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In Memoriam

The death of Auble George, which occurred Oct. 7, 1911, has left a vacancy. On the campus, his ever happy features are sadly missed. In the athletic activities, of which he was such a lover, the loss is widely felt. In the general school activities in which he delighted to participate, his absence is noticeable and the hearts of his most intimate friends and associates are filled with a throb of great sorrow whenever his name is mentioned and never in their hearts, as long as time permits, will the vacancy caused by his sudden and much lamented death be filled.

The family and home in which the sorrow is the most severe, has our deepest and most sincere sympathy.

Resolution

The students of California Polytechnic School wish to express their sorrow at the untimely death of one of their number and to extend their sympathy to his family.

By the death of Auble O. George, the school loses a capable student, an active participant in many activities and a close friend of many of its members.

CASSIUS SIBLEY,
WILLIAM SHIPSEY,
M. N. YOCUM.
Committee
Editor's Harangue

As the Journal, this seventh year of its life, tilts back in the official swivel chair, before the blaze at the open fire (of public criticism) it recognizes the fact that it has a duty, in the form of extending a welcome, to perform.

To all the new members of the faculty it turns with pleasure. To them, the Journal, as an older member of the community, extends a sincere and hearty welcome. Although this expression be necessarily tardy, 'tis not so from oversight.
To the Freshmen, to whom we now turn with open arms of welcome, this explanation of tardiness of welcome also applies. Even so—had not the royal edict, concerning your reception, gone forth previous to your arrival, no doubt as to your most sincere and hearty welcome could have been entertained.

Under the existing conditions though, 'tis necessary that you remain in blissful ignorance of what it "might have been."

Turning with haste to another topic; one near its heart, the Journal wishes to state regarding its personal welfare—

On the anniversary of its birthday the Journal, figuratively speaking, turned over a new leaf. Previous to this time it had been the custom of the paper to appear monthly or as nearly so as conditions would permit. The lack of financial and literary support, necessitated the issue of a paper which was not a great credit to the school.

The change in policy has been to institute a quarterly or term-end publication and to concentrate the material which previously went into nine issues, into three.

With proper support (financial and otherwise) from the students, the Journal should now succeed.

The business manager wishes to take this opportunity to thank the advertisers for their support of the Journal and to wish them success for the coming season.

He would say to the student body at large that more subscriptions would be acceptable. Remember that a good commencement Journal cannot be put out unless we have the backing of every student in the school. This issue of the Journal represents the best work of all connected with it, and if it fails to meet your approval, get in and help us out. 'Nuf said.

P. R. WELCH.

There is a movement before the school at present to institute a modified form of student government.

Some of the students understand very little about the proposed change.

If this goes into effect a committee composed of representatives from all three of the classes will be elected to consider and act upon all or many of the cases which the faculty now disposes of.
The students who have been howling and showing the most dissatisfaction in regard to faculty ruling will probably be the ones to raise the biggest kick if the committee sees fit to "hand it" to them in a case.

The committee will feel responsible to do the just thing in any case, not show preference where a case of friendship is concerned but to act solely on the evidence in the case.

Student government has been successful in many schools and if the best methods of control are studied and acted on there is no reason that it can not be made to work here.

A special committee is engaged at present formulating a set of rules and laws to be submitted to the Student Body for approval.

When this comes to a vote later in the year all students are asked to vote one way or the other—don't be neutral. Vote for the measure if you have reasons for approving of it, but don't vote "yes" because your friend does. If you don't want it, say so.
Contributors

MISS SECREST
MAURICE COULTER
FRED HARMS
ANNONYMOUS
A Glimpse of Mt. Everest

(A few leaves from a dairy.)

Nov. 8.—Left Calcutta yesterday at five P. M., reached Siliguri, where we had breakfast, at seven this morning, then took the most amusing little toy train on the Darjiling—Himalayan Ry. for Darjiling. The gauge of the track is about two feet, the little cars are about nine feet long, and just wide enough for three people to sit comfortably. There are two compartments in each car, with the seats facing so that six people ride facing forward and the other six backward. The seats are leather upholstered and comfortable.

The morning was beautiful, the air most bracing and we were in high spirits. After leaving Siliguri we saw a few rice fields, but the elevation increased rapidly and we were soon in the foothills of the Himalayas. The grade became very steep, two feet in a hundred, I think they told us, and the track twisted and turned in a most remarkable manner. As we turned the short curves we could look ahead and see the big English engineer in the tiny cab of his toy engine, and the two natives sitting on the front of the engine feeding sand onto the track when the wheels refused to catch. In order to avoid the expense of tunneling several loops have been made—five, I think—and there are several reverses—the train backs into a siding, and then moves forward onto a higher level. There is a good drive all the way, beside the track, and the forests of India on either side, sometimes real Indian jungle—we imagined, afforded a lurking place for tigers. There is a great deal of bamboo always, and banana trees, all the way up the divide. We saw bougainvillia, and the largest and most beautiful poinsettas we had ever seen, growing wild on the mountain sides.

As we rose higher and higher we found a different class of people—the Tibetans, who are Mongolians. They are pleasant people but very dirty, and they seem semi-barbaric in that they wear quantities of jewelry. The women wear a brooch like ring in the left nostril, and sometimes perfectly huge earings; also rings, bracelets, and anklets. Sometimes the whole forearm is covered with bracelets—with several also on the upper arm. The ear rings are either turquoise matrix—and they frequently hang down onto the shoulders—or else large gold discs, larger than a dollar. The men wear ear rings also and queues.

We reached Darjiling, a little city of about five thousand people, and situated on a mountain side, about two o’clock. This is a famous resort for the English residents of India, who come here in the summer time to escape the intense heat of the plains. To the north is the imposing Kunchinjunga, with the group of peaks about him. As we reached the divide, coming into Darjiling, this cold white, massive pile looked like nothing so much as a great dish of ice cream. The mountains all about
are beautiful, but this snow capped giant, over 28,000 feet high, overshadows them to such an extent that one is apt not to give them the attention they deserve. We stood on the hotel veranda and looked down into the valley, hundreds of feet low. The sides of the mountains are covered with tea plantations, and with gardens and fields of grain.

After engaging our rooms we went out to see the little town, the shops, and the natives, and to bargain with the latter for their turquoise matrix. It is Tibetan turquoise, and the natives follow possible purchasers along the street and offer the ear rings in the ears, the rings on their fingers, or stones hoarded in dirty bits of rags. On returning from this shopping expedition we had tea on the veranda, and watched the sunset, the pink light fade from the snow-capped mountains, and the shadows gather in the valley below. It grew chilly after sundown, and we are glad to sit by the open fire. We have made arrangements with Swamy (our Indian guide and servant) to be called at three tomorrow morning, and go up to Tiger Hill to see the sun rise, and for a view of Mt. Everest.

Nov. 9.—We were wakened at three this morning by Swamy bringing choto hazri (breakfast) of coffee, eggs, toast, and jam. The morning was very cold but clear. We dressed hastily in the warmest things we had and went down to get into our dandy's. The dandy is a sort of Sedan chair, made it seems, for hilly countries, and each one is carried by six men—three in front and three in the rear. There is a cross piece which two men shoulder, and the straight piece in front is for another man. If you do not sit exactly in the middle of the seat, so as to balance the chair, the coolie in front, with an unmistakable sign, immediately invites you to do so.

Tiger Hill is six miles distant, almost due east, and nearly all up hill. Going up hill we rode backward, and the coolies fell into a long steady stride—all in time. On the level and going down hill they very deftly faced up about, and then broke into little swinging trot. Every so often with a shout “lassa-o-o!”—the whole caravan transferred the burden to the other shoulder. With the long stride several of the coolies droned a little tune in time to the step—like “Hi nunny, hi nunny, hi nun, hi” over and over again with a rhythmic measure. It reminded us of the Japanese, who sing always while they work.

We were a ghostly caravan as we started up the hill before four in the morning. It was indeed a caravan—five women, each with six coolies, and one man on horse back. This lone man is the Rev. Mr. Goetsch, a missionary from St. Louis, now stationed at Jaipur, and spending a two weeks' vacation at Darjeeling. A coolie trotted along behind him to prod the pony, and hold it while his master viewed the landscape. It was very cold—pillows and blankets from our beds, and steamer rugs felt most comfortable. The stars sparkled overhead, and the familiar constellations—the dipper, north star, and Orion shining down upon the loved ones at home, half the world around, were above us. The path or
road was a good wide one, and it was an interesting sight to see the men swinging along in the light of the lamps placed along the first part of the trail.

