To the Memory
of
those former students
of
the California Polytechnic School
who gave their lives for their country
this
volume of the Journal
is dedicated
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Robert Huston

"An equal mixture of humor and good sense."

Track '16-'17-'18
Journal '18-'19
Polygram '19
Vice President Mechanics Association '19
Class President '19
Captain '19

* * *

Everett M. Bovee,

"Great thoughts, great feelings come to him."

Class president, '18
Secretary-Treasurer Mechanics Association, '19
Captain, '19

* * *

Theodore Erickson

"He is a happy man."

Journal '16-'17
Band '16
Class President '17
Polygram '17
Football '17
Class President '18
President Mechanics Association '18
U. S. Army '18-'19 Sergeant '19
President Block P Club '19.

* * *

Paul Beard

"His heart is as far from fraud as heaven is from earth."

Editor Polygram, '19
Baseball, '18-'19
Lieutenant, '19
Lynn Broughton

"For the women and the maidens,
Love the handsome Pan-Puk-Keewis."

Band, '17-'18
Class treasurer, '18
Sergeant, '19

Helen Shipsey

"Happy am I, from care I am free."
Why aren't they all happy like me?"

Secretary-Treasurer Class '17
Vice President Class '18
Vice President Amapola Club '17
Secretary Amapola Club '18
Hockey '18

Leona Tuley

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
and all her paths are peace."

Volley Ball '17
Baseball '17
Hockey '18
Vice President Amapola Club '19

Donzell Floaten

"An affable and courteous gentleman."
Atascadero High School '17-'18
Band and Orchestra '19
Journal '19
Secretary-Treasurer Junior Red Cross '19
Sergeant '19
Murray Kerr
"The sky is his limit."
Hayward High School '17-'18
Basket Ball '19
Baseball '19

* * *

George Harrison
"I am more interested in what I am doing than in what others think."
San Luis High School '14-'15,
Band '16-'17
Basketball '19
Baseball '19
Sergeant '19

* * *

George Rodriguez
"Wherever he came they trembled at his name."

CLASS MOTTO . . . . . Multum in Parvo
CLASS COLORS . . . . . Purple and White
CLASS FLOWER . . . . . Cherokee Rose
CLASS TREE . . . . . . . Tan Oak
CLASS HISTORY.

From scrubs to Seniors; so runs the history of the class of June, 1919. In the Fall of 1915 there appeared on the campus of dear 'Old Poly' about forty nervous little lads and lassies. All were trying to attract attention and at the same time were trying to act unconcerned, but in spite of their efforts they appeared as green as, or greener than, the present Freshmen.

After a generous dose of manners, a free use of water-bags and the fountain, and a good rubbing-in of English, Math., and Science, the scrubs emerged as nervy and careful as any Freshmen.

The class was somewhat smaller when it entered the second year, but it showed wonderful ease and ability in teaching the incoming Freshmen. A more dignified bunch of Sophs, could not have been found. Growing more bold, a few members aspired to honors in school activities.

In the Junior year the class was too small to enter into interclass activities, a large number of its members having answered the call to the colors. However, no students possessed more school spirit than they.

Time slipped by until the High and Mighty Senior stepped forth with all the dignity he had a right to possess. Only six of the original forty are left to uphold the traditions of the class. A number of students previously attending high school and a few of the older students returning from the service, have added to the size of the class.

The tasks are about over. In a few short days the Seniors will be alumni. Even old Civics and History have been met and conquered.

The mighty Seniors will soon be Scrubs again. Scrubs, whether in College, again showing their ignorance; or in the cold world seeking their fortunes. Happy memories are behind and the Class goes forth praying that the future may have as much good cheer and happiness in store as its members have enjoyed in dear old C. P. S.

CLASS PROPHECY.

"Good-morning, miss. What can I do for you?" was the greeting the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company gave a timid but pretty little Irish girl as she entered the office.

"I've come sir, to see if I can get on the stage," replied the young lady, coming forward and sitting down in the chair offered her.

"And what kind of a part would you like?" inquired the interested manager, giving the stenographer a wink over his shoulder.

"Well, I've been a chorus girl with the "Midnight Follies" all this season, and I thought I would like to take a principal part in the singing as I've been told I was talented along that line. Have you a position of that sort open?" asked the girl, very much in earnest.

"I'm sorry to say we have plenty in the company at present, but if you will leave your name and address we will call you when you are needed."

"My name is Helen McKeel, 1383 J. St." replied Helen with a downcast look as she made preparation to leave. The manager escorted her to the door, where he asked, "Won't you come and have supper with me to-night, Helen?" Helen turned and gave him a freezing look before saying, "I'm a married woman, Sir." She gave him a keen look for the first time since her entrance to the office and thought she recognized an old acquaintance and once more the pretty smile played at the corners of her mouth.

"May I ask your name? Your face looks very familiar," questioned Helen.

"Why, yes my name is Paul Beard, don't you know me at all? I knew you the minute you came in the door."

"Well to tell the truth, Beard, I was so in earnest about getting a job that that was all I could think of, let alone see," replied Helen.

"So you're married. What's the idea of hunting a job?" asked Paul.

"Well, you see, my husband is dead," she said with something very much like a sob in her voice.
"That's too bad, I'm sure. You know I was only kidding about not having a job open. I have just the part suited to your voice. Come on, let's try it now," Beard answered to show his sympathy.

After the tryout Beard took her home and at once their conversation drifted to the topic of school days, a subject very interesting to both.

"Have you heard of Broughton lately?" inquired Helen.
"Well not so very lately. The last time I heard he was on his way to the South Sea Islands to teach and to operate an electric plant for King Jabo. I guess he is still there. And how about Leona, Helen?"
"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know where she is. Oh! listen! what is that boy saying? Buy me a paper please."
"Extra," Beard read; "Miss Leona Tuley coming with the Barnum and Bailey Circus. The fattest woman in the world, weighing 800 lbs. Don't miss her, she can stand on her head, turn hand springs and toe-dance. Come one, come all at 2:30 p.m. to-day."
"Well, if that isn’t Leona I'll eat my hat," was the excited comment Helen made after hearing the item. "What time is it? Shall we go and see her perform?"
"Two already. Sure we'll go. To the circus grounds, please James," Paul said, as they entered the car.

The traffic was blocked so that the car had to wait. While they were waiting a traffic officer moved amongst the cars. As the officer passed beside the car, Helen caught him by the sleeve, to ask the cause of the delay. As he turned about they recognized "Rodie" the same old fellow, only a bit stouter.
"Well, well, if it isn’t Helen and my old friend Beard; where have you been keeping yourselves?" was "Rodie's" first question.
"Tell us about yourself first," was Beard's answer.
"I came here just a month ago from Baltimore, the wife, the kid and I. And you?"

Just then the cars began to move and there was no time for more talk. Cards were exchanged and each promised to keep track of the other.

The ticket seller for "Leon's" tent proved to be "Sam" Houston, Leona's manager, as well as husband. Leona told Helen that in the next tent she would find Geo. Harrison, the cigarette fiend. They visited him and were astonished at the change in him.

As they were going into the main tent a clown took Beard and Helen by the arm saying, "Hello, Paul old top, how are you anyway? Haven’t seen you since those dear old school days."
"And who may you be?" asked Paul in an angry voice.
"Bovee. Don't you remember me?" the clown asked.
"How did you expect us to know you with your beauty hidden?" asked Helen.
"That's right, you couldn't. Say, have you seen Floaten yet? Oh, here he comes now," said Everett.

They looked in the direction in which he pointed and saw a peanut butcher dressed in an out-fit made from tobacco stamps of very gaudy colors, coming in their direction. He was yelling at the top of his voice, "Cracker-jack, chewing gum, pop corn, candy, hey you people where's your appetites? ah! here's a little fellow who knows what's good, any one else?" Just then Bovee caught his eye and motioned to him. No one of the crowd would have taken this hard-boiled for Floaten.

"Hello, there, you bums. How's your liver, these days?" inquired "Don'" on finding to whom he was speaking.
"Fine. How's yours? and say, by the way, have you seen or heard from our friend 'Ted' lately?" asked Beard.
"Sure have. 'Ted' went back to England and married. He married a girl with money so when he last wrote all he had to do was play cricket. Darn lucky devil, I'll say. Oh! yes I heard from Kerr the other day and he is in the Fiji Islands, a Methodist minister."
"Say," remarked Helen, "I'm going to get all the kids' addresses and write
them, for there is nothing I like so well as to write letters. We will plan a reunion for next June here in New York. Does that suit you?

With this she left for home, feeling very much cheered because she had found a job and also had found all her old chums.

CLASS WILL.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1919, better known as the Senior Class, commonly known as the Highest Class, or the Classiest Class.

We, the Senior Class, name as executors of this document, our last will and testament, the honorable class of '21, our partners in class strife, and hope that they will fulfill our bequests when we have departed.

We, the Senior class, will and bequeath the sole right to rule the Freshmen and show them their place, to the class of '22.

We, the Seniors, will and bequeath to the class of '20, the right to lead the cadets in drill and to set an upright example as we have set before them.

We, the Senior Girls, will and bequeath our good looks and popularity to anyone of the class of '20 that shows that she can live up to our standards.

We, the Senior Class, gladly give to the class of '20 our ability as editors, for which we are noted, and hope that they will conduct the various school organizations as wisely as we have.

I, Paul Rufus Beard, will and bequeath to George Rufus Smith all my brains, of which he has great need.

I, Everett Bovee, gladly give my pink complexion to A. Mora, who is sadly in need of one and to Colonel Ryder, my curly locks to enrich his own luxuriant foliage.

I, Lynn Broughton, bequeath my manliness to Sis Huxley, my good looks and ability to entertain the ladies, to Dago Joe, who aspires to my reputation.

I, Theodore Erickson, will to Fat Hodges, my right to stay away from drill, a gift which he ought to be very thankful.

I, Donzell Floaten, will and bequeath my ability to argue with my teachers to Leland Cook.

I, George Harrison, having nothing to give and nobody to give to, do not will and bequeath anything to anybody.


I, Robert Huston, will and bequeath to E. W. Burr my obstinacy at drill, a quality for which I am noted.

I, Leona Tuley, will my knowledge gained here to my baby brother.

I, George Rodriguez, after deep thought, will and bequeath to Sam Wright my figure. If anybody knows of anything else that I can give he is welcome to it.

I, Helen Shipsey, will to Maxine Barneberg my social position in this school, and also my sweet disposition.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

Name: Lynn Broughton, alias Heartbreaker.
Cell: Methodist Church.
Crime: Getting to school at 10 a. m.
Sentence: Staying at home two nights in succession.
Identity: Known by the books he carries.

Name: Robert Huston, alias He-Haw.
Cell: Kitchen.
Crime: Mormonism.
Sentence: Hard labor for life.
Identity: Listen for horse laugh.
Name: George Harrison, alias Babe.
   Cell: Cradle.
   Crime: Cradle-robbing.
   Sentence: Sentence suspended on account of his being under age.
   Identity: Age 2 yrs. 1 ft. 3 ft. weight 40 lbs.

Name: Helen Shipsey, alias Speed.
   Cell: Midnight Follies.
   Crime: Wearing Zebra stockings.
   Sentence: Going barefoot.
   Identity: Bewitching beauty.

Name: Everett Boote, alias Cutie.
   Cell: Old Maid's convention.
   Crime: Queenig.
   Sentence: To remain a bachelor.
   Identity: Perfume, rouge and powder.

Name: Paul Beard, alias Rufus.
   Cell: Library.
   Crime: Burning midnight oil.
   Sentence: Clean the cobwebs out of the attic.
   Identity: Nobody else the same.

Name: Leona Tuley, alias Jona.
   Cell: Estrella.

Name: Donzell Floaten.
   Cell: Room 9.
   Crime: Taking French leave from the Dorm.
   Sentence: Kitchen police.
   Identity: Whiskers.

