POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL
This issue of
The Polytechnic Journal
is
respectfully dedicated
to the
Board of Trustees
in appreciation of their efforts to better
the interests of our school
and its students
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20 OFFICERS.

JOHN BROWN .................... President
MAXINE BARNEBERG ....... Vice President
FLOYD MANKINS .............. Secretary
MARGARET BAKER ............ Treasurer
MR. NORD ....................... Counsellor

MOTTO—No wind serves him who has no destined port.

COLORS—Pink and Green.

FLOWERS—Sweet Pea and Fern.

TREE—Catalina Ironwood. (Lyonothamnos floribundus).
CLASS RECORD.

John Brown.
True, generous and proud he seldom thinks aloud.
Track, '16.
Football, '16, '17, '20.
U. S. Army, '17, '18, '19.
Polygram, '20.
President Senior Class.
Captain, '20.

Maxine Barneberg.
Easily seen and always heard.
Why aren't they all as happy as I?
President Amapola Club, '18.
Vice President Amapola Club, '19.
Journal, '18.
Treasurer Amapola Club, '20.
Vice President Senior Class.

Floyd Mankins.
His Ford is his shepherd;
He shall not walk.
Secretary and Treasurer Mechanics Association, '19, '20.
Secretary Senior Class.
Corporal, '19, '20.

Margaret Baker.
To all will lend a helping hand.
President Amapola Club, '19.
Treasurer Junior Class.
Journal Staff, '19.
Polygram, '19.
Treasurer Senior Class.

Perry Martinussen.
A fast bird with whom few can compare.
Class President, '15.
U. S. Army (Ninety-first Division), '17, '18, '19.
President Block "P," '10.
Member Athletic Committee, '20.
Captain, '20.
Marie Meinecke.
Her heart's always in the right place.
Track, '17, '18.
Tennis, '19.
Polygram Staff, '19.
Journal Staff, '19, '20.
Secretary Amapola Club, '20.

Winthrop Leishman.
A hard worker to get to college.
Vice President Mechanics Association, '20.
President Mechanics Association, '20.
Junior Red Cross Committee, '19, '20.
Corporal, '19, '20.

June Taylor.
She always inquires of lessons from others. And hers are the least of her troubles.
Secretary Sophomore Class.
Treasurer Amapola Club, '19.

Ed. Marquart.
Quiet and thoughtful, always striving for the best.
Treasurer Agricultural Association, '20.
Sergeant, '19, '20.

Elsbeth Meinecke.
Be on the square,
Work hard, play fair.
Journal Staff, '17.
Track, '18, '19.
Tennis, '19.
Junior Red Cross Committee, '20.

Claude Arnold.
Baseball is his hobby.
Baseball, '19, '20.
Lieutenant, '19, '20.

Marguerite Tognazzi.
Pleasant but of a quiet disposition, always seen and never heard.
Track, '16, '17.
Vice resident Amapola Club, '20.
Member of Girls' Athletic Committee, '19.
CLASS HISTORY.

Some of us will now have to assume the responsibilities which make us all good men and women.

At the opening of school in the fall of ’16, there appeared on the campus more than forty of the greenest and perhaps the most nervous Freshies of any class that ever entered Poly.

We had good reasons for being nervous. Before the second day, we had all received more than our share of introduction to the school. The fountain, hydrants and water-bags seemed our lot at every corner. After the first week or so, we had our sharp edges worn off and knew how to act around the noble Sophs. We held our own in athletics and other events during the year.

The following year, our class had diminished, only about twenty-five returning to start the new class of Freshies right. I think after our initiation of shower baths, in their numerous forms, to say nothing of any other form of enjoyment to which all true Freshies are deserving, they surely must have felt it a wonderful privilege to have stepped into

George Smith.
A nice young fellow to meet.
Baseball, ’18, ’19.
Secretary Junior Class.

* * *

Leland Cook.
A man’s a man for all of that.
Follow me and you’ll never be flat.
President Junior Class.
Vice President Agricultural Association, ’19.
President Agricultural Association, ’20.

* * *

Peter Boysen.
He makes light, while he studies.
Sergeant, ’18, ’20.

* * *

Paul Leishman.
A regular fellow.
Vice President Junior Class.
our "boots" of the year before. This year we did more for our class in athletics. The baseball and football teams probably would not have existed without our strong support.

As a Junior Class, although few in number, we made it a lively year for Poly. We not only set a good example for the Sophs, but also made the seniors jealous of our standing. We entertained them as we hoped the Junior Class of next year would do for us. But the year was short, as is always the case when good company is around.

We, as a Senior Class, started out with flying colors. Several of our old classmates returned from service, increasing our number to sixteen. Although we had many stumbling blocks on our way through Civics, we did manage to finish.

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**OUIJA REVEALS ALL.**

My chum and I were sitting out on the porch one evening in July, 1930. "Members of the class of '20"? she asked. "Do I!—Let's get your old ouija board and see if it will tell us what has become of the old bunch."

So we approached ouija very seriously and then began to concentrate, concentrate, C-O-N-C-E-N-T-R-A-T-E. It immediately began to move. Wonders! In low tones we asked our question.

E-l-s-b-e-t-h M-e-i-n-e-k-y-e, it spelled, is spending her vacation at Palm Beach. She is at a grand ball and is completely surrounded by men friends. Her friends include such dignified men as an English Military Marquis, about four feet, eight inches tall, who wears a tiny little mustache. The Count asks for the next waltz. Of course Elsbeth accepts the invitation even though she dislikes to dance with short people. The man who wants the next one-step is a tall, gray-haired millionaire from New York. He is old and homely but he is sure Elsbeth won't turn him down.

Leland Cook is an American History teacher at the Ward-Belmont school for girls. He has a hard time keeping order in his classes, altho he learned severe ways of keeping order from his history teacher at Poly. Mr. Cook has published a book called "Model Recitations in History," which has a large circulation.

Maxine Barneberg is running an orphans' home, a small one with sixty children, and she cares for them all herself. She works so hard and worries so much that she has lost sixty pounds. Miss Barneberg has a hard time making the mischievous youngsters behave and she uses much tact and ability in developing angelic traits.

The Leisman Brothers have a very important business and they are becoming wealthy quite rapidly. They own and manage a strictly first class beauty parlor. Ladies' manicuring a specialty. When young girls enter the shop the brothers try to outdo each other in courtesy. Wintthrop is very popular, but Paul, because of his vampish way, is even more admired.

Ed. Marquart is a movie star and is the most popular comedian on the screen. He is the Charlie Chaplin of the next generation. His appearance reminds one of Chaplin because of the big shoes, baggy trousers, and the Chaplin mustache.

