Polytechnic Journal

EDITED BY
STUDENT BODY OF THE CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA
Dedicated to Our Vice-Director
Mr. Herman Bierce Waters
Herman Bierce Waters
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EDITORIAL FOREWORD

Our last edition in nineteen hundred eleven is published for the Seniors and dedicated to our "Dad," Mr. Herman B. Waters. We certainly feel justified in honoring the above and hope that this journal may recall happy days spent at Polytechnic. In years to come, when we are in the walks of life, this copy will be a guidance to those who may look back and say those were certainly happy days.

The Journal wishes to thank its supporters, subscribers and advertisers for the good support they have extended to us the past year. The Journal wishes the staff for next year every success in their efforts. During the year Polytechnic has met with success in her various activitivies and school work. The Seniors who have shared it all are now to leave us. One and all we wish them the greatest good fortune.
San Luis Obispo

By J. H. Mathews, President of the Chamber of Commerce.

Setting out from San Francisco and bound for Los Angeles via the coast line of the Southern Pacific Railway, one fine morning in early spring, I, a mere “tourist,” was bent on seeing from a car window more of the glories of California. I had traveled through the beautiful valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento and now I was to see the coast land.

Dropping by degrees down through the Santa Clara valley and enjoying to the utmost the view of its vast blossom-laden fruit orchards and drifting onward through the Salinas, with its thousands of acres of grain and grazing lands, we in due time reached Santa Margarita, a picturesque little town, where an extra engine was attached to our train and we were informed that we were about to climb the low mountain range, the Santa Lucia, just ahead. We learned further that our next stopping place would be San Luis Obispo, a railway division point and a beautiful little city just beyond these mountains.

We caught our first view of this city from the heights of the range, nestled in a little valley all its own amongst the hills and mountain peaks, with roads like broad white ribbons running between, around, and into the broad valleys and open country all around. Looking down between the walls of a deep ravine while still high on the mountain, an imposing group of buildings could be seen in the distance towards the city. They were those of the California Polytechnic School, which we passed immediately in front of a little later, as we entered the outskirts of the city proper. A mile further, we pulled up at the station and many of the passengers left the train to “stretch” themselves and to look around during the few minutes required for changing engines, etc.

This was my introduction to San Luis Obispo, the city that was to become my future home. I was sufficiently impressed with its seemingly ideal location and surroundings to return for further investigation into its climate, resources, etc., and—I located. That was six years ago. It certainly was remarkable that I should have traveled from one end of this country to the other, to settle at last in a spot that I had never heard of; in a spot so richly endowed with natural advantages that it should have, under natural conditions, become famous.

The city is over 150 years old, but the San Luis Obispo of today is not the San Luis Obispo of twenty, ten, or even five years ago. Awakening, almost suddenly, to an appreciation of itself and its natural wealth, it has thrown off the lethargy of 150 years and is rapidly taking on the airs of a metropolis. Why is this city growing by leaps and bounds; and why should it not continue to do so? Let me tell you, briefly, why we can not hold it back if we should try.

I will not dwell on the climate. All California climate is good and ours is the best! The mean annual temperature is 59.9 and we need a thermometer only an inch long to keep the record the year round. The average annual rainfall is 21.25 inches and there has been only one crop failure in 45 years. So much for the climate.

Our location could not be better. Half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles; the largest city between San Jose and Santa Barbara, a distance of over 300 miles; nine miles from Port San Luis, the largest oil shipping port in the world; and near to El Pismo and other fine bathing and pleasure beaches. We are just near enough to the ocean to escape the summer heat of the interior and just far enough away from it to escape the chilling fogs of the winter months. By reason of having a splendid harbor, we are afforded water competition with the railroads and thousands of dollars in freight charges are annually saved to the people of this community on commodities shipped in. By reason of being half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, farmers and producers of all kinds are afforded a competing market for their grain and produce.

In our natural resources, we have some of the best soil in the world.
Obispo county holds the world’s record for prize vegetables and, as far back as 1895, was barred by Eastern seed growers from competition with them. Aside from prize vegetables and fruits, beans, barley, and oats, are the principal crops raised. Dairying is rapidly becoming one of our chief industries and our shipments of cream and butter to the larger cities have become enormous. Poultry pays and pays big, and there seems to be plenty of money in bee-keeping. Mining and oil well drilling are going on all about us and stamp mills and refineries are running day and night.

Of our acquired industries and institutions I want, first, to mention the California Polytechnic School, of which we are justly proud. This is a free, trade school established here by the state and well equipped and with a carefully chosen faculty for the training of girls and boys in the industrial arts and sciences. I cannot too highly recommend this institution to any boy or girl (or to their parents) seeking to be fitted for a non-professional career or for a pleasant and profitable life on the farm. Other educational facilities of San Luis Obispo are very good and our public school system is up-to-date in every particular.

While this is, primarily, a city of homes, we have here industries employing hundreds of men. As previously mentioned, this is division headquarters for the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is general headquarters for the Pacific Coast Railway. A very large force is employed in the shops and round houses of these companies. The general offices of the Producers Transportation Company and one of its largest pumping and oil storage plants is located here. Machine shops and wood-working plants are doing a thriving business.

The city is at present putting in miles of cement and bitumenized streets and sidewalks. The county supervisors have called a special election at which $1,000,000.00 bonds will be voted upon for the improvement of roads. Many fine homes and business houses are being erected and we now have a new hotel that is modern in every respect and second to none between the large cities. Space forbids me to dwell further on the evidences of our prosperity, but my convictions are very strong that the days of the Indians and the Spanish padres in San Luis Obispo are over. We prize our old Mission and their other landmarks, but we have business to attend to.
California Polytechnic School

California Polytechnic School is a state school furnishing to young people who have completed the grammar school instruction in agriculture, mechanics and household arts. While there are included in the curriculum the English and the mathematics of the high school, in the language of the establishing act, the purpose of the institution is to furnish to young people of both sexes mental and manual training in the arts and sciences, including agriculture, mechanics, engineering, business methods, domestic economy, and such other branches as will fit the students for the non-professional walks of life. It will thus be seen that the curriculum deals largely with the things that touch very closely the everyday life of the home, the shop, and the farm. About one-half of the student's time is spent in the class room and the other half is spent in the practical work of the laboratory, the shop, and the field.

AGRICULTURE—The course in agriculture includes carpentry, plant propagation, animal husbandry, soils and fertilizers, agricultural chemistry, dairying, horticulture, and kindred lines. The purpose of the work is to train the farmer rather than the experimenter or future laboratory man.

MECHANICS—Chief among the subjects outside of the usual academic curriculum are wood-work and iron-work, carried on in well equipped shops. Mechanical drawing, physics, electricity, chemistry, machine shop practice, steam and electrical machinery, and surveying are subjects receiving a large amount of attention.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS—The home of this department is a splendid building especially equipped for giving instruction in domestic science and domestic art. Sewing and dressmaking, millinery, applied design, cooking, home management, and sanitation are subjects which receive especial attention. The purpose of the course in household arts is not primarily to train the future teacher, but rather to train the young student in those things which make the home more comfortable and more attractive.

The equipment of the school includes three large shops,—one for wood-work, one for blacksmithing, and one for machine work, the latter being a building containing splendid lathes, drill presses and other machinery and small equipment of a machine shop; a creamery in daily operation, furnishing excellent facilities for the student of the manufacture of dairy products; greenhouses and plant propagation laboratories offering facilities for practical study in plant life. Well equipped laboratories for physics and chemistry supply facilities for the best of practical demonstration; a power, heat and lighting plant,—a real plant which is not a toy, furnishes an excellent mechanical and electrical laboratory. There is, however, constant demand for extension and completion of facilities as the institution grows. This extension has been made possible for appropriations made by the Legislature of 1911. During the coming summer much additional equipment will be installed in the shops and laboratories; the power and lighting plant will be enlarged to meet increasing demands; needed repairs and improvements will be made in all the departments, insuring the class entering in the fall of 1911 even better opportunities for practical work than have been enjoyed by the earlier classes going out from the institution. There has been a steady growth both in numbers of students and in the extension of equipment since instruction was first given in the fall of 1903. The coming year will witness even larger and better work.
Chester Freeman
L. Swerdleger
Charles Baker

H. Strobridge
George Herring
C. Baumgardner
Senior Record

Baker, Charles—M. .................................. San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Baugardner, Charles—A .................................... Globe, Ariz.
Basketball, Debate and Track, (3).
Drumley, May—H. A. .................................. San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Vice-President Senior Class, Journal, (3).
Cox, E. Donald—M. .................................. Watsonville, Cal.
Football, Track (1); Track, Football (Capt.), (2); Baseball, Track (Mgr.), (3); Baseball, Track, Journal, (4).
Flint, J. W.—A .................................. San Diego, Cal.
Football, Track, Tennis, Track Mgr. of S. L. B. A. L., President Freshman Class (1); Football, (Capt.) Track, Baseball; President Senior Class, Tennis; Rep. Upper House (3).
Freeman, Chester—M .................................. Santa Maria, Cal.
Football (2) (3).
Herring, George—M. .................................. San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Hilliard, Effie—H. A. .................................. Visalia, Cal.
King, T. W.—M. .................................. Moreland, Cal.
President Junior Class, Journal (2); President Student Body (3).
Pearce, Anson—M. .................................. Ingomar, Cal.
Track, (1); Track, Treas. & Sec. Junior Class (2); Treas. & Sec. Junior Class, Student Body Treas. (3).
Marklolf, Fred—A. .................................. Los Angeles, Cal.
Student Body Treas., Tennis, Journal, (3); Debate, Basketball, Sec. Literary Society, Sec. Senior Class (4).
Reilly, Harold—M. .................................. Represa, Cal.
Football, Track, (1); Football, Track, Baseball, (2); Football, (3); Football, Track Journal, Track, Mgr. S. L. B. A. L. (4).
Roselys, Walter—M. .................................. San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Swerdfeger, Lawrence—A. .............................. Calexico, Cal.
Track, Basketball (1); Track, Basketball (2); Football, Track (3).
Strobridge, Harvey—M. .................................. San Lorenzo, Cal.
**Class Officers**

JOHN W. FLINT - President
MAY BRUMLEY - Vice-President
H. FRED MARKLOFF - Secretary
ANSON R. PEARCE - Treasurer

**Class Motto**

Not to do, but to do well

**Class Colors**

Blue and Gold

**Class Flower**

Red Carnation

**Class Tree**

Bishop Pine

**Class Day Program**

FRIDAY JUNE NINTH

ADDRESS OF WELCOME - John Flint
MUSICAL SELECTION - School Orchestra
CLASS POEM - Walter Roselip
CLASS HISTORY - Fred Markloff
HOROSCOPE - May Brumley
CLASS WILL - Harold Reilly
MUSICAL SELECTION - School Orchestra
PROPHECY - Harvey Strobridge

**Song by Class**

Exercises at the Class Tree
Presentation of Spade by President of the Senior Class, JOHN FLINT
Acceptance by President of the Junior Class, SOPHIA HUCHTING

**Burial of Our Woes**

HOUSEHOLD ARTS - May Brumley
AGRICULTURE - Fred Markloff
MECHANICS - Wheeler Ring
Address of Welcome

Friends, relatives, members of the faculty, and fellow students, we heartily welcome you today to our class-day exercises. We are glad to greet you, to talk with you, and to make you a part of our school on this day; yet to us as members of the Senior Class, it is a day not unmixed with regret. As we look back over our days at the Polytechnic, we see many opportunities that we have not made the most of, and think of many friendships which we might have cultivated to our profit. On this day we do not think most of the grind of daily work—the physical geography, the history or the mathematics; we think rather of the varied pleasures of life outside of the class-room.