Name: Theodore Erickson, alias Teddy.
   Cell: Powder House.
   Crime: Wanted by the English police for flirting with the Queen.
   Fine: Ten Bones.
   Identity: Always in Hospital.

Name: Murray Kerr, alias 'Murphy'.
   Cell: In Jail.
   Crime: Using Sunday School language.
   Sentence: Life on the rock pile.
   Identity: Black eye.

Name: George Rodriguez, alias Farmer.
   Cell: Middle of the ocean.
   Crime: His Ford.
   Sentence: Walking.
   Identity: Smells of gas.

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FACULTY 1918-1919.

R. W. RYDER, A. M. ........................................ Director
M. H. CHASE, A. M. ........................................ Vice Director
M. M. BLAND .................................................. Secretary

R. W. RYDER, A. M. ........................................ Head of Agriculture Department
E. D. DOXSEE, B. S. ........................................ Chief of Animal and Dairy Industry
J. T. SAUNDERS, B. S. ...................................... Chief of Agronomy Division
A. R. REDMAN, E.E. .......................................... Head of Engineering Mechanics Department
J. C. HUDSPITH ................................................ Drafting, Machine Design and Carpenter Shop
J. A. JONES .................................................... Machine Shop
H. C. FIGGE .................................................. Blacksmith Shop
E. M. WHITTING, B. I. ..................................... Head of Household Arts Department
B. B. HOOVER, M. S. ........................................ Domestic Arts
B. A. WILLIAMS, B. S. ...................................... Freehand Drawing and Applied Art
M. F. JONES, B. S. .......................................... Household Science and Mathematics
M. H. CHASE, A. M. ........................................ Head of Academic Department
B. M. HOWE, A. M. .......................................... Science
C. D. CARUS, A. M. ......................................... History, Spanish, General Science
D. W. SCHLOSSER, B. M. .................................. Music and Athletics
W. L. BROWN, A. B. ......................................... Mathematics
W. E. ST. JOHN, A. B. ...................................... English
L. L. RUMSEY, M. A. ...................................... Latin, Librarian
MAJOR GEORGE RAY ......................................... Military Science
EDITORIAL.

We are now entering upon a great era of peace after the greatest war the world has ever known. Let us hope that this War will be the last and that the German's Kultur has forever been removed from this earth. Even though it has been removed with great sacrifice, we will all agree that no sacrifice would have been too great.

The war has depleted our ranks to a great extent, and the true meaning of it is brought to us when we see the empty places so recently occupied by our friends, who have gone to fight for their country and give their lives if need be. Poly's offering was one hundred and forty-seven men, three of whom have journeyed to the great beyond, from which there is no return.

* * *

It is the aim of the Polytechnic Journal to record our school life as it is. We have endeavored to make this Journal better than those of the previous years. It is still the same catalogue where you may always find the subject you were most interested in during the school year 1918-1919.

To the honored Seniors who are about to start on the great journey of life, we extend our most hearty wishes for success and prosperity. If they are as successful in life as they have been in school, the future holds no fear for them.

* * *

We take this opportunity to extend to the business men of San Luis Obispo our heartiest thanks for their support in making this Journal possible.

We also wish to thank the members of the faculty and the student body for their contributions to the Journal.

Four members of the faculty are deserving of especial thanks for their efforts to make the Journal a success: Mr. St. John, as general adviser and critic; Miss Williams, as art adviser; Mr. Brown, for his untiring efforts in securing advertisements; and Mr. Redman, for his care and energy in taking the pictures for the Journal.

A glance through the Journal will tell an observer which of the sub-editors are worthy of praise. The editor takes this opportunity of thanking his assistants for their part in making the Journal a success. He wishes also to thank the Business Manager for his faithful co-operation.
THE ADVENTURE OF KATY M'GREE

(Awarded First Prize)

As Katy McGree stood briskly scraping a kettle in the kitchen, one would never have imagined that her thoughts were not upon the kettle she looked at, but thousands of miles away in Ireland.

Very often this was the state of her mind as she rushed about, working in the fashionable New York home. Very often she let her thoughts wander back to the joy and romance of her girlhood in Ireland.

As a girl in Ireland she had been very pretty and attractive, living in her land of dreams.

Now her cheeks were faded, her eyes not so bright and her hair was not arranged so carefully and artistically as then. Still Katy was very charming. She tried to forget that past which seemed so unreal in its beauty, and to think of the grandeur of America, her home. Such thoughts only brought recollections of the unrewarded privation she had endured so that she might cross the ocean, and win fame and fortune in the land of opportunities.

As the lonely day went by Katy had one pleasure to look forward to. This was to sit at the head of the stairs, in the evenings, and look down upon the merry throng of people in the large reception room below. Where she sat she could admire the gaiety, and see the people move about, watching the different shades of the ladies' dresses as they seemed to mingle in their harmony.

One day Katy worked in the reception room preparatory to one of the most fashionable dances of the season. As she wiped the dust from the furniture, she sang and was happy; there seemed to be something in her work besides merely cleaning the furniture. The thought of the party thrilled her; she would enjoy it in spite of her humble position.

When the guests began to arrive Katy placed her chair in a convenient place to see the party and still be unseen by its participants. Now a foreign ambassador would appear; then a count or an earl; a poet or an author of fame. Katy was glad to see all these popular society people and even felt proud and honored because she had dusted the furniture.

She noticed a man who was introduced as Count Farnell. He had a history of noble deeds and a long list of honors which he had received in France. Of these--he talked proudly and very frequently.

He was tall and, as he had black hair, Katy thought him very handsome and pleasing. She could nearly always look down and find him the center of a group.

One time she noticed that he went to a vase that was between the columns, at the foot of the stairs, and saw him drop something into it. Before long this same man repeated his actions. This time Katy felt certain that he had dropped something into the vase. She wished that she knew the reason for his actions and she secretly longed to slip down the stairs unseen and peep into the vase.
A woman with a beautiful pearl necklace attracted Katy’s attention. Just then she noticed that the lady whom she admired was taking to the Count. Soon the two parted and Katy saw that the beautiful necklace was no longer around the lady’s neck. She wished that she might tell this lovely lady of her loss, but, oh no, she shouldn’t; why, she was a servant girl and must not be seen by such fashionable people in the reception room at such a time.

Katy was very much excited, when a few minutes later she saw the count again put something into the same vase. Could it be the lady’s necklace and could this handsome gentleman be a thief posing as a hero of France? All these thoughts ran through Katy’s mind. She hated to think that this man whom she had admired was a thief and not what he pretended to be; but when she thought of the beautiful lady, whom she also admired, she determined that she would unravel the mystery.

She watched, in her anxiety, every movement made by the man she suspected. Time after time he came to the vase, each time causing Katy to become more confident in her belief. One time she was certain that she actually saw him take a watch from a man’s pocket. This was too much for her to keep to herself so she resolved to tell her secret.

She stood for a few minutes, looking down upon the Count, who was sitting at a table with a short, stout woman. The woman, whose name was Mrs. Brown, was a very haughty, conceited person, although with smiles and nods of affirmation, she agreed with every thing her partner said.

Suddenly the Count seemed very troubled and embarrassed. After an inquiry from Mrs. Brown, he told her that he had just discovered the loss of his watch, a keepsake that his grandmother had received from the President of Switzerland, while on a tour through Europe.

The Count assured the woman that he would not worry because his watch was gone, for he said that he must have misplaced it and he would find it again.

He had no more than said this when Mrs. Brown jumped up from her seat frantically screaming, “My brooch, my brooch, my beautiful diamond brooch is gone!”

Forgetful of all she was saying, Mrs. Brown called in her loud squeaky voice, “To think that the first time I ventured to wear it in place of its imitation of paste I should meet with such a misfortune.

“I offer a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars to the person who delivers it to me, she shouted in her self important manner.

“Oh! don’t do that, Madam, such an offer is ridiculous and very useless; you simply forgot to put it on,” calmly assured the Count, desiring that the people should not be excited into searching the house by the reward.

“Yes, I offer just what I said,” retorted the woman, “such a valuable article is well worth it.”

The announcement made by Mrs. Brown caused much excitement in the crowd, for others found that their jewels were also gone. In the confusion a policeman was called.

Katy, trembling over the fortune that she had in her power to gain, walked down the stairs to deliver the jewels and claim her prize. By this time the crowd was in a great state of confusion. Some excitedly looked around on the floor, endeavoring to find the brooch and receive the reward. Others, apparently considering themselves too dignified to search, just sat down, disgusted with the party and angry because they had spent their time at such a place. Some, being in the same fix as Mrs. Brown, looked for their own stolen jewelry, perfectly unconscious of everybody else, with the sole desire to recover their valuable possessions.

Katy did not see any one now; she was too anxious and nervous, her only ambition being to reveal the jewels and receive the reward. She grasped the vase, looked into it and there, sure enough, were what she expected to see; the precious jewels. All eyes were upon her then but she was not aware of it. She saw some-
thing of much greater significance: much more important than everyone else or than all the jewels in the world. She saw the policemen who stood beside her.

A pretty smile came and vanished from her lips, the vase fell from her hands, she reeled, and almost fainted. Then drawing near to the policeman, she whispered, "Jim, Jim, is it you?"

While the anxious owners gathered their stolen gems from the floor, Jim O'Flag, the policeman, and Katy's girlhood lover, clasped her to him and murmured, "Oh, my Katy darling, after all these years of waiting, I have at last found you."

Katy was in the arms of her lover, whom she had not seen for ten years, the last time being when she told him good-bye ten years before in Cork County, Ireland.

All the longing and misery of the past ten years was swept away by the joy of their reunion.

When Jim turned to look for the thief he was nowhere to be found. "Let him go, Jim," said Katy. "Didn't he bring us together again? And just think of the beautiful farm we can buy with that twenty-five thousand dollars."

Marie Meinecke.

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**EASY MONEY.**

(Awarded Second Prize)

Tell a salesman or any other traveler from a real "live wire" village that Altaine is a town that could be awakened into wild excitement, and he would laugh at your joke and consider you one better than Rip Van Winkle in the art of somnolence. Someone's losing a nickel, or the city force's catching a "vag", or any such "wild" excitement would surely, in his mind, overtax the town's capabilities.

But that is where he would be mistaken. For Altaine was about to prove itself a live one by arousing the whole surrounding country to the highest pitch of excitement it had ever known. And oddly enough, this obscure town with its three thousand inhabitants all living around the medium-sized cutlery factories, and located in the midst of a well known farming district, presented an ideal spot for the mysterious happenings about to occur.

At one end of the unpaved main street stood a little brown ramshackle railroad depot, and at the other, the city hall, city jail and fire department, all housed in a two-story wooden structure. Who would ever have thought that such a place was soon to attract irresistibly Chicago's and Madison's and Milwaukee's keenest reporters?

Trembling with a terrible fear, and seemingly young, yet with a haggard and aged look, a portly colored tramp came running wildly into the assembly room of the Altaine city council, as it sat at its weekly meeting one Wednesday evening, in the latter part of April. The time was about nine o'clock.

Upon his entrance the tramp set up a series of protests and pleas for help in a most distracted manner, and at intervals he would change his mood to one of be­

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yo' born days. Ah looked aroun' and thea—Oh landy, landy, delivah me—yes sir, Mistah Mayor, right thea, comin' toward me was the bigges' ghost you ever did see; an' he was fire, flamin' red; an' he had a bunch of chains rattling, and Mistah Mayor, if he all didn't have them chains, they wouldn't be no calid man to tell you' this tonight, for they was too heavy fo' him to carry and get this niggah, when he all got started wheelin.' At this juncture the ebony visitor became suddenly quiet.

The ludicrous attitude of the hobo took away some of the seriousness of his story; but even at that, some members of the assembly became so interested, though there were many great discussions still waiting upon their judgment, that they could have been seen setting out in the direction of the disturbance to the south west of the town barely outside the "city limits."