June Taylor is a happy wife living on a bean ranch and dairy farm near Edna. June drives a small truck and takes the dairy products to town every morning. It is a unique sight to see June driving around San Luis in a truck with her three children sitting beside her.

Floyd Mankins, owing to his ability to talk, is a traveling salesman, his only means of transportation being a Ford. When he isn't traveling he is doing exclusive work for the Edison Phonograph Co. and he makes very fine records.

Marguerite Toggnazzi is head manager of a dancing school for boys in Nipomo. Shimmie is taught free of charge. Marguerite is an expert along this line and is so popular that people come all the way from Santa Maria to take lessons.

Peter Boysen, who every one thought was going to be an electrician, is now a rancher. He owns a goat ranch in South America. Quite frequently one sees him driving his trained team of four goats
around his farm. Boysen has become skilled in the profession of obtaining possession of other peoples' animals without the owner's knowledge.

Marie Meinecke has married a widower and lives in China. Her only enjoyment and recreation is caring for her nine step-children.

Claude Arnold once showed some tendency towards greatness but all such indications were false. He is principal of a large seminary for young ladies in Santa Margarita. Claude is the gymnasium teacher and has charge of the military work. The girls have drill four times a day because the teacher likes to teach it.

John Brown began a political career after leaving Poly. His first office was Mayor of San Luis, which he filled admirably but John had higher views. His next step was to be elected Senator. During his term as a Senator he secured by legislation the appropriation of large sums for the Polytechnic. Because of John's good work, Poly is the largest school west of the Rocky Mountains.

Perry Martinsen has invented a trans-Atlantic flyer which visits New York and Paris daily. He is head of a great company and his whole time is taken up with administrative details.

George Smith is manager of a Smith-Ringling Circus. He stands on a platform in front of the tent and announces—Bench Models, Bathing Beauties, direct from Mack-Sennet studios, clever shapes, dancers and singers.

"Can this all be true?" I asked. "To test the truthfulness of it," my eium said, "I will ask ouija what you are doing and if it corresponds with your present occupation, we will know that the revelation about the others is true."

Marguerite Baker, now very thin, is teaching school in a little country district in Shasta County. She is very strict in her discipline and the children regard her with respect not unmingled with fear. On one thing she always insists, that all her students shall show devotion to their English and be absolutely accurate in their use of language. She especially insists on oral compositions.

The ouija began to zig-zag back and then spelled out, "The class of '20 was the best, most energetic, cleverest, and most admirable class that ever attended Poly."

M. B. '20.

CLASS WILL.

We, the Senior Class of the California Polytechnic School, City of San Luis Obispo, State of California, being of unusually sound mind, memory and understanding, do make our last will and testament in the form following:

First: We, the Senior Class, will to our successors, the class of '21, our well preserved seats in History class and also our hard used books.

Second: We, the Senior Class, will to the class of '23 (better known as the Freshmen) all of the experience necessary to pull them safely through school, of which experience we are overly possessed.

Third: We, the Senior Class, request the faculty to forget our tardy marks, "goose-eggs" and uncalled for arguments, and turn their entire attention to the class of '21.

I, John Brown, gladly give my week-end trips to "Frisco" and will them, everything included, to Carl Steiner.

I, Perry Martinsen, hereby give Alfred Reymburn full charge of Company A, and will my leather "putts" to Santa Cruz.

I, George Rufus Smith, will my ability as a baseballist to Ray Tuley and my love for every girl to Fred Word.

I, Marie Meinecke, will my ability as a "vamp" to Anna Chaves, my surplus avoidapois I willingly give to Phyllis Figge, and my light colored hair goes to Ramage.

I, Peter Boysen, will my success with the girls to C. Hodel, while my unconquerable desire for spending unusually large amounts of money, I give to Jack Barnejberg.

I, June Taylor, will all of my tardy marks to Edward Olander and my "pull"

[Continued on page 11]
# IN THE LIME LIGHT

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Know As</th>
<th>Disposition</th>
<th>Hobby</th>
<th>Usually Seen With</th>
<th>Expression</th>
<th>Highest Ambition</th>
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<tr>
<td>C. Arnold</td>
<td>Slim</td>
<td>Silent</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>School teacher</td>
<td>You little pill</td>
<td>Bachelor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Baker</td>
<td>Peggy</td>
<td>Flirt</td>
<td>Collecting</td>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>Gee, kids, have you heard the latest?</td>
<td>Cabaret singer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Barneberg</td>
<td>Maggie</td>
<td>Man-hating</td>
<td>Women Suffrage</td>
<td>Mighty Smithy</td>
<td>Now, you stop</td>
<td>Matron of an orphanage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Boyum</td>
<td>Rastus</td>
<td>Business-like</td>
<td>Loafing</td>
<td>Big feet</td>
<td>Say there, Guy</td>
<td>A job he can do without working</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Brown</td>
<td>Johnny</td>
<td>Annoying</td>
<td>Hustling</td>
<td>Himself</td>
<td>Absolutely</td>
<td>A devoted father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Cook</td>
<td>Poncho</td>
<td>Very good</td>
<td>Vanity</td>
<td>Heavy bearded</td>
<td>Where's Tailey</td>
<td>Someone's boss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Leibman</td>
<td>P. E.</td>
<td>Odd</td>
<td>Chemistry</td>
<td>Prickles</td>
<td>Say-</td>
<td>Beauty specialist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Leibman</td>
<td>J. W.</td>
<td>Spooney</td>
<td>Autos</td>
<td>Eye glasses</td>
<td>Listen</td>
<td>Manager of Recreation Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Marks</td>
<td>Jim</td>
<td>Angellie</td>
<td>Smoking</td>
<td>Ford</td>
<td>Any Hop?</td>
<td>Ford mechanic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Marquart</td>
<td>Eddie</td>
<td>Pompous</td>
<td>Slang</td>
<td>A blonde</td>
<td>Say, Guy, do you appreciate good health?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Martinson</td>
<td>Perry</td>
<td>Inquisitive</td>
<td>Talking to girls</td>
<td>A clean shave</td>
<td>Well, what do</td>
<td>Policeman</td>
</tr>
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<td>E. Meincke</td>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>Speedy</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
<td>Ithaway</td>
<td>you say?</td>
<td>Crab-apple queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Meincke</td>
<td>Faith</td>
<td>Jazzy</td>
<td>Winking</td>
<td>Went</td>
<td>Oh, save me alone</td>
<td>Accomplished flirt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Smith</td>
<td>Sausy</td>
<td>Boisterous</td>
<td>Too good</td>
<td>Magpie</td>
<td>I don't know anything</td>
<td>Elevator boy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Tognetti</td>
<td>Toggle</td>
<td>Peaceful</td>
<td>Make believe</td>
<td>Mr. Saunders</td>
<td>What d'ya want?</td>
<td>Have a tall husband</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Taylor</td>
<td>Jiggs</td>
<td>Lively</td>
<td>Bluffing</td>
<td>Short skirts</td>
<td>Did you study</td>
<td>Pat lady in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>lost night?</td>
<td>a circus</td>
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</table>
I, Paul Leishman, willingly bequeath my fair complexion to Fox and advise him to continue the use of "Freckle Cream" with it.

