Polytechnic Journal

February 1911
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THE FREAK.

To the Seniors the time seemed undoubtedly appropriate for a demonstration of their power; it was surely high time that the Freshmen were convinced of the insanity of opposing higher class rule.

The victim to be used for an example had been chosen unanimously because he was in high standing and in a certain way represented his class; he was also the one against whom they had the most personal grievance. His popular name was Freakie, due probably to his ability to defy Nature's laws as regarding his own person. It was an undeniable fact that he was curiously constructed. The occurrence at the time of the official class initiation was sufficient evidence of this.

At that time, owing to the fact that they were not aware of his tendency to alarm people by a display of his freakish ability, he was allowed to escape several degrees of the initiating torture.

But to explain more fully about his achievement at the time of the initiation let us drop in at "Prexy" Frost's room and overhear the consultation and preparations for future developments.

"Prexy" was a fourth year man and was also head of his class. Besides this he was chief inquisitor and all-round handy man of the "Initiations," so by common consent he had been chosen to render a verdict on the case under consideration.

A council consisting of nine chosen faithfuls convened. First was "Prexy"; then "Batty" Wagner; the artful "Chick" Farrell, whose designs were "fowl"; "Solomon" Harvey, whose wisdom passed all understanding; "Prof" Alvin, the chemistry shark; "Skirts" Roman, the Queener; "Reverend" Doan, the revivalist (of past deviltry); "Smoke" Phelps, whose pipe was part of his wardrobe and who kept his fire alive as religiously as did the Aztecs; and "Babylon" Mason, who spoke four languages.
"Smoke" reluctantly removed his briar from his mouth and growled, "Fellows, something's got to be done with that Freakie. There's no putting up with his high handed arrogance since we found out about his fake ailments and accidents. He's bragging his head off about getting out of that initiation."

"Say, what about that stunt he pulled off that time?" inquired "Chick." "I wasn't there."

"Well, you see," said Prexy, "Batty, there, and five or six of the other fellows had Freak in hand preparing to have him bow down and worship the immortal Senior god, and he was kind of tardy about doing it, I guess, or something like that, and Batty encroached on Freakie's rear with the toe of his boot, and as Freakie somewhat resented the intrusion, he turned around on Batty; but before he could do anything violent, Chalmers grabbed him by the arm and started to persuade him to refrain. Well the force Chalmers put behind his persuasion pulled Freakie off his feet, and so help me if he didn't dislocate a leg and arm in the short space of time it took him to hit the floor."

"Well, of course the whole bunch got scared and stopped the performance, brought him some water, and sent for a doctor who looked kind of funny when he set the kid's bones, because it didn't seem to cause Freakie the amount of pain it ought to. Well, common decency compelled us fellows to take up a collection and pay the doctor, and at that we thought we were getting off pretty cheap."

"There, that completed offense number one."

"About two weeks after that Freakie got lined up with his botany class for a whole after 11000 scout. It seems that Freakie didn't care a whole lot about going, but he'd got it to do just the same."

"The bunch of flower sharks rambled around over some pretty tough country and nothing would do but Freakie must fall down and proceed to accumulate a pair of fine big sprained ankles and had to be carried home,"

"Offence number two."

"Chick, you tell about number three."

"Aw pshaw, what's the use?" grumbled Chick. "It makes my jaw ache to talk about him. Wasn't that the time he got his neck jerked into a bow knot practicing foot ball? Nobody knew how it happened. He never did like to play foot ball, but the fellows made him get out and practice. Any how his old neck served as a good excuse to keep out of the game."

"It's all plain enough now."

Chick gave the table leg a vicious kick to let it know what he thought of such actions. Smoke emerged from his ever-present halo and drawled, "It seems that the long and short of it is that Freakie has dislocated about every movable bone and part of his body at somebody's expense, mostly ours."