As we ascended higher and higher the light in the east grew brighter and brighter. Passed through Ghoom Pass—a little native village—then up again past the old barracks, which now consist of broken walls and a few ivy-covered chimneys. It was too cold up there my English-speaking coolie said, so the barracks were moved down nearer Darjeeling.

We reached the top just in time—a little after five o'clock. There was a rosy glow in the east—Kunchinjunga and the sister peaks, forty-five miles away, were beautiful in their pure white robes of snow. And far to the north and west—just a peak among other peaks, for it was one hundred and seven miles away—rose Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet! The sun came up a great red ball, tinging pink first Kunchinjunga, and a few moments later Mt. Everest. We stood on a platform, erected for the purpose, and watched the magnificent panorama spread before us. The sun rose higher, changed from red to white and throwing out his dazzling rays, turning the color on the snow from pink to pure white. The colors on the near mountains and in the canyons all about us were wonderfully beautiful. For an hour or more, with icy feet but glowing hearts, we silently gazed upon the wonders about us; then with a sigh of regret at leaving the place, turned toward the dandys and the impatient coolies.

The descent was far more rapid than the ascent. Stopped at Ghoom Pass while the coolies had tea. Arrived at the hotel before eight. No breakfast until nine! This afternoon we return to Calcutta.

M. S.

A Little Job in Chinatown

I was playing an old mouth harp on my bench one afternoon, when the clerk calls kind a snappy like, "47, the boss wants you in the office."

I beat it lively, pretty scared, and wondered what the old man was wise to now. When I pushed open the door I nearly flopped, for who should I see but old Rainey, the police captain in the third. "Well," thought I, "something is in the wind now!" But I knew I hadn't done anything to put me wrong with the bulls so I sat down.

The boss started right in, "Forty-seven," he said, "I know you're a pretty tough lad being raised on the street and of course you've got into more or less trouble, but I believe your heart is in the right place and I'm sure that if you pass your word to stick by me in a job you'll do it. Ain't that right?"

Well, that pretty near floored me. It was different from what I was expecting and different from anything I had ever heard from the
boss before. So I just sat there with my mouth open, grinning as foolish as a clam. The boss seemed satisfied for he nodded to old Rainey as much as to say I told you so.

Then his nibs took me in hand,

"I hear you’ve been in China."

"That’s right," I replied, "it was six years ago that I stowed away on the old ——."

"Never mind the details," he cut in pretty sharp. "What do you know of the lingo?"

I was doing some pretty tall thinking about then. What had China and the lingo to do with a job as messenger for the A. D. T. and T. But I had to answer pretty quick so I said, "Well there are lingoos and lingoos in China but as I floated around the blooming country over four years I can make out to save some of their talk."

"Well," he went on, "of course you know all about this Tong war proposition."

Louie Sim was a member of the Hop Sing Tong. Soo Yee belonged to the Hung Changs. Louie Sim stole a woman from Soo Yee. Soo Yee wanted six thousand dollor. Louie Sim refused to pay. It was beginning to look serious. The daily papers were full of it and made caustic comments on the inability of the police to keep order in Chinatown. In consequence the force was on its mettle, determined to bring things to a close as soon as possible. So when Rainey started on the Tong war I began to see a light.

"The Hop Lings and Hung Changs are old rivals," he went on, "There has been bad blood between them for a long time and this sort of thing is just what’s necessary to see’ em off.

"They have got to a point where neither one can trust a member of the other side to carry messages and what should come into our office today, but an order for a messenger to be at the service of Sing Fat the big merchant for several days. Of course we know that’s just a stall about working for Sing Fat for what would he want with a white messenger. These Chinks are pretty cute and they know as well as any one that the ordinary messenger is dead to anything three feet away from him, most of his energy being spent in chewing gum. Now I want you to take that job, keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut, find out all you can and when you think they’re going to pull off the main stunt, tip it off to us. Remember that you’ll have the force with you and I have a constable’s badge and a dandy automatic you can wear."

As he talked the thing got clearer and clearer and as it got clearer my feet got colder and colder till when he came right out with the proposal I cut in. "Excuse me! I don’t ship no such berth as that. I do know something about the lingo and the ways of the Chinee, enough to know that it isn’t good form, nor for that matter healthy, to go mixing with their private affairs."
The boss and Rainey were evidently looking for opposition for they had a beautiful lot of gilt edged reasons why I should. They said that I wouldn’t be under any suspicion, dwelt on the fact that the hours would be easy and hinted that if I do my part I wouldn’t lose anything by it. They kept after me until at last I fell for it. They clapped me on the shoulder, old Rainey pinned the star inside my coat and slid the heavy automatic into my hand, which gave me creepy feelings. The boss said I was through for the afternoon, but cautioned me to be sure to report to Sing Fat at seven thirty that evening.

I went out and visited several pool rooms and cigar stands where I had friends and enjoyed myself thoroughly. I began to think it wasn’t such a bad thing after all. About half past five I went over to a place on O’Farrell St. for chop. I put in about three quarters of an hour there and of course read all I could about the Tong War.

About six-thirty I bummed around to Jefferson Square and from there down to Chinatown. I loafed along Dupont Street sniffing the Chinatown smells. Gee! but they most made me homesick for old China. Four years there gave me a liking for some of their outlandish ways. But when I passed old Gind Dip’s fish shop it was on the run. It was too much for even me which was going some. The Chinks were just getting out their night newspaper. I stopped in at a chop house and had a dish of roast duck curry. Eating was an easy way to kill time. It was now about seven o’clock. I stopped at the corner and talked a bit to Charley Foo, the opium pipe mender. That’s a blamed interesting business to watch. I was glad now that I had never talked China for I knew where it would be dangerous if anyone knew I could.

At seven-thirty I went to Sing Fat’s Bazaar as ordered. As we suspected, Sing Fat had nothing to do with it for two of the wily heatnens beckoned for me to follow. I followed them up Dupont St. as far as Sacramento when they turned west half a block and then turned into an alley and waited for me to come up. They opened a door and dove into the room below. It was a hop joint of the rankest kind, and already the patrons had made the place choking with fumes. I noticed several white men on the benches for whom I felt a bit of pity for I never hit the pipe myself. Through another door, into an open court, then up a flight of stairs we marched. We were halted by a solid door with an opening about a foot square in it, protected by steel bars.

My attendants spoke to some one within and I, with no small satisfaction, jotted down in my mental note book the pass word they used. The door opened and we stepped into a luxuriously furnished room; the secret meeting place of the Hop Sing’s, as was evident from the scrolls upon the walls. I recognized Louie Sim from the photos I had secured. He was talking earnestly to Quan Quock Ming, the president of the society.

The attendants pointed for me to move forward and I did so look-
ing as vacant as possible but nevertheless noting that he rooms fronted on Dupont Street, which was important. Why had they brought me around to the side half a block away instead of up the main entrance which I felt sure was there.

Quan Quock Ming eyed me closely. I stood gazing admiringly at the walls. He motioned to an envelope lying on a stand which I took up. The attendants led me back the way we had come over Dupont Street again and showed me into a dark entrance. I climbed the stairs feeling somewhat wobbly about the knees and shoved open the door. Inside were the Hun Changs. The men who were in these apartments crowded about me and opened my message. Curses and exclamations which I translated to be the most terrible names they could call greeted its contents, which were evidently not satisfactory. I was allowed to go.

Thus it went on. Two days I carried messages between the companies without anything learned. On the third day I got a bad scare. Just as I stepped out of the door of the Hung Changs I met face to face Louie Juck Sam. He was as vile and unprincipled Chinese as ever rolled a pill. Worst of all he knew me in China, knew all about my Chinese experience. He gave me an evil look and walked on. I followed him as far as Washington Street where I saw Bill Lacey a roundsman, friend of mine. I beckoned to him and the Chinaman began to run. Bill caught him and he was booked for resisting arrest. It wouldn’t do to have him blabbing around.

I prospected for that front entrance to the Hop Sing’s but couldn’t find it and concluded there was a fake partition.

The next day things happened. Louie Sim was shot in ambush. The police took in fifteen suspects but nothing came of it. I went up to the Hop Sings that night and found them raging. “Those miserable Hung Changs have got a man, while he haven’t. They outbid us for the best gun fighters in the state. But we have gun fighters from Los Angeles, Oakland and Sacramento and tonight ——.

They were ki-yi-ing around there and paid no attention to me, so I quietly sneaked into the front room to have a peak around. I looked in the corner behind the door where I saw a half dozen automatic rifles.

I was scared. The thing looked serious to me for there were white men mixed in it. How did I know? The Chinamen don’t like rifles. They want something they can hide. They get to be pretty good with a pistol but a rifle, Huh!

I saw that it was time for action. I listened at the keyhole of the one closed room and hearing nothing entered. No one there.