I, Claude Arnold, realizing that the "Voice of Authority" lies within me do will and bequeath the aforesaid "Voice of Authority" to my big brother Loyal.

I, Maxine Barneberg, will my popularity with the boys to Dorothy Prewitt and my "Extra" inches in height I give to "Shorty" Howard.

I, Leland Cook, realizing that the end is near, willingly give up my silk hat to Willis West. To H. Prewitt I give my whistle, and my uniform goes to E. Olander.

Lastly: We, the Senior Class, hereby appoint the class of '22 as executors of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Senior Class, the testators, have to this our last will and testament, set our hand.

The Class of Twenty.

L. C. '20.

FACULTY 1919-1920

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M. H. CHASE, A. M. Vice Director
M. M. BLAND Secretary
R. W. RYDER, A. M. Head of Agricultural Department
F. M. WATSON, A. B. Dairy and Animal Husbandry
J. T. SAUNDERS, B. S. Agronomy
E. H. BENDEL, E. E. Head of Engineering Mechanics Department
J. G. HUDSPITH Carpentry
J. C. FIGGE Forge
J. A. VINE Machine Shop
HERMAN HEISS Drafting
E. M. WHITING, B. L. Head of Household Arts Department
B. B. HOOVER, M. S. Domestic Arts and Mathematics
B. A. WILLIAMS, B. S. Freehand Drawing and Applied Arts
B. C. WOODDELL, A. B. Household Science
M. H. CHASE, A. M. Head of Academic Department
B. M. HOWE, A. M. Science
M. L. YEARY, A. M. History, Spanish, and English
W. N. WHITLOCK, A. B. Music and General Science
W. A. NORR, A. B. Mathematics
A. K. JENKINS, Ph. B. English
L. I. RUMSEY, A. M. Librarian
F. D. DULL, L. B. Mathematics
B. M. BUTLER, A. M. English
L. O. LIVERNAH Military Science and Athletics
E. J. SADDINGTON Co-ordinator for Federal Board of Vocational Education
STAFF

Ernest Steiner '21
Editor and Art

Perry Martinga '20
Business Manager

Edmund Buell '21
Military and Athletics

Marie Meinecke '20
Literary

Carl Steiner '22
Tasha's

Winthrop LeShman '20
Senior

Dorothy Prewitt '21
Orrin Klamroth '23
Society

Freshman Organisations

Everett Weant '21
School Notes

B. A. Williams
Art Adviser

A. L. Jenkins
Adviser

M. Meinecke '21
Alumni
After a war comes peace and then the era of reconstruction. We are now in that era of reconstruction.

Everything that has been torn up or devastated by the havoc of war is being built up or repaired. Even the Governments of the various nations are trying to better themselves by the adoption of "The League of Nations," which aims to make the world a still better place to live in.

Poly also is being enlarged and fitted up in order to accommodate its ever increasing attendance of ex-service men, who have just returned from doing their part in the "War for Democracy."

Our school has been chosen, among many others, for the rehabilitation of disabled ex-service soldiers, marines and sailors, and we should be proud that it is to do this great work for "our boys," in order to give them a new start in life and make the future better for them.

The Polytechnic Journal is out again with its same old aim of trying to give a record of our school life as it has been during the past year. Also to serve as a memento in coming years, wherein one may find something of interest concerning "good old Poly" during the school year of 1919-1920.

This year it has come down to "black and white" whether or not the indispensable annual could be put out, on account of the tremendous cost of printing it. It was finally decided, after several weeks of planning and close figuring, to go at it, although it will be a close matter of coming out at the end "above board."

Although hindered by the lack of finances (as is always the case) we have endeavored to make this Journal as good or better than those of past years.

The Staff takes this opportunity to extend to the advertisers in this Journal, their sincerest thanks for their support and co-operation in helping to make this Journal possible.

They also wish to thank the office for allowing them the valuable aid of their stenographer for the typing of copy.

Mr. Jenkins, as general adviser and critic, Miss Williams, as art adviser, and Mr. Beaudel as photographer, deserve special thanks for their efforts in helping to make the Journal a creditable memento of school life.

The editor wishes publicly to thank the sub-editors for the part they played in making the Journal.

He wishes especially to thank the business manager for his untiring efforts in securing advertisements.

Editing a Journal is like poking a fire, everybody can do it better than the man with the poker.

The Staff as a whole extend their hearty wishes for success and prosperity to the Seniors who are about to leave us and go out in the world.

Also they wish the members of next year's Journal Staff every success in their undertaking.
THE VAULT.

(Awarded First Prize)

"The president and the cashier are both away," said Albert Powell, the young assistant cashier of the only bank in Pinneville. Then he went on whistling in the very joyousness of care-free youth.

Albert was the younger brother of the president, and so no fear of officials or of red tape kept down his spirit.

Just then the telephone rang. "Hello! Yes. No, Albert Powell, the assistant." He had an awful expression on his face as he listened to the voice that came over the wire.

"What's the trouble?" Miss Martin, the little stenographer, asked, when he hung up the receiver.

"Oh, nothing, not a thing, except the bank examiner is coming on the next train, and we are to stay right here and help him to look over things. Here it is nearly four o'clock. Isn't that a greenhorn's luck?" He began to straighten out the papers on his desk.

"Look at me putting the mucilage brush in the ink. I'm getting rattled already."

In spite of his carelessness, Albert was worried and confused. It was not uncommon for him to be left in charge of the bank in the afternoon, but he had never been present during a visit of an examiner, and didn't know what to expect.

A little before five o'clock, the examiner, whose name was Willard, arrived and presented his government card and signature. Albert explained that during the absence of the president and cashier, he was in charge, and they immediately started to work.

With the official's request, Albert brought out the currency, which Willard counted. There was little more than seven thousand dollars. As Willard turned away, Albert sighed and looked surreptitiously at the clock. It was after supper time and he was hungry.

"Have you had supper?" he asked the examiner, who was jotting down some figures.

"No, I'm not hungry, and I want to catch the next train out, so I'm in a hurry to finish; but you can go to supper."

"Oh, no! Albert said politely.

