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STUDENT BODY—CALIFORNIA
POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL

VOLUME IX.
NUMBER 1.
To our Friend and Director
Mr. Le Roy R. Smith
We Affectionately Dedicate this Issue of the Journal
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As this book is the only issue of the Journal for this year, we are devoting it mainly to the Seniors. With it we extend our best wishes to the graduates for every success and happiness in life after leaving this school, and hope they will never forget their good old Polytechnic school days.

The Journal staff and members of the student body wish to extend their sincere thanks to the merchants and people of San Luis Obispo for giving us such good support toward this issue of the Journal.

The manager and the editor also wish to thank the members of the student body for contributing material for this book.

"Education is a better safeguard to liberty than a standing army."

Each year brings home with it more forcibly than did its predecessor, the appreciation of the opportunities offered by our respective courses, which open the way for us in the walks of life.

The Seniors have already taken advantage of these opportunities and are now leaving Polytechnic with the best wishes of us all. Of course they are not anxious to leave, but they are glad, for they are curious to know what gifts the world has in store for them. Each alumnus should share in the pride of Polytechnic, and, although the class of 1914 will not be here, perhaps the reverend Seniors will rejoice in the good luck of the future.

Remember, Seniors, "Hold fast to that which is good," so carefully preserve the pleasant memories of the years spent in Polytechnic, and may the sentiment of this issue be a reminder of the good will that is due the institution from the "old grad."

As a fond farewell this issue of the Journal is dedicated to our honored director, Mr. Le Roy B. Smith. His efforts in the years he has spent here are rewarded, for the present prosperity of the school is in a large part due to him. We sincerely hope that his spirit may be a lasting example in the future.

The parting word from the staff is their sincere thanks to the supporters of the Journal, namely, the merchants of San Luis Obispo, and the Student Body. May next year’s staff accept our best wishes for the welfare of their Journal.
Class Officers:

J. L. BENNETT - - - - PRESIDENT
L. SEEBER - - - - TREASURER
E. HERRING - - - - SECRETARY

Class Colors:
GREEN AND WHITE

Class Flower:
WHITE CARNATION.

Class Motto:
Be true to your work, your word, and your friend.

Class Tree:
ITALIAN CYPRESS.
Class Day
CLASS HISTORY

The history of a class like 1914 is worthy of an epic poem, but as there is no member of the class who is equal to the task of composing one to do it justice, we must content ourselves with mere common prose with which to relate our many deeds and misdeeds.

We do not remember just what kind of a day it was when our illustrious class first made its appearance in the hall of learning, but that is a minor detail as far as the weather is concerned. It is sufficient to say that we entered the institution known as California Polytechnic about the middle of September in the year of our Lord 1911. We were the largest class that has ever entered the Polytechnic School, being well over the century mark in number and our members represented a large territory from the Philippines to New York. We were as green as Freshmen usually are and were helped to remain in such a state for awhile by bags of water, which mysteriously descended upon us every noon from the upper regions. The 1914's were terrorized from every side by the venom-tipped glares shot at them by the upper classmen, who every noon gathered for a pow-wow in a very secluded spot. We were not kept in a state of terror much longer, for a few days later there appeared on the bulletin board, in letters which to the Freshmen seemed ten feet high, these words: "Hazing absolutely forbidden." We were told by the upper classmen that we were to be thankful, as that was all that stood between us and a horrible death.

We had our first meeting in a social way with the Juniors and Seniors on the evening of September 16, when we were royally entertained at a reception given in the assembly hall by the Y. M. C. A. After this entertainment we felt more at home among the Faculty and other students.

We as Freshmen grasped the facts and workings of our new life with such rapidity that we decided to elect class officers. Accordingly, we held a meeting at which time we organized as the Freshmen Class and elected the following officers: Carol Stone, President; J. L. Bennett, Vice President; Carl Hoskins, Secretary and Treasurer. At this same meeting green and white were chosen as our colors.

Our next activity of importance was our Freshman dance given in the dining hall on the evening of February 5th. The success of our first social function was shown by the fact that it was referred to as the most brilliant social affair of the year.

As our first year ended, our ambition and envy was aroused as we saw the Seniors receive their "sheepskins" in the old Pavilion. We looked hopefully toward the day when we could have the same honors bestowed upon us.

After the summer vacation we again returned to Polytechnic but this time we registered as Juniors, although only about half the number we were when we were Freshmen. We began our second year with higher prospects than before, because we were by this time accustomed to the ways of the school and ready to profit by our first year's experience.

We immediately chose at our class election the following officers for the Junior year: Frank Murphy, President; C. C. Forrester, Secretary and Treasurer.
During our Junior year we were led into the mysterious realms of science by having to burn the midnight oil over the wonders of physics and chemistry, a few of our number liking it so well that they are now taking it a second time. Two of the members of 1914 experimented with the wonders so far as to try to annihilate the professor in mechanical drawing with some Na₂O₂, much to their woe.

Our Junior year was probably our most eventful year in that we had the honor of participating in the Decennial celebration in honor of California Polytechnic School's tenth year of existence. We also helped the Senior Class greatly in their pageant depicting the early history of California.

Our Junior year was brought to a fitting close when we gave the customary Junior banquet to the class of '13. A good time was enjoyed and toasts were given by the different class members and the director. An interesting prophecy, "An Accidental Meeting in 1933," was read by Annie Mendenhall.

On September 9th we came straggling back to complete our last lap of the three years' journey. We were joined by Glen Shoemaker of the Oregon Agricultural College, thus making thirty-three for the final dash.

If by hard and earnest work, coupled with the grace and good will of the Faculty, we should all receive the honor of having our names placed upon a "sheepskin," the Class of 1914 will have the honor of being the largest class that has ever left the doors of California Polytechnic School. Heretofore the Class of '09 has held the honor by virtue of having thirty-one graduates in that year, but the Class of 1914 raised the mark to thirty-three, which will be a mark for the following classes to strive for in years to come.

In athletics the Class of 1914 has reason to feel proud, for in our Freshman year we won the interclass basketball and baseball championship and rolled up a goodly number of points in the interclass track meet. We also had a large number of representatives on all the school teams.

In our Junior year we won the interclass track meet, but were defeated in football.

To crown our success we again won the interclass track meet by a good margin. We also tied with the Class of '15 in the interclass football game and won the interclass baseball championship.

The class of 1914 has not only been represented in athletics during the three years at Polytechnic but has been well represented in every line of school activities—literary, social or otherwise. Now we are about to sever our connection with the school. I wish to state that this is the true and authentic history of the best and brightest class that ever bid California Polytechnic's yellow stone buildings "good-bye."


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CLASS WILL

We, the class of Nineteen Fourteen, of California Polytechnic, being of sound mind and memory, do make and declare this our last will and testament in manner following: We bequeath to the coming Senior class the pleasant prospects of History, Trig and Physics, and the memory of our dreams (sometimes called nightmares) after many hours of preparation for examinations (even though our instructors persist in calling them either "a little quiz" or "a written lesson").

We, the Senior girls, will our ability to give Freshie girls duckings to the class of 1917.

We, the Senior boys, do will our ability to protect class colors to the class of 1915 as they are in need of such. To all the boys in the school and those entering next September, we will our ability to protect our C. P. S. letters where'er they may be put.

We, the girls of the Physics class, do will that no class following us be tortured by this subject as we have been. If any class be compelled to take this subject, under the present instructor, we request each member thereof to attend "every" session. (We have ample reason for this request.)

I, Clarence Flasket, bequeath my ability to teach Mr. Smith history to Marvin Andrews, my humane wings to Grafton Brown, my affection for Elvira Perozzi to Mark Eubanks, and my ambition to become power house engineer to Patterson.

I, Lena Janssen, will my pet finger nails to Mr. Flint, so that he won't have to buy any spades next year, and to Barbara Marquet I leave a stick of gum which Joanie Earle Pugh gave me.

I, Carlton Kinney, do sadly will my duty as president of Y. M. C. A. to Jay Rice, and my Freshman actions in history class to my dear teacher, Mr. Smith, who will kindly give them to students entering next fall.

I, Ethel Sinclair, will my quiet attitude in all places and at all times to Sady Semmon, half of my good behavior in English class to Lee Devol, the rest to Matthews, as they seem very much in need of it.

I, Alexander Gibson, will my effort to catch lizards, for purpose of frightening the girls, to J. E. Pugh, providing he shall always hunt them at Arroyo Grande, and my ability to knock three baggers to one San Luis High school baseball shark named "Punky."

I, Hazel Prince, will my love for Carleton Kinney to Geraldine Fitzgerald, my winning smile to Traviole, all my coquettish ways in general to Billie Donnelly, and my ambition to "do things worth doing" to Ben Tognazzini.

I, Howard Ahlf, will my naughtiness in going hunting, fishing or preferably joy riding every Sunday instead of going to church, to Pinkie Monahan, my ability to ride brake beams whenever necessary to Jack Mighell, and my charming gracefulness at dancing the "Hesitation" and the "Maurice Tango" to Lisle Bagwill.

I, Eddie Einer, do will my ability to get to 8:15 classes on time to Charlotte Perner, my art of cracking jokes to Alice Rhyne, and my poor old square head to a specialist to be examined.
I, Clara Upton, will my popularity with the Dorm boys to Agnes Lemon, and my extreme neatness in dress to Jay Rice.

I, Lawrence Seeber, do will my everlasting smile to Denard Wylie, as he is so much in need of one; to Elmer Forbes I leave my admiration for "kew's" and the eye-full I got the night of the girls' Up to Date party to—oh, anybody, just so that I get rid of it.

I, Bob Eells, will my ambition to become a vaudeville singer to Pat Thanum, my ability to be bawled out at the Elmo to Fergas, and my loyal Poly spirit to any one who may encounter "White Hope."

I, Grace Rowan, will my freckles to Jack Mighell, my attempts at bluffing to my little cousin, Eileen Hughes, and my popularity with the boys to Lucy Gould.

I, Clyde Shirley, in this my last will and testament, do promote Curly Summers to my place as leader of "The Band" while on trips either to Santa Maria or other places at the times of school games, and my liking for work to Archie Nock.

I, Ethel Hubbert, will my stylish clothes to Alice Dodge, my position as singing teacher to Jack Crane and my care free disposition to Marie Berkemeyer.

I, Luis Tomasini, will my pipe to Denard Wylie, my desire to dance with and be in company of Hazel Prince, to my little brother Tilde, and my position as a baseball shark to Homer Thyle.

I, Irma Hazzard, will my ability for "fishing" to Helene Van Gorden, my freshness and dirty habit to Blossom Seward, my gentleness of speech to Lawrence Purner, and my love for Mr. Flint to Hazel Lare.

I, Windfield Andrews, will my high marks in English to Ada Forbes, my generosity with my machine to Billie Donnelly, and my pretty black hair to Wanda Kamm.

I, Ed Herring, will my charming curly hair to Harris, my ability in riding a motorcycle to Joaquin Pierra, and my dignified nature to Curly Summers.

I, Florinda Tomasini, will my cheerful expression to Grafton Brown, my "I should worry" way to Scarlet, and my affection for all Polytechnic students to Jack Mighell.

I, Archie Brown, will my ability as a graceful jigger to Traviole, my popularity with all the girls to Sidney Mason, and my genius for boring holes in doughnuts to Webb.

I, Fred Curl, will my strong liking for the beautiful scenery of Sea Canyon to Martinsen and my position as manager of the Journal to Trussler.

I, Stella Brown, will my success in using ponies to Dad Ross, my inquisitiveness to Pat Thanum, and my ability as a queueer to Marvin Andrews.

I, Jess Bennett, do will my success as piano master to Carey, my affairs of the heart to Dolche and my trials and troubles ruling Senior meetings to the following Senior president.

