Polytechnic Journal

1913 Commencement Number
# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class History</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Will</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Class Prophecy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horoscope</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Criminal Record</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Presentation of the Spade</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LITERARY:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mining in California</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Contrabandists of Camp Curtis</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His First Night Out</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Surveying Trip</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Oil Industry</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Luis Obispo</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Memoriam</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journal Staff</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Events of the Year</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Social</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchanges</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joshes</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
To our dear teacher

Miss May Serrest

we affectionately dedicate
this issue
The only issue of the Journal this year is the Commencement Number, which we have devoted largely to the Seniors. In years to come, we hope it may remind, not only the graduates of this year, but the other students as well, of the days and events which they have experienced while at Polytechnic.

To the Seniors who are now leaving us, the Journal extends congratulations and wishes for the greatest success and good fortune in whatever work they may next engage.

The Staff wishes to thank the patrons and the supporters of the Journal this year for their efforts in our behalf. We should especially like to express appreciation for the work done by those contributing toward the material for this number.

The Journal wishes the Staff which follows every success in their efforts.

GREATER POLYTECHNIC.

With the completion of the first decade in its history, Polytechnic seems to be entering upon a new era of usefulness. While we are looking back upon the past years with much satisfaction, it is with hope for larger things that the future appears before us. The ever increasing body of enthusiastic alumni, scattered over the state of California and other sections as well, are doing Polytechnic inestimable service. The best promoter any such institution can have is the loyal, successful alumni.

That which is essential for the advancement of any educational work, financial support, has been more generously provided this year. Funds for increasing the general efficiency of the school were provided by the present State Legislature. The additional fourth year which is now assured will enrich the courses already offered and at the same time provide for work which has been previously impossible. Polytechnic will enter upon the second decade of its service a bigger and better institution.
COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The closing week at Polytechnic this year assumes much more than usual interest. This is the tenth year of work and the commencement festivities are mingled with the Decennial celebration. The final examinations are happily past the first days of the week, leaving the latter half free for the pleasures and entertainment of the season. Wednesday evening the Mechanics Department provides a magnificent electrical display, in which the buildings are outlined and appropriate exhibitions over the various shops. The Carpentry Building is provided with an immense electric plane and other tools significant of the work done in that department. The Machinery Building is topped with interesting moving machinery and the power house supports a large engine, which indicates the work done there. Many other minor features about the grounds are interesting.

The following day, Thursday, general exhibits of the school work and school equipment occupy the greater part of the day. A short program in the morning and also one in the afternoon entertain our visitors. The Annual Farmers Picnic, which this year is combined with the June celebration, is one of the features of the second day.

In more ways than one the third day is the interesting one. In the morning occurs the class day program, which is shortened to give place for the many other things crowded into the one big day. The Alumni have their meeting and a reception for the Senior Class, followed by an out-door luncheon. The late afternoon is taken by the elaborately planned San Luis Historical Pageant.

In the evening at the Elks' Theatre, the graduating exercises are held, at which time the class of twenty-six Seniors receive their diplomas, representing the completion of a course in the Household Arts, Mechanics or Agriculture.

This closes the tenth year of work at the California Polytechnic School.

THE SAN LUIS PAGEANT.

One of the biggest events of the commencement season was the historical pageant on the campus, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the institution. In a charming section of the grounds a natural amphitheatre had been improved. Natural foliage and shrubbery furnished the background very largely. Fronting the space used for the pageantry procession, seating for the large number of spectators had been provided.

The signal for the beginning of the performance was a change in music by the orchestra from the popular airs to the weird Indian music, typical of the early period which was portrayed by a group of Indians who engaged in pow-wow and a camp-fire dance. An interruption in the dance occurred when a runner brought news of the approach of a party of white men.

The Franciscans won the confidence of the natives and the country is possessed for the King of Spain by the Fathers and the soldier escort who plant the Spanish flag.
After a lapse of three-quarters of a century the Indians are seen at work in the manner in which they have been instructed. The Fathers come in to inspect their work, after which holiday pleasures are indulged in by both Spanish and Indian people. The Spanish flag gives place to that of Mexico. The call to prayer ends the earlier period.

The American possession is then indicated by the raising of the Stars and Stripes by the G. A. R. veterans of San Luis Obispo. A later period, when the stage coach was supplanted by the railroad, furnished the "passing of the stage coach."

To enliven the occasion, a number of girls appeared in a poppy dance, dressed in green and orange.

The completion of the procession was a series of floats demonstrating the work done by Polytechnic students in the various departments of the institution.
SENIORS
SENIOR RECORD.

Baldwin, Frank, A. .................. Bakersfield
Cook, Arthur G., A .................. San Jose
Coulter, Morris, A., Debating, Tennis, President of the Student Body .................. Oakland
Cheda, Maude E., H. A., Basketball, Treasurer of the Amapolo Club, Treasurer of the Senior Class .................. San Luis Obispo
Daily, Wendell, M. .................. Carpinteria
Edmonds, Dorothy, H. A., Past President Amapolo Club .................. San Luis Obispo
Eells, Ralph H., M .................. Santa Ana
Eastman, Philips, M., Football, Track .................. San Luis Obispo
Forbes, Leona, H. A., Basketball, Secretary of Student Body, Journal Staff .................. San Luis Obispo
Johnson, Tekla, H. A., Secretary of Senior Class .................. Templeton
King, John E., A., Football, Track and Journal Manager .................. Ventura

Murray, Francis, M., Member of the Upper House, Football, Track .................. San Luis Obispo
McMeekin, Albert, A .................. Merced
Nickle, Guy, A., Football, Baseball .................. Orange
Nelson, Walter, A., Football, Track .................. San Jose
Perozzi, Walter, A .................. Edna
Schweizer, Joe, A., Football, Track .................. Santa Barbara
Stockton, Cecil, A .................. Pomona
Sanderclock, Helen, H. A., Journal, President Senior Class .................. San Luis Obispo
Tanner, Rudolph J., M., Track, Football .................. Morro Bay
Williams, Charles, A., Football Captain, Treasurer of Student Body, Vice-President of Senior Class .................. Venice
Wilmar, Ralph, M .................. San Miguel
Wade, Lilabelle, H. A .................. San Luis Obispo
Williams, George, M .................. San Luis Obispo
Yocum, Maurice N., A., Football, Member of the Upper House .................. San Jose
Class Officers:

HELEN SANDERCOCK .................. PRESIDENT
CHUCK WILLIAMS .................. VICE-PRESIDENT
TEKLA JOHNSON .................. SECRETARY
MAUDE CHEDA .................. TREASURER

Class Colors:
GOLD AND WHITE.

Flower:
SHASTA DAISY.

Class Tree:
WASHINGTONIA ROBUSTA.

Motto:
We are here not to play, to dream—
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not to struggle,—face it,—
’Tis God’s gift.
CLASS HISTORY

The present Senior Class entered the confines of the California Polytechnic School in the early part of September, 1910. They were absolutely ignorant of life in general, especially so in regard to school life and its traditions. They began expressing their views and aspirations to upper classmen, which, as everyone knows, is never to be done under any consideration. How are they to avoid the troubles that beset them during their Freshmen year?

The upper classmen unanimously decided that such a state of affairs should be properly attended to, and a part of the school education not in the curriculum, should be administered very promptly and in a large dose. The ways of the upper classmen were crafty. They invited the Freshmen to attend a social function given in their honor, and kindly requested all to come or they would miss a part of their education. The upper classmen, to allay suspicion, stated that it had always been customary for the Freshmen to give the first entertainment, but since they, the Seniors and Juniors, were Christians and regarded all men as brothers, they would give the first entertainment for the edification of the present Senior Class. All that would be necessary would be to watch closely and copy their superiors' manners so as to not make embarrassing blunders in public.

As I have stated before, the Freshmen were so unsophisticated that they readily walked into the trap. Would they come? All of San Luis Obispo's police force could not have kept them from the assembly hall that evening. They came in pairs, which was another sin; also in groups and singly.

They were courteously received, led into one of the class-rooms and seated. In a short space of time they were called one by one and led singly between two of the largest upper classmen to another room, it being explained that they were to be presented to the fair sex. Just at this time another upper classman, equipped with a large towel, would suddenly thrust it into the unlucky one's mouth. He was then hustled into the operating room, where his curly locks were quickly removed, and then branded on the forehead with a large '13. He was then hurriedly conducted to the assembly hall and rapidly projected through the doors, where a number of playful villains equipped with barrel staves made life miserable for the luckless one for several minutes. When this ceremony was completed he was fed a few very palatable oysters with macaroni dressing. By this time he was past the protesting stage and was easily kept quiet. These maneuvers were repeated until all were initiated. They were then allowed to go with a warning. This silenced the present seniors for the rest of the school year. There was a noticeable improvement in the climate and vegetation, which I am happy to state was all the better.

The only things they did of note during the rest of the year was to elect Charles Bush as President of the Class. The second time they broke the monotony of their existence was to choose white and yellow, mixed in equal amounts, as class colors.

They were ingloriously defeated whenever they tried
to compete in class events. This practically ended the events of their first school year.

In the latter part of 1911 they came back, registered, and then were called Juniors. Now that they were upper classmen they looked upon the world as though they owned it. A number of the masculine faction harbored murderous thoughts, and cast venom-tipped glances (not lances) at a new crop of Freshmen. The Juniors' intention was to give the younger generation a glimpse of the square acre of Heaven reserved for each and every Freshman, but the Lords of all Creation, the Faculty, noted the signs and posted an edict which read: "HAZING ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN." I wish to state that it is my opinion that this was all that saved the Freshmen from horrible death.

During the second year they were successful in a few of the class events. Their triumphs helped to make life endurable.

By this time they began to realize that the only worthwhile ambition was to be a Senior. This they firmly resolved to do.

When the summer vacation had finally ended, they returned, twenty-five in number. During the early part of the year they felt so strong and full of ambition that they won the class football game, allowing the Juniors and Freshmen to pick a team from the combined lower classes.

During the rest of the year a noticeable amount of brain power and vocal energy was expended in acquiring sufficient education to carry off the reward of their three years work, which represented a small parchment, commonly known as the sheepskin, showing they had honorably carried out their part of the contract. During their last year they were joined by several others who by miraculous good fortune were enabled by previous credits to join the class of 1913.

The class of '13 requested me to thank the faculty for their kindness and good will in overlooking small blunders so that the Seniors were allowed to acquire the required number of credits.

In conclusion, I wish to state that this is the true and authentic history of the class of '13.

J. E. KING.
CLASS WILL.

We, the class of '13 of the California Polytechnic School on this day of June 13, 1913, in preparation for our near departure desiring to leave to those from whom we now depart the benefits of our years of toil here, make our last will and testament; all former ones made by the class are declared revoked.

To our successors as Seniors, we the illustrious class of '13 bestow and bequeath the many pleasant hours to follow in the realms of History and Trig.

To the Faculty we bequeath memories of hours spent in cramming for examinations.

I, Charles Williams, with many regrets, will my Santa Barbara home to Morris Choos.

I, Joe Schweizer, will my blue flannel shirt to Earl Clark and my voice to Bananas as it may be useful to him in his career as a snake charmer in South America.

I, Frank Baldwin, most cheerfully will my experience in queening to Pumpkin and my graceful and agile manner of walking to Pinkey.

I, Ralf Wilmar, do bequeath my popularity at the dancing school to Eddie Einer and my delicate blush to S. Clark.

I, Walter Perozzi, in this my last will, with deep regret bestow to Archie Nock my last plug of star, also my license to interrupt classes to Henry Fiscalini.

I, Teckla Johnson, do bequeath my position as nurse girl to Prof. Rubel's twins to Mabel Branch.

I, Rudolf Tanner, will my strong-arm achievements to Elmer Forbs, as such would assist him in protecting his new highly-colored hat, and my superior skill in working transmission problems to John D. Fuller.

I, Albert McMeekin, do solemnly bequeath my position as president of the Y. M. C. A. to D. M. Ross, my future as a minister to Ralph Hoard and my ability to run the Dorm to some Junior who doesn't want the job.

I, Dorothy Edmonds, on this day transfer my good marks in English to Eells, as he needs them badly, and my uncontrollable desire to take long walks on Sundays to anyone who can locate the "Cause."

I, M. N. Yocum, my mind running in synchronism with my thoughts, except in those extreme cases when they are serious, do by oath bequeath my contagious bursts of laughter to Van Gordon, my ability to burn the Pismo sands to Bruno Perozzi and my sarcasm to Annie Mendenhall.

I, Lilabell Wade, will my success at winning the admiration of the boys to Elira Perozzi, my future address at Bakersfield to be given later.

I, Arthur Cook, knowing that the end is near, will my stock in wireless apparatus to Carlton Kinney and my bachelor mansion on Grand Avenue to Jack Clark, as it appears that Jack is intending to spend his days in quiet solitude.

I, Maude Cheda, will my reputation as a History shark to Archie Brown and my winsome ways to Ethel Hubbert.

I, Walter Nelson, in memory of the midnight musicals of the past, will my tin flute to Frank Murphy, my high jump record to Guy Swain.

I, Cecil Stockton, leave my surplus altitude to Tuffie
Delessegues, my promptness at 9 o'clock classes to Sister and my magnificent English sideburns to E. Bardrick.

I, Guy Nickels, bequeath my agency for corn salve and tin whistles to DeSilva, my popularity with the girls to C. C. Forrester and my surplus avoirdupois to Earl McMeeckin.

I, Maurice Coulter, the illustrious Student Body President, reluctantly will my seat at the solo table to Prof. Keran and my most adorable smiles to J. Rice that he may not continually wear such a sorrowful expression.

I, Philip Eastman, cheerfully bequeath my hopes for a record in track to any deserving Junior, and my seat in the "White Streak" to Denard Wylie.

I, George Williams, inventor of the "Willie Watt," hereby bequeath my "Ponies" to anyone who may be successful in using them, my low power of factor to Howard Abd and my handsome features to Sidney Masow.

I, Francis Murray, bestow my experience in track to Guy Millison, my hat to Bob Eells, my position as class clown to Gibson, and my fluent use of Prof. Ryder's improved pronunciation to Jess Bennett.

I, John King, with much deliberate consideration, will my jimmie pipe to H. H. Miller, my devout conduct at revival meetings to Morrison, and I do not care who gets the rest.

I, Leona Forbes, leave my fortune to be used in the cause of woman's suffrage and my nickname, Sport, to Lillian Tanquery.

I, Helen Sandercrooc, the exalted president of the eminent class, do hereby bequeath my celebrated laugh so prominent in class rooms to Juliet Tognazzini and my child-like curls to Stella Brown.

I, Ralph Eells, being advised by my attorney, will my marks in history to Luis Tomassini, my knack in cutting classes to Clyde Shirley.

I, Wendall Daily, will my infallible attendance to Lyon Bissenger and my extreme neatness in dress to Maude Brown.

Lastly, we hereby appoint the Class of 1914 executor of this, our Last will and Testament.

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

CLASS OF 1913, CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.
THE CLASS PROPHECY.

The glimmer of the open fire danced fitfully over and around the otherwise unlighted room, and intermittently brought the furnishings and decorations of the room under the influence of its soft radiance, bringing into occasional relief the pictures and mementos hanging thickly on the net which draped the wall.

The comfort of the room and surroundings, aided by the warmth from the lazily flickering flames, produced in me a peace of mind, as I sat reclining before the fireplace, that was a mother to reverie. As the shadows danced and flitted around and over the portion of the walls within my range of vision I could dimly discern the pictured faces of friends and classmates of Polytechnic, faces for long not seen but well remembered—faces by now, years after, were no doubt altered by time and strange conditions.

While sitting here and drifting in mind, if not in body, back to times and scenes long since departed I could dimly hear the chatter which I knew foretold a coming of my children to the study for the evening hour of stories—the hour which they so cherished and of which I was no less fond.

Then through the door they came together and the three of them clamored up and over me into their several places—two on the arms of the chair with my arms around them—the other on my lap and snuggled closely.