He could not shut the vault when the official was in charge and he could not go to supper and leave it open. But he looked less cheerful when he thought of the ledgers to be balanced, discounted, and the loans and numberless other things to be done over.

"Just bring my bag, will you?" the examiner asked.
Albert brought the bag and Willard took out his blank reports and set the bag down beside him.

"Your reserve fund is too low," the examiner said to the young assistant, as he prepared to write his report.

"Yes, it is," admitted Albert.

"Well, you'd better go down and wire Albany for twenty-five hundred.

"Oh, I can phone the message to the telegraph office," Albert said.

Sitting down at his desk, he picked up the telephone and gave the number of the telegraph office. Then he jotted down the message on a piece of paper. His back was turned to Willard and Miss Martin. The examiner stood making his report by the pile of currency. Miss Martin was directly behind him at another desk, with her back toward him.

There was nothing for her to do for a moment and she seized the opportunity to adjust her hair. Pulling out her little "vanity case," she opened it noiselessly. As she raised the little mirror in front of her face, she suddenly stopped all motion and stared into the glass as if she was petrified. Then, with a startled movement, she lowered the mirror hurriedly, replaced it in the case and bent over her work. From behind her came the steady rattle of papers. Albert was giving his message over the wire.

Miss Martin's hands shook visibly as she bent over her work. When Albert at last hung up the receiver, she seized a deposit slip and began to write rapidly. Albert sauntered over to the examiner.

"You can put the cash back now," Willard suggested. He was still working on his report. Albert carried the bundles of currency into the vault.

"Will you help me a minute, Mr. Powell?" Miss Martin asked, when he came out.

Albert looked at the girl and the careless expression on his face vanished. She was deathly white.

He thought that she was tired out, and opened his lips to tell her to go home, but the queer look in her eyes puzzled him, and he stopped besides her in silence. With a glance over her shoulder she shoved the deposit slip before him.

"He put money in his bag," Albert read. The young cashier crumpled the paper and put it into his pocket.

"You have that all right, Miss Martin, he said calmly, although his heart seemed to be climbing into his mouth.

He tried to steady himself and to think connectedly. Of course the girl might be mistaken, yet—he thought of the revolver in the desk where Willard was working. He scribbled hastily on a piece of paper.

"Call him to help you," the message read.

Albert crossed to the desk where the examiner was working. A rubber band snapped, and the boy seized the chance of opening the drawer for another. He hurriedly glanced over the rubber bands, stamps and other articles in the drawer. The revolver was not there! Albert stood still in dazed uncertainty. He was positive that he had put the revolver in that drawer. In his absorption he dropped the rubber into the waste basket. Both he and Willard bent to get it, but the official was quicker, and came up holding the band.

"My fingers are all thumbs today," Albert said with a laugh.

"Will you please show me about this?" asked Miss Martin.

Willard turned his back and Albert again searched the drawer. He opened the other drawer. The revolver was not there. Albert stood still, thinking nervously until Willard came back.

"Do you count the silver next?" he inquired.

"Yes. Is there much of it?"


"Perhaps we had better count it in the vault, then. It will save time."

He picked up his blank reports and started for the vault. As Albert followed along behind, humming carelessly, he made a quick gesture to Miss Martin. She left the desk and crossed toward the directors' room.

"It's down below there," he directed.
Willard knelt before the safe. "You are the youngest man I have ever found in sole charge of a bank," he remarked. "Don't you think you're pretty young to shoulder so much responsibility?"

"Time will tell," Albert replied modestly, with a nervous glance over his shoulder. He stepped a little to one side, and apparently by accident bumped into the kneeling examiner.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "This vault is so small and my legs are so long that I cannot find room for them."

With that explanation, he moved back to the open door of the vault. Immediately it swung gently round, impelled by the trembling hands of the stenographer. Albert felt the movement of the door behind him, and his heart beat suffocatingly. He put his hands behind to gauge the progress of the door. As he did so the examiner rose to his feet. Albert stepped back precipitately and stopped the slow journey of the ponderous door.

As Willard passed out into the cashier's room, he glanced sharply round the door at the flushed face of the stenographer. "I guess I'll count the silver out here," he said, "It's too close in the vault. Bring it out, will you?"

Albert hesitated. He wasn't going to give him a chance to shut him in the vault. Neither was he going to leave Miss Martin alone with him.

"Bring out the silver," he said to Miss Martin, as he pretended to be busy with the books and papers.

Willard counted the silver and Miss Martin returned it to the vault again.

Albert sat down at the telephone and called central. Willard looked around sharply.

"I'm going to have a bite to eat," Albert remarked casually. "Give me Whitney's hotel," he said to the operator. "Hello! Whitney! Oh, this is you, James? Well, say. I'm stranded at the bank without a bite and I want you to bring me up some lunch. And, say, you remember the other day when we were out fishing—the winnie I swiped out of your pocket? Well, put in one like that. And say, bring back my sweater. There's some stuff in the pockets I want. And hustle up."

James Whitney, who was Albert's chum, hung up the receiver and sat staring at it. He didn't know what to make of Albert's extraordinary request. The "winnie" referred to was a six-shooter. What is Albert doing at the bank without supper, anyway, and what did he mean about his sweater? Suddenly a suspicion came to him and he dashed for the kitchen. After piling the food into a basket he ran upstairs and put on his sweater. Then he hurried up the street to the bank and he pounded on the door noisily, as he often did when making a friendly call. The door opened and he faced Willard.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" James said, "I supposed Albert was alone."

"Come in, James! What'd you bring?"

Willard took the cover from the basket and glanced at its contents.

"Does look good," he remarked, as he helped himself to a piece of pie and passed the basket to Miss Martin. "I don't see the sausage, though."

Albert laughed. "This is it," he explained, taking out a bottle of coffee. Albert sat down and soon disposed of the bread, meat, doughnuts and pie.

When Albert finished eating, James took off his sweater and handed it to his friend. Albert slipped it on and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I'm much obliged for your returning it," he replied.

James noticed that Albert seemed nervous and that he hardly took his eyes off the examiner. James went through a back door with the basket. In the hallway he stopped at an unused stairway that opened off the hall, and sat down to wait.

For a long time there was silence in the bank. Then Willard closed his bag and lighted a cigar. He looked at the clock and then at the vault.

As he picked up his bag a wave of desperation swept over Albert. He could not let that bag leave the bank!

"Mr. Willard," he said hesitatingly, "I'm a new man and if I make any mis-
take I hope you'll understand that I'm only doing my duty.'"

Willard looked at him curiously. "I think you're doing very well for a young man."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd like to look in your bag."