I, Cathleen Shipsey, do will to Charlotte my good standing in Physics and with Mr. Carpenter, and my interest in agriculturists to Geraldine Fitzgerald.

I, Glen Shoemaker, will my ability as baseball pitcher to Tilde Tomasini, my ability to graduate in one year to Elmer Forbes (even though it comes a little late), and my gracefulness at dancing the Irish jig to Snyder.
I, Roy Strobel, will my position as mail carrier to Giglia Gimini, for she says her noble steed is used to heavy loads, to Webb I leave my ability to "hit um square" if they don't get over near the palms when they see me coming, and my pretty sweater to Bagwill.

I, Elvira Perrozzi, do bequeath my surplus altitude over seven feet to Miss Reed and my enjoyment at hearing daily Mr. Carpenter's favorite expression, "As a matter of actual fact, the point is—," to the following classes in Physics.

I, Paul Maxwell, will my old brown suit to Grafton Brown, my ability in Math. to Alice Dodge, my good looks to little Herring, and my adorned locks to Ben Tognazzini.

I, Eric Barnett, will my ability as being stubborn and a bonehead to Deliseguis, my 746 H Pengini to Andrews, my duty as a preacher to Patterson, and my business at the electric light office to some enthusiastic Freshman.

I, Annie Mendenhall, do bequeath my ability as yell leader to Myrtle Stalnacker, my strength while protecting class colors to Denard Wylie, my unsurpassable ability as cartoonist to Henry Brown, and my abundance of red hair to Pinkie Monahan.

I, Wilber Morrison, will my hat to Holman, my ability to fight over survey stakes to Fiscallini, and my seat across the track at the smoking parlor, which I have never neglected, to Archie Nock.

I, Ruth Riddle, will my surplus avoirdupois to McMeckin, my beauty wrinkles to Sarah Bushnell, my charming shape to Marie Berkebeyer, and my sarcasm to Josephine Tomasin.

I, Clarence Forrester, will my wonderful piece of machinery called a bicycle, to J. Earle Pugh, and my cute little girlish walk to Mr. E. B. Smith.

Lastly, we hereby appoint the class of Nineteen Fifteen executor of our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, the eleventh day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred fourteen.

CLASS OF NINETEEN FOURTEEN,
C. Shipsey, '14.
SENIOR RECORD

Ahlf, Howard E., M., basket ball. Santa Maria.
Bennett, Jesse L., M., editor of Journal '13, President Senior Class, President
Student Body, Vice-President Freshmen, Vice-President Juniors, President
Brown, E. Anhald, M., Coothall.
Einer, Edward M., M., football. Escondido.
Forrester, Clarence C., M., Secretary-Treasurer Juniors. Gault.
Gibson, Alex. F., M., baseball captain, football, track. Templeton.
Herring, Edward L., M., track, Secretary Senior Class. San Luis Obispo.
Plaskett, Clarence, M. Gorda.
Seeber, Lawrence A., Treasurer Senior Class, basket ball. San Luis Obispo.
Shirley, E. Clyde, M., track, baseball, football, basket ball. San Luis Obispo.
Shoemaker, Glen, A., football, baseball. Orange.
Strobil, Roy E., M. Hanford.
Tomassini, Luis E., A., track, baseball, football. San Luis Obispo.
Shipsey, Kathleen, H. A., basketball, Treasurer Freshman Class, Josh Editor
'13. San Luis Obispo.
Prince, Hazel, H. A., Vice-President Amapola Club. San Luis Obispo.
Mendenhall, Annie, H. A., President of Amapola Club, captain basket ball, two
years, yell leader. Valley Center.
Ferrozzi, Elvira, H. A. San Luis Obispo.
Sinclair, Ethel, H. A. San Luis Obispo.
Hubbert, Ethel, A. Oceanside.
Rowan, Grace, H. A. San Luis Obispo.
Tomassini, Florinda, H. A., Vice-President Amapola Club. San Luis Obispo.
Brown, Stella, H. A., Secretary Student Body. San Luis Obispo.
Upton, Clara, H. A., Vice-President Amapola Club, Treasurer Amapola Club, exchange editor. Tulare.
The winners of the medals in the S. L. B. A. A. track meet:
Eells, shot put—1st place; two medals. 
Webb, 440 yd.—1st place.
Shirley, Green, Travelli and Webb, relay. 
Webb, 40 yd. dash.
Shirley, 880 yd. dash—2nd place.
Gibson, javelin throw—2nd place.
Curl, mile—2nd place.
Shirley, high jump—2nd place.
Curl, 880 yd. dash—3rd place.
Webb, 100 yd. dash—3rd place.
Tomassini, javelin throw—3rd place.
Monahan, pole vault—3rd place.
CLASS PROPHECY

In this year of nineteen forty,
I shall start to write these legends.
Shortly after graduation,
I began to make experiments.
Twenty years I made experiments
Till at last I have discovered
Such a potent wonder mixture,
That to drink it gives me knowledge,
Of whatever thing one thinks of.
For years I have used the potion
And it never once has failed me;
When I drink it there before me
Is a picture showing plainly
Anything I want to know of.
Just a week ago to see it
Came a scientist from China,
Wished to see my great discovery.
I was surely most astonished
When I greeted Eddy Einer.
After quite a lengthy confab
On the class of nineteen fourteen,
We decided to locate them
By the means of my discovery.
First we saw grave Jesse Bennett
A policeman in San Luis;
Straight and soldierly in bearing,
Most ferocious in appearance,
He was certainly a good one.
Eddy Herring is a sailor
On a swift boat subterranean,
Merrily he sails the ocean.
Often underneath the waters
He’s discovered buried treasures.
In a land of lowing cattle,
With a bucket and a milk stool,
We found Catherine milking Jerseys,
While upon a ranch adjoining
There was Seeber raising chickens.
In the jungles of South Africa
Archie Brown is missionary,
Spends his days converting heathens
And from cannibals escaping.
Stella Brown we found in Paris,
She constructs the swellest dresses
You can find in all the city.
She designs and also makes them,
Every stitch is done by handcraft.
As an entertaining couple
Bob and Winnie take the prize;
They’re the peoples’ pick most popular
Of all the vaudevilles the cleverest.
Everybody knows of Hazel,
A milliner in Caliente,
For the hats she makes are marvels most.
Horticulturist in See Canyon
Seems to be Fred’s occupation.
When the picture showed him plowing,
I could feel but little wonder,
For I knew he was precisely
Where he wished to be sincerely.
From our band a great historian
Has made us and Poly famous
With his first work ‘Our Class History.’
There’s another noted member,
Irma Hazard, famous novelist;
From her great imagination
Have sprung fables great as Aesop’s.
No one heard of Carleton Kinney
Since he left the Alma Mater,
Until one day my discovery
Showed us Carleton’s habitation,
In the last worm eaten taxi,
(Aeroplanes have now replaced them),
‘Chippy’ we discovered as driver.
Howard Ahlf, the dancing teacher,
Shows folks all the new ways of tango;
Thirty steps he has invented,
And revised all the others.
Wilber, to my great amazement,
Of cigars is manufacturer.
Ethel Hubbert, Wilber’s wife,
Left her ranch in San Diego
To be near her darling hubby.
Of surprises perhaps the greatest
Was to hear of Paul Maxwell
Peddling tinware in Australia,
Where he’s marvelously successful,
For the ladies all love Maxwell.
Miss Perozzi, strange as physics,
Has become a physics teacher,
In the same school Clarence Plaskett
Teaches skillful engineering,
How they like to work together!
Lena Janssen and Florinda
Run a boarding house in Edna.
They are serving balanced rations
To the multitudes that live there.
Louis Tomasini's business
Lies in coaching Poly students
That have failed in First Year English;
He is good for that position,
For he sympathizes with them.
Everybody knew on Class Day
Ethel Sinclair's name would soon be Mrs. Chesney;
They are happy on a dairy ranch in Yuma.
"Ruth E. Ridle" stands for suffrage—
She is lecturing in China,
For that is the only nation
Where the women have no ballot.
In New York a famous doctor
Is our friend of old, Roy Strobel;
Broken arms and legs he patches
For the motorcycle riders,
Who are not like him, most lucky.
Glen Shoemaker has a push cart—
"Peanuts, popcorn, home made candy,"
Is the way the sign reads on it.
Everything is "neat and handy,"
Those words are in fact his motto.
Our fair-headed Clarence Plaskett
Anybody well might envy;
In a circus called "Sells Floto"
He dresses up just like a lady;
Flirts with all the farmers gaily,
Makes the ladies awful jealous.
Mr. Barnett, alias "preacher,"
Has gone in for aeroplaning,
His last bi-plane flies the highest
Of all birds designed by mankind.
Clara Upton married riches
And is now a "social leader."
Her success depends most strangely
On the method of her progress.
When in doubt her foot she wiggles,
Instantly there comes and clearly
The solution of her problem,
Then she's mistress of the matter.
Posing in a big store window
"Gibby" advertises clothing.
They can't make a waxy figure
That men’s clothing looks so well on.
Grace Rowan’s business is most popular
Of all occupations mentioned.
She conducts a marriage bureau,
Many souls she’s brought together
That would otherwise have suffered
Wretched lives of lonely horror.
Just as I have told it to you,
We discovered all our classmates,
And that I may share my knowledge,
This my tale is here recounted.
CRIMINAL RECORD


Life imprisonment. Identity: Refined and dignified, very pleasant. Age, 45 years.
Name: Perozzi, Elvira, alias Plaski. Cell: Civies room. Crime: Using ponies too often. Sentence: No more joy rides with Plaskett. Identity: Beautiful hair, not at all backward, wears a pin which bears the words, "Love me."
Name: Prine, Hazel, alias Prunes. Cell: At home. Crime: Trying to make a hit. Sentence: Two hours in the ice box. Identity: Short, fat and very sensible, has the appearance of being an old maid. Age, about 2 weeks.
Name: Hazard, Irma, alias Fish. Cell: Mr. Flint's Botany room. Crime: Chewing bugs out of flowers. Sentence: A diet for six months on mosquito stew. Identity: Very homely, speaks only when she has to, has a large scar on left cheek. Age, 15 years.


PRESENTATION OF SPADE

Junior Class President.

This spade, adorned with the colors of the previous classes, was intrusted to the care of the class of 1914 by our predecessors. It has been the custom, originated by the pioneer class at Polytechnic, for each class to plant a tree, which shall stand as a memorial throughout the years to come. With this spade they have planted their trees; with it we shall plant our class tree. We, the members of the Class of 1914, have guarded it safely throughout the past year. Now we must pass it on to the next class that the will of the pioneer class of Polytechnic be not disregarded.

Worthy President of the Junior Class, in presenting you and the members of your class this spade, I entreat you to guard it and keep it safely through the coming year.

J. L. BENNETT,
Senior Class President.

RESPONSE BY JUNIOR PRESIDENT

Guardian of the Spade, Honorable Seniors and Fellow Students: We, the members of the Junior Class, seeing that you entrust this valuable spade to our care for the coming year, promise to guard and protect it, as you have done.

While taking this spade we wish to members of the Senior Class every possible success in life after leaving California Polytechnic.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD,
The most important events in Alumni circles in the past year were the Murray and Snyder marriages. Mr. Bernard Murray, ’12, and Hazel Brew, ’12, were married last winter and are now making their home at Martinez, where Barney has a position with the Oriental Oil Co.

Mr. John Snyder, ’12, and Mrs. Snyder (Eva Fridley, ’12) are living at the County Farm in Los Angeles county, where Snyder is engineer.