Then the usual request, and expectation, of—"Now, Daddy, tell a story. Tell a long story." The adventure of Alice in her strange conditions, the Hatter and the Rabbit, the Uncle Remus story, Jack and his most wonderful beanstocks—these and more had been related time on time and then repeated. So tonight my usual question of "What shall it be this time, wee ones?" brought an answer from the youngest hard of solving, for she begged, "A new one, Daddy. Tell a brand new one."

Then, while in perplexity, the portion of the wall where hung the groupe of pictures of the '13 graduating class stood out in bold view with a momentary lighting of the room by shifting fall of embers.

The doings of that little class would make a story—two decades since graduation, and in my fancy I saw them gathered once again, a class together.

So of them I made a story, told of years we spent together in the school in California, of the class games and the times we had together in the three years of school life. Through this all my children listened in a complimentary fascinated silence. When the story was all ended and of all the class I had recounted, both individually and in collection, and had shown to them the pictures of the members in the grouping—all in all a quarter hundred, then it was the eldest youngster, having heard how this class of mine all over the world was scattered, wanted me to tell to them what each and every one of them was doing, where they lived and all about them.

So to please the children I began a longer story that included places and peoples far removed and greatly scattered.

With Helen, our class President, I commenced, and
told how after school she had traveled over country on a tour of pleasure and finally when in Paris on her homebound trip returning she had met her classmate, Chuck, who was then stationed as a consul of this country, and in the world’s great gay metropolis. There in Paris they were married with the glory and the splendor which so characterizes that city of gayety and beauty.

In a net below Chuck’s picture was the face of Dutch the sprinter, Dutch the athletic wonder. So to him my thoughts then traveled and I told how in Tia Juan of Mexico he had won fame for strength and swiftness in the arena with the fighters of El Toro and was then a matador par excellence.

It was King who kept me posted on the class of ’13, so to him I turned my story and recounted how he had amassed a fortune on a ranch of Eastern Oregon and then endowed a college for the benefit of students inclined to learning of the scientific methods of agriculture, and of this college was himself the president. And from among the class with whom he graduated he had chosen one to be a teacher in this famous agricultural college. Mande, our faithful Mande, was teaching history to the students of this college, telling them how great John Adams had guided this country that little band of Pilgrim Fathers, how he brought into existence the independence declaration; how he made the Constitution, was a great Confederate General, subdued the Seminoles and was beloved by all the people for his work for woman suffrage.

’Twas of Stockton I had last heard, so to the children I recounted how up in the Polar regions, on the great terrestrial axis he had gone to spend his life to uphold a cause of Justice. Exactly at the North Pole he had built a palatial dwelling and with his good wife Tekla had volunteered to receive all future North Pole hunters and attest their great achievement so the public in the future would not be burdened with such squabbles as have occurred ’twixt Cook and Perry. To supply his needs and news of the world outside his realm, the North Pole has been made a station on “The Great Consolidated Hot Aerial Line,” belonging to the money magnates, Francis Murray and Phil Eastman.

In King’s last letter he had given news of Wilmar, Fat, and Willie Williams; so of Wilmar in Porto Rico, I had told the children, where he was head mechanic in a shop that trained the native monkeys to be useful and make wrenches for themselves.

Then how Fat, the natural peddler, was in the tropics selling salve to savages and bolts for cocoanuts, while Willie Williams to the natives taught why Cos C * Sin C can be.

Counter I knew was in Washington, D. C., nearly all of his time, vainly trying to get an amendment to the postal laws introduced so that it would in the future be impossible to charge four cents on a letter going from Paso Robles to San Luis.

From Iky I skipped to Baldwin, whom I remembered had married immediately after graduation, had studied medicine and later had taken up the practice of his wife’s father.

And Sport, dear girl, we mustn’t forget her; so I explained to the little ones how Leona had become, some ten years after graduation, the first woman president of the United States, made possible by a previously inserted amendment to the Constitution which opened the field for women as well as men.
Walter Perozzi's face prominently shone from the group on the wall, and I remembered having noticed in the "Breeders Gazette" an article telling of his efforts to perfect a breed of sea cows at the South Arctic region and produce ice cream at first hand. The sugar content of the yield was increased by having "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" played to them on an accordion while they were eating their cracked ice and regular allowance of Aurora Australis. Rudolph Tanner handled the dispensing end of the concern and called regularly at Polytechnic in Rowan's old ice cream wagon and sold cornucopias to the students at noon hour.

When my eyes turned to Wendell Daily's picture I could not remember having heard of him since King wrote to me years ago telling of his appointment to the position of editor of the housekeeping department of the staff of "Life."

Nelson and Eells, now become noted surveyors, were at the present time, I knew, on the plains of Timbuctu locating the agonic line of that portion of the globe, while McMeekin, according to the latest scientific reports, had succeeded in isolating the germ of spring fever and was undertaking a campaign to eradicate that most fatal disease of students.

Of Cook, who had accumulated much wealth in coaching first year Math. students and had later presented San Luis with a large bath house, I have heard nothing recently, so could not tell to the youngsters more of him.

And of Dorothy, I related how, upon graduating she had entered the Red Cross service and had since gained a world-wide name as the second Florence Nightingale and was then in one of the oriental countries attending to her duties of mercy.

All this I related to the children in words they could easily understand and when I was through, the eldest of the children, after asking a few questions, inquired: "Is that all of them?" And I answered, "Yes, Kiddie, all but your daddy, who is going to take you little folks to bed tonight."

M. N. YOCUM.
HOROSCOPE.

Frank Baldwin: alias, Baldie; age, cradle; hobby, debating; occupation, queening; chief fault, losing articles; redeeming feature, robust stature; ambition, proprietor of tin shop; destiny, minister; favorite song, "Under the Yum Yum Tree."

Maude Cheda: alias, He-Haw; age, fourteen coming sixteen; hobby, chauffeurng the "white streak"; occupation, tax collector; chief fault, quietness; redeeming feature, laughing eyes; ambition, to win Francis Murray; destiny, milkmaid; favorite song, "Don't (!) Expect Kisses from Me."

J. Arthur Cook: alias, Ginger Snap; age, yearling; hobby, wireless operator; occupation, learning big words (Tetramethylene triphenylmethane); chief fault, sword swallowing; redeeming feature, currant raiser; ambition, to be a man; destiny, sheep herder; favorite song, "Just for Tonight."

Maurice Coulter: alias, Ike; age, has none; hobby, early to bed, early to rise (!); occupation, reading four-cent letters; chief fault, too numerous to mention; redeeming feature, tennis achievements; ambition, to be Senior President; destiny, hopeless; favorite song, "Just as I Am."

Wendell Daily: alias, Spareribs; age, just right for Claire; hobby, every map in on before time; occupation, cutting machine shop; chief fault, ability to scrub floors; redeeming feature, pouring cream on the Dining Hall Manager; ambition, Betteravia sugar chemist; destiny, driving stage from S. L. O. to Santa Margarita for dances; favorite song, "My Hula-Hula Love."

Philip Eastman: alias Phil; age, as young as he looks; hobby, sprinting; occupation, attracting attention in civics class; chief fault, has none; redeeming feature, that sweet voice; ambition, to be a farmer; destiny, grease wiper; favorite song, "And Her Name Was Maude."

Dorothy Edmonds: alias, Dot; age, too young to teach; hobby, walking to Avila on Sundays; occupation, putting up lunches for the bunch; chief fault, staying in bed until she is pulled out; redeeming feature, coiffure; ambition, to be a sailor's wife; destiny, an old school teacher; favorite song, "The Sailor Lad."

Ralph Eells: alias, Slippery; age, still younger than his father; hobby, flirting; occupation, furnishing future home; chief fault, poor cabinet maker; redeeming feature, guess; ambition, President of the United States; destiny, keeping house while the wife has gone to the country; favorite song, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

Leona Forbes: alias, Sport; age, old enough; hobby, using cosmetics; occupation, overseeing a "Rice" plantation; chief fault, giggling; redeeming feature, winning smile; ambition, to be a suffragette leader; destiny, missionary; favorite song, "Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep" (11:30).

John King: alias, Dreamy Eyes; age, about seventy; hobby, carrying chewing-gum; occupation, herding (A) Camel (Campbell); chief fault, bashfulness in queening; redeeming feature, handsomeness; ambition, to invent rat poison out of chemistry note-books; destiny, died of despair; favorite song, "Maggie Dear."

Tekla Johnston: alias, Tek; age, unknown; hobby, nursing; occupation, flirting; chief fault, bashfulness; redeeming feature, willowy form; ambition, to be a society
belle; destiny, married; favorite song, "Gee, I Wish I Had a Beau."

Albert McMeekin: alias, Mac; age, old enough to get married; hobby, proctor of Boys' Dorm; occupation, employing nurses; chief fault, too numerous to mention; redeeming feature, his ever-ready grin; ambition, to run a water wagon; destiny, dying young; favorite song, "Sing Me to Sleep, Nurse."

Maurice Yocum: alias, Yok; age, younger than his mother; hobby, attending barbecues; occupation, motor racing; chief fault, popularity with the teachers; redeeming feature, goes to Sunday school; ambition, to be a rhinocerithologist; destiny, chimney sweeper; favorite song, "I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid."

Walter Nelson: alias, Flat Foot; age, has been weaned; hobby, answering advertisements; occupation, studying how to grow eggs; chief fault, flirting; redeeming feature, small feet; ambition, to look cute; destiny, retired capitalist; favorite song, "They Always Pick on Me."

Francis Murray: alias, August; age, comin' (Two); hobby, being late to math; occupation, keeping out of work; chief fault, dreaming; redeeming feature, sweet voice; ambition, to graduate from C. P. S.; destiny, socialist leader; favorite song, "They All Make Eyes at Me."

George Williams: alias, Weary Willie; age, no one knows; hobby, window washing; occupation, keeping out of work; chief fault, spooning; redeeming feature, beautiful face; ambition, to be butmarker of C. P. S.; destiny, junk dealer; favorite song, "No Wedding Bells for Me."

Ralph Wilmar: alias, San Miguel; age, old enough to have more sense; hobby, ability to work trig; occupation, studying to be a chemist teacher; chief fault, speeding; redeeming feature, his graceful form; ambition, to be a cow juicer; destiny, sewer lineman; favorite song, "Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl is the Right Little Girl for Me."

Guy Nickle: alias, Fat; age, twenty-one; hobby, selling pennants; occupation, eleven subjects; chief fault, perfect (?); redeeming feature, massiveness; ambition, to be successor of Miss Williams; destiny, natural born failure; favorite song, "When I Am Big Like Papa."

Walter Perozzi: alias, Peter; age, three years old; hobby, milking cows; occupation, loafing; chief fault, oversleeping; redeeming feature, ears; ambition, to be a football player; destiny, bootblack; favorite song, "When the Cows Come Marching Home."

Lilabell Wade: alias, Yum Yum; age, mama knows; hobby, attraction for Bakersfield products; occupation, making daily trips toward the creamery; chief fault, bashfulness; redeeming feature, her beautiful face; ambition, to be her own boss; destiny, ballet dancer; favorite song, "He Is Mine and I Am His."

Charles Williams: alias, Chuck; age, old enough to have a girl; hobby, sticking around for high grades; occupation, cramming; chief fault, sarcasm; redeeming feature, peroxide blonde; ambition, to be a propagator of the desert lands; destiny, janitor of C. P. S.; favorite song, "If You Talk in Your Sleep, Don't Mention My Name."

Joe Schweizer: alias, Dutch; age, on the shady side of twenty; hobby, singing after 12 P. M.; occupation, imitating all feminine voices; chief fault, keeping late hours;
ambition, to ascertain knowledge in high standing with
Prof. Keran; redeeming feature, melodious voice; des-
tiny, leading church choir; favorite song, "I Wish I Had
a Girl."

Helen Sandercocx: alias, Madam President; age, no
spring chick; hobby, strolling around about the school
campus during the noon hour (alone); occupation, stand-
ing before the mirror; chief fault, lack of knowledge in
civics; redeeming feature, wearing of costly shoes; ambi-
tion, to be a queenology teacher; destiny, boss of some
poor, unfortunate man; favorite song, "When Jack
Comes Back Again."

Cecil Stockton; alias, Slivers; age, guess; hobby,
primping; occupation, trying to look pretty; chief fault,
coming to school before breakfast; redeeming feature,
ability to carry on conversation with fair sex; ambition,
to be a ladies' man; destiny, pool shark; favorite song,
"Up, Up in the Sky."

Rudolph Tanner; alias, Horsebean Rudy; age, he will
grow yet; hobby, chemistry; occupation, excelsior doctor;
chief fault, entertaining girls in civics class; redeeming
feature, he has a motor; ambition, to be an angel; destiny,
a clam peddler; favorite song, "On a Motor That's Built
for Two."
CRIMINAL RECORD.

I.
Name: Baldwin, Frank; alias, "Baldy Dear."
Crime: Stealing Helen's heart from Jack.
Sentence: Life imprisonment.
Identity: Short and sweet; age, sometimes 3 years, and sometimes 35.

II.
Name: Cheda, Maude; alias, Adams.
Crime: Pulling hair.
Sentence: Riding through life in a milk cart.
Identity: Only Senior who can smile sweetly.

III.
Name: McMeekin, Albert; alias, Mac.
Crime: Kidnapping a nurse.
Sentence: Enjoying perfect health.
Identity: Very giddy.

IV.
Name: Cook, Arthur; alias, Greasy.
Crime: Pinching the History girls' toes.
Fine: Shave once a week.
Identity: Impossible.

V.
Name: Coulter, Maurice; alias, Icky.
Crime: Escorting special D. S. students over C. P. S.
Fine: Facing the Cannon.
Identity: Young.

VI.
Name: Daily, Wendell; alias, Black Eyes.
Crime: Sitting on pink steps at midnight.
Sentence: Wearing old clothes.
Identity: Homeliest man in Poly.

VII.
Name: Eastman, Phil; alias, Filly.
Crime: Holding hands with Arnold.
Sentence: Life imprisonment in padded cell.
Identity: Always looking for trouble.

VIII.
Name: Edmonds, Dorothy; alias, Dott.
Crime: Telephoning the Police.
Sentence: Holding Hands.
Identity: Very demure, but Oh, My!

IX.
Name: Eells, Ralph; alias, Slippery.
Crime: Hugging.
Fine: Queening seven nights in the week.
Identity: Tom Thumb.

X.
Name: Forbes, Leona; alias, Sport.
Cell: Steiner Creek.
Crime: Pesticuting the animals.
Sentence: Ragging.
Identity: Happy.

Name: Sandrock, Helen, alias Fluffy.
Cell: Physics Lab.
Crime: (1) Aspiring to dazzle; (2) crowning Juniors.
Fine: Wearing grey clothes for life.
Identity: Very quiet; age, about two weeks.

Name: Schweizer, Joe; alias, Dutch.
Cell: Hotel Hazard.
Crime: Hunting buzzards out of season.
Sentence: Singing at Edna Opera House.
Identity: Tall and skinny, but very handsome.

Name: Nickle, Guy; alias, Fal.
Cell: Murray Avenue (?)...
Crime: Kissing.
Sentence: Anti-fat twice a day.
Identity: Cute; height, ten feet; age, one year.

Name: Perozzi, Walter; alias, Peter.
Cell: Chemistry Lab.
Crime: Shooting firecrackers.
Identity: Tall blonde; small feet.
XXL
Name: Williams, Charles; alias, Chuck.
Cell: Coffee Club.
Crime: Aspiring pugilist.
Sentence: Getting married.
Identity: English dude.

XXII
Name: Williams, George; alias, Weary Willie.
Cell: Methodist Church.
Crime: Flirting.
Fine: Climbing North Pole.
Identity: Charming.

XXIII
Name: Wilmar, Ralph; alias, San Miguel.
Cell: Dancing school.

XXIV
Name: Yocum, Maurice; alias, Hocus Pocus.
Cell: Dancing Hall.
Crime: Stealing kisses.
Sentence: Chewing gum.
Identity: Pink.

XXV
Name: King, John; alias, Johnnie Earl.
Cell: Santa Barbara.
Crime: Making love.
Fine: Work house.
Identity: Has none.
THE PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

It is the proud privilege of the Class of '13, in accordance with custom, to present this spade to the Juniors. To their care and keeping is intrusted this implement, which has become a part of the history of the institution, as it has fulfilled its purpose in the historic events of other years. Our Class has used it, as others have, in the planting of a tree upon the campus which shall serve, we trust, to call to memory in future years all that is pleasant and good connected with our associations with the school.