To those present today who are not intimately associated with the work here and who look more at the surface, this occasion may seem unimportant, yet to us it is one of the epochs of our lives. To many of us it means the end of school days, and we must now face the realities of life. Henceforth, our instructor will be the world, which we realize is no such light master as were our teachers here. We are all young and eager for the fray, eager to be out and doing, winning for ourselves a place in the affairs of the world. Our preparation here at school has been broadening, a good foundation on which to build our future.

The Seniors here today are but a very small part of the number that entered here three years ago. Many have fallen by the wayside from various causes and it was left to us to carry the burden of responsibility. We number among us many students prominent in the various activities of school life. On our departure our burden falls to the present Junior Class, who must now assume the responsibility of leadership. We go out to face the future realizing that for us, unlike Ulysses, work is just commencing.

May we face it with something of his spirit!

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sails,
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me.
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that fought with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs, the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends
’Tis not too late to see a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western skies, until I die.
It may be that gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew,
Tho’ much is taken, much abides; and tho’
We are not now that strength which in the old days
Moved heaven and earth; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
Class Poem

I.
In the fall of the year Nineteen Hundred and Eight,
San Luis was invaded by Freshmen just fifty-eight.
Upon each face was seen a frown,
From the lips of each came, "Lonesome Town."

II.
Of that class that once started with a will,
Only sixteen fathers each month pay a bill,
Many flunked, some they had to expel,
What the others did would be hard to tell.

III.
We have Charlie Baker and his Oldsmo-bubble,
Which every Sunday causes him much trouble.
First it is Pismo, then it is Port,
Till the girls agree he is a first class sport.

IV.
Deacon Baumgardner is still in the game;
His picture this year will adorn the Poly Wall of Fame.
As a-would-be shark in studies he always makes good,
And also in athletics—well that's understood.

V.
May Brumley is our class suffragette,
But votes of men she cannot get.
I cannot tell the wherefores or why,
But some how the boys give her a good go-by.

VI.
In barnyard mechanics John Flint has won fame;
But he falls down in the holding hands game.
He's afraid to go home from the girls' door in the dark;
They say he is afraid of losing his heart.

VII.
Donald Cox is the next, the homeliest man,
Twice to him has been tied the tin can.
There's a record that he can run;
In the class's opinion he is a big bum.

VIII.
Chet Freeman is with us from Old Santa Maria.
And is contented with Poly as any can be.
He says the girls he never cares to speak;
Boys, don't believe it; I've seen him after dark.
IX.
We have schoolmates short and school-mates tall,
But the Senior class possesses the one with the most gall.
He believes he should cut forge to take a needed airing.
And this is the truth with our George Herring.

X.
There's Effie Hillard of three hundred avoirdupois,
Who will run at the sound of a motorcycle noise.
The rest of the time she spends in front of a glass.
And never was known to get to a class.

XI.
Next comes Tom King, the campus scarecrow,
Imported from Stockton where only slow-pokes grow.
As a queener of dorm girls he has won great renown,
But he cannot manage to do it when he goes down town.

XII.
Freddie Markloff has a remarkable way
Of winning the ladies, so they say.
First he wins them with his “Ha, Ha, Girls,”
And soon loses them as it is a funny world.

XIII.
Next in line is the most talkative man on the place.
It's Anson Pearce, whom the girls dare not look in the face.
His handsome features and his curly hair,
Make many of the girls stop and stare.

XIV.
Reilly, who claims to be of the Irish clan,
Soon will be a full-fledged man.
By listening to stories that he has told,
Folks would judge he was five years old.

XV.
Joe Roselip from Edna Town,
Has won the name of Poly Clown.
When his pranks at Poly are done,
His fun at High School is just begun.

XVI.
Harvey Strawbridge of Fruitvale or Bust.
At the sight of a girl can’t be seen for the dust.
He goes about with a face like a lamb,
But, girls, he is gentle as a Pismo clam.
Lawrence Swerdfeger, our farmer freind,
Has ways he never tries to mend.
His great ambition, so we see,
Is to graft doughnuts on a coffee tree.

XVII.
Last of all is the poor poet himself,
Who has sometimes been laid on the shelf.
Since this work is no longer his chief concern,
We wonder where his poet’s fancy may turn.

—J. LEONARD.
—E. D. COX.
Class History

The tribe known as the Class of '08, reached this stage of its journey in the latter part of the year '08. This tribe was very young and inexperienced, but it set out boldly in search of the far-famed shores of the Kingdom of Knowledge. Exiled from former homes, the members embarked over the seas, never to end their voyage till they should come to the promised shores. Freshmen Island was their first stopping place and here they were met and welcomed to the village. A big pow-wow was given in their honor.

After being on the Island for a short time the young explorers of the Class of 1911 were summoned to appear before all the other clans. They hardly knew what to think about such procedure as the older tribes always appeared friendly to them. The young tribe not knowing what else to do obeyed the summons. All were perplexed because there seemed to be something mysterious in the affair. They waited in fear and trembling outside the tepee as they heard the shrieks of the members of their tribe who were taken in one by one. Finally all were ushered in. Instantly they were blindfolded and put thru a very strenuous initiation. And such queer feelings as they did experience. Great activity was shown by the members. In moving about they came in contact with all kinds of saw horses and once in a while there was "a something" that made a loud report and always made certain ones feel as if they would stand up rather than sit down. With all the excitement a few of the tribe became sick and were quickly given the "Famous Raw Oyster Cure," for nervousness and weak stomachs, which gave instant relief. The experiences of this strange night were forgotten, however, as they were replaced by further troubles of more serious nature.

In a great dark cave in an inaccessible part of the island dwelt two horrible monsters namely Algebra and English, which greatly tormented the 1911's by swooping down upon them in unexpected moments and catching them in large numbers. But a few of the tribe remained uninjured while the rest were left behind to fight these two terrible monsters.

After wandering over Freshmen Island for some time the 1911's set sail again and were driven by a strong breeze to the shores of Junior Land. Strange and mysterious omens were seen in the land. A pedagogue of Science led them into a mighty wilderness to show them the deep wonders of Chemistry. Here he taught them to slip lustrous metals into glass tubes and anoint them with fiery acids and then behold! how they boiled and sputtered and shot up to the ceiling, sometimes even causing the wise pedagogue to look sore perplexed. At first the members would retreat and hold their breath with fear and trembling as they awaited a dire explosion, but when they saw that no harm came they waxed more bold and soon found out how to make an evil smelling gas, which they delighted to let escape around the camps of the other clans, filling them with consternation and causing them to cry out with a loud voice, "O, ye men of science, have mercy on us."

The Junior tribe labored in study burning the midnight oil to find some trace of the promised kingdom. Now and then a day or night was set aside for thanksgiving and jollification. It fell to the lot of the Class of '08 to hold the annual and farewell pow-wow with the tribe of 'tens. The gallant heroes and the fair maidens delivered speeches and dispensed sweet music on an instrument called a piano and the faces of the stern listeners became creased with laughter and by hitting their hands together with a loud noise they honored the Blue and Gold.

At length the Junior tribe were convinced that they had already delayed too long in this land, but their stay here had been so pleasant that they were loath to leave and doubtless would have tarried longer had not a superior power bidden them continue the search and head their bark toward the harbor of Seniordom, and this they did.

When the tribe of '08 entered the Senior Land another band had just moored their bark on the verdant Freshman plains, seeking for the same kingdom for which the older tribes were searching. It fell to the older tribes to initiate this tribe and start them on their way. In order that they might drive away homesickness and acquaint the young explorers
with these regions the older tribes summoned the members of the 1913 tribe to a "warm reception" in their honor.

Among the Senior band were many valiant and famous members. In different combats of great physical strength, the tribe of 1911 always made a good showing. They won a reputation in athletics bringing back to camp both Gold and Silver medals. The stay in the Senior Land was brought to a very fitting close when the heroes of the tribe of 1912 spread a grand feast and held the farewell war dance in honor of the tribe of "leven.

At length the time drew near for the Senior tribe to cross the boundaries of the Land of Knowledge which they had at last reached. Here they separated, to follow various trails, grieved at disbanding, yet feeling that they were treading the paths which the great ones before them had trod.

CHARLES BAKER.
FRED MARKLOFF.
Horoscope

Flint: Age 3; pet name, Tulli; hobby, spooning; peculiarity, smiling; favorite song, "Good Night Dear Heart;" principal illness, lovesick; present condition, engaged; ambition, to make some one happy; future, bachelor.

King: Age 5; pet name, Gilhouli; hobby, looking wise; peculiarity, enormous eating; favorite song, "When School Days Are O'er;" principal illness, tired feeling; present condition, worthless; ambition, farmer; future, director of C. P. S.

