Polytechnic Journal 1910

Commencement Edition
Polytechnic Journal

Edited by
Student Body of the California Polytechnic School
San Luis Obispo, California
Dedicated to
Our Director
Mr. LeRoy Burns Smith
Editorial Foreword

This Edition is principally published for the Seniors of Nineteen Hundred and Ten so that fond recollects, may be recalled in future years, when our Seniors are making the best of life. The days when good friends were made, the days when Athletics and School Activities seemed to be the greatest and happiest days of our lives.

We certainly consider this the best issue that has ever been published by the Polytechnic School, and we hope that the Journal may keep up its good work and be the leading activity of the school. In doing so the Journal first must have the support of the students. We are grateful for the support of our advertisers, students of the Polytechnic, and all others who have made our Journal a success for the past year.

Before closing the Staff, Faculty and Students of the Polytechnic wish most heartily, success to our out-going Seniors.

Jas. R. Willoughby.
Growth of California
Polytechnic School.

The California Polytechnic School is a State Institution, situated one and one half miles north of the center of the town of San Luis Obispo. It was established under an act of the Legislature of 1901. Although the act of the Legislature giving us this school was during the year 1901, it was not until Jan. 31, 1903 that the corner stone of our first building was laid. This is the Administration Building. The basement contained a temporary dairy-room, a temporary carpenter shop, and a storage room. The first floor contained the Directors offices, library, lecture-room, laboratory for botany and entomology, photographic dark-room and girl's cloak room. The second floor contained an assembly room with a dressing room, two drawing rooms and two class rooms.

The Dormitory was the next building to be constructed. It contained thirty single rooms, a parlor, dining-room, kitchen, laundry and four bathrooms.

Thus with these two buildings, instruction began Sept. 20th, 1903. There were twenty students enrolled the first year and fifty-two the next, fifteen of the first year ones having enrolled
again the second year. More students came and more room and better equipment was needed so the next Legislature appropriated the Domestic Science Building, Carpenter Shop, Forge Shop, Power-house, Dairy-house, Poultry-house, Barns, corrals and fences, Botany-house and a few other buildings. Within the last two years we have had added another Dormitory which is occupied by fifty boys; the former dormitory being given over for the use of the girls. We also have a dining hall, midway between the two dormitories, and a new and larger power-house to replace the older one. There has also been an increase in other buildings and class-rooms, poultry-plant and barns.

Seven years ago we had twenty students; today we have one hundred and fifty enrolled. It is one of the ambitions of our students to do all we can for the school where we have spent many happy days and to help any who may come, for no one spends a year here in vain.

May Brumley, '11.
Floyd E. Patterson  
Fletcher Hayward  
Alma E. Miossi  
Edgar F. Duncan  
Judith Curtis
Walter L. Kendall
William B. Shaw
Dora C. Bergh

Hertha Schulze
W. Ray Evans
John S. Taylor
Arthur M. Elberg

Velma M. Pearson

Roland Curtis

Joseph Bianchi

Ernest E. Yates
Senior Record

Berg, Dora Catherine, H. A., San Luis Obispo—Basket ball Team, 2; Captain Basket ball Team, Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class, 3.

Borkemeyer, Henry, M., San Luis Obispo.

Braucht, Joseph, San Luis Obispo—Debating Team; Substitute Foot ball Team, 3.

Buck, George A., M., Santa Barbara—President of Class; Base ball; Foot ball, 1; Track Manager; Base ball; Foot ball; Captain Basket ball, 2; Base ball, 3; Basket ball; Foot ball, 3; Foot ball 4; Base ball, 4.

Calthart, Louis, M., Los Banos—Base ball, 1; Track Team, 3.

Curtin, Judith, San Diego—President Amapola Club, 3.

Curtin, Inland, A., Brawley—Foot ball, 2; Foot ball; Track team; General Manager Student Body, 3.

Duranu, Edgar F., Ceres—Secretary of class; Basket ball; Base ball, 3.

Dixun, Aubrey E., M., Elk Grove—Secretary of Class; Base ball, 1; Treasurer of Athletic Association; Base ball, 2; Captain and Manager of boys Tennis; Track team, 2; President student body; Business Manager of the Journal; League Manager of tennis, 3.


Hayward, Fletcher A., Pasadena---Base ball, 1; Foot ball; Treasurer of Gymnasium Club, 2; Foot ball, 3.

Hullman, Elizabeth A., H. A., Santa Margarita---Vice President Class; Vice President Amapola Club; Tennis; Social editor of Journal, 3.

Kendall, Walter L., Lemoore---Vice President of class; Base ball, 2; President of class; Editor of Journal; Vice President student body; Baseball captain; Debating Team, 3.

Munari, Alma E., San Luis Obispo.

Pearson, Velma M., Los Angeles.

Patterson, Floyd E., M., Lockwood---Secretary Gymnasium club, 2; Track team, 2; Basket ball; Track team; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 3.

Schulze, Hertha, H. A., San Luis Obispo---Vice President of class, 1.

Shan, William B., M., Julian---Debating team, 3.

Taylor, John S., M., Chico---Basket ball, 1; Basket ball, 2; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Captain basketball, 3.

Wiyan, Selita, Klau---Manager girls basketball; Secretary of Debating Society, 3.

Yates, Ernest E., Elsinore---Class President; Foot ball, 2; President Y. M. C. A.; Foot ball, 3.
Class Day Exercises

Assembly Hall, Friday
10:00 a.m.

Address of Welcome - - Wm. Shaw
Class Poem - - Dora Bergh
Class History - - Roland Curtis
Horoscope - - Hertha Schulze
Class Will - - George Buck
Musical Selection - - School Orchestra
Prophecy - - Judith Curtis

Song by Class

Exercises at the Class Tree.

Presentation of the Spade, by President of the Senior Class - Walter Kendall
Acceptance, by President of the Junior Class - - Wheeler King

Burial of Our Woes

For the Household Arts - - Judith Curtis
For the Agricultural Dept. - - Ernest Yates
For the Mechanics - - Ray Evans
Address of Welcome

It is with a feeling of gladness that we, the class of 1910, do welcome you to our class day exercises. Although our joyous feelings at having accomplished our task are mingled with those of sadness at parting, we have tried to make the parts which we are to act today as pleasant as possible and not in the least way suggestive of gloomy hearts.

All of you in the two classes remaining have shared with us, for a longer or shorter period, the hopes and joys of our every day school life. You have been our rivals in class affairs and again have united with us as one in all things which affected us as a school. Thus have we lived and loved until at last our class has reached the time when we must step out into the world and away from all that has been dear to us at the Polytechnic.

We have been through the perils of the Freshman year and have been in the roll of the conceited Juniors. We have been taught and trained by all our teachers and now have just passed through the year that will mean more to us in the future than all that has gone before. We have learned more each day and before many hours we will receive our diplomas. Yet we cannot help but feel that after all we have just begun to learn and our teacher hence forward will be the world.

Some of us perhaps will go on as Freshmen at higher schools but many of us may never again en-
joy the privileges of school life. Some of us are bound to take up the walks of life now, as all must do some time. We will begin to put into practice the work which has been taught and demonstrated to us through years, and will be continually reminded of the benefits derived from our course of study here.

But however our paths may diverge, we will always look back to the good times which we enjoyed at the Polytechnic. The bonds of friendship formed here will continue to grow stronger until in years to come we will know them to be the friendships which last.

These are our sentiments, and that is why we are glad to meet together with you on this day, the day that has been kept for this purpose and has become sacred to our school. Members of the faculty, friends, relatives, and fellow students, we wish you to feel that from our hearts you are welcomed to our class day exercises.

Wm. Bernard Shaw
Class Poem

Now we are here to say farewell,
This class of nineteen-ten;
To dear old Poly's life and strife,
Loyal have we been.
Twenty-two strong we'll pass along,
To get our sheep-skin roll.
We're a pretty good lot, we'll be right on the spot,
'Cause we have paid the toll.

So here's a mighty toast to Kendall,
Our president so true;
Teasing, teasing, teasing,
He's always teasing you.

Here's to the lanky Henry,
Who seldom ever lies;
He is the bakery kiddo,
With the doughnuts, cakes and pies.

Joseph's next, such a quiet lad,
J 2 is often his sig.,
He is not very tall or yet very small,
And neither is he very big.

Here is Roland, let us toast to him,
He always tends to his biz.
Studies his lessons and knows them too,
And can answer most any old quiz.

Here's to Elizabeth friend of all,
Ever cheerful and willing to work;
May she receive all she deserves,
Her duty she will never shirk.
Next comes George, let's toast to him,
Who has such a keen blue eye,
You may think him shy, Oh no, not I,
He is just fooling you on the sly.

Here is to Aubrey our pretty boy,
A favorite everyone knows,
His hair parted straight, never known to be late,
And has all the latest in clothes.

Then to Duncan, a mechanic is he,
A hero in basket ball too.
It need not be told, that he could hit the goal,
And the times that he missed it were few.

Judith, here let us toast to her.
With us for only a year,
Why mercy me, I had to go three,
And then had to work hard, my dear.

Ah, here's to Louie, our diamond star,
As High-pockets is he better known,
You bet there is might, in that swing of his right
As time and again has been shown.

For a right sporty lad look to Corkey,
Here's to his classy walk,
With his pampadour cut, you bet he's no mut,
O, well perhaps its just talk.
Next is Arthur, with eyes so blue,
Has sort of a dignified air,
To pick a fight, is his delight,
Or pull somebody's hair.

Oh yes, and here we have Alma,
She's there when it comes to fun,
Has a strong little heart, that resists Cupid's dart
But from a wee little mouse will run.

Then comes old Doc Hayward,
A farmer lad is he,
The same all day at work or play
When him you chance to see.

Here is to noble Velma,
Studious, well I should say
Studies all night, no wonder she's bright,
And they say she studies all day.

Toast to Floyd another mechanic,
Boisterous never is he,
To run on the track he has surely the knack,
At least that's what they tell me.

Selina's next, let's toast to her,
Trig claims her midnight hour.
Oh believe me, a debater is she,
And has gained considerable power.

Here's to John, a history shark,
A loyal Poly is he
Acquired great fame in the basket ball game,
Every time winning a victory.
Oh, yes and here's to dear Hertha,
So stately and so tall,
Dark brown hair and a haughty air
She towers over all.
Here's to our noble William,
Billie is his common name,
Joshing along, singing a song.
He is almost a queener of fame.
Then to Yates our husky one,
Broad shouldered, rugged and strong,
At dancing is great and I know he can skate,
If he can't I'm wrong all along.
Then last of all a toast to me,
No doubt you know my name,
So I'll take up no time, for any more rhyme
For myself I need not explain.
Then dear Poly here's to you
Long may you live and grow;
Here is to your lads and lassies too
Loyal wherever they go.
Here's to the teachers so faithful and true
Here's to all and to all adieu.