"One of the fellows got kind of suspicious and tumbled to the fact that Freakie was playing it a little too thick. Well, this fellow, I believe it was Barnes, found out where Freakie hailed from and wrote there to somebody or other for information regarding this strange human phenomenon. It turned out that he was noted for just such actions at home and there wasn't anything fatal about it at all, the fact of the matter being he is able to pull his neck, leg or any old part of his body out of place at a moment's notice. Used to do it for the entertainment
of the kids back home. He can pull 'em back again if he wants to, he just used his little trick to bluff us with. Now he's giving us the grand haw-haw for being fooled into letting him off from that initiation. He's made just about as much fool out of us fellows as is necessary. He's got the whole Freshie class to believing that he's the 'only original' and they are about to lose their holy timidity and trepidation; but by making a blooming example of little Freakie we can instil the fear of the great and glorious Seniors into 'em again."

After a prolonged discussion of ways and means, Prexy spoke up, "What do you fellows think of giving a court martial as a preliminary, tomorrow after school down by the lake?"

The unanimous approval of the assembly was expressed in various ways.

"All right then," continued Prexy, "tomorrow at four-thirty at the old boat house."

"I'll appoint you, Skirts, to select your committee and get him there the best way you can. And you, Batty, bring that Springfield of yours and some cartridges.

"That's all for now."

* * * *

The court martial was over. Freakie was sentenced to be shot for disrespect to his betters. He was blindfolded, led to a large tree a short distance away and securely fastened in a standing position, after having made several frantic, but ineffectual attempts to get away.

Before the mock execution was performed "Reverend" Doan, in a voice as solemn as he could command, inquired, "My poor, misguided Freshman friend, is there any parting message which you desire that I should convey to your host of sorrowing companions?"

"Say, Doan, let me go," pleaded Freakie, "I've got an awful weak heart, no josh, and something's liable to happen."

"You bet your life something's liable to happen," shouted Reverend in great joy.

"Say, fellows, Freakie says he's got a weak heart and that it's liable to get out of joint,"

At this announcement the rest of the inquisitors set up a hilarious howl.

"Our little Freakie is coming to his knees at last, is he," laughed Batty. "All right, here goes for a teaser!," at which he raised the rifle at about thirty steps' distance, to his shoulder, without giving notice to any of the fellows, and blazed away, hitting the tree about two inches from Freakie's left side.

Batty was a rifle shot of no small fame. The bark flew from the tree in all directions.

The sudden shot startled all of the fellows, who turned their heads in haste to look first at the source and then at Freakie. They looked just in time to see Freakie straighten up rigidly and then droop, droop and relax. His head fell forward.

They all rushed to him, but expecting some new fake, made no move to release him, until after a few moments, seeing no motion of his body, they hastened to cut him loose, and as the cords were cut, Freakie sank to the ground in an alarmingly wilted manner.

Freakie looked lifeless.

"Prexy" stooped and shook him gently, then harder, without a
Then in a frightened manner, he fumbled to open the boy’s shirt and felt for his heart, but as he encountered no motion here, he looked around in a dazed, stunned fashion at the others, who had become very pale.

The fact was hard to realize. This was no fake. Freakie’s heart had been weak.

M. N. Y.

AN ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

Alec Natherly, while traveling in Mexico for his health, learned the Spanish language very well. When the rebellion began to rise he traveled northward from the City of Mexico, for he felt that it would be much more pleasant for him and many other Americans to be in the United States when the storm of war broke. However, by the time he reached Nuevo Leon it was decreed that no Americans should leave the country without the permission of the government. So Alec Natherly stayed in Salinas, where feeling did not run high enough for violence and many Americans lived, waiting for an opportunity to cross the border.

He had been in Salinas about a week when one day, as he was strolling down the street, he met two beautiful Castilian girls. Just as he passed, one of them dropped a rose which he sprang to restore to her with a bow and a word in Spanish. The girl with a blush, a rippling laugh and a graceful word of thanks, passed on with her companion, who had been stonily watching the little scene. Calling a little urchin to him, Alec learned that the girl was Dolores Arrevilo, who lived on Robles street.