Reilly: Age 40; pet name, Irish; hobby, staying out late; peculiarity, overworking; favorite song, "In the Good Old Irish Way;" principal illness, worried; present condition, improved; ambition, to be a prize-fighter; future, wood-chopper.

Swerdflger: Age 35; pet name, Swerd; hobby, spooning; peculiarity, being noisy; favorite song, "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl;" principal illness, strained vocal chords; present condition, improved; ambition, manager of a coffee club; future, doctor.

Baker: Age 7; pet name, Charlie; hobby, smiling; peculiarity, looking for work; favorite song, "I Love Every One in the Wide, Wide World;" principal illness, bashfulness; present condition, improved; ambition, to be a dancing teacher; future, monkey organ grinder.

Hilliard: Age 10; pet name, Effie; hobby, motorcycles; peculiarity, glum; favorite song, "Take Me Away on Your Motor;" principal illness, indigestion; present condition, unknown; ambition, farmer's wife; future, chorus girl.

Roselip: Age 15; pet name, Rosey; hobby, historian; peculiarity, dreaming; favorite song, "Good Bye Bessie Dear;" principal illness, brain troubles; present condition, improving; ambition, to know something; future, lawyer.

Markloff: Age 5; pet name, Fritz; hobby, giggling; peculiarity, girls; favorite song, "Snuggle Up a Little Closer;" principal illness, indigestion; present condition, worthless; ambition, doctor; future, missionary.

Pierce: Age 24; pet name, Sideburns; hobby, thinking; peculiarity, looking wise; favorite song, "I Am Content;" principal illness, spring fever; present condition, recovering; ambition, to grow sideburns; future, dentist.

Strowbridge: Age 13; pet name, Harve; hobby, motor-speeding; peculiarity, girls' dorm; favorite song, "Don't Be an Old Maid, Effie;" principal illness, faint heart; present condition, better; ambition, has none; future, farmer.

Leonard: Age 19; pet name, Red; hobby, knocking; peculiarity, baggy pants; favorite song, "I Want to Be a Popular Millionaire;" principal illness, tired feeling; present condition, worse; ambition, let some else do it; future, farmer.

Freeman: Age 40; pet name, Furman; hobby, thinking; peculiarity, history; favorite song, "No Wedding Bells for Me;" principal illness, brain fever; present condition, recovering; ambition, tramp's wife; future, politician.

Cox: Age 45; pet name, Tep; hobby, neatness; peculiarity, big head; favorite song, "I Can Spend Nothing But the Evening;" principal illness, sleeplessness; present condition, unknown; ambition, to be a sport; future, vaguer.

Herring: Age 3; pet name, Fish; hobby, sleeping; peculiarity, silence; favorite song, "School Days Will Soon Be O'er;" principal illness, lonely; present condition, improving; ambition, to be like George Washington; future, trackman.

Baumgardener: Age 9; pet name, Bum; hobby, asking questions; peculiarity, working; favorite song, "I Want Some One to Call Me Dearie;" principal illness, brain troubles; present condition, hopeless; ambition, farmer; future, ice man.

Brumley: Age 40; pet name, Senior; hobby, sloyd; peculiarity, dreaming; favorite song, "We Love to Waltz in the Moonlight;" principal illness, fatty degeneration of the heart; present condition, unknown; ambition, artist; future, old maid.
Class Will

We, the class of 1911 of the California Polytechnic School, being of sound mind
and memory, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in manner
following, that is to say:

We direct that all condition, incomplete, tardy, and absence marks against us be
disregarded.

We give, devise, and bequeath to the Faculty memories of well spent hours correct-
ing examination papers, with the hope that the papers of the coming class may prove
as pleasant a task.

To the next Senior class we will and bequeath the pleasant hours spent in studying
History and Trig., and we sincerely hope that they will find them as pleasant as we have.

I, Charles Baumgardener, do will to Paul Welch my ability as a track man and my
liking to sing to Mike Erburn, and my ability to survey to Mark Edwards.

I, Charles Baker, bequeath to Harry Ridle, my ability to butt in and my queening
qualities to Deary Case, and my good scholarship to Bevan Walker.

I, May Brumley, will my earnest workings in Senior meetings to Hazel Brew, as
she may need them next year, and my ability in History to Keys.

I, Ed Cox, will my ability in riding a motorcycle to Fred Southard, and my
sprinting to Lester White, and my good looks to Fitzgerald.

I, John Flint, will my form in throwing the hammer to John Andrews, and my
position as assistant to the Trig. professor to Baney Murray, and my football ability to
Fiscalini.

I, Chester Freeman, will my machine shop clothes to Mono Bill, and my ability
in playing baseball to the right fielder of next year’s Senior team.

I, George Herrin, will my liking for Senior meetings to Paul des Grange, and my
ability in surveying to Bill Shipsey.

I, Effie Hilliard, will my ability to graduate in one year to Harry Ridle, as it might
prove useful to him in the future, and my surplus height to Ladybird.

I, Tom King, will my little hat to Shorty Smale, and my disposition to McArthur, as
he may need it in next year’s ball games, and my ability to move fast to Preacher.

I, Jack Leonard, will my surplus height to Fred Sommers, and my ability to write
poetry to Estman, and my stock of red hair to Perkins.

I, Fred Markloff, will to Aubie George my ability to catch a girl while with the
basketball team, and my “Howdy boys” to Gottfriedsen, and my laugh to Yocum.

I, Kuns Pierce, will my scientific principles to Plaskett, and my liking for work
to Charles Swartz, as he may need it next year.

I, Harold Reilly, will my pipe to Nathaniel Brew and my sprinting ability to Earnest
King, as it may help him catch the greased pig at the next Creston celebration.

I, Walter Roselip, will my popularity with high school girls to Ralph Pease, and my
seat across the track to Humphry Hilliard, and my fighting ability to Classy.

I, Lawrence Swerderfiger, will my ability as a track man to Latto, and my win-
ing ways to Charles Hamaker, and my interest in the Coffee Club to Thompson.

I, Harvey Stroubridge, will my ability to answer in History to Burr White, and my
electricity marks to Ralph Davis, providing he can answer Dad’s questions.

Lastly, we hereby appoint the class of 1912 executor of this, our last Will and
Testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name the ninth day of June,
in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Class of 1911, CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.
Class Prophecy

While on my recent vacation in Washington, D. C., I visited the United States patent office. While looking at a shelf containing files of the most recent inventions, I came across a book which interested me. The first attraction was the inventor's name, Anson Kuns Pearce. This I at once recognized as the name of one of my classmates at the California Polytechnic School. On looking further I found this to be an invention by which, with the use of solar radiations and wireless photography, the position in life of any person coming to your mind could be revealed to you upon placing your head within a dark enclosure of the machine. I immediately wished to see what had become of the remainder of the class of nineteen hundred eleven.

The first person coming to my mind was the only member of the class possessing red hair, Jack Leonard. The scene coming before my eyes greatly surprised me; for indeed I did not expect him to become a street peddler selling Leonard's corn salve, which had made him famous throughout the world.

I then saw that of Lawrence Swerdleger. I found him to be proprietor of a Coffee Club at the North Pole.

Harold Reilly next came to my mind. To my surprise the scene led me to South Africa, where I found him acting as a missionary. I was glad to see that he was following up the study upon which he spent much of his time at school.

I next saw that of Chester Freeman. I found him in New York teaching dancing among the high-class society. His gracefulness, for which he was famous at school, still clung to him.

My thoughts led from this to wonder what had become of George Herring. The scene changed to that of a barber shop in Palo Alto where he was posing in the front window to advertise sideburns, the fad which he had gotten at Poly. They still retained their changeable color when the light shone on them.

May Brumley I found lecturing in Reno, Nevada, in behalf of woman suffrage. The principles which she so strongly fought for at Poly were still uppermost in her mind.

Charles Baumgardner I discovered working in a large tailor shop in San Francisco, which he also owned. He received distinction in the United States by introducing the harem pants which had become so popular with college boys.

The scene then changed to a large aviation meet held at Edna, Cal., where machines from all parts of the globe were competing for the valuable prizes offered by the San Luis Obispo Aviation Club. From a machine just alighting stepped Walter Roselip. The bulletin board then showed that he had made a record altitude flight, having reached the great height of 3 miles. It seems that his body was perfectly adapted for the event, light head and heavy feet gave perfect balance to his machine.

The scene then changed to the Cliff House at San Francisco, where I found Fred Markloff diving for sharks' eggs, which were plentiful around the seal rocks.

Charlie Baker next came to my mind, and the scene which came with my thought was the grounds of the Poly school. He, being the only member of the class of 1911 in San Luis, was measuring the height of the class tree by advanced calculus.

I found Effie Hilliard seated in the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C. She had been nominated by the Woman's Anti-War Party, founded in 1930, and elected through the popularity of some of her famous speeches.

I then thought of our sprinter, Donald Cox, and found him, to my surprise, to be head machinist in one of the leading apple orchards of the Pajaro Valley.

John Flint was introducing into agriculture the giraff, which took the place of the step-ladder used by the orange pickers. The picker sitting on the animal's head could reach the fruit without any exertion on his part.

The last member of the class, Wheeler King, I found starring as Kolb in the new play entitled, "Where I Got My Education."
Class Song

(Tune—"Every Day")

We are coming now to greet you, Seniors we,
We have finished all our subject, so you see,
We have studied Ag. and Mech.,
Household Arts at Polytechn
We're as learned in these subjects as can be.
And you know that we are modest, in our pride,
And the minds of lesser mortals ne'er deride;
When you see this aggregation,
All who merit approbation,
We are sure in this you will with us agree.

Chorus

Oh Poly, dear old Polytechnic,
Every day in memory we will greet you,
And the scenes of happy by-gone days will haunt us,
Blue and Gold,
Blue and Gold,
To these hues our class will e'er be loyal,
We salute them as our colors royal,
And the ties of memory
Will bind us dear school to thee,
Polytechnic, we love you. —E. H., '11.
Presentation of Spade

It has been the custom, started by the pioneer class at Polytechnic, to plant a class tree which shall stand throughout the years to come, as a memorial to that class. This spade has been used in the planting of these trees since the first one was planted and has been guarded jealously by the classes that have followed. We, the members of the class of 1911, have guarded it safely through the past year, and we must now hand it down to the class following us.