I heard a rustling of silk behind me. There stood Quan Quock Ming. He could talk English pretty well and was especially good at swearing. The way he called me down was a caution. He told me in no uncertain language that I was canned and assisted me out of there and down stairs with his foot. I didn’t know what to do, so I went
through the court yard and down into the hop joint thinking hard. As I passed along I carelessly glanced down into the face of one of the white men I had seen frequenting the place. He wasn’t sleeping right. He was shamming sure. I controlled my feelings and loafed along till I reached an empty bench. I had a soft India rubber eraser in my pocket and I lay down and rolled a pill of it and began to cook it over the fire. I didn’t have any idea but was just waiting. It was after nine now. I dared not heat the India rubber much for fear the smell would give me away. I was there only about three minutes when one of the men raised his head. I lowered mine and cooked dope for dear life. I didn’t dare look up but heard them get up and go through the door into the court.

I then jumped up cursing that my hop was doped with rubber as this was common enough in these days of high priced opium. It attracted no notice when I rushed out as if to get another supply. Downtown I hurried and got Rainey and the reserves. We were back in no time and Rainey posted a couple of men at each entrance for a half a block each way from the corner and we waited for them to come down. We waited an hour and things were getting monotonous when suddenly we heard a shriek. It came from the Hung Changs’ and as I watched I saw a figure come staggering toward the window, hang there a moment and then fall with a thud into Dupont Street. In a minute it dawned on me. The Hop Sings were in the window shooting across into Hung Changs’ on the other side. They were evidently using silencers for we had heard no shot. Now I knew why their quarters faced on Dupont Street in reality, though they were so particular to make me believe they were on Sacramento half a block away.

In a second I had explained it to Rainey; he called the men and motioned for them to pick up a heavy beam lying on the side walk that had been a part of a scaffolding. He then nodded for me to lead. Down the alley we rushed, through the hop joint like a whirl wind before the proprietor could barricade the doors, and in a moment were dashing the heavy beam against the oaken door. A half a dozen blows forced our entrance and we were upon the surprised group. A sharp rally followed, but they were soon cowed and we captured them all. Two roundsmen were slightly injured and Quan Quong Ming fell with a bullet in his brain.

The white ruffians got life in the pen for their part and for me I got the reward, but no more like that for me. I’m through.

M. COULTER.
The Messenger
(Adapted from real life.)

I stood talking with the proprietor of the Golden West Garage when a messenger boy rode and handed him a note. He read it and re-read it. Turning to me he said, "John, Senator Bard’s son lies in a fatal condition in the hospital at Ventura. His life depends on his receiving the antitoxin to prevent lock-jaw. If he does not receive it within three hours he will be a corpse. The next train will not leave for an hour and will arrive in Ventura too late. Will you try to make it? There’s the new Pope six. She’s in fine tune. You may drive her, but for God’s sake make it through."

I thought but a moment before I said, "I will try, George. Where is the toxin?"

The messenger produced a small bottle from a pocket of his jacket.

"George, see to the gas and oil. Start her up. I must get my coat."

The importance of my mission set my pulse to thumping, and the slight delay in preparation, while only a matter of minutes was in my excited brain as an hour.

I slipped the gears and quietly slipped the clutch. The smooth, steady roar of the engine as I glided from the shop, partly drowned George’s final words, "Good luck to you and may God help you speed."

I turned out, off Hill Street and on to Orange avenue. Here I speeded up, for I knew I had no time to waste. As I entered the Wilshire Boulevard I glanced back and saw chasing me two motor cycle cops.

Should I stop?

No. Life depended on me and so instead of slowing down I opened the throttle wider. I was now going sixty miles an hour as I could see as I dropped my gaze cautiously over my knee to the trembling needle of the speedometer. Now my only fear lay in the possibility that the police might telephone to Hollywood to have me stopped.

I entered Hollywood Boulevard with fear in my heart but after I started up the grade leaving the city behind, I knew I was safe.

Across the San Fernando valley I raced, with nothing before me but the open road and far in the distance the low hills dividing the San Fernando from the Concho Valley on either side were wheat fields just turning a russet brown, while occasionally from a nearing fence-post rose a lark to flee from my approaching machine. I entered the low hills with the claxophone wide open.

I rounded a turn and to my horror a six-mule team could be seen coming down the grade just across the canyon.
I jammed the brakes and cut the throttle and by the time the car came to a stop the mules were about to dance a two-step.

I reversed the car and backed off on the side of the road.

After some persuasion, which seemed to occupy a heart-breaking length of time, the team passed.

I was soon tearing the dirt again

I passed Callabasas on the fly. Over hills, through canyons, and across valleys I fairly flew, but, "Will I be on time? Will I be on time?" kept ringing in my ears.

Question after question flew through my mind. Would my engine keep true? Would the tires hold out? Would the water in the radiator become low? and above all would I be in time to save the boy?

I urged the car forward all I could. I fed it all the gasoline it would take. At times I would awake to the fact that I was about to twist off the throttle handle.

The Conejo grade was fast approaching. I made a turn, cut the throttle and slipped on the brakes, for I realized the danger of this grade. The car fairly flew down the decline; lurching from side to side at every turn. At last the bottom was reached and again the quickening of the engine came steadily to my ears. There were now fairly level roads all the way.

I opened the engine to the full capacity and settled down for the last stretch. Through beet fields, over culverts, by orchards I flew. I was now entering Camerello so I closed the muffler, that I might slip through as quietly as possible. In safety I passed and once more on the free country road I opened her wide. Everything was a blur to me.

All I could think of was, "Can I make it in time?"

El Rio passed, across the country bridge and then onto the straight road that led into Ventura sped my machine.

I tried to urge the car ahead a little faster, just a little bit faster, but, no, she was doing her best.

Ahead, the hospital was in sight. In a few seconds my car rolled to the curb before the building.

I pulled the switch plug and made a rush for the door. Upon entering the door into the hall I encountered a nurse. "Am I in time with the anti-toxin for the lad?" I gasped. "Yes, sir," she answered, "the boy will be saved. God bless you."

After giving the nurse the package, I went back to my faithful car, where I found two policemen awaiting me.

I pulled out my watch and looked at it—What!—could I have made it from Los Angeles in one hour and fifty-eight minutes?—I had. I had broken a road record.

I was awakened from my contemplation of my stupendous feat by a policeman stepping up to me and saying, "Come with me young man. You're under arrest for speeding."
A short explanation was sufficient to secure my release, upon which I turned to my car.

I found her still panting. Every bolt was loose, the tires worn badly, in fact she was like an old worn out horse, but nevertheless she was true. She had responded nobly in time of need.

FRED HARM.

Anonymous

All the warm afternoon he had wandered in this fairyland of new delight, from one enchanted spot of wood and stream to another.

To the city boy, as he was forced to stop by a dense growth of underbrush in these big woods, the night seemed to fall as a blanket.

How suddenly dark it seemed; how cold.

Of his father’s camp, from which he had carelessly strolled, he had not thought until now.

With the falling of darkness the fairyland had turned to one of fear; one from which to escape.

Seized with a panic he started, without a knowledge of direction, at a run, with a hope of reaching camp before total darkness had fallen.

In his panic escape, a long trailing vine reached out a detaining hand and laid him at full length on the ground.

With a scream of terror he scrambled to his feet, running at random among the trees, choosing the clearest openings.

On and on, blindly he ran, stumbling and gasping for breath. As the dark became more dense he had to pause and look about him, that he might distinguish an opening in the trees.

During one of these pauses a gust of wind lifting and scattering the dry leaves, left his nerves atremble. The rapid retreat of some timid light-footed forest denizen over the rustling leaves, set his heart to palpitating in great fright. When a large deer bounded across his path with its earth-jarring jumps, in abject terror he sank to the ground, groaning and sobbing.

All hope of reaching camp, he had given up and on the cold ground lay wailing, “Father, father—O, dear—O, dear—O, father”

The slushing of the intermittent wind in the voluble tops of the trees caused him to think of the comfortable tent and camp which if it were not for his careless wandering he might now be enjoying. In his mind he could see his father and Pierre at camp preparing a delicious supper and he—O, so hungry.

They wouldn’t look for him as he had been away from camp before all night visiting with some trapper friends near by.

Stretched weakly on the ground he cried nervously and shivered with the increasing chill of the night. He crawled under a thick brush for protection from the wind and finally a semi-stupor deadened the sense of fear and he dozed fitfully.
School opened Sept. 12 with a total enrollment of 176 students. This looks good. Our numbers increased each year and the prospects are good for as large a graduating class as has ever left the school. Here’s luck to each member. May they all secure the coveted sheepskin.