The next night Alec with two Americans and a young Spaniard went to a fandango at the wealthy Manuel Moraga’s beautiful residence. True to his expectations, Dolores was there, looking more distractingly beautiful than before. When introduced to her he knew that she also remembered the afternoon. When he begged the honor of as many dances as she could give, she replied that she could not express her sorrow, for she had but one left for Señor but if he was at Señor Villa’s fandango next week— Here Alec interrupted, saying that he would surely be there, and that he would claim enough dances to make up for that night. Dolores’ partner, Juan Barrios, then claimed her, and when she presented him to Señor Natherly, Juan’s frown deepened for he saw in the tall straight American with the faultless clothes and handsome features, a formidable rival.

When Alec claimed Dolores for his dance, he delighted her by asking if she preferred the American style or if she would teach him the graceful old Spanish style. Dolores said she would be pleased to teach him the dance of the dons, her forefathers. However, she could teach him little, for he had learned it well. Although Alec had always been a very fascinating conversationalist, he had never exerted himself so much as to this bewitching Spanish girl. He found her as well educated as himself, and he was delighted to find that her father was Castillian and her mother half French and half English.

All the girls were dazzled by the handsome young American at Señor Villa’s fandango, but he had few thoughts for them. That someone was paying marked attention to Dolores Arrevilo could be seen by Juan Barrios’ face. The someone was certainly the young
American. But when, after an evening of devotion, he asked Dolores for the honor of accompanying her and her aunt Luisa home, she refused him. Without waiting an instant he walked away to where the handsome señorita, Juanita Santos was sitting. When he triumphantly passed out with her, Dolores forced a smile to greet her escort, Juan, although she could scarcely continue her vivacious manner until she reached her room where she threw herself on the bed with a flood of tears.

Before Natherly had risen the next morning, a little messenger handed him a dainty note from Dolores. She asked him to be lenient with her, and if he happened to be near the barred east window of her residence he might receive an explanation. Nine o'clock that night found him under a certain window of the Arrevilo house. His vigil was finally rewarded for something fluttered to his feet, which proved to be the rose he had restored to Dolores that first afternoon. Discovering the little note that was pinned to it, he delightedly kissed it toward the window and hastened to his room to read it. She wrote that for reasons of which she would tell him she could not write an explanation, but if he trusted in her he would surely be at Señor Fonseca's fandango. But when he read the sweet little words, "Dolores bids good night to mi Elojio," his pique was soothed and he decided to go to the fandango and hear what she had to say.

Although Alec Natherly danced and paid attention to the girls at the fandango, he was careful to secure two dances in succession with Dolores Arrevilo. As they danced out to the veranda he drew her to a seat in the shade of the vines. Then Dolores poured out the story of how her betrothed, Juan Barrios, who was jealous of Elojio (a little Spanish name for Alec) had told her father of his attentions. Her father had then declared that she must see no more of this Gringo, and that her marriage to Juan would be celebrated soon. When he asked if she loved Juan, he tenderly consoled her and declared he would elope with her to Texas where the good priest would marry them. She was saying that she must think, but she would send a note in answer, when Juan Barrios appeared in the doorway, his face distorted with rage. Grasping Dolores roughly by the arm, Juan demanded that she return to her home with him immediately. At this Alec hotly stepped forward, but Dolores silenced him with a peremptory wave of her hand. Then, with her beautiful head thrown proudly back, her black eyes flashing, and her face strangely pale, she told Juan that she considered their engagement at an end. Beckoning to Alec, she swept past Juan into the house. However, it was with great difficulty that Dolores restrained Alec from arranging to settle his differences with Juan Barrios.