Worthy president of the Junior class, in presenting you and the members of your class, with this spade, I charge you to guard it and keep it safely, and may all the joy and success that has been ours, be yours in your Senior year.

Response By Junior President

Guardian of the Spade, Honorable Seniors, and fellow students:

I accept the guardianship of this spade from the class of 1911 in behalf of the class of 1912. This implement has been guarded safely and used wisely by the previous graduating classes in planting their trees.

Therefore, we, the class of 1912, shall endeavor to keep this sacred spade and preserve it carefully during our Senior year, so that we and future generations of Polytechnic students may have the same honor of planting trees which will be signs of our presence here.

Speaking for the class of 1912, I wish you happiness and success in life. Again we pledge ourselves to faithfully fulfill this duty conferred upon us. I thank you.

SOPHIA C. HUCHTING.
California Polytechnic School Alumni
Students

Adams, John, Engineer, Pomona Irrigation Co. Pomona
Ashida, Tsunejiro, Gardener Colusa, Cal.
Bachman, Ida, Mrs. John Adams Pomona
Bech, Kenneth, Farming Ingomar, Cal.
Bergh, Dora, at home San Luis Obispo
Berkemeyer, Henry, Messenger San Luis Obispo
Biaggini, Ester, Nurse, California Hospital Los Angeles
Bianchi, Joseph, Ranching Cambria
Boone, Oliver, Electrician Folsom Prison
Buck, Francis, Ranching Goleta, Cal.
Buck, George, Ranching Goleta, Cal.
Campbell, Earl, Ranching Orange, Cal.
Carranza, Alonzo, California Polytechnic School San Luis Obispo
Chedda, Mary, Teaching Cambria
Colthart, Louie, Lumberman Los Banos, Cal.
Cox, Herbert, Electrical Engineer Los Angeles
Curtis, Ernest, Student O. A. C. Corvallis, Oregon
Curtis, Judith, Teacher San Diego, Cal.
Curtis, Roland, Farming
Davis, Irving, Student San Diego High
Dixon, Alfred, Farming Elkgrove, Cal.
Dodge, Clara
Drongard, Valentine, Student Belmont Military School
Dolcini, Valentino, Ames Agricultural College Iowa
Duncan, Edgar, Ranching Ceres, Cal.
Elberg, Arthur, Stock Raising Live Oak, Cal.
Emmert, Allan, Instructor Ione, Cal.
Evan Ray, Machinist Cambria, Cal.
Fiedler, Eugene, Surveyor Sacramento Valley Irrigation Company
Fox, Lillian Michigan
Girard, Annette, Traveling through Europe
Griffith, Hazel, at home San Luis Obispo
Gould Racheal, Clerk San Luis Obispo
Gould Ruth, Mrs. Perry San Luis Obispo
Hall, Harvey, Farming Blythe, Cal.
Hopkins, George, Machinist, Studebaker Auto Co. San Francisco
Hayward, Fletcher, Hayward Grocery Co. Pasadena
Holloway, Elizabeth, Student Hollywood High School
Kendall, Walter, Ranching Lemoore, Cal.
Kennedy, Avery, Ranching Campbell, Cal.
Knudsen, Peter, Heald's School of Engineering San Francisco
Kondo, Eizo, Farming Tokyo, Japan
Linn, Edward, Ranching Paso Robles
Linn, Othello, Ranching Paso Robles
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lomax, Minnie</td>
<td>Student</td>
<td>San Luis High</td>
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<tr>
<td>Luchessa, Roy</td>
<td>Stock Raising</td>
<td>Cambria, Cal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Matasci, Flossie</td>
<td>at home</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<tr>
<td>McDowell, Jimmie Lee</td>
<td>with daddy</td>
<td>Lindsay, Cal.</td>
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<td>Mioossi, Alfred</td>
<td>Dairying</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mioossi, Alma</td>
<td>at home</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mioossi, Bernard</td>
<td>Dairying</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murphy, Elmer</td>
<td>Chemist</td>
<td>Betteravia, Cal.</td>
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<td>Muscio, Florence</td>
<td>at home</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<td>Patterson, Floyd</td>
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<td>Pearson, Velma</td>
<td>Prospective Housekeeper (in June)</td>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
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<td>Pierce, Earl</td>
<td>Creameryman</td>
<td>San Diego</td>
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<td>Farming</td>
<td>Guadalupe, Cal.</td>
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<td>Pezzoni, Henry</td>
<td>Banker</td>
<td>Santa Maria, Cal.</td>
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<td>Ramage, Raechal</td>
<td>at home</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Righetti, Irene</td>
<td>Mrs. Frank Parson</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<td>Righetti, Laurita</td>
<td>Mrs. Ernest Yates</td>
<td>Betteravia, Cal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sauer, Arthur</td>
<td>Grocery Store</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schneider, Annie</td>
<td>Mrs. Ralph Gardner</td>
<td>Morro, Cal.</td>
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<td>Schulze, Hertha</td>
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<td>Sebastian, Reuben</td>
<td>Student</td>
<td>University of Utah</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shaw, William</td>
<td>Electrician</td>
<td>San Diego</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoemaker, Ralph</td>
<td>Fruit Grower</td>
<td>Pomona, Cal.</td>
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<td>Steinbech, Eugene</td>
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<td>Goldfield, Nev.</td>
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<td>Stone, Alan</td>
<td>Carpenter</td>
<td>Santa Barbara</td>
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<td>Stringfield, Alberta</td>
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<td>Stringfield, Clara</td>
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<td>Santa Maria</td>
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<td>Tanner, Ella</td>
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<td>Taylor, John</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas, Myron</td>
<td>Ranching</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tilton, George</td>
<td>Civil Engineer, Buffington Eng. Co.</td>
<td>Bakersfield</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tout, Floyd</td>
<td>Instructor</td>
<td>Kern High School</td>
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<td>Tout, Jeane</td>
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<td>Twombly, Katherine</td>
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<td>Fullerton, Cal.</td>
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<td>Wade, Gustavus</td>
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<td>Rancher</td>
<td>Goleta Cal.</td>
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<td>Wallbridge, Frank</td>
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<td>Watson, Beulah</td>
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<td>Rancher</td>
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<td>Wood, Glen</td>
<td>Student</td>
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<td>Wood, Hazel</td>
<td>Student</td>
<td>University of Redlands</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wyss, Selina</td>
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<td>Klam, Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yates, Ernest</td>
<td>Chemist</td>
<td>Betteravia, Cal.</td>
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Off Duty

On the low, flat bank of a dirty, sluggish slough, which is one of the many extensions of the bay which bears the name of San Francisco, stands a shambling low built cabin. When this building was erected it was set back some two dozen feet from the bank of this slough, as though through fear of contamination from the dirty waters of the bay.

Through the years that have intervened since the erection of this cabin, the swift incoming and outgoing tides have gradually taken toll from the soft mud walls of the channel until at the present time the ramshackle affair stands precariously near the water's edge. In fact it has become necessary to support the porch, which serves as a wharf, with timber, to prevent it from being carried down to the bay on some high spring tide.

When the original owner of the house reached the conclusion that the place was no longer a safe habitation, he sold it. The place passed into the hands of a lover of the sea, by name, Tom Mills. He roughly remodeled the interior, patched up the exterior, acquired a string of boats, an armful of guns, and proclaimed the place the headquarters of the best shooting district on the bay. The house soon became patronized by a number of customers who enjoyed the kind of entertainment that was offered.

Among the number of the house’s patrons were Parkinson, the mayor of a nearby town; Jack Teage, Lew Tashay, Lew Gerard, Fred Preston and other prominent men of the Peninsula.

These men came and went as their convenience prompted them, without notice to Tom, but by mutual understanding they always deposited loose change in the cigar box behind the door. There was no fixed rate. Tom depended, and not in vain, on the generosity of his guests.

Liquid refreshments were always kept in stock for those of the guests who felt need for such stimulants. Many of the men when venturing on a trip, provided their own bottled “cheer.”

The only law of the house appeared to be—"All men while here are equals," and such being the rule, everybody took a hand with the cooking and other work that had to be done.

* * *

The duck season had been open two weeks and teal were coming to the marsh by hundreds.

The hunting promised to be good, and under such conditions it was not strange that the capacity of Tom’s “hotel” was taxed one night in the middle of October.

Supper had been eaten and the remnants cleared away. Lew Tashay fumbled under the blankets in his bunk and produced an accordian, from which he proceeded to extract the skeleton of a tune. Parkinson grumbled, “Lew, I wish I had a harmonium. You don’t seem to realize that you can’t play.”

Tashay protested at the lack of appreciation and proceeded with the entertainment. Parkinson continued: “Now that thing you think’s a musical splendor makes me some sad. What do you other fellows think about that supreme effort Lewy’s a makin’ to extract harmony from that old bellows of his?”

Some banter followed, through which floated Lew’s accompaniment.

Tom, hoping to reconcile the aggrieved one to the melody, said: “Why Park, that ain’t so bad what Lew’s a doin’. I’ve heard a whole lot worse.”

“I can’t help it,” grinned Parkinson. “I wish the old fool would shut up for the night. Why that music is so extremely pathetic it ‘ud break the heart of a holler log. I’m getting nervous. Say, if we’ve got to get out with the tide in the morning to get onto the bay, its time we were going to bed.”
"What time is low tide, Tom?" asked Teage.

"Four o'clock this morning, five tomorrow. If you fellows that's going out in the morning don't get out on that tide, I guess you won't get out with the boats till after sun-up," advised Tom.

Jack Teage arose from the edge of a bunk where he had been sitting and went to the door, opened it and passed out into the night.

With the opening of the door a strong, cold wind entered the room.

"Whew, that's a fright of a cold breeze to go hunting with at four in the morning. Throw some more wood in the stove, will you, Park?" remarked Gerard.

While the fire was being replenished Jack returned from outside.

"B-r-r-r-r, but it's a nasty, cold night out," shuddered Jack. "Where's that jug of nose paint, Fred?"

This inquiry was directed to Preston who had had charge of that article on the trip from town.

"Over there, back of the door by the water bucket," returned Preston. "Fetch it over here when you're through with it."

Teage located the jug and pounced upon it. He rummaged among the dishes in the cupboard until he found a cup of sufficient capacity to hold a man's size drink. This he filled to the brim from the contents of the jug. The other men eyed him during the process with evident impatience.