Time passed quickly at the meeting, and soon, with hurried step and slightly heightened color, two of the more valiant investigators returned to the council.

"Say, Sid, that coon isn't all wrong about this spirit," confided one of them as he hurriedly entered the room, and strode over toward the Mayor's desk. His manner was alarming, and with very few words the assembly adjourned and set out in a body to investigate the reason of his changed bearing.

The news of a ghost spread like wild fire through the scattered dwellings of Altane, and within a short time the majority of the populace was on the street.

The rumored accounts of the ghost, of his horrible weapons, and of how he had opened up a hole in the earth in order to take men to nether regions body and all, were enough to keep people at a respectful distance from the scene of his activities.

From the town the lights of the spectre could be seen moving about on a small plot of ground, and carried on the still, spring evening air, could be heard the clink-a-clink of metal on metal and the beating of some heavy object on the ground. Consequently, no one doubted the reality of the fact that Satan himself or some of his imps had taken upon himself the task of consecrating to Hades an acre or two of Altane's best hay-producing land.

To add to the general consternation, the news had just been brought of the merciless murder of Jim Temple, his wife, and little child, whose home was but a quarter of a mile from the ghost's theatre of action. A farmer living a few miles out was coming in to town to get his mail, and being accustomed to stop at Temple's, had entered the darkened cottage and discovered the family bathed in their own blood, lying about the table on which was spread their evening meal.

During the relating of this news the attention of the ghost hunters was distracted, and the ghost disappeared unnoticed. Though many watched all night long, they saw nothing more of the mysterious spectre. In the silent fear-filled day that followed the townsfolk watched for signs and impatiently waited, while they prayed that something definite might soon be known to rid them of this awe-filling apparition.

By this time many had accounted for old "Coyote Jack's" mysteries disappearance from his little cabin some five miles north of Altane, by laying it to the actions of this new menace to the public.

During that day fear and superstition kept people from visiting the scene of the ghostly performances. The Mayor, realizing the fact that drastic measures had to be taken to remove this disturbance of public equilibrium, issued some strict orders to the police force; but there was no encouragement there, for that well disciplined body responded by a unanimous resignation. Something had to be done and that soon. The Mayor, not being a man of brilliant valor himself, was nonplussed.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of that day the Altane-Springfield-Mershdale "local" left two visitors of a class
not often seen in Altane, standing on the station platform, much to their displeasure. They were “Tubbie” Manson and “Lovely” Belford, both sophomores at M. C. College.

“Lovely” was so named from the fact that he was about the roughest looking character that could be found, and “Tub­bie” got his name from—well why do they call any one “Tubbie!”? That is it, exactly; fat, short, and—not lazy, just indolent; that was “Tubbie” through and through.

You may vouch, it was not long until the boys got all the news of the spectre of Altane, and also of the city’s one hundred and fifty dollars reward for the satisfactory investigation of the ghost.

“Come on, I tell you, we’re not scheduled to stop in this locality, you dear little thing,” crabbed “Tubbie.” “There you go again, Tubbie! Well, let’s see! Just why should we go on? I say let’s stay, and try to help this ghost put on his show tonight. Boy, we’ll have a better time than when we ran the Freshies over the hill race last spring, remember?”

“Stay! Boy, you’ll be staying pretty soon where it’s a little warmer than you’ll want, if you fool with this ghost; besides you will be playing orderly for Nero, Richard III, or Macbeth in a real fashion, if you go joining a “show” in this burg. Good-bye, Lovely, old bird, I’m going. We’ve been pals a long while and I hate to leave you, but—”

“Well, you little runt, come here till I get that fat little neck in my paws and we’ll stick together for awhile longer, I’ll say.”

Suiting the action to the word, “Lovely,” in a few long strides overtook the shorter person, and they proceeded to remain in close contact for awhile. The first person they visited was the Mayor, for “Lovely” was becoming interested in the “ghost” and was more than saturating himself with the idea of getting $150, which, he realized, would go a long way toward making his “stake” for the coming college year.

Weak and protesting, “Tubbie” gave in at last to “Lovely’s” idea of catching the ghost; or rather as “Tubbie” would express it, “we gave himself up for a visit to hell with “Lovely.”” It was along about six-thirty in the evening when the youthful clans set out towards the awe-inspiring acres. Soon they faded into the dusk, and were lost from the view of the crowd. Upon arriving near the scene of the ghost’s activity, they took their posts of observation in a rather old and dilapidated house, which controlled a good view of the ground where the spectre had been seen the preceding evening. After securing themselves and providing a means of hasty escape, if necessary, they awaited the action of the supernatural. About 8:30 “Tubbie,” overcome by the exhaus­tion of the delay, sank into the bliss of youthful repose, but “Lovely” narrowed his eyelids and set his jaw in determination to wait for whatever fortune should bring him. Shortly after nine a low mournful wail came from somewhere in the vicinity of the cellar of the house. “Lovely’s” lithe and muscular frame stiffened in fear, and he clutched “Tubbie,” who slept on. “Lovely” Belford was for once in his life, paralyzed with something unknown to him. The demon of fear had him grappled in chains of iron. He couldn’t speak. He tried to shout to Manson but his voice failed. He was sure he heard footsteps coming carefully up the stairs, and then the door—and all was black. “Lovely” fainted.

“Belford! Come ‘Lovely’ wake up old man! The ‘ghost’ is coming!” shouted Manson as he awoke and found “Lovely’s” form beside him. The words were a strong stimulant to his deadened nerves, and “Lovely” sprang up in response.

In a moment they were in the window watching the light of the “ghost” creep across the field—towards them. “Lovely,” the hitherto leader, was a careful follower in the hands of the good-for-nothing “Tubbie.”

The light stopped in its approach and soon began moving about in a curious manner. Again the sound of metal on metal was heard.
About one o'clock both light and noise moved off in the direction whence it came. The young fellows crawled out through the window, and followed at a careful distance. Gradually as they saw, or rather realized, that no harm could come to them, they ventured closer.

At last the light reached a farm house and out buildings, and halted. It moved for a moment about a barn-like structure, and at last disappeared into it. Our venturesome young men were now worked up to a high pitch of excitement with 'Tubbie' playing title role. They remained a good distance from the buildings and contented themselves with watching the barn closely from different angles.

The light never appeared again that night. At last the joy of dawn broke the Eastern horizon and sent the clouds of night retreating to their rest. The light of day was not long in spreading over the land, and with it a new courage awoke in the two young sophomores as they made an advance on the barn, where they had watched the ghost disappear. Caustically, and listening with painful intentness, they proceeded until they reached the door; then slowly they entered. A team of horses stood in their stalls, one apparently asleep; the other deliberately munching some hay.

From a little room on the right, within closed doors, could be heard the continual buzz-saw snoring of a hard-working man. 'Tubbie' carefully opened the door, stood back, and peered in. 'Lovely,' who had somewhat regained his lost valor, rushed by and awakened the sleeper with a strong physical demonstration.

'Say! I say, brother, did you see a ghost around here last night?'

'G'wan and let me sleep, will yuh! Can't you see I'm tired?' and the stranger turned over.

'Aww! Come on, get out of that,' and 'Tubbie' flashed a police star that got him up immediately.

'Excuse me, Mr. Policeman, but I worked until a couple of hours ago and so was pretty sleepy. What did you say you wanted?' and he was all interest.

'Well, we've been all night on the trail of a 'ghost', and the last we saw of him he came in here this morning about half-past one. He was over in the field rambling around, as if he didn't know where to turn,' explained Manson.

In a spasm of laughter the good man rolled over on the bed. 'That's the best I've heard yet,' he said. 'Why, I was out there with a lantern harrowing some clover seed into the ground. I drove the team, and the 'boss' carried the lantern. We sowed it two days ago and wanted to get it harrowed before the frost would catch it. It's hard to trust nights this time of the year.'

The boys were dumbfounded. At length 'Lovely' came to.

'You'll have to tell that story to the Mayor and bring the boss along too.' Then he turned to 'Tubbie.'

'Guess we got a start on our summer stake, eh! 150 bucks, yea bo!'

The Mayor and councilmen lived up to their agreement and paid the reward. They were glad to have the 'ghost' disposed of, but were more concerned than ever about finding the murderers. It was some months later, however, before the mystery was made clear by the confession of a tramp who had been fatally injured in a railway accident at a city more than a thousand miles away. There had been no connection between the murder and the 'ghost'. Because the murder occurred so near to the 'ghosts' habitat and at almost the line of his first appearance, the superstitious people of Altane had attributed the murder to the ghost.—Helen Shipsey.

A LUCKY CALAMITY.

(Awarded Third Prize)

Twelve year old Bobbie came rushing into the house carrying the mail from the rural box.

'Oh! Papa, the paper says there is to be a fair at Kernville. They are going to have all kinds of war trophies and among them is an aeroplane. The aeroplane is going to make a flight. Can't we go? I'll do several extra chores if you will take me to the fair.'
Bobbie lived on a farm far out in the country. Aeroplanes were a very extraordinary thing in that part of the country and Bobbie had never seen one, so, therefore, he was very anxious to see this one.

The father, after thinking several moments that seemed like ages to Bobbie, finally said, "Well, I am rushed with the crops now. The corn can hardly wait another day and I cannot get labor now."

"But," protested Bobbie, "Aeroplanes don't come to this country every day and you know that I have never seen one."

"Well," said his father, "If you'll help me to hoe out the young corn, weed the potatoes and do some work in the garden, I will try to take you and the rest of the family to the fair."

This was quite a large proposition to Bobbie but he wanted to see the aeroplane at any cost. "All right," cried he, "I'll get at it right away." Hunting up his hoe and donning his big straw hat, Bobbie plodded off to the field to fulfill his promise.

All that day while Bobbie worked hard to get the never-ending job done so that he might see the aeroplane, he dreamed of seeing it ascend and fly among the clouds. Probably he might even get to touch the great machine. He watched the weather carefully, looking for any signs of rain that would spoil the day for him. Every night he would ask his father if he thought there was any chance of rain. His father replied that he was no prophet. Bobbie worked so hard that the job was finished a day before the fair.

The night before the fair Bobbie could hardly sleep for thinking of the morrow. Long before daylight, the boy arose and awakened the rest of the family. He helped his father feed the cattle and horses and milk the cows. He was so hungry when breakfast came that he forgot the fair for the time. After breakfast Bobbie put on his very best. He kept urging the family to hurry and get ready.

The town selected for the fair was about fifteen miles distant, so the family had to start early to take in the ascension, which was to be at nine o'clock. Finally the family were ready to go. They got into the spring wagon, Bobbie up beside his father. The latter urged old Nellie into a trot and they were off in very high spirits.

The driveway from the house to the main road was about a half mile long, bordered on either side by fields belonging to the farm. Among these fields was the cornfield that had been the scene of much hard labor on Bobbie's part.

As Bobbie was surveying his work with a proud feeling, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Look, father, those pesky cattle have broken through the fence into the corn. Isn't that just our luck!"

Sure enough the herd of about twenty cattle had broken into the corn field. They were making away with the delicious corn as fast as they could eat.

The cows had to be driven out of the field, for they would either destroy all the corn or kill themselves from eating too much. If father remained long enough to drive out the cattle the whole family would be too late for the fair, for Bobbie was not old enough to take the responsibility of driving the family to town. Bobbie bravely consented to drive out the cattle and let the rest of the family go on and see the fair, for he thought they could at least tell some interesting things about it; moreover, Bobbie might later get a ride with one of the neighbors who was going into town.

Bobbie attacked the cattle wrathfully with many shouts and gesticulations. But the cattle either liked the corn too well to get out or pretended not to see the hole in the fence through which they had entered. As he was struggling with the cattle, a neighbor came along and asked him to ride to the fair but Bobbie had to decline the offer.