He expected to hear Willard protest violently; but he opened the bag and stepped back. Albert scanned the papers over and stepped back, looking as white as marble. He stared at Willard. There was no currency in the bag!

"It strikes me that you need a few lessons in manners," Willard said deliberately. "Instead of an examiner, I seem to be the examined. I shall not be likely to forget this bank."

"Mr. Willard," he said, "you will pardon me if I seem stupid and suspicious, but if everything is all right, you certainly can have no objections to my searching you?"

Willard looked astonished, but replied calmly enough: "Not the least objection, although I've been in banks where I was treated with greater courtesy."

He took a revolver from his pocket, laid it on the desk, and then took off his coat and vest, turned the pockets wrong side out and handed each garment to Albert. Finally he emptied the pockets of his trousers. He opened the bag again and Albert searched it. There was nothing in it except papers and clothing.

"I beg your pardon again!" Albert stammered finally. "I was mistaken. We all make mistakes at times."

"Some of us quite often." Willard replied with a short laugh as he picked up his bag and went out.

Miss Martin, much chagrined at having caused Albert so much trouble through her mistake, put on her hat and coat and went home. Albert went back to the vault, found his magnifying glass, and again examined the currency. The train whistled, rushed into the station and departed. Albert went through package after package of bills. Then he laid down the magnifying glass and stood staring at the piles of bills. There was no longer any doubt. Every one of the bills was counterfeit. He came out of the vault and staring a long time in space. To Albert Powell, working for one hundred dollars a month, seven thousand dollars seemed a great deal of money.

After a time he rose and examined every drawer in the three desks. He went into the directors' room and searched desk, bookcases, pictures, and the closet. He found nothing. Returning to the cashier's room, he looked around thoughtfully. He crossed the room to the waste basket and turned it upside down. Leaning forward, he gasped in astonishment. The seven thousand was in the bottom of the basket!

With pounding heart, he carried it to the safe, which he then locked. He swung the vault door shut but did not lock it. He did not think to call for anyone. This was his affair and he would see it through alone.

Half an hour passed. The village was all quiet and most of the lights were out; but in the bank they were still burning, as they always did at night. Suddenly Albert heard a scraping sound from the rear entrance. Someone was sawing the lock of the back door. "Albert slipped into the director's room.

In a few minutes, the door opened noiselessly and soft foot-falls came towards the cashier's room. With one hand in his pocket, Albert crept from his hiding place. Willard was kneeling by the waste basket.

"Hands up!"

Willard jumped up and started for his revolver but stopped at the sight of the revolver that Albert held pointed at his heart. It was the "winnie" that James had brought in the pocket of his sweater. The bogus bank examiner put up his hands slowly.

"Turn your back," Albert commanded.

"Now walk over to the vault and open it." With the gun he drove the captive into the rear of the vault. When he closed and bolted the door, he had out his handkerchief and dried his perspiring face.

"My, but it's hot!" he exclaimed in a relieved tone.

Alma Tognazzi.
A GREAT BIG CHANCE.
(Awarded Second Prize.)

Lieutenant Robert Carson stood in the hangars mentally going over the morning's work. "Well, the old boat ought to run like an Elgin, now," he said half aloud. " Gee! but there sure is a lot of difference between the temperature of Douglas, Arizona, and foggy Frisco."

"Now, do you really think so?" asked a voice from behind, sarcastically.

Bob turned. "Yes, I do," he answered, laughing. It was his pal, Lieutenant Jack Wade. "But say, I thought you were going to Nogales this morning."

"So I was," Jack replied, "but I just saw Colonel Welch and he told me to hunt you up and both report at headquarters. I think there is to be some action at last."

Bob hoped so too, and as soon as he had washed his hands they set off for the Colonel's headquarters, where they found him talking earnestly to a gentleman in civilian clothes.

The Colonel wasted no time. "Boys," he said, "this is my friend, Mr. Dale. He has just received a telegram from Casita, in Chihuahua, which says that his brother and niece have fled to the mountains to escape the notorious Dolores, a bandit of ill repute, who is after the daughter. You boys are to follow the Sierra Madres in your planes and land at Mt. Paloma where they will be waiting for you. Provisions are being put in your planes now and a chart in your machine, Lieutenant Carson. It will be easy to locate Mt. Paloma for it is an extinct volcano and its crater is filled with water, forming a lake over a mile in diameter.

The boys found everything ready and soon they were flying steadily southward over the grey mountains. Bob, who had the map, took the lead and about four o'clock he began to scan the mountains for a lake. It was fifteen minutes before he caught sight of it, nestled in the green trees like a diamond in a piece of velvet. He succeeded in landing on a grassy slope just east of the lake. Jack followed closely, running his plane along side of Bob's.

"Well, here we are," said Jack, cheerfully. "I suppose we might as well wait for Dale and his daughter."

He had scarcely spoken when two khaki clad persons came dashing down the slope. Mr. Dale proved to be a man of about fifty and his daughter not more than twenty. Bob thought that she was the prettiest girl he had ever set eyes on.

"I suppose you and army men sent by my brother to assist us in getting out of Mexico. My name is Dale and this is my daughter Louise. Louise acknowledged the introduction with a smile that worked riot in Bob's heart.

"My name is Robert Carson and this is my friend Jack Wade," he said, "Bob and Jack."

The men concealed the planes in the trees at the edge of the slope and Dale led the way to a cabin, which was quite close to the planes and stood in a narrow clearing—so narrow in fact that the boys had not seen it from the planes. Bob did not like it and frankly said so.

"We could not ward off an attack at such close quarters," he said. "As soon as supper is eaten we had better throw up a camp along the lake."

Louise agreed with Bob. "I told dad the very same thing, but he thinks there is no chance of an attack."

Dale agreed that they were right; so after supper the camp was moved to the edge of the lake. Bob noticed that there was an abundance of food and ammunition. There was a canoe on the lake and two burros that the Dales had used to pack the provisions up the mountain side. Louise told Bob that they had to turn the horses loose and use the burros.

They barely got the camp pitched by dark and, when everything was ready for the night, they gathered around the fire that Louise had built. The boys asked Dale to tell how he and Louise had given Dolores the slip.

"The story is not a long one," was Dale's reply. "I had been told that the greaser was mad about Louise, but I
didn't think there was any danger as my man, Jim, always rode with her. The day before yesterday, Jim, who had been to Casita, rushed in and said that he had overheard Dolores planning to kidnap Louise by force that same night and, as my Mexican help could not be depended on, we struck out for the mountains. Jim and my foreman, Arnold, planned to stay in the house and make Dolores believe that we were there and would put up a fight. When the bandits rushed the house, they would sneak out the cellar door and jump on the horses, which were to be ready also, and ride away toward Casita. Jim was to be dressed like a girl so that the greasers would take after them. This would give us a chance to get a good start and if the boys succeeded in reaching Casita they could telegraph for help. Whether or not, Dolores found out his mistake, I do not know, but I see that Jim and Arnold succeeded. Well, I guess we had better turn in now. Also divide the night into three watches."