With the jug in one hand and the brimming cup in the other, he crossed to the stove.

"Here, you intemperate hog," shouted Park, reaching for the jug, "don't you suppose anybody else wants some of that fermented corn juice?"

"Take it," said Jack, "it was only my unsheath nature that kept me from drinking it all. Well, here's my best regards," with which he tipped the contents of the cup down his capacious throat.

"I wonder what's struck our inebriate friend. Didn't he vote for no booze at the last election?" inquired Parkinson, who was engaged with the jug and a tin dipper.

"Sure I did. Had to," remarked Jack, "old lady's president of the 'anti-get-drunk' league in town. Couldn't much help it you see."

Parkinson drank his dipperful of whiskey in silent sympathy. He had a wife with equally troublesome inclinations.

The gallon jug then passed the rounds of the house.

With the first drink, Parkinson seemed to have lost his desire to retire for the night. The container of artificial happiness started on its second round. The company became more congenial. Lew Tashay relinquished his musical instrument in favor of the jug which was coming his way at perilously frequent intervals.

With the fourth trip of the jug, Preston became more juvenile, in fact, rather childish. He lisped when he tried to talk. His words stumbled on each other.

With the fifth revolution of the jug the contagion had spread to Parkinson and old Tom. Each took a generous supply whenever the jug passed within reach.

"Hey, thist ish my chum. Doncha try nothin' like shat on me," protested Lew, when Jack, through inability to make connections with him, had passed the jug to Preston. Lew was consoled by being allowed to take a double dose, the majority of which he spilled down the front of his shirt. "Lewish, play ush little tune. Tom and I ish goin' walsh," announced Parkinson. The proposition was received with approval by Tom, who staggered to his feet into his partner's open arms. From a technical viewpoint the resulting demonstration could hardly be termed a success, but to the blurred vision of the spectators it appeared flawless.

In various manners of maudlin amusement half of the night was spent, but by some strange means, the remembrance of their purpose to go hunting at four o'clock kept possession of them. During one of the intervals between acts, Jack reeled out of the room upon the wharf.
The night was intensely dark. Black clouds were hurried across the sky by the chilling wind.

The tide had been steadily rising until now it stood a little past high. It had ascended nearly to a level with the porch floor. The slough lay silent and dark, a hundred feet wide.

Jack was acquainted with the wharf and surroundings, but as he shuffled to the edge, attempting to see the condition of the tide, he miscalculated his distance in the dark, took one step too many and slipped, with a frantic gasp, into twelve feet of dark, icy water.

When he bobbed to the surface he was too chilled to shout for aid; too drunk to make any strenuous effort to save himself.

Had it not been for the fact that Tom, also, considered it his duty to investigate the tide, it would surely have gone hard with Mr. Teage. But as it was, Tom emerged from the house leaving the door open behind him, so that a broad stream of light fell on the wharf and a certain expanse of water.

As Tom reached the edge of the wharf and cast his unsteady eye over the water, he was not prepared for the surprise in store for him.

To say that Tom was surprised, even in his dull mental condition, to see the white face of his friend Jack staring at him from the middle of the slough, would be to put it lightly.

Just before Tom had appeared upon the scenes Jack had about concluded that life was a useless incumbrance, and that he could fare better while flitting about in the form of a spirit. But with sight of Tom his desire for material existence became intense, and so he renewed his struggles to such an extent that he gained a few feet towards the wharf.

When Tom recovered sufficient sense to comprehend the condition of affairs he howled to the men in the cabin, "O fellosh, bring lam' quick. Jack hash fell in waer."

The stampede which followed Tom’s announcement threatened to precipitate more of them into the same watery bed with Jack.

Tom collected enough of his scattered senses to grab a long-handled boat hook which he thrust out towards the struggling Teage. Twice the boat hook was pulled in and closely examined, but as they failed to discover any traces of the sufferer on the end of it they sent it back again. This time by some miraculous accident they managed to get the hook firmly embedded in some part of Jack's anatomy.

Without protest at the harsh manner of rescue he was hauled to the porch more dead than alive.

Each of the men then became a self-appointed committee to administer to the half drowned victim. He was dragged to the stove in the house. Lew Tashay found the jug, and probably considering whiskey a cure for all ills, up-ended the jug over Jack’s face. The remaining pint or so of liquid anointed his entire face. Part of the fiery stuff got in his eyes, part in his mouth and a generous supply in his nose.

Nevertheless the desired effect was realized, for Jack sat up with a snort. His cold bath had somewhat sobered him, for he inquired in forcible language what they thought they were celebrating. "Thash all right, ol' man," consoled Parkinson, "whiskey shaved life thash time. Better ta' closh off an' get in bed."

This being undeniably sensible advice, Jack proceeded to act on it. As his clothes were removed they were hung near the stove to dry.

Tom, knowing the necessity of plenty of heat, piled the stove to the "gunwales" with fuel, and it soon became red and glowing.

The clothes dried. O, yes, they dried nicely. First they dried, then they smouldered. The next step in the process of drying took place unnoticed. They flamed slowly, igniting the boxes and chairs on which they were hung.
All of the men were clustered around the unfortunate Jack who had now crawled into a bunk at the farther end of the room.

When Gerard had occasion to go in the direction of the stove, the sight of a life size conflagration in full progress met his eyes. From the clothes and chairs, the tinder-dry pine boards which formed the end of the building had caught and the flames were licking up the side of the wall at a cheerful rate.

At Gerard's howl of dismay, when he beheld the destruction of the building taking place, all of the others had turned and were transfixed with equal astonishment.

Action followed and a fire brigade was soon formed. This company of drunken fire fighters conveyed water from the slough in buckets, wash basins and dishpans with surprising alacrity. Jack, though destitute of clothes, was not behind the others in his efforts.

After a strenuous hour's work, the last vestige of fire was gone, even the stove was drowned out, and as the weary band of semi-drunken sports reviewed the charred and blackened ruins of the wall, they uttered in unison the much used and much abused phrase, "Never Again."

M. N. YOCUM.
A Bit of Life

We were sitting in the log cabin, as usual, idly lounging about, most of us smoking. The burly Swede passed, giving Harcourt a side glance as he did so, and slouched into a chair not far from where we were sitting. Some witty remark was made by one of our party, and Harcourt threw back his head carelessly and laughed. The Swede was on his feet in an instant, and, turning on Harcourt furiously, began, "If you want to laugh so bad, I'll give you something to laugh at."

"Why, Olsen," said Harcourt, much surprised, "I wasn't laughing at you."

"Don't you think I ain't been noticing your sneering manner?" returned the Swede.

"If I have ever laughed at you, you have my humble apologies," said Harcourt, perfectly self-possessed.

Olsen eyed him contemptuously. To his ignorant mind an apology was sign of cowardice, and he looked like an easy mark, so Olsen would accept no explanation.

Harcourt's patience left him as quickly as the Swede's had done, for he began to see through Olsen's behavior.

The hot southern blood mounted his cheeks and he said angrily: "If you're looking for a fight, man, you can have it."

Olsen was completely taken back. Without another word, he left the cabin. We saw no more of him that night.

I was much impressed by this episode, for Olsen's name was low among the "hands" at the camp. I had only come a week before and had begun to take quite a liking to Harcourt.

I could not understand how he had ever come to an occupation which seemed entirely foreign to his type. He was refined, cultured, well educated and except for the southern accent, spoke the purest English.

Two days later, "pay day," we were paying off the hands, when Harcourt staggered into the office. His hair was disheveled, his face puffy and red, and his eyes bloodshot. He stumbled the length of the room and fell a loathsome form, upon the floor.

This sight distressed me. I was accustomed to seeing the "hands" drunk, but to see Harcourt in such a condition, I never could have believed it of him.

Gradually, it dawned upon me that this weakness had something to do with his present occupation, and during the ill effects that followed I was much worried over what I had seen. When I again saw Harcourt, the night after, he seemed very quiet and downhearted. This gradually wore off, and we became great friends.

One Sunday afternoon, we were talking confidentially to each other of home, when Harcourt took from his coat a picture of a beautiful girl, and said: "Isn't that a peach?"

He handed it to me for inspection, and continued: "Oh, but you ought to see the girl, she's prettier yet."

Then he told me of his younger days on his father's fine plantation and of his meeting this beautiful girl from Virginia. "She's the real blue blood," he said proudly.

"One of the finest families of the State."

"One day, last winter," he went on, "I was on a new spirited horse of mine, when she playfully threw a snowball at me. The horse shied when I wasn't expecting it, and threw me pretty hard on the ground.

"She thought I was hurt, and as she bent over me, that look of pity in those eyes of hers, I thought to myself, 'If I had you for a wife, I'd be the happiest man in all Kentucky.'"

"Not long after, we became engaged, but this cursed drink has been my ruin. After our engagement was announced she came upon me with a party, 'dead to the world.' The humiliation was terrible, and she broke the engagement. She said she would not have a fellow who drank, and I don't blame her a bit."
“Soon after, I came west. I can’t stay in one place very long. Of course the folks had no more use for me. They did not want me near them, a disgrace to the family. They write once in a while, and mother writes regularly, twice a week.”

Harcourt was all that he should have been during the next month, and I never knew a finer fellow. But the craving for whiskey got the better of his will, and at the end of two or three months, he always went on a spree. This was his undoing, and kept him from rising above the common “herd.”

The next Christmas, I went home for my vacation, and heard quite often from Harcourt, who must have been lonesome. I wrote him, before my return to duty, that I would like to see him at the station.

When I arrived at my destination, Harcourt was not there. I went into a saloon nearby, to get some whiskey before taking the long, cold ride to the camp. Soon the sounds of a brawl, in the back of the saloon, drew my attention.

A shot followed, and, putting my half empty glass on the counter, I ran to find out the cause. In a back room, I beheld Harcourt lying dead on the floor. He had been drunk, and had been shot through the heart by the Swede. On him, we found the picture of the girl, and a letter he had just received from his mother.  

C. S., ’12.
Dear Sir:—

You have asked me what kind of a life your brother led while here and what was the true cause of his death.

I will endeavor to relate each event as it happened.