The Class of '13 holds the distinction of taking part in a most historic event, the observance of the Decennial of the California Polytechnic School, and the tree which we have planted upon these grounds we hope will thrive and grow, as a memorial that will ever recall the glad day that marked the tenth anniversary of the school's career.

The Class of '06, the pioneers of the California Polytechnic School, instituted this impressive ceremony. By them the first tree was planted and the spade was thereupon presented to the next Senior Class, adorned with the colors of the previous classes, holding to us memories that reach to almost every section of the Golden State, to which our graduates have scattered.

It is our duty now to present this spade to the President of the Juniors who shall take our place next year. May it be as sacred to you as it is to us, and may you in turn plant a tree that shall lift its branches skyward, a sentinel of hope and enduring strength.

HELEN SANDERCOCK,
Senior Class President

RESPONSE BY JUNIOR PRESIDENT.

Custodian of the spade, Seniors, and fellow students: I realize the traditional interest attached to this spade and the carefulness with which the Class of 1913 has guarded it. On behalf of the Class of 1914, I accept the guardianship throughout our Senior year, of this implement used by the previous classes in planting their class tree. I pledge my class to hold it in the same reverence with which you have kept it.

FRANK T. MURPHY,
Junior Class President.
Adams, John J., Mech, '09—Stationary engineer at the Los Angeles County Farm, Los Angeles. Married.
Ashida, Tsunejiro, Agr. '09—Gardening near Colusa, Cal.
Bachman, Ida, H. A. '08—(Mrs. John Adams) Los Angeles County Farm, Los Angeles.
Buck, Francis, Agr. '07—Ranching at Ripon, Cal.
Buck, George, Mech. '10—Ranching at Ripon, Cal.
Campbell, E. Earl, Agr. '08—Orange grower, Orange, Cal. Married.
Campbell, Margaret R., H. A. '12—Attending high school at home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Carranza, Alonzo R., H. A. '09—Attending University of California. Home address, Santa Maria, Cal.
Cheda, Mary, H. A. '08—Teaching, Edna, Cal. Home address, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Colthart, B. Louis, Mech. '10—Working in lumber business, Los Banos, Cal.
Cooper, Jewell L., Agr. '12—In the employ of the Alameda Sugar Co., Alvarado, Cal.
Cox, C. Donald, Mech. '11—Watsonville, Cal. Married.
Curtis, Ernest W., Agr. '08—Graduates this year from the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.
Curtis, Roland, Agr. '10—Student at the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.
Curtis, Judith, H. A. '10—Teaching near San Diego, Cal.
Davis, Irving F., Agr. '09—Student University of California. Home address, Mesa Grande, Cal.
Dixon, Alfred C., Agr. '08—Farming at home, Elk Grove, Cal.
Dodge, Clara, H. A. '07—(Mrs. George Ringo) Santa Maria, Cal.

Biaginni, Ester, H. A. '07—Graduate this year from California Hospital, Los Angeles. Will take charge of hospital in San Luis Obispo owned by her father after graduation.
Bianchi, Joseph J., Mech. '10—Ranching at Cambria, Cal.
Boone, Oliver N., Mech. '09—Electrician at Folsom prison, Folsom, Cal.
Brew, Hazel G., H. A. '12—At home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Dolcini, Valenti, Agr. '08—Student Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Ia.

Drougalld, Valentine, Mech. '08—Traveling for American Chicle Co. Address, Fourteenth and Johnson streets, Portland, Ore.

Duncan, Edgar F., Mech. '10—Foreman for the Turlock Irrigation Co., Ceres, Cal.

Edmonds, Marc M., Mech. '12—In the employ of the United States Forest Service. Took post-graduate work at California Polytechnic School during spring of '13.

Ehberg, Arthur M., Agr. '10—Ranching at Live Oak, Cal.

Emmert, Allan, Agr. '07—Ranching at Hollister, Cal.

Erbunu, Michael, Agr. '12—Ranching at home, Ventura, Cal.

Evans, W. Ray—Mech. '10—With the State Highway Commission. Home address, San Simeon, Cal.

Fielder, Eugene, Mech. '09—Surveyor with Sacramento Valley Irrigation Co., Sausalito. Address, 826 Twentieth street, Oakland, Cal.

Fiscalini, J. Baptiste, Agr. '12—Ranching at home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Flint, John W., Agr. '11—Student Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Ore.

Fox, Lillian B., H. A. '06—219 West Wall street, Fort Scott, Kan.

Freeman, Chester, Mech. '11—Stationary engineer, Santa Maria, Cal.

Fridley, Eva A., H. A. '12—At home, Dinuba, Cal.

Girard, Annette, H. A. '09—Student San Jose Normal, San Jose, Cal.


Hall, Harvey L., Agr. '09—Last seen in Santa Ana, February 4, 1912; supposed to be in Oregon.

Hamaker, Charles M., Mech. '12—Was with the State Highway Commission. Took post-graduate work at California Polytechnic School during spring of 1913.

Hayward, Fletcher, Agr. '11—With Hayward Grocery Co., Pasadena, Cal.

Herring, George, Mech. '11—Working in oil fields, Coalinga, Cal.

Hilliard, Effie, H. A. '11—Graduates this spring from Santa Barbara State Normal School. Home address, Visalia, Cal.

Holloway, Elizabeth, H. A. '10—Graduates this year from San Francisco Normal. Home address, Santa Margarita, Cal.

Hopkins, George, Mech. '09—Santa Cruz, Cal. Married.

Pierce, Earl D., Agr. '08—Mesa Grande, San Diego Co., Cal.

Ramage, Rachel, H. A. '09—San Diego, Cal.

Reilley, Harold—Mech. 11—Watsonville, Cal.

Righetti, Irene, H. A. '06—(Mrs. A. F. Parsons, Jr.) 934 South Flower street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Righetti, Laura, H. A. '06—(Mrs. Ernest Yates) Betteravia, Cal.


Gould, Rachael, H. A. '09—Working in Postoffice at San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Gould, Ruth, H. A. '08—(Mrs. Harry Perry) San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Sauer, Arthur, Mech. '09—In grocery business, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Schneider, Annie, H. A. '07—(Mrs. Ralph Gardner) San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Schulze, Cora N., H. A. '12—At home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Schulze, Hertha, H. A. '10—Teaching at San Simeon, Cal. Home address, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Sebastian, Reuben L., Mech. '08—Graduate student at University of California. Home address, 2418 California street, Berkeley, Cal.

Shaw, William B., Mech. '10—Electrician, San Diego, Cal.

Shipsey, Marguerite, H. A. '12—in school at Watsonville, Cal.

Shipsey, William, Mech. '12—Attending University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Cal.


Sidney, Cassius B., Agr. '12—Ranching near Colfax, Cal.

Snyder, John E., Mech. '12—Engineer at Los Angeles County Farm, Los Angeles, Cal.

Southard, Fred, Mech. '12—Ranching, Edna, Cal.

Steinbeck, Eugene, Mech. '07—Student University of California. Address, 49 A South Park, San Francisco, Cal.

Strobridge, J. Harvey, Mech. '11—Stationary engineer at San Lorenzo, Cal.

Stone, Alan E., Mech. '09—Carpenter, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Stringfield, Alberta, H. A. '07—Teaching in high school, Corning, Cal.

Stringfield, Clara, H. A. '08—(Mrs. Marion Rice) Santa Maria, Cal.

Stringfield, Hunter, Agr. '07—Taking course in pharmacy, San Francisco, Cal.

Swartz, Charles, Mech. '12—Engineer at Los Angeles County Farm, Los Angeles, Cal.

Swerdler, Lawrence, Agr. '12—Ranching at Calexico, Cal.

Tanner, Clifford G., Agr. '12—At home, Morro, Cal.

Tanner, Ella, H. A. '07—Student Teachers College, New York City. Home address, Morro, Cal.


Kendall, Walter—Mech. '10—Lemoore, Cal.

Kennedy, Avery, Agr. '08—Somewhere in Canada. Home address, Campbell, Cal.


Knudsen, Peter, Mech. '09—

Knight, Florence, H. A. '12—At home, Port San Luis, Cal.

Kondo, Eizo, Agr. '08—Farming at Tokyo, Japan.

Leonard, John F., Mech. '11—In hardware business with father, Folsom, Cal.

Linn, Edward O., Agr. '08—Ranching at home, Paso Robles, Cal.

Linn, Othello C., Agr. '09—Ranching at home, Paso Robles, Cal.

Lomax, Minnie, H. A. '09—Student San Jose Normal. Home address, San Luis Obispo, Cal.


McDowell, Lee J., Agr. '09—Buttermaker in creamery, Tulare, Cal.
Markloff, Fred H., Agr. '11—With Union Sugar Co., Betteravia, Cal.
Matasci, Flossie, H. A. '09—At home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Miossi, Alfred, Mech. '07—Dairying, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Miossi, Alma, H. A. '10—At home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Miossi, Bernard E., Mech. '08—Dairying, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Mizuo, Takanobu, Agr. '12—
Murphy, Elmer H., Agr. '09—Assistant superintendent of Union Sugar Co., Betteravia, Cal.
Murray, Bernard, Mech. '12—Oriental Oil Co., Martinez, Cal.
Museo, Florence, H. A. '07—At home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Noren, Albin C., Agr. '12—Student Oregon Agricultural College, Corvalis, Ore. Home address, Reedley, Cal.
Patterson, Floyd, Mech. '10—Ranching, Lockwood, Cal.
Pearce, Anson K., Mech. '11—Started a chicken ranch at home, Ingomar, Cal.
Pearson, Velma, H. A. '10—Married.
Perozzi, John H., Mech. '12—Engineer at California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Pezzoni, Attilio, Agr. '09—Ranching, Guadalupe, Cal.
Pezzoni, Henry, Agr. '07—Ranching, Guadalupe, Cal.
Taylor, John S., Mech. '10—Student Chico Normal, Chico, Cal.
Thomas, Myron M., Agr. '07—Ranching, Riverside, Cal. R. F. D. No. 4, Box No. 39.
Tilton, George A., Jr., Mech. '09—With County Surveyor of Los Angeles County. Address, 1461 West Fifty-eighth street, Los Angeles, Cal.
Tout, H. Floyd, Agr. '06—In charge of Agricultural Department of Kern County High School, Bakersfield, Cal. Married.
Tout, Jeanne, H. A. '07—Student University of California. Home address, Sultana, Cal.
Twombly, Katherine E.—H. A. '08—(Mrs. Lorenzo A. Hampton) 720½ South St., Louis St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Watson, Beulah, H. A. '09—(Mrs. Sidney W. Eggett) 727 L street, Fresno, Cal.
Weymouth, Merton, Agr. '12—Ranching at Berenda, Madera county, Cal.
Wilson, Geo. W., Mech. '07—Representative International Correspondence School, Bakersfield, Cal. Married.
Wilson, Loring J., Agr. '09—Died November 24, 1911.
Wood, Glenn, Mech. '09—Student University of Southern California. Home address, Glendale, Cal.
Wood, Hazel, H. A. '09—Student of University of Southern California. Home address, Glendale, Cal.
Wright, Selina, H. A. '09—In Nurse's Training School. Home address, Kau, Cal.
Yates, Ernest, Agr. '10—With Union Sugar company, Betteravia, Cal. Married.
MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

About 1300 feet above sea level, in the north central part of California, lies the "Mother Lode," the richest vein of gold in the United States, except that in Colorado. Here lies the deepest gold mine in the United States, and next to the deepest in the world. The mine, called the Kentucky, so named after its discoverer, was started in the early 60's. The other mines along the lode are equally as old, but not so deep. The Kentucky mine, on account of good ventilation, is a very cool mine. The never-failing signs of green sand, quartz and slime led to the establishment of these mines. The lode extends across the length of Amador County into Calaveras County. Other prominent mines along the lode are the Bunker Hill, Argonaut, South Eureka, Central Eureka, and Fremont.

The main feature of a mine is the manner and direction in which its shaft runs. The Kentucky shaft is perpendicular and is 3500 feet deep. The other shafts generally run on an incline of 62 to 80 degrees. By this method a mine grows longer as it grows deeper. The shaft is generally divided into three compartments—two for ore, and the other as a sump, where the water collects. The timbering of the shaft is done by sets. Each set consists of so many pieces of square timbers. The timbering is always a serious problem, as this is all that keeps the mine from caving in. The track for the skips is laid on the timber and consists of strips of iron nailed on a two-by-four. The cable that hoists the skips is composed of four strands of fine wire. When the strands are braided the cable is about two inches in diameter. Two kinds of skips are used. One is for ore and the other for water, which is almost twice as large as that used for ore. The speed of travel in the shaft varies for different mines. The skips at the Kentucky travel 3500 feet in 1 1/4 minutes.

In working a mine good equipment is necessary. The main thing necessary is a strong gallows frame and hoist. Nearly always the frame is made of wood. The frame of the Kentucky is made of steel and is 100 feet perpendicular above the mouth of the shaft. The hoist is where the cable is wound when drawing up a skip. Sometimes the whole engine is considered as the hoist. The hoist is operated by a 1200-horsepower Allis-Chalmers engine. The furnace of this engine is supplied with oil for fuel, using from ninety to one hundred barrels per day.

The mills of modern type are constructed of steel; wood is used for the floors and roofs. The stamps, which crush the ore, weigh from 850 to 900 tons. Generally five batteries of twenty stamps each are used. Each stamp easily takes care of five tons of ore per day. Most of the mills are run by motor power. Water power is fast coming into disuse. Westinghouse motors from 100 to 500 horsepower are used. Two motors will run a mill.

Machine, carpenter, and blacksmith shops are all kept busy doing repair work. The sawmills turn out from
8,000 to 12,000 round timbers, from 100,000 to 1,000,000 feet, of square timber. All the machinery is driven by motor power. Most generally the holes for blasting are drilled by machine rather than by hand power.

Not every mine has the proper means for treating ore. The Kentucky has its own reduction works for the treatment of concentrates by roasting and chlorine gas process, 92 per cent of the assay value being recovered at a cost of $5.50 per ton.

After the ore has been dug out of the ground and hoisted it is dumped into crates or bins. From here it is carried by a mule team to the upper story of the mill, where it is fed under the stamps with about thirty inches of water. Here the ore is ground to a pulp, which is put through a screen. Number 24 is usually used, the number of screen varying according to the grade of ore, the higher grade requiring a finer screen. Leaving the screens, the pulp or tailings are then passed over number 16 Frue concentrators or collectors, where the bulk of the concentrates are collected. At this point the tailings are sometimes treated to another process known as the Darrow & Hambric process. This is simply a large revolving cylinder which is the prime factor in collecting the gold-bearing material. This process is an improvement on the old canvas method. After the metal has been collected as gold dust it is then taken to the smelter, where it is treated to the roasting and chloring gas process, or any other process that may be employed. The melted gold is run into bricks and molds. The deposit left in the retorts is grayish purple and will attack the shoes if walked on to any extent. From the smelter, the gold is sent to the assay office, where the quality and value of the metal is determined before it is sent to the nearest mint.

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

THE CONTRABANDISTS OF CAMP CURTIS.

Camp Curtis was one of the three grading camps working on the new mountain highway in process of construction between San Gorgonio Pass and the famous Idlewild summer resort. Steadily since June the camp had crept, week by week, a few miles at a time, up into the clear air and balmy pines of the San Jacintos, till now, on this warm September day, its white tents stood, newly pitched, in Dark Canyon, at the mouth of Fuller Creek. Out in the bright sunlight, flecked with the shadow of the interlacing needles of the pines overhead, Fuller Creek bubbled sparklingly by over the smooth pebbles, murmuring contentedly as though enjoying the brief rest afforded by the narrow flat on which the camp was situated. Southward from camp the first furrows of the new grade twisted fantastically in and out along the rough mountain-side, finally dodging out of sight to the west behind a rugged spur, topped with lofty sugar pines. Around the brow of the mountain to the east only a crude trail and the absence of brush and small trees marked the survey of the Idlewild Highway, for the Stockbridge camp, two miles in advance of Camp Curtis, was solely an axmen's camp.
The deep, black shadow from the tall ridge-pole of Camp Curtis’ long, open “chuck tent” pointed almost with the compass. Inside the tent a little Mexican “flunky” glided back and forth from the long, pine tables, set with shining, tin dishes to the savory little kitchen annex, where the big German cook vied with the bubbling of the potato-pot and the sizzling of frying onions and bacon by bawling out his favorite Dutch tune in his loudest bass.