Next morning he received a note from Dolores stating that Wednesday night Juan Barrios was to lead a demonstration against the Americans. Her Elojio was in danger, for Barrios would certainly seek to revenge himself with Elojio's life. Elojio must escape, and as she could not be separated from him; she would take this good opportunity to flee with him to Laredo. Her father and the servants would leave the house in the afternoon to attend a cock fight, so she would have plenty of time to prepare for her journey. If her Elojio would be at the lone pine on the boundary trail at seven thirty, with two swift saddle horses, she would come to him.
Before Dolores came, Alec Natherly had nearly given her up as a heartless coquette. About eight fifteen Alec heard the sound of hurrying feet, and Dolores ran breathlessly into his arms. As they galloped their horses noiselessly through the grass by the trail, Dolores told Alec how she had started at seven, but soon found that she was followed by Juan Barrios' servant. Upon her upbraiding him and bribing him, he promised not to tell Juan what he had seen, for two hours. When he had gone out of sight, she had run the rest of the way. But when he had gone out of sight, she was afraid he would allow his fear of Juan and his love of Juan's money to break his promise. For several hours they galloped their good horses over the trail. When they were sure they were not pursued, they allowed the horses a slower gait. Finally when Dolores felt that in spite of her early practice in riding she could ride no further, they rode into a little village. When Alec had rented a room for Dolores to rest in, and had ordered a hot meal sent to her, he went to get two fresh horses and a good meal for himself. After resting two hours they again resumed their journey at nine o'clock. Having fresh horses they hurried them the twenty-five miles to Laredo, which they reached about one o'clock. Hastily dismounting at the Catholic church, they were married by the priest and after his blessing they departed for Mr. and Mrs. Alec Natherly's home in Ventura, California.

HOW BOTH MADE GOOD.

One morning after rising-bell, at the Polytechnic School, a boy about eighteen slowly crawled out of his bed to dress. He was nicknamed "Preacher," and, as he brushed his hair, the mirror reflected a head that showed little intelligence; a pair of specs rested upon his nose. A long neck and a body with clumsy arms and legs appeared. Preacher came from a small farm in a northern county of California. The day was foggy and dark. As Preacher closed the door of his room he was greeted by a good-hearted voice saying, "Howdy Preacher, how's your liver?" The boy who spoke was smaller but broad and husky looking. Being from a military school of high standing, he was straight and quick to side step Preacher's hugging. These two were a pair with opposite views of life. Each had a certain characteristic. Preacher was a "sissy" personified. "Huskie," the boy whom Preacher met, never liked to be teased about girls, hence the strange combination of Preacher and Huskie.

This morning there was to be a little talk on graduation. It so happened that Huskie and Preacher sat beside each other at assembly. Preacher broke the silence by asking "What are you going to be or do after you leave here?"

"You've got me, old scout" answered Huskie, "I have often thought I would join the Light Artillery."

This talk was brought to a stand still as the room hushed for the speaker on the platform. After the little talk, Preacher told Huskie he would join if Huskie would.

Two years later two new recruits boarded a transport at San Francisco and were hurried off to a large island in the Philippines. Huskie had seemed a failure in life. His step-mother had killed his father and he in turn, had just lost his little pocket money by the
burial of his father. He couldn't find any work and for days walked about the streets, looking at signs. At one he stopped many times, to read and reread. Upon one of these occasions who but Preacher should come up and stop at the same sign. They both looked at and recognized each other.

Huskie asked about Preacher's life since he left the school. Preacher said, "Well, I don't do much on my farm since pa and ma died. I might just as well come to this here town and put an "ad" in the paper and sell out!"

Huskie told him he had no work and was bumming. Both turned to the sign. It read "Men Wanted for the Army." Huskie broke the silence by saying, "Come in just for fun and see if we could pass the physical examination."

"Well, I don't care, let's do," said Preacher.

They passed and were seen a week later to enter the same transport. Both made the same "Battalion" but different batteries.

Ten months later Huskie was promoted to trumpeter. Both now rode horses so they often saw each other and spent their recreations in swimming and riding.

The morning of the tenth of —, 19—, war broke out. Aided by the Malays and Chinese under Jap leaders, the Islanders caused the small garrison of one regiment of Artillery and three companies of Infantry with one troop of Cavalry to take the field against an indefinite number of foes. The Artillery was ordered to take the light field artillery guns and the gatling guns and advance to the front supported by a body guard of one company of infantry.