When Jim Ragdale first came here in 1898 he was well liked from the start. He was pleasant, had plenty of money, and as we never ask about a man's past, we supposed him to be a gentleman. He was never loud, but had a certain quiet compelling manner which easily won him friends.

He had been with us but a short time when he bought a ranch and commenced to stock it.

About a month after he came we began to lose our stock. Very few were taken at a time.

The men who grazed their stock nearest the lava plains were the first to lose. As I said before, very few were taken at a time, but nevertheless it was a steady loss.

We thought at first it was the Indians on the Reservation who were getting our stock, but on closely watching them we found that they were not the guilty parties.

In a short time everybody began to lose stock, principally horses, and always the best.

Even Jim lost some good horses, and he was the farthest from the lava beds.

The queer thing about these losses was that when we picked up the trail it always led to the lava beds and there it was lost, owing to the hard surface of the rock.

We watched the herds closely, especially when they were grazing near the lava plains, but we never saw any one driving cattle or horses out on the plains.

This continued for a little over a year. Somebody was continually losing their best stock, and try as we might, we could not catch the rustler.

Some of the best horses I had were kept in a corral near the house, but on getting up one morning I found two of the best gone, as usual the tracks leading to the lava beds. This was the boldest steal made.

About a month ago Jim left for the Indian Reservation to get a pair of buckskin chaps, so he told us.

He came back in a few days looking worried and rather tired. We supposed he had been off on a little spree and hadn't quite recovered from the effects.

During his absence an Indian had been picked up with a bullet hole in his head. He seemed to have been tracking somebody, and that that person had found it out, was very evident. His body was found near a spring a short distance from the lava beds.

In about three weeks Jim left again, telling us he was going to Walla Walla to buy a wagon and various ranch supplies.

The next day after he left we received word that Jim had been shot by the Indians while trying to steal a couple of their horses.

It seemed as though Jim had been suspected by the Indians of killing the Indian found near the spring. Two of them had followed him from the time he left here until shot.

He had ridden up a small but deep canyon until he came to a break in the walls, where he camped and waited until dark. It was evident he had used this place before, by the trail and the remains of his camp fire.

As soon as it became dark he rode across the plains to the Reservation. The Indians were following him all the time. As soon as he reached his destination he took a couple of fine stallions and struck out for the lava beds. When he started for the plains was when the Indians shot. Their first shots must have gone wild, because one of the Indians was badly wounded before they could shoot a second time. The Indians left him where he fell. We gave him a decent burial in the Pine Creek cemetery.

As sheriff, I opened his papers and found a number of bills of sale, which tallied exactly to the amount of stock that had been stolen, which proves beyond a doubt that he was the guilty party.

I have sold his ranch and deducted the amount he took from us, and will inclose the balance with his private papers.

Yours respectfully,

SHERIFF OF WALLOWA CO. RIP.
Thursday afternoon, April 13, the Amapola Club met at the Girls' Dormitory. Several interesting talks were given by the girls. Florence Knight spoke on "New China," Leona Forbes, "The Roosevelt Dam;" Margaret Campbell, "Affairs in Mexico," and Cora Schultz, on "Russia." Faye Welch closed the program with a piano solo.

Mr. Paul des Grange entertained Friday, April 14, with a dinner party, complimentary to his mother, who has been spending a week with him. Those who accepted his hospitality were the Misses Hutching and Heartt, Messrs. Carranza and Flint.

The younger set and their friends, chaperoned by Miss Castle, climbed San Luis Mountain by moonlight, April 14. After reaching the top a camp fire was made and all gathered round for a marshmallow treat, telling stories and singing till "the wee sma' hours of the morn".

Mr. Carranza entertained a few of his Poly friends at dinner at The Andrews, Saturday, April 15, to meet his father, mother and sister, who came up for Easter.

Easter Sunday, April 16, was Guest Day, Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. King being guests of the Faculty at dinner. The dining hall was attractively decorated with yellow flowers and greenery, the tables were gay with wild buttercups, violets and ferns, while little rabbits and chickens marked places for everyone.

The Benefit Dance, given by the track team at Rowan's Hall, April 22, was a great success socially and financially. The hall was prettily decorated, the music splendid, and a good crowd attended.

Mr. John Flint found himself guest of honor at a chafing dish supper Sunday evening, April 23, the occasion being his birthday anniversary.

Characterized by its artistic decorations, the luncheon given by the girls in Domestic science to the Board of Trustees, Saturday, April 29, was a delightful success. Poppies were effectively used on the tables, and places were laid for Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Shipsey, Miss Palmer, Mr. Field, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Brickett and Senator Campbell.

The Student Body proved themselves royal entertainers on the night of April 29, by giving a barbecue in the school canyon in honor of the visiting track team from Santa Clara. After everyone had had their fill of barbecued meat, all gathered round an immense camp fire and listened to speeches made by different members of the Faculty, the two teams and students. At the last everyone joined in singing and giving school yells, which concluded a happy evening for all.

A jolly coterie, including the Misses Delessegrus, Hutching, Heartt; Messrs. Middleton, Flint, Carranza and Luchessa motored to Pismo May 7, and spent a pleasant day on the sand.

Miss Ruth Loring celebrated her birthday Tuesday evening, May 9, at the
Dormitory, with a little spread. Later in the evening dancing was enjoyed by the Misses Forbes, McMillen, Toguazzini; Messrs. White, Hamaker, Perkins and Weymouth.

One of the most enjoyable events of the month was the barbecue and picnic supper, given May 13, in the canyon as a farewell to Miss Castle, who left the 15th on a trip through the East. The meat was cooked to perfection, the bonfire big and bright, and the hours pleasantly spent, passed all too soon for those present. Those who gathered for the frolic were Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith, Misses Willet, Ackley Lewis, Condit, Hutching and Heartt; Messrs. Condit, Curl, Carranza, Flint and Middleton.

Mrs. Johnson entertained recently with a dinner party at the home of Mrs. Fedlers in honor of Mr. Johnson’s birthday. Those who accepted her hospitality were the Misses Hutching, Heartt; Messrs. Middleton, Flint, Carranza, King, Sibly and Van Couvering.

One of the good times of Senior Week was the hay ride and picnic given by the Junior class, June 3, to the Seniors at Sulphur Springs. Two large racks conveyed the party to the springs, where a picnic supper was spread under the trees. In the evening dancing was enjoyed and at a late hour the party returned by moonlight.

Elaborate in every detail was the dinner party given June 5 by Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smith, in honor of the Senior class.
The track team of Polytechnic went to Santa Barbara to take part in the Interscholastic Track Meet, held in that city. The men on the team who made the trip were: Pease (Capt.), Mc Arthur (Manager), Reilly, Willoughby, Iles, Flint, White, Murray, Shipsey, Cook and Professor Edwards (Coach). Those that accompanied the team were: Professor Johnson, C. Hamaker, C. Swartz, W. Perkins, R. Davis, and L. Bissinger.

Mr. Dana Bartlett, of Los Angeles, spoke to us on Friday, April 7.

The men that represented the California Polytechnic School Y. M. C. A. at Pacific Grove Conference, during the week March 26 to April 2, 1911, were: Messrs. F. Markloff, G. Wright, L. White, T. Iles, J. Flint, Professor Middleton, M. Weymouth, P. Smale, M. Van Couvery, and J. Andrews.

Messrs. Snyder and Strowbridge and the Misses Fridly and Hilliard visited El Pizmo, Saturday, April 8.

Mr. Harold Reilly, the league track manager, and athletic editor of the Journal, returned from Ventura, Monday, April 10, after a visit of a couple of days in that city.

The Upper House held its first meeting under the new constitution Tuesday noon, April 11. The representatives from the Senior class are: Messrs. Flint, Willoughby and Pearce; from the Junior class, Messrs. Shipsey, Murray and Erburn, and from the Freshman class, Messrs. George, Yocum, and Welsh.

The Senior class chose the Bishop Pine as their class tree.

Professor Middleton returned April 16 from a week’s visit in San Francisco and Berkeley.

The Arroyo Grande high school baseball team crossed bats with the Polytechnic team on Poly’s grounds April 15, 1911.

Mr. Paul des Grange’s mother, of Fullerton, visited him from April 6 to April 15.

The Misses Castle, Hilliard, McMillian, Loring, Ackley, Forbes, and Fridely, accompanied by Messrs. Curl, Strowbridge, Perkins, Hamaker, Snyder, left the school about eight o’clock Friday, April 14, and climbed San Luis Mountain by moonlight. They had lunch on top of the mountain, and every one reported a very enjoyable time.

Chas. Hamaker has been suffering from an attack of poison oak.

Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper of the Boys’ Dormitory, has been in the hospital.

Mr. Link Luchessa autoed to Cambria Saturday, April 15.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 19, at 4 o’clock, the town relay team met the Dormitory relay team. The town team won.
April 19 Senator A. E. Campbell addressed the students of the Polytechnic school on the subject, "How a Law Is Made." The senator carefully followed the entire course of a bill from its introduction, through the committees and the various readings until the measure becomes a law through the approval of the chief executive. The address was not only highly instructive but made very entertaining by the relation of various anecdotes of the last legislature.

Prof. H. B. Waters made a business trip to San Francisco Friday, April 21, and returned the following Saturday.

Mr. Philip Swartz of La Follette College, Pennsylvania, addressed the school Friday morning, April 21.

The track team gave a Benefit Dance in Rowan's Hall, Saturday evening, April 22.

Mr. Link Luchessa made a trip by auto to Salinas and returned by train Sunday, April 16. He reports the roads in fine condition.

The baseball team from the Santa Maria Union High School crossed bats with the Polytechnic nine on Saturday, April 22, 1911.

Mr. Needom Paul visited his home near Morro, Saturday, April 22, and Sunday, April 23, 1911.

Mr. Roy Andrews and Mr. Donald Cox visited Oceano Sunday and returned April 23, 1911.

The Upper House held a meeting Wednesday noon, April 26, and decided to give the Santa Clara High School track team a barbecue after the track meet on Saturday, April 29, 1911.

The Santa Clara High School track team, composed of the following: Wise (Capt.), Alexander (Coach), Draper, Clayton, Trodgen, Wallridge, Burrell, Wilcox, White, Bradden, Kohner, Hayes, Small, Glendennings and Bocks, gave us a meet on our track on April 29, and on the following Monday, May 1, they played us baseball, and returned to Santa Clara Monday.