Aside from “Dutchie’s” song and the music of the stream no sound broke the stillness, for although Andy Mason, the corral boss, might well have been ‘wakening echoes in the adjacent mountain wall by using a hammer on the yet disconnected panels of the corral fence, Andy preferred a quiet reverie on the sun-warmed surface of a granite ledge near-by. There he sat with his soft hat pulled low over his eyes, chewing the loosely-knotted ends of a gaudy, red silk handkerchief embellished with gaudier, golden eagles and Indian heads, which article of adornment graced his neck, and—if we may take for it the opinion of the camp wit, Pat McNeil, counseled its wearer in all matters requiring thought. Certain it was that this particular portion of his attire played a conspicuous, if not an important, part in Andy’s most momentous mental exertions, for, as Pat put it, “Andy never thought extensively without wallowing that red rag in his mouth.”

That Andy’s thoughts were not now of the most pleasant sort was evidenced by the scowl that overspread his face. Like the jackdaw of the fable, Andy Mason had come to Curtis Camp flouting several false feathers, of which the three most in evidence were, unexcelled marksman ship, cleverness with his fists, and exceptionally quick wit. The first of these was badly ruffled whenever an expedition was set on foot for game; the second moul ted outright when Andy was defeated in a fistic combat with a little man from the Stockbridge Camp, and the third was being gradually clipped off by Pat’s irrefutable criticisms. Thus shorn of his glory, our hero was out of sorts, and had vowed revenge for his fancied wrongs.

So deeply was he engrossed in his gloomy meditation, on this bright autumn day, that he did not come up when a little cloud of dust on the road announced that the camp’s work teams were rounding the corner beyond the sugar pines. But before the thud of hoof-beats and the jingling of buck-chains was clearly audible, Mason seemed to have reached a climax in his contemplation. He pushed his hat on the back of his head, and, after a protracted mastication of his neckwear, brought a big fist down with a thud on his corduroy-clad knee. “I guess that’ll fix ‘em,” he announced. “The wind’s been against me for some time runnin’, but I reckon that’s a wedge that’ll fall the biggest hard-luck tree up th’ wind.”

So well was he satisfied with the result of his service that he could scarcely contain himself till the noon meal was well under way, and he found opportunity to remark carelessly that he had discovered the whereabouts of an apple orchard. As he had anticipated, this bit of intelligence aroused a great deal of interest, as well as some skepticism. “Purty high altitood for apples, ain’t it, Andy?” drawled Bill Hadler, a big teamster. “Onless ye was meanin’ pineapples; and if my geography’s correct, they grow on vines not on pine trees.” Andy explained that the orchard in question was a thousand
feet below camp, on the old Cabazon trail, and soon an immediate nocturnal visit to the vicinity of the new find was being animatedly discussed by the whole outfit, save one grizzly-templed little old man, who sat at the head of the table, attending diligently to the important business of eating, and talking only when he deemed it absolutely necessary.

He regarded the company solemnly now for a moment from above the iron rims of his square-bowed spectacles and then said, "Ye'd best be a wee bit careful, lads. Don't let the boss get wind o' this. Ye ken about Jake Stimm's affair and what bekim o' it. 'Tis weel to ha' a care."

At this Mason snorted, "Burn th' boss. I wouldn't give that," he said, snapping his big fingers, "for a narrow-minded samby-pamby that'd object to a little innocent fun like apple swipin'."

"Vell, I vender would you give nodding for a shob like that one boss's got," broke in the big Dutchman. "'Ul's shunt some narrow-mindedness like that yet you need yet you might holt down such a shob yourself."

"Don't be foolin' yerself, Dutch," said Pat. "Billy Curtis's only a saplin', but he's got the stuff in im. Andy here's a matoor standard, but if I don't misjudge, the development o' his crown don't indicate the proper grain to meet the requirements o' sick a persition."

A laugh ensued, and Andy complained that he didn't see the joke. "Whenever Pat opens his mouth," he said, "you fellows jnst howl."

"Sure and whin it's yerself that opens yer mouth th' wind howls, so what's th' odds?" said Pat.

At this Andy lost his temper, and was about to make an angry retort when Pete Mulveyney—popularly known in camp as Pacifying Pete, because, as Pat put it, he "kept the dove of peace always a-roostin' on the ridge pole"—laid a hand on his shoulder, saying "Cool down a little, Andy; you blaze up too quick. A hot temper's a fire that you want to keep well banked, fer if it once gets loose in favorable stuff there's bound to be trouble.

Boys, we're lucky to hav a enterprising corrail boss that kin detect such interestin' facts about the surroundings of a new stampin' ground in such short order. Now, if Mister Mason here'll direct us to the spot, I suggest that we quietly meander ov'r that way tonight. Th' boss won't be home till mornin', and anyhow, Scotty," he went on, addressing the little man at the head of the table, "Billy Curtis aint the man to interfere in a affair o' this sort. That affair o' Jake Stimm's was downright plain a hoss of another color. Any man'd like to pull up a measly coyote that'd cop chickens off'n th' roosts of a poor old cripple's henry."

Here Pat provoked a laugh by remarking that Scotty's principles of conduct pivoted on the old adage, "'Tis a sin to steal a pin; 'tis a greater to steal a 'later."

"But," he added, "it's not meself wants to mix with th' boss when he's on the warpath. He's fonder o' a good fight in a good cause than Andy is o' carvin' his name."

Another laugh followed, for if there was one thing requiring physical exertion which Mason thoroughly enjoyed it was carving the letters that designated the name Andrew Carnegie Mason.

"Well, says," said Pete, "let's get goin' so's we kin hev th' consent of our consciences to quit early tonight.
and drop down and visit this here interestin' section o' country." And he led the way to the corral for his team.

Mason fairly hugged himself with delight as the last team disappeared beyond the sugar pines. "They can't walk away with apples from Johnnie Dexter's ranch without hein' failed to their den," he soliloquized. "That fox has had too much ranch experience in th' Forest Service, teachin' timber thieves and cattle trespassers and other varmints. He'll get 'em with my help." "Well, we're off," he said aloud, turning to an old roan mule that had stood in the stable-tent for a week with a bad foot. "Luck's with us. Ranger Dexter's up at Idlewild, so th' coast's clear. Back up you hat," he bellowed, emphasizing his command with a kick and a more formidable and less elegant malediction as the animal hesitated to move because of the pain in his leg. "You'll pack me to Dexter's ranch today, sore foot er no. A lame mule's better'n Shank's mare any day. Hold on a jiffy." He grinned as he took from an unsorted pile of harness a pair of silver spurs, rubbed the dust from the plainly engraved name Patrick McNeil, and, buckling on the instruments, rode away.

The corral panels were yet uncoupled when the descending sun that evening shrouded the summit of San Jacinto Peak in crimson and gold, and tinted, in that indescribably beautiful hue, the tops of the trees on the canyon side opposite the shaded nook where Camp Curtis' horses were assembling and filing off into the gathering gloom of the old Cabazon trail.

Andy watched the outfit out of sight, having expressed a regret that he could not accompany it, as all the ridable stock was mounted and "it would be a shame to ride old Lice with that foot o' his."

That night after an hour or more of lying awake, listening to the sighing of the pines and the hooting of a pair of horned owls, his vigilance was rewarded by the return of the expedition. He marked well the spot where the two sacks containing the spoils were hidden under a tarpaulin, and then, hearing some of the men coming toward the sleeping-tent, got rapidly under his blankets again and there snored diligently till sympathetic sounds from a dozen beds told him it would be safe to move abroad. He crept stealthily to the hidden treasure. "Melons!" he ejaculated. "Didn't know Dexter raised melons! So much better! I'll put about four o' these fellows under that pile o' hay the freighter brought up today. They'll be safe there. The boss said last week, 'Always use the old hay first,'."

Next morning, after some discussion as to the disappearance of four of their choicest melons, the outfit left for the east end of its new construction line, taking with it, for the noon-meal dessert, the remaining melons, save two, which were left for the cook and hunkie.

Mason was busily employed about his long-neglected duties when the guardian of that particular range of the Cleveland National Forest rode up on his favorite horse, a fiery little buckskin, behind which he led a pack mule with a capacious alforjas slung on either side of his back.

"Where's Curtis?" asked the ranger.

"Gone to Cabazon," answered Andy. "Just found a note that says he won't be back till two P. M."

"In that case, I'll have to take you," said Dexter.

"What's up?" asked Andy. "Is the government gathering pine seed?"

"Not today, pard; more important business afoot," replied the ranger, pulling his mustache. "I'm doin' the
Sherlock Holmes act today, trailin' trespassers. Know anyone 'at rides a mule 'at leaves only three an' a half foot marks where he should leave four?"

Andy's boot-heel lured his eyes to the ground by scratching an "A. C. M." thereon as he answered slowly, "Well, yes; Pat McNeil, on our job here, works such a critter."

Dexter took advantage of Andy's downward glance to haul from his pocket a brilliant golden eagle which he compared with the birds of like feather glittering on Andy's neck. When Andy looked up, however, back into the ranger's pocket went the tell-tale eagle. "By th' scratches on 'im," he remarked, "this laddy buck might 'a' waded through that thicket o' buckthorn down by my orchard. That's a tough trail. There's a better one down by the melon patch. I'll have to post a notice to that effect."

"Lost some apples, have you?" queried Mason. "No; melons," replied the ranger.

"Did you find a spur about there?" Andy inquired. "A silver spur with the owner's name engraved? Pat's lost one. Thought, you know, it might ha' got snagged on your barb-wire fence?"

Dexter eyed the missing corner of Mason's neckerchief, and again Andy eyed the ground. "Yes," drawled the ranger, "that fence has a habit o' snaggin' things. But, say, the mule's hard looks and the missing spur are pretty positive proofs that Pat McNeil's my man, ain't they? We'll have a little sport with Pat. I'm an officer o' th' law. Has said Pat any personal belongings about that I can attach for debt?"

"His blankets," was the reply.

"Just the thing," said Dexter, "an indispensable article in these parts. Where'll I find them?"

"Third from the door on the right side o' the sleepin' tent," said Mason. "Help yourself. I'll finish this corral and be ready to go with you."

The corral having been duly finished and a roll of blankets strapped securely in one of the ranger's alforjas, the two men picked their way over the eastern survey line for about a mile, Dexter stamping with his hatchet the trees that were to be spared and leaving Mason finally to tack on them shakes bearing the injunction, "Save this tree.—U. S."

After leaving Mason a half mile behind, the ranger came upon a growth of luscious blackberries just above the road. He dismounted, tied his hat with leaves, and filled this improvised basket with the fruit. Then he left his confiscated property deep in the cover of the brambles, tethered his horse to a tree, and, leading his pack animal, presently came upon the Curtis outfit preparing noon camp. He exchanged hearty greetings with the men, to some of whom he was known, and passed around his berry-basket hat. On invitation he shared the outfit's lunch, but the dessert was conspicuous for its absence. "Well boys, I must be moving," he said when he had finished a hearty meal. "How's the old spring holdin' out?" and he kicked about at the base of a rock where once he knew water stood that might have served to lower the temperature of sun-scorched melons. "Gone dry, eh?" he said, when his search proved fruitless. "Well, there'll be plenty o' water in this ravine before morning, by the looks o' the sky. Got some good drinkin'
water among your traps?” He stepped to the unslung packs, drank his fill from a canteen, and then the outfit held its breath as he lifted a sack under each arm and, striding to his mule, tucked one away in each alforjas. Remarkings, with a sly wink, that he’d “bring ‘em back if they didn’t fit his vines,” he stalked away into the forest, into which after a moment of silence, there came to him a hearty roar of appreciation from the outwitted Curtis outfit.

Meanwhile Billy Curtis had arrived at camp. “Well, little girl,” he said as he slipped the bridle over his mare’s head at Fuller Creek, “it’s been a hard trip, hasn’t it?” After the fashion of a man who spends much time alone with his horse, he chatted to her as she followed him into her stall. “Andy’s forgot your feed,” he said as he noted the empty manger. “We’ll take some of this new oat hay the freighter has brought up. You’ll be ready for the best after this morning. What’s this? Melons! ‘A. C. M.’ The name and the initials don’t coincide,” and he took from the saddle horn Pat’s missing spur. “Seemed strange,” he soliloquized, “that Pat should ever be so hurried in getting through a fence that he’d leave one of those spurs behind. There’s something up. We’ll ‘wait developments and a visit from Dexter. Arturo, you’re responsible for this find. If you hadn’t shied at that grey fox and made it necessary to have your cinch repaired with material from Dexter’s fence I fear Pat would have lost a silver spur and a good name.” He slapped her neck and left for the chuck tent.

“Jose,” he said, to the young Mexican who brought him his meal, “did Pat leave word when he’d be home?”

“He not talk me, senor. I see Dutch,” said Jose, and he left for the kitchen. “Pat no talk Dutch when he come,” he said, returning.

“Strange!” said Curtis. “Pat seldom forgets. Where’s Andy, Jose!”

“Andy, he go with the senor, the government man,” said Jose. “He say you come back not till two o’clock. The senor the government man, he take Pat’s bed. Pat he feel not pretty bueno when he come.”

The boss smiled. Pat was Jose’s hero. “Well, Jose,” he said, “this shall be looked into.” Then he busied himself with his maps.

After about a half hour a step sounded outside, and presently Pat’s sturdy red head pushed through the tent flap, and Pat’s equally sturdy voice said, “Well, soir, I’ll be back to it by about wan hour.”

“And you left no word for me, Pat?” queried his employer.

“Sure and Oi left worrid. Oi hung it here,” said Pat, fingering a nail driven into the tent pole. “Ut said, ‘I’ll be back at two. P. M.’ P. M. standin’ for Pat McNeil, o’ course.”

“Well, that explains one thing,” said Curtis, “but we must find Dexter and help mark those trees.”

Taking to their horses, they rode some distance in silence. They passed Mason, and Curtis nodded. “We’ll commence at the other end,” he said. After awhile he spoke again. “Pat,” he said, “Dexter was up and attached your blankets till those melons are paid for.” Pat started, and then grinned, but said nothing. He was found out, all right; it was all in the game.”

“Hello!” said Curtis, “there’s Johnnie’s mount. That means Johnnie himself is near. Let’s investigate this berry patch.
They dismounted and climbed the bank. "Here's your bed," said Curtis, as he almost stumbled over the roll.

"Not moine, Oi guess, sir. See them letters," said Pat, coming up behind and pointing to the conspicuous brand.

"Well!" A comprehensive smile spread over Billy Curtis' handsome face, as he unrolled the blankets, turned in the canvas that was so unmistakably Andrew Carnegie Mason's, and turned out a plain grey blanket that might have been anybody's. "We'll proceed," he said, when they had regained their mounts and the blankets had been fastened to his saddle strings.

Scarcely had they started when they met Dexter.

"Hello, Johnnie," said Curtis.

"Hello yourself, Billy," said Dexter.

Each eyed the other's pack suspiciously. Each felt certain what the other carried, but neither had any clue by which to prove his conviction till a dark green stripe showing carelessly under the flap of one of the ranger's alfornjas gave Curtis his opportunity. "Peddling melons, Johnnie?" he asked. "If so I'm your customer."

"Peddling's the word, Billy," said the ranger, "but these go to Cosgrove's camp."

"Hard luck for us," said Curtis. "Bring us up a load some day, will you?"

"I've got no more to sell, Curtis," replied the ranger as he rode away, "but stop in when you go to Banning, and I'll treat you."

At about two-thirty that afternoon Ranger Dexter passed through Camp Curtis, and at about two-forty, Contractor Curtis himself rode up to his chuck tent. "Jose," he said, "take off that apron, take this," slipping three big round coins into the lad's hand. "Straddle Artucia and follow me."