The County Farm is the residence of three more former Poly students also. They are John J. Adams, ’09, and Mrs. Adams (Ida Bichman, ’08) and Chas. Swartz, ’12, who is there with Adams in the power plant.

Maurice Coulter, ’13, and Jewel Cooper, ’12, are chemists with the Alameda Sugar Co. at Alvarado, Cal.

Elmer Murphy, ’09, is assistant superintendent of the Union Sugar Co. at Betteravia, where Ernest Yates, ’10, and Mrs. Yates (Laura Rhighetti, ’06) also live. Yates and Fred Markoff, ’11, are chemists with the sugar company.

Florence Knight, ’12, Frank Baldwin, ’13, John Flint, ’11, and Albin Noren, ’12, are all attending Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, Ore.

Ernest Curtis, ’08, and Roland Curtis, ’10, attended there also but have not been heard from since they were graduated.

The Japanese members of our society are all gardening—Eizo Kondo, ’08, at Tokio, Japan; Tsunejiro Ashida, ’09, at Colusa, Cal., and Takanobu Misuo, ’12, near Los Angeles.

Francis Murray, ’13, is with his brother at Martinez, Cal., with the Oriental Oil Co.

Chas. Baker, ’11, is an engineer with the Associated Oil Co. at Gaviota, Cal., and Geo. Herring, ’11, is also in the oil business at Whittier, Cal.

The State Highway Commission employs a number of Poly graduates. They are Kenneth Beck, ’09, Chas. Hamaker, ’12, and Walter Rosetip, ’11. Philips Eastman, ’13, was formerly with them but is now with the Producers Transportation Co., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Maude Cheda ’13, Helen Sandeecoek ’13, Cora Shultz ’12, and Lillabel Wade ’13 are attending High School at San Luis Obispo, Cal., while Hertha Shultz ’10, Minnie Lomax ’09 and Mary Cheda ’08 are teaching in San Luis Obispo county schools.

The knowledge factory at Berkeley, Cal., holds the attention of Alonzo Carranza ’09, Irving ’09, Eugene Steinbeck ’07 and Jeanne Tout ’07.

Annette Giraud ’09 and Dorothy Edmonds ’13 are attending the State Normal School at San Jose, Cal.
Arthur Cook '13 is attending Stanford. Margaret Campbell '12 is taking a business college course at Los Angeles. Olga Grizzle '12 is a student at Washington State College at Pullman, Wash. Marguerite Shipsey '12 graduates this year from the Watsonville High School. William Shipsey '12 is attending the University of Santa Clara at Santa Clara, Cal. Hunter Strinfield has finished his course in the Pharmacy School at San Francisco and is now studying to be a doctor. Glenn Wood '09 is attending the University of Southern California, and Hazel Wood '09 graduates this year from the University of Redlands at Redlands, Cal.

Four of our members have become professors—LaRue Watson, '09, is Agriculturist at the Hilo Boarding School at Hilo, Hawaii; Floyd Tout, '06, has charge of the Agricultural Department of the Kern County High School at Bakersfield, Cal.; Reuben Sebastian, '08, is a teacher at the University of California, and John Perozzi, '12, drills knowledge into Freshman skulls at Poly.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., has quite a colony of "has been": Dora Bergh, '10, Henry Berkemeyer, '10, Mrs. Archie Cheda (May Brumley, '11), Baptiste Fiscalini, '12, Leona Forbes, '13, Rachel Gould, '09, Mrs. Harry Perry (Ruth Gould, '08), Flossie Matasci, '09, Alfred Miessi, '07, Alma Miessi, '10, Bernard Miessi, '08, Donald Mitchell, '12, Florence Muscio, '07, Walter Perozzi, '13, Arthur Saur, '09, Arthur Elburg, '10, Mrs. Ralph Gardiner (Anne Schneider, '07), and Fred Southard, '12, are all located in and about town.

Herbert Cox, '06, is with the Los Angeles Light and Power Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; Valentine Drougard, '08, is traveling for the American Chicle Co., home address, Sawtelle, Cal.

Edgar Duncan, '10, is at Ceres, Cal., with the Turlock Irrigation Co.; Chester Freeman, '11, is an engineer at Santa Maria, Cal.; Eugene Fiedler, '09, is with the Union Iron Works, Oakland, Cal.

Fletcher Hayward, '10, is at Pasadena, Cal., with the Hayward Grocery Co.; Sophia Hutching, '12, is in a real estate office at San Diego, Cal.; Jack Leonard, '11, dispenses carpet-tacks, stove-lifters and smiles as he works with his father in their hardware store at Folsom, Cal.

Lee McDowell, '09, is a buttermaker at Tulare; Albert McMeekin, '13, is manager of the Alfarata Dairy at Merced; Anson Pearce, '11, raises chickens at Ingomar, Cal.; Guy Nickle is in the grocery business at Orange, Cal.; Wm. Shaw, '10, is an electrician at San Diego, Cal.; Ralph Shoemaker is at Pomona, where he is growing oranges; Alan Stone, '09, is a carpenter at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Another graduate, who is now an engineer, is Harvey Strobridge, '11, who is at San Leandro, Cal.; Geo. Tilton, '09, is at Los Angeles, Cal., with the County Surveyor.

Gustave Wade, '06, is with the Street Railway Co. at North Yakima, Wash.; Geo. Wilson, '07, represents the International Correspondence Schools at Bakersfield.

Now we will make a list of the sturdy soil tillers and their addresses: Maurice Yocum, '13, Bellota, Cal.; Chas. Williams, '13, Merced, Cal.; Myron Thomas, '07, Riverside, Cal.; Clifford Tanner, '12, and Rudolph Tanner, '13,

Esther Biaginni, '07, is head of the Pacific Hospital at San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Hazel Griffith, '09, is at home, Sultana, Cal., and Lillian B. Fox, '06, is at home at Pomona, Cal.; Allan Emmert, '10, is employed at the School of Industry at Ione, Cal.; Marc Edmonds, '12, is one of Uncle Sam's men. He is in the Forrest Service near Lake Tahoe, Cal. Wendell Daily, '13, is a mechanic at Carpenteria, Cal.

Elizabeth Holloway, '10, is teaching in San Francisco, Cal., and Alberta Strinfield, '07, is teaching at Corning, Cal.; Clara Strinfield, '08, is now Mrs. Marion Rice and lives at Santa Maria, Cal.

We have no information concerning Ella Tanner, '07, since she graduated from the Normal School at Santa Barbara, Cal. Mrs. Lorenzo Hampton (Katherine Twombly, '06), is at Fullerton, Cal.; Henry Wade, '06, is at Santa Barbara, Cal.; Beulah Watson, '09, is now Mrs. Sidney Eggett, Fresno, Cal.

Selma Wyrss, '10, is at the California Hospital at Los Angeles, Cal., taking a nurses' training course.

Geo. Williams, '13, is at Jackson, and Ralph Wilmar, '13, is at San Miguel, Cal.

Guy Worden, '07, is at Shandon, Cal., ranching.

Rachel Ramage, '09, is chief operator in the San Diego, Cal., telephone exchange.

Joe Schweizer, '13, is at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mrs. A. F. Parsons, Jr., (Irene Rhighetli, '06), is in San Francisco, Cal. Velma Pearson, '10, is now Mrs. John Pitts, Los Angeles, Cal.

It is not known what became of Effie Hilliard, '11, since her graduation from the Santa Barbara Normal.

Louie Colthurt, '10, is at Los Banos, Cal., and Donald Cox, '11, is at Watsonville, Cal.

We have unauthrntic addresses for the following; the addresses given being the places they are supposed to be, or where they were last heard from.


We have lost track of Peter Knudlum, '09, entirely. It is rumored that Walter Nelson, '13, has joined the navy. His home address is San Jose, Cal. Cassius Sibley, '12, is ranching at Collfax, Cal., and Merton Weymouth at Berenda, Cal. Valenti Dolcini, '08, has not been heard from since he graduated from Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa. Tekla Johnson, '13, is in Oakland, Cal. J. E. King, '13, is supposed to be ranching in Oregon. Home address Ventura, Cal. Loring Wilson, '09, and Roy Luchessa, '08, have been called to the Great Beyond.

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OUR FAIR AND THE PANAMA

It is now some 500 years since man first evolved the idea of a short water passage to the East Indies. Many bold adventurers have attempted the task and sailed away into unknown waters, but none of them found their way to the golden land of promise. Balboa and his few followers landed in Central America and exploring inland were the first to view the broad Pacific.

From that time to this, world wide interest has centered on that narrow strip of land separating ocean from ocean. In early days the Portuguese essayed the task of building a canal there, and later the French government spent millions of dollars, only to retire from the field, leaving vast machinery to rust in that tropical clime. Then the United States, realizing the universal benefit of such a canal, undertook the great task of removing mountains and damming rivers, that great vessels might pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the space of twelve short hours.

There were several giants to be overcome at the Panama, after the site was secured. The great swamps of that tropical region, with their deadly poison and miry ground, were no small barrier to the progress of our engineers. Another immense task which must be performed was the converting of the swampy village of Panama into a clean city with proper sewerage, etc. Not only must we give our workmen clean habitations, but we must protect the integrity and virility of our young manhood by stringing a chain of Y. M. C. A.'s across the Panama under the United States flag.

The French encountered a river, which had an unpleasant habit of rising forty feet in twenty-four hours, which wrought havoc with their machinery and excavations and which perforce the United States must meet and overcome. Our engineers solved the problem by erecting a great dam which should conserve the turbulent waters, and at the same time supply the locks with water which shall lift the vessels on their way from ocean to ocean.

The modern steam shovel, with its huge bucket raising seven to nine tons of earth at a scoop, has been our efficient excavator at Panama. Some fifty of these, continually loading dirt trains, have removed the enormous amount of earth which might be represented by thirty-two of the largest pyramids in Egypt. And were one of these dirt trains to encircle the earth five times, this length of train would represent the amount of earth and rock which we have removed in the work and carried out to sea to build a breakwater to protect our ships ere they
enter the canal. It is said that the Chinese wall is the only landmark visible on the earth from the moon. If this wall were constructed across the United States it would reach from San Francisco to St. Louis, but were the earth which we have removed from the canal built into a wall stretching across the United States, it would reach from San Francisco to New York.

In the building of the locks, the largest in the world, deep excavations must be made to bed-rock upon which has been pouring day after day, week after week, month after month, a continual stream of concrete made on the premises in the largest concrete plant in the world. These immense walls of our locks, guarded by 4,000,000 tons of steel in the form of huge swinging gates, cannot help but interest the beholder, who appears to himself so small in comparison. The locks having practically been completed, water now flows through, and the first barges and tugs are passing from ocean to ocean.

The thought was prevalent throughout the nation that an international exposition should be held to celebrate the opening of the canal, and the question was, where? Should England have the exposition, or France, who had been forced to retire from the field? No, it was decided that America, the youngest of nations, should hold the exposition in honor of her achievement, and invite the world as her guests in 1915. On February 14, 1911, Congress in solemn session declared that San Francisco, the city of the west, should be granted her request to act as hostess at this banquet of nations.

San Francisco, at one time a little village lying far out in the western wilderness, was little known or thought of, until gold was found, which brought the hardy 49'ers to our western slope. San Francisco grew steadily until April 18, 1906, when the news was sent throughout the world that San Francisco was a fire and earthquake stricken city, but such was the virility and industry of her people that scarcely six years thereafter, having rebuilt her city on a broader, better scale, she aspired to invite the world as her guest.

San Francisco is approached by that most beautiful Golden Gate, by the rails across the deserts, and by that picturesque country lying south along the Pacific coast. The site chosen for the Exposition lies just inside the Golden Gate, on gently sloping ground. Facing the imposing Mt. Tamalpais, than which no other mountain affords so marvelous and panoramic a view of country, it covers forty acres of ground, on which will be built and are being built many most magnificent and imposing structures which shall typify to our visitors our American qualities of progressive ability.