Mr. Link Luchessa made a trip by auto to Cambria and return Friday, April 21, 1911.

Mr. Homer Coffman, a Freshman, reports that he is much better, but not well enough to return to school this year.

Mrs. O. H. Heald has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been with her sick mother.

Mrs. Ewing, wife of Professor Ewing, our former Mathematics teacher, was visiting in San Luis Obispo from April 25 to May 1. She left to join Mr. Ewing in San Francisco.

Mr. Philip Eastman and Mr. Francis Murray visited Avilia, Sunday, April 23, 1911.

Mr. Lester White and Mr. Cook and Mr. Ralph Davis went fishing up the school canyon recently, and returned with four fish.

All the Dormitory boys that have been sleeping out in the grain field moved their beds suddenly in at 3:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, April 26, on account of the rain.

Prof. W. F. Ewing, our former Mathematics teacher, is now teaching in the Cogswell Polytechnic school of San Francisco.

Mr. Link Luchessa visited in Paso Robles Saturday, April 29, and returned Sunday, April 30, 1911.

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The Upper House held a meeting Tuesday noon, May 2.
The Student Body held their regular meeting on Monday, May 8.

Among the many pleasure seekers at El Pizmo Sunday, April 30, from the Polytechnic were Messrs. Willoughby, Lennard, George, Dyer, Cooper, Walker, Rose-lip, Cox, Cook, Arnold, Pixley, Wright, Knox, Fitzgerald and Baker.

The annual track and field meet of the San Luis Bay Athletic League was held on the Polytechnic track May 20th, the following schools taking part: San Luis Obispo High School, Santa Maria Union High School, Arroyo Grande High School, Paso Robles High School, and California Polytechnic.

Mr. Attilio Pezzi onia, graduate of the class of '09, was a visitor at El Pizmo Sunday, April 30. His home is in Guadalupe.

Mr. Elmer Murphy, from Betteravia, a graduate of the class of '09, spent Sunday, April 30, at El Pizmo.

Mr. Ernest Yates, a graduate of the class of '10, and Mrs. E. Yates, a graduate of the class of '06, spent Sunday, April 30, at El Pizmo. They are living in Betteravia.

Mr. Charles Baumgartner spent Monday, May 1, at El Pizmo By-the-Sea.

The Literary Society held their regular meeting in the Assembly Hall Saturday evening, May 6, at 7:30 p.m.

Mr. William Knox visited El Pizmo, Sunday, May 7, 1911.

The baseball squad and track squad donned their suits Thursday noon, May 4, to have their pictures taken.

Mr. J. R. Willoughby, editor-in-chief, made a short business trip to Los Angeles May 5.

Miss Castle, our stenographer, left for the East Monday, May 15, 1911.

The Journal staff had their pictures taken in a group on Tuesday afternoon, May 9.

Among the many pleasure seekers at El Pizmo Sunday, May 7, was an automobile party, made up of Messrs. Flint, Carranza, Professor Middleton, and the Misses Heartt, Hutching and Del.

A fishing party, made up of Messrs. George, Yocum, Sibely, King and Fitzgerald, left here Saturday morning, May 6, in Fitzgerald's auto for Lopez Canyon, and returned Sunday morning, May 7. They reported a fine time and brought back lots of fish.

Mr. Needom Paul visited his home near Morro Saturday and Sunday, May 6 and 7, 1911.

Mr. John Adams, a graduate of the class of '09, and Miss Ida Bachman, a graduate of the class of '08, were married in Spokane, Washington, on April 28, 1911. They were both well known Polytechnic students. The groom is an employee of the City of Los Angeles and they will make their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. Ellery, the State Engineer, was here from Sacramento for a short time on May 9, 1911.

Mr. Link Luchessa spent Sunday, May 7, 1911, at El Pizmo By-the-Sea.

Friday, May 19, was a holiday. The Farmers' Basket Picnic was held on that date.

Mr. Fred Sommers visited Port Hartford Sunday, May 1st, 1911.

The Eighth Annual Farmers' Picnic was held on Polytechnic grounds on May 19, 1911. The program was:
10:30 in Central Dining Hall; music by Polytechnic Orchestra; address of day,
Prof. Charles Gilman Hyde, College of Civil Engineering, University of California. Topic, “Good Roads.” Noon—Basket lunch in carpenter shop, hot coffee with cream and sugar, furnished by the Polytechnic. 1:30 to 5 p. m., exhibiting of school’s live stock, apparatus and pieces of students’ work in all departments.

The girls of the Annapola Club presented two plays Friday night, May 12, in the Assembly Hall of the school. The names of the plays were “Miss Susan’s Fortunes” and “Troubles at Satterlee’s.”

Mr. Aston, the photographer, took a panorama of all the students on the lawn on Wednesday, May 10, 1911.

Mrs. L. B. Smith entertained the Seniors at a dinner at the school on Monday evening, June 5, 1911.

Mr. Charles Anderson, a former student and first baseman of the baseball team, was here visiting from May 5 to May 20, 1911.

A Student Body meeting was held Monday, May 8, at which the following were nominated for office for president of the Student Body, Shipsey, Sibely; secretary, Weymouth, Noran; treasurer, Miss Hutching, B. Murray; speaker, Welch; sergeant-at-arms, Des Granges, Hamaker, Yocum, Smale; editor-in-chief, Yocum; business manager, Pease, Erburn. The election took place on Friday, May 12, 1911.

The Juniors treated the Seniors to a hay ride to San Luis Hot Springs on Saturday, June 3, 1911.
This is the last issue of the Polytechnic Journal by its present staff. Although a new staff will take our places, we hope that we may not be dropped from any of your exchange lists. We have certainly enjoyed all our exchanges and have derived many points from them. We hope we have given some new ideas in return, and thank you for the past exchanges.

The Oriole, Campbell, Cal.:
Your editorial is very good, but please don’t boost your advertisers in it, especially at the last. It gives one the impression of those story advertisements. Your literary department is large, but your josh department is small, although what jokes you have are good.

The Tyro, San Bernardino, Cal.:
We like your journal. It is neat and interesting; but we suggest a few more cuts. Yours is a well written exchange department.

The Sentinel, Harvard School, Los Angeles:
We acknowledge your February, March and April issues. You have splendid literary talent and your jokes correspond with the cut marked personals. We suggest one column instead of two. Yours, although small, are all attractive journals.

The Crescent, Concordia College, Moorhead, Minnesota:
You, too, can be improved in appearance by one column. Surely you can make up a more attractive cover. Where is your contents page? Your editorials are worthy of comment.

Cardinal and White, Whittier, Cal.:
Yours is a neat journal and your Senior class poem a good one.

The Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal.:
What a pleasing cover. Your stories are very good and your journal is a neat one.

Madrono, Palo Alto, Cal.:
Your cover for April issue gives one the impression of a cheap magazine. Improve the quality of paper. Your stories are all good. Your tale of true love was comical.

The Bulletin, Montclair, N. J.:
Your stories show promising talent. Your table of contents would be improved in appearance if there were no ads. on the same page. Where are your funny man and your artist? Hunt them up.

Polytechnic, Pasadena, Cal.:
Your cuts are scarce, but your stories make up for them. Your jokes are good.

The Manzanita, Watsonville, Cal.:
Your cover of the March issue was very cleverly done in the Japanese effect. You are a credit to your school throughout.
The athletics for the year as a whole have been very favorable and have been a credit to the school.

Those who have made the teams have worked hard and faithfully and in a few instances where games were lost it was not from the lack of school spirit. The boys have worked faithfully and deserve a great deal of credit for what they have accomplished and the rest of the school should feel proud of all the teams whether they have won the championship or not.

Football

The football team, while not being victorious in all their games, did very well considering this is their first year at the new game.

At first the boys did not know much about the new game, but under the supervision of coaches Rubel and McHenry, by the end of the season they were playing a great game.

Santa Barbara vs. Poly.

This was the first game our boys had played and they did not know much about it. The boys had practiced hard but did not seem to get into the game right. We were beaten 14 to 0, but this did not discourage the boys and it showed them their weak points.

Santa Barbara vs. Poly at Santa Barbara.

On Thanksgiving day we again met Santa Barbara on their own grounds and succeeded in beating them by the close score of 5 to 4. The game was very well played and until the last ten minutes of the game it looked as if Santa Barbara had it all their own way. Our boys took a start, however, and in no time succeeded in making a touch down. We then kicked the goal and in a few minutes the whistle blew, leaving the score 5 to 4 in our favor.

Through the leadership of Captain Flint we have gone through a very successful season and with Shiey as captain next year the team will have a very good leader.

A goodly number of this year's team leave this year, but with the old material that is left and with the new men that will come in, Poly should have the fastest team in this part of the country.

The class football games were played the Juniors winning, which gives them the most points towards the Alumni cup.

Those who were awarded the block P for football this year are as follows: Captain Flint, Murray, Shipsey, Willoughby, Reilly, Freeman, Thompson, McArthur; Swerdefeger; Wright, Welch, Fitzgerald, Mendenhall, Iles and Harris. Small letters, H. George and Pease.
Basketball

Although we did not win the championship in either boys' or girls' basketball this year, both teams were able to give a good account of themselves and we are proud of them for the showing they made.

Santa Maria vs. C. P. S.

On October 8 the basketball season opened and the Poly teams journeyed to Santa Maria, the boys winning by the score of 22 to 11, but the girls lost 17 to 0.

Arroyo Girls vs. Poly Girls.

Our girls met the Arroyo Grande girls on our field October 22 and were defeated 12 to 11 in a well-fought game. The girls played a fine game.

Arroyo vs. Poly.

The Arroyo Grande boys came up on October 29, and we defeated them by the score of 28-17. Our superior team work and continuous practice showed up in this game.

San Luis High vs. Poly.

On November 5 we met our old rivals and were beaten in both the boys' and girls' games. Our girls were in the lead at the end of the first half but could not stand the strain, in the second half. The scores were S. L. H. S. Boys, 22; Poly, 14; S. L. H. S. Girls, 8; Poly, 4.

On November 12 our girls played Paso Robles on our grounds and lost 12 to 11. This was by far the best game our girls played and they showed marked improvement over their former games.

On November 18 the boys' basketball team played Paso Robles at Paso Robles. The game was very fast and exciting, our boys losing by the score of 31 to 19.