He took a rubber poncho from his tent and led the way. Two hundred yards from camp he stopped, laid Andy's bed in the center of the road; laid the poncho over it; and turning to Jose, said, "Here's the old skid trail that brought grab to Stockbridge's 'swampers' before the road caught them. Dexter's gone 'round by the road to Cosgrove's camp. The trail's quicker. You take the trail. You ride pretty pronto and beat him there. Your friend Antonio buys those melons for you and loans you his burro to bring 'em back for supper. Savvy? Adios, boy." Jose showed his white teeth in an appreciative smile and was off up the trail.

That night, how it rained! But the uproariness inside Camp Curtis' chuck tent seemed to say, "Let'er rain." The inmates were still discussing how they had been hoodwinked, when Jose proudly bore in three spacious trays of watermelons. When the cheering had somewhat subsided the boss exhibited an unparalleled specimen with "A. C. M." nicely engraved upon it, saying, "Let's add an 'E' to the inscription and set this away for Mason. He's set out for Cosgrove's Camp, but he'll be back soon. I claim the joke's on him, eh, Scotty?"

Scotty slowly removed his spectacles and with the greatest gravity quoted, "He that diggeth a pit for another shall fall therein himself."
"Hi there, sis; got a letter for me?"
"Yes, one," said Frank's sister, as she brought in the mail.
She handed it to him, and at the sight of the postmark, he gave an exclamation of delight. Seating himself on the edge of the table, he tore open the envelope, and read the following letter:

"Dear Friend:—Your letter of the tenth at hand. You may be sure I was glad to get it, but believe me, when the folks learned its contents, the quiet routine of family life was slightly disturbed. Father said he would have to consider the matter. Mother, with considerable emphasis, which was an ill omen to my plans, said, 'Never!'

"But I wasn't much disturbed, for I was sure the Doctor would sanction the scheme and bring the folks into line.

"Accordingly, I sought out the Doctor at my first opportunity. I handed him your letter, and after he had read it twice he thought a moment and then said, 'Well! Well!! That's great! Of course you are going? It will be a splendid experience for you, and do great things for your leg.'

"I told him how badly I wanted to go, and what the folks had said. At this the Doctor roared.

"'As usual,' he said, when he had calmed down, 'Well, tell them I'm coming to see my patient tonight.'

"He did so, and from my hiding place, listening through the keyhole, I heard him work out his argument with as much skill as he would use in an operation for water on the brain. At least, that's what I would have had if I had tried to work out a debate as he did. It was a walk-away, and though they knew it, they were still reluctant.

"'I'll leave as soon as I can get ready after school is out, which I think now will be June 28. At least I'm so elated that I don't care whether school keeps or not.

"As ever, your friend,

"ALBERT.'"

"Well," said Frank, turning to the family, "Bert is really coming for the summer. We must begin now, to plan a good long trip to the mountains."

It might be well at this point to explain Albert's situation. When a small boy, his right leg became useless. Until four years ago, he had used a crutch ever since he was big enough to handle one. Five years ago he underwent a severe operation, by a New York specialist. A year later he was able to throw away his crutches for good, and though still lame, could get around, with some credit to himself. Though born and raised in the city he had spent some little time during the summers with an uncle on a stock farm.

Thus it came about that six weeks later, a quartette, consisting of Albert and Frank, John (Frank's brother) and a friend of the Stanley brothers, Harry ketogenic, were disturbed from peaceful slumbers by a noisy alarm clock at the unearthly hour of three o'clock. However, they were soon up and on their way. The heavier luggage was roped securely on the back of the buckboard, occupied by two of the party. The other two coming in a buggy, drawn by two light horses.

After a long, dusty, hot drive they arrived at the Tole
Bouse, where they spent a very eventful night. The chief cause of the eventfulness of the night was half a dozen mangy, long-snouted razor-back swine, which insisted on invading the camp several times during the night. The interesting feature of these raids occurred when Hal wrathfully pursued the fleeing swine. His uncovered toe came in contact with a rock; he lost his equilibrium and pitched headlong. This time his eye came in contact with a cobblestone. All these events had anything but a quieting effect upon the wrathful Harry. The next morning he appeared much like a beaten fighter. His black eye was the cause of much mirth on the part of the other three.

The next morning the boys were off at three o'clock, and the first ones on the long Tole House grade. It is essential that light rigs start up the grade ahead of the long teams, for it is risky work passing. The grade is seven miles long, and takes sixteen horses one-half a day to take one laden wagon up.

Having made an early start, they arrived at Shaver by noon. After a dip in the lake, and lunch, they began to cast about for a suitable camp site, but there were several hundred people summering there, and so they decided to push farther back into the higher mountains.

They struck an old wagon road which had not been used since the summer before, and was consequently in very poor shape. The road soon came out at the head of the lake, where it took a course up a small stream, tributary to the lake. After following the road for some fifteen miles, a broad wash yawned in front of the team, and they were compelled to stop.

It was late and there was nothing to do but pitch camp for the night. But even where they were was far from a suitable place. It was at least one hundred feet down over the rocks to the water, and there was no feed for the horses.

John went back down the road a couple of hundred yards, and disappeared between two towering rocks, between which a creek bubbled out and down into the other creek.

He soon returned, however, waving his hat, yelling like a Comanche, and mixing with it all the up-to-date slang which he could master. However, it was a joyful sound to the rest of the party. "Swellest camping place out—feed knee deep, good spring, old mill and all. Great Christopher Columbus! but such luck hasn't come our way in many a day!"

Considerable difficulty was encountered in getting the vehicles turned around. After some discussion it was decided that it must be done by hand. The team was detached from the buggy and it was turned around.

They were just giving a last heave in lifting it around, when Hal dropped his corner and with an exclamation of disgust said, "What chumps we are!"

"Why?" asked Bert.

"If we had only thought about it and steered them down backward till they were past the entrance, then we could have hitched up again and driven in," said Hal with a moan, for he was the inventor of the belated thought.

"Well," said Frank, "it's no use to turn this one back. We had better finish this job."

After some delay both rigs were brought safely into port, the horses unhitched, and the rigging hung on the
poles. The horses were allowed to drink and roll, then hobbled and turned loose for the night.

While they were arranging camp, which was only to be temporary, a camp-fire was started and soon the air was filled with the most tantalizing odor of frying bacon.

After the supper, which was served up in rather unconventional style, even for camp life, a roaring fire was built against a huge rock, and the boys sat down to enjoy it and make plans for the coming day.

Out the natural gateway and across the creek towered a gigantic mountain, capped with a crown of snow. At first little could be distinguished save the dull white cap, but while they looked, guessing at its possible elevation, the moon, in its full orb, rose above the snow. Such a dazzling change one will seldom see. A long snowslide sloped toward the gate, down which the moon’s rays shot, with a most brilliant effect. But as the moon slowly ascended, the effect gradually died.

While they thus viewed the unusual scene, a huge boulder, loosened by the increasing frost, started, bounding, grinding, rattling down the mountain-side. There would be a few seconds of quiet, save the echo, until the listeners would think it lodged somewhere, when it would strike on some point with resounding crash, and rattle on to another great leap. Soon the rattling became slower and more deliberate, and then ceased altogether. All this took place in far less time than it takes to tell it.

After considerable silence, Bert broke it by exclaiming, “I never dreamed of such wonderful things. The vastness of all this is wonderful, grand, and an enormous piece of work. Enough to strike awe into the heart of any human being.”

For some time all was quiet save the occasional snap in the glowing embers of the dying fire, and the moaning whisper of the stately pines which bordered the camp. Up the canyon a small waterfall clattered into hearing and as the breeze became stronger grew into the distinct splashing murmur of falling water. Then the breeze softened, and the conversation of the distant fall was heard no more.

“Let’s go to bed,” said Hal; “I’m sleepy, and besides we want to get settled tomorrow and explore this place. For all we know we are in a den of thieves, or lions, or ghosts, or something else.”

They were soon rolled up in their blankets, Albert and Frank together, and John and Hal.

Frank deemed it his duty to Bert as well as to himself to make sure that Bert had a good night’s sleep, for he saw signs of uneasiness on his bedfellow’s part, for the fire was getting low. However, Frank found himself dozing while trying to persuade Bert that everything was all right. He soon went to sleep, dreaming that someone was gouging him in the back. This came nearly being so, for the next day he found a good sized cobblestone under his blanket.

How long he slept he never knew, but, judging from the condition of the fire, it must have been an hour or so. He suddenly became aware that Bert was sitting up in bed, and his revolver gleaming in the moonlight. He was gazing fixedly into the shadows, and his hand twitched noticeably on the but of the gun. “There’s something right over there,” declared Bert, when he saw that Frank was awake.

“Nonsense,” and Bert picked up a stone and hurled it in the direction indicated by the revolver. But noth-
ing stirred. He then got up, and replenished the fire, which apparently assured Bert that all was well.

Upon returning to his blankets Frank experienced exactly the same dream as before. It seemed that he had barely gone to sleep when he was again awakened by Bert's sitting up, that the fire was out, and the moon had traveled far over the sky.

Bang! Thud! Something actually did fall. He had surely shot something. What could it possibly be? The camp was all astir, but, search as they might, not a trace of anything could they find. Bert was apparently satisfied, for he fell asleep before Frank did.

When Frank awoke next morning it was broad daylight. Bert was sound asleep, but John and Hal were up; John tending the horses, and Hal fixing the fire.

"Well, Frank, what do you suppose Bert shot last night? Killed it deader than a door nail."

"A grizzly, perhaps, or a crocodile?"

"No, neither; though to us it's far worse. He's ruined that new collar you bought for Queen before we left home."

The bullet tore it clear off the wagon pole on which it hung, thus accounting for the mysterious thud.

When told of his luck, Bert took on a very sheepish look, but said nothing. There was really nothing to be said. He was much disgusted with his first night out, but, needless to say, before the trip was over he enjoyed sleeping out as much as any of the party.

SENIOR SURVEYING TRIP.

If in the years to come a legal action should be instituted concerning boundary lines, bearings and various property distinctions concerning territory of a rugged and picturesque nature in a locality north and west some eighteen miles of the point designated on the time-table and maps as Santa Margarita, it would come to pass that the record, data, etc., of the last surveyors of said territory would be brought to light as evidence for proof of contention.

It would then very naturally become public news that on about May 9, 1913, a crew composed of "more or less" surveyors numbering in all twenty-four, known in the Polytechnic School circles as "Ryder's Surveying Class" and in other circles where acquainted as "that gang of Poly Surveyors," were granted by the school Faculty a week of freedom from the school schedule for purposes both educational and pleasurable.

In this week of opportunity they journeyed, man and baggage, by motor truck, to their land of promise. Well provisioned, well equipped and accoutered individually according to privately entertained ideas as to the necessary requirements of camp life, they were dumped late one Saturday afternoon from their vehicle of conveyance, dust begrimed, jolted, jarred but happy, at the Noel Ranch, near Pozo, the keeper of the gate to Carrisa Plains. Here on a grassy four-acre flat by the side of the diminished stream of the Salinas they extemporized to some-
what elaborate domestic department with all "put out doors" as living room, bedroom, and kitchen. Here the serious business to the new life commenced. Supper time was at hand. But lie upon all scoffers who deride the masculine ability to master the culinary art. If domestic tendency is, as we believe, a prominently transmissible character, the promise for a high degree of domesticity may be looked for in the generation having as their immediate ancestors, "that gang of Poly surveyors."

But the more serious purpose of the trip was the reestablishment of the boundary lines of the Noel Ranch. As the last survey, made many years before, had been rather haphazard, and no satisfactory data recorded, it was not strange that difficulty was encountered. Day by day, though, the faint traces were followed—evidence on evidence were patched together as the lines were re-run over high ranges, across deep ravines, through dense sage brush and grease-wood jungles which vainly defied the efforts of the axmen. Hot, sweltering hours on the hills with transit and rod were followed each day by pleasant hours in camp, playing cards or wallowing in the improvised swimming hole, or in doing the less pleasant duty of checking the notebooks for the day's data.

Then would come the supper time, which for the cook of the day, held small fascination. Always after the evening "consumption of such grub as was set before them" the long period before dark and camp-fire was utilized in rabbit hunts, ball games or "sweet inactivity." Dark brought with it always the two or three previously prepared bonfires, which, with their surplus supply of wood, both warmed and lighted their encircling groups.

The routine of work in camp life was variously enlightened and broken by camera work, rattlesnake and rabbit hunts and general camp pranks which were so constant in their appearance as to sometimes seem monotonous. Eight days of this diversified employment completed the intended survey and rewarded most, if not all, of "the gang" with a greater or less degree of surveying knowledge and an appreciable hirsute adornment.

The entire trip was looked upon by the class as a great success and a decided pleasure. An increased and intensified regard for Professor Ryder was felt by all the members of the "gang" as a result of the trip and as an event "from which to date time" it is stamped irremovably upon their memories.

M. N. YOCUM.
Party number four.

Senior Surveying Crew.
The oil industry has steadily grown in importance since the drilling of the first well near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859. Before that time, the Indians in that region used the oil for medicines, as the oil flowed on top of the ground in streams. After the first well was drilled there was not much use for the oil and the well was more of a curiosity than anything else. It was some time after this that the true value of the oil was found. The uses of oil increased until today the oil and its by-products are many hundred.

There are many theories as to the formation of oil, and they all seem plausible; but nevertheless, oil is classed as a mineral, though it is supposed to have been formed from sea animal life. This theory is supported by the fact that many fossils are found in the oil deposits. The oil is usually found in strata of anticlines. The most important anticline of the United States starts in at Trenton, New Jersey, and nearly reaches the surface at Vinton, Iowa. The rock is called “Trenton,” and most of the oil in the East is found in this rock. The California oil is found in moving sand and is very difficult to operate.

The oil is extracted from the earth by boring a hole and pumping the oil out. The apparatus used in drilling is a derrick, an upright framework seventy-two feet high, whose base is square and larger than the top, the sides slightly taper in and well braced. The belt and engine house which cover the engine, belt and band wheel are set at a right angle to one of the sides. The drill used in drilling is about forty feet long and is fastened to a rope which runs over a pulley in the top of the derrick and down to a spindle called the “bull wheel.” It can then be raised or lowered as needed. The vertical motion needed in drilling is furnished by a beam balanced on a heavy timber, called the “Samson” post; one end of the beam is connected with a crank on the band wheel and the other end with the rope which holds the drill. When the engine is started it causes the beam to move up and down and the hole is thus drilled. The drill mashes up the rock very fine and a bailer is let down and draws the sand and water out.

Some wells in California are started by digging down about a hundred feet before beginning to drill. A hole eighteen to twenty inches is then drilled and cased with stovepipe casing; they usually get from five hundred to seven hundred feet of this casing in. A twelve-inch hole is then started and continued down as far as possible. If they have passed the water gravel, the well is cemented; liquid cement is forced down the well inside the casing and up the outside, thereby cementing the casing to the wall, stopping the water. The well is then shut down for two weeks to let the cement set. They then drill through the cement and continue with the ten-inch. If the cement doesn’t hold, the ten-inch is cemented and the eight-inch is carried down; all the time the well is getting deeper and if they are successful they will get to oil sand in the eight-inch; if not, they may get it in the six-inch.
or the four-and-a-half. After the well is drilled into oil sand the casing is perforated and the oil flows through the perforations in the pipe and is pumped out.

After the oil is pumped out it is run into sump-holes, where the sand settles out. It is then ready for use or transportation. The oil is carried in pipes from four to twelve inches in diameter and if the pipe line is long there are pumping stations every fifteen miles to heat the oil and keep it running.

A large percentage of California's oil is used for fuel; but some of it is refined. The crude oil is run into large stills, where it is heated by steam or a fire underneath. The water and gasoline go off as steam which is run through a condenser, cooled by water, and run off into tanks. This liquid is called distillate. The gasoline is distilled from the distillate by the same process. In large refineries there are a great number of by-products, and only a small percentage of the oil is wasted.

I have given a general idea of the oil industry. If I should go into details it would require several volumes to complete it. All the incidents that happen in drilling a well cannot be written in a book, so a person has to work on the well to learn the trade. And on account of this, there has grown up in the oil fields oil men, not many of them college graduates; but who are getting salaries equal to, and sometimes more than, the college graduate.