Dora C. Bergh
IN THE distant past, three long years ago, we honorable Seniors, entered Polytechnic's Halls of learning. We were three times as large in numbers, but not in actual size, for we have grown so much that we take up just as much space as then, and our heads require much larger hats.

The first day was awful. There were bunches of the old students sitting on the steps and lying on the lawn and we knew that they were making fun of us. Misery loves company and we freshmen got acquainted pretty quick. We wondered around in groups, talking to keep up our courage, and those that did not know anyone to talk to surely had a hard time of it.

When the regular work began we were busy and the time passed more quickly though we still had to step lively to find the recitation rooms and dodge the upper classmen, who were always waiting for a chance to torment us.

There was a more favorable impression of Polytechnic created when Dr. Anderson entertained the class at his home and again at the general reception to the Freshmen, in the Assembly Hall, the next evening. On the night of October fifth, it was with great fear and trembling that we waited outside the doors of the Assembly room, for our turn to be initiated into the mysteries of the Athletic Association. Our fears were however the worst part of the process, unless an exception be made in favor of McDowell's "raw oyster" cure for nervousness and weak stomach.

It was rather late in the term when we organized, with Edward Curl as President; Diana
Kendall, Vice-President; Aubrey Dixon, Secretary and treasurer.

About this time we began to realize what the school required of us, and we take the liberty here to make a brief statement of those requirements for the benefit of the freshmen who follow us:

1. Thou shalt not make any graven image of thyself or thy neighbor upon thy chair nor in thy books, neither shalt thou exhibit thy penmanship on the leaves of the song books.

2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Seniors in vain. Thou shalt reverence the wisdom of the Juniors.

3. Thou shalt not model thy ways too soon after the ways of the upper-classmen, for they will lead thee along paths that thy childish feet cannot tread.

4. Thou shalt remember the assembly room, to keep it holy; neither shalt thou fight therein.

5. Five hours shalt thou study and recite of thy lessons; but one hour shalt thou play ball, and no more.

6. Thou shalt not kill flies, neither shalt thou torture them by holding them suspended upon a pin in a well of ink.

7. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbors' erasers, pencils, models, lab. notes nor tools, lest ye be held accountable for them by the Board of Trustees on the Day of Reckoning and be compelled to pay dearly for them from thy Breakage Fee.

8. Thou shalt pay all thy dues and assessments neither shalt thou excuse thyself by paying half the required amount.

9. Thou shalt not eat in school; neither shalt thou chew tobacco in the shops.

10. Thou shalt not read novels during school
hours, nor during morning assembly.

11 Thou shalt remember these commandments all through the days of thy attendance upon Polytechnic School.

Near the last of the year we began to get that feeling that in other schools belongs to Sophomores and we thought we could run things. We took our exclusion from the Junior reception as a personal insult and started out that night to "rough house" the upper-classmen. Our courage failed us at the last minute and we retreated in good order.

We enjoyed the year at Polytechnic, although several of our members fell by the wayside, on account of not having sand to "stick to it," until the first of the three laps of the long race was finished.

We bid the class of '08 goodbye and longed for the time when we might take their place with the same great honors.

In September we returned again, not so large in numbers, but full-fledged Juniors and able to lord it over the freshies.

We organized with the following officers: Walter Kendall, President; Clara Paira, Vice-president; Edgar Duncan, Secretary and Treasurer.

This year we were able to see the initiation of Freshmen into the Athletic Association from a different point of view. Our greatest social triumph was the barbecue which we gave to the school and faculty in the school canyon. The weather was perfect and barbecue unexcelled. Just before the party broke up an accident occurred which considerably marred the evening's pleasure for us all however. Walter Kendall in some way mistook his position and fell over the creek bank, fracturing his leg and wrist in the descent. The injuries were so serious as to force him to leave.
school for the rest of the year. Near the last of the year we had the pleasure of entertaining the Seniors. Henry McDonald acted as toastmaster after the banquet. A goodly number of us saw the Seniors of '09 graduate and we then left for our homes for the three months vacation.

Fourteen of us returned to act the part of Seniors. We lost one from this number, but were joined by eight from other classes. The first thing we did was to elect Walter Kendall, President; Elizabeth Holloway, Vice-president; Dora Bergh, Secretary and treasurer. We were beginning to feel that a few months more would end our life at Polytechnic and that it was expected of us to get in and work hard till the finish, and also to set a good example for the classes following us.

In athletics we have not been very prominent. The best athletics we have had, have left us for other classes, higher or lower. Still in our Senior year we won the baseball championship and we have had representatives on nearly all the teams. Kendall, Shaw and Bianchi upheld the school in debate. During the year we have enjoyed several pleasant evenings with the Faculty and Student Body and we thank them for so honoring us. This last year of our life at Polytechnic certainly has been a successful one in the annals of our school; much has been accomplished. We have approached the standard required for graduation from this institution.

After all it has not been such a hard problem to solve, this problem of climbing the steps and going higher and higher until at last we have reached the top of the ladder and are ready to take up Life's Problem.

Floyd Patterson
Roland Curtis
Horoscope

Bergth, Nora—age, 2½; pet name, Sandy; peculiarity, giggling; favorite song, Everyone was Meant for Someone; principal illness, heart failure; present condition, overworked; ambition, to become a nun; future, ambition realized.

Berkemeyer, Henry—age, 12; pet name, Doughnuts; peculiarity, spooning; favorite song, I am Content; principal illness, indigestion; present condition, unknown; ambition, to be a teacher in mathematics; future, bank president.

Buck, George—age, 3; pet name, John; peculiarity, going to church; favorite song, Lonesome Town; principal illness, over development of the muscle; present condition, inventing labor saving machine; ambition, to be a busy man; future, get a rich wife.

Bianchi, Joseph—age, 2 days; pet name, Little One; peculiarity, overgrown; favorite song, History will soon be over; principal illness, growing pains; present condition, sport; ambition to be a poet; future, lawyer.

Culthart, Louis—age, 2; pet name, High Pockets; peculiarity, phoning from the dormitory; favorite song, Are You Coming Back to Old New Hampshire, Mollie; principal illness, base ball germ; present condition, dance hater; ambition, to be a banker; future, sporting editor.

Curtis, Judith—age, 30; pet name, Smiles; peculiarity, knowing too much; favorite song, When the Sun Throws Forth its Rays; principal illness, giddiness; present condition, getting thin; ambition, to get thinner; future, leader of the suffragettes.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Pet Name</th>
<th>Peculiarity</th>
<th>Favorite Song</th>
<th>Principal Illness</th>
<th>Present Condition</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
<th>Future</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Curtis, Roland</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Fuzzy</td>
<td>Peculiarity, singing</td>
<td>Favorite Song: Dreaming</td>
<td>Principal Illness: in love</td>
<td>Present Condition: girl struck</td>
<td>Ambition: to be a chemist</td>
<td>Future: chef</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan, Edgar</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Chief</td>
<td>Peculiarity, fondness of farming</td>
<td>Favorite Song: Over the Hills to Paso Robles</td>
<td>Principal Illness: lovesick</td>
<td>Present Condition: popular with the girls</td>
<td>Ambition: to run the power house</td>
<td>Future: peanut vendor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dixon, Aubrey</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Dickie Bird</td>
<td>Peculiarity, love for history</td>
<td>Favorite Song: When the Whip-poor-will Sings, Marguerite</td>
<td>Principal Illness: brain fever</td>
<td>Present Condition: woman hater</td>
<td>Ambition: to be a tax collector</td>
<td>Future: Missionary to Africa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Ray</td>
<td>7 years, 3 months, 2 days</td>
<td>Corky</td>
<td>Peculiarity, bluffing</td>
<td>Favorite Song: Sing me to Sleep</td>
<td>Principal Illness: hook worm</td>
<td>Present Condition: overworked</td>
<td>Ambition: farmer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elberg, Arthur</td>
<td>2 months</td>
<td>Baby Blue Eyes</td>
<td>Peculiarity, enormous eater</td>
<td>Favorite Song: Dearie</td>
<td>Principal Illness: old age</td>
<td>Present Condition: learning to wink</td>
<td>Ambition: to be a prize fighter</td>
<td>Future: gambler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayward, Fletcher</td>
<td>1 year</td>
<td>Doc</td>
<td>Peculiarity, teasing the girls</td>
<td>Favorite Song: I am afraid to Go Home in the Dark</td>
<td>Principal Illness: frivolity</td>
<td>Present Condition: longing</td>
<td>Ambition: to get up courage to go to a dance</td>
<td>Future: song and dance artist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holloway, Elizabeth</td>
<td>6 months</td>
<td>Liz</td>
<td>Peculiarity, taking cold baths</td>
<td>Favorite Song: Lonesome</td>
<td>Principal Illness: injured vocal chords</td>
<td>Present Condition: hoping for the best</td>
<td>Ambition:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
to keep track of bracelet and shoes; future, tennis champion.

Kendall, Walter—age, 1 day; pet name, Queener; peculiarity, overworking; favorite song, I was only Teasing You; principal illness, bashfulness; present condition, in a hurry; ambition, to know a lot; future, professor in History.

Miura, Alma—age, 3; pet name, Parallel Lines; peculiarity, gloomy; favorite song, I Want Someone to Love Me; principal illness, silence; present condition, hopeful; ambition, to go on the stage; future, sheep rancher's wife.

Pearson, Helma—age, 9; pet name, Noisy; peculiarity, asking questions; favorite song, I'd Rather Float Thru a Dreamy Old Waltz; principal illness, talkitiveness; present condition, worse; ambition, to be married; future, dancing teacher.

Patterson, Floyd—age, 14; pet name, Happy; peculiarity, mischievous; favorite song, Smile on Me; principal illness, swell head; present condition, fond of girls; ambition, to be teacher of one; future, theatrical manager.

Schultze, Hertha—age, 4; pet name, Little Kid; peculiarity, always on time; favorite song, Waltz Me Around again Willie; principal illness, nervousness; present condition, indifferent; ambition, to do as I please; future, school teacher.

Shaw, William—age, 23; pet name, Mutt; peculiarity, bashful; favorite song, Sweet and Low; principal illness, spring fever; present condition, timidity; ambition, to be observed; future, artist for the Woman's Home Review.

Taylor, John—age, 9; pet name, Naughty eyes; peculiarity, temper; favorite song, Ethel are You
Sincere; principal illness, excess of hot air; present condition, noisy, but harmless; ambition, to be popular among the girls; future, circus rider.

Myra, Selina—age, 10; pet name, Giggly; peculiarity, queening; favorite song, How Dry I am for Grape Juice; principal illness, laziness; present condition, worse; ambition, to change her name; future, famous novelist.