Those of us who have been here before are eager (?) to get down to the accustomed grind while we who are new students have the added charm of novelty to maintain interest.

On the 22nd of the month the annual reception to the freshmen was held in the Assembly hall. Many of us walked in from town but we were well repaid for the trouble. Owing to the excellent programme committee the affair was an unusual success. The time honored but useful expedient of tagging each person plainly with his or her name helped to break the ice and the freshmen seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing.

We were favored in having Miss Sandercock and Mr. Bennett to play the piano for us. The feature of the evening, however, was a talking dance (Ladies please correct if this is wrong.). The topics for conversation were printed on programs and it was up to the gentlemen to hustle around and get partners. In addition there were talks by faculty and President of the student body and an inspection of the school’s silver was in order. The freshmen were so coy and the rest of us so indifferent, however, that the cups received scant notice.

A meeting of the San Luis Bay Athletic association was held Saturday, Sept. 23. We were represented by Messrs. Edwards, Nelson, Shipsey and Welch. The meeting was called to order by President Edwards. The chief business was the election of new officers and our repre-
sentatives nominated Mr. Nelson, pointing to his former prowess as a fit qualification. The other members of the association were not keen for having two consecutive Presidents from Polytechnic but frantic efforts on the part of Bill Shipsey landed him the job. Good for Bill.

Shortly after the opening of school a meeting of the student body was held to elect members from the upper classes to Upper House. As the Freshman class does not become organized till after Thanksgiving they held no part in the election. The members from the Senior Class are Messrs. Snyder and Shipsey and Miss Shipsey. From the Juniors Yocum, Stone and Welch. It has since been learned that Mr. Stone is unable to serve so the Junior class is shy a member.

On the 28th of Sept. a reception was given by the Amapola Club to the Freshman girls. Doubtless this mention will be enlarged upon in another place.

Our basket ball team has been anything but slow. They have played games with the teams listed below and although the girls have been unfortunate the boys have not met with a single reverse. They are the undisputed champions of the league having beaten all the teams thereof as well as the team from __________. They are now looking for other worlds to conquer and hope to go north during Thanksgiving week to play San Jose High and the University of the Pacific. Their schedule is not complete but we hope that it will be arranged satisfactorily.

The Rugby team from Santa Barbara journeyed up from the southern city to meet us on the local field on Oct. 14. Our boys had practiced hard and were on edge for the game.

The game stood 3 to 0 in favor of Polytechnic when the unfortunate accident to McCarty stopped the play. Mr. McCarty seemed to be very seriously injured and was operated on at the local hospital. Naturally the extensive preparations for festivities were called off and it was a sober instead of a lively bunch of footballers that night. For a time it seemed that a quietus was put on football but as McCarty got along nicely the ban placed on football by the parents of many players was lifted and once more the campus resounds with the thud of the pigskin. Mr. McCarthy seemed to have quite recovered, though he was still very weak, by the time he left for his home and we are hoping that he will return by Christmas.

The 18th of this present November again revealed a football atmosphere in the air. San Jose High traveled down the previous day to mix it with our athletes. Captain Bill Shipsey has always kept the men toeing the mark and the team was in fine fettle. At the finish the dead and injured were added up to a total of naught as was also the score 0—0.
It was certainly a tough game. The spectacular players were Joe Sweitzer and Chuck Williams. The regular and unerring kicks by Sweitzer no doubt saved us from scores by San Jose while Chuck disclosed a tendency to tuck the ball under one wing and shove the other in his opponent’s face which greatly discouraged that worthy and resulted in long gains. We were badly handicapped by the lack of Barney Murray who was injured in the final practice. It was hard luck but Barney had to sit out on the side lines. At critical moments it was necessary to hold him down as he expressed a desire to hobble out and hit ’em with a crutch. Murray is one of our really fast men and we feel convinced that had he been with the team there would have been a different story to tell. The rest of the players played a good game but it was not of the spectacular nature to appeal to any but fans. The fans know the way to the sporting columns without any hints. A barbecue was held after the game in the Canyon.

We have been fortunate this term in having several lecturers to speak to us in the Assembly Hall. In addition there have been several lectures at the High School, the various churches and the Pavillion so the intellectuals have not suffered.

The first visitor to speak in Assembly was Mr. E. J. Prosby of the Department of Agriculture. He told us many interesting features of the department in which we are especially concerned. The comparatively new million-dollar structure intended to house the department has proven much too small, so that a large part of the business is transacted in rented buildings outside. The department maintains numerous bureaus, among them an educational bureau which Mr. Crosby represents. Interesting statistics have been collected which show the value of education in agriculture. Statistics have been collected concerning the farmer’s income from his own labor in one of the counties of New York State. These show that the farmer without a high school training gains returns amounting to 348 dollars; the one with a high school training, 518 dollars; and the collegebred farmer, 822 dollars. These figures, in Mr. Crosby’s estimation, tend to answer the question, “Have the polytechnic schools a place in our educational system?”

Mr. Gale Seaman had time to drop in on one of his journeys up and down the coast. He told us what the Y. M. C. A. has been doing in other schools and colleges of the Coast and attempted to infuse new life into our own Y.M.C.A. We appreciated his talk and his interest in our work here highly. He laid the foundation for more work along the lines that were carried out so successfully last year.

On the 14th of this month Mr. E. S. Campbell of the Department of the Interior was here to speak on the people and customs of Alaska. Mr. Campbell is an interesting speaker though it takes him a little while
to get warmed up to his subject. He told us of his station on an island midway between Alaska and Siberia where the wind blows so hard that it blows all the dirt from around the postholes leaving them sticking out in the air. He told how the people live crowding like sheep into little huts where sometimes the oxygen is so completely consumed that the oil lamps go out for lack of it. He told how the natives hunt the walrus which provides food, fuel, and home for them. He also explained the government’s work in importing reindeer which has been an unqualified success. He also recited some native sentences and made his talk most interesting. In conclusion he stated that the government was always on the lookout for intelligent men to carry on its Arctic work. It became rumored about that the compensation for beginners at this work is forty dollars per annum and eight reindeer.

Soon after several prominent students were seen in excited conference with lecturer. It’s a cold life in the Arctic.

A feed was given by the girls of the Dormitory to the basketball boys Friday and a dance followed the night after. This is too much dissipation for the dormitory crowd.

Two mild cases of scarlet fever are segregated from the rest of the school in a building about one-fourth mile from the dormitories. Although the cases are very slight the school authorities have rightly taken every precaution to prevent its spreading and trained nurses are in constant attention. Miss Rapp has expressed a determination to leave school as soon as possible. We are all sorry that she has been treated so shamefully and hope she will change her mind. Mr. Brown also has reason to be peeved as this is the second of his adversities. He had the misfortune to lame his foot and to have the scarlet fever thrown at him on top is too much. The source of contagion is unknown.

The debaters are hard at work preparing for the coming debate with Paso Robles on the 8th or 9th of next month. The question chosen was: Resolved, “That the People of a State Shall Elect and Recall Their Judges.” We have accepted the negative side. This is a question of nation-wide interest at present and the debate should draw a good crowd. Some of the best speakers have been disqualified but we have Cassius Sibley our honored President of the Student Body and leading debater of last year with us still and with him at the helm we hope to get away with it. We have now held the cup two years as have also two other schools of the league and it will be an interesting contest. If we win this year the Telegram Cup becomes our permanent property. Here’s luck to the debaters.

Recently the subject of Student Control of the Student Body has been thoroughly agitated and the faculty has promised that we shall have it. A committee consisting of three members of each class and three
of the faculty has been formed which will draw up the rules and which
the new system will be in force.

The California Creamery Operators Association held its annual
meeting in San Luis Obispo on the 24th and 25th of this November.
Part of the sessions were held out at school and those fortunate ones
who take dairying were permitted to attend the meetings in town. A
butter judging contest and dairy cow contest were a part of the work.
The butter was shipped from various parts of the state but the cows were
from dairies in this immediate vicinity.

We are now on the eve of Thanksgiving with two whole holidays
staring us in the face. Let us give thanks.
On Saturday evening, September 16th, 1911, the Freshmen class was royally entertained at a reception given in the Assembly Hall by the Y. M. C. A. The room was artistically decorated with the school colors, orange and green.

This being a "get acquainted evening" the introductions were done away with and as each person entered the room his name on a little card was pinned on him, making it a very easy way to get acquainted.

A very interesting programme was rendered by the following:

- Duet by Rev. Kirchmer and Helen Sandercock.
- Solo, "King of the Desert," by Mr. Schweizer, piano accompaniment by Mr. Bennett.
- Song, "Boola, Boola", by Faculty and students.