After much effort the cattle were driven out. Bobbie repaired the fence and sat down to mourn his fate. He had had another chance to go to town but the cattle had been too slow. Now he knew that it was too late to get a ride into town in time to see the aeroplane flight.

"Just my luck," he grieved. "I worked hard all week to get to go and here
a few cows have spoiled my good time.”

He sat looking gloomily up into the sky, when he saw a large bird flying at a great distance. “My, but that’s a big bird,” remarked Bobbie; “must be an eagle.”

As it came nearer Bobbie heard a noise coming from the bird. He couldn’t figure it out for a few minutes until it got closer, and then he knew it to be an aeroplane. Bobbie breathlessly watched the machine, when he saw it begin to descend. It was going to light in their own pasture. He put on full speed toward the spot where he thought the machine would land.

Bobbie arrived out of breath. The airman stepped out of the plane, remarking apparently to the air, “Of all the tough luck, this is the worst. Here I am miles from nowhere and out of gasoline.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Bobbie, “I’ll get you some right away.”

He turned and started toward the house. The airman followed at his heels. Bobbie and the airman together carried enough fuel for the plane. While the airman was pouring in the gasoline, Bobbie asked all the questions he could think of.

He chanced to ask the air man, “Where are you headed for?” The airman explained that he was to make a flight at the fair and that he had had a good deal of hard luck on the way. He was late now and said that he must hurry.

“Well,” exclaimed Bobbie, “I was going to see you fly today but the cattle got into the corn field and I had to stay and drive them out. I worked hard all week too, to get to go to the fair.”

“Hard Luck,” replied the airman, “but there is a chance to go yet.”

“But,” objected Bobbie, “It is too late now for anyone else to come along in time to get there.”

“I am still going there,” said the airman; “want to go with me?”

Bobbie was too dumbfounded to speak and only nodded his head in the affirmative.

“All right,” said the airman, as he helped Bobbie into the plane. The lad was strapped firmly in the plane and cautioned not to talk. The airman started the powerful motor and they were off.

They ascended rapidly and Bobbie soon summoned courage enough to look over the edge. He could recognize the different farms as they seemed to scoot under him. He could hardly restrain himself from speaking to the man at the wheel.

It seemed hardly any time until they were descending into the fair grounds. Bobbie could see the great crowd of people gazing up at them. They landed among the people and the airman unstrapped him and helped him out of the plane. After thanking the airman profusely he gained his bearings and started off among the crowd to find his family.

—Frank Erwin.
FRESHMEN RECEPTION

The first social function of the year was the reception given in honor of the new students in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, September 27, 1918. A pleasing program was arranged, including several selections from the orchestra and talks from Mr. Ryder, Mr. Brown, Olin Halstead, and Everett Bovey. The affair was well attended and proved a decided success.

JUNIOR CLASS DANCE.

The Junior Class gave its initial dance on Friday, Oct. 3, at the Dining Hall. It was the first dance given at Poly this term. All who attended pronounced it a very enjoyable evening. The hall was tastily decorated with the school colors, green and gold, and large palms. The music was furnished by Helen Louis, piano; Rush Taber, drums; and Donzell Floaten, saxophone.

WEINIE BAKE.

All members of the Amapoa Club, including the lady faculty members, enjoyed a weinie bake up in Poly Canyon, Thursday evening, Oct. 17. A large bonfire was built and weinies and marshmallows were roasted. After the weinies had disappeared the girls played games and told stories. Several girls brought their ukuleles and everyone sang. It was late when the girls started home and everyone who attended wished for another weinie roast soon.

KELVIN CLUB.

On the evening of Friday, Oct. 11, the old members of the Kelvin Club entertained the new members at a barbeque in School Canyon. Visiting and listening to fervid oratory were the chief amusements.

Mr. and Mrs. Redman entertained the club on Oct. 24. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Mr. W. L. Brown.
Vice President, Miss B. B. Hoover.
Secretary, Mr. C. D. Carus.

Miss Rumsey gave an exceedingly well prepared and interesting paper, on "The Mammoth Caves of Kentucky." She gave an account of her journey through the caves and a scientific explanation of their formation with much interesting information concerning the history of the caves.

The hostess served novel refreshments consisting of peanuts, candies, popcorn and gum.

Mr. and Mrs. St. John entertained the Kelvin Club on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26. Mr. Doxsee gave a paper on the work of the "Farm Bureau in Assisting the Farmer to Develop a Better Quantity and Quality of his Products." There was a general discussion of the programs of the year. A social hour interspersed with refreshments made the evening pass pleasantly.

The fourth meeting of the year was
held at Miss Chase's home in the Foxen apartments. Mr. St. John gave the paper "Readings from Mark Twain's Letters." Miss Anderson gave several dialect readings, all of which were enthusiastically received. Refreshments of coffee and raviola were served at the end of the evening.

* * *

The Kelvin Club held a regular meeting on Tuesday, March 4th, at the home of Miss Whiting, on Peach Street. Mr. Brown acted as host of the evening. Miss Howe gave a paper consisting of several readings including William Dean Howell's play, "The Mouse Trap."

Miss Whiting's skeleton in the closet was brought to view. In spite of the fact that several members had forgotten about the meeting those that were present enjoyed a pleasant evening.

KID PARTY.

The associate members of the Kelvin Club entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carus on Tuesday evening, March 25. The faculty was dressed in juvenile attire. Mr. Doxsee made a hit with his flaxen curls and he received the first prize for the best sustained costume. Prof. Brown was awarded the booby prize for representing nothing. The others who deserve special mention are Mr. Carus, Miss Chase, and her big pink bow, and Mr. Saunders. Various children's games were played, and enjoyed by all.

Animal cookies and ice cream cones were served at the end of the meeting.
This year, the first semester, registration day brought back many familiar faces to Poly as well as a large entering class of Freshmen. Besides the students, several new teachers made their appearance. They were: Miss Jones, who took the place left by Miss Hartzell; Miss Howe; who teaches the science that Mr. Greenwood left last year; Mr. Jones, who is filling the place vacated by Mr. Heald; and Mr. Hudspith, who is instructing in place of Mr. Todd.

** ** **

The Freshman class, under the superintendence of being initiated during the first week of school. They were told to appear the next day with twenty-two braids as their class was the one to graduate in 1922.

Being good sports as well as very obedient students, the next day, to the great surprise of the upper class girls, the Freshmen came to their classes as they were instructed. Instead of disliking their elaborate style as all previous classes had, the Freshmen this year seemed to enjoy it. In the afternoon, by the time that the majority of the girls became accustomed to their hair dress and were beginning to enjoy its comfort, Miss Whitting discovered a state law against hairbrading. Then with joy and regret, the girls who thought it worth while recollected their hair.

** ** **

The Polygram, our bi-weekly school paper, made its first appearance October 9th.

** ** **

After an illness of several weeks the first part of the school year, Miss Williams resumed her duties at school the first of November.

** ** **

In October, Mr. Gaylord, who has lived in Russia since 1900, spoke to the assembly. From his speech we gained a new conception of Russia and her problems.

** ** **

A car arrives every morning on the campus from Templeton. Its passengers, who are receiving their education at Poly, are Winthrop Leishman and Paul Leishman, and Lois Walker from Templeton; Frank Erwin from Atascadero, and Dorothy Prewitt, Anna Goise and Edward Cavanagh from Santa Margarita.

** ** **

October 26th the Amapola Club and Mr. Brown spent a day at the Thompson ranch below town. The object of the trip was to pick up the walnuts that had fallen upon the ground. Although long before evening everyone was convinced that the walnuts were not very plentiful, yet when all that could be found, were gathered, two sacks of walnuts were the result. The walnuts were sold for nineteen dollars; this money was given to the
Red Cross fund. All those who went felt that work and pleasure had been happily blended.

The girls in Miss Hoover’s department spent the first part of the year caning fruit and vegetables raised on the school farm. Besides being able to give the proceeds of their work to the Red Cross the girls thought that they had learned all there was to know about canning and all were anxious to begin something more interesting.

Last November the members of the Amapola Club organized a Victory girls club. Each girl pledged herself to earn a certain amount, the total amount being $75.00. The girls were allowed to make the payments in three installments, the last one being on March 1, 1919. When that time arrived instead of the $75 pledged, the club presented a total of $85 to the United War Work Campaign Fund.

At Assembly, Nov. 27, 1918 the Reverend Father O’Flynn gave a splendid talk entitled “Why We Should be Thankful.” He gave three chief reasons why we should be thankful, namely: because the war was over and had ended victoriously; the influenza epidemic was conquered; and throughout the country the crops were bounteous.

December 1st the long waited for boys’ uniforms arrived.

Everyone agreed that the suits much improved the appearance of the battalion.

Poly had the distinction, during the influenza epidemic before Christmas, of being one of the few schools in the State to remain in session. During this time none of the students had the flu and the school was put under quarantine to such an extent that no outsiders were permitted to come on the grounds and every member was compelled to wear a mask while in school and present a pass upon entering the grounds.

Owing to the fact that several of the lady teachers were ill with the influenza the last week before the Christmas vacation the girls were dismissed two and one-half days early. This caused no little excitement among them, especially among those who reported having eight study periods daily on account of the absence of their instructors.

This year there was a new plan instituted by Mr. Brown to help the boys. He established an employment bureau where the boys secured work for Saturdays.

There is much improvement in the buildings at Polytechnic, for the three main buildings have been re-plastered and rainproof roofing put on them this year. The Board of Control has recommended $10,000 for building repairs for next year.

A thrilling elopement and several exciting adventures resulted on January 4th, in the marriage in San Francisco of Karo Smith, who, for two years previous to that time, attended Poly.

At the end of the first semester Miss Chase presented to the school, at assembly, a Roll of Honor. This was quite a surprise for it was the first one Poly ever had. Upon it appeared the names of the ten students receiving the highest averages for the previous term. The names in the order they appeared are: George Smith, Fannie Tikioh, Ernest Steiner, Dorothy Prewitt, Alden Davis, Margaret Tognazzi, Carl Steiner, Margaret Meincke, Evelyn Schlosser, and Otto Hoedel.

Catherine Shanklin, after undergoing an operation on her eye last winter in San Francisco, remained in that city where she is attending the Polytechnic High. Previous to her entrance at the Polytechnic High she was a member of the Class of ’20.

During the last semester Georgia Brown, one of the students of this school,
was married to Rev. Roy B. Beal.

The wedding, which took place in Pasadena, during one of the vacations, was a complete surprise to the school. On their wedding trip the young couple visited Poly.

After almost five weeks of unavoidable vacation due to the influenza, school opened Monday, February 17th.

Lloyd Russell, who did not return to his studies at Polytechnic after Christmas, has been attending the State University Farm School at Davis.

After an absence of a year spent in the U. S. Service, Ted Erickson returned to take up his work as a Senior, at the beginning of the second semester.

Two interesting assemblies took place on March 12 and March 19th. At the first one Ted Erickson told of his experiences overseas. He described many English customs and outlined his entire journey. During the next assembly Mr. St. John gave a talk entitled "The Life of Roosevelt." Taking this very appropriate subject he traced the history of the great man’s life, telling many little instances which showed the real character of Roosevelt.

A daughter was born March 29th in Berkeley to Mr. and Mrs. Ryder.

G. W. Bott, a graduate member of the class of ’18, after receiving his discharge from the army, visited Polytechnic several days. While here he gave a snappy talk about his experiences while in the service.

The Freshman Girls were given the division of Miss Williams, had charge of the first Assembly in April. It was a novel affair in which, in a striking display of tableaux, the Freshmen characterized this country’s development from the Revolution to the signing of the Armistice. Besides the tableaux which, in patriotic fashion represented the spirit of ’76, ’61, and ’17, there were songs and recitations which proved the Freshmen to be excellent entertainers.

One day in April the farm advisers bound for a convention in Los Angeles stopped off in San Luis Obispo and were welcomed by a large gathering of local people, and the municipal band. Among the advisers were seven former teachers and students of “Poly”.