Yale, Ernest—age, 35; pet name, Flirt; peculiarity, fondness for dogs; favorite song, I'll be there Laura Dear; principal illness, engaged; present condition, giggling; ambition, to keep ahead of Hazeltine; future, ice man.

Hertha Schulze
E. THE CLASS of '10, on this, the 10th day of June, 1910, A.D., in this, our last will and testament bequeath to the Faculty memories of arduous hours spent in correcting examination papers, with the hope that those of the coming Senior class may prove as interesting a task.

To the coming Seniors we will and bequeath the pleasant prospect of History and Trig., and the memory of our nightmares spent in preparing for the exes. in the same, with the request that they pass it on in due order to the following classes.

I, Walter Kendall, will my record as a debator to the coming team, in the hopes that the shades of the dead, may put the High to flight, my last and most dilapidated "skypiece" to Brick, as it will greatly improve her collection, and my ability to make class meetings hum to the coming Senior President.

I, Elizabeth Holloway, will the thirty pounds of avoirdupois acquired at the Dormitory to Fat Sheppard, my general petite appearance to Cora Eastman, and my fund of information on house plans to the coming Senior girls in general.

I, Dora Bergh, will my place as crack Basket ball player, and Captain to Helen Sandercock, my gentle voice to Ralph Pease, and general ability to laugh at others to Margaret Campbell.

I, Ernest Yates, will my ability as a Queener to Jack Leonard, my skill as a sprinter when the dog is after me to Hugh Toy, and my dreamy eyes to Eleanor Hazard.

I, Alma Miossi, will my ability to catch early trains to Cora Schulze, as she may need double motive power in next year's Basket ball team, my
angelical disposition in Botany Lab. to Lois Curl.

I, Ray Evans, will my ability to get thru quick to James Willoughby, my cozy corner in Mr. Berringer's heart to Annie Mendenhall and my affections, to be distributed equally among all the girls who will take them.

I, Judith Curtis, will the rubbers which I wore in Dairying to Hazel Brew, since they have been sufficiently stretched to serve as flat boats for the whole class, my general ability to flunk to Emma Steiner and my position as President of the Amapola club to Ida Donati.

I, Aubrey Dixon, will my personal beauty to Fat Matasci, my record in throwing the discuss to Flint, to help him in next year's contest and my popularity down on Morro street to my next successor.

I, Velma Pearson, will my popularity with the sterner sex to Hazel Brew, as her powers will soon be exhausted, my general care free disposition to Eileen Booker, as she is so very serious and studious.

I, John Taylor, will my working spirit in committees to Walter Malloy, my record as a History shark to anyone who is swift enough to get it.

I, Joseph Bianchi, will my surplus height to Lawrence Swerdfeger, my weight as a football man, to John Flint.

I, Hertha Schulze, will my extra inches over eight feet to Harry Ridle, my ability as a sprinter to the coming track team, and general winning way to Rosalie Herrera.

I, Arthur Elberg, will my marks in math to Donald Cox, in the hope that the school may not lose a crack track man, my usual good humor to Napoleon, as he may find need of it.
I, George Buck, will my vacant chair to Fred Markloff, my surplus energy to Karl Hazeltine, and superior ability as a committee worker, to Wheeler King.

I, William Shaw, will my classy mechanics suit to Merton Weymouth, but still retain my new derby, my very serious mein in Senior class meetings to Fiscalini.

I, Selina Wyss, will my ability to get to 8:15 classes on time to Carolyn Perkins, my position as manager of the Basket ball team to Alice Word.

I, Fletcher Hayward, will my graceful manners to Manuel Herrera, my bold nature to Mike, and my pipe to Chester Nauman.

I, Edgar Duncan, will my ability to catch a girl on a Basket ball trip to Paso Robles to Fred Toy, and my bashfulness to Jack Leonard and my stubbornness to Howard Wade.

I, Floyd Patterson, will my disposition to butt in to Charles Anderson, my ability to win hearts by my good looks to Ralph Pease, with the earnest request that he will use this accomplishment to the best of his ability.

I, Roland Curtis, will my curly hair and whatever is to be found in the tangle, to Marc Edmonds, my revolver to Harry Ridle, hoping that he may have the fame of "Teddy" when he uses it in Africa, my fondness for the little girls, to Otto Metz.

I, Louie Colhart, will my wing for pitching to Willie Nock, my quick wit in roasting the opposing team, to Wm. Roberts, my polite ways, to Lester White, for we all know he needs them.

I, Henry Berkemeyer, will my genius for boring holes in doughnuts, to Cora Eastman, my Dutch ways to Kuehl, my uncontrollable desire to spend my money, to Donald Cox.  

George Buck
Class Prophecy

Do you believe in fairies? Well I didn't until I went to the 'Gingerbread Man,' and then I was convinced. Of course the way the Good Fairy got Mazie back for Jack was nothing. Anyone could do that, but what convinced me was my own experience with her.

You remember the Santa Claus, well just there in the performance the Good Fairy looked in my direction and raised her wand and lo! in an instant I was behind the scenes confronting her.

Her greeting was, 'You belong to the Senior class at the Poly do you not?'

My jaw must have fallen with astonishment as I gave assent, for the Good Fairy laughed and said, 'Oh, you needn't be surprised that I know who you are, I not only know people and events of the present, but I also know the future and if you wish it I will let you look with me on events of fifteen years hence.'

At this I shook my head affirmatively, for I was far too astonished to speak.

She did not give me long to wander for straight way the scene had changed. It was in the afternoon, the matinee was in progress at the Novelty, and a new Novelty it was, quite large and bright.

I looked about as the Good Fairy bought our tickets but her voice soon recalled me, 'Wouldn't you like to meet your old Class mates?'

I thought 'old' for I could see no resemblance in the portly bald headed man she indicated, to anyone I knew, but she laughed and said, 'This is Mr. John Taylor, at present manager and owner of the Novelty Theatre.'
When she explained who I was he said, "I am quite glad you came today as I have some reels which I think will interest you. In them you will see some of the members of the class of 1910."

We thanked him and entered. A new picture was just being thrown on the screen and with great interest I watched it. It seemed from the explanation at the beginning that Dora Bergh and Velma Pearson were running the Eat and Die Food Emporium, their specialty being "One's Enuf Biscuit."

The silent partner in the firm was Doctor Louie Colthart, who, it was stated, had become very wealthy by furnishing zinc stomachs for the patrons of the Emporium.

The next picture was quite different, but much more easy to recognize. It showed the two human giants who had taken the gold medal the year previous at the World's Fair at Avila. These I instantly recognized as our old friends, Joseph Bianchi and Bessie Hollaway.

As the lights were turned on after this picture I began to look around. Suddenly my companion nudged me and nodded toward two men sitting at some distance from us. I did not recognize them but she said, "There are two oil magnates. Patterson there is the hair oil magnate. He makes an oil expressly to assist in helping ladies to keep on their aviation bonnets. Hayward is the air oil magnate who has become famous thru Roland Curtis. Curtis had to have a special brand of oil which Hayward manufactures by frying it out of the livers of Swallow Tailed Butterflies."

The next part of the performance now began. It consisted of the great vaudeville act by Miossi and Kendall. Miossi sang in memory of her friend
Dora, "Another Little Drink wouldn't do Us any Harm." Kendall was the tight wire artist and, being light of both head and foot, performed many wonderful feats.

The next picture was entitled "Dairying in Southern California." The first picture shown was of the large dairy farm of William Shaw. The special feature here was the milking machine. The collecting tank was higher than the milking barn, so it was found necessary to use hydraulic force to convey the milk properly. At first the patrons complained that they received more than their moneys worth, but the difficulty was obviated by Yates inventing the sanitary milk filter, warranted to take out all minnows, tadpoles, cream and the like.

I had grown tired of the pictures and so it seemed had the Good Fairy, so we left the theater. At the door stood a large automobile and toward this my companion led me. I demurred but she insisted, saying, "I wish you to meet the Countess, wife of the late Count ------- I still saw no reason in this, yet my companion insisted. However I soon found that here was no stranger, for the voice which proceeded from the tonneau was that of Hertha Schulze. When she learned who I was she insisted that we get into the machine and as we drove over the city she told me of her travels and her life since I had last seen her.

As we passed thru the large park on the finely paved Osos Street, we passed a prematurely gray-haired man, wheeling a carriage in which were twins.

"Who is that," I said.

"Oh! Don't you recognize him," exclaimed the Countess, "that is Aubrey Dixon. He married
that old Woman’s Rights speaker and now he is chief nursemaid.”

“No doubt you would like to visit some of the places of interest,” said the Countess, “I shall take you to Duncan’s Home for the Insane.”

We stopped before an imposing building and when the Countess gave the attendant her card we were ushered into a large reception room. In a moment in stepped an energetic looking lady and Hertha introduced her as Selina Wyss. It seemed that she had studied nursing and when the Sanitarium was founded she had become matron.

She said, “We have two patients who will be of special interest to you I am sure.”

In one of the rooms which she indicated we saw a man standing before a mirror arranging and rearranging his tie. Selina said, “He stands there from morning till night.”

“Who is it?” I asked.

“Oh, that is Evans. He became such a queener that his mind was completely turned. You see that collection of hearts on the arrow in the corner. Those represent his conquests. Of course he is harmless just as he always was.”

We turned from Evans and were led toward the padded cell.

“This patient is our most dangerous,” said the matron.

“What seems to be the matter?” I asked.

“Oh, this is Buck. You know he was always inclined toward politics and he was elected to Congress. He became such a constant and in-
dustrious worker on committees that he had brain fever and has never recovered."

We thanked the matron and then left the institution. At the steps we parted from the Countess and betook ourselves along the street toward the center of the city.

As we passed by the Telegram Building my eye was attracted by a bulletin which was just then being thrown on a screen. The names seemed to be familiar and suddenly my mind recurred to Arthur Elberg. It announced that he had been appointed to chief forester by President Berkemeyer.

Suddenly a strange sound was heard and I opened my eyes as from a dream. All around me the people were clapping and I found myself seated and watching the "Gingerbread Man." The Good Fairy was waving me a last farewell from the left wing.

Judith Curtis
Class Song

Tune "College Life"

Oh! you may sing till echoes ring of High School life and glee
But Poly life, dear Poly life, is just good enough for me.
If we'd get our lessons we'd stay up all night,
But we just bluff, then play cards and fight.
The work we don't do is a wonder to see.
When we take our fellow freshies hunting snipes.
That's a game that is glorious.
We of course don't mean to keep them out all night.
For the faculty might make a fuss
To make them "rough necks"
We must haze them just a bit,
Even though the director throw a fit.
We always do to others as we would not have them do to us.

Chorus

Here's to the class of 1910,
The best there'll ever be.
They beat the Juniors and freshies both,
And the Alumini too, you see.
The faculty love us one and all,
They'll miss us when we're through
But dear Poly we must say goodbye to you.

