith—Lenard.
The Little Minister—Yates.
The Clansman—The Seniors.
The Nabob—Jack L.
Little Men—Merton and Napoleon.
Bitter Sweet—Hazel B.
Daughter of the South—Sophia H.

JINGLES

Oh You Base Ball Game.

A little team, from San Luis High School, Came out to play base ball.
That High School said we wouldn't score,
You see they had plenty of gall.
They practiced a while, before the game,
To catch balls on the fly.
Then they caught the balls most every time;
It looked hopeful for San Luis High.

In the first two innings, There was never a score;
But during the next one, The High School made four.

Oh sad, sad game for Poly's gang,
The High School rooters say;
'Tis taking candy from a child, We're sure to win the day.

And then our boys began to play,
They ran from base to base;
But Murry, like a small gray streak, Was sure to win the race.
San Luis High was satisfied,
But we were pretty sore;
T’was Dan made the first run,
And then there were some more.

Highpockets, our pitcher grand,
Knew how to play the game;
He fanned out about three or four,
The rest were outs, though just the same.

Paul Condit stood behind the plates,
And picked the balls out of the air;
And never once let them go past,
That is one thing he didn’t dare.

Our score had mounted up to nine,
When Pomen, that grown up child;
Gave up his place to Panteloons,
But Panteloons was very mild.

The nine innings were over soon,
The High School kids were sore;
But we were very satisfied,
We’d made fourteen to four.

You see we’re not from San Luis High School,
But we love our school the best,
The “Poly’s” gang will sing this much,
If the High School sings the rest.

We did not cheer much after the game,
Altho we were satisfied;
’Twas like taking candy from a child,
And laughing when it cried.

The Latest in Buttermilk.

Glad Monday’s sun would shine no more,
The birds had gone to rest;
The frugal evening meal was o’er,
When we with buttermilk were blest.

A pitcher full in Carol’s care,
Was brought to make the evening fly;
She set it down upon the stair,
To get it bye and bye.

But Oh! The sorrows that we trace!
Elizabeth, our senior fair;
With hurrying feet and happy face,
Came tripping down the stair.

A shriek, a slide, cries of despair,
A clatter and we all were there;
And in the midst of it she stood,
Could we describe it if we would.

Miss S. in solemn dignity,
Miss C. with shrieks of joyous glee;
Exclaims, “she must be on a spree,”
We one and all were there to see.

Then armed with mop rags on we came,
Pull seven strong were in the game;
We scrubbed and wrung and scrubbed again,
Till not a single spot remained.

Quoth Bessie, Oh, ’tis never more,
That buttermilk shall stain the floor;
Hereafter every step I take,
I’ll look again e’re it I make.
A decided lack of interest has been shown in baseball of late and if the school expects to put out a championship team such as we all aspire of seeing, something will have to be changing. The baseball men need the support of all the students. When the team goes away to play, they ought to have enough rooters to make a little noise to encourage them, and not leave them to think that the silence on their side is a sign of disapproval or criticism. Cheer for the team fellows and let them know that the whole school is back of their efforts. They will play the harder for it and they will see to it that the other sides do not again beat.

THE NEW dining hall is about completed and it will not be many days until it will be occupied. The kitchen is equipped as well as it is possible to equip a kitchen. We are looking forward to improvement in the eating line. But from this, no one is to think that we have been starved. With every inconvenience which has existed, it was impossible to do better. And how we growled, but that is only natural for there never was, and never will be a border who is satisfied. No one must take it too seriously, it is only human nature to complain of cooking.
The baseball season opened with plenty of spirit but very poor weather. Our first game was to have been with Arroyo Grande but had to be postponed on account of rain.

The first game was with San Luis High and was called at 2:30 January 22, 1910. Owing to inexperience, the men on both teams were nervous so that the whole the game was rather poor. The High School started out with a lead of four runs but after that we settled down and shut them out while we piled up runs until the score was 14 to 4 in our favor at the end of the ninth inning.

The lineup for both teams were as follows:

S. L. H. Polytechnic
Jensen catcher Condit
Wickenden pitcher Colthart
Crow first Duncan
Banks second Metz
Smith third Shipsey
Fitzpatrick short Willoughby
Van Gordon left White
Nolan center Murray
Tognazzini right Cox

Santa Maria vs Polytechnic

On January 29th was the second game of the season. We played Santa Maria at Santa Maria. At one o'clock we went out for practice until the game was called at 1:30. Poly's team was first at bat. We did not score in the first inning but Santa Maria scored five runs and kept adding to this until the score stood 10 to 4 in favor of Santa Maria. Our boys held them down to this and run up Poly's score to 8 at the beginning of the first half of the ninth. Willoughby scored, Murray struck out Shipsey got third and Cox struck out. McDonald came up next and got a pop fly to second which Grey caught. The game ended with a score of 10 to 9 in favor of Santa Maria. The lineup was as follows:

Santa Maria Polytechnic
H. Langley catcher Condit
Tunnel pitcher Colthart
Langley first Duncan
Grey second Willoughby
Martin third Shipsey
Briggs short Murray
Radke l. f. White
G. Vierra c. f. McDonald
A. Davis r. f. Cox
We are pleased to have received such a variety of exchanges from many parts of the United States. We extend a happy and prosperous New Year to you all and hope that you will come again.

Among the list of exchanges received this month comes the "Olive and Gold" from Santa Barbara High. The only criticism we have to offer is that it would help the appearance of the paper to put all the advertisements in the back instead of part of them in the front. In this way the table of contents would not be separated from the reading matter.

We are pleased to receive the Cardinal and White, Whittier, Cal. You're a well composed little paper. Don't you think you could wake up your exchange editor and have a larger exchange column.

The Argus, Tulare, Cal. You are always "Johnnie on the spot" and here every month. We hope to see an exchange list next time. How about it?

Well, if here isn't the Cornus, Zanesville, Ohio. We wish to commend you on your table of contents. No criticism can be made this time. Come again.

The Skirmisher, St. Mathews school, Burlingame, Cal. We are glad to number you among our exchanges. It would be much appreciated if you would state in each number where you are from, as we had to look in another paper to find your home.

Among our exchanges we take the most interest in, is the Aurora, Nome School, Alaska. Your cover is especially attractive and is very interesting to learn of the many different sports you take part in.

Loyal Sons Clarion, Sacramento, Cal. Here you are again, our old stand by. Your Xmas number is certainly worthy of praise. Your stories and joshes are excellent and the volume is without criticism from start to finish.

We are glad to welcome the Farnam Tatler Beverley, New Jersey. Where is your staff artist? Your paper would be much improved if your columns had a design of some kind. Come again.

John Taylor '10

Ask Mr. Talmage how he takes his friends across the river in his auto.
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We earnestly request the students of this institution to distribute their patronage among them.

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