It was decided that Dale should take the first watch, Bob the second, and Jack the third.

All went well until the middle of Jack's watch. He was strolling a short distance from camp when he thought he heard a noise in the direction of the cabin. The moon was shining bright and it was nearing dawn. He could see the smoke from the cabin fire curling lazily into the sky. It had been his plan to leave the fire burning in the cabin so that Dolores might think that they were peacefully sleeping, should he happen to creep up during the night. Again Jack heard a commotion. Suddenly the moonlight dimmed. Jack looked up; the column of smoke had increased in volume to a good sized cloud. A flame lit the air at the same time and Jack made a dash for the camp, awakening the two men. "Someone has fired the cabin and now the whole mountain side is ablaze," he cried. "Hear them shoot."

Bob awoke with a start. "My God! The planes, Jack. The fire is headed that way."

Both boys reached the clearing at the same time but they were too late. Where the planes were hidden the trees were all ablaze. A dull boom greeted their ears, quickly followed by a second explosion.

"There the tanks go, now," Bob yelled hoarsely above the crackling of the burning trees. "Come, let's get back to camp before the fire cuts us off."

It was growing quite light now and they found Dale and Louise throwing provisions into the canoe and onto the two burros.

"Louise will paddle the canoe to the outlet of the lake at the other end and our only hope is to get the burros around there," Dale told them hurriedly. "Here, each one of you take a burro and I will handle this pack."

By this time Louise was paddling toward the stream and Bob started through the brush, followed by Jack and Dale. Bob began to doubt whether they could make it for the brush was terribly dense in places. Once Dale had to help him clear a place to get through. They probably would have been forced to jump into the lake and swim for it had they not run into a trail which followed the shore.

They reached the stream and dragged the burros in with them. Bob relieved Louise of the task of holding the heavily laden canoe against the swift current, and she refreshed her face with water. They all did for that matter, for the fire was burning on both sides of the stream.

"I wonder what has become of those fellows that started this bonfire," said Bob to Louise. "I heard some awful yelling on the way here from the camp."

"The poor fools ought to have known that they could not burn the cabin without setting the whole mountain on fire," she replied. "I almost find it in my heart to wish that that horrible Dolores was burned to a cinder. It makes me shudder to think what would have happened, had we stayed in the cabin," and she did shudder a little at the thought.

Bob laughed. "I guess we are due to walk cut of Mexico," he remarked, disgustedly. "The planes are just skeletons now."

The fire began to die down almost as steadily as it had started on account of
the queer way in which the vegetation grew. There was a rocky rim all around the mountain about halfway down and there was so little soil on it that nothing grew on it except where the stream had worn it down.

Having plenty of provisions and ammunition the party decided to move to the north and try to reach the border. They packed the provisions that were in the canoe onto the burros and both Bob and Jack carried a good sized pack.

For four days they traveled north without a sight or sign of Dolores and his men. About noon on the fifth day they entered a narrow, box-like canyon and were on the point of stopping and eating when a rifle report rang out followed by a volley from in front. Bob, who was in the lead, threw up his arms and would have fallen had not Jack rushed forward and caught him. He pulled him into some bushes behind a large boulder. Dale and Louise dragged the burros in after them and narrowly escaped being hit by the shower that came from the front.

Louise dropped beside Bob and ripping his shirt open, found that he had received a bullet in the left shoulder. She washed the blood away and Jack helped her dress the wound.

Dale, who had been scouting now returned. "It's Dolores and his men, all right," he said smoothly, "and there are fifteen or twenty of them sneaking up the ravine. How about it, Bob? Do you think we had better retreat or stand our ground? They can't get behind us but they can get above and make it hot for us."

"Let's have it over with, now," was Bob's answer. "We'll have to fight, anyway, and I don't feel like moving back. I can use my automatic."

His words were followed by a volley of whistling bullets. Dale's hat fell to the ground. He had incautiously raised his head above the rock and the Mexicans had all shot at the same time. Dale and Jack poked their guns through the bushes and fired almost simultaneously. They evidently hit what they shot at for the bandits sent up a furious yell.

Louise helped Bob to his feet, which were a little unsteady, and he began using his automatic with good effect. Several of the Mexicans attempted to get up on the rocky ledges above, but each time Dale's little rifle spurted fire and the would-be snipers fell back dead or badly wounded. They were, however, gradually getting nearer down below and things began to look bad for the four behind the boulder. One bold Mexican had succeeded in reaching a ledge almost directly above them and one of his bullets had grazed Dale's cheek. Jack was in the act of aiming at the fellow when a familiar crack! crack! sounded from the opposite side of the narrow ravine and Jack, who was looking up the sights of his army rifle, saw the sniper jump into the air and fall back.

"Those were army rifles or I was never in the service," he declared. "Look!" he cried again, and following his gaze they caught sight of four khaki clad figures on one of the ledges above.

The Mexicans had also seen them and were in a panic. The rifles above poured bullets into them as they tried to escape and reach their horses, and few got out alive.

The firing ceased gradually and those above started to climb down. Bob declared that they were American aviators and his statement proved to be correct for they were four men from Douglas.

Lieutenant Blake, one of the men, explained that they were sent out to search for them when they did not return and, as one of the planes was out of order, they were forced to land in a place up the canyon, where the creek bed widened. They had heard the shooting, climbed the side of the canyon, and, when they saw how things stood, had done their duty.

The party started for the planes at once, Louise and Jack helping Bob who was rather unsteady now that the nervous strain was over. The dead Mexicans were strewn all around, Dolores among them. Dale pointed him out and, passing on, told them the story of his adventurous life.

Bob, Jack, and Louise brought up the rear. Bob slipped his arm around Louise
and drew her to him. "I'm just wild about you, girlie," he said softly, tell me; is there any chance for me?"

Louise looked on the other side for Jack. He was gone. She looked up into his eager, grey eyes. "A great big chance," she said slyly.

Orrin Klamroth.

MIRANDA.
(Awarded Third Prize.)

"Things are getting mighty tiresome around here," said Miranda to her bashful admirer, Silas. They were walking from the barn to the house after having completed the morning task of feeding the live stock.

"The country life may be all right in its place," continued Mandy, "but not for me. I've stood it long enough. I will sure be glad when dad goes to town next month after provisions for I am going too."