Judith Curtis
Presentation of the Spade

We are assembled today to perform the last serious duty of our school life here, and that falls to me as president of the Class of 1910. This duty is the presentation of this sacred spade to the President and members of the Junior class, to be preserved by them throughout the following year. It is a custom introduced by the pioneer class for each departing class to plant a tree which shall stand as a memorial to them throughout the future of the school. This spade has been used in the planting of all these trees, and will therefore be sacred to all future classes.

Mr. President, in presenting you with this historical spade, I charge you and the members of your class with the duty of guarding it, for the future classes, against any injury.

In speaking for the Class of 1910, we wish you a most happy and successful Senior year and may your graduation bring honor to the California Polytechnic School.

W. L. Kendall
Response by Junior President

I ACCEPT the guardianship of this spade with a feeling that I have a responsible duty to perform.

This spade has been used by the previous graduating classes of this school to place the only token by which they will be remembered in future years, therefore we reverence it.

In accepting this spade I think any member of our class could be intrusted with the care of it as well as I.

I hope that when it comes time for our class to present this spade to the present freshman class that they will receive it with the same feeling of honor conferred, as we do today in entering upon this guardianship.

We shall try in our Senior year to follow the example of the class that went before us and preserve this implement inviolate.

Wheeler King
Alumni

Class of 1906

Cox, Herbert H.--Electrical Engineer with Pacific Light and Power Co.
Fox, Lillian B.--Michigan.
Righetti, Irene—(Mrs. Parsons), San Luis Obispo.
Righetti, Laura—Housekeeping at home, San Luis Obispo.
Tout, Floyd H.—Instructor, manual training, Kern High School.
Twombley, Katherine—At home, Fullerton.
Wade, Gustave—Student, Stanford University.
Wade, Henry—Rancher, Goleta.

Class of 1907

Biaggini, Esther—At home, Cayucos.
Buck, Francis—Rancher, Goleta.
Dodge, Clara
Emmert, Allan—Instructor Agriculture School, Ion, Miossi, Alfred—Rancher, San Luis Obispo.
Muscio, Florence—At home, San Luis Obispo.
Pezzoni, Henry E.—Banker, Bank of Santa Maria Schneider, Annie—(Mrs. Ralph Gardiner), San Luis Obispo.
Steinbeck, Eugene—Mining Engineer, Goldfield, Nevada.
Stringfield, Alberta—4917 Monta Vista St., Los Angeles.
Stringfield, Hunter—Student, Susanville.
Tanner, Ella—Teacher, H. I.
Thomas, Myron—Rancher, Riverside.
Tout, Jeanne, At home, Sultana.
Wilson, George W.—Bakersfield.
Class of 1908

Campbell, Earl E.--Rancher, Orange, Cal.
Cheda, Mary F.--Student, San Jose Normal
Curtis, Ernest W.--Rancher, Brawley, Cal.
Dixon, Alfred C.--Rancher, Elk Grove, Cal.
Drougard, Valentine--Student, Belmont School, Belmont, Cal.
Dolcini, Valente, F.--Student Ames Agricultural College, Iowa.
Gould, Ruth--(Mrs. Harry Perry)
Kennedy, Avery B.--Rancher, Campbell, Cal.
Kondo, Eizo--Rancher, Japan.
Linn, Edward O.--Rancher, Paso Robles, Cal.
Luchessa, Roy A.--Rancher, Cambria, Cal.
Miossi, Bernard E.--Rancher, San Luis Obispo.
Peirce, Earl D.--Creamery man, San Diego.
Sebastian, Reuben L.--Student, University of Utah
Stringfield, Clara--(Mrs. Marion Rice), Santa Maria.

Class of 1909

Adams, John J.--Engineer with Consolidated Water Company, of Pomona.
Ashida, Tsunejiro--Gardener, Oakland.
Beck, Kenneth--Rancher, Modesto.
Boone, Oliver N.--Electrician, Hume.
Carranza, Alonzo--California Polytechnic School.
Davis, Irving--Rancher, Mesa Grande.
Fiedler, Eugene--Surveyor with Sacramento Valley Irrigating Co.
Girard, Annette G.--Student Heald's College.
Griffith, Hazel M.--At Home, San Luis Obispo.
Gould, Rachael E.--Clerk, Sinsheimer Bros., San Luis Obispo.
Hall, Harvey L.--Rancher, Brawley.
Hopkins, George C. -- Machinist, Studebaker Automobile Co., San Francisco.
Knudsen, Peter -- Student, Heald's Engineering College, San Francisco.
Linn, Othello O.--Rancher, Paso Robles.
Lomax, Minnie D.--Student, San Luis High School
Matasci, Flossie M.--At home, Cayucos.
McDowell, Jas. Lee--Instructor California Polytechnic School.
Murphy, Elmer H.--Chemist, Betteravia Sugar Co.
Pezzoni, Attilio--Rancher, Guadalupe.
Ramage, Rachael E.--At home, Avila.
Sauer, Arthur--Surveyor with Mr. Parsons, San Luis Obispo.
Shoemaker, Ralph J.--Chemist Cudahy Packing Co.
Stone, Alan E.--Student, University of California.
Tilton, Jr., George A.--Civil Engineer, Bakersfield.
Walbridge, Frank H.--Bakersfield Oil Fields.
Watson, Beulah M.--Student, Visalia High School
Watson, La Rue C.--Building a home, Visalia.
Wilson, Loring J.--Rancher, Colusa.
Wood, Glen F.--Student University of Southern California.
Wood, Hazel E.--Student, University of Redlands
School Activities
A S TO the prizes, the Journal regrets very much, that four prizes, instead of two, could not have been given out.

The prize story was won by Karl Hazeltine, and the drawing by Martin Vancovering, while William Shaw’s story receives honorable mention.

For some reason the prize poem and a bright suggestion, were neglected, for neither were handed in. The Journal hopes that a greater interest will be taken by the students and more come out to win when an opportunity is again given. Some of the other stories are felt to be worth printing and will appear in a later number of the Journal.

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief - - Jas. R. Willoughby
Literary Editor - - Henry McDonald
News Editor - - Wheeler King
Athletic Editor - - Karl Hazeltine
Josh Editor - - John Leonard
Social Editor - - Elizabeth Holloway
Exchange Editor - - John Taylor
Staff Artist - - Frank Pedley
Business Manager - - Aubrey Dixon
Faculty Advisor - - Edw. J. Berringer
T WAS a very hot September afternoon, and everything around the little station looked very warm, very lazy and very uncomfortable. The station agent was sitting with his chair tipped back, his feet upon his desk and, his hands behind his head. The baggage-man was stretched out on top of a truck in the shade apparently asleep. Even the black dog that hung around the station was lying asleep under a bench, trying to get away from the heat.

A train whistled off in the distance, the operator yawned, let his chair down with a jerk and said, "Say, Ralph, won't those college fellows be coming in today?"

"I hope they won't" said the man on the truck, "It's too hot to work."

At this moment a carriage backed up to the depot, the black dog got up and shook himself, the man on the truck jumped to the ground, the train came thundering in and all was commotion and hurry.

Two young men came around the corner of the station. These were college men and there was no chance to mistake them for anything else. They had the college style of clothes, the college haircut, and their very appearance showed them to be collegians. Both these men looked like men that have had training in the muscle-building sports that are common to all colleges.

As soon as the train had stopped everyone seemed to forget the intense heat, and the baggage
men were throwing trunks around as if it were pleasure, the station agent was talking to the conductor, and even the key on his desk was clicking away as if in harmony with the action outside.

The bell rang, the brakes loosened, the engine puffed, and the train pulled out. The people all went to their different occupations, or to their homes, and left one man on the platform of the station.

At first glance you would have thought him a tramp. He was tall, erect, broad shouldered, but his clothes looked worn and his long hair made him look rather shabby. He was no tramp, as you could tell on a second sight. He was too neat, and he had too honest a face to belong to that class. He stood there a few minutes and then came to the window and said, "Could you tell me how to get to the University?"

He received his instructions, and started off in the direction indicated. His suit had been in style once, and at one time had been black, but that time was history. The reason his trousers were nearly to his knee, was not from any desire to be in style, but because there was no more cloth.

He had wanted to go to college ever since his cousin had been up to visit him and had told him of all the games, the meets, and the way the boys did at college. He had worked hard to get through the little country high school, and now with the help of his folks, who were sacrificing much, he had come to the University.

The fall term had passed, with its usual football game and all the activities that are on the calendar for the fall months before we saw our country friend again.

It was the second week of April and track
season had begun when I saw the farmer. He was standing by the track watching the members of the track squad train. Two young men were leaving the training quarters and as they approached the man by the track one said to the other, "Say, old man, that fellow ought to make a track man," and he pointed in the direction of our friend.

"Who, that farmer, why he couldn't do anything."

"Well, I think he can run and it won't do any harm to get him out."

After some hesitation they walked over to where the man of their discussion was and the man who had been skeptical said

"Hello, I am Baxter, the track captain, and I was wondering if you ever did any track work?"

"No sir, I never have, but I would like to try."

"What is your name?" asked Baxter as he drew a pencil and a book from his pocket.

"I am Warren Park."

Baxter went back to the training house and got Park a pair of spikes, and told him to go out and train each night.

"I can't train at night after school," said Park, "because I have to work."

"Well, get out when you can then," said Baxter, and then went away.

Every night after the boys had left the track, Park would be out in his suit, training, or if he could not get out at night he would go out before school. He paid attention to all instruction he could hear from the coach or from the other men and in a short time he could run very well. He found that he could run longer and easier if he
would take a long stride, and so he learned. He would apply everything he could to himself. He was backward about mixing with the other men on the track, as they had called him a farmer, and had threatened to duck him if he ever came out on the track when they were there. He took all the jokes too seriously, and so he would train by himself.

One night, just about two weeks before the Big Meet with the rival University, and just as Parks was leaving the training quarters, he saw a sign which read:

Anybody that expects to make the team for the meet with B., be out in your track suits on Saturday morning at ten o'clock to try out. This is the last chance.

Signed,

E. D. BAXTER, Capt.

As Park read this notice he could feel himself becoming dizzy; he had wanted to try out for the team and now he could have no chance. He read again the sign, and then as he went out he said to himself, "Why did I promise father to go home Saturday to help with the hay? Why did the hay need to be cut until the next Saturday?" But none of the questions would fit and he could not find any good reason to stay and try out. He would keep on trying just the same. He would go home and help his folks if he never got a chance to try out for a team. He saw how much they had done for him.

On the following Monday when he got back from his home, Park saw the list of those that had made the team, that would represent the University.

The next time that he saw Baxter he asked him for a job of taking care of the men the day of
the meet. He knew that this would be the only way that he would be able to see that meet. He was promised a place on the rubbing staff.