Soon the column was in motion. The first day's progress was forty miles. That night the sentinels were made up of the infantry, while the outposts were composed of dismounted artillery men. The main column was a short ways off but on higher ground.

Huskie had no trouble in doing his share of the cooking and soon after sounded taps and then turned in to sleep near the guard tent.

At five fifteen, an order from the commanding officer came to Huskie to immediately sound "Reveille." Huskie, more than half asleep, did so; then "Assembly" ten minutes later. Roll was called and all were "present", or "accounted for" except one who was found dead, bitten by one of the poisonous reptiles of the country.

The division of light Field Guns were in motion first, supported by one company of infantry. An hour of good walking kept the infantry busy in keeping up to the Batteries of Field Guns drawn by horses. Then an advance Guard was thrown out from the cavalry which caught up to our small division.

A small creek was crossed, and some of the advance party sent out patrols, but, before they got very far, the Cavalry Advance Guard, was attacked and driven back upon the little party of less than a hundred men.

During this time, the Captains formed their men between the Gats, but the jungle was too dense for even the Gatling guns to do any good work.

In the mean time Huskie was dispatched upon his horse to find the Cavalry. The situation grew so bad that the stand was taken across the creek nearest the main column. The field pieces were taken to the rear as useless.
Huskie started out to obey the Captains’ orders upon his fiery horse “Aberdeen.” He got about a hundred yards before a sudden jump revealed that his horse was heavily hit. It offered a brave struggle, but soon fell with its youthful rider. The carbine was bent so badly as to be useless. At this time Preacher had seen the guns taken to the rear and kept an eye on Huskie.

When he saw Huskie fall, he dashed up upon his horse and dismounted to help Huskie rise. His own horse became frightened and ran away. These two were more than a hundred yards from help.

They were the targets of the enemy and brought forth hissing and screaming shells about them. The only high ground was away from their countrymen and they started to run as they would do no good in throwing away their lives in making a stand. Two more, dead or alive, would make no difference in causing the enemy to surrender.

As Huskie reached a tree he took a hurried look, then scrambled up the branches. Preacher was not slow to follow. Only a few of the enemy followed and they were shot down at night whenever they came too close. It was an awful night, between the monkeys’ chatter and the parrot’s screaming, with the mosquitoes big as door nails, they had to keep awake.

In the morning, they decided that which ever one’s face a fly should light on first was to descend and get aid while the other gave him the covering backed by a single pistol. The lot fell to Huskie who said he would bring something to eat if he escaped being “boloed” by the Filipinos with their knives. Huskie descended and made good his escape until he stumbled.

Then a Jap discovered him and closed in upon him; but Preacher let a shot fly which hit a tree and in glancing, hit the Jap in the wrist, causing him to drop his pistol. By that time Huskie was swallowed up by the jungle.

In the meantime while Huskie was away, a poisonous lizard of that region, being attracted by the flies, crawled near Preacher without his knowing it. In shifting his position, he bumped the lizard which in turn bit him. Slowly the poison took effect. Preacher had to descend and in doing so, he was shot through the arm. He fell at the foot of the tree and was left for dead.

The main column, after a whole day’s fighting, had sent out “Flankers,” and the cavalry got around to the rear and under the ripping cross fire, the enemy were mowed down. The Japs tried to break through the “flankers” but not without great loss. The rest were either wounded, shot or made prisoners.

The Commanding Officer had “cease firing” sounded and the battle was over. He then had “muster roll” sounded and strange to say it was answered by Huskie not far distant making his way through the Jungle.

The men in ranks wondered and, as he made his way quickly to the rear, to his Battery of Artillery, he was the object of every eye. Huskie reported his presence to his First Sergeant and then faced about, saluted the Captain, and told where Preacher was.

A detail under the direction of Huskie soon came to the tree and
found Preacher in delirium. Whiskey was given to him and the bamboo trees were cut to form a stretcher. When they arrived in camp Huskie brought the hospital sergeant and his men took care of Preacher.

Ten weeks later Preacher recovered and the two were promoted. Huskie got to be Ordinance Sergeant and Preacher Color Sergeant of the Artillery Battalion.