Immediately after the program a "Topic Party" was in order, which caused a great deal of merriment. This was followed by a little informal dance with light refreshments.

The first meeting of the "Amapola Club", combined with a very delightful reception to the freshmen girls was the happy event of September 19, 1911. The programme opened with the Club Song by all members.

The address of "Welcome" by the President, Miss Shipsey, followed.

The History of the Club was given by Miss Chase (Faculty advisor).

The business meeting then followed: The constitution was read by Secretary Miss Welch and the treasurer made a report concerning the club's finances.
Several new members were taken in by the club.
The meeting closed with the song "Boola, Boola" by all.
Light refreshments were served consisting of punch and wafers.

Miss Cora Schulze’s home on "Knob Hill" was the scene of a merry festivity on Sept. 21, when the following were her guests: the Misses Welch, Campbell, Shipsey, Brew, Knight, Sandercock and the Messrs. Shipsey, Peck, Carty, Murray, Welch, King, Knox and Schulze. The evening was very pleasantly spent in playing whist and other games. Piano selections added much to the pleasure of the evening. Dainty refreshments were served. Upon leaving the guests voted Miss Schulze a royal entertainer.

Shortly after the opening of school the Polytechnic students were entertained by the Epworth League. A programme consisting of a solo, "Who is Sylvia?" by Miss Carr. An Original Reading by Mr. Finley, duet by Misses Sandercock and Waldeman, piano solo by Mrs. Wicks was rendered. Refreshments were served in the church parlors, after which all joined in singing familiar songs before returning home.

On Oct. 10th, Tuesday at 4 P. M. the Amapola Club met in the girl’s Reception room. A very interesting programme, concerning current events was carefully planned. An account of Chinese Students in America was given by Miss Cheada; The Railroad Strike, by Miss Wade; The War between Italy and France, by Miss Forbes. Light refreshments were served.

During the Fall Term the girls of the Dormitory have had a series of, "At Homes", on Friday evenings. Singing, tripping the light fantastic and dainty refreshments have been the features of the evening.

On October twentieth the girls and boys of the Dormitories entertained the Santa Ynez Basket Ball Teams. A dance was the amusement planned for the evening, interspersed with vocal selections. Refreshments consisting of apricot ice and cake were served.

In honor of the Misses Hartzell and Chase, Miss Secrest entertained with a birthday party on the evening of October the Twenty-first. The evening was devoted to cards, after which, refreshments were served.

Complimentary to the young wedded couples, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton and Mr. and Mrs. Curl, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Smith entertained on Friday evening, October fourteenth, with a card party at their home.
Dainty refreshments were served consisting of ice cream, cake and coffee. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Curl, the Misses Secrest, Hartzell, Castle, Young; Messrs. Condit and Carranza.

On October twenty-fourth, Tuesday, at four P. M. the Amapola Club met as usual in the girls' Reception room, an interesting programme was rendered as follows: Piano solo, Miss Sandercock; The Revolution in China, Cora Schulze; Piano solo, Rhua Hollenbeck; Taft's Visit and Panama Exposition, Mabel Branch, Piano solo, Helen Sandercock.

The Polytechnic Campus was beautifully illuminated on the night of November the tenth, when an immense bon fire, consisting of freshmen contributions, was set ablaze on the football grounds. About two-thirds of the students gathered around the fire and were entertained by extemporaneous speeches given by the football enthusiasts, concerning the game to be held the following day on Polytechnic grounds. Later yell practice, lead by Percy Smale was in order, followed by a Serpentine Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. King, assisted by Ira J. Condit, entertained the following members of the faculty at a dinner Friday evening, November seventeenth. Director and Mrs. Leavy B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Heald, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rubel and Miss Williams. One of the features of the evening's entertainment was an art gallery.

One of the most delightfully appointed functions of recent date was the "Barbeque" held in the school Canyon, given by the students of the Polytechnic, in honor of the San Jose Foot Ball Team. The deliciously flavored meat and strong coffee was enjoyed greatly by all. After every one had had their fill they gathered around a bon-fire and entertaining addresses were made by the prominent players of both teams, concerning the outcome of the game that afternoon. The song, "Good Night Ladies," brought the program to a close.

At their home at 756 Toro street, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. King, assisted by Ira J. Condit, entertained the following members of the faculty at a Juvenile Party Saturday, November eighteenth: Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Curl, Misses Secrest, Horrell, Chase, Gillette, Hartzell, Messrs. Johnston, Ryder, Carranza. The young people arrived in costume at an early hour and amused themselves playing children's games, acting mother goose charades, etc., until the Sandman came, when they were served light refreshments and despatched to their several abodes, well pleased with the frolic of the evening.
On November fourteenth, Tuesday at four P. M. the Amapola Club met in the girls' Reception room. After the business meeting, a carefully planned programme was given.

Quartet, "Fly Away Birdie", by the Misses Knight, Wrapp, Schulze and Sandercock.

"A Talk on a Year's Trip Abroad" which was of absorbing interest was given by Miss Horrell.

Another topic which was of great interest was "The Progress of the Aeroplane", by Miss Grizzle.

Piano solo by Miss Scott.

Refreshments were served.

An interesting dinner party was served in the Dining Room of the Domestic Science Building on Friday evening, November twenty-fourth, by the girls of the Dormitory, in honor of the Basket Ball boys who won the League championship. Those who enjoyed the elaborate repast were Miss Secrest, Mrs. Nelson, (Coach) Mr. Nelson, Messrs. Weymouth, Hoskins, Smith, Bush, Cook, Eels and Cooper.

A farewell dance was given in honor of Warren Perkins at the Boys' Dorm. Friday evening, November Twenty-fourth. A very enjoyable time was pronounced by all. Refreshments consisting of ice cream cones were served.

A merry party made up of the Misses Campbell, Schulze, Forbes, Cheada, Welch, Margaret and Kathleen Shipsey, Hazard and Huchting, Messrs. Smith, Wilkinson, Schweizer, Bennett, Schwartz, Smole, Williams and Shipsey, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Middleton journeyed up Bishop's Peak on Sunday, November twenty-fifth. When the top was reached the hungry and tired crowd gathered around baskets of appetizing sandwiches, cake, fruit and many other good things to eat, too numerous to name. After lunch, clambering about the rocks was in order. At a good hour the party journeyed back reaching home in good season.
Athletics

This year was opened Oct. 7—the occasion being a scheduled basket ball game between Santa Maria and Polytechnic. The game was played on home grounds and was called at 2:30 P. M.

During the first half the game was very even, both sides doing very good work. The half ended with a score of 8—7 in Poly's favor.

In the second half the Poly boys gained their "second wind" and jumped on the visiting team to the tune of 18—1, making a total score of 26—8.

S'TA. YNEZ vs. POLY.

The second game, although not a League game, was played with Santa Ynez on Poly grounds on Oct. 21. This game proved a walk-away for the Poly team, as they finished the game with an uninteresting score of 55—3. Smith, Poly's centre, starred in this game by making 21 of the 55 points.

POLY vs. ARROYO GRANDE.

On Oct. 28, the redoubtable team of Poly sharks journeyed to Arroyo Grande, where the third game of the season was contested.

At the start of the first half the Arroyo team pressed our boys closely and the outcome of the game was uncertain but during the half, the spirits and wind of the Poly team returned and the half ended 16—0 to Poly's advantage.

In the second half the fellows got into their old fighting trim and used their team work to such good effect that the end of the game found them with the bulky end of a 42—14 score.

SAN LUIS vs. POLY.

The fourth game of the season was played on Poly's court with San Luis High School team. The game was fast from beginning to end, both sides doing excellent work.

Weymouth did some phenomenal work in the way of goal throws and the average of playing was high throughout. A final score of 41—15 gave Poly cause for rejoicing.

PASO ROBLES vs. POLY.

The final and championship deciding game of the season was played Nov. 11, with our northern friends and neighbors on their grounds. This was by far the fastest game of the series, but by the strong work
of Poly’s guards in holding down Paso’s crack forwards the game resulted in a victory for Poly.

In the second half of the game, Paso Robles pinned her faith too firmly to Ernst, her famous centre, as Smith, Poly’s centre, held him down successfully.

Hoskins of Poly, starred in this game by not allowing his man to score and also by securing two points himself.

This game with a score of 32—12 gave Polytechnic the much desired championship of the League.

Much credit is due to Coach Nelson for these successfully contested games, as it was through his constant and untiring efforts in training that the team was able to make so creditable showing.

All of the fellows did good work throughout the season and Poly feels proud of the team in their clean, hard fight who brought honor to the school.

The girls’ basket-ball team this year made a very successful job of loosing all contested games Whether this be from lack of coaching, team interest, or pep—we cannot say. We hope for better results next year.