HOWARD E. AHLF, '14.

SAN LUIS OBISPO.

A city set amidst seven hills, standing sentinels to a new and superior civilization, San Luis Obispo holds dominion over a site of surpassing scenic beauty. The abode of an ancient civilization, selected by the sturdy pioneers as the most fitting place for the new civilization, and peopled by sons of the best stock of the colonizing nations of the Old World, the foundations were laid for a community which is destined in the course of a few years to become one of the most desirable places of residence upon the shores of the Western Sea.

Having chosen the commission form of government, the municipality has assumed a place in the progressive column of advancing cities upon the Pacific Coast second to none in the rapidity and character of the changes which are being wrought. San Luis Obispo is ambitious. The active, progressive citizens seek to make of the city a model modern municipality, expressing the highest sentiments of civic development, having a proper balance of home and business requirements. The community spirit is aroused, and a large portion of the residents see the need of having ever in mind the good of all when planning for the benefit of any. This is being given expression in the construction of sidewalks and the erection of bridges and other conveniences for the community's use.

Rapid progress is therefore being made in the city's development, and the population of about 5,000 is soon to be doubled. The splendid setting, coupled with an ideal climate, afford the basis upon which the people are building, and excellent schools, churches, theatres, transportation facilities and business opportunities and a large territory of surrounding fertile lands serve to attract an excellent class of new residents.

W. S. DEVOL, Secretary Chamber of Commerce.
In Memoriam.

KATHERINE FISCALINI was born May 7, 1894, in San Luis Obispo County. In September, 1911, she entered Polytechnic, registering in the Household Arts Department. During the year her average standing was the highest in her class. She died in September, 1912.

LORING J. WILSON was born in Colusa County, California, November 7, 1889. In September, 1906, he registered for the course in Agriculture at Polytechnic, graduating in June, 1909. For some time he was manager of his home farm. Later he took a course at the Oakland Polytechnic Business College. He died in Berkeley, November 1912.

ROY A. LUCHESSA was born in San Luis Obispo County, August 21, 1888. He completed the course in Agriculture at Polytechnic with the class of 1908. For three years he managed the home farm near Cambria. At the time of his death, which occurred in February, 1913, he was manager of the Andrews Hotel, San Luis Obispo.
BASKETBALL.

The season opened October 2, the occasion being a league basketball game with Paso Robles, which resulted in a victory for Poly, the score being 14 to 19. The Paso Robles boys showed the better team work, but they were small and stood no chance against such men as Williams, Murphy, Kinney, Eells and Seeber.

San Luis vs. Poly.

October 26, Poly suffered her first defeat in two years, at the hands of the San Luis High basketball team. Poly was outplayed in every department of the game. Poly's weak showing was due to the fact that all our efforts were put into the football team, and as there was a football game scheduled on the same date, our men were saved for football.

Arroyo Grande vs. Poly.

November 2, Poly again came out a good short-end. The Arroyo Grande boys won by a score of 19 to 17. The game was fast and snappy throughout, although there were few stum plays made. By winning this game, Arroyo Grande received the championship, which was previously held by Poly.

FOOTBALL.

Santa Barbara vs. Poly.

October 19 was the date beginning Poly's crowning year of football. After a siege of hard training headed by Coach Rubel and Captain Williams, we were ready for the first big game with Santa Barbara. Although Santa Barbara had us handicapped by having a paid coach, we proved our equal.

Santa Barbara had the kickoff, but Poly found touch in Santa Barbara territory. The ball was rushed back in Poly territory, where most of the first half was played. The half ended with neither side scoring. The second half began with Poly's kickoff by Captain Williams, and before Santa Barbara realized it Poly had the ball on her 25-yard line, but the Santa Barbara men got together and forced the ball back into Poly territory. The game ended with a rush by Poly that nearly netted a score. It was a game between the forwards, the back fields having very little to do with the ball. The feature of the game was the good booting by Schweizer for Poly. Score, 0-0.

Los Angeles vs. Poly.

After the Santa Barbara game, owing to the public opinion of dirty play, Poly secured, on October 26, a game with Los Angeles Poly, to convince the public that we were not the bunch they dubbed us. The game was one of the cleanest exhibitions of football ever witnessed. The game opened with L. A.'s kickoff and was returned to L. A. territory, where the entire first half was played. After a long dribbling rush the ball was rushed over and fell on by Murphy for a try for Poly,
BASKET BALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT—Nelson, (Coach) Shirley, Ald. Eells, (Capt.) Miller, Seeker
FOOT BALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT—STANDING: Murph, Schweizer, Clark, Chuda, Morrison, Smith, King, Nickle, Eastman, Ryan, Welland.

SITTING—C. Williams, (Capt.) Tumessini, Yocum, Kinney, Tanner, Murray, E. Brown.
which was converted by Williams. The half ended with a score of 5-0 in our favor.

Whether over-confidence seized us or not, it is hard to tell, but in the second half the L. A. forwards rushed us off our feet with their eight-man serum. It was fully fifteen minutes before Poly woke up with some big rushes that told the visitors we were still coming, but during our sleep L. A. ran up a score of fourteen points, which remained until the end of the game. The final score being 14-5 in L. A.'s favor. Although we were over-weighted, we showed the public what was in us as far as fighting ability goes. This much can be said for the Los Angeles boys, that a cleaner, more sportsmanlike team never visited us.

Los Angeles Poly vs. California Poly.

November 9 may mean different things to different people, but as far as we are concerned it means bad luck. After having Clark, one of the best men on our team, layed out before the game and waiting three quarters of an hour for another man to show up, while we were trying to bring Clark in, and having Williams laid out at the start of the game, and switching serum men to the back field—well, I might as well stop here while you are believing me. The only pleasant feature of the day was the good cheering done by L. A. High for us, and a theater party given us by the Poly boys. The game was started late, owing to the accidents. Not much can be said of the game, except our serum proved their superior in every formation but the serums in mid-field, and their back field was too speedy for us and netted them a total of 23 points against 0 for us. The game was played almost entirely in their territory and several times we had the ball a couple of yards from their line, but just then the tide came against us. Probably the best booting of the day was done by Schweizer of C. P. S., as it gained us yards of ground.

After all was over we looked back upon it as one grand time and hope to get games with them next year.

TRACK.

S. L. B. A. A. Track Meet at Santa Maria.

The league track meet was not so successful for us this year as it has been in previous years, owing to the fact that our surest point winners were ineligible to enter. With our badly crippled team we were contenders for first honors throughout the meet until the relay, when we lost by a few points, giving Santa Maria first place.

The meet opened with the mile run, in which Curl of Poly won second place with two days' training, in the fast time of 4:52. Rinehart of Santa Maria got first and Smith of S. L. H., third. Curl came back in the half-mile run and defeated Rinehart, winning first place.

Another dark horse for Poly was Kinney, with two days' work, winning second place in the 440-yard dash. If Eells had not sprained his ankle two days previous to the meet he would undoubtedly have won this race, but in all sports “if” doesn’t go.

We would liked to have seen a dance after the meet. Every year that the meet has been held at Poly, we have given a dance in honor of the visiting team.

Results.

Mile Run.—Rinehart, S. M., first; Curl, C. P. S., second; Smith, S. L. H., third. Time, 4:52.2.
50-Yard Dash.—Fitzpatrick, S. L. H., first; Davis, S. M., second. Time, 5:04.
Pole Vault.—Hager, P. R., first; Davis, S. M., second. Height, 10 feet 2 inches.
High Jump.—Iverson, P. R., and Davis, S. M., tie for first; Davis, S. M., third. Height, 5 feet 2¾ inches.
220-Yard Dash.—Lambeck, P. R., first; Fitzpatrick, S. L. H., second; Murray, C. P. S., third. Time, 24:00.
Discus Throw.—Eells, C. P. S., first; Gillispi, S. M., second; Nelson, C. P. S., third. Distance, 100 feet.
Shot Put.—Fitzpatrick, S. L. H., first; Andrews, S. L. H., second; Iverson, P. R., third. Distance, 39 feet 7 inches.
Hammer Throw.—Bonetti, S. M., first; Gillispi, S. M., second; Eells, C. P. S., third. Distance, 134 feet.
100-Yard Dash.—Lambeck, P. R., first; Davis, S. M., second. Time, 11 seconds.
Relay, One Mile.—S. M., first; C. P. S., second; A. G., third.

**Track and Field Records of the League.**

50-Yard Dash.—Murray, C. P. S.; time, 5:22.
Shot Put.—Callahan, S. L. H.; distance, 42 feet 6 inches.
Discus.—Earnst, P. R.; distance, 121 feet 7 inches.
High Jump.—Strobridge, C. P. S.; height, 5 feet 3¾ inches.

50-Yard Dash.—Fitzpatrick, S. L. H., first; Davis, S. M., second. Time, 5:04.
Pole Vault.—Hager, P. R., first; Davis, S. M., second. Height, 10 feet 2 inches.
High Jump.—Iverson, P. R., and Davis, S. M., tie for first; Davis, S. M., third. Height, 5 feet 2¾ inches.
220-Yard Dash.—Lambeck, P. R., first; Fitzpatrick, S. L. H., second; Murray, C. P. S., third. Time, 24:00.
Discus Throw.—Eells, C. P. S., first; Gillispi, S. M., second; Nelson, C. P. S., third. Distance, 100 feet.
Shot Put.—Fitzpatrick, S. L. H., first; Andrews, S. L. H., second; Iverson, P. R., third. Distance, 39 feet 7 inches.
Hammer Throw.—Bonetti, S. M., first; Gillispi, S. M., second; Eells, C. P. S., third. Distance, 134 feet.
100-Yard Dash.—Lambeck, P. R., first; Davis, S. M., second. Time, 11 seconds.
Relay, One Mile.—S. M., first; C. P. S., second; A. G., third.

**TENNIS.**

Clark and Kinney carried off all the honors in tennis this year. They won easily from Paso Robles and Santa Maria. The sets being played on the San Luis High court, Saturday, April 24, 1913. The results:

Singles.—P. R. vs. C. P. S.; won by Kinney, C. P. S., 6-1 6-1.
Doubles.—P. R. vs. C. P. S.; won by Kinney and Clark, C. P. S., 6-1 6-1.
Singles.—S. M. vs. C. P. S.; won by Kinney, C. P. S., 6-3 6-1.
Doubles.—S. M. vs. C. P. S.; won by Kinney and Clark, C. P. S., 6-2 6-1.

The above scores show that our men played a very good game, being a credit to the school and to themselves.

**Those That Won the Emblem "P."**

Football.—Archie Brown, Tanner, Smith, Yocum,
TRACK TEAM
LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING—Kinney, Tanner, Eells, Nelson, Shirley.
SITTING—Herring, Eastman, Schweizer (Captain), Murray.
TENNIS TEAM
LEFT TO RIGHT—Clark, Kinney
BASE BALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT—STANDING: Bainton, Gibson, & Eolin, Shirley, Kinnery.

SITTING—Van Gordon, Clark, (Capt.) Summers, Wilkins.
King, Cheda, Murray, Eastman, Clark, Williams, Murphy, Ryan, Schweizer, Kinney, Eells, Tomassini, Morrison.

Basketball.—Alif, Shirley, Murphy, Kinney, Williams, Seeber, Eells, I. S. Clark, Summers.

Track.—Eells, Eastman, Murray, Shirley, Herring, Schweizer, Nelson, Curl, Kinney.

Tennis.—Clark, Kinney.

The baseball season was a sad disappointment to our team and school. We hate to think of it, that we didn’t win a game during the season. Something always seemed to go wrong just when we thought we had the game. A number of our last year’s stars did not come back for this year’s work, and naturally we were crippled.

We hope to do better next year, but we do not intend to speculate. We are going to get the team and let the scores talk for themselves.
Catherine Shipsly
Josh Editor

Geraldine Fitzgerald
Josh Editor

Carlton Kinney
Josh Editor

Edna Byers
Exchange Editor
Events of the Year

To show the people of the local community the nature and the quality of work done at Polytechnic, San Luis Reception Day was planned early in the year. Exhibitions of the work and the farm property were arranged and the afternoon devoted to the entertainment of visitors. A short literary program was given early upon the arrival of our guests. Among the speakers who took part were Warren M. John, trustee for the school; C. W. Palmer, district attorney for San Luis Obispo County, and Hon. A. B. Green, assemblyman for this district. Director Smith discoursed on the purpose of the occasion in bringing the city and school into closer relationship.

The school received those in attendance at the County Institute for Teachers, in October, one afternoon during the institute week. Refreshments were served in the Household Arts Building, after which the guests were directed about the grounds.

Miss Farley of the Cumnock School of Expression and Oratory of Los Angeles, who was an instructor at the County Institute, read before the students in assembly selections from Victor Hugo. Her rendering was impressive and greatly appreciated.

The Passion Play was a treat given us by Mr. C. M. Ridenour, who was assisting in a series of services at the Christian Church of San Luis. Besides the fine pictures, he gave interesting explanations and some capital stories.

Lieutenant Mathews, brother of J. H. Mathews, president of the Chamber of Commerce of San Luis, visiting here from the Hawaiian Islands, gave us a most interesting talk on the organization of the United States Army and army life, as well as much information concerning the islands. Contrary to a false impression, quite generally held, life in the army is a busy one. Valuable work is done by the men within the organization, and for example, the construction of the Panama Canal was cited.

The Athletic Carnival was a series of stunts by the students in physical training under the direction of Professor Nelson. Boxing, wrestling, and tumbling were interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental.

PROGRAM.

Piano Solo ...................... Jesse L. Bennett
Vocal Solo ..................... Jos. W. Schweizer
Wrestling Matches—
Messrs. McMeekin and Einer,
Alternating with tumbling by Winfield Andrews
Messrs. Silacci and Baldwin,
Alternating with Messrs. Eells and Smith.

Piano Solo ..................... Jesse L. Bennett
Shakespearean Drama ........ Yocum and Company

Boxing Bouts—
(a) Messrs. Bennett and Brown.
(b) Messrs. Kinney and Clark.
(c) Messrs. Williams and Nelson.
(Messrs. A. Mutt and Jefferson will act as seconds).

Prof. Swannie Baa Baa Returns from the Dead.
Vocal Solo ..................... Jos. W. Schweizer

Memorial exercises were held for Congressman S. C.
Smith, following his death in Washington. Mr. C. W. Palmer and Mr. Warren M. John told of their personal relations with the early founder of Polytechnic. Mr. Smith was State Senator, and was the one to introduce the measure which provided for the establishment of our institution. Since that time, he has always been a most interested supporter of the school.

Under the auspices of the California Commonwealth Club, Mr. C. M. Hansen delivered an address, illustrated with pictures, on safety appliances. Many devices for the protection of workers in factories and around machinery were explained. Valuable suggestions for our own shop and machinery were made.

The business men of San Luis banquetted with us at the Dining Hall, April 1. About one hundred sat down at tables prettily arranged by students of the Household Arts Department, who served during the evening, under the direction of Miss Mary Hartzell, manager of the School Dining Hall. A fine menu had been prepared by Chef White. The early part of the evening was enlivened by several stunts. A long-distance call by the San Francisco Examiner was answered by Mr. Rubel in a humorous way which provided several hits on local people. Two students, as colored gentlemen, interrupted with a funny episode. Speakers who responded to toasts, after an introduction by Director Smith, were: Mr. Shackleford of Paso Robles, a former member of the Board of Trustees, City Commissioner Hansen, Mayor-elect Norton, Secretary Devol of the Chamber of Commerce, and Trustees O’Neil and Simpson. The greatest of good cheer prevailed, and Polytechnic was highly commended.

According to a custom established for some years, the Polytechnic Juniors gave a banquet in honor of the Seniors, May 29, in the Dining Hall. The hall was profusely decorated and the menu most excellent.