When the time for the meet came Park was the first to be at the training house. He rubbed Baxter, the four-forty man; the hurdler; and when he was rubbing McCarthy, the miler and half miler, he gave especial attention to him, as he was the one that he had been going to try out against.

The sprints had been run, and all the field events except the pole vault which was being contested, when the last call was made for the half-mile. McCarthy drew the first position, and as the gun sounded he started as if he was going to run a quarter of a mile. He led for about a hundred yards, and then Sanborn, the half-miler from B, took the lead. McCarthy ran with a long easy stride and kept behind Sanborn. As they came upon the straightaway McCarthy pulled up even with Sanborn and they ran down the track neck and neck, each straining every chord and sinew. Just at the tape McCarthy threw himself as if he had been thrown by some invisible hand. He broke the tape but fell right in front of Sanborn. Sanborn tried to jump over his opponent, but his muscles had been taxed to their utmost and so he stumbled and fell also. Several men sprang to their assistance. As McCarthy was lifted to the shoulders of the men his leg was noticed to be torn and bleeding where Sanborn's spikes had torn their way through the muscles and flesh. They carried him to the house, and as they entered Baxter sprang from the table where he had been lying wrapped in a blanket. "What's the matter with Mac?" When he heard of the accident he swore and said, "Who can I put into the mile?" Several names were mentioned and to each some good and sufficient excuse was given. After some
time some person said "give the farmer a chance, he'll take third place."

"But we must get first and second, or we will lose the meet."

"I would like to try, and I think that I can do something," said Park.

"Well, we might as well let him try, as there is no one else to put in."

When the last call for the mile was made, Park was out in his suit, with a new light in his eye. His chance had come, now could he make good?"

"Park," the clerk called.

"Present," answered Park, as he began to strip off his sweater.

Then the men drew for their places, and Park drew third place. As he stood there waiting for the starter to set him free to make good his chance people in the bleachers wondered who that was in white upper.

"Get on your marks, get set," said the starter, and as the report sounded, the whole line of runners moved forward with one impulse, and one aim, to break the tape at the finish.

Fisher, B's miler, had set a fast pace. Then came Moore, Park's team-mate, and then Park, and behind him some five or six men. At the end of the first lap Moore had been passed by Clemmens, and Park was still third. People in the stand began to notice how gracefully Park ran. His long even stride, his loosely swinging arms, and his head thrust forward, all seemed to denote stored up energy. He kept thinking to himself that he must make third place or he would lose his chance.

One of the men, Gray, that had been fifth
came up and passed the leader, and opened a gap of some five yards between him. Moore passed Clemmens and took second place, but still Park was fourth and still he ran with his long stride.

On the fourth lap Park felt his breath catch, and he thought that his chance was slipping from him, but he shut his teeth harder and kept his place. On the back stretch of the fourth lap Park was surprised to see Gray, who had been leading start to run faster, and to see Clemmens dart ahead of Moore and take second place. There was still a large gap between Gray and Clemmens. Park thought to himself, "I'll only have to make third to do all they expect of me." He did not feel very tired and his breath was coming easily again.

He thought again as they passed the grand stand of yelling men. "I may as well pass Moore here." He noticed on the back stretch of the last lap that Moore did not take the same stride that he had been taking. Park sprang ahead of Moore just at the turn, and as he entered the straight away and saw the crowd at the finish with a silver line across the track, he started to run as he had never run before.

The bleachers seemed to be coming to meet him. The men yelling at him were only an incentive for more effort. He passed Clemmens and at fifty yards from the finish he was within five yards of Gray. The very grand stand seemed to yell as with a voice of a giant, all turned dim, but Park kept his presence of mind until he crashed into the arms of Baxter, but across his chest was a piece of woolen cord, the tape. The men on the bleachers went wild and threw their hats into the air and yelled, but it was all lost on Park. The announcer yelled out, "1st place won by Park-S, second by Gray of S, and third place by Clemmens.
of B. Time, 4 minutes and 28 seconds, flat.

When Park opened his eyes he saw Baxter leaning over him, and he felt someone rubbing his hands and felt cold water on his face. As Baxter saw him open his eyes he said, "Well farmer, we won the relay and the meet. Your the one that won the meet. How did you do it?"

"I don't know," said Park, as he smiled, "I just had my chance and tried to make good."

"Well you did make good alright, put it here," and they grasped hands.

Karl Hazeltine, '11
AD ANY one been standing in the vicinity of 1121 4th St., in the town of San Diego, on a certain dark night in March, he might have seen Robert Nolan walk easily up to the gate in front of the house which bore that number, pause for a moment at the gate and then step inside and into the deeper shadows beyond. The by-stander might never have dreamed that this spot was to be within a few minutes, the scene of considerable excitement and of vital importance to some few.

The fire fiend had burned a good many houses in the past few weeks. He apparently was a man of ability, shrewd and determined. He had made his demand of something like $150 and until the city paid it to him he would continue his ravages with the fateful torch. He always sent word to the owners before burning a house, giving the date and hour when the fire would occur. A red ribbon was found tied to the gate of every building which he had destroyed. He had destroyed churches and homes alike. He never failed and would not hesitate to kill any man who interfered with him. These facts he had made known to the public in various ways and thus far he had foiled the police, keeping the people in fear as if the black hand had threatened them.

Thru the morning mail of that day there had come to James Nolan, Esq., a letter saying:

Dear Sir:

Your property on 1121 4th St. will be burned tonight at 9 p.m. Sincerely yours,

"The Fire Fiend."
James Nolan was a real estate man and the property in question was a large two story rooming house which belonged to him, and happened at present to be vacant. He had shown the letter to his son Robert, who had been helping him since he had come home from college. That young man had persuaded his father to let him attempt to capture the fiend and bring him to justice. However this was accomplished after the father had spent the better part of an hour trying to picture to his son the dangers of such an attempt.

That is why Robert Nolan was watching in the shadows of the large rooming house at about 8:45 on this particular evening. Robert Nolan had a will and nerve that would stand any test. He knew that he was taking big chances, but he believed that the problem demanded strategy and silent working to be a success, and more than one person could not succeed.

Besides, the rather eccentric father of his sweetheart had refused to let her marry any man until he had covered himself with glory. Yes, by heaven, he would meet the Fiend, lay him low and then go claim his bride. That was a second reason why he was there and it nerved him on.

He had found the ribbon on the gate as he expected. He came up quietly, and in the darkness there was very little chance of his having been detected by anyone inside the building. He stopped for a moment to change his shoes for a pair of moccasins and then grasping the handle of his revolver stepped lightly upon the veranda and unlocked the door. He was alone in that huge dark house except, perhaps for the Fiend. However he felt no fear for he had never learned what that word meant. He was looking for adventure and would surely get it. He listened for any movement and fancied that he heard someone moving.
upstairs. He knew the house well and knew where the stairway was that lead to the second floor. Hardly breathing, his moccasined feet making only the slightest noise, he crept up the stairway. At the top he stopped again, what was that smell? It was coal oil. The upstairs was prepared for burning.

On the wall and not three feet from where he stood was the button which needed only to be touched to throw the whole hall into light. This might serve to bring him face to face with the fiend and in the light, which would be much better than venturing on in the dark. Even as he listened he fancied he heard footsteps in the far end of the hall. The impulse seized him, he pressed the button. However, a glance told him that there was nothing to be seen down the hall, but he had almost forgotten the small stairway at the other end. It led down to a back room and perhaps the fiend had escaped down that way. Quickly and noiselessly he covered the distance to the other end of the hall. He crept to the edge and looked down but there was nothing to reward his search. He was still looking when suddenly something happened. The hall lights went out. He whirled around, startled for a moment. Someone was at the switch and it could scarcely be anyone but the Fiend. He had set his fire machine and then come to settle with the one who dared to question him. A floor board creaked and Robert Nolan knew that the man whom he had sought was coming toward him. For one short moment his courage nearly failed him, but then her picture seemed to stand before him and the Fiend to be the only barrier between them.

He straightened himself up and grasping his revolver waited the attack. He heard a soft step which sounded very near. The Fiend was stealth-
ily creeping upon him, peering at him thru those cat like eyes which had become so accustomed to the dark. Suddenly like magic the revolver was knocked from his hand and the Fiend had leaped upon him. Nelson grappled with his dread antagonist and knew that it must be a fight for life. He felt the hard fingers closing about his throat, and he strove to force down the arms which controlled them.

They swayed back and forth without a sound except for the shuffling of feet. At last they tottered and fell and Nelson found himself locked in deadly embrace which was crushing the very breath from his body. He could smell the smoke and hear the crackle of flames below. Good God! must he die here like a dog and be burned in the flames? Surely he was not the man to be held like a child and to give up when success seemed so near.

Slowly he began to draw his great arms up underneath his antagonist and bracing himself he exerted every pound of strength in his powerful physique, and forced the Fiend from him. They both struggled to their feet and stood facing each other in the dark, almost choked by the smoke. Again the fiend leaped, but this time his jaw met Nolan's right hand in a mighty swing, and he fell limply to the floor.

By this time the flames had broken thru and were licking the walls. The smoke was rolling in, in great clouds from both ends of the hall and the air was becoming hot and suffocating. The rear staircase was in a blaze. Nolan would not leave the Fiend there to perish, so grasping him firmly by the waist he swung him to his shoulder and made his way thru the smoke to the front stairway. Choked by the smoke and gasping for breath he struggled thru those death clouds which strove to choke him. He staggered down the stairway to
the door, grasped the knob, turned it and fell out onto the veranda.

He had a vague memory of hearing his father's voice call "Robert," and after that he knew nothing until he awoke and found himself lying in his own soft white bed at his father's house, with his sweetheart bending over him.

He put up his arms and drew her to him. "Nellie," he whispered.

"Yes, Robert," and the two fathers smiled and stepped from the room.

Wm. Shaw, '10
A Hold Up

TWAS just such a night as this, said Grandfather, as we all crowded around the fireplace. A wild stormy rainy night which makes us all want to hug the fire. There were six passengers, two being women, and the stage driver. In those days no man travelled without a gun of some description for the country was full of all sorts of rough characters. The stage was one of those old heavy lumbering three seat coaches drawn by six horses. The railroad had not yet come to San Luis Obispo. It was built from the north only as far as San Jose and from the south as far as Santa Barbara. There were relay stations for the stages about every fifteen miles or so. We drove pretty fast and the roads were always rough.

About three in the afternoon we left Paso Robles which then contained only a small hotel and a few houses. Four of the passengers including myself were going only to San Luis Obispo, and the other two were going on to Santa Barbara. About an hour after we started on our way it began to rain—to rain in torrents. It soon grew dark and we lit our little stage coach lamps and kept our wraps around us. We thus managed to keep fairly comfortable for we had rain curtains to protect us from the weather.