It is hard to get an adequate idea of the immensity of the undertaking which lies at our very door. All nations and cities will send of their best to this meeting place. Not only of their best in the exhibits but their best in intellectual men and women, who shall meet and learn of each other and further establish our universal brotherhood.

The Exposition in Chicago cost $24,000,000, that in St. Louis $28,000,000. It is estimated this Exposition will cost the enormous sum of $80,000,000, which sum would just build the proposed tunnel under the English Channel between France and England.

On the grounds a large space is reserved for amusement concessions. Four thousand concessions have been applied for, only three hundred of which have
been granted to date. The main buildings of the Exposition, encircling a unique and stately Court of Honor, will be lighted by millions of lamps, and the many amusements planned will add their illumination to the general brightness and gaiety of the scene.

Search lights will play about the grounds, aeroplanes will fly through the air, and humanity will walk throughout the buildings, and millions of all nations and classes will meet and absorb something of the spirit of the Exposition, which stands for a greater and more universal intercommunication between neighboring nations. Though the lights will fade and the throngs depart, each will bear away some treasure in memory by which he will mark the events of years and recall at will the World’s Fair under the Stars and Stripes.

J. A. Crane, ’15.

A CHEMICAL FORMULA

The death of John Fink caused more excitement than had any other happening in Sacramento that year. The reason was that no one could explain his death; the circumstance defied the corps of detectives that were trying to find the culprit.

The facts of the matter they knew were as follows: Fink had called upon his friend, Mr. Foote, the evening of the former’s death, and they had partaken of the evening meal on the roof garden of the Foote home. The elder Mr. Foote was a chemist, and, being engaged in some intricate experiment, did not join them at supper. During the meal the conversation turned to politics. The friends had different views on this universal subject, and the argument waged very hotly. A servant of the house overheard the loud words and drew her own conclusions when later the body of John Fink was discovered by some policemen who, as they looked up from below, saw it hanging over the railing that surrounded the roof garden. The shock of this caused the old man to become paralyzed.

Both Mr. Foote and his son were arrested, but when the older man showed that he had been in his laboratory the entire evening in question, his alibi was established and he was set free. Mr. George Foote, the son, attempted to show that he had heard his father choking and gone down to him in the laboratory, and while he was reviving him the tragedy was enacted upstairs.

The older man had put some chemicals together and created a poisonous gas, but a drop cover, with a pipe to carry off the fumes, was arranged over the sink, and this he had dropped as soon as he saw the nature of the gas he had made. However, he had inhaled enough of the vapors to render him unconscious, and George Foote tried to prove that Mr. Fink had met his death by some other means than murder at the time when the accused was attending his father in the lower part of the house.

The part of the whole affair that puzzled them most was the fact that there was no sign or mark of violence on the body of the deceased. Neither was there any satisfactory evidence of poison having been used, that is, any known stomach poisoning. The post mortem examination showed that some foreign material in the blood had caused it to curdle and clot, so stopping the blood flow and causing instant death.
To give an account of the trial would be to go over proceedings that have no important connection with the story. Suffice it to say that, after working over the case for several months, the detectives were unable to discover any more points on the case than I have told of, and George Foote was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment.

Of course there had been several "clues"—a memorandum of some numbers, meaningless to the detectives, had been found on the roof garden near the corpse.

After the sentence was passed a friend of the Footes came home from a sojourn in Europe, a Mr. Holmes, who had been studying the great mysteries of France and other countries with a view to becoming a scientific detective. He was very much grieved at the fate of his friend and immediately set to work to figure the thing out to his own satisfaction.

After working with the memorandum which had been found, and fussing around the house for several days, he asked to have old Mr. Foote brought to the laboratory. The poor fellow could not do a thing for himself. He could not speak or move; the only faculties left him were those of hearing and seeing. The interview seemed satisfactory to Mr. Holmes if one can judge from the pleased expression on his face when he had the old man taken back to his room.

An interview was then arranged with the city officials and this is the way Mr. Holmes went about to prove his friend innocent. One man was stationed upon the roof garden and another with Mr. Holmes in the laboratory. Mr. Holmes, as he mixed up some of the chemicals in a dish in the sink showed the man who was with him the fact that they corresponded with the memoranda on the paper. As the last one was put in, a pungent, choking vapor came up and the cover to the sink was slammed down quickly and both the men ran up to the roof garden to find the official up there choking and coughing.

The evening of the tragedy old Mr. Foote had mixed the same chemicals and had slammed the cover of the sink down in the same manner. The son had heard his father cough and gone down, but Mr. Fink had remained seated near where the pipe, which took off the poisonous gases, came to an end. He received a large inhalation of the gas and it caused almost immediate death.

It having been satisfactorily proved that Mr. Foote was absolutely innocent he was acquitted. But he often thought how he would be yet in prison, breaking rocks, if his father had not dropped the memoranda in the sink and it had not gone up the flue with the gas.

ANNIE E. MENDEHALL, '14.

LOOKING FORWARD

Act I.


Tommy: "Kathleen, I hope no customers will call at our shop this afternoon. I thought after selling that gorgeous brown switch to Mrs. Webb we could arrange to take a day off. I'll be horribly bored if anyone calls today; callers are very enjoyable, but—"
Kathleen (curling some puffs): "Yes, I'm glad we took an afternoon off, but I might as well curl these puffs, because I think I'll put them in the showcase tomorrow. See (holding them up for inspection), aren't they the most beautiful shade? If my hair wasn't so dark I'd keep them for myself. By the way, what you say about callers is well worth consideration. But listen, there's nothing I'd enjoy more than having a good chat with one of our Poly class in dear old San Luis. There are three or four I've completely lost trace of. Gracious, wouldn't some of them receive a shock to their nervous systems if they heard we were running a hairdressing and manieuring parlor? I'm afraid they wouldn't understand."

Tommy (peeping behind the curtain): "My dear, there's the finest looking man imaginable at the door. For goodness' sake, hide those puffs! Why, his face looks familiar. Shall I go to the door or just pretend no one is at home?"

Kathleen: "Oh, Tommy, your imagination is sometimes pitiful. The very idea of saying the man's face looks familiar! (Ring again.) Oh, well, he's most likely a book agent; but you'd better go to the door anyway."

(Tommy opens door.)

Shoeey: "Is this the apartment where Miss Tomasini and Miss Shipley live?"

Tommy: "Why, Glen Shoemaker, I'd have known you anywhere as long as you persist in smiling. Come in. Kathleen is at home, too, this afternoon. Sit down. I'll call her; she was here a minute ago. (Calling Kathleen.) There's a gentleman here who would like to see you."

Kathleen (coming in from adjoining room): "Well, who would have believed it? How are you? I was just saying I would love to see some of our old Poly class. You are just the same jolly, good-looking fellow you used to be. Tommy and I were reading in the paper not long ago that you were making a second Christy Mathewson of yourself on the New York Giants."

Shoeey: "Well, I guess not quite that (laughing), but I sure think I've gone a notch higher than Ahlf. You have of course heard that he is janitor at Chesa's Cafe?"

Tommy (horrified): "Howard Ahlf janitor of Chesa's Cafe! Has it come to that? Oh, dear, my ambitions for that boy were ever higher."

Shoeey: "That's an honest fact, but I can tell you something more surprising than that."

Tommy and Kathleen: "What?"

Shoeey: "You see, it was this way. Our old pal, Bob Ells, completed a new model motorcycle last week and he was so elated over the fact that he ended up in using it as a quick means of eloping with Annie Mendenhall."

Tommy: "Merciful powers! Would you have thought it of Bob Ells? By the way, I read the funniest ad. in The Telegram (we still take it, you know), advertising a new variety of leeks and onions grown by Carleton Kinney on his ranch near Los Angeles. He's the last person I ever could imagine gracefully whiling his years away on a farm."

Shoeey: "Yes, it's strange, but you know the least expected often happens. The fellows who have really made names for themselves are Wilbur Morrison and Clarence Forrester. Their great missionary work has awakened the whole world."

Kathleen: "Oh, I'm not so surprised at that, but I am surprised and proud
of Ruth Ridle and Irma Hazard. Just think of them as the founders of the
'Militant Women's Socialist Party.'"

Tommy: "Yes, and don't forget about Lena Jenseen and Stella Brown. They've been carrying on the liveliest kind of a campaign. It was only a few
days ago that the city papers were full of how they burned the Elmo theater
for displaying pictures of one of their riots in Edna."

Shoey: "Well, I'll have to admit that I never dreamed of them displaying
all that "pep," as we used to say. Have you heard about Jesse Bennett, the
great composer?"

Kathleen: "Oh, my, no. I can't imagine! He was such a changeable
mortal, always overflowing with new ideas."

Shoey: "Well, his engagement to Miss De Rockerville, the New York
heiress, has just been announced."

Tommy: "Oh, that reminds me. We just received an announcement of
Fred Curl's wedding. You know he's made such a great success as manager
of the 'Greater Edna Vaudeville Theater,' where just a short time ago Hazel
Prince starred in her original beauty chorus. After seeing his former Poly
classmate thus becoming famous in all her glory, Fred was unable to quench the
smoldering fire of love for her which had been kindled in his Senior year at
Poly."

Shoey (gives one deep sigh): "By the way, the Brown-Gibson symphony
orchestra has just returned from their annual tour of Europe and they give
their opening concert tonight in the Scottish Rite Auditorium; if you haven't
another engagement I'd like to have your company. After the concert we will
take supper at Maxwell's Cafe."

Tommy: "How perfectly lovely!"

Kathleen (smiles in appreciation): "You'll stay to dinner, of course, Shoey? Tommy, you run down to Eimer's delicatessen store, won't you, and I'll
set the table. (Turning to Shoey.) Here's the paper. Perhaps you will see
something worth reading." (Kathleen exit.)

Shoey (glancing over the stock report, calling): "Kathleen, what next? Our old friend, Andrews, has taken advantage of Prof. Flint's economic train-
ing and has succeeded in cornering the egg market, according to the reports.
It won't be long before he is a millionaire."

Kathleen: "Well, well, his dream has come true, and he isn't seventy,
either."

Shoey (resuming reading): "Of all things, Clara Upton is a teacher in
the University of Nevada. Her dream has come true, too."

Kathleen: "Oh, of course you have read about the great international
athletic meet. Isn't it great to think Clyde Shirley is going to manage the
affair. Oh, yes, and I read that Luis Tomasini is going to run in the relay.
He's certainly persistent."

Tommy (re-entering): "Oh, you can't imagine what I just saw! A big
crowd is down on the corner and Grace Rowan is delivering a fiery appeal for
the cause of temperance."

Kathleen: "One could have surmised as much. But never mind Grace,
dinner's on the table." (Curtain.)
Act II.

Time—1920, Friday, evening. 8:15.  Place—Scottish Rite Auditorium.
Characters—Same as in first act. (All too absorbed in the wonders of the orchestra to enter into any further discussion of the Class of 1914.)

Shoey (at interval between numbers): "The person I want to know about is Ethel Sinclair. You girls still correspond, of course?"

Tommy: "Oh, yes. I had a letter from her yesterday. She's married—the natural thing for her, and such a good housekeeper she is."

Second number, characters once more absorbed. Next interval.

Kathleen: "Do you see that lady in the second row from here, the third seat to the right? She is the very picture of Elvira Perozzi, when we saw her two years ago?"

Shoey: "Elvira! Well, if she isn't another of our flock! Where is she? I'm glad you mentioned her name."