T. I. '12.
Bills before the Legislature now in session at Sacramento include measures, which if they become laws, will greatly extend the school facilities of the state. Special appropriations to the extent of $381,000 are asked for the University of California. Special appropriation bills in favor of the five Normal Schools of the state aggregate $155,000. Bills have been introduced calling for $200,000 for the new Normal School of Manual Training and Home Economics of Santa Barbara. We note that Controller Nye's estimate shows that the maintenance of our five Normal Schools for the coming biennial period will require approximately $520,000.

The Board of Trustees of the school have spent a considerable amount of time in planning the extensions and improvements which should be made in the school's facilities within the next two to four years. As has already been announced, it is hoped to offer a fourth year of work in the near future, while additional advantages are contemplated for students who have had from two to four years of high school training. Bills as follows have been introduced in the Senate and the Assembly by Senator Campbell and Assemblyman Beckett:

- Repairs and improvements and purchase of furniture: $9,000
- Extensions of water and sewer systems: $7,000
- Completion and further equipment of dining hall: $10,000
- Animal husbandry and other farm buildings: $32,000
- Farm machinery and implements: $4,000
- Live stock: $3,500
- Cottages for officers and employees: $10,000
- Installation of a heating system: $6,000
- Enlargement of power, heat and lighting plant: $10,500
- Equipment for shop and laboratories: $10,000
- An additional school building: $40,000
- Construction and equipment of dormitories: $55,000
- Construction and equipment of a foundry and pattern shop: $20,000
- Revolving fund: $4,000

Mr. Hagerman of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A was here visiting the school for a short time during the week of Jan. 23-29. A meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held at noon on Jan. 24, which he addressed on
the subject "Whether the Y. M. C. A. had a place in the Polytechnic or whether it didn't."

The Junior class held a short business meeting Jan. 23.

Gerald Dyer visited his home in Santa Maria Sunday Jan. 22.

Rain and wet grounds prevented the base ball game which was to have been played on our grounds Jan. 21, between Polytechnic and San Luis Obispo High School.

Miss Willett's mother left for her home in Pasadena Jan. 10.

Prof. A. D. King's mother is here from Iowa.

Mr. I. J. Condit's mother is here from Ohio. She will remain an indefinite length of time.

Mr. Link Luchessa went duck hunting at Morro Saturday Jan. 21.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected Mr. John Flint as President.

Our Director called a meeting on Friday Jan. 20 and told us of the many new buildings the school was to have. The amount of money needed for these buildings is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The bills are now before the State Legislature. We all hope that they will be granted.

Mr. Ray Evans, a graduate of the Class of '10, visited the school Wednesday, Jan. 11. He has resigned his position in the California Garage and left for his home in Cambria Jan. 16.

Mr. Nedom Paul visited his home near Morro Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14 and 15.

Mr. Manuel Herrera, an ex-student, is now at his home near Morro.

The Student Body gave a dance Friday night, Jan. 20, in the Assembly Hall.

Mr. Jack Leonard was elected President of the Men's Club.

Mr. H. F. Tout, a graduate of the Class of '06, has been selected as instructor in the Agriculture Department in the Kern county High School. His friends at Polytechnic wish him success.
Miss Ione Condit, assisted by the Misses Brumley and Heartt, served tea with sandwiches and cake in the Household Arts Building Monday afternoon, Jan. 9. Owing to the disagreeable weather only a few ventured out. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Misses Willits, Castle, Chase, Gillet, Lewis, Forbes, McMillan, Loring, Messrs. Middleton, Pearson and Condit.

Tuesday, Jan. 10, Miss Eva Heartt acted as hostess at the second of the series of luncheons given by the Senior girls in Domestic Science. Those invited for the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Miss Palmer, Miss Castle and Mr. Edwards.

Mrs. LeRoy B. Smith entertained with a Kensington Tuesday afternoon Jan. 10. The living room was attractively decorated with ferns and brightened with red geraniums. At five o’clock chocolate and sandwiches were served to Mesdames Rubel, Waters, B. B. Smith and Misses Palmer, Castle, Willets and Chase.