When we got to Cashin Station about sixteen miles from Paso Robles, we changed horses and quickly came on. It grew darker and darker and we all wished the journey over. We travelled on, most of us as nearly asleep as we could be in that rolling, rocking stage. Suddenly we
were all wide awake, for a shot rang out in the air and the stage stopped with a jerk.

Our curtains were torn aside and a rough commanding voice shouted, "Step out, and hands up."

We lost no time in stepping out in spite of the nasty weather. A flaring lantern and an ugly revolver handled by a rough-looking masked man greeted us, while another man of the same description had the mail bag. One of the women of our party, a Mrs. Hansen, a rather hysterical piece, and no sooner did she realize what was going on than she started screaming and cried, "O, he will kill us! O, dear, what shall we do, what shall we do!" and away she flew down the road, scarcely giving the robbers a glimpse of her, and disappearing like a flash in the darkness. We were glad for her sake that it was so awfully dark. We could hear her screaming and yelling until the sound grew fainter and fainter.

The robbers for some reason said nothing about her but emptied the rest of our pockets. They did not get much, only about forty dollars in all.

They then roughly told us to stand, hands up, where we were, until they were out of sight. They quickly jumped on their horses, which were standing near by and left with their booty, firing several shots in the air as they galloped away. As soon as the echoes ceased we lost no time in moving. We called to Mrs. Hansen and hastened down the road. She quickly came running to us as white as a ghost and nearly in tears. We all got into the coach and soon were hastening on our way. We told Mrs. Hansen all that the robbers did but she said she had seen everything from where she hid as it was lit up around us from the
lantern, and was as dark as a pocket where she was. She said she had five hundred dollars in her pocket and she was bound and determined she was not going to lose it, for she wanted it for some long planned purpose. She said she thought she could fool those robbers. At any rate she was willing to try it, and was glad she had. She said she would never carry another sum like that with her on such a risky trip.

M. Brumley, ’11
R. KROM has been over the hills several times with Charlie Gaiti, who has been out buying cattle and has been eating his meals off a mantle.

Ralph Pease made a trip to the Lowe ranch last month and brought his saddle horse back with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Tavenner accompanied by Mrs. Tavenner's brother, Ray Williams, will leave for Montana on Commencement night. Mr. Tavenner has accepted a position with the Telleride Power Co. in Utah. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tavenner will be greatly missed by the many friends they have here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewing will spend the summer in the mountains in San Bernardino after which Mr. Ewing will go to Yale, New Haven, Conn. where he will take a Post Graduate Course in Mathematics.

The manual training teacher from Santa Maria visited here May the 16th.

Mr. Coleman has a new Russian wolf-hound of which he is very proud. We think that if he follows the traits of "Wag" he will learn to eat chickens.
Mr. Coleman makes numerous trips to his ranch near Modesto.

Miss Howell and Miss Secrest are more "mappy" than ever, owing to their prospective tour around the world.

The contestants of the Girls Tennis Tournament failed to show up, thereby forfeiting the championship by default.

Mr. Pinnell addressed the students in Assembly Hall, May 13th, and gave a very good talk.

Mr. Creighom from the Davis Farm spent a day here at the school, the 11th of last month.

Mrs. Leonard of Harbor Point, Michigan, Miss Gillette's fairy god-mother, is visiting her at the Dormitory. They spent Sunday, May 22nd at the Sulphur Springs.

Charlie Hamaker's sisters were here visiting him the day of the League Meet.

Bernard Murray's mother visited him here and was an interested spectator at the Alameda-Polytechnic Track Meet.

Ray Evans and Fred Markloff have taken positions as bell-hops in the Girls Dormitory.

Miss Secrest gave a short course in cooking, beginning May 23. There was a large enrollment and the ladies of San Luis Obispo were glad to have the chance of taking instruction from Miss Secrest.
The Board of Trustees met on the 14th of last month and Mr. Shackelford accompanied by T. J. Field of Monterey and Professor E. J. Weckson, Dean of the College of Agriculture at Berkeley, visited the school.

P. W. Cauffman, City Superintendant of Schools of Pomona, visited the school on May 14th.

Karl Hazeltine’s father and mother is making a tour from San Jose to Los Angeles and spent Sunday, the 8th of last month, visiting him. On Monday morning Karl accompanied them to Arroyo Grande from where he returned home on the P. C. Railroad.

Sam Griffith’s smile is a yard wide all owing to a new pure bred Clydsdale colt which has been a recent addition to the list of fine horses. The young colt is valued at a high price.

A large program is being prepared for the Commencement exercises and it is expected that a larger crowd than usual will be present to see the exercises. Some of the graduates are expecting folks from home.

We expect to see George Tilton Jr., of class ’09 here for the Commencement exercises. He is now working for the Government on a survey.

Mr. Killick, of San Francisco, gave us very interesting talks on the Art of Swimming and a few things to know about out door life. His talk was enjoyed very much by those who heard him. Since leaving there has been a rush order for cracker boxes.
Karl Hazeltine and Louie Colthart took a trip to Cayucos with Mrs. Hillard, John Flint and Martin Van Covering also took a trip with her.

The Farmer's Picnic this year was a far greater success than any held here before. It was estimated that 800 people visited the school during the day. The program held in the Power House was enjoyed by everybody and people had to stand out on the porch on account of over crowding. Mr. Waters, Mr. Edwards, and Miss Secrest gave short talks on the Work of the Polytechnic in this Community. Judge Peter J. Shields was the speaker of the day and his talk was sure a fine one. After the sessions held in the Power House, the basket lunches were spread in the Carpenter and Machine Shops where room was always found before, but this time many of the picnickers had to spread their lunch on haycocks which were plentiful. During the afternoon the visitors spent their time in visiting the different shops and laboratories where excellent exhibits were to be seen. Towards evening tired but happy people left on their trip for home.
APRIL 29th, The Amapola Club gave a party to the school in Assembly Hall. The room was tastefully decorated in festoons of the club colors, green and gold, and pots of tall marigolds. The evening's entertainment of music, readings and games, followed by ices, was enjoyed by all.

Saturday, March 30th, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy B. Smith gave a dinner to the faculty and their wives in the dining hall of the Household Arts Building. The room was decorated with hanging baskets of pink roses. The same flowers formed the table decorations, the favors being small May baskets, filled with tiny pink roses and ferns. The elaborate dinner, perfectly prepared and served, was thoroughly enjoyed, as was also the entertainment which followed.

The Juniors gave their annual dance, Saturday, May 7th, in honor of the visiting teams. The decorations were carried out in the various school colors. After the sixth dance the trophy cup was given to Captain Willoughby for the winning team and ribbons were awarded to the winners of the first, second and third places of the various events.

Saturday, May 14th, the school gave a barbecue in the school canyon in honor of the visiting track team from Alameda. Following the feast, short speeches were made by Captains Shattuck and Willoughby, Managers Perkins and Cox and Coaches McLaughlin and Edwards of the various teams, expressing the pleasure and satisfaction of
the two “meats,” and toasts were responded to by Karl Hazeltine, Messrs. Rubel, Waters, Fred Edwards and McDowell, Mr. Smith acting as toastmaster. Later an immense campfire was built and songs and yells concluded the unique and delightful entertainment.

The annual Senior entertainment for the school was given Saturday, May 21st. The Santa Barbara Baseball team and friends were guests. The floor was in good shape for dancing and there were games for those who did not dance, so everyone had a good time.

Friday, June 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy B. Smith gave a four course dinner to the Senior class. The table decorations were beautifully carried out in the class colors of purple and white pansies and sweet peas. It was a progressive dinner and proved to be a delightful form of entertainment, for in this way each guest had different table companions for each course, thus having a chance to meet and chat with each one.

The Juniors gave an elaborate reception banquet to the Senior class on the evening of June 4th. After the guests assembled a short programme was given, after which all repaired to the banquet hall which was decorated in the Junior-Senior colors. A four course collation, prepared by the Juniors, was served by the Freshman. One of the most interesting parts in the evening’s entertainment were the toasts given by the members of the two classes, Wheeler King acting as toastmaster.

May twelfth a guests dinner was given at the dining hall. The guests were Messrs and Mesdames Kemper, J. Schulze, Tavenner, Waters and Rubel; Mesdames Thyle, and Murray; Misses Callender, Allen and Miossi.
We are glad to mention the following exchanges received.

El Gabilian, Salinas, California.
Review, Sacramento, California.
Comus, Zanisville, Ohio.
The Farnum Tatler, Beverly, New Jersey.
Polytechnic Throop, Pasadena, California.
The Feltonian, North Tonawanda, New York.
Manzanita, Watsonville, California.
Nonnal Record, Chico, California.
Cardinal, Portland, Oregon.
The Herald, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
The Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey.
Cardinal and White, El Cagom Valley, California.
The Purn State Farmer, Pennsylvania.
Dictum Est, Red Bluff, California.
Janus, Hanford, California.
Cardinal and White, Whittier, California.
Atheletics

Prize Drawing
HEN any person considers entering any secondary school, he will make sure of three things: first he will find out whether the school in question, offers the line of work that he wants, secondly he will endeavor to ascertain whether they have the facilities that will make his course worth while. After these two most important problems are settled in his mind, then he will ask about what the school is doing in athletics.

It has been noticed that all young animals enjoy play, and if this was not for some purpose
they would not have been given the instinct to romp. The very fact that the people of our own country are spending thousands of dollars for playgrounds, shows that there is something in play that the children need. Athletics is nothing more or less than systematized play, a little higher play than that of playing in the mud, or of running in a game of tag. In our athletics of today, the way that they are conducted in our schools and colleges, there is more benefit derived than most people think. We grant then that some form of exercise is necessary, and that the best form for this exercise to take in our institutions, is found in our athletics.

In our Polytechnic School we have the courses so arranged that a man or woman can find what they need, we have the buildings, the land and above all we have an efficient corps of instructors, and with all these, in the language of the day, "It's up to us," to make athletics what they should be.

We are rightly proud of our record for this year. We have won the championship in foot ball, base ball, track, and we have the single championship for the boys and both the singles and doubles for the girls in tennis, for the League that governs this part of the state. We are also justly proud of the Polytechnic Spirit that has been in evidence at all our meets and when the opposing teams leave they can say that they have had the time of their lives.

In the following pages is a record of our victories and our defeats and of the men that have sacrificed and worked for the

California Polytechnic School

Karl S. Hazeltine, '11.
Football

The California Polytechnic School has an excellent record in football this year. The team played together throughout the season, and with the constant, and efficient work of Mr. Coleman, our coach, we hold the championship for the year of 1910. Credit should be given to the captain, Ray Briggs, who was an able leader and a hard worker.

A summary of the games played, the scores and the most essential points will be given below.