Tommy: "Oh, she has made such progress in her music during her course at Wellesley that she received the honor of being made head music teacher in the college. The girls all love her, I heard. You know she is such a 'motherly sort.'"

Act II, Scene II.

Place—Maxwell's Cafe. Time—10:30 p.m. Characters same as in last scene.

Shoey (almost jumping from chair): "Suffering cats!"

Kathleen and Tommy: "Shoey, what is the matter?"

Shoey: "Well, take one look at the musicians. There's Lawrence Seeber and there's Edward Herring. Talk about your San Luis reunions!"

(Falls into the chair again. Kathleen and Tommy gasp and are on the verge of rushing up to the orchestra when they realize that all eyes are curiously fixed upon them. All exclaim.)

Scene III.

Place—Street in San Francisco. Characters the same.

Shoey: "If that chauffeur isn't a little bit more careful he will be arrested for speeding."

Tommy: "Oh, mercy! Goodness! Oh, horrors! What made that awful bump? What has happened?"

Kathleen: "What shall we do?"

Shoey (quickly looking out): "We've knocked down a perfectly good pedestrian."

Kathleen: "Is it a man or a woman?"

Tommy: "Oh, Kathleen, you're so inconsistent. What does it matter? Maybe we've killed the poor person."

Shoey: "It's a man."


Scene IV.

Place—Hospital. Time—Half hour later.

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Shoey (joining girls in sitting room): "Well, old Eric will soon be O. K. Nothing serious. And say, he's got a mighty stunning looking nurse, and if I'm alive we all know her!"

Shoey: "Yes, it's Ethel Hubbert. But something lucky for us just happened. Two officers were kind enough to follow me up here to inform me that I would be obliged to appear in court at 10:30 in the morning."

Tommy and Kathleen utter cries.

Shoey: "Patience, ladies. Wonders upon wonders! It was Clarence Plasket and Roy Strobel and they said they wouldn't report us, for 'old acquaintance sake.'"

Tommy (as the three leave the hospital): "Shoey, next time you call let's not enter into a discussion of the Class of 1914. I don't mean to be superstitious, but—well, really, I can't explain it." (Quick curtain.)


THROUGH THE HILLS OF WYOMING

The preparation for such a trip as this one to the hills of Wyoming involved considerable work. The cattle for trading had to be rounded out of the herd and corralled ready for the start. The camp wagon and commissary had to be fitted out. The heavy camp blankets had to be put in shape for packing. There were saddles to be repaired and horses to be shoed. At last all was done and the procession moved off bright and early on June morning. Seven or eight of the boys went ahead to care for the stock and urge it along. The others either rode beside the wagon or in it with the driver.

On the road the procession rolled over the dry sun-scorched hills which extended for miles in all directions, broken only by the occasional line of cottonwood trees which marked the course of some creek or murky stream. About eleven we called a halt for a two hours rest. Our mid-day meal consisted of dried meat and cold cakes. About one o'clock we set out and traveled until nearly dark, when we stopped for camp by the side of a large river. Making camp kept us busy for some time. The first thing to be done was to catch and hobble the fresh riding horses for the following morning. The ones ridden during the day were loosed to drink and graze. While we were doing this the cook was busy with his pots and pans. So when we returned to camp we sat down to dine on broiled steak, potatoes, hot biscuits and coffee.

After our supper, watches were set for the night; this was to guard against the stock straying too far from camp. The other fellows sat around the fire smoking and telling stories until they rolled themselves in the blankets for the night, with their feet toward the fire. When they were all arranged for the night they resembled the spokes of a great wheel with the fire for the hub. The silence of the hills was disturbed only by the howling of wolves and the yapping of coyotes. Once in a while the men would turn over in their sleep as the watch replenished the fire.

At four-thirty the cook was at work, the horses were being saddled, after which we sat down to a breakfast of hot cakes, hard tack and coffee. At five-thirty everything was packed and we were on the road again. Our trip was to be filled with interesting experiences. At noon the second day we camped
by the last water we were to see until the night of the following day. Soon after we broke camp we entered a stretch of rolling sand hills and rocky country with here and there a bunch of sage. Occasionally we passed a section white with alkali. The sun fairly scorched us. When at last the sun had disappeared, we kept on to make the best of the cooler part of the day. It was nine-thirty when we made camp that night. After a meager meal, with little water for either ourselves or the stock, and a few hours rest we proceeded on our way, so as to make the best of the cool morning hours.

By seven o'clock the water supply was gone. Every two or three hours we had to change the horses drawing the wagon. About the middle of the day we came to some cottonwood trees, under which, in some stock tracks, some slimy water was found. Some of the party wet their mouths with this. That afternoon we passed several Indians who by sign and gesture asked for water or whiskey. When they received no attention they rode away in disgust.

It was eleven o'clock that night when we reached the government post on the boundary of the reservation. This post was situated on a good-sized river and was one of the old type of stockades enclosing several log buildings, which were used as quarters for the soldiers and as a general store and postoffice. At this time of night everything was dark and quiet except the pacing sentry. Here we made camp by the river, watered the stock, almost dead from heat and thirst, and had a swim. Then, after some refreshment which the cook had provided, we went to sleep, not to wake until we were called for breakfast. This day was spent in moping around the post, swimming and sleeping, so that the stock might be rested for the remainder of the journey.

The next morning we set out for Granby, the largest settlement on the reservation. All the morning we passed Indians of all kinds, some on horse, some on foot, all shabby and shiftless. The country was barren, without even stock grazing. Toward noon, however, the country opened, better grazing was seen, and once in a while a shabby building, the home of an Indian family, appeared. More often there was a wigwam or a group of wigwams. As we continued the country improved in appearance. An occasional field of grain or an orchard, probably left by some whites of an earlier day, greeted us. That night we reached our destination.

Establishing ourselves in a more comfortable camp, we spent several days resting and disposing of our stock to the Indians, who came to trade with us. The last day of our stay we took a trip to Custer's battlefield, seven or eight miles distant.

The battlefield is a high neck of land extending from higher hills which form the background. As Custer advanced on this neck of land, so the account runs, the Indians fell in back of him, cutting him off from re-enforcement. The battlefield, as seen at present, is covered with white stakes marking the places where the men fell and were buried. There is a monument on the spot where General Custer fell, around which the stakes are placed most thickly. But one of Custer's men escaped, and he only by dressing in the covering of a fallen Indian. The battlefield itself is very interesting, and many stories about the fight are current in that section.
Our return trip was made more quickly. The experiences were similar to those on the going trip, so I shall not take time for them. As I remember it now, the finest sight I saw was the Big Horn mountain as it appeared in the distance as we returned. The pleasantest experience was the drink of ice cold water from Big Horn's mountain stream.

S. B. Stas.

This poem won the California Writer's Club prize:

**ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY**

By Jean Campbell MacMillan

After the day has drifted into the vast unknown
And the night has painted with purple the white of the city's stone;
After the boats lie idle, and the fisher-fleet is still,
And the sunset seems but an echo of color behind the hill—
After the ships ride anchor, and their masts in the starlight loom,
And the waves lap up their shadows, and the gray gulls seek the gloom—
There enters the hour of silence, when the tide steals back to the sea,
And the voice of the Great Creator speaks low to my soul and me.
School Clubs
OUR CLUBS

Amapola Club
The Amapola Club, which is made up of girl members only, has greatly increased in size and has been very much improved within the last year. The club officers for the last term were:

- Annie Mendenhall : President
- Geraldine Fitzgerald : Vice-President
- Lena Jansen : Secretary
- Charlotte Perner : Treasurer
- Irma Hazard : Sergeant-at-Arms

The club held regular meetings every two weeks, which were well attended. Interesting programs and refreshments were always arranged for by appointed committees. The club owes a great deal of thanks to their President, Miss Mendenhall, who always worked hard to make it a success. The officers elected for next term are as follows:

- Charlotte Perner : President
- Hazel True : Vice-President
- Harriett Herring : Secretary
- Ada Forbes : Treasurer
- Miss Hartzell : Faculty Adviser
- Geraldine Fitzgerald : Sergeant-at-Arms

Agriculture Club
The Agriculture Club was established within the last year. It has been very successful in all its undertakings so far, especially on Farmers' Picnic Day.

Glen Shoemaker was elected president and has proven himself to be a very good one. The Student Body hopes that the boys' club spirit will continue and succeed as long as there is a Polytechnic school in San Luis Obispo.

Mechanics Club
The Mechanics Club, like the Agriculture Club, was organized the first part of our last school term. The object of this club is to keep its members well posted on the highest ideals of every mechanic and to learn all the new discoveries in the work of a mechanic. The officers of the club are as follows:

- J. Bennett : President
- L. Bagwell : Vice-President
- E. Herring : Secretary and Treasurer
- R. Eells : Librarian

The club has held several meetings and has had several interesting talks from Mr. Ryder, which were appreciated by all the members. Our best wishes for the club are that it may continue with as much success as it has started with.
CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC HAPPENINGS

California Polytechnic School opened for regular work September 10th. The Juniors and Seniors were glad to open their books for another year of study, as well as greet the Freshmen, who outnumbered any entering class in the history of the school.

In the latter part of October our director, Mr. Leroy B. Smith, left us for an extended trip to points of interest in the East. His main object was to visit agricultural and technical schools of note. On his return several months later, Mr. Smith delighted us with talks on his travels, which proved very entertaining, especially those concerning the southern States.

The year 1913-14 was a very active one in the way of class and social organizations. A Boys' Glee Club was organized during the fall term, under the leadership of Mr. Carpenter. The boys did some very creditable work. Later the girls organized a glee club with Mrs. Johnston as leader. This organization has prospered because of the good spirit shown—not to mention some of the excellent voices. The mechanics organized their section, "For the betterment of the mechanics," electing Jesse Bennett, president. The Agricultural section elected Glenn Shoemaker, president. Through their organization they have secured several good speakers to give lectures on agriculture.

The Girls' Anapola Club has passed one of the most prosperous years of its history. The meetings were well planned and proved interesting. A good number was always in attendance.

After the holiday recess the public was given an opportunity to see the girls' work in sewing and applied design. Miss Whiting secured the Chamber of Commerce window for the exhibition. Much favorable comment was passed on the work.

March the 24th was Visitors' Day. Quite a number of San Luis people came to visit and showed their interest in our work.

Resolved, "That Poly should open a class in cooking for boys," was debated in assembly on March 11th. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Crane, Walters and Ficcalini, the negative by Misses Mendenhall, Hazard and Perner. The debate proved very interesting and amusing. The decision of the judges resulted in the victory of the negative side.

Some good speakers were secured for the assemblies. In the first term Miss Bameberg of San Luis Obispo gave us a delightful account of her travels in Egypt. Some of the souvenirs she brought with her were very interesting to see. Mrs. Sanborn of San Francisco, was a guest at the Polytechnic on Jan. 28, having been marooned here during the heavy rains. Mrs. Sanborn spoke to us in assembly, her subject being, "The Panama Exposition." As she was at the head of the woman's auxiliary in that work we were free to ask her any questions we wished concerning the Fair. Her talk made us more eager than ever to see the wonders of this exposition. Senator Campbell favored us with an address on Lincoln's birthday, in memory of this great leader. Mr. Campbell's pleasing style of oratory and his fascinating subject made his talk intensely interesting. The time was much too short to suit us. Mr. Stowe Devol spoke to us in assembly on "The Prospects and Future of Agriculture." In all
we had an exceedingly varied program which the students found both entertaining and broadening.