THE MENU:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clam Cocktail</th>
<th>Sweet Pickles</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicken Bouillon</td>
<td>National Sodas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larded Tenderloin of Beef</td>
<td>Brown Sauce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernhardt Potatoes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waldorf Salad</td>
<td>French Rolls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broiled Chicken</td>
<td>New Potatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maitre de Hotel Butter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asparagus</td>
<td>Hollandaise Sauce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strawberry Ice Cream</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petite Fours Nuts and Oranges</td>
<td>Demi Tasse</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After the menu the following toasts and addresses were given:

Welcome to the Seniors—Toastmaster Frank Murphy, President of the Juniors.
Response—Miss Helen Sandrock, President of the Seniors.

Pleasant Recollections—M. N. Yocum.
All Is Not Gold That Glitters—Charles Williams, Vice-President of the Seniors and Treasurer of Student Body.
Student Body Enthusiasm—Morris Coulter.
Vocal Solo—Joe Schweizer.
An Accidental Meeting in 1933—Annie Mendenhall.
Address by LeRoy B. Smith: “Past, Present and Future of the Institution.”
The first social function of the year was the Freshman reception given in the Assembly Hall, Friday evening, September 20, 1912. All enjoyed many of the short speeches given by the new students, a vocal solo by Mrs. Johnston and a piano solo by Mr. Bennett. Dancing was enjoyed later in the evening.

The Dormitory boys gave a reception and a dance in the Dormitory in honor of the Paso Robles basket ball team on Saturday evening, October 5, 1912. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

A dance was held in the Dining Hall Saturday evening, October 19, 1912, in honor of the football team from Santa Barbara. The school yells from both teams added much enthusiasm to the evening's pleasure. At 11 o'clock the guests departed, having voted Polytechnic royal entertainers.

The students gave a reception and dance in honor of the Los Angeles Polytechnic football team in the Dining Hall, October 27, 1912. A very pleasant evening was spent. The Los Angeles boys commented upon the clean playing and spirit of our team.

A lively evening was spent on Friday, October 30, 1912, when the girls of the Amapolo Club entertained the boys at a Hallowe'en party. The basement of the Household Arts Building was prettily lighted and decorated in corn stalks, black cats and pumpkins, in honor of the occasion. A short program was part of the entertainment. A song, "Three Old Maids," was sung by the Misses Byers, Forbes and Sutliff. Eight of the club members sang two songs, one of them a parody composed by Miss Chase. The refreshments served consisted of apple cider, doughnuts and apples.

Miss Catherine Shipsey entertained a number of friends at her home Friday evening, November 15, 1912. After dancing and playing games for some time, refreshments were served. Those present were the Misses Prince, Janssen, Fitzgerald, Shipsey, Forbes, Branch and Rentzky, and Messrs. Cheny, Hoard, Fuller, Bohnett, Haneline, Kinney and Ryan.

The last and one of the most enjoyable social parties of the Fall term was a dance given in the Dining Hall by the Dormitory Boys, December 13, 1912.

On the evening of January 11, 1913, the members of the Faculty tendered a reception to the Dormitory Boys which was held in the Dormitory.

The Junior Class entertained the members of the school at a hard-time party on the evening of January 24, 1913. A jolly good time was spent by everyone. Crackers and cheese were served early in the evening, but to everyone's delight, punch and wafers were served later.

A very pleasant surprise was tendered to Miss Ruth Ride on the evening of her birthday, January 27, 1913. She was the recipient of several lovely presents. Cards and dancing were enjoyed in the large drawing room, followed by a delicious dinner. Among those present were the Misses Johnson, Prince, Tognazzini, Tomasini,
Dodge, Riddle, Cheda and Unangst, and Messrs. Tomasini, Keller, Merrifield and Riddle.

On the evening of January 21, 1913, Miss Hazel Prince was hostess at a party given at her home on Santa Rosa street. Games and dancing were enjoyed by all, after which refreshments were served. The place cards were very attractive, being in school colors and in the shape of sailboats. A large boat in the center of the table was generously loaded with fruit.

The students of the school gave an entertainment February 12 in the Dining Hall, an athletic carnival in which those trained by Mr. Nelson in boxing, wrestling, and tumbling performed most commendably before an audience of school and townspeople. The pleasure of the evening was enlivened by "Mutt and Jeff," who appeared as attendants upon the contestants and filled in between acts with jokes and witticisms concerning the school people. Vocal and instrumental selections were given by Messrs. Bennett and Schweizer. One of the hits of the occasion was a darky farce by Messrs. King, Murphy and Yocum, in which two scheming dishonest colored gentlemen got the best of an unsuspecting mummy. The young men used the dialect in a very natural way. A very substantial addition to the athletic fund was made from the proceeds of the entertainment.

February 21, 1913, a very pleasant evening was spent at the Wilkins home. Games were played, after which Mr. Schweizer entertained with two vocal selections. Refreshments were served later in the evening. Those present were Misses Byers, Dodge, Upton, Forbes, Mendenhall, Tognazzini and Wilkins, and Messrs. Hamaker, Wilkins, Schweizer, Williams, Brown, Daily and Clark.

On February 28, a very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. The features of the evening were a song and a scissor contest. While Mrs. Johnston played over various familiar tunes it was the guests' object to put the names together and write a story containing them, the winners receiving prizes. The scissor contest consisted of strips of cloth, and those who could cut their cloth first received a prize. Later luncheon was served. Among those present were Misses Mallagh, Fitzgerald, Shipsey, Jaussen, Perner, Campbell, and Messrs. Brown, Bennett, Williams, Schweizer, Nock and Perner.

During the latter part of February, Mrs. Leroy E. Smith entertained the Senior girls in the old Girls' Dormitory. A pleasant afternoon was spent, after which a delicate luncheon was served.

The luncheons given each Tuesday of the winter term by the Senior Girls were a great success. At different times different members of the Faculty were guests. Miss Johnson's luncheon was especially attractive, as her's fell during St. Valentine's week and the effect was carried out in her menu.

On the evening of March 8 the Dormitory Boys gave another successful dance in the Dining Hall.

The business men of San Luis Obispo were entertained at a dinner on the evening of April 1, 1913. The long tables were beautifully decorated with white Cherokee roses. Two piano solos were rendered during the dinner by Mr. Leroy Dart. During the evening two or three April fool jokes were played, one being a telegram from President Wilson; another a long-distance call from the San Francisco Examiner. Toasts and speeches followed.
the dinner. Ten of the Junior and Senior girls acted as waitresses.

On Friday afternoon, April 11, the San Luis Obispo women were entertained at the school by the Domestic Science Department and Faculty. Refreshments were served in the Dining Hall. Later in the afternoon the guests were shown about the grounds and shops.

The Freshmen Class gave a dance to the school in the Dining Hall on April 11. The Dining Hall was prettily decorated in class colors, purple and white. Programs were in the shape of pennants, very original and pretty. Punch was served during the evening.

Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald was pleasantly surprised by a number of her friends on Friday evening, April 24, 1913. The evening was spent in playing cards and dancing. Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock.

The Freshmen Class, with a few invited guests, enjoyed climbing Bishop's peak on Saturday evening, April 26, 1913. A few of the Freshmen arrived earlier and prepared a barbecue. They amused themselves by singing and telling stories by the light of the fire. Mr. Flint and Miss Jones acted as chaperones.

Mrs. Edward Curl entertained the married ladies of the Faculty at a luncheon May 1, 1913. During the afternoon the ladies organized a Faculty Wives Club, which will meet once each month for the discussion of topics worth while.

On the evening of May 2, 1913, the Amapolo Club gave a masquerade dance in the Dining Hall. It was very informal, but everyone enjoyed themselves. The Amapolo Club has always been known to be successful in whatever they undertake.

There will be several more social affairs given before the close of the school year, but as the Journal is going to press, we will be unable to record them.

LEONA FORBES.
"The Alert," Turlock High School, Turlock, California: The name of your journal compares favorably with its contents. Your department headings are very good.


"The Classicum," Ogden High School, Ogden, Utah: Why do you not spread out your department headings more? Advertisements at the beginning of a journal are not good.

"Tokay," Lodi Union High School, Lodi, California: Your departments are excellently arranged, but more cuts would add a great deal to your journal. Have you no artists? Why not give them opportunity to show their skill?

"Green and Gold," Tuolumne County High School, Tuolumne, California: Class spirit is shown all through your journal. Your "Tax Payer's Soliloquy" is especially good.

"The Oracle," Duval High School, Jacksonville, Florida: Advertisements in the front part of a journal distract attention. Your jokes are very good and your exchange department well written. We are glad to get your exchanges.
AGED.

Hazel Prince—"I have lived in twenty-eight different places. We move about every two years."

Miss Hartzell (Chemistry Class): "Oh—oh—You know what I am looking for—a—a—conductor!" (It's news to us).

WHICH ONE?

Edna (in Millinery): "Oh, Miss Whiting, I've lost my (beaux) bow!"

BRILLIANT FRESHMAN.

Archie Nock (in Com. Geog.): "Mr. Smith, where and on what kind of bushes does macaroni grow?"

EVER SEE THIS BEFORE?

One of the girls (in Phy. Geog.): "Walter, what is the difference between a current, a stream and a drift?"

Walter: "A current is good to eat, a stream is good to drink. Do you get the drift?"

ON WRONG.

Chappy (in English, seeing Miss Chase with her feet crossed): "I say, kids, look! Miss Chase forgot to put her feet on wrong this morning."

NEWS.

The girls in physics class received a box of candy from Mr. Kera for altering their conversation to his liking.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

E. B. S. (in History): "Who was the President before Grant?"

M. C.: "Adams."

E. B. S.: "Yes, Miss Cheda, also Mr. Washington."

Prof. Flint (in Botany): "What is a lichen, Mr. Bent?"

Bent: "It's a conglomeration of two plants."

IMPOSSIBLE.

L. Wade: "Gee, I wish they would get strainers without holes in them with that appropriation for D. S."

NO MUSIC IN ALGEBRA.

In Math class, Mr. King just finished reciting a long, difficult rule.

Geraldine: "Oh, fiddle!"

Mr. King: "No, it's not; it's a principle."

Grace Rowan (in Cooking): Miss Secrest, did you say to sear the pan or the meat?"

YOU CANNOT DO IT HERE.

Mr. Smith (in History): "What did the Colonists do to get even with England?"

Chuck: "They decided to do without such luxuries as clothing, tea, etc."

(Girls in Physics) One: "Gee, I think Mr. Bailey is cute." Another: "Let's cage him." Still another: "He looks to me as though he had been caged."

Instructor: "Yes, and the cage was too short and it wore all the hair off the top of his head."

Prof. K. (Geometry): "Well, boys, I'll admit I can't work that problem."
Einer (just coming out of a good sleep): “What one is that?”
Prof. K.: “The twenty-fourth.”
Einer: “All right, I’ll look it over.”

FAVORITE DISHES.

Maybelle—Pumpkin pie.
Irma—Schweizer’s cheese.
Clara—Daily bread.
Rice—Cream puffs.
Lillabel Wade—Baldwin apples.
Joe Schweizer—Fish.
Katherine Shipsey—“Spuds.”
Leona Forbes—Rice pudding.
Juliette Tog—Chuck ribs.
Karl Bohnett—Cross cut ribs.
Lena Janssen—Spanish beans.
L. Seeber—Prunes.
Alice D.—Bananas.

Mr. Smith: “Miss Cheda, will you explain what the Speaker of the House has to do?”
Miss Cheda: “He has to speak.”

Fred Curl (taking the part of Polonius in Hamlet, coming to the sentence: “Go seek Lord Hamlet.”) He reads: “Go seek Lord, Hamlet.”

“How many sides has the world?” asked Prof. Nelson in Physical Geography, of his brilliant class. Up goes Pinkey’s hand. “It has two sides, sir.”

“All right sir, explain yourself.”
Pinkey stood up with great confidence and expostulated: “The world has two sides—the outside and inside.”

OUR IRISH HOPE.

Frank Murphy, sits in his study, comfortably reclined, with his pipe in his mouth. He is interrupted by the Prof., who, seeing a pipe in his mouth, proceeds to lay down the rules: “Do you know you are not allowed to smoke here?”

Frank: “I am not smoking.”
Prof.: “Well, you have a pipe in your mouth.”
Frank: “Sure, and I’ve got shoes on my feet, but I am not walking.”

All good boys love their sisters,
But I’ve gone too far,
That I love other fellows’ sisters
Better than my own. — Ex.

Prof.: “Did you see that boy strike Murray in the melee?”
Student: “No, I saw him swat him on the nose.”

Turn failure into victory,
Don’t let your courage fade.
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemonade — Ex.

ONE ON FAT.

Say, kids, did you hear how Juicy Clark’s girl got fooled the other night? She was going to town and Juicy was to have met her in front of Edmonds’. Fat happened along at that time, going to see Edna, and Mattie mistook him for Juicy. She met him on the run and tried to smother his hand.

“It has two sides, sir.” onstant osculation. All anyone heard was a big smack and Fat didn’t stop running until he reached the Dormitory. He hasn’t gone past Murray Avenue since without shying.
Miss Chase: "What kind of nouns have we?"
De Silva: "Abstract and cement."
Mr. Smith: "How was iron first discovered?"
Banana: "They smelt it."

POOR WALTER!

Mabel explained to little brother the difference between "like" and "love," finishing with: "You should never say you love anything without a heart."
Little Brother (some time later): "Mabel, do you like Walter?"
Little Brother: "Why, Mabel, you can't love anything without a heart.

FAVORITE SONGS.
Ethel Habbert— I am Looking for a Nice Young Man.
Edna— I am Getting Lonesome for You.
J. Fuller— Are You Coming Back, Louise!
F. Murray— I Wish I Had a Girl.
Clara— Oh the Dunce, What's the Use?
Chuck— Beautiful Lady.
Helen— I've Got to Powder My Nose.
Mex.— Daisies Won't Tell.
Dorothy Edmonds— The Happy Miller.
Guy Swain— Say, Boys, I've Found a Girl.
Gene Rice— Sweet Marie.
R. D. Hoard— Meet me down at Luna, Lena.
Lena— Lou Are the Ideal of My Dreams.
Pumpkin and Rice— Waiting at the Church.
Leona— All that I ask is Love.
Murphy— Kathleen.
Catherine— Maybe You're not the Only One Who Loves Me.

Mr. Bailey— Put Your Arms Around Me.
Karl Bohnett— Somebody Else Will if You Don't.
Mable— The Hour That Gave Me You.
Archie Nock— If I Only Had a Home.
L. Wade— He Was Very Kind to Me.
Juicy Clark's girl— Miss Me.
Dad Ross— I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place.
J. King— When the Whippoorwill sings "Margaret."
L. Bagwell— Annie Laurie.
Clark's girl to Fat— Give Back the Kiss I Gave to You.
Hazel— I Want Someone to Flirt With Me.
Yocum— No Wedding Bells for Me.
Irma— Nothing Bothers Me.
Mande— Oh, You Blonde.
Shorty— Is There Any Room in Heaven for a Little Boy Like Me?
De Silva— It was Your Pleasing Smile.

Inquisitive Sister: "Mamma, what does 'hush' mean?"
Mother: "Why, child, what makes you ask?"
Little Sister: "After Mr. Board left last night I asked Lena why her hair was so mussed up and she said 'Hush.'"

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.
Jerry Fitz— Is everybody happy?
Mexico— Stop pestin' me.
Maude Cheda— Have you seen my brother?
E. Reese— I haven't got any.
Ladybird— Tell it to Sweeny.
Yocum— Hello, you all.
Helen S.— Where is my powder?
Elmer Forbes— Well for crap's sake.
Mable Branch—Well, who'da thunk it?
Prof. Keran—I should worry.
Guy Swain—Have you company home?
Annie Mendenhall—That don't worry me.
Catherine—Yes, I won't.
Leona—Wait a minute.
Lea—I don't know.
Ralph Bent—I didn't get quite that far.
Ralph Hoard—I'll see you later.
Brown—Hello, fool.

INNOCENCE.

May Terry (on entering green house where some boys were working, said to De Silva: “Say are there any tulips (two lips) in here?”
De Silva: “Yes, here are two.”

Leona J. (at the creamery): “Say, Frank, do you feed this butter to the pigs?”
Murphy: “Yes, help yourself.”

Mr. Flint (rapping on his desk in Botany class): “Order! Order!”
Chuck, awakening: “Ham and eggs, please.”