They were: Parker Talbot, C. W. Rubel, Carl Nichols, C. S. Myska, Leroy B. Smith, Earl Campbell, and Ernest Curtis.

In April, three of the Polytechnic boys: Elza Glines, Norman and Wilson Bachelder enlisted in the U. S. Army, for service in France.

The Junior Red Cross of the Polytechnic in the month of April agreed to adopt two Belgian Refugee children.

School was not called until 10:45 April 15. The delay was to give every one the opportunity of seeing the Victory Loan Train which stopped in town during those hours.

At Assembly on April 16th the Sophomore Class had charge of the program. The first two numbers, a piano duet by Helen Louis and Lois Walker and a vocal solo by Margaret Melnecke, were well rendered. Then came the Farce Comedy that the jubilant Sophomores had succeeded so well in keeping a secret.

Earnest Steiner proved himself a fine actor and equal to almost anything in the comedy line. Dorothy Drewitt, as the leading lady, was fine. Cecile Bello, as Miss Garnett, completely forgot herself trying to solve her friends problems. Helen Louis, as the maid, was excellent. Everyone agreed that the assembly was a decided success.

Lee Dolch, a graduate of the class of ’18, was reported early in the year as holding a responsible position in a creamery in the Imperial Valley.
Here and There

After drill
Sophomore play
A Freshman tableau
Volley ball
In the power house
Sewing class
The pig club
Gardening
JUNIOR CLASS.

The student body as well as the old members of the class of 1920 will be interested in hearing of the work of this prosperous class. When we entered this institution we were one of the largest Freshman Classes but now there are few who recall the Freshman reception in '17. Although the class is small in number at present, nevertheless the Juniors have upheld their end of the school activities.

Our first President was Rush Taber, who carried us thru our Freshman year with much success. Our second President was Olin Halstead, who showed his skill in leadership. Both years our class was well represented in athletics. Last year we won first honors in the girls Track meet. Marguerite Tognazzi won the highest number of points. Our third year has rolled away too soon and next year we shall be the "up and doing" Senior class.

The officers this year are:
President, Leland Cook.
Vice President, Paul Leishman.
Secretary, George Smith.
Treasurer, Marguerite Baker.
We, the class of '21, entered Poly in the fall of 1917, with a good enrollment.

At the Freshman reception we were introduced to the faculty and upper classmen. We were given many good hints as to how we were to behave in the future and also good advice from members of the upper classes. We received our "ducking" in due time and it wasn't much of a shock to us because we knew what was coming.

We gave several dances which were decided successes. One of these was for the benefit of the Red Cross, for which we realized quite a sum.

Our boys and girls, as well, were equally proud at the end of the year when we were presented with the Athletic Cup, which we won from the upper classes.

Thus our Freshman year passed and left us all looking forward to the opening of school, in the Fall, when we would be those so called "broad minded" Sophomores.

Our Sophomore year opened with much more interest on our part than in our Freshman year, because we were going to see that the new class of "Freshies" should receive their initiation properly.

The only event of much importance to us during this year was the assembly on April sixteenth of which we had charge. We gave a play and several musical selections which were very well received.

Our athletic strength was up to the standard, our class winning nearly all of the basket ball games and playing very good games of baseball.

Now at the end of the year we are all looking forward to our next year when we will be Juniors.

Class Officers for 1918-1919:
President, Edmund Burr.
Secretary, Phyllis Figge.
Treasurer, John Cann.
THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

Last September when school opened the upper classmen and the faculty were very much interested in us, because sixty-three students had registered that month as the entering class of Freshmen. We were formally introduced to the scholl and the students on the first Friday night of the semester. Several of the upper classmen gave us hearty welcomes and assured us that although we would hear of terrible initiations there would be nothing to fear, these rumors being only to frighten the unsuspecting. They also gave us advice, some of which we have been able to use.

The Freshmen have been well represented both by boys and girls in all the school activities. The boys defeated the Juniors and Seniors in a basket ball game and caused the Sophomores a good deal of work for their victory. In a baseball game with a picked team we also made a good showing, considering the fact that our opponents were nearly all varsity players. The girls were even more successful than the boys, defeating a picked team of upper class girls in volley ball. In a recent assembly the Freshman Class distinguished itself even more, by entertaining the rest of the school with some songs and patriotic tableaux.

We have enjoyed many pleasures this year and it is hard to realize that it will not be long before we will be second year students, waiting for a class of freshmen so that we may be able to justify ourselves for what we received at the hands of the Sophomore class.

The braves who have led us successfully through pleasures and troubles are as follows:

President, Stedman Barry.
Vice President, Cecil Dempsey.
Secretary, Evelyn Schlosser.
Treasurer, Dorothy Cook.

ENGINEERING MECHANICS ASSOCIATION 1918-1919.

The Engineering-Mechanics association of the California Polytechnic School was started in 1913-1914, to further the interests of the students of the Engineering Mechanics Course in the mechanical field, as well as to show its members an occasional good time.

During the present year it has thrown open its gates not only to Engineering-Mechanics students but also to all other regularly enrolled Junior and Senior boys not taking the Agriculture Course. This invitation was heartily accepted as is shown by the fact that about one-fourth of the Association is composed of such students.

A general assembly was held on March 12 in charge of the Mechanics Association. At this assembly Sergeant Theodore Erickson, our former president, gave the school a very interesting talk on his experiences in the army, from the time he left us until he returned.

On October 20, 1918, the Association took a trip to Atascadero to inspect the printery, and other places of interest about the Colony.

During the Influenza epidemic everything was dull, as no trips could be taken and no meetings could be held.

As soon as the flu ban was raised, however, the Mechanics Association came to its own again. On April 5, 1919 the association took a trip to the Santa Maria oil fields, where a very delightful day was spent.

At the various meetings very interesting talks were given by Mr. Hudspith, Colonel Ryder, Mr. Brown, Mr. Redman, and Sergeant Erickson.

As a whole the year 1918-1919 has been the most successful one the Mechanics Association has experienced. Here's to 1919-1920.

Officers:

President, George R. Smith.
Vice President, R. B. Huston.
Secretary-Treasurer, E. M. Bovee.
Chairman Program Committee, Lynn Broughton.
THE BLOCK P CLUB.

The Block P Club was first organized in 1917. Since then it has been recognized as one of Poly's most honorable organizations. Its members are those students who have shown their worth and their loyalty to the school by winning one or more Block Letters in Athletics.

The club was organized to create a better feeling of fellowship among the holders of Block letters. While the Club has no special functions of work, from time to time it takes an interest in athletic events, at times officiates at such events. One special event this year was the San Luis Obispo County Grade School Track and Field Meet, which is an annual event at the Polytechnic. This meet was entirely handled by members of the Block P Club. Officers:

President, Theodore W. Erickson.
Vice President, Alfred Brown.
Secretary-Treasurer, George Smith.
AGRICULTURE CLUB.

The Ag. Association held its first meeting on October 10, 1918, in the Assembly Hall.

Those present were Lloyd Russell, B. Blake, E. Van Schaick, Edward Marquart, Norman Borchelde, Alfred Rayburn, Leland Cook, Edwin Knight, Ray Tuley, A. P. Brown, Edmund Burr, Paul Beard, Sam Wright, and Mr. Doxsee, the faculty member.

At the second meeting a committee consisting of Marquart, Blake, Brown, Burr and Cook was chosen to plan out trips.

Miss Whiting gave a talk on the conservation of food, and Mr. Saunders talked on children's war gardens.

On April 5, the club had its first trip. It went to Spooner's Ranch which is located on the ocean at the Pecho. The morning was spent in looking over the dairy and equipment. The noon hour was spent on the seashore where a great battle was fought between the fellows and Mr. Doxsee with the aid of sea weed. Sea lion hunting was also enjoyed while some of the fellows attacked the briny water much to their displeasure. After lunch the pigs and sheep were looked at. There being nothing else of interest the fellows set sail for home. Two of the machines sought the most direct route while the other went to Morro and thence to San Luis Obispo. All enjoyed a most wonderful trip.

On April 7 the Club was most fortunate to have Mr. Haggan speak to it on different clubs in the State. He succeeded in starting a corn club at the school.

On April 24 the Ag. Club had charge of the assembly. The program opened with an imitation of Schlosser's band. Knight was leader with Brown, Marquart, Tuley, Cook, Hodges, Van Schaick, and Burr as musicians. Cook next talked on different types of dairy cattle. Marquart talked on the improvement of dairy cattle. The next number was to represent the reappearance of the Freshman Class. Hodges entered carrying a pig in blankets with Sam Wright following with a bottle of milk. Wright next talked on pigs while Burr gave a talk on different draft horses; all the talks were accompanied by slides. Next jokes were pulled off on the students and others. Officers:

First Semester:
President, Lloyd Russell.
Vice President, A. P. Brown.
Secretary, Edmund Burr.
Treasurer, Ray Tuley.

Second Semester:
President, Alfred Brown.
Vice President, Leland Cook.
Secretary, Edmund Burr.
Treasurer, Alfred Rayburn.

THE PIG CLUB.

This is our third year of "Pig Club" work. Thanks to the help of our instructors and advisers and also on account of the "pep" of our members we are strong and know of still better years to come.

The Pig Club is aiming to give the boys the knowledge and assurance they must have for later success. Now that a corn club has been organized the boys will have the advantage of raising practically all of their own feed. In this way they can, thru their hogs, double their corn profit and also eliminate market difficulty heretofore experienced by class corn and vegetable raisers.

Another big factor to our advantage is the work of the "San Luis County Stockmen's Association." Through their shows and sales the Pig Club members will be able to sell their hogs at a higher price as breeding stock than they could obtain through the markets.

Mr. Davis, formerly of the University Extension Department, who started us on our former contests, has gone to raising hogs for himself so he can share the profits he has been showing others how to make.

Yes, there is money in pigs and the boys are proving it.

E. K.
AMAPOLA CLUB.

The Amapola Club was organized by the girls January 12, 1910, with the help of Miss Margaret Chase. The club was called "Amapola" as this is Spanish for "poppy." The name was chosen because it was thought very appropriate for a club in a State school in California.

The club has been a great help in bringing the girls together. Every year some special subject is taken up by the club to be studied. This year the Camp Fire Girls Movement was started. The girls did not join the great organization, but they took up the idea on a smaller scale. Just as this was fairly started the "Flu" broke out and all meetings were postponed until the epidemic was over. After the vacation the club took up the study of the Missions of California. Many interesting talks were given, telling when the Missions were founded and how they had, one by one, fallen to decay. A musical program was given at the beginning of the year, which showed what the girls could do, when they tried.

A great deal of time was given to the Red Cross. The girls worked for the Victory Girls Campaign and for the Linen Drive. $17.50 was raised for the Linen Drive by the gathering of walnuts and selling them. In the Victory girls Campaign each girl pledged herself to earn so much by March. $90.00 was pledged and given. All together the girls raised a large fund for the Red Cross, and in addition to working for it, every girl belonged to the Red Cross.

The officers of the first semester were:
Margaret Baker, President.
Marguerite Tognazzi, Vice President.
Helen Louis, Secretary.
Cecil Beljo, Treasurer.
Katherine Shanklin, Sergeant-at-arms.
Second Semester officers:
Cecile Bello, President.
Leona Tuley, Vice President.
Dorothy Prewitt, Secretary.
June Taylor, Treasurer.
Maxine Barneberg, Sergeant-at-arms.
POLYGRAM.

The Polygram has had a very successful year. It has appeared regularly every two weeks, except during vacations and the time the school was closed because of the influenza.

The staff have tried faithfully to report the activities of the school and of the individual students, and to keep the student-body in touch with former students.

Early in the year Olin Halstead, the first editor, left to join the army and his place was taken by Paul Beard, who has held the position for the remainder of the year. With few changes, the assistant editors have served throughout the two semesters.