On Thanksgiving day our girls played Santa Barbara girls. The game was very good, our girls holding the lead until the second half, when Santa Barbara put in some fresh players and succeeded in winning 22 to 9.

Our girls, while not winning a game this year, have played very well considering the number of girls they have to choose from.

Our boys have done very well this year and with the same material in the school next year a championship team should be put out. The Juniors again won the interclass games in basketball, while the Freshman girls won the girls' championship.

The boys who received basketball letters were: Roberts, Weymouth, Bush, Snyder and Shipsey.

Baseball

While we did not repeat last year's performance and win the League Baseball championship, the way that the team showed up at the end of the season would satisfy almost any one. Under the captainship of Barney Murray, the team has played very well and has practiced faithfully.

Santa Maria vs. Poly.

On February 18 our team played Santa Maria at Santa Maria. The game was very exciting and the result could not be told until the last man was out. Santa Maria finally won, 8-6.

Arroyo Grande vs Poly.

On February 22 our team journeyed to Arroyo and again tasted of the cup of defeat. The game was hard fought and it took eleven innings to decide the score. The game was
a pitcher’s battle throughout. McArthur fanning 17 men while Arroyo’s pitcher fanned 15 men, the final score being 3 to 2, in Arroyo’s favor.

San Luis High vs. Poly.

We again met defeat on the San Luis grounds on February 25. Our team held the lead until the High School rallied in the seventh and eighth innings and succeeded in beating us to the tune of 11 to 4.

Arroyo Grande vs. Poly.

We again met Arroyo and this time succeeded in defeating them. The game was very well played and we only won by timely hits.

Santa Clara vs. Poly.

On May 1 we played Santa Clara High team and at first it looked like a walk away for Santa Clara. Santa Clara had a good lead until the last half of the 9th when we rallied and bunched hits until we made nine runs, the final score being 9 to 8. Santa Clara was easily the best team we have played this year and great credit should be given the boys.

The Juniors again won the Baseball championship, which gives them the Alumni cup.

The boys who received baseball letters this year are: Capt. Murray, Flint, McArthur, Shipsey, White, Willoughby, Dyer, Fitzgerald, Hamaker, Cox and George.

Track

The boys have done very well this year and deserve great credit for it. Although not doing very well in Santa Barbara, the boys came back with a few medals. The boys could not be expected to do very well in this meet because they could not get on the track for a week before the meet.

The relay was the greatest feature of the day. We were in the lead at the end of the first relay but we lost the lead in the second relay when Santa Barbara put in their fastest man. The other men could not overtake the Santa Barbara boys again, although it was very close at the finish and we were pressing them pretty hard. Those who brought back medals were, Murray, Willoughby, Pease, Flint, Iles and Reilly.

Santa Clara vs. Poly.

On April 29th we met and defeated Santa Clara on our own track. Our boys did very well and succeeded in breaking quite a few school records. Murray caused the greatest sensation of the day by winning the 50 and 100 in 5 2-5 and 10 1-5. Some other very good races were run; White had a walk-over in the mile and placed second in the half. Flint had things easy in the hammer and Reilly was an easy victor in the broad. Swerdliger sprang a surprise in the high jump by winning this event. The relay was the most exciting event of the day. Pease started this off with a small lead which Santa Clara never regained. Those who ran the relay were Pease, Cox, Murray and Reilly, the final score being 65 to 48.

The league meet is to be held the 20th of May and owing to the early issue of the journal, the results are not printed. This meet from all indications will be another victory for Poly as it has been in the past. This meet should be very fast as the track is in fine condition and a great many records should be lowered. We also expect our boys to set new records in many of the field events.
WHAT SANTA CLARA THOUGHT OF OUR TRACK AND BASEBALL TEAMS.

We made our little debut, and say
We got the little hock before we came away;
In track, well we thought we had a team,
But they quickly put the crushers on our dream.

Little Murray began the day;
In the 50 and the 100 he had a run-away.
Next in the quarter and the 220, Pease
Ran a good race, and placed with ease;
And old Burr White in the half and the mile,
Made old Poly sit up and smile.

And last, but not least before us to pose
Was Reilly, the Wild Irish Rose,
For we must admit upon the whole,
He made us look like novices in the broad and pole.

Then as a good ending of a well begun day,
They handed a lemon to our crack relay;
There are other names and events I might mention,
But these are the ones that attracted our attention.
For the men we had entered in these were our best,
And had hitherto won in most every contest.

They sprang a come-back in the Baseball game,
The story's sad, but much the same,
We thought that vengeance would be sweet,
But again we tasted of the bitter cup, defeat.

The hero I might add was old Burr White
For he swatted with all his might,
And when a run was needed, he would pick
A nice one with his trusty stick.

But despite the drubbing we got down there,
We like the fellows and the maidens fair.
For they gave us such a royal treat
That, well we didn't care if we didn't beat.

They gave us a barbecue,
And balmcd our wounds with a toast or two;
They showed us here and there,
And we roamed most everywhere.

We took in the beach and took in the snows,
We took in the town, as the saying goes,
And the time we had, well say,
"Ain't it awful, Mabel, we had to come away?"

—PHIL HAYSE.
Santa Clara High.
Saturday, May 6th, the Poly tennis team, composed of Perozzi, Hillard and Weymouth, journeyed to Santa Maria to participate in the League Tennis Tournament for championship of 1911. On arriving at Santa Maria they found that the only team entered besides Poly was Santa Maria. The matches were called at 1 P. M.

In the singles Perozzi was defeated by Anderson, by the score, 6-2, 8-6. Perozzi played a heady game but was beaten by the drives and smashes that Anderson managed to get over the net.

The doubles went to Hillard and Weymouth to the tune of 7-5, 1-6, 6-4. Adams and Gray of Santa Maria played an excellent game and had the Poly team guessing. The Poly team played their best, each game being hard fought and, for the most part, deuce games.

With the material that is showing up this year Poly ought to win both singles and doubles championships next year instead of being contented with one.
La-Foo

Oh, here he comes, who can it be?
Oh yes, oh yes, we can plainly see;
That notorious walk, oh, such grace,
And a cheerful smile upon his face!
He goes by the well known name of La Foo.
And he's certainly there with the queening, too;
His name has increased somewhat of late,
For it's now La Foo Fung, which is up-to-date;
And often wondering if school is worth while,
For he could be king of Cannibal Isle.
When it comes to dancing he's certainly there,
With his loved one dancing the Grizzly Bear;
And on the track he can't be beat,
For the time in the mile shows he's fast on his feet.
La Foo at times gets terribly sore,
And the results are awful, for La Foo swore;
But say, he's a whiz when it comes to play ball,
For La Foo is the noblest Poly of them all.

Bill Shipsey (speaking of a prominent woman)—“Most women turn to sewing; but she turned to walnuts.”

Margaret to Florence, whose horse is shedding—“I don't want to ride with you, your horse is mouling.”

Prof. Smith—Does any one here know anything about Mr. Reiwart?
Class—He quit.
Prof. Smith—Is he the young man who is going into the banking business?
Gothfriedson—Yes; the sand banking business at Bradley.

It is understood that Vera and Ruth waited a few minutes after the crowd had gone.
Oh! you Barbecue.

Sophia (seeing a small dog around the grounds)—“Well, I have a good hunch what we'll have for lunch today.”

Barney at the show—“Hazel, what is the name of that piece?”
Hazel—“Kiss Me”—and Barney is still wondering.

Lester White—This algebra is funny stuff; you can be broke and still have a million dollars.

Red hair with a girl is often seen,
But at the barbecue didn't queen,
For La Foo with a smile and glance,
Quietly swiped the other fellow's chance.

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Dad, speaking to Tom King and Pearce—Hey, you fellows, you have the wrong idea; we are not breeding clowns here.

M. C. to Cora S.—Gee, I am getting so fat that I am getting a double chin.
Cora—Don’t let a little thing like that worry you. I don’t begin to worry until I get three.

Prof. Condit—How was Puget Sound found?
McArthur—It washed up by the ocean.
Prof. Condit—What was the sound?
McArthur—I couldn’t hear it.

Ruth L. on the ranch seeing blue andalusian chickens—Oh! see the pretty maltese chickens.

Effie—I am going to mask as the Goddess of Beauty—
Harvey—You will have to mask some.

Miss Palmer—You should serve about six stalks of asparagus for salad.
Sophia—Well, last night we got two little ones for supper.

Vera—I’ll bet they just brought that Pinkey that ran the mile along to play baseball, he looks like a shark. Appearances are often deceitful.

For facts concerning new religious creeds apply to Bill Shipsey.

Lady Bird in Physical Geography Examination—Oh, I don’t know what the Roosevelt dam is.

Vera A.—Oh! that’s the Isthmus of Panama.

Link, waiting for the first period bell—I wish that whistle would hurry and ring.

In history, Mr. Smith—One of the notable inventions about 1875 was the bicycle.
Bright Student—That must be about the time Mr. Pearsons got his.

After Warren P. took the radiator out of Room Twenty of the girls’ dormitory, Vera M. was seen there.

J. T. said—Guess she is kissing Warren’s foot prints.

There are two boys in our school, 
And they are wondrous WIK, 
One has such beautiful crimson hair, 
The other has beautiful eyes. 
When it comes to queening Perk is right there, 
And Harris not far behind, 
So follow in their footsteps, boys, 
And a girl you’ll surely find.

Definition of a few Freshman boys:

Snyder—Pork and Beans. 
Bush—A Small Shrub. 
Ward—Place in a Hospital. 
Cook—One Who doesn’t Need a Wife. 
Brew—Most Any Kind of a Mess. 
Daily—A Newspaper. 
King—Ruler of Men. 
Tanner—One Who Tans Hides. 
Dyer—One Who Changes Color.
CaJc—A Tough One.
Hart—A Small Deer (Dear).
Welsh—A Rare Bit.
Peronzi—Per. Oz.
Davis—A School of Agriculture.
Herring—A Small Fish.
Ells—A Slimy Slippery Fish.
Smale—A Small Article.
Harms—Pronounced Harmless.
Keys—Used to Open Doors.
Reeves—A Small Screw.
Yocum—Fasten Them Together.
George—A Common Exclamation.

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