“I'm out for a ride,” Jess Bennett cried,
As he hurried away in glee,
Ten miles from town, his ‘car’ broke down
And “I'm in for a walk,” sighed he.

My Dear Santa Claus:
Please send me a new laugh. The one I have now doesn't seem to “take” very well.
Yours,
Helen Vo De Clair Sandereeroek.

Karl has the aviation fever. That accounts for the high marks in his last term's card.

After Mr. Keran had finished speaking:
Mae Terry: “Open the windows and doors and let in some fresh air.”

Latest song: “We were walking along———.”
Lillabel: “Say, don't you know Frank reminds me of an enterprising newspaper?”
Ethel: "How's that?"
Lillabel: "Well, you know his visits used to be monthly, then they got to be weekly, then semi-weekly, but now they are daily."

WANTED TO KNOW.

Maude's object in writing to a certain Santa Barbara girl.
Who takes Hazel home from the dance?
Where Karl Bohnett spends all his spare moments?
(Ask Miss Cross).
Why Mae Terry is always so quiet?
Why some pickles are so sweet?
Who swiped the plate of candy, ladies' day at Poly?
Why Florinda is always laughing?
Who's in love with Kinney?
If diseases of the eye are contagious? Ask Lena or Ralph H.
Where and with whom do Lena and Catherine spend Sunday nights?
Why is Ladybird so sarcastic?
Why would Florinda rather go to the second show at the El Monterey than any Poly dance?
What the parody on the chorus of Moonlight Bay is?
Why Ladybird likes to go home at noon on Tuesday and Thursday?
Why did Mr. Keran say that Karl Bohnett's face looked as if he had been eating marshmallows after he had been out in the evening? (Ask Catherine).
Why is Lillabel Wade fond of butter and Hazel Prince of buttermilk?
Why does Helen eat at the dining hall? (Ask Jack).

Why does Maude enjoy the scenery in Topaz Canyon?
Why did Chuck go to Santa Barbara?
Why is Mex. afraid of "Ghosts"?
Why Juicy Clark doesn't move his trunk to Wilkins?
Why Maude thinks Wyile is slow?
If Keran will ever quit talking about his lady?
Why Edna Scove is so talkative?
What calamity happened on Terry's homeward journey from the Freshman dance? (Ask Mr. Bailey).

Solid ivory
Eternal graft
Nothing prepared
In the hole
Over-worked
Rushed
Stung.—Ex.

Little Bailey: "Do you serve lobsters here?"
Waiter: "Yes, we serve anybody; sit down."

Wendell looked at Clara.
Oh, what a pretty miss!
He crept a little closer
And gently stole—away.

MABEL’S DUTIES.

Every night shall be my care, to powder my face and curl my hair.
"What is the difference between Stockton and Delisegus?"
"Oh, about three feet."

For Sale—First-class forgotten; recently overhauled
and tested; guaranteed to work perfectly in History and English classes. For full particulars see any member of second year English class, especially Mr. Andrews and Mr. Tomassini.

SOME FARMER.

Hazel to Florinda: "What do you plant on your ranch?"

Florinda: "Cows."

IMAGINE.

Helen all in one color.
Keran not talking about his lady.
Maude Brown without a smile.
A "Pickle" being sweet.
Rice and Leona good friends.
Maude Cheda going with Murray.
Guy Swain keeping a girl.
Melvin Wilkins not wanting to spoon.
Caliente in a real machine.
Bob Ellis not getting ditched.
Berry not getting fresh.
Dorothy Edmonds telling the truth.
Furman not sticking around Tog—
Walter not minding Mabel.
Shorty Delissous going with Ethel Hubbert.
Forbes carrying a surveying instrument.

PET NAMES.

Irrma Hazzard—Fish.
Lillabel—Eskimo.
Monahan—Pinkie.

De Silva—Cutie.
Alfred Dolge—Banana.
Wylie—Bashful.
Curl—Sleepy.
Kyle Brown—Maude.
Melvin Wilkins—Dearie.
Frank Murphy—Spuds or Pat.
Sammy Salacei—Queener.
Karl Bohmert—Brother.
Leona Forbes—Sport.
Chuck Williams—Baby Rose.
Brownie—Innocence.
Clara and Daily—Siamese Twins.
Catherine—Shorty.
Kinney—Choppy.
Heard—Skinney.
Ibrem—Mex.

MYTH OF 1912.

Oh, I had the awfullest experience last summer. There was a fellow in love with me—at any rate he acted like he was, although I had never met him. Joe doesn’t like me to talk to strangers, but he had written, asking me to be his wife, and I had refused, of course. A few days afterwards I was riding horseback in the woods with a girl friend and a bullet came whizzing past my head. It cut off one of my curls, it came so close. Here is the place from where it was shot. See how short the hair is. Well, to go on, we turned and went in the direction of the shot, but couldn’t find anyone. The next day I received a letter saying, "I missed you that time, but I’ll get you yet." Wasn’t that awful, girls?
OVERHEARD.
One: "I hear Eells is fond of dancing."
Another: "Yes, he says it makes him graceful."
Another: "I don't think he dances much then, do you?"

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my calm repose,
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.
—Ex.

Stern Father: "Young man, you were out after 12 last night, were you not?"
Son: "No, sir, I was only out after one."

Father: "See here! how is it I catch you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir, how is it?"
"Fine, sir; fine."

STUNG!!

Aileen Booker: "You may kiss me on the forehead."
Choppy: "I like your cheek."

Walter Nelson (stepping on Alta True-love's foot): "Excuse me."
Alta T.: "You're welcome."

Lena J. (in one of her frequent arguments with R. Hoard): "You talk like an idiot."
Hoard: "Yes, I know; but I have to talk so I can be understood."

Mrs. Johnston (to Prof. Johnston): Do you still consider me the light of your life?"
Prof.: "Go on; quit your kidding; I just paid a nine-dollar gas bill this morning."

DAFFODILS.

If Maude was still the mule of old, would she kick the Coitl, or eat two Eells? 
When the buggy tipped over, did Flint spark? 
If Keran fell in love, could he be healed? 
If the weather became hot enough, would Fred Curi? 
If Baldwin swam across San Francisco bay, would Lillabel Wade? 
If Bagwell ran away from English, would Margaret Chase? 
If Poly brought a bucking mule, would Maurice Ryder? 
If Juliet threw a banana peel, would Alice Dodge it? 
If Eastman killed a cow, would Rudolph Tanner? 
If two horses ran away, could Maurice Yok'em? 
If Nelson and Bailey ran a race, would the Baldwin—win? 
If Maude lives out West, why does she go with an Eastman? 

If there was an iceberg in the ocean, could Katherine Shipsey? (Ship-See). 
If Hering were out of season, would Eells do? 
Mr. Bailey: "Does my hair look thin?"
Prof. N.: "Which one?"
Prof. K.: "Have you been through the Geometry, Chuck?"
Chuck: "Yes, but it was night and I didn't see much."
WANTED.

Permission to talk at random in History class—Tanner.
The seventh girl.—Keran.
Someone to buy my cartoons.—F. Murray.
A pair of small feet.—Nelson.
A position as—Cook.
To know how to obtain Rice cheaply.—Sport.
A new Senior girls class.—Keran.
The best mark in the school; will pay well.—Yocum.
A house with pink steps.—W. Dailey.
Extra chairs for our feet.—U. S. History girls.

Miss Chase, explaining Poe: "The places where some few dead go without dying." (Where? please.)

Froshie Girl: "Do you use slang?"
M. Terry: "Nix. My man would biff me on the bean, if I ever made a stab at such junk as that. Gather muh!"

NEWS.

A Nickle was clasped by a small hand.

King is starting a menagerie. He has already captured a Camel, Herring (Fish) and Ells. He is now searching for a Ladybird.

IN DAIRY EX.

Question—How often should butter be washed?
Answer—Every day if possible.

DIDN'T PROF. KNOW?

Prof. Keran: "Fools sometimes ask questions wise people cannot answer."
Brown: "I guess that's why so many of us flunked in your X's."

"Some one run and get a doctor; Walter's arm is out of place." (I wonder why M. B. blushed).
PACIFIC AMUSEMENT PARLORS

A RESORT FOR GENTLEMEN

A FULLY EQUIPPED GYMNASIUM

The most complete Hand-ball Court on the Coast
Open to all Members of the Athletic Club
Membership Fee, $1.00 Per Month

Shower Baths

HANNAH & BURNETT

CORNER MONTEREY and CHORRO STS.
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.
San Luis THEATRE

PERFECT PICTURES TO LEASE ARTICULAR EOPLE

F. S. CHAPMAN, Manager
ADMISSION 10c.

B. G. LATIMER

LEASE

Sandercock Transfer Co.
Experts for Handling Baggage
Moving Pianos and Furniture
Phone 19 J 856 Higuera Street

Eagle Pharmacy
Phone 35 886 Monterey St.

J. M. LOTTA, Tailor
When in Need of anything in Tailoring, call on J. M. LOTTA
My work tells the story: Next to El Monterey Theatre

C. H. Reed Company
Wagons, Hardware and Implements, Paints, Oils, Sashes, Doors, Iron, Steel and Coal, Engines and Pumps

DR. H. A. GOWMAN,
Optometrist 850 Higuera St.

FORREST E. BROWN
Jeweler and Optician
880 MONTEREY STREET

There is no remedy
Except Glasses
for errors of refraction of the eye. Better make up your mind to have the proper lenses fitted. Glasses may be right or wrong. It will pay you to have them right. My "eye-deals" are a square deal and satisfaction, and I live up to them. I should be pleased to demonstrate to you that I do as I say.

DR. H. A. GOWMAN,
Optometrist 850 Higuera St.
A. SAUER & CO.

BAKERY
GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
CROCKERY

Phone

GREEN BROS.

Sell
CLOTHES, HATS and SHOES
of the Best Makes

ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE

Call on Greenleaf--the Druggist
Prescriptions a specialty. Toilet Articles and Kodak Supplies.
The BEST for you always. Come in and see my stock.
Best Drinks on Earth Greenleaf's Soda, etc. Kodak and Supplies. Eastman Agency
Sauer Building

J. L. ANDERSON

Home of Good Clothes

Stein-Bloch Clothing and other Good Makes
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED
We Aim to Please

CALL BUILDING
MONTEREY STREET
## The White House

- **Fancy Groceries and**
- **Imported Delicacies**
- **Fruits and Vegetables**
- **Gent’s Furnishings,**
- **Hats and Caps, Gents’,**
- **Ladies’ and Childrens’**
- **Shoes and Hosiery.**

Tognazzini & Righetti

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Phone 53</th>
<th>864 Higuera Street</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## San Luis Grocery Store

**J. J. ANDRE, Proprietor**

- **Groceries,**
- **Butter and Eggs, Dried Fruit, Teas and Coffees,**
- **Tobacco and Cigars**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Phone 17</th>
<th>714 Higuera Street</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GEO. KLUVER &amp; SON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIONEER CIGAR FACTORY AND WHOLESALE TOBACCO HOUSE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MANUFACTURERS OF FINE CIGARS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## YOUR BOY’S ROOM

Your boy won’t be with you many years. As he grows up it’s mighty important to you to make his home an attractive place in which he can entertain his friends and develop his individuality.

If you don’t he’ll find other atmosphere more congenial—places over which you have no control. Begin right by giving him an attractive room of his own. Put into it a roomy chest of drawers with a separate mirror, and a comfortable single bed which can be covered to look like a couch. Give him a desk and two or three comfortable chairs. Leave the decorations to him. He’ll make a cozy den out of it, and his friends will find it a jolly place to come.

We’ve been boys ourselves, and we know.

Let us help you. The price won’t be much.

San Luis Furniture Company
SPERRY PRODUCTS
SPERRY FLOUR
SPERRY PRODUCTS

BEST BY EVERY TEST

UNION HARDWARE
AND PLUMBING CO.
Fine Quality AND Right Prices

The Modern Steam Laundry
COR. BROAD AND PACIFIC STREETS
HIGH-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED
Quick Service Phone 77

HOLLY'S CAFE
"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"
Cor. Chorro and Monterey Sts.

FULTON MARKET
HANSEN & OLGIAI. Proprietors
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHERS
Phone Main 92

AUG. VOLLMER
FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES
PRICES RIGHT. WE AIM TO PLEASE
Higuera Street San Luis Obispo, Cal.

COMMERCIAL BANK
OF SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.

CAPITAL STOCK $200,000
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $150,000
ASSETS OVER $2,500,000.00

J. W. BARNEBERG, President F. H. THROOP, Asst. Cashier
E. W. CLARK, Vice-President R. R. MUSCIO
H. L. KEMPER, Cashier
HILL'S BAZAAR
THE SCHOOL SUPPLY HOUSE
Drawing Instruments—Text Books
Note Books, Etc.
Special attention given to orders for
Athletic Goods
not carried in stock

RENETZKY’S
GOOD SHOES
770 Higuera Street

El Monterey Theatre
Motion Pictures
And Vaudeville
Cor. Osos and Monterey Sts. Wilbur Walker, Manager

For Fine Millinery at Reasonable Prices
GO TO
Miss M. McHenry
1066 Chorro Street  Phone 379 L  San Luis Obispo

A FULL LINE OF COLLEGE PENNANTS

W. H. SCHULZE
THE CLOTHIER
Fownes Gloves, Collegian Clothing and Stetson Hats

SAN LUIS OBISPO.  -  -  -  -  CALIFORNIA
The Panetorium
Cleaning, Dyeing, Pressing and Repairing
Phone 13 J 2
990 MONTEREY STREET

D. Muzio's
THE MOST Up-to-Date
Grocery Store in Town

CLIFFORD CYCLERY CO.
Motor Cycles
Repairing
Kodaks and Supplies

Sporting Goods
Bicycles
Kodaks and Supplies

"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

Phone 405
Monterey Street

Opposite Post Office
San Luis Obispo
BUT YOU CAN DO BETTER AT

"DEFOSSET'S"
Furniture Co.
653-659 Higuera
San Luis Obispo

Lind's Book Store
BOOKS, STATIONERY, SCHOOL SUPPLIES

FLETCHER & WICKENDEN
MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Home of HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHING

P. A. H. ARATA
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
1028 CHORRO STREET

GO TO THE
Sunset Bath and Shaving Parlor
They Know How to Please
J. B. SMALLMAN   FRANK CALLAHAN

W. D. ADRIANCE
THE UP-TO-DATE
SHOE HOUSE

Don't forget to take one of those Panoramas of C. P. S. along home with you. You can get them at ASTON'S STUDIO

VIRTUOLO PLAYER
Pianos
The Only Perfect Player Made
HALLET & DAVIS, KNABE, VOSE, CONWAY, and OTHER HIGH-GRAdE PIANOS

TALKING MACHINES, SHEET MUSIC AND EVERYTHING IN THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT LINE. WE ARE WHOLESALE as well as retail dealers and are IN A POSITION TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

EASY TERMS.
PHONE 5843

E. E. LONG PIANO CO.
1131 and 1133 Chorro Street.
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.
San Luis Hardware
and Implement Co.

FOR
A Full Line of
Starrett’s Mechanics’ Tools

MISS ELSIE POLIN
Portrait Photographer
Corner Morro and Pacific Sts. Opposite Methodist Church

CANDY’S
PALACE OF SWEETS
FOR HIGH GRADE
Candies, Ice Cream and Hot Drinks of All Kinds

STAR CYCLERY
CHILDERS & HAMPTON
EXCELSIOR & YALE MOTORCYCLES
1044 MONTEREY STREET
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA
PHONE 156-J

MISS ELSIE POLIN
Portrait Photographer
Corner Morro and Pacific Sts. Opposite Methodist Church

CANDY’S
PALACE OF SWEETS
FOR HIGH GRADE
Candies, Ice Cream and Hot Drinks of All Kinds

COUNTY RECORDS...SPECIAL RULING...OFFICE SUPPLIES

PACIFIC COAST PUBLISHING CO.
"Designers of Pleasing Printed Things"

Printers, Binders, Engravers and Stationers
1032-1034 State St.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

RUSH ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY

AS USUAL WE ARE PRINTING THE "POLY" JOURNAL.