The annual athletic carnival given by the students was held in the dining hall on the evening of March 6th. The following numbers, interspersed by Mr. Leroy B. Smith reading amusing incidents concerning the ability and future of our most popular students, filled the evening:

- Quartet: "When the Moon Swings Low"
  - Messrs. Bagwill, Crane, Monahan and Martinson

- Dutch Dance: In Costume

Sixteen Poly Girls

- **Boxing**
  - Green vs. Andrews
  - Summers vs. Buell
  - McMeekin vs. Einer

- **Vocal Selection**
  - "Mother Macree"
  - Jack Crane
  - (a) Scotch Reel
  - (b) Coming Through the Rye: In Costume

Sixteen Poly Girls

- **Wrestling**
  - Thaanum vs. Eubanks
  - Andrews (tumbling)
  - Bagwill vs. Pugh

- **Comic Drill and Dance**
  - The Girls
  - Piano Solo: "Awakening of the Lion"
  - Jesse Bennett

- **Pie Eating Contest**
  - "Pinkey" Monahan vs. "Shorty" Deleissiques

- **Electric Display**
  - Mr. Ryder and Several Students

- **Song**
  - "Aloha Oe"

Girls’ Glee Club

The girls’ costume dances were a new feature, and were well worthy of the hearty applause which they received. The singing and music was especially good. The electrical display caused a little wonder, to see one of the mechanics dancing on rows of iron spikes charged with electricity. The boys showed careful training in the wrestling and boxing matches. Andrews, Buell and Einer outdid their opponents in the boxing. Eubanks and Pugh carried off the honors in the wrestling. Andrews showed his skilfully trained muscles in his tumbling feats. The boys and girls displayed their improvement in this training to the appreciative audience, over the previous year’s carnival, and their untiring efforts helped greatly toward the brilliant success of the affair.

May the first we all will remember as a great day. About nine o’clock in the morning the faculty and the students left on a special train for Pismo beach to enjoy the “Polytechnic family picnic” of several weeks planning. Games and sports of every description kept us moving, but baseball seemed to capture the day’s fun. The girls had a game of baseball in the morning followed by a still more interesting one in the afternoon, between the male faculty...
members and the boys. The faculty showed their knowledge of the game and the boys their recent practicing. Some of the other enjoyable sports were relay and egg races, tug of war, and surf bathing. Late in the afternoon dancing was indulged in. And last, but not least, promptly at noon we all gathered on the beach and partook of the deliciously barbecued meat. At five o’clock we boarded the train for home. Never had that train carried a merrier and a happier crowd. And who wouldn’t be, after such a glorious picnic!

After continued efforts Mr. Leroy B. Smith has succeeded in having his resignation as director acknowledged, the action taking effect at the close of this school year. We deeply regret the loss of such an able man in our institution, as it is through his ability of management during his years of office, that the school has come to its present high standard. We sincerely wish him the greatest success in any future undertaking.

Mr. R. W. Ryder has been chosen to fill the position of director of the school. Mr. Ryder has been an efficient teacher in the mechanical department of the Polytechnic for three years, and has won the good will of us all. We are glad that he was chosen and extend a hearty welcome to him in his new office.

Farmers’ Picnic Day fell on May 15th this year. In spite of the threatening weather we were kept busy all day entertaining the crowd of visitors. Dr. Thomas F. Hunt, of the University of California, delivered the address of the day on the subject, “Our Schools and the People.” The instructive address was heard by a large crowd. Music was furnished by a special orchestra. The Agriculture Club are to be congratulated on their part of the day’s program. They carried out a real “county fair,” with a big parade, stock judging contests, and the usual side shows. The snake charmer, a magic mill, African ground hog, tiny Arabian horse, Jonah’s whale and the vari-colored Sus Indicas, were the novel attractions in the side shows. The creamery had a good exhibition. They showed the visitors the butter and cheese making in progress. Milk and cream tests were carried out. The Mechanics and Household Arts department also had a good exhibition of their usual line of work. The Seniors did well by selling Polytechnic ice cream in cones. The Juniors served the picnickers with lunch, prepared by a committee of the class. The proceeds of these concessions went to class funds. The visitors expressed their gratitude and appreciation of the school’s efforts toward their entertainment and the faculty and students felt satisfied that this year’s Farmer’s Picnic Day was “better than ever.”

Miss Chase’s Freshman English class of the Agricultural and Household Arts section undertook the latest idea of class study on May 21st, by taking their books and lunches up the canyon. After Miss Chase had heard the well learned lessons, under a shady tree, the girls brought out the delicious lunch which they had prepared. Luncheon over, they played games and got back just in time to resume their afternoon work.

CHARLOTTE L. FERNER.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Our commencement exercises this year begin Thursday evening, June 11, with the Senior play, which is to be held on an outdoor stage. The class day exercises will be held Friday morning, June 12, on the school grounds.

Friday noon the usual Alumni luncheon will be served and in the evening the graduation exercise will be held at the Elmo Theater, where thirty-three Seniors will receive their diplomas. Professor G. W. Stratton, Department of Psychology, University of California, will deliver the commencement address.

The commencement exercises, this year, are being looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by everyone. The Senior pageant play is going to be one of the most important events of the week. A stage has been built in front of the D. S. building and the whole place brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. The theme of the pageant play is "California." From the days of '49 to the present, in pageantry and figurative display, the experiences of California are shown. The early miners, the types of immigrant, the industrial development within the state, and the variety of educational training provided for her citizens are portrayed. The production is the work of the Senior class under the direction of Miss Margaret Chase, who has designed and arranged the interesting production.

SENIOR SURVEYING TRIP

The Surveying Class of '14, thinking it necessary they should have a surveying trip like their predecessors, the Class of '13, made their wishes known to the instructor in that department very early in the year. Our hopes were not smashed, for along in the latter part of April Mr. Ryder made known to the class that he had three propositions offered him. It was finally agreed upon to take the trip to the Noel Ranch on account of the better climatic conditions, which are essential for the kind of surveying to be done.

Accordingly, on the morning of Sunday, May 17, they were picked up, man and equipment, and jolted and jarred for about seven hours over twenty-eight miles of picturesque country. They arrived late in the afternoon a little dust begrimed and tired, but eager to find their camping place. The camps of the different parties were soon found and now the serious business of the new life commenced. It was supper time and with a more or less elaborate domestic equipment the party cook prepared what is sometimes termed "eatables." Whether so or not, the camp cooks, with the timely aid of a few words not found in "Webster's Unabridged," managed to cook enough to keep body and soul together for a week.

But the real purpose of the trip was to re-establish the boundary lines of the Noel Ranch and secure the data necessary to lay out an irrigation system. We did not encounter quite all the difficulties of all last year's "gang," but we did encounter gnats and mosquitoes as we were re-running traverses through dense sagebrush and greasewood jungles which the axmen had no little respect for. Many hot, tedious hours were spent crossing high ranges and deep ravines with transit and rod, following the boundary lines hither and thither.
However, it was not all work and no play, for each day was followed by a few pleasant hours in camp reading, or splashing in the swimming hole, or the less pleasant job of working up the day's notes.

Then came supper time which was most welcome to all concerned, except the cook. After supper the hour or so before dark was usually spent in rabbit hunts or such other sports as the young "C. E.'s" could find to amuse themselves at.

The routine of camp life was greatly enlightened by the huge bonfires built in the evenings, which also helped to cheer those who upon going to bed at night would find a menagerie already there ahead of them. The monotony of these pranks was broken on two occasions. On Thursday evening we were invited to spend the evening at Mrs. Noel's house. After a very enjoyable evening we all went back to camp feeling as though we were more at home in our new surroundings. The monotony was broken for a second time by a trip to Pozo on Saturday night. We hiked out for the three mile jaunt after supper and staid until twelve o'clock, when, headed by Mr. Ryder, we hoisted our sails for camp again. Our sea upon which we were sailing resembled a sea of black ink as nearly as we can remember, and after using several boxes of matches we managed to get around every turn in the road and arrive safely at camp again.

On Sunday morning, after seven days of this sort of work, we completed our survey and every one of us returned home with a more or less greater knowledge of surveying than we started with. The trip was looked upon by the class as a great pleasure, as well as an educational one, and every member of the class of seventeen now have a better regard and friendship for Mr. Ryder as a result of it.

E. C. SHIRLEY.

OUR NEW DIRECTORY

Mr. Ryder came to the California Polytechnic School in the summer of 1911, taking his place at the head of the mechanical department. His late preparation was made at the University of California. He graduated with very high standings and is said to be the best student Berkeley ever turned out of the mechanical course. In the three years he has been in the school he has accomplished a remarkable amount at work teaching several courses of study, and serving as state engineer. This year he has fixed and regulated the rates for the city electric lighting system. He is noted for his ability to deal with students under his instruction. He looks at a student from all angles and picks out the good qualities rather than the bad ones and gives him every chance in the world to make good. For this reason he lives very close to the hearts at the students. Because of his friendship for and working with the students he will be able to do great things as a director of the school.

We as the class of 1914 wish to thank Mr. Ryder for what he has done and meant to us. We admire him for the high principles for which he stands.
Athletics

FOOTBALL

The football season opened with very bright prospects. Coach Nelson and Captain Kinney started the practice early and it was soon evident that we were to have a championship team.

As this fact was shown more strongly later in the season, the two Cheda brothers, who at one time played with Stanford, were induced to help with the coaching, and under them the scrum and backfield were taught the finer parts of the game.

Our scrum was very heavy and with such men as M. Cheda and Bob Eells, it was also fast. The backfield had some trouble in mastering the fast passing rushes. However, the kicking was good and their tackling hard. We had dif-

FOOTBALL TEAM

ficulty in securing games. Santa Barbara refused to play us. We had games scheduled with Belmont Military School but they had to be called off on account of rain. Our only game was with Watsonville High on our local ground.

Poly 30—Watsonville 0

The Watsonville team were the champs of their part of the country. However, they never had a chance here. The Poly scrum rushed the ball down the field with ease with the backfield backing them up with good kicks. The backfield also broke up most of the passing of the Watsonville team.

We regretted the shortage of games, for we felt certain that we had the best team Poly has ever put out.
Class Games

Juniors 13—Freshmen 0.
Seniors 3—Juniors 3.

The class football games were very exciting and interesting. The Juniors defeated the Freshmen in a very good game by a 13-0 score.

The fastest game of the season was the Junior-Senior game, which ended in a 3 to 3 tie.

Poly Team

Hoard, Einer, hookers.
Watters, lock.
Morrison
Eills
Cheda, MeMeekin, breakaways.
Monahan, half.

Murphy, five-eighths.
Mighell, Shoemaker, three-fourths.
Tomasini, Snyder, wing.
Kinney (Capt.), wing forward.
Andrews, full.
Millason, Shirley, subs.

BASEBALL

We were unable to enter the S. L. R. A. A. baseball league this year owing to the fact that all of our team were not under the age limit. However, we played the regular league schedule and from the prospects now we would have won the pennant had we been in the league. Under Prof. Johnson as a coach we have developed the hardest hitting team in the county and in tight places we can play air tight ball. So for this season we have a perfect score, being the only team in the league that has not been defeated.

Poly 4—Santa Maria 2

Our first game, and also our best, was played with Santa Maria on their grounds. Santa Maria scored their two runs in the first two innings, off three hits. Poly then settled down and played perfect ball the rest of the game.

In the the third inning Pugh knocked a home run, giving Poly her first run. In the fifth we scored two more by bunching hits along with a couple of errors. In the seventh we squeezed our last run across.

Dana, pitching for Santa Maria, allowed six hits and struck out nine. Shoemaker, pitching for Poly, allowed four hits and struck out eleven.

About twenty Poly girls accompanied the team to Santa Maria and their consistent rooting for Poly was one feature of the game.

Poly 11—San Luis High 6

The Poly-San Luis game was one of over-confidence on the part of Poly, we being unable to score for five innings. After that we hit Mike Mallah with ease.