The Board of Trustees continued the policy adopted last year, of buying two hundred copies of each issue to send to the grammar schools of central California. In addition, the Polygram management has found it possible to send one hundred and twenty-five copies to high schools throughout the State. In return quite a number of high school papers have been received. Through this means it is hoped that closer relations with the high schools and grammar schools can be established.

Financially the Polygram will close the year in good condition. The balance to its credit will be larger than ever before. Next year’s Polygram should be even better, therefore, than this year’s.

Staff 1918-1919.

Paul Beard, ’19, Editor.
Elsbeth Meinecke, ’20, Assistant Editor.
Otto Hodel, ’21, School Notes.
Marie Meinecke, ’20, School Notes.
Marguerite Baker, ’20, Society.
R. B. Huston, ’19, Athletics.
Edmund Burr, ’20, Jokes.
On Sept. 16, 1918 Major Ray organized the cadet companies A and B and the Band, placing them under the supervision of student officers. The next day drill began. The two companies showed much enthusiasm and learned very rapidly.

They have guard mount twice a week and Battalion Review and Inspection on Fridays. Colonel Ryder inspected the companies several times and gave lectures on special occasions.

During the Flu epidemic, when the school was under quarantine, the cadets guarded the buildings and grounds. They proved very efficient at this task.

On April 30th, 1919 the military department having charge of assembly period, escorted the faculty and members of the student body who do not drill to the parade grounds, and went thru the ceremonies of guard mount. After guard mount the band rendered some choice music, while the Battalion executed the manual of arms.

The Military Department has every reason to be proud when the wonderful record of the students and graduates is considered. About one hundred and fifty young men who have been students here are known to have served in the army, the navy or the marine corps. Most of them have been either commissioned or non-commissioned officers. This splendid showing is doubtless caused by the fact that these men had military training at the Polytechnic School.

Part of the cadets are organized into a band, which plays for all reviews and parades, and oftentimes for assembly. The work of the rest of the battalion is made much pleasanter and more profitable by the cooperation of the band; on the other hand, those cadets in the band profit by the opportunity to play on such occasions.

The battalion is often asked to head the parades which are held in San Luis Obispo, and always does so with credit to the school. Altogether, military training fills an important need in the work of the school.
The Alumni Department of this school has in the past published a list of the alumni students. The alumni take great interest in the school activities by frequently corresponding with us. Many of the young men in the army have sent us their addresses and write to us, in that way keeping in touch with what Poly is doing.

We are very glad to have the former students do this as we like to learn what they are doing and where they are living.

It gives the Journal Staff great encouragement when the Alumni students subscribe for Journals, and we certainly appreciate their help and Poly spirit. This department has secured as correct a list as possible of the Alumni students and it is hoped that these students will continue to aid us in this way and let us know what they are doing in the world.

The list of Alumni students follows:

Class of 1906.

Herbert H. Cox, M.; Pacific Light and Power Co., Los Angeles.
Lillian B. Fox, H. A.; at home, Pomona, Calif.

Irene Righetti, H. A. (Mrs. A. F. Parsons, Jr.); 1251 West 11th street, Riverside, Calif.

H. Floyd Tout, A.; in charge of Visalia High School Agricultural Department, Visalia, Calif.

Catherine Twombly, H. A.; (Mrs. Lorenzo Hampton), Fullerton, Calif.

Gustave Wade, M.; Naples, Calif.

Henry Wade, A.; with Union Sugar Co.; Betteravia, Calif.

Class of 1907.

Ester Biaggini, H. A.; Nurse in Navy Base Hospital, Brest, France.

Francis D. Buck, A.; ranching at Ripon, Calif.

Clara Dodge, H. A. (Mrs. George Rings); 2683 Loosmore street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Alfred F. Miossi, M.; ranching at Santa Clara, Calif.

Annie Schneider, H. A. (Mrs. Ralph Gardiner); 123 Edinburg street, San Francisco, Calif.

Eugene Steinbeck, M.; address unknown.

Alberta Stringfield, H. A.; teaching at Corning, Calif.

Hunter Stringfield, A.; address unknown.

Ella L. Tanner, H. A.; ranching Imperial Valley, Calif.

Myron M. Thomas, A.; ranching at Riverside, Calif.

Jeanne A. Tout, H. A.; address unknown.

George W. Wilson, M. 1; International Correspondence School, Los Angeles, Calif.

Guy F. Worden, M.; ranching at Shandon, Calif.

Class of 1908.

Ida M. Bachman, H. A. (Mrs. John Adams); address unknown.

E. Earl Campbell, A.; orange grower, Orange, Calif.

Mary F. Cheda, H. A.; at home in San Luis Obispo.

Ernest W. Curtis, A.; Horticultural Commissioner, Kern County.

Alfred C. Dixon, A1; instructor at State Farm, Davis, Calif.

*She was my 5th grade teacher at old Menger St. School*
Valentine Drougard, M.; in military service of U. S.
Ruth Gould, H. A. (Mrs. H. O. Perry); Falls, Calif.
Avery B. Kennedy, A.; home address, Campbell, Calif.
Elize Kondo, A.; address unknown.
Edward C. Linn, M.; ranching at Paso Robles, Calif.
Roy A. Luchessa, A1; died February 17, 1913.
Bernard E. Miossi, M.; ranching at San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Earl D. Pierce, A.; 4467 New Jersey street, San Diego, Calif.
Reuben L. Sebastian, M.; home address, Berkeley, Calif.; in military service of the U. S.
Clara Stringfield, H. A. (Mrs. Marion Rice); Santa Maria, Calif.

Class of 1909.

John J. Adams, M.; in military service of U. S.
Isunejiro Ashida, A.; reported farming in Arizona.
Kenneth Beck, A.; with State Highway Commission; home, Chula Vista, Calif.
Oliver N. Boone, M.; Traver, Cal.; in military service.
Alonzo R. Carranza, M.; Guadalupe, Calif.
Irving F. Davis, A.; Mesa Grande, Cal.
Eugene Feider, M.; with Union Iron Works, 826 Twentieth street, Oakland, Calif.
Annette G. Girard, H. A.; teaching.
Hazel M. Griffith, H. A.; address unknown.
Harvel I. Hall, A.; address unknown.
Peter Knudson, M.; garage business, Los Banos, Calif.
Minnie D. Lomax, H. A.; teaching, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
J. Lee McDowell, A.; Lindsey, Calif.
Flossie M. Matosic, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Elmer H. Murphy, A.; with Pinal Dome, Betteravia, Calif.

Attilio Pezzoni, A.; 306 S. 14th street, San Jose, Calif.
Rachael E. Ramage, H. A.; at home 760 Twentieth street, San Diego, Calif.
Arthur Sawyer, M.; in military service; home address Sawyer's store, San Luis Obispo.
Ralph Shoemaker, A.; orange grower, Pomona, Calif.
Allen E. Stone, M.; Los Angeles.
George A. Tilton, Jr., M.; with county surveyors, Los Angeles, Cal.
Frank H. Walbridge, M.; Newhall, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
Benjamim Watson, H. A.; (Mrs. Sidney W. Eggett); address unknown.
La Rue C. Watson, A.; Congregational Minister, Bowles, Calif.
Loring J. Wilson, A.; died November 24, 1911.
Glenn F. Woods, M.; Glendale, Calif.
Hazel G. Woods, H. A.; Glendale, Calif.

Class of 1910.

Dora C. Bergh, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
George A. Buck, M.; Ripon, Calif.
R. Tonie Colthart, M.; Dinuba, Calif.
Judith Curtis, H. A. (Mrs. J. B. Callicott); Carbondale, Calif.
Roland E. Curtis, A.; student, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.
Edgar F. Duncan, M.; Ceres, Calif.
Arthur M. Elberg, A.; ranching at Campbell, Calif.
W. Ray Evans, M.; home address, San Simeon.
Fletcher Hayward, A.; Hayward, Calif.
Elizabeth A. Holloway, H. A.; teaching at San Francisco, address, 885 Clayton street.
Walter L. Kendall, M.; Lemore, Calif.
Alma E. Miossi, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
P. Floyd L. Patterson, M.; home address, Cambria; in military service.
Velma M. Pearson, H. A. (Mrs. John Pitts); R. F. D. No. 2, Los Angeles, Cal.
Hertha Schultz, H. A. teaching; home address, San Luis Obispo.
William B. Shaw, M.; ranching at Henckley, Utah.
John S. Taylor, M.; address unknown.
Selina E. Wyss, H. A.; nursing in Los Angeles, Calif.
Ernest E. Yates, H. A.; manager dairy farm, Coyote, Calif.

Class of 1911.

Charles P. Baker, M.; engineer at Go- viota, Calif.
Charles Baumgardner, A.; electrical engineer with Pacific Electric, 1422 Ridgeway ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
May Brumley, H. A. (Mrs. Archie Cheda; San Luis Obispo.
E. Donald Cox, A.; married, living at Watsonville, Calif.
John W. Flint, A.; in military service.
Chester L. Freeborn, M.; engineer at Santa Maria, Calif.
George W. Herring, M.; home address, Ripon, Calif., in military service.
Effie E. Hillard, H. A.; Visalia, Calif.
Fred H. Marklof, A.; with Union Sugar Co., Botton, Calif.
Anson K. Pearce, M.; chicken ranch, Ingomar, Calif.
W. Harold Reilly, M.; automobile business, Watsonville, Calif.
Walter B. Roselip, M.; agent for Kissel Kar, San Luis Obispo.
J. Harvey Strowbridge, M.; Visalia, Calif.
Lawrence A. Swerdliperger, A.; ranching at Heber, Calif.

Class of 1912.

Hazel G. Brew, H. A.; (Mrs. Bernard Murray); Martinez, Calif.
Margaret Campbell, H. A.; Yeomanette in Navy.
Jewell L. Cooper, A.; ranching at Ventura, Calif.
J. Baptiste Fiscalini; A.; ranching at St. Helena, Calif.
Eva Fridley, H. A. (Mrs. John E. Snyder); address unknown.

Chas. M. Hamaker, M.; San Luis Obispo, in military service.
Sophia C. Hutchings, H. A.; 419 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Bernard Murray, M.; with Oriental Oil Co., Martinez, Calif.
Florence F. Knight, H. A.; teaching at Arroyo Grande.
Donald Mitchell, M.; home address, San Luis Obispo, with the Aviation Corps of U. S. Army.
Talkanoob Mizaro, A.; 920 West 10th street, Los Angeles, Calif.
C. Alben Noren, A.; in military service of U. S.

John Perozzi, M.; San Luis Obispo.
Cora N. Schulze, H. A. (Mrs. C. S. Baird); 463 Hartford ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Margaret Shipsey, H. A.; home address San Luis Obispo, teaching at Los Berros.
William Shipsey, M.; Assistant District Attorney, San Luis Obispo.
Cassius B. Sibley, A.; address unknown.
John E. Snyder, M.; address unknown.
Charles F. Swartz, M.; died 1916.
Clifford L. Tanner, T.; ranching at Morro, Calif.
Norton W. Weymouth, A.; in military service, former address, Fairmead, Calif.

Class of 1913.

Frank T. Baldwin, A.; graduate Oregon Agricultural College, managing a creamery at Newman, Calif.
Arthur G. Cook, M.; in military service; home address, San Luis Obispo.
Maurice G. Coulter, A.; state dairy inspector, 387 Fairmount ave., Oakland, Calif.
Wendell T. Daily, M.; home address, Staunton, Calif., in military service.
Philip Eastman, home address, San Luis Obispo, in military service.
Ralph L. Eells, M.; engineer for Ervine Co., Santa Ana, Calif.
Leona L. Forbes, H. A.; teaching at Bee Rock.
Tekla J. Johnston, H. A.; address unknown.
J. Earl King, A.; in military service.
Albert J. McMeekin, A.; ranching at Merced, Calif.
Francis Murray, A.; Oriental Oil Co., Martinez, Calif.
Walter C. Perozzi, A.; San Luis Obispo.
Helen V. Sandercock, H. A.; (Mrs. Collins); Los Angeles, Calif.
Guy W. Niekle, A.; farming in Utah.
Joseph W. Schweitzer, A.; 21 W. Islay street, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Cecil L. Stockton, A.; in military service, former address, Ramona, Calif.
J. Rudolph Tanner, A.; in military service; home address, Morro.
Lilabell Wade, H. A. (Mrs. Frank T. Baldwin); Newman, Calif.
Chas. P. Williams, A.; ranching at Grey Mountains, Calif.
Ralph R. Weiman, M.; San Miguel, Cal. Maurice N. Yocum, A.; ranching at Bellota, Calif.
Maude E. Cheda, H. A.; teaching.
Dorothy Edmunds, H. A.; teaching in Nevada.