SANTA BARBARA vs. POLY.

Oct. 14, on Poly’s ground, the first foot-ball game of the season took place.

The game opened fast and snappy, with a dribbling rush by the Polytechnic forwards, Santa Barbara only saving a try by a timely kick to touch. From then on until the end of the first half it was anybody’s ball, going from one end of the field to the other without a score by either side.

The second half began with both teams fighting hard. The ball taken down to Santa Barbara’s fifteen-yard line, where the back succeeded in starting a passing rush from a throwout and Wright went over the line for a try. Poly was unable to convert and the score stood 3—0. By the consent of both captains, the game was called six minutes before the second half, as it was reported that Carty, one of Poly’s men, who had been removed from the game, due to a serious accident, was in a critical condition. As Poly had the ball on Santa Barbara’s thirty-five yard line, the outcome of the game was not in doubt.

The touch kicking of Hunt, of Santa Barbara, was one of the features of the game. For Poly, Murray’s work at half and Stone’s at wing three-quarter was spectacular.

SAN JOSE vs. POLY

On the 18th of Nov. a closely contested game was played on Poly’s ground with San Jose High School.

The game started at 2:30 P. M. sharp, San Jose having the kick-off.
The ball was received by Poly and carried down the field for several yards but San Jose soon stopped the advance. From this, a volleying up and down the field started. San Jose started a dribbling rush that carried the ball into Poly's territory from which the Poly men stiffly fought it back.

San Jose, during part of the first half had the ball so precariously near Poly's line that a score for S. J. H. S. seemed inevitable. Here the material of which the Poly team was composed was brought to the surface, as a more defensive fight was never before seen on the field. It was not until the latter part of the first half that Poly sympathizers again breathed freely, as the Poly men recovered the ball and forced it into San Jose's territory to the twenty-yard line, when the time was called.

A ten minute rest found the teams eager for the second half. Poly had the kick-off and Wright sent the ball well down the field. The offensive playing ability of the San Jose team was demonstrated in this half for they carried the ball by passes and dribbles into Poly's ground and it was only by the persistent playing of "Chuck" Williams and Shorty Reeves that scoring was prevented.

A ticklish situation was saved by Schweizer's heavy booting from the goal line.

The entire second half was played in Poly's territory and it was only at the end of the twenty-five minute half that Poly felt secure, as the game ended with a 0—0 score.

The following men have played in games so far during the season:—

Shipsey—Wing forward and captain—Bills headwork and fighting ability were always noticeable.

"Red" Fitzgerald—front rank—"Right there" when needed most.

"Brick" Mendenhall—front rank—Mendy, like his brother, red-headed, was always to be seen where there was something doing.

Yocum—lock—always in the line-out and keen on the mix ups.

Morrison—lock—"Longfellow" played a steady game during first half of the first Santa Barbara game.

O. R. Williamson—lock—"Watsonville" only got in the second half of the Santa Barbara game but his fighting ability was in evidence.

Leon Harris—side rank—"Johnny" was always there with his six feet-three of hard fight.

Carty—side rank—"Brick" played a good game against Santa Barbara but was taken out on account of injuries. He was a dandy at dribbling.

Noren—side rank—the "Swede" playing in the Santa Barbara game. He was a little light for the position but made up with lots of fight.

J. E. King—side rank—Showed his worth in second half of the San Jose game.
Link Luchessa—rear rank and side rank—a bunch of energy. Good on line outs.

T. Mizus—rear rank—A little light but game to the finish.

C. Tanner—wing forward and rear rank—His steady playing was evident throughout the season.

Welch—rear rank—“Stub” played a cool, steady game throughout the season.

Barney Murray—half back—His work in the Santa Barbara game was spectacular. Injuries prevented further playing during season.

Stone—half back and wing three-quarters—“Stoney” is a fast man and can be depended on for a good gain.

Ed Reeves—first five—A sure tackler and right there on the passing rushes.

Hoskins—second five—His heavy booting was prominent.

Glen Wright—centre three-quarters—He could always be depended on to carry or boot the ball for a gain.

Arnold Peek—wing three-quarters—His speed and tackling ability showed to good advantage during the Santa Barbara game.

Joe Schweizer—full back—a sure man on the “boot” and a first-class tackler.

“Chuck” Williams—wing three-quarters—Running up the ball and booting to touch were his specialties.

McLain—wing three-quarters—His sure tackling in the San Jose game got Poly out of many difficult situations.

The scheduled game between Santa Barbara and Poly was called Nov. 30, at 2:45 P. M. Poly received the choice of the field. Santa Barbara had the kick-off, Hunt kicking a high 20-yard ball. Stone of Poly received the ball and started a dribbling rush, going 25 yards down the field. Santa Barbara stopped the ball and Hunt kicked to McLain who returned the ball to touch on the 25 yard line in Santa Barbara’s territory. From the line out Santa Barbara started a passing rush to the 50 yard line, where a scrum was formed. Stone got the ball, passed to Smith of Poly, who kicked to touch on 15 yard line of S. B.’s territory. From the line-out Smith of Poly made a 15 yard kick to touch. From the line out Harris started a passing rush but Hunt of Santa Barbara recovered the ball, returning it to the centre of the field, where a scrum was formed. “Shorty” received the ball, made a good run and then passed to Wright who got the ball to the 5 yard line in Santa Barbara’s territory. A scrum was formed, Fitzgerald got the ball and carried it over the line for a try. Poly failed to convert the try. Santa Barbara then made a 25 yard drop-out, and the ball was received and returned. Time was called out for Woods of Santa Barbara. After this a scrum was formed on Santa Barbara’s 25 yard line and a volleying duel commenced, in which Wright received a broken nose and a general knockout.
The ball was kicked to Poly’s 25 yard line into touch by Hunt, and time was called out for Wright. When the line-out was called, Smith received the ball and kicked to touch at the centre of the field. From the line-out the forwards started a passing rush for Poly, gaining ten yards, being carried over touch. From this line-out, Poly started a passing rush and Wright of Poly made a kick, gaining 20 yards more on the touch line. From the line-out, McLain made a kick to Santa Barbara’s 10 yard line, where a scrum was formed, and from which the ball was carried out of touch on their 5 yard line. From this line-out “Chuch” Williams made another try which Poly failed to convert. Santa Barbara made a drop-out from the 25 yard line and Harris returned the ball and Santa Barbara started a dribble past the middle of the field.

Bill Shipsey recovered the ball and kicked to Santa Barbara’s 15 yard line into touch. From the line-out Poly started a passing rush but made a forward pass and a scrum was called. Santa Barbara got the ball and made a good gain by a dribble and Schweizer recovered the ball and made a long kick to touch. Time was called for the first half, the score being 6—0 in Poly’s favor.

In the second half Poly had the kick-off. Santa Barbara received the ball and in a general mix-up of both teams managed to get the ball down the field and by a technical error of Stone, Santa Barbara got a try, failing to convert. From this time a hard fight started in Santa Barbara’s territory during which Poly made two more tries, converting one of them. “Shorty” made one of these tries and Wright the other. The game ended with the score 14—0 in Poly’s favor.

Santa Barbara showed the fellows a good old time during the entire stay in town, which the team will remember for quite a while. Here’s regards to Santa Barbara.
FOOT-BALL SQUAD.

Reading from left to right (standing) Coach Rubel, Luchessa, Wright, Murray, Tanner, King, Cook, Harris, Mendenhall, Morrison, Yckum, Fitzgerald, R. Tanner, Noren, Williams, Eastman, Coach McHenry.

(Sitting) Welch, Hoskins, Schweizer, Shipsey (Captain), Reeves, Mizuo.
BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Reading from left to right: (standing) Cooper, Nickle, Davis, Smith, Wilkinson, Ells, Clark, Hoskins, Shipsey.
(Sitting) Baldwin, Weymouth, Bush (Captain), Cook.
Exchanges

How true you are to your name, Alert (Turlock High School, Ca.)! Your cover is artistic; your editorials, powerfully sincere; your cuts, striking; your arrangement could not be improved upon—but what's the use of trying to enumerate the virtues of perfection! As I must tear myself away from you I merely conclude that you are fairly bubbling over with rousing school spirit.

We congratulate you Madrono (Senior number) Palo Alto High on your exceptionally fine literary department. Besides the various write-ups on the seniors the stories, "The Miner from the Hills" and "After Midge the Miller," deserves special mention. Although your borrowed jokes are well selected it seems too bad you haven't enough original ones. A good feature is the class pin cut on each page and as your other cuts are so good we would like to see more of them.