Poly 18—Arroyo Grande

Our hardest game was supposed to be with Arroyo Grande. However, it turned out to be a hitting match between the two teams, with Poly in the lead.
Arroyo used three pitchers in an effort to stop us, but all were treated alike. Arroyo was claimed to be the hardest hitting team in the league, but we proved their mistake. However, they started the game right by getting five runs in the first inning, but we came back in our half, making it five all. From then on we held them in check, while Poly kept scoring every inning.

**Poly 12—Santa Maria 12**

The game with Santa Maria on our own grounds nearly proved our downfall. In the first inning Shoemaker tore the muscles of his elbow loose, but continued pitching for six innings. He was unable to put much on the ball, so in the seventh inning when Gibson went in to pitch for Poly the score stood 12-10 in favor of Santa Maria. Alex held them down the rest of the game, while a ninth inning rally by Poly tied the score.

The game was then called to let Santa Maria catch their train home.

**Poly 28—San Luis 10**

In the last game with the local high school we determined to show them up. But a bad start due to errors behind Gibby put High school ahead of us at the beginning. Poly soon had their eye on the ball and in the seventh inning Mallah was knocked out of the box.

Shoey for Poly made two home runs, one coming with the bases full. The game was the slowest of the season and full of errors.

We have one game to play in the county league and if we can win that we will have a clean slate, but it’s going to be hard for it’s with Arroyo Grande on their grounds.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEAM</th>
<th>Pugh, catcher</th>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Shoemaker, pitcher</td>
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<td>Buell, 1st base</td>
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<td>Gibson (Capt.), 2nd base</td>
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<td>Thyle, 3rd base</td>
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<td>Summers, short stop</td>
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<td>Deleisegues, left field</td>
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<td>Monahan, center field</td>
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<td>Wieland, right field</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Shirley, L. Tomasini, Scarlet, subs.</td>
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**TRACK**

The track prospects were not very promising at the opening of the season. Coach Nelson kept the men hard at work and soon we had a nucleus of four men to build around. Webb in the sprints, Curl the mile and 880, Shirley the high jump and hurdles, and Captain Eells, the weights.

**S. L. B. A. A. Meet**

The big county meet was held on our local field this year, Poly taking second in the meet, Santa Maria first. Several records were broken by Poly.

**Santa Barbara Meet**

At the big meet at Santa Barbara Poly took second with a six man team. Santa Paula took first. Curl beat his rival, Rhinhart from Santa Maria, in both the mile and the half. Webb won the 440, Eells took second in the shot and discus.
Track Team

Eells, Captain
Curl
Shirley
L. Tomasini
Gibson
Monahan

Summers
Pugh
Traviaole
Webb
Green

The winners of the Poly Base Ball letter are the following:

Pugh
Buell
Summers
Tomasini
Monahan
Wieland

Shoemaker
Gibson
Thyle
Shirley
Deleissegues

The winners of the Poly Football letters are the following:

Hoard
Einer
Watters, Lock
Eells
Morrison

Hookers
Gibson

Rear Rank
Shirley
Deleissegues

Breakaway
Monahan
Shoemaker
Tomasini
Winnie Andrews

Mighell
Murphy
Curtey Summers
Gitson

Back Field:

Kinney, ————

48
Exchanges

El Gabiñan, Salinas, Calif.—We like the arrangement of your paper. You surely have a good supply of poetry.

Parnum Tatler, Beverly, New Jersey—Your stories are fine and we like your class notes, but your exchanges are too brief.

Hanford Union High—Good literary department. Hope to exchange again.

The Transit, Kentucky State University—Advertisements scattered through your paper spoils the looks. Why not have them in the back? Your jokes are good. Come again.

The Oak, Berkeley—The literary department is good; exchange rather brief, but altogether a very good little book.

La Revista, Ventura—You have a lot of poetry and a fine literary department. We are glad to exchange with you.

The Review, Sacramento High School—We don’t like the jokes mingled with the advertisements. You have a good exchange and some interesting stories.

The Alert, Turlock, Calif.—You have a cute cover design although it is simple. You have a fine magazine only you need a few more jokes and cuts.

The Quiver, Marion, Ohio—You seem to have the class spirit.
The first of the year opened with the Freshman reception, given in the dining hall, Friday evening, September 19, 1913. The Y. M. C. A. managed the affair and prepared a very enjoyable program. Mr. L. B. Smith gave an interesting talk, followed by a vocal solo by Mr. Crane and several selections on the piano by Miss Fitzgerald and Miss Herring. A very unique indoor track meet added to the general merriment of the evening.

The Senior Class led in the list of dances for the year, with their well attended ball, given in the dining hall on October 10-13. The hall was prettily decorated with the class colors lending brilliancy to the occasion.

The dormitory boys gave their first dance, Friday, October 17, 1913, in the Dorm. The sitting room and halls were cleared and draped with palms and ferns, making an ideal setting for their dance. The thirsts of the party were quenched by attentive waiters and the punch bowl.

On Saturday evening, October 25, the Anapala Club gave a dance in honor of the Watsonville football team. The visiting team was present in all their glory, and afterwards expressed their appreciation of the affair.

The Freshman class was the first to entertain after the Christmas holidays with their very enjoyable dance, given in the dining hall on Friday evening, January 22, 1914. The royal manner in which the Freshmen entertained made their first social function a crowning success.

The most picturesque and one of the most successful social features of the year was "Ye Olde Tyme Partie," given by Mrs. L. B. Smith on January 30, 1914. The dining hall was bedecked in Colonial style, with candles, ferns and garlands of vines. The lights were all shaded, throwing a soft light over the whole merry scene of Colonial costumed guests. The evening was started by all singing a number of old-fashioned songs, followed by dancing. A number of sets of Lancers and Virginia Reels were enjoyed, with the old-time minuet and waltzing at intervals. Later, prizes were awarded to the prettiest costumed guests of the evening. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Miss Seerest, and Miss Whiting, assisted by a number of the students.

The date set aside for the second Dormitory dance was February 29th, but the keenly anticipated affair was postponed one week and held on February 27, 1914. The Dormitory was gorgeously decorated with pennants and palms, and hospitality was evident in quantity. The boys had planned a delightful enter-
OUR ATHLETIC CARNIVAL—IRISH DANCE
tainment that was greatly enjoyed by all. The usual custom of refreshments was carried out, namely, an abundance of tasty punch and wafers.

The Annual Athletic Carnival, held in the dining hall on March 6, 1914, was well attended by students, faculty and townspeople. Mr. Nelson's ability as a manager was appreciated by the enthusiasm over the interesting program he prepared, boxing, wrestling, tumbling, etc., by the students. Miss Whiting's contribution for the evening was presenting prettily acted Scotch and Dutch dances by the girls. A mirth provoking feature of the girls' program was a mysterious dance in which it seemed that nothing but heads and legs participated. The entertainment was a success socially and financially, the proceeds swelling the athletic fund.

On March 28th there were five visiting track teams, Santa Maria, Lompoc, Arroyo Grande, Paso Robles and San Luis High, competing at Polytechnic. A few of the students of the local institutions prepared for a dance in honor of the visitors, held in the W. O. W. Hall. All the schools were well represented, and all helped in making the evening congenial and well spent.

On the evening of April 17, 1914, the Junior Class had the dining hall gorgeously decorated with their class colors and numerals, and there held a most enjoyable dance for the students and faculty members. A welcome feature of the evening was the delicious punch and cake prepared by the girls. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Johnston chaperoned the party and the evening was fully enjoyed by all, including several outside guests.

The Amapola Club again came into prominence on April 25, when the girls held their "Up to Date Party" in the Household Arts building. It was there demonstrated that the masculine sex is not at all necessary to the success of a party, for part of the girls dressed as, and very successfully acted the part of, boys. The other girls dressed in the latest extreme fashions, and carried out their part of the society whirl in aristocratic fashion. The room was furnished to represent a reception room where refreshments were served later in the evening. The party was chaperoned by Miss Seerest, Miss Whiting, Miss Chase, and Mrs. Smith and was considered a success in every particular.

Practically the whole school assembled at the depot on May Day and took the special train for Pismo Beach. This was the appointed place for the school picnic festivities this year. The day was well filled with one interesting event after another, many thanks being due to the Freshman class for the arrangement of so interesting a program. Although some dancing was enjoyed, most of the program consisted of out-of-door activities in which the athletic qualities, both good and bad, of faculty as well as students were evident to casual spectators. The first event was a short baseball game between Freshmen and Junior and lowed by the Freshman boys meeting the girls in a fete of skill called "The Egg and Spoon Race." The other events were as follows: Baseball between Faculty and students, tug-of-war between two teams of boys and a tug-of-war between two teams of girls. Then the teams combined in a tug-of-war, the winning boys and losing girls, against the losing boys and winning girls, ending a day of field sports worthy of being recorded in the athletic annals of the day. All of these sports added to the many keen appetites, making the barbecue prepared by the school doubly enjoyable.
The Polytechnic Faculty gave a dinner on Friday evening, May 22, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smith. The dinner was held in the household arts buildings, the reception rooms and halls being decorated with plants and flowers from the greenhouses. Vice Director Edwards acted as toastmaster and called on many of the Faculty for reminiscences of old times. During the evening an oriental rug was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Smith by the Faculty.

From time to time during the school year the Faculty Wives Club has met in the homes of various faculty members. Luncheon served by the hostess of the occasion has been followed by book reviews and a social hour. The Colonial Ball held in February, one of the unique features of the social life of the school year, was conducted under the auspices of this Club.

Contradictory to the usual custom of having the Junior-Senior banquet in the school dining hall, it will be held at the Andrews Hotel on May 30. A delightful program is being prepared by the Juniors as a send-off to the departing class.

Director Smith will give his last annual reception to the Class of 1914 and the Poly Faculty on June 6th. Toasts are exchanged and the usual farewell program carried out.

The Seniors emerge from their retreats and become the main attraction of Graduation week, beginning Thursday, June 11, with the Pageant-play. An open air stage on the Poly grounds will be the scene of festivities. A keenly anticipated Alumni ball will probably be held after the play.

The day for the "old Grads" will be June 12. A reunion and picnic luncheon is scheduled to be in the grove on the campus followed by a short, spicy after-dinner program.

At the Elmo Theater the Class of 1914 will hold their Commencement exercises on the evening of June 12th.

L. T. Devol.
A. Brown—"See how I am hunted after; all these are invitations."
Friend—"Good gracious! All invitations? Invitations to what?"
A. Brown—"To call and settle accounts."

Mr. Nelson at the dorm. (to Jack Mighell) — "There is no smoking allowed here, my dear fellow."
J. Mighell—"I'm not smoking aloud. I'm smoking as quietly as I can."

Tremendous cries—"Man overboard."
Captain—"Throw the buoy over to him."
Fond Parent—"Never, while the boy's mother lives."

"I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea," sang Jack Crane.
"You're not," cried a musical punster; "you would be on the C if you sang in time, but you are on B flat, confound you."

Grace Rowan stood watching her mother, who was filling a lamp with clear oil. Suddenly little Grace asked: "Is that water you are putting in the lamp, mama?"
"Why no, child; water won't burn."
"But ma, hot water does."

A pompous and unloving husband rebuked his wife for stealing behind him as he came home and affectionately kissing him. "Oh," she retorted, "excuse me. I didn't know it was you."

CLARA'S LOGIC

"Clara Upton," said her mother, "did Pat Thanum kiss you on the steps last night?"
"No, mama, he did not." If the fond parent had said "lips" instead of "steps" it would have troubled Clara to reply.

"I'm having a rattling time," said the dog with a can tied to his tail.