Silas listened with interest but did not know what to say in response. He had heard the tale of woe many times and often he would have liked to reconcile Miranda to her lot in the country, but always his shyness interfered.

He listened in silence but needless to say felt a pang of regret upon hearing the unkind words.

Miranda had never been away from her country home. Her parents were old fashioned about taking her out and away from the farm.

The Perkins' home was in the mountains, the distance of two days' journey to the nearest town, providing the team of horses making the trip were good travelers, and few stops were made.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, the mother and father, little brother Willie and Mandy herself. Silas, the hired man had been with the family so long that he was almost considered one of them. In fact it seemed to be the general understanding that sooner or later, he would be one of them. This was to be brought about by his marriage to Miranda which had never yet been openly discussed. Silas was too bashful to mention it. Ma and Pa Perkins did not like to take the initiative and Mandy herself, though often out of patience with Silas, observed the old convention and remained silent.

Mandy turned to open the gate on the eventful morning following her conversation with Silas. Suddenly she noticed something big and black appear down the road. She did not run to notify the rest of the family, as most shy country girls would have done, but instead, sat down by the milk bucket to watch it.

As it drew nearer, she distinguished it to be a vehicle moving without the use of horses or oxen. It was an automobile, the first Mandy had ever seen.

Presently a banging sound came forth from one of the wheels. With this the car stopped and several people alighted. They all seemed very much concerned. Suddenly Miranda realized that one of the men was coming toward her. Again she showed her independence by not running away, but instead walking out to meet the stranger.

"Have you a pump we could use? Ours is lost," were the words spoken by the stranger.

Mandy reflected, then answered. "Why, sure we have; come on and I'll get it for you." She led to the old well and began taking off the Duglas pump.

"This is just the thing. It has been here ever since Grandpa Perkins brought it across the Rocky Mountains and it won't fail us now."

With this remark, Mandy called to little Willie to bring a pipe wrench. The man could not see how the pipe wrench could have any connection with his need, but the faintest hope was encouraging. The hope was soon sattered for Willie called back that the wrench could not be found.

"My dear young lady, you do not seem to understand the situation. It is a tire pump we require."

[Continued on page 34]
FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of Oct. 10, 1919, the annual reception given in honor of the new students was held in the assembly hall of the Administration building.

As a convenient means of becoming acquainted, each person was tagged; also each member of the upper classes drew the name of a Freshman, whom it was his duty to introduce to at least five people during the evening.

The program was opened by speeches of welcome by Mr. Ryder and the class presidents. Helen Louis then rendered a piano solo.

The rest of the evening was devoted to a track meet and dancing. At eleven the blinking of the lights gave warning that the hours of enjoyment were over.

TRUCK RIDE.

Nearly all the girls of the Polytechnic enjoyed a truck ride to Paso Robles to attend the football game between Poly and Paso Robles High School.

On the way home they stopped at Atascadero lake for a lunch of sandwiches, pickles, cake, cookies and fruit. The remainder of the ride home was made by moonlight.

AMAPOLA PARTY.

On Friday evening, Nov. 15, 1919, at the Amapola Club's party, everyone enjoyed himself.

Presents were given to everyone, including Flugger, who got a long sleep down in the Chemistry laboratory.

The whole crowd were provided with popcorn balls, apples and stockings full of candy and nuts.

THE DORM DANCE.

On Friday night, Dec. 5, 1919, the Dorm boys were hosts to their girl friends at the "Dorm Dance."

The dancing was started at 8:30 and by permission of Major Livernash and chaperones, lasted until midnight when all disbanded after having had a very enjoyable time.

FRESHMAN DANCE.

On the evening of January 20, 1920, was pleasantly spent by the students of the school at a dance given by the Freshmen at the Dining Hall. At the usual hour, the dance ended and all present decided that the Freshmen were ideal entertainers.

MECHANICS' DANCE.

On the evening of April 30, 1920, the dining hall was converted into a ball room.
and the Polytechnic students were transformed into overall lads and bungalow apron lassies. The success of the dance assured the hosts that everyone enjoyed himself.

**FRESHMAN DANCE.**

The Polytechnic students enjoyed a very pleasant evening in dancing on May 7th. The Freshmen class entertained the school on this particular evening with a Masquerade party. There were varied costumes, which make the old familiar dining hall appear a true ballroom. Brown’s orchestra furnished excellent dance music.

**KELVIN CLUB.**

The Kelvin Club entertained its new members with a barbecue Tuesday evening. Twenty-six members and associate members assembled under the sycamores of a little dell in Pettit’s canyon.

After a very pleasant evening the revel broke up with the new members declaring the old ones to be royal entertainers.

On the evening of the eighteenth of November, the Kelvin Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Figge. The evening was pleasantly spent in listening to a musical program. Light refreshments were served, then everyone went home, declaring Mr. and Mrs. Figge very good entertainers.

The Kelvin Club spent a very pleasant evening with Miss Margaret Chase at the Foxen Apartments.

The regular business meeting was followed by a Christmas tree, Santa Claus and real candy and presents.

The party broke up with the guests declaring Miss Chase the best of entertainers.

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The Kelvin Club spent a very pleasant evening Tuesday, Jan 13, 1920, at the home of Mrs. Bland.

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The Kelvin Club met Jan. 20, with Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock. Mr. Saunders gave a very interesting talk on landscape architecture.

The meeting closed with songs by the whole club.

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The Kelvin Club met on Tuesday, February 17, 1920, at the home of Miss Chase at the Foxen Apartments.

The Music Study Club were guests of the faculty.

The entertainment was followed by delicious refreshments and the departing guests voted the meeting a great success and all their maladies banished by music.

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The regular meeting of the Kelvin Club was held Tuesday evening, March 2, 1920, at the home of Miss Whiting with Miss Howe and Miss Rumsey as hostesses.

The members of the faculty had a most enjoyable evening.

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On Tuesday evening, March 16, 1920, Kelvin Club was entertained by Mr. Benedel, Mr. H. Hudspith and Mr. Hess at the home of Miss Whiting. Delicious refreshments were served and the guests departed agreeing that the hosts of the evening were excellent entertainers.

**• • •**

The Kelvin Club met Tuesday evening, April 13, 1920, at the home of Mr. Nord. Mr. Watson read a very interesting paper on “vitamines” in the milk. The new teachers were initiated. The guests had a very enjoyable time.
During our summer vacation the three main buildings and the Dormitory were thoroughly renovated. The buildings were replastered, retinted, and the woodwork repainted. The Dormitory was only retinted and painted. All of the lighting and laboratory fixtures gone over and new ones secured whenever necessary. The office was made larger and more convenient. We are not so crowded on registration days any more.

In our faculty this year, we have quite a number of new teachers. Mr. Yeary, from Los Angeles, in Mr. Caras's place.