Miss Castle entertained informally with a chafing dish party Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, to meet Mr. Middleton.

Several parties were held at the Girls Dormitory on Friday the 13th of Jan. Miss Chase had as guests, members of a card club to which she belongs. The afternoon was spent in playing Bridge after which a dainty lunch was served at small tables.

Another party was that given by Misses Willets and Castle. Five hundred was played while candy was being made over the chafing dish and later all joined in playing menagerie. Those invited were the Misses Huchting and Heartt, Messrs. Middleton, Flint and Carranza.

The Younger Set commonly known as the “Kindergarten” also entertained with Whist that evening. Light refreshments were served after which dancing was indulged in till the lights winked. Misses McMillan, Loring, Forbes, Rapp, Ashley and Johnson acted as hostesses.

A dinner party given Saturday evening, Jan. 14, by Mr. Paul des Granges at Mrs. Callahan’s home was a most enjoyable affair.
Those who accepted his hospitality were the Misses Maino, Hutching and Heartt.

The Student Body gave an informal dance in the Assembly room Friday, Jan. 20. Owing to the stormy weather only a small number attended but a pleasant time was had by all. The hall was decorated with various pennants while a string of Japanese flags formed an attractive center piece around the lights. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Rubel.

The Boys Club of the Presbyterian church met with Mrs. Smith Saturday evening, Jan. 21, for a short business meeting. Later the Dormitory Girls were invited to join in the different progressive games played. Signe Rapp and John McArthur holding the highest scores carried off the prizes. Miss Gillett assisted Mrs. Smith in serving the refreshments.

On Thursday eve, Jan. 19, a goodly number from the school saw Max Dill in “Lonesome Town” at the theatre Pavilion and enjoyed a hearty laugh.

One of the leading social events of the coming month will be the masquerade dance by the Juniors given Feb. 10.
The students of the school have given their final decision as to whether the Y. M. C. A. has a place at the Polytechnic. The students were greatly in favor of it. Now is the time to support it. The Y. M. C. A. is here to help the activities of the school, promoting athletics and literary work. The fee to join is comparatively small, and the good that a person will get out of it is certainly worth while.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

During the school term, students at certain times lack in loyalty to their school. Instead of boosting there is more of knocking. Take for instance the committee appointed by the students to run the social affairs of the school. The committee tries to do its best, by working hard to get a dance floor in good condition. Help has been called for a number of times, but nobody seems to respond. When it comes time for financial support the students are willing to make pledges at a meeting. When the collectors come for the cash then it is another story, about half come through while the others make excuses. Working under such conditions, it is not surprising that the affair is not en-
tirely a success. We should, however, give the committee some thanks.

Now as to those who think that things are not running to suit them. Let them get behind the activities and push them. The officers that hold positions are not wholly to be blamed if things do not run as everyone might wish. If the students continually knock and refuse to support their activities, what can be expected of an officer of the student body.
The following exchanges came in previous to this issue.


The Ilex—Woodland. Your Christmas number is well arranged but perhaps a cut or two in the literary department would improve your journal. Your stories are all good.

El Tabilan—Salinas. What an appropriate cover! You have a neat little journal but why not be more generous with your cuts.

Throop Polytechnic—Pasadena. Your Xmas number is not as good as usual. Your exchange column could be lengthened a bit could it not?

The Manzanita—Watsonville. You have an attractive neat cover. We think you could improve on the grade of paper used. The quality of paper used adds much to or takes much from the journal. As a whole we think your journal good.

The Oak—Visalia. We count you as one of the best journals received. Surely your cover is splendid. We think improvements on the cuts would aid much to your journal. Your “sunrise” poem is interesting.

The Farnum—Beverly, N. J. You are never tardy we are glad to say for though small, you are always interesting. But again is the old criticism, poor arrangement otherwise you would be splendid.

The Acorn—Alameda. Methinks you could improve on your cover. Surely you can have one to suit your pretty name. Wake up your staff artist, he is not generous enough with his cuts. You have a good and long josh department.