U. S. C. vs. C. P. S.

On October ninth the Varsity team from the University of Southern California came up to our grounds for the first game of the season. Although the Southern men out weighed our men and had had more training, we managed to hold them to a score of 51 to 0. When the spectators saw the men we had to play they said that we were crazy to go against them, but the boys went into the game with the idea of learning something and in the games that followed they showed that they had learned their lesson well. Briggs, Buck, Curtis and Reiley were the men that made the sensational plays, but every man on the team played hard and well. Those that played in this game were Pease, Curtis, Metz, Hayward, Flint, Foster Reiley Willoughby, Buck, Yates, Briggs, Shipsey and Rich.

The “Ags” vs. Mechanics

On November the seventh the Farmers and the Mechanics had a hard game of football on our grounds. There were many of the loyal sup-
porters of the respective teams on the side lines and the enthusiasm was high. The game ended with neither side making a score. Several times in the game it seemed inevitable to keep one side or the other from getting a touchdown, but by clever kicking and by line bucks the score remained 0 to 0. The farmers had more weight than the Mechanics, but the Mechanics were the faster of the two teams.

Polytechnic vs. San Luis High School.

On Thanksgiving Day the first game of the League schedule was held at the San Luis Merchant's Park, between the Poly and the S. L. H. S. The rain literally poured down all that morning, but it took more than rain to dampen the spirits of the rooters. Ladies and girls stood in seeming delight in the rain to cheer for the boys that splashed around in the mud. Both teams worked hard, and it was not until the last ten seconds of play that either side made a touchdown. The game was nearly over when Briggs got the ball from a blocked kick from Cheda, and with several of the San Luis men clinging to him he made the score. This was the only score made. Score five to nothing. By winning this game Poly started the victories that ended in the championship. While the more spectacular plays were made by Briggs, Pease, Reiley, Murray, Shipsey and Willoughby, those that held the line and played in the other positions played very well. Awl, Shipsey, Curtis, Freeman, Hayward, Metz, Flint, Murray, Pease, Willoughby, Foster, Reiley and Briggs composed the team.

Polytechnic vs. Puja Rubles.

December 4th the team defeated the team from P. A. H. S. in a one-sided contest on the
latter's grounds, by a score of 46 to 0. Willoughby was hurt, but aside from this the game was a succession of touchdowns. Nelson and Yansey were the stars for Paso Robles. By winning this game, and as Santa Maria High School did not have a team, we won the championship.

Basketball

Both the boys and girls had basketball teams this year, and although neither of these teams won the championship, we may still be proud of their work.

Arruyo Grande vs. Polytechnic

On October the twenty-third the first games of the basketball season, that interests us, were held on our court and were between Arroyo Grande and Poly. The girls game was called first, and the girls played as hard a game as had ever been witnessed on the Poly grounds. Miss Dora Berg, the captain, played a fine game and showed that she understood the game perfectly. Miss Miossi also played well, but for some of the girls it was their first game and they seemed nervous. The visitors won by a score of 9 to 8.

The boys showed a lack of training and lost their game also. The men from Arroyo Grande, showed fine form in throwing baskets and in their pass work. The final score was Poly 14, Arroyo 20. The game was exciting throughout. John Taylor, captain, played a good game, other men that played were Swerdieger, McDonald, Roberts and Duncan.

Santa Maria vs. C. P. S.

On November sixth the girls and the boys from Poly went to Santa Maria to play basketball.
The girls game came first and the girls won it by a score of 9 to 8. Two of the players missed the train and so the team was somewhat handicapped. The work that Miss Chase had been giving the girls counted in this game.

The boys through some mismanagement of changing the team lost their game which followed. Some of the men who had always been playing forward were shifted to guard and in this way they would try to keep away from their men instead of staying with them. The score was 14 to 20.

**Poly vs. S. L. H. S.**

The San Luis girls won a hard fought contest from the Poly girls on November 13th. Our girls played a game that showed practice and if they had had the endurance of their rivals they would have won without difficulty. The High School girls made most of their points in the last half.

The Poly boys thinking that turn about is fair play, won their game by a score of 26 to 9, from the San Luis High boys. The boys played a very fast game.

**Pasor Robles vs. C. P. S.**

The last time that the team played was at Paso Robles. The girls lost their game and the boys won. Miss Mendenhall played a good game and the others played in their usual clever style. The score of the girls game was 19 to 15. It will be noticed how close the various scores are in the girls games, this shows that they knew how to play.

The boys seemed to be dumb the first ten minutes of play, but when they got started, how they did play! Then it was that the pass work
that they had learned under the direction of their coach, Hazeltine, showed up. They lost the ball for the Paso Robles men and they were looking for it all the rest of the game. The score was 24 to 17 in our favor, as Paso Robles had won from all the other schools and our boys defeated them it seems that we should be the champions.

The boys will lose Duncan and Taylor this year, but with Roberts, Shipsey, McDonald, Swerdfeger and Weymouth still here they should have a championship team.

The girls that graduate that were on the basketball team are Misses Weiss, Miossi and Bergh.

**Tennis**

On May 21st the league had a tennis tournament scheduled to take place on the Polytechnic grounds. When that day arrived only two teams were present.

Adam of Santa Maria was defeated by Merton Weymouth. The scores were 6-3, 6-4. By defeating Mr. Adam, Weymouth won the championship in singles.

Flint and Weymouth were defeated in the doubles by Reiner and Henderson of Santa Maria by a score 6-4 and 6-0.

The girls team was composed of Miss Holloway and Miss Hutching. The girls won both the single and double championship by default. We feel sure we could have won, anyway as Sophia and Elizabeth are playing fine tennis.
Baseball

We owe our championship in baseball to the hard work of the men of the team that got out every night and trained, and to the untiring work of Mr. Johnston, the coach.

S. L. H. S. vs. Poly

The season opened with a game on our grounds between S. L. H. S. and Polytechnic. In this game we had a chance to see how our men were going to play. They were slow in getting started but soon had things their own way. Paul Condit and Colthart, our battery worked together like clockwork. The score was Poly 14, S. L. H. S. 4.

The line up was:

Condit, catcher; Colthart, pitcher; Duncan 1st: Metz, 2nd; Willoughby, short; White, left; Murray, center, Cox, right.

Santa Maria vs Poly

On the 29th of January the baseball team travelled to Santa Maria and met their first and last defeat, by a score of 9 to 10. There were too many errors in the first few innings and the boys couldn’t make up the lead.

S. M. H. S. vs. Poly

On the 26th of February, Polytechnic made up for their defeat at Santa Maria by defeating the same team by a score of 21 to 2. They had found their weak point. The Santa Maria men were dreaming bunts for a week afterward.
Polytechnic vs. San Luis High School.

Not satisfied with the defeat that they had met at our hands, the High School team from San Luis tried their luck again.

Our boys got the long end of a 12 to 2 score. The game was an interesting one to watch.

Santa Barbara vs Polytechnic.

When our baseball men found that they were not in the same class with the schools in this league they thought they would go after larger game.

On May 21st the Santa Barbara boys came up.

The game was very exciting. It looked as if Poly had something that was too large for her to beat, but in the last half of the last inning with the score 5 to 4 in Santa Barbara's favor, something happened.

There were two down, Murray was on second and McDonald was on first. Roberts had two strikes. He hit a three bagger. Roberts won the game. Score, Poly 6, Santa Barbara 5.

Track

Interclass Meet held April 9th.

The men trained hard for this meet and the summary follows:

Juniors won with sixty points.
Freshmen, second, with 49 points.
Seniors, with 12, were last.
50 yd dash Hazeltine, Willoughby, Cox; time 5.2-5.
Discus—Pearce, Dixon, Hamaker; distance, 83 ft., 1-2 in.

880 yd run—Curtis, Pease, Hamaker; time, 1-18.

100 yd dash—Hazeltine, Willoughby, Cox; time, 10 1-5.

Shot put—Swerdfeger, Willoughby, Yates; distance, 39 ft., 6 in.

440 yd dash, Toy, Yates, Shipsey; time, 61 flat.

220 yd dash, Hazeltine, Willoughby, Cox; time, 23 4-5.

Pole vault, White and Toy, tie; Swerdfeger, third; height, 8 ft. 9 in.

Hammer throw, Matasci, Swerdfeger, Flint; distance, 132 ft. 1 in.

Hurdles, Hazeltine, Willoughby, Shipsey; time 27 3-5.

High jump, Swerdfeger, Hazeltine, Metz, height, 5 ft. 5 1-2 in.

Broad jump, Swerdfeger, Hazeltine, Williams; distance, 18-8.

 Relay, Freshman, Shipsey, Van Covering, Hamaker, Toy, Murray.

On the 16th of April the Track team went to Santa Barbara and the following men took places:

Cox, Flint, Curtis, Toy, White, Clink.

Our team won third place in the relay.

The San Luis Bay Athletic League held its annual meet on the Poly grounds on May 7th.

The summary is as follows:
50 yd dash, Cox, Murray, Willoughby; time, 5 4-5.

Discus, Ernst, Williams, Lundbeck; distance, 104 ft. 6 in.

880 yd run, Curtis, Cheda, Hamaker; time, 2 13 2-5.

100 yd dash, Cox, Yansey, Willoughby; time, 10-2.

Shot put, Yansey, Willoughby, Tognazzini; distance, 38 ft. 10 3-4 in.

440 dash, Willoughby, Noris, Toy; time, 55 1-5.

Pole vault, Lundbeck, Mercer, Cheda; height, 9 ft. 1 1-2 in.

Hammer throw, Matasci, Flint, Hall, distance, 129 ft. 8 in.

220 yd dash, Yansey, Willoughby, Lundbeck, third; time, 24 2-5.

High jump, Reiner, Denham, and Metz tie for third; height, 5 ft. 2 1-2 in.

Mile run, White, Campbell, Clink; time, 5 5 3-5

220 yd hurdles, Miller, Willoughby, Shipsey; time, 28 flat.

Broad jump, McDonald, Davis, Smith, third; distance, 19-1.

Relay won by California Polytechnic, Paso Robles, second; Santa Maria, third.

Polytechnic won the meet and championship.

Two records were broken, Ernst of Paso Robles, breaking the Discus record. Old record 89 ft. new record 106 ft. 6 in.

The 440 yd dash was lowered by Willoughby. Old record time, 57 sec.; new record set, 55 1-5
The Alameda Meet

On May 14 the Poly team met Alameda in a track and field meet on the Poly grounds.

50 yd. dash, Hazeltine, Macauley, Etter; time 53.

Hammer throw, Shattuck, Flint, Matasci; distance, 151-11.

Mile run, Thorpe, White, Clink; time, 5:1
Broad jump, Swerdfeger, Harden, Macauley; distance, 19 8 3-4.

100 yd dash, Macaulay, Hazeltine, Cox, third; time, 10 2.

Shot put, Shattuck, Swerdfeger, Bruzzone; distance, 41 9.