Class of 1914.

Howard E. Ahlf, H.; with the U. S. Army.
Winfield Andrews, A.; with Naval Reserve.
Eric Barnett, M.; Pope Valley, Calif.
Jessie Bennett, M.; student at University of California, Berkeley, Calif.
Robert E. Eells, M.; ranching at Waterford, Calif.
Archie Brown, M.; mechanic at Shale, Calif.
Stella Brown, H. A.; attending San Jose Normal.
Fred A. Curl, A.; Earlimar, Calif.
Clarence C. Forrester, M.; Stockton, Calif.
Alex. F. Gibson, M.; ranching at Templeton, Calif.
Irma Hazzard, H. A.; teaching at Arroyo Grande, Calif.
Edward L. Herring, in military service; home address, Ripon, Calif.
Ethel Hubbard, A.; Anaheim, Calif.
Lena Jenssen, H. A.; teaching, San Luis Obispo.

Carlton Kenney, A.; home address, Venice, Calif.
Annie Mendenhall, H. A. (Mrs. O. A. Bergman); Orange, Calif.
Elvira Perozzi, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo.
Clara Upton, H. A. (Mrs. Don L. Hulingsworth); Bakersfield, Calif.
Clarence Plaskett, M.; with Producers' Transportation Co., Port San Luis, Calif.
Hazel Prince, H. A.; at home Mill Valley, Calif.
Ruth Ridle, H. A.; (Mrs. Earl Detter); Casper, Wyoming.
Grace E. Rowan, H. A.; working at Telegram office, San Luis Obispo.
Lawrence Seeber, A.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.
E. Clyde Shirley, M.; with U. S. Army; home address, San Luis Obispo.
Glen Shoemaker, A.; in military service; home address, 595 E. Culvert street Orange, Calif.
Kathleen M. Shipsey, H. A.; died May 4, 1919.
Ethel May Sinclair, H. A.
Florinda Tomasini, H. A.; attending Healds' Business College, San Francisco.
Wilber D. Morrison, A.; address unknown.
Luis E. Tomasini, A.; with the Navy.
Edward M. Kiner, M.
Roy E. Strobel, M.; in military service.
Paul Maxwell, M.; address unknown.

Class of 1915.

Lisle E. Bagwell, M.; home address, Morgan Hill, Calif.
E. Paul Bailey, M.; Weimer, Calif.
Richard Berry, A.; ranching at San Luis Obispo, Calif.
John F. Deleissegues; in military service.
Alice Dodge, H. A.; home address, Santa Cruz, Calif.
Blanche M. Coleman, H. A.; Sunnyvale, Calif.
Marks H. Eubanks, M.; Cambria, Calif.; in the service.
Elmer Allen Forbes, M.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Henry Fiscalini, A.; died March 19 1919.
OBITUARY.

Mr. Paul A. Greenamyer, who taught Science at the Polytechnic for two years, died in San Francisco last October while on a leave of absence from this school. Mr. Greenamyer's death was the result of an operation which would have been unnecessary had he not desired to qualify for service with the Government.

* * *

Students and faculty were shocked and grieved over the sudden death of Miss Mary K. Hartzell. Miss Hartzell contracted influenza and was taken to a hospital in Medford, where she died early in January, pneumonia having developed. For six years Miss Hartzell taught Science at Polytechnic. She took an active part in all the affairs of the school, especially as an adviser and friend of the girls.

Miss Hartzell began her work as instructor in the Oregon Agricultural College last September and, according to a letter received here the day before her death, was delighted with her work and the opportunity for advancement which it offered.

Miss Hartzell was a graduate of the University of Minnesota and had taken her M. A. from Columbia.
Mrs. Laura Adaline Ingham Ray, wife of Major George Ray, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Ingham of Oakland, died on January 21, 1919, at the Pacific Hospital after a long illness of pneumonia. Mrs. Ray's death was a great shock to everyone. Two years ago Mrs. Ray came, as a bride, to live at the Dormitory. During this brief time, through her pleasing personality and her readiness to serve and give pleasure, she had made for herself a warm place in the hearts of a wide circle of friends.

Armando Rossi, one of our former students, died at his home near this city on January 14, 1919, a victim of influenza. Armando was a student at this school for the two years of 1915 and 1916. He was always an active and enthusiastic member of the institution.

Cutler Dyer of this city, boatswain's mate, first class, U.S.N., died October 19, at Charleston Naval Hospital, Charleston, S. C. of pneumonia, following influenza. Dyer was a student at Polytechnic during the year 1913-'14.

Miss Dorothy Marguerite Gould, formerly a Polytechnic student, died at the home of her parents in Los Angeles on March 25th. Miss Gould, previous to taking up the study of art in Los Angeles, attended school here, where by her admirable personality she made many friends.

James Nugent died of influenza-pneumonia at the San Luis Sanitarium December 18th. His home was at Lost Hills, Calif., but during the Christmas vacation he was staying at Mr. Seller's ranch near Pozo. While there he contracted influenza. Nugent was a Freshman at Polytechnic at the time of his death.

Rush Taber, who for two years was a student at the California Polytechnic, died January 15, 1919, at a sanitarium in Pasadena.

He left his institution in October to enlist in the U. S. Service. Soon after the armistice was signed he was discharged, and from that time until his illness he was working in Victorville.

Taber was always a very enthusiastic and popular student, taking part in nearly all school activities.

Henry Fiscalini, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fiscalini of the Chorro Dairy, died at the San Luis Sanitarium on March 31st., after an illness of several months.

The passing of this young man was a great shock to his friends at this institution, as well as throughout the entire County.

Henry Fiscalini attended school here, graduating with the class of 1915. He was highly esteemed. His ability as a student together with his upright, manly character, gained him many friends among the faculty and students.

Miss Kathleen Shipsey, a graduate of the class of '14, died at the San Luis Sanitarium May 4th. She had been a patient there for three weeks, suffering from complications that followed influenza.

Miss Shipsey had a brother and a sister, William and Marguerite Shipsey that graduated from this school. A sister, Helen Shipsey, expects to graduate this year. Her father is a trustee of this school, having filled the office for some time. While a student here she maintained a high standing in her studies and since leaving here she has been working in her father's office. Kathleen had established a wide circle of friends in the community.
The first term of the school year was not an eventful one so far as athletics was concerned. The two influenza epidemics made it impossible to get games with other schools.

In previous years we have had a football team, but the school was unable to schedule games with the nearby schools, as they did not play the game this year. Knowing that basket-ball games could be secured, the committee decided to adopt basketball and to raise a team. Practice was gained by Inter-class games. A first team was organized and several games were scheduled. The prospects of a winning team were good, but several of the men came down with influenza and the games had to be cancelled.

When school commenced again it was well into the track season and our track was covered with water. After the water had been drained off the field and the track put into condition, the time for training was too short and track was also abandoned for the year.

It was then decided to have a baseball team, and the athletic Committee made arrangements to have a diamond laid out and the grounds put into shape. For more than two weeks nothing was done. The mornings were foggy and grass grew knee-high on the athletic field. The students finally decided to put the field into shape. No sooner said than done. The field was cleaned up and a diamond laid out. With students and coach on the job practice began in dead earnest. The results of this practice was seen when Poly stood up against her rivals. The Journal goes to press too early to tell fully the results of the season's playing, but the games so far have been very encouraging, and it is felt that under better conditions, athletics will come into its own next year.

SANTA BARBARA 4; POLYTECHNIC 3

Santa Barbara won from Polytechnic in a well played and closely contested game May 3, at Santa Barbara. Poly put the first run across in the first inning. Smith, second man up, got on base and made the circuit, helped by errors of the opposing team. Santa Barbara evened up the score in her half of the inning, but Poly made two more runs in the seventh. On account of a little hard luck and a few costly errors, Santa Barbara made three runs in her half of the eighth. In the first of the ninth Poly's batters failed to even up the count and the score stood 3-4 in favor of Santa Barbara. Arnold's pitching was the outstanding feature of the game.

Our players with their positions were as follows: Burr, catcher; Arnold, pitcher; Brown, first base; Harrison, second base; Peterson, third base; Smith, short stop; Kerr, left field; Rowan, center field; Hodell, right field; Tuley, Barneberg, and Waterman, substitutes.

Poly was well represented at the game; in fact, it seemed as if half the fans were from here. Polytites attending the game
were: Reyburn, Van Schaick, Hodges, Cook, Martin, Mankins, Flugger, J. W. Leishman, Paul Leishman, Barry, Loyal Arnold, Mr. Levers, Mr. Hudspith, Mr. Carus, Mr. Figg, and Mr. Perozzi.

**PASO ROBLES vs. POLY.**

On April 26th, Poly played Paso Robles the first baseball game of the season. A good crowd attended the game and enthusiasm was shown by both sides. The game was close until the seventh inning when Poly ran away from Paso. Arnold was the player of the day, as he struck out eight men.

The score stood 15-7 in favor of Poly, at the end of the first half of the ninth inning, with Poly at the bat.

The lineup was as follows: Paso Robles: Trussler, catcher; Camiere, third base; Reilly, second base; Daniels, first base; Hitchcock, left field; Hardy, center field; Payne, right field; Davis, pitcher; McNaul, short stop; and Hennessy, substitute.

Poly: Burr, catcher; Arnold, pitcher; Brown, first base; Kerr, second base; Smith, short stop; Peterson, third base; Harrison, left field; Hodel and Cook right field; Waterman and Barneberg, center; and Tuley, substitute.

**POLY DOWNS SANTA MARIA.**

Saturday, May 10, our team walked over the oily nine from Santa Maria who did, nervily, bring with them, as mascot, a certain disagreeable element from their own town, namely, a brisk wind. From the first it was plain that the wind blew ill for them; for different ones of our team trotted around the bases at a lively clip, six of them dashing across home plate, scoring that many runs as opportunity presented itself—and this, mind you, all in the first inning. Not a bad start, eh?

Our team did its best in keeping a remorseless bull-dog grip on its antagonists.
througout the game, in spite of the fact of
the bothersome soreness of 'Little Betsy,'
alias, Arnold's good old right. Though
we only made four more runs following
the horse shoe inning, so well had we
got the ball on a down hill course then
that, after all, it mattered not greatly.
Not till the game ceased and stood ten to
six in our favor, however, did the deter-
mimed Santa Marias slacken one whit,
their stealthy mode of creeping up slowly,
yet surely, to the pace of the bold ten
made by our team.