The Echo—Kenton, Ohio. You have a pleasing Christmas cover. Your journal though small is always interesting.

The Oracle—Jacksonville, Fla. You certainly always put out a splendid journal. Your jokes are always good but why do you scatter them all around. Wouldn’t a josh department be an improvement.
Owing to the recent rains there has been very little done in athletics.

The base ball game with S. L. O. H. S. has been postponed twice on account of the rain and will be played some time the last of the season.

A base ball game is to be played with Arroyo Grande on Saturday, Feb. 4. This should be a very fast game as Arroyo has a fairly good team. Our boys have been practicing hard and we expect to see them win this game. The game is to be played at Arroyo and a large bunch should go to support the team.

TRACK.

We have a good number of old men back this year, and also some very promising new material for the track this year.

White, with his famous stride, will again be seen counting off the miles as of old.

Cox, the famous dark horse of former years, will be seen again in the sprints.

The cross country run which was scheduled for Jan. 28, had to be postponed on account of bad weather, but will be held later.

The class track meet which is always a big event and in which the rivalry is the keenest, will be held on March 4. It is expected that some lost school records will be established.

The Athletic Committee of the Y. M. C. A. together with the track officials, have planned a big relay tournament, the like of which has never been held in this part of the country.

The following old men, Willoughby, White, Reilly and Pease, have challenged any five men in the school in the mile relay.

There are to be quite a number of relays of different lengths, all of which should prove very interesting.
Prof. K.—Wanting Barney Murray to describe the journey between New York and Boston, said: "Mr. Murray, we shall now go from Boston to New York."

Barney Jr.—"I haven't got the price."

Mr. Rubel—Can you maintain a calf from six months of age till one year old without any loss or gain in live weight?

Andrews—No, by gain in dead weight.

Miss C.—What causes a dry year?
Margaret M.—Because it doesn't rain.

Glen Wright is some sport alright. The other day he greatly surprised a Poly bunch by tipping the candy kid at Rowan's Palace of Sweets. The best of it was he handed her a dime and asked for a nickel change.

Say, what color of eyes does Barney like?
Why, Hazel, of course.

Some of Barney's particular friends have taken quite a few pains to investigate the rumor that Barney (a mechanic) has been hanging around the dairy barn. Duffey explains by saying that Barney has been after pointers on how to dodge father Brew.

**BRIGHT (?)**

Wheeler (speaking to the Committee on the Constitution) — Yes, that meeting will be held the first Wednesday in May, but what if it falls on Saturday.

Why does Chas. Case keep so warm this cold weather?
Because of his sox.

**FLUSH.**

Wright to boy behind lunch counter—Here, my boy, is a tip (handing him a dime). Have you got a nickel change?

As the Seniors study trig.,
And learn their many notes;
While the Ag. boys judge their pig
And get the mechanic's goats,
The Juniors laugh aloud in glee
As still the story's told,
How well the Freshies did get theirs,
In the brave days of old.
From the pen of Percy Smale:

Rain is wet,
Dust is dry;
Life is short,
And so am I.

Mr, Heald in Geometry—What is a chord?
Moro Willie—3 feet long, 4 feet high and 4 feet wide.

The general public evidently does not want Flint to forget that Heartt to heart talk.

Sophia (blowing out the gas) we don’t need this light any more. And then they say its not not a farmer school.

Mr. Heald—What is a romboid?
Perkins—A lop-sided square.

In Physiography—Some animals have bodies especially designed to allow them to live long periods without water.
Wilmar—Can the double humped camel go twice as long without water as the single humped camel?

Cora Schultz (reading in Chemistry Class)—On further heating the sulphur becomes less vicious.

Red Leonard—We won’t have any use for this book when we get through with it.

Cora Schultz (in Freehand drawing, while drawing a cat)—I’ll bet that cat is some relation to our old cat.

The Josh Editor wishes to thank the girls of the dorm. for their support in the past, and hope they will keep up their good work.
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