An editor recording the career of a mad dog, says: "We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely-bit Doc Walters and several other dogs."
When Hi School Students were being ducked. The boys appreciated to girls school spirit.

A newly married lady was telling how nicely her husband could write.
"Oh, you should just see some of his letters."
"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I have a number myself."

Choppy had been instructed, when at the dorm. by Prof. Nelson, never to speak till he thought three times. One day Prof. was standing with his back to the fireplace, and Choppy was present.
"Mr. Nelson," with wonderful deliberation, "I think—"
"Well, what do you think?"
"I think—"
"Well, well, Choppy, what do you think?"
Again Choppy said, "I think."
"Well, in the name of heaven, what do you think?"
"I think your coat tail is on fire, Prof."

A certain young lady who was blamed for allowing her gloves to be discovered in a certain young man’s pocket, declared that she had no hand in it.

Seeber came home from school the other day very much excited.
"What do you think dad? Pugh got in an argument with Mr. Carpenter today about a question in physics."
"What position did Pugh take?"
"His last position was across a chair, face down."

A teacher once asked a class of little third graders what bird was large enough to carry away a man.
For quite a while nobody answered. Pretty soon a bright looking little fellow raised his hand.
"Well, Johnnie, what bird do you think of?"
"The lark, ma’am."
"Why the lark, Johnnie?"
"Well, papa went away and I asked mama where he was and she said he was off on a lark."

It is sweet to love,
But oh, 'tis honey,
To love a girl
Who’s got the money.

Giglia to Hazel True—"Where did you get that orange?"
Hazel—"On a pine tree, of course."
Giglia—"Oh, I thought you got it on a potato bush."
WANTED TO KNOW

Who wants to become cave dwellers.
What Poly girl Jack Mighell speaks to.
Which girl takes the second and third hand queeners.
Why Irma looks so lovingly at the Standard Oil company's plant every time she passes.
Who would go with Choppy.
What time Dolch says, "Good night, nurse."
Why Pinky and Curley get tired of mechanical drawing about 2:30 every Friday afternoon and have to have some fresh air.
Why Lena is so interested in baseball.
Why Helene V. G. is so jealous of Mrs. Bristowe.
Who stole the cats at the "Fashion Show."

NEW DANCE RULES AND RESTRICTIONS

(Must be enforced at Poly dances)

First Rule—The combination strangle and toe hold will not be abolished, but will be frowned upon if over-employed.
Second Rule—The flying tackle will not be abolished, but will be limited to a thirty-five foot dive through the air.
Third Rule—Unnecessary roughness, such as dislocating the vertebrae or striking with open hoof will be penalized by a fifteen minutes suspension from the floor.

Irma Hazard (in Physical Geography)—"I wonder where those clouds are going?"
Prof. Myska—"I think they are going to thunder, Irma."

Pat (to Snyder, who had struck his finger with a hammer)—"Don't you know how to use a hammer without striking your finger?"
Snyder—"No, you blame fool, and neither do you."
Pat—"Yes, I do. Hold the hammer with both hands."

Prof. Carpenter (in Physics)—"Bagwill, you and Devol make me think of a mixture of sulphuric acid and ammonium hydroxide. Whenever you get together you stir up an awful fuss."

"Don't eat green Q cumbers."
"Why?"
"Because they'll W up."

—Ex.

"A little bit of powder,
And a little daub of paint,
Makes Wanda Kamm
Look like what she ain't!"

Prof. Carp (in Physics)—"Using the water analogy to describe Devol and Bagwill when they get together, they make me think of the Niagara Falls and mighty roaring cataracts."

"Can you tell me," said a swell to a poor but beautiful girl, "why it is that ladies nowadays look so much to money in the matter of marriage?"
"I suppose it is because they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having," was the reply.
I sat me down and thought profound;
This maximum wise I drew—
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you.

Yours truly,

BOB ELLS.

A woman has been arrested in New York for cruelly whipping her eldest son. She told the magistrate that she didn't know it was against the law for a woman to "bang her heir." He then doubled the amount of her bail.

Lady visitor at Poly—"Will you kindly direct me to the D. S. building?"
Carpenter—"Certainly, walk this way."
Visitor—"Sir, I couldn't walk that way if I practiced for a year."

"Shall I help you to alight?" asked Billy Donally, addressing Irma, who was preparing to jump from a carriage.
"Thank you, sir," sweetly replied Irma, "but I don't smoke."

Shoeby blushed a rosy red;
Tommy's heart went pit-a-pat;
She gently hung her head
And looked down on the mat.

He trembled in his speech,
He rose from where he sat,
And shouted with a screech,
"You're sitting on my hat."

Three Vices—"My brethren," said Morrison in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

"Poor John, he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed the widow on her return from the funeral.
"Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try and comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that he is at peace at last."

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another as they met in a muddy street.
"Yes; but it's fine overhead," replied the other.
"True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."
"Where have you been staying lately, Andrews," asked Bob.
"I'm living out by the reservoir now; I should be delighted if you would drop in some evening."

VERY REALISTIC

Hazel P.—"I had my picture taken last week."
Jesse B.—"Well?"
H. P.—"I just got the proofs today. Here they are. Aren't they realistic?"
Jess—"Yes; painfully so."

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, Mr. Matthews," roared Miss Chase.
"I am paying just as little as I can," said Pat.
AT THE SENIOR TRACK BANQUET

Irma—“Say, don’t you know, Tommy and Hazel had the worst luck this morning. They started to come out here with a chicken and some other things and laid them down in some grass to go after something else. When they returned the things were all gone. The worst of it was the chicken was all dressed.”

Choppy—“Gee, he would have been out of luck if he had not been dressed.”

With whiskers thick upon my face
I went my fair to see.
She told me she could never wed
A bear-faced man like me.

I shaved them clean, then called again,
And thought my troubles o’er.
She laughed outright and said I was
More bare-faced than before.

The dairy maid pensively milked the goat,
And, panting, she paused to mutter,
“I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk.”
But the animal turned to butt her.

Heaven bless the wives who fill our lives
With little bees and honey.
They ease life’s shocks and mend our socks,
But, Lord! don’t they spend the money.


“No, no, it’s not the cigar that smells,” was the reply.

“What is it then?” inquired Jack.

“Why, it’s your nose that smells, of course. That’s what noses are made for.”

Mr. Carp—“Miss Shipsey, will you go to the board and explain refraction by a diagram?”

Miss Shipsey goes to the board, makes the drawing and explains it.

Mr. Carp—“Well, go on, Miss Shipsey.”

Miss Shipsey, who thinks she has explained in full, looks at Carp and says,

“And you don’t understand?”

A tourist traveling in Ireland thought he would have some fun with a native of that country.

“You have a very fine view from here, my friend,” said the tourist.

“Aye,” replied the guide, “we can sometimes see a long way.”

“Ah, I suppose you can see America when it is clear?”

“Farther than that.”

“What?”

“Yes, if you will wait a little while you can see the moon.”


A squash can not satisfy one’s thirst, but a pumpkin.”


“The only time I am afraid of a girl,” said a well known Freshman, “is when she looks like she wants to be kissed.”
What's the idea of the picture? Where's there a joke in that?

Well, I'll tell you. A kid by the name of Pugh, maybe you've heard of him, added to the toil of the dining hall people by leaving his napkin out of its ring. He was surprised and grieved, to use mild language, to find the above specimens of misdirected artistic impulse inside the tightly rolled and pinned bit of dejected linen when next he wanted to use it. Instead of cherishing the masterpiece of Polytechnic cartooning and profiting by the lesson it was intended to illustrate, the hero of our tale tore up the innocent bit of paper and added it to his glass of H₂O, at the same time stating that sleeves were made before napkins and voicing his intention to use the less recent invention thereafter. They took him at his word and left him without a napkin the next meal. The next meal after that, however, someone had pity on the poor boy and left him a nice clean one. You should have laughed (and this is where the joke comes in) to see the eager way he received the "life saver" and the neat way he left it folded, rolled and put away in its ring when he left the table.
PET NAMES AND FAVORITE SAYINGS

Kinney,—"Chippy"—"Right this way, 3 for 5."
Irma,—"Fish"—"Oh, now, you're joking."
Kathleen,—"Shorty"—"Ha! Ha! Joke."
Shoemaker,—"Shoe"—"Oh, say!"
Sadie Seaman,—"Towser"—"Oh, where's Webb?"
Eells,—"Slippery"—"Somebody's got my girl."
Shirley,—"Toad"—"Oh, then."
Bagwill,—"Chef"—"Go to —.
Annie,—"Brick"—"That don't bother me."
Bailey,—"Ikey"—"Got this dance!"
Dodge,—"Old lady Buckley"—"Gosh, kid."
Juliet,—"Grandma Wilkins"—"Melvin's in town."

Two girls were out riding. One was from Poly and the other from San Luis High.
Poly girl—"Oh, my horse has lost his footing."
High girl—"My, that's too bad. Do you think we had better go try to find it?"

In the pageant play Miss Shipsey was given the part of a peach, Miss Prince a prune, and Miss Ridle a stalk of alfalfa. Someone has said the parts were very appropriate.

THE BRIGHT STUDENT

Mr. Mysska—"What is the pressure of the air at sea level?"
Doc. Walters—"Ah—ah—I believe about one degree, sir."

Mrs. Bristowe—"Monahan! Oh! Monahan!"
Monahan—"Yes, ma'am."
Mrs. Bristowe—"Do you know whether San Luis Obispo is in San Luis Obispo county or not?"
Monahan—"Yes, ma'am. It is the county seat of San Luis Obispo county."
Mrs. Bristowe—"Yes, I know; but is it in San Luis Obispo county?"

L. Seeber—"May I call you revenge?"
C. Shipsey—"Why?"
L. S.—"Because revenge is sweet."
C. S.—"Certainly you may, providing, however, you let me call you vengeance."
L. S.—"And why vengeance?"
C. S.—"Because vengeance is mine."

First Poly Girl—"I am so tired of walking along by twos and twos this way. It is as bad as the animals going into the ark."
Second Poly Girl—"Worse! Half of the animals going into the ark were masculine."

With narrow minded people, as with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

"Thank goodness," said a tormented passenger, "there are no newsboys in heaven."
"No," replied the newsy, "but what comfort do you find in that?"
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POOR CARPENTER

Carpenter—"McMeekin you remind me of the weather."

Mac—"How's that?"

Carp—"It takes you so long to get settled."

"Well, did you have a good time at the dance?"

"Pretty good, but the floor manager would not get me a partner and there were two or three empty girls all the time."

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Trussler—"You ought to have heard the duet in Bagwell’s room last night."
Lee—"Enough to kill a dog wasn’t it?"
Trussler—"Well, I don’t know about that, but it got my goat."
Sadie Seaman—"Did you hear that the high school was very ill the other day?"
Alice Rhyne—"Why no; what was the matter?"
Sadie—"They threw up the baseball game, I heard."

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THEN, OH THEN
When Miss Whiting thinks Charlotte is bright,
When the Seniors’ pennant comes to light,
When Edna Skor curls her hair,
When Stella and Kinney make a pair,
When Florinda ceases to be sarcastic,
When the Juniors win the interclass meet,
When Bob Eells takes a girl to the show,
Then, oh then, Hazel Prince will have a beau.
Then: Hazel Prince will have a beau.

Mr. King (in Freshman Algebra)—Well, how do we add algebraic terms
this morning, Hazel?
Hazel T.—"Just like we did yesterday morning."

Commencement....

We desire to extend to you our heartiest congratulations upon the
successful finish of your school work. May your life work be equally as
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Female domestic—"Eh?"
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JUNIOR KNOWLEDGE
Senior to Charlotte—"Didn't you go to Pismo Sunday?"
Charlotte—"Of course not; we rode."

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