440 yd dash, Macaulay, Pease, Thompson; time, 50 2-5.

Discus, Shattuck, Flint, Pearce; distance, 10 10 1-4.

220 yd hurdles, Shipsey, Shattuck, King; time, 30 1-5.

880 yd run, Thorpe, Curtis, Hamaker; time, 2 12.

High jump, Swerdfeger, Harden, Metz tied for first; height, 5 ft. 5 1-2 in.

220 yd dash, Macaulay, Hazeltine, Cox; time, 23.

Pole vault, Swerdfeger, Colthart, Tuttle; height, 9 ft.

Mile relay won by Alameda; time, 3 31 4-5.

The total score is: Alameda 61
California Polytechnic 60.
Special mention should be made of the following men who worked for the track team both as track members and as friends:
Coach Edwards, for his untiring work.
Captain Willoughby, for his grit and presence on the track during training.
Pease and Curtis, for running when they did not feel like it, but running for old C. P. S.
To the freshmen who are learning the game and will do more next year.
Swerdfeger, who can make more points than any man in school.
For the kindly and fair way that the Alameda men treated us.
The men who helped to fix the track up.

Those that Won the Emblem “P”

FOOTBALL --- Murray, Shipsey, Pease, Willoughby, Metz, Hayward, Freeman, Flint, Curtis, Briggs, Reiley, Foster, Eastman, Awl; Mendenhall, small P.
GIRL’S BASKETBALL --- Bergh, Miossi, Mendenhall, Shultz, Steiner, Mills, Curl, Martin.
BOY’S BASKETBALL --- Roberts, McDonald, Duncan, Shipsey, J. Taylor, V. Taylor, Swerdfeger.
GIRL’S TENNIS --- Hutching, Holloway.
BOY’S TENNIS --- Weymouth.
BASEBALL --- Condit, Colthart, Roberts, Duncan, Anderson, Metz, Willoughby, Murray, Shipsey, Buck, McDonald, White, Cox, Hamaker.
Those that won the small "P" --- Kendall, J. Taylor, Shaw, H. Toy.
TRACK --- Flint, Matasci, Cox, Willoughby, Curtis, Clink, Toy, White, Murray, Shipsey, E. King, Colthart, Hazeltine, McDonald, Pearce, Swerdfeger, Hamaker, Pease, Metz.
Those that won the small "P;" Andrews, Williams, Patterson.
MISS CHASE---What characteristics have Irish people?

C. Sibly---Why they are good people.
M. Brumley---Why no! By the experience I have had with Elmer Murphy, I mean Irish, I thought they were wise and witty.

Prof. Ewing---Now if you were working a problem about people and answer should come out $2\frac{1}{2}$ people. We know the answer would be wrong. Why is that?

Wisey Hazeltine---They don't make people like that now-days.

Miss Chase---Neddom, what are the principal parts of a theme?
Neddom P---I don't know.
Miss Chase---It has been a great many days since you have known anything.

Healey---I wonder why they have those speaking tubes for.
Kuehl---To draw air out of the room, of course.

Prof. H. Bumgartener---I saw incubators in Los Angeles that ran by electricity, but when I saw them they were not running so I don't know how much horse power or speed they had.

Prof. Berringer for some time has been troubled
with his whistle but lately it has been heard or noticed that it has been fixed. More fixings is still needed for it does not run smooth yet.

Flecther H. (As he sees G. Buck disappearing under the bed.) What you doing under there George?

George B.—I am going after my shoes—they’re down in the basement.

What will happen next? Miss Gillette cashed a $35 check for Anson Pierce and never mentioned his board bill. The time of miracles is not yet past.

Roselip—Prof. Waters, how do you find the area of a circle?

Prof. W.—Multiply temperature by color.

Steward Krom (as he was bucked off his horse) was asked by two Pacheo schoolmams if he had orders from headquarters to dismount.

Clever Mr. Krom—No mam, I got them from hindquarters.

Prof. B.—Hot air, which is light, is forced upward.

Freshman—Is that why we can’t remember things you tell us.

Lois—Will you put these flowers in your hair?

Sophie—No, I’m too superstitious.

Lois—What? Oh you mean fastidious.

Margret—Alma puts an awful lot of feeling into her singing.

Aubery—It must be beautiful to feel like that.

It must have been a funny kind of a baseball
game that Riley got into Sunday to decorate his face with that intricate design he has been wearing the last few days.

Why doesn't Mr. Smith order a load of quarter inch dowles for Ray Evans to sharpen in the office. Ray would have just as much fun and the office would save, well lead pencils anyway.

The wonder is that Ray Evans can never get up anything but a two handed card game in the girl's dormitory. He has taken a great liking to crib of a sudden, but just think of the weeks he will spend in solitaire.

Annie--I like to see Prof. B. Blush.
E. S.--Yes, I do too, because he looks so Germanied, and you know I am German.

RAY EVAN'S NEVER AGAIN

Never has she smiled or spoken,
Never has she talked out loud,
But by gum, my heart is broken.
Two is company but three's a crowd.

Caroline (examaining the auto)--What's that thing Nonen.
Nonen (blushing)--That's the sparker.

Kuehl (Filing a saw in carpenter shop) Prof. Johnston, what is the matter with this saw, all of the teeth are disappearing?

Mrs. Johnston--Lee, who takes care of the little pigs.
Lee Mc--Huh! the hogs.

D. S.--Say Chicken, are you going to dance?
M. B.--Oh don't call me chicken. After awhile you will call me an old hen.
There is sharp venom on the dose, and let there not be any further in the colony. If you don't want to care for the horse, it will come as devil gets.
Lady Ag—Land sakes alive if here isn’t a cu-
cumber growing on a tomato vine.

Prof. C—No it is only a cucumber vine growing
on a tomato vine.

Jop our engineer got up at 3 a.m. on the day
of the Alameda Field meet, but didn’t get dressed
in time to see the events.

Prof. E.—What causes alkali lakes?
Chet F.—The dampness evaporating out of
water.

Pedley and Riley—Mr. Johnston are you going to
blame us for that cat noise?

Prof. J—No you couldn’t make a cat noise.
you’re only kittens.

Carl H.—I wonder if the cook will gather up
this saw dust for breakfast next Sunday.
M. E.—Well, saw dust is fine board isn’t it?

Little Wheeler King was seen going into Sauer’s
grocery store the other day and heard to ask the
clerk for ten cents worth of ice cream seeds. It
developed on inquiry that Wheeler was not get-
ting enough ice cream at Poytechnic Dining hall
so he thought he would buy some seeds and grow
some ice cream. He heard about his father-in-law
owning an ice cream plant and so got the idea it
grew on a plant.

Lois C—I tasted that compound that I am
testing.
Prof. E—Don’t eat too much of it.
Lois—Why?
Prof. E—I don’t think you would make a very
good angel.
Confessions from Cork Evans: “I have formed a very bad habit since staying at the dormitory; ‘Going hungry—it’s fierce! Yield not to temptations, it may prove painful.” Moral—Stay in town. Board in town.

Venus attracted Haley’s comet and delayed him one hour from his trip smashing Alma Moissi’s record of detaining any caller upon any occasion—News(?)

Nobody loves a fat man! How about Toodles?

AMBITIOUS SENIORS

Aubrey D—To have a Campbell.
Louie C—To have his own Miller.
Ray E—To have a Castle
George B—To have a Griffin
Walter K—To go on the Ramage
Bill S—To be a Booker
Ed D—To live in Paso Robles
Elizabeth H—To have a King
Alma M—To have a beau like the (Edder) fellow
Dora B—To do things White
Hertha S—To be a chaperon
Floyd P—To be an Angel
Selma W} To be Siamese Twins
Velma P}  
Arthur E—To be a Queener
Ernest Y—To be a Poly Graduate
Roland C—To have his own Carr
Fletcher H—To be a Poly Policeman
Joe B—To be a Mann
Henry B—To be a doughnut puncher
Judith C—To be a Supt, of School
John T—To be a Sky pilot
Annie M.—Have you any chewing gum?
Rowan—Which will you have?
Annie—Sweetheart!
Rowan—We’re all out.
Annie M.—Oh well, kiss me, then.

J. D.—What happened to Aubery’s derby?
B. S.—Margret made a mash on it.

Bill Nocks says that when air becomes heated it gets hot. Well, he ought to know!

WANTED TO KNOW.

Why Alma M. has been so down hearted since the Alameda track team left
Why Red Southard and Miss Booker would not make a good match
Why the fat track men were stronger with the meat at the barbecue than with the meat on the track
Why Dixon lost his heart
Why White would rather queen than eat
Why Highpockets doesn’t yell in track like he does in baseball
Why Murray and William are so bashful
Why Prof. Caranza has started the fashion of wearing big clothes late in the season
Why Napoleon does not cramp that smile of his in some other position
Why Port San Luis looks good to dormitory boys
Why Ray Evans does not follow Markloff’s example and move to the other dormitory
Why Freshmen think they are being robbed when a collection is asked from them
Why Juniors are badly bent and will be broke before school is over.
Hertha---There's a crumb on the table
A. M.---I don't like crumbs (Krom's) any more.

Farmer Clink---Prof. C., do you leave these Colonel houses here
Prof. C.---Yes, until you move them

SENIOR GIRLS SENTIMENTS
Of all sad words of tongue or pen
Far sadder than "It might have been
Are those with which I end my rhyme,
I'm afraid my dress won't be done in time

Freshie---How do you tell milk from Dormitory cream?
Doc. H.---Test it. Milk 2-2 per cent, cream 7 per cent.

Who tailored Smith's trousers?

George Buck on his first auto ride: "I never noticed that board fence before."
Pal---"That's only the telephone poles George."

The rough-necks are gradually advancing in society. Two are being raised at the faculty table.

Ray E (Seeing artichokes at the faculty table)
I want a stewed pineapple too.

Riley tried to pluck some tail feathers out of Haley's comet. Results---Black eyes and no feathers.
Soliloquy of a Boarding School Student.

"Backward turn backward, oh time, in thy flight,
Feed me on gruel again just for to-night:
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake,
Oysters that slept in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath,
Weary of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.
Backward turn backward, for weary I am,
Give me a whack at my Grandmother's jam.
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed,
Let me once more have an old fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to turn up and die."

Exchange.

RUMORS

That Alma M. will reside permanently in Alameda after graduation.
That Lester W will try his luck at queening once more before going home.
That Cork Evans will take a post graduate course at Poly.
That Charlie Baumgartener will run the mile next year.
That Aubery's next trip from San Luis will be with a (Camhbell) camel.
That some people did not get enough to eat at the barbecue. Fat Matasci and Fat Sheppard said they had all they wanted, so that explains it.
That Ernest Yates was looking around for a new bungalow to rent.
That Barney Murray would like to make a hit just once, this year.
Our little Georgie
with his morning greeting.
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