Madrono (October), we find that although your cover design, like that of the June number is good, the advertisements on the cover detract from this magazine also. A decidedly interesting story is "The Spirit of '49," while your bright snappy editorials would benefit all students who read them. We also notice that your arrangement is improved.

What neat magazine is this? Oh, The Tokay (1911) Lodi High School. Although we find many faults in you among your redeeming features are: your poetry. The Senior Anthology being a clever idea; the excellent exchange deqarment and your supremacy in basket ball.

From Visalia High School comes The Oak, the cuts and pictures of which add greatly to one's interest in your good material. But if I were your exchange editor I would feel insulted in my department were tacked on after the jokes.

And here's the Freshmen Number of the Trident, Santa Ruz High, with its catchy appropriate cover design and spicy editorials. But have you no social life?

What a remarkably striking cover design you have, Track Number of the Trident. Nearly every department is exceptionally well written, the whole magazine being an improvement over the Freshmen Number for the story Girls is a perfect scream, you have a spirited and lengthy athletic department, wide awake editorial and plenty "roaring" jokes.
Review (May). Sacramento. you abound in clever cuts but we think the literary contributions should be collected together and you need more jokes in a regular josh column. The printing on the cover detracts from your appearance.

This beautifully printed magazine is The Tocsin (1910-1911) Santa Clara High. Even though well written the description of the school and the outlined course of study give the impression that you are trying to make the annual number as the work of a bulletin. We suggest that the seniors’ pictures and accompanying sketches be all run in continuously reserving the various class write ups until latter. There is not enough material in the alumni notes and the addition of exchange, literary, and joke departments would be a vast improvement while in spite of the photographs being excellent a few original cuts would add greatly to The Tocsin.

(May, 1911) University Farm School—Why, hello, Agricola, what a lusty youngster you are! We gladly welcome you not only because your very instructive articles but for your amusing nonsense as well.

We are delighted to greet you, The Oracle (Football Number) of Kern County High School for you are one of our best exchanges, mainly because of your remarkably good literary department, snappy athletic writeup, cuts, and rich jokes. Although your arrangement is good we do not like your cover design or the advertisements in the front of your magazine.

Well here’s The Farnum Tatler (June 1911) Beverly, N. J. The ads on your cover detract greatly from your appearance but you are certainly a lively little paper, your stories are far above the standard of many more pretentious papers, “Haunted by Fear,” rivaling Edgar Allen Poe in growlomeness.

One of the most enjoyable exchanges is Olive and Gold (Commencement Issue, 1911) Santa Barbara, Cal. Except for your rather crowded appearance you have attained a high state of perfection. Come again.

The ads on the front and the poor arrangement of material are detrimental to your otherwise good little paper, The Bulletin (October 1911) High School, Montclair, N. J. Your touching story, “The Clown, and a Summer Trip to the Burmudas” were enjoyed very much.

You are a magazine to be proud of Manzenita (October) Watsonville High, every article being written in the brightest, wittiest style pos-
sible, while your arrangement is well nigh perfect. But have you no news
and social notes? Although your cuts are simply ripping, your josh
column needs improving. We congratulate you on the enthusiastic school
spirit which shines throughout your whole paper, especially in the editorials
and athletic department.

The Manzanita (Commencement Number), your cover design is
very attractive, your literary, josh and social departments are well edited
but we would like to see more athletic notes and cuts. However, in gen-
eral your articles are bright and spicy.

Most admirable is the simplicity of your cover, The Ilex (Commence-
ment 1911) Woodland High. But have you no news or society de-
partments? We enjoyed the refreshingly new arrangement of your photo-
graphs and the good cuts. Every josh is a scream and having a few
scattered through your ads call attention to your patrons.

What a splendid journal you have Girls' High, San Francisco, gotten
up in the best style. It was a pleasure to look through your pictures but
do you not think it would be an improvement to collect your faculty pic-
tures instead of scattering them through your literary material? Glad to
see your abundance of fine cuts. Keep up the good work suffragettes!

Oregon Ag. College, Fairly palpitating with interesting material
and pictures in your publication, which, although of the nature of a bul-
letin of the schools, grips every one's interest from cover to cover. It is
so well edited throughout that we can not make our praises loud enough.

El Solano, Beautiful name and simplicity of cover. Your cuts are
so good we would like to see more of them. "Grinds" is preposterously
funny. Lively literary articles much enjoyed. Your social notes are keen
and your athletic department strong. Would enjoy more of your pretty
poetry. Photography is a clever feature that heightens interest throughout
the book. Arrangement is poor we consider. Hard to decide to whom
laurels belong, but whole edition is great credit to the school.

The Polygraph, Howling jokes but the borrowed ones should be
acknowledged. You are certainly up and coming. What athletic spirit
you have! You are so different from other school papers it is hard to
judge you. However, you are so interesting we will be glad to welcome
you again.
The Penn State Farmer (June). Very earnest are you in endeavoring to print articles of real practical value. We congratulate you on your admirable success and we especially, the agricultural students, eagerly await your next issue. However, the ads. in the front part and on the cover detract from appearance.

Ye Sotoyoman. Arrangement poor—Scarcity of good cuts—No original literary department—your news indicates a wide awake paper.

The Far Darter, Lively jokes—tasteful cover. Get better paper and have more cuts. Your arrangement is good except comics should precede joshes. No news department. Paper much enjoyed.

Oracle Dural High School, Cover design should be neater. Ads. in front and through articles spoils appearances, making it seem merely a magazine for ads. Jokes and miscellaneous matter in middle of class notes detract. No table of contents. Exchange write up in June issue was dandy. We know the difficulty of getting plenty of cuts but yours are so good we would like to see more of them.

Commencement, Don’t put ads on back cover. Very elaborate—shows remarkable amount of hard work, especially in carrying on the tribe idea in poetry. Well arranged though not large in scope.

Nov. Change cover design. Although cuts are good you need new ones. You have no regular Josh column. “To Dorothy” is catchy. Do not like heading “Society” for matter following. Well written article in defense of foot ball. Rousing athletic department and also fine alumni write-up. Plenty literary material and poetry. Past improvement over “Debating” number in quality of paper, material and arrangement.

The Echo, What a thriving youngster you are! Glad to see you making such a good start. Accept a word of encouragement.
(The Josher herewith desires to announce, that he is deeply appreciative of the support that has been rendered this department; that for all following issues of this page more concentrated support should be given, i.e. hand in atrocities that you, in your own mind, know can find no place in the paper, and if, by chance you should have a josh, in which there is a deep-hidden subtle point, please write the rib-tickler on tissue paper, that the Josher may have no difficulty in seeing through it.)

STRANGE THAT PROF. SHOULDN'T KNOW.
Prof. King: (in Math.)—‘Now for example, if you had three apples and divided them into quarters and so on, what would you have?’
Fitz—‘Hash.’

TEARS FOR SCOON.
Prof. S. (in History)—‘Mr. Davis, you spoil the appearance of our room. Will you be kind enough to leave?’
Prof. Nelson—‘Two white patches can be seen upon Mars, which are called polar caps.’
Elvera (in loud whisper)—‘What did he say? Pole cats?’

O, YOU GEORGE!
Sport, did you know Annie had gone?’
Sport—(impulsively)—‘O, I don’t know what I’d have done if it had been George.’
Prof. Nelson (In Phys. Jig)—“Reeves, tell me what lava is.”
Shorty—“Why, it's what the barber puts on your face, isn't it?”

I WANT YOU TO KNOW:
That I am some queener.—Fat Jennings.
That I rarely shave.—Chuck Williams.
That I am small, but, O my———.—Hazel Brew.
That I am the original, iron-bound, copper-riveted sport.
——Archie Brown.
That I am from Santa Barbara.—Joe Schweizer.
That I run the girls' dormitory.—Jewel Bell.
That I'm there a million.—Shorty Smalee.
That I can certainly paw the ivory.—Caliente.
That all the girls love me.—Carrol Stone.
That I've got the largest foot on the campus.—Walter Nelson.

Prof. (in Phys. Jig.)—“Define a glacier.”
Crespi—“A bunch of hot rock shooting out of the ground.”

Prof. Nelson—“What would you learn from a study of the coast line?”
Student—“That the Mississippi river was once covered with water and had in late years risen and become very fertile.”

WHY SO KEEN, JEWEL?
Miss Bell—“They say Switzerland is a fine place to spend a honeymoon.”
Weymouth—“Yes, there is a tunnel fourteen miles long there.”
Jewel—“O, let's go there, Mert!”

“They say that Clark is a lady killer these days.”
Sibley—“No wonder! He talks them to death.”

Black were the eyes, black as jet,
Of the Santa Maria maid I knew.
I kissed her, but brother saw,
And now mine are jet black too.