**The Line-Up.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poly</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Santa Maria</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burr</td>
<td>catcher</td>
<td>Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold</td>
<td>pitcher</td>
<td>McKenzie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>1st base</td>
<td>Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison</td>
<td>2nd base</td>
<td>Evans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>short stop</td>
<td>Currier</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peterson</td>
<td>3rd base</td>
<td>Twitchell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flaggger</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>Foy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kerr</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
<td>Webb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodel</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
<td>Kennedy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**POLY WINS AS USUAL.**

Saturday, May 17, our ball team scalped
the Arroyo Grande nine, on their home
grounds, in a well fought game, lasting
nine full innings. During the first in-
nning, luck was with us—strangely enough,
luck usually puts in a timely appearance
and sides with us at that inning and take-
ing advantage thereof, we scored five
runs as nicely as you please; for the pitc-
cher whom our fellows hit so freely was
cut out—not for a pitcher, but for a
catcher. His eyes were opened to this
fact when our fellows made their fifth
score, so he accordingly changed places
with the man who caught his well in-
tended side winders. Then, we danced
to a different tune, and were only allowed
four more runs during the remainder of
the game. Arroyo's last pitcher must
needs be given credit for his pitching
ability, but he couldn't eclipse Arnold,
who had the good fortune and satisfac-
tion of striking out twenty-one of the
Arroyo fellows. The game closed with the
score standing nine to five in our favor.

**The Line-Up.**

Poly | Position | Arroyo Grande
---|----------|--------------
Burr | catcher  | C. Williams |
Arnold | pitcher  | Feillan    |
Brown | 1st base | Pierce      |
Harrison | 2nd base | B. Williams |
Smith | short stop | Haskins |
Peterson | 3rd base | Sevier     |
Beard | L. F. | Wiggins    |
Kerr | C. F. | Sullivan   |
Tuley | R. F. | Vetter

**POLY DEFEATS HIGH SCHOOL.**

Poly trounced the San Luis High School
team thoroughly Tuesday evening, May
13, on Poly grounds. The High School
started off well in the first inning. Three
men got on bases but such was the sup-
port that our pitcher had that none com-
pleted the circuit. In our half of the
inning we drew five runs, on account of
the heavy batting of Smith, Burr, and
Arnold, and the errors of the opposing
team.

In the eight innings that followed the
High failed to score, while we made sev-
en runs. The final score stood 12-0. Ar-
old's pitching was responsible for the
High School's failure to score. He struck
out sixteen men. He was well supported
by the infield.

Several substitutes were given a chance
to play in this game. They had practised
with the team faithfully and as a reward
they were given a chance to play.

**The Line-Up.**

Poly | Position | San Luis High
---|----------|--------------
Burr | catcher  | Lopez       |
Arnold | pitcher  | Goodchild  |
Brown | 1st base | J. McMillan |
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P. Tognazzini
L. J. Beckett
E. W. Clark
H. L. Kemper
A. Muscio

| Capital Stock | $300,000.00 |
| Surplus | 200,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 137,000.00 |
Harrison 2nd base  Cook  
Smith short stop  Fifield  
Peterson 3rd base  J. McMillan  
Goddard  
Beard L. F.  Hemphill  
Kerr C. F.  Traver  
Tuley R. F.  R. McMillan  

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

This work has been impeded this year by the influenza epidemic, yet some definite things have been done. On May 14, on the lawn before the Household Arts Building, the girls entertained the Assembly with a demonstration of marches, May-pole dance, dumb-bell and wand drills and folk dances. A tennis tournament was held between the four classes. During the first part of the year the freshmen defeated the upper-classmen in a match game of captain ball. The freshmen deserve a great deal of credit because of their wholesouled enthusiasm and it's often a tussle between our youngest and the more experienced players. Volley ball has had its share of attention and the game has been learned by all. Fundamentals of baseball and basket ball are also learned and perhaps here we find the biggest amount of enthusiasm. A new set of quoits has been secured. Hurdles, broad jumping, and running have been practiced to a certain extent. These could not be intensive but with the underlying principle to govern them in these activities, the girls have learned much about how to play the game of life.

The work of the physical training classes is highly recommended by physicians. Here the girls are given corrective gymnastics and the improvement is gratifying. They also manifest a better carriage because of their splendid work.
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Broughton—I could make worse faces than that.
Bovee—Well, I shouldn’t wonder; look at the start you have on me.

Cecil—Gee! My cocoa is cold.
Dolly—Put on your hat.

Mr. St. John—Name some of the poetry you read in the eighteenth century.

Flugger (At the Dining Hall)—These pears are fine but I can’t keep them on my knife.

Browny—Sammy, do you like roller skating?
Sammy—(Laughing) Oh! I haven’t stood long enough to tell yet.

Tuley was rubbing his eyes as he came out of the door.
Cook—Well, Tuley hasn’t waked up yet to the new time.
Kerr—No, nor to the old either.

Boysen—Where does that fellow come from?
Elsworth—Why, he comes clean from Morro.
Boysen—That is the first clean guy I ever saw from there.

Harrison was arguing with Mr. Redman in Mechanics Class.
Mr. Redman—Harrison, if you used the top of your head as much as the bottom, you wouldn’t argue so much.

Glines (to Sis Huxley)—Your mother must have been fond of children to raise you.

Kerr—Do you know, I feel like thirty cents?
June—Well, everything seems to have gone up since the war.

Word—Did you say Beard awoke one day to find himself famous?
Cann—No, not exactly that. I said he dreamed he was famous and then woke up.

If the Mississippi is the father of waters, why don’t they call it the Mister-sippi?

Mr. Carus (In General Science)—What is the proportion of water to land?
Erwin—Seventy-two per cent of land is water.

Fanny saw a large green worm, commonly known as a ‘slug.’ Rushing to Mr. Saunders she cried “Oh! come see the dill pickle that is walking around on the plants.”
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"Cavanagh you're too old to cry," said Dorothy Prewitt.
"Yes, and I'm too young to have what I'm crying for."

Mr. Carus (Spanish Class)—What does S. S. mean at the end of a letter?
Floaten—Spanish Students.

Dowler—Looking in the Bible I see I'm made of dust.
Bovee—That's not right; if you were made of dust you would dry up occasionally.

"I'm afraid that bell means another caller," said Maxine.
"You know there is such a thing as your not being at home" suggested Smith.
"Yes," responded Maxine, "and there is such a thing as my having another engagement."

Dago—How does Mora keep his hat on?
Huston—By vacuum pressure.

Mr. Redman—Just by looking at you I can tell you are a teacher.
Mr. Carus—How's that?
Mr. Redman—By the pupils in your eyes.

"Cavanagh has a wonderfully shaped head" said Arnold.
"Yes" said Harrison, "a fine specimen of carved ivory."

Miss Jones (In Domestic Science)—From what animal is mutton obtained?
Cecil—From a calf six weeks old.

Mr. Carus—When you recite Spanish don't give it as if you had memorized it.
June—There is no danger of that.

Mr. St. John—Give me an example of a complex sentence.
Elsworth—The man, while shingling his barn, fell on his crib.

Dago—Who is the best friend you have?
Word—An applecore.

Miss Howe (Demonstrating sound)—What would happen if I hit the table with this hammer?
Browny—There would be a hole there.

Knight—Hurry up Fred, I'm so tired I may die before we get there.
Huston—Take your time, Fred.

Cann—What's the trouble Davis?
Davis—I got hit on the head.
Cann—By accident?
Davis—No, by a ball.

Rowan—When I was a boy the doctor told me if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble minded.
Burr—Why didn't you stop?

Elsworth—Who is that queer guy over there?
Beard—Why he's my brother-in-law.
Elsworth—But I don't see any resemblance.

Mr. Perozzi—That clock will run eight days without winding.
Mr. St. John—Well, how long will it run if you wind it?

George—What plants are you familiar with?
Maxine—Mistletoe.

I hope the man who took my watch, Whoever stooped so low,
Will miss more trains than I've missed Because the thing was slow.

Erickson—Well I've got another job looking for private stills.
Sandercock—Come with me; I'll show you one. (Taking him over to Barry)
He's still a private, but hopes to be a corporal some day.

June—I'll race you and beat if you'll
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let me choose the course, and give me a yard's start.
Marguerite—I'll bet you can't. Name your course.
June—Up a ladder.

At Sophomore program.
Steiner—All ready, run up the curtain.
Heyburn—Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?

Miss Chase—Did the mosquitos trouble you very much in Africa?
Professor Brown—Yes, why they were so bad they would sit upon the logs and bark.

McMillan—One of my little pigs was sick so I gave him some sugar.
Doxsee—What for?
McMillan—For medicine of course. Haven't you heard of sugar-scented hams?

Ethel—Help! that fellow will drown; he is in water up to his ankles.
Alive—You poor simp, he couldn't drown with water to his ankles.
Ethel—Yes, but his head is down.

Sammy (at the phone)—What, you can't hear what I'm saying? Well then, repeat what you didn't hear and I'll tell you the rest.

Maxine—I just adore caviar don't you? June—I never heard him except on the phonograph.

Miss Runsey—Don't let me speak to you again.
Hodges—How can I prevent you?

Mr. St. John (discussing mythology in English)—Who is Mars?
Sandercock—He is the head usher in the theatre of war.

Mr. Carus—Cavanagh, where did you get the statement, "The people of London are noted for their stupidity?"
Cavanagh—I read somewhere that the "population of London is very dense."

Miss Jones—(in Freshman Hygiene)—How many bones have you in your body? Dorothy—208.
Miss Jones—Wrong; you only have 207.
Dorothy—Yes, but I swallowed a fish bone this morning.

Major Ray—Mac, what was all that noise in your room this morning?
Mac—I dreamt I was a duck and swam off the bed.

Sammy (complaining of work)—I have so much on my hands now that I don't know what to do.
Steiner—Try soap and water.

Major Ray (to Sandy while working off demerits)—Use more elbow grease.
Sandy—We must conserve fats now.

Miss Chase—Mead, why are you behind in your studies?
Mead—So that I may pursue them.

Broughton—Knight, move around and it will give a fine appetite.
Knight—That is just why I'm sitting still. I forgot my lunch.

A wonderful bird is the pelican,
He can hold in his beak
Enough for a week,
I don't see how he—he can.

"How was the trip over to England?" asked Bovee.
"Rough as thunder" replied Erickson.
"Did they feed you well?" asked Bovee.
"Six!" echoed Bovee.
"Yes, three down and three up."

Professor Brown—I'll say this for the great war.
Professor Carus—What's that?
Professor Brown—It didn't last long after my boy got into it.
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RESOURCES

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LIABILITIES

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<tr>
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<td><strong>$1,022,091.70</strong></td>
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Helen—A country without a man.

Mr. Brown—Do you have much trouble with your car?
Mr. Doxsee—As much as if I were married to it.

Miss Howe—Where is the Dead Sea?
Tuyle—Don’t know. Didn’t know any of them where sick.

Miss Howe—What is velocity?
Otto—Velocity is what a fellow lets go a wasp with.

(Continued from Page 46)

Art Scarlett, A.; Monterey, with Aviation Corps.
Sergey Smith, M.; at home, near Arroyo Grande.
Manuel Souza, M.; Lieutenant in Navy.
Homer Thyle, M.; working in a garage at San Francisco.
Benjamin Tognazzini, A.; at home, Cayucos.
Alta Truelove, H. A.; attending Junior College at Pomona, Calif.
Helen Van Gorden, H. A.; working in law office, San Luis Obispo.
William Wilkins, A.; at home, Chatsworth, Calif.

Class of 1918.
Edward Lee Dolch, Ag.; Pasteurizer for Imperial Co. Creamery.
Leslie Davis, M.; at home, Santa Rosa St., San Luis Obispo.
Ewart Andrews, Ag.; Attending Ore. Ag. College.
Howard Sebastian, M.; at home in Hemet, Calif.
G. W. Bott, M.; working in shipyards at Oakland.
Percy Peterson, M.; at home, Templeton.
Aileen McCabe, H. A.; attending Heald’s Business College in Santa Cruz.
Hazel True, H. A.; attending S. P. Telegraphy School, San Francisco.
Harold Stewart, Ac.; in service.
James Wickenden, Ac.; University of California.
Gertrude Day, Ac.; attending Junior College, San Luis Obispo.
Edward Holman, M.; at home San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Bertha Habert, H. A.; Nurse, Lane Hospital, San Francisco.
Manuel Souza, Ac.; in navy, at Constantinople.
Edwin Knight, Ac.; post-graduate course, C. P. S.