WANTED TO KNOW.
How Slats knows Mert's stride so well.
Why Fern Hall likes Cook-ies.

Why Freshie Clark got the frozen mit.
Why the dormitory girls can't have callers on Sunday evening.
If Brown did get tubbed.
Why Clark and Brown wouldn't make good queeners.

Smith (in Animal Hus.)—“Rubel, what's the difference between a Percheron and a draft horse?”
Prof.—“The same difference as between a fat hog and a Poland China.”
Miss Chase—"Annie, what did Brown say to you when he bid you good night. Wasn’t it rather mushy?"
Miss Mendenhall—"Yes, he said, ‘Carnation Flakes.’"

Startling discovery on 27th. Fat beat Fox to it.

Cook—"Run and get a doctor, Mert’s arm is out of place."
(Why did Jewel blush?)

**DIDN’T YOU KNOW THAT, BROWN?**

Prof. Ryder (in geom.)—"Yes, Mr. Brown, parallel lines meet in infinity."

Brown—"Where is that?"

Ryder—"Somewhere nobody has ever been yet."

"I hear that Fat fell in love with Slat’s voice."
"Yes, she so seldom allowed it to be heard."

**FOOTBALL DAYS.**

The football days have come again, the gladdest of the year; One side of Willie’s nose is gone, and Tom has lost an ear; Heaped on the field, the players jab and punch and claw and tear. They knock the breath from those beneath and gouge without care; They break each other’s arms and legs and pull joints out of place, And here and there is one who gets his teeth kicked from his face.

The freshman and the sophomore, besmeared with grim and mud, So gallantly to get the ball, and quit all bathed in blood; The senior knocks the junior down and kicks him in the chest, The high-school boy is carried home and gently laid to rest, While here and there a crowded stand collapses ‘neath its weight, And forty people get more than they paid for at the gate.—Ex.

Prof. S. (in History)—"Miss Shipsey, what was the governing body of the Pilgrims called?"

Miss Shipsey—"I don’t know."

Prof. S.—"That’s one good argument against woman suffrage.

Miss Schultz, can you redeem your sex by telling us what the governing body was called?"

Miss Schultz—"I don’t know."

Prof. S.—"Well, what is the governing body of San Luis called?"

Miss Schultz—"The Woman’s Civic Club."

**A CASE FOR HIGHER MATHEMATICS.**

If it takes Brick Carty from 7:30 P. M. of one day, until 11:25 A. M. of the following day to tell all he knows and to say good bye to Margaret Campbell, how long would it take six cubic yards of rock to erode from Bishop’s Peak during a dry year? 
E. S.—"Dutch, tell me what is the first law of Nature in a case of love at first sight?" 

REWARD.
For evidence leading to the conviction of any more Polytechnic students who stand and scratch the bottoms out of their post office boxes in a vain search for money orders from home.—P. O. Dept.

GOOD ADVICE.
Young man, spend your evenings at home. You meet enough stray fools during the day, without having to hunt up the main herd after dark.

Slatz has added one more scalp to her belt. Behold the sheriff’s gory locks pendant from her girdle.

Prof. Nelson (In Phys. Jig.)—"Crespi, tell me the name of the tropical north of the equator."
Crespie—"Can’t Sir." (Cancer.)
Prof.—"Correct. That will do."

(In animal husbandry)—"Why does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"
Prof. Rubel—"Because that’s the only safe place to stand."

Swartz—"If you were by yourself I’d hit you."
Ham—"Well, ain’t I by myself?"
Swartz—"Huh, ain’t I with you?"

Nelson—"Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days."
Shorty Deeves (excitedly)—"All of ’em."

If Swartz can waltz can a dish rag?

A council once was called to meet:
To congregate on Buchon street
The purpose was—not many knew.
The crowd composed a select few.
Sweet Helen was by J. K. escorted,
Red Carty with M. C. consorted,
Paul Welch his sweet sister brought,
And Barney M. his “Shorty” sought.
Miss Cora S. with Peeky sported,
While Florence K. by Sir Stone was courted,
And last, but not the least in fame,
Bill Shipsey with his sister came.
You know a gathering such as this
A chance for sport would never miss.
On games of chance, of luck, and love
Their guardian angel looked from above
And saw J. K. sweet Helen's hand
Hold in his own, at her command,
And Carty with a glass and one-match torch
Re-dress his locks out on the poarch.
While some where made to dance and jig
The rest at whist tried to renig.
When time was ripe and proper too
The guests were brought a lovely brew
Composed of wafers, water and ice cream,
Of drinks and candy of which you dream
And when all had gorged their fill
They wandered home against their will
With protestations now and then
That they would surely call again.

Its usually when a man speaks without thinking, that he says what he thinks.

Briggs (in dairy class)—"And you say they make oleomargarine of beef fat?"
Prof.—"Yes."
Briggs—"I should think that they'd make it out of goat fat."
Prof.—"Why?"
Briggs—"Because the goat is a natural butter."

Avoid arguments of all kinds. They are always vulgar, and often convincing.

Prof.—"I had a terrible scare last night."
Friend—"How was that."
Prof.—"The babies suddenly stopped crying and I thought I had lost my hearing."

YE LYRIC OF YE GALLANT KNIGHT.

Sir Brown, upon his manly knee, before his lady love,
Swore oaths of constant faith, to be judged by gods above.
His frantic speech, his fervered brow bespoke his earnest suit
And foolish words dripped from his lips
As drops the ripened fruit.
Said he, "Sweet Brick, fair Brick, I love thee true;
My constant thought, my hourly dream,
Sweet Brick, of auburn locks, are all of you.
Thy temper sweet, thy graceful ways, thy winsome smile
Have filled with pleasure all my days.
Be mine, be mine, O dearest Brick
I'll work and tend the children when they're sick;
Without thee, life would useless be;
I'll stay at home and flirt no more,
To prove that I am true to thee."
But Brick, all laws of love defied
As she to him these words replied,
"Away, slight man, I love thee not,
In me thou has't no love begot
If some maid's heart thou would'st ensnare
Do deeds of valor on field of battle rend the air.
Now listen, babe, my last decree
Make haste, away, don't bother me,
Sir Brown, before the gods I swear
Thy suit is vain, because I love thee less
Than do I now another swain.

THE ANCIENT QUARTERBACK.
It is an ancient quarterback,
And he tackles one of three;
"Now, what the ——— easy, easy, Jack!
Why do'st thou tackle me?
"The grandstand gates are open wide,
The bleachers filling fast——
Mayst hear the rooters root inside——
I must not be the last."
He holds him firm, he holds him tight,
Gripped where his clothes are slack;
And thus unto that luckless right
Declared the quarterback:
"The game begun——I tell you, friend,
It was a red-hot match;
With 'tackle low' and 'round the end,'
And many a punt and catch,
"And I was playing quarterback——
Ah, me, the godly game!
When suddenly, alas, alack,
Through the line they came.
"A ton in weight, and charging straight,
The fearful phalanx flew;
And with the ball, one big and tall
Beyond them all came through——
"God save thee, ancient football man,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?——'I tackled low
That elephantine cuss.
"About, about, in rough house rout,
The horrid scrimmage reeled;
Minus an arm and less a leg,
They bore me from the field.

"Three-quarters scattered o'er the turf,
I was a fearsome wrack;
I started in one full-sized man—
They brought one-quarter back.

"And now from field to field I roam—
May, take your quarter back;
I need it not—I have a home,
Enough to eat—and all I lack.

"Is one to listen while I tell
The story of my only game;
And you, kind sir, have don't it well—
I thank you for that same.

—Ex.

A LEADNED WOMAN.
Phidias and Pericles
Theseus and Herakles
Pyrrhus and Pompeius
Scipion and his filius
Romulus and Remus
Nicodemus, Polyphemus
Anaxagoras and his sisters
These, all these, and more than these,
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.

Pallcarp and Alexander
Sophocles, Anaximander
Dido and Democritus
Solon and Theocritus
Mithridates, Socrates
Dionysius and Sulpicius
These, all these, and more than these,
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.

Mathematics, Hydrostatics
Bi-quadratics, and pneumatics
Social statics, numismatics
Conchology and astrology
Palæontology and geology
Phlebotomy and astronomy
Genus and Deuteronomy
These, all these, and more than these,  
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.

Kitchen sweeping and house keeping  
Washing dishes, frying fishes  
Sewing buttons, baking muttons  
Weilding ladles, rocking cradles  
Scrubbing floors, peeling 'taters  
Making salads of mataters  
The domestic cookery question  
Or the ethics of digestion  
Lifting covers, charming lovers  
These, all these, and more than these,  
Were known to Miss Sophronia Pease.  
(With apologies to the author.)

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