Mr. Whittle, head of the music department, is from Excelsior Union School at Norwalk; Miss Woodell from Santa Monica; Mr. Watson, from Honolulu; Mr. Nord, from Santa Ana; Mr. Hess from Los Angeles; L. O. Liver bash, from Palo Alto; Mr. Bendel from San Francisco; Mr. Jenkins, from Redondo. Mr. Levers, one of the office force, left to take up the duties of chief accountant for the State Department of Agriculture at Sacramento.

October twenty-fourth we decided that we needed a yell leader. Mathison was elected Yell Leader and as assistants, Gruenwald and Gardner.

On November twelfth, the Red Cross question came up. We decided that we should have a part in the Red Cross work for the year and a committee was appointed to take up the work.

Poly took part in the Armistice Day parade, November eleventh. The battalion marched with their rifles. We also had two floats in the parade. One float represented the Dawn of Peace. It was escorted by six boys in uniform. The other float represented the soldiers and sailors stacking arms after their victorious return and taking up their duties once more.

Miss Chase went to Berkeley to see the Stanford-California football game. She gave a very interesting report of the game when she returned.

The long looked for uniforms arrived in December. They made a marked improvement in the appearance of the battalion.

The second semester began February second. The morning was devoted to registering, and the regular classes were resumed in the afternoon.

Arrangements were made for an indoor basketball court at the Women's Civic Auditorium. Most of the equipment needed was made here at school. We now have a good court where we can play our games and have a larger schedule. Games can be played there evenings.

The first rivalry between the High School and Poly was shown when the school letters were placed on the hillsides. At first, the High School placed their letters on many hills surrounding the
town. This aroused the Poly boys’ school spirit. The following night, the letters were changed to the letter “P.” The night after this, the High School girls, dressed up as boys, made an “H” out of the “P.” A few of our boys went to the rescue. After reaching the “P,” they found the mischief makers to be girls. The High School boys had shown a “yellow streak,” so the girls were going to “Keep the Home Fires Burning.” On approaching the “P,” our boys were received with a volley of rocks. To show the manners of the Poly boys, they marched away as happy as ever.

When morning came, the “H” was noticed in place of the “P.” After swallowing some breakfast, some of the Poly boys went up and changed the “H” to a “P.” It was changed before the people of the town had an opportunity to notice the “H.” That was the last attempt made to deform the “P.”

The fifth period of March 3rd, Dr. G. W. James, who has been in Europe working for the welfare of the animals used in the war, spoke to the assembly on the part dogs, cats, and horses had played in the war, and the intelligence they displayed while in service. His lecture was accompanied by slides from photographs he took while across the water. He sprinkled his lecture with spicy witticisms and made a very interesting talk.

The Boys’ Glee Club was organized about this time under the direction of Mr. Whitlock. The Club proved to be a success and a number of good singers were discovered.

The Red Cross committee announced their program for the year. They sold ice cream at noon, and secured the El Monterey theatre for March tenth. Some Red Cross pictures were shown, the proceeds of which went to the Red Cross.

This year on rainy days, Mr. Ryder gave lectures on physiology, anatomy and hygiene to the boys. His lectures were illustrated with a manikin. He took up the causes of disease, how communicated, methods of prevention, etc.

The Poly had quite an epidemic of mumps, small pox and tonsilitis. The Dormitory boys were hit hardest as nearly everybody caught the diseases. It was necessary to have two nurses for nearly three months. The doctors finally decided that what they had thought was chicken pox was smallpox and that vaccination was necessary. They brought the doctor over who vaccinated the entire school. The epidemic passed off after the vaccination.

The Forge shop is being enlarged. A number of new forges and ventilator fans are being added. The carpentry shop has also been changed to accommodate more students. The Federal Board of Vocational Guidance is sending a number of ex-service men here for training. The machine shop is also planning some changes in equipment to accommodate the Federal Board boys.

The Amapola Club play, “The Voice of Authority,” was cleverly presented Friday evening, April 16, by the Polytechnic girls. Besides the play, the Orchestra, Boys’ and Girls’ Glee Clubs and girls’ gymnasium filled out the program.

Mr. Bendel, the mechanics teacher, was elected to membership in the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. This is a society that includes among its members practically all of the great electrical engineers in America.

Mr. Hudspith quietly left us on Friday afternoon for Oakland where he married Mrs. Long. Their home was built by students under the instruction of the groom.

Several changes are being made in the Science Hall. The mechanical drawing room will be moved to the south end of the building and the free hand drawing room will take its place.

A commercial department will be opened for the benefit of the ex-service men. If five parents desiring their children to take commercial work will send a statement to this effect to the Director, this course will be installed next year. This department will occupy the present drawing room.

Major Livermash, our athletic coach and

[Continued on page 45]
JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES
JUNIOR CLASS.

Now we find ourselves nearing the end of our junior year. Our next task is to become those "up and doing" Seniors so that we can guide all the little "freshies" safely through their first year and get them started right, as we were helped when we started in 1917.

In our Freshman year, we gave several dances and social functions which were decided successes. Our class athletes won many honors for us and at the end of the year we were awarded the Athletic Cup. So our Freshman year passed with joy on our part as we didn't like to be called by the name of "freshies" any longer.

Our Sophomore year proved more interesting as we were then in the position where we could have the fun of initiating the Freshmen. Members of our class lent much support to the school's baseball, football and basketball teams, helping in this way to keep up Poly's high standard in athletics. We also showed our talents as entertainers when we took charge of an assembly.

In the fall of 1919, we entered Poly as Juniors and have held up our honors of previous years.

This year has rolled away too quickly and next year we shall have reached our highest aim at Poly. We will be Seniors.

Our class officers for 1919-20 were:

President—John Camm.
Vice President—Lois Walker.
Secretary—Cecile Bello.
Treasurer, Helen Louis.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

We, the class of '22, entered Poly in the fall of the year 1918, with a large enrollment. We soon had a meeting and elected Stedman Barry president, Cecil Dempsey vice president, Evelyn Schlosser secretary and Dorothy Cook treasurer.

Our class was well represented in all the school activities, some of which were: The defeating of the upper classmen in volley ball, the Freshmen Assembly, and the defeating of the Juniors and Seniors at basketball by the Freshmen boys. 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. Thus our Freshmen year passed, and we all looked forward to the time when, as "dignified" Sophomores, we could repay some of the laughter we took while we were still green.

Although our Sophomore year opened with a few less in number, it has proved to be a more "jazzy" class. We opened the year with a dance, which was a decided success. The Sophomore Assembly was very much appreciated on account of its originality. In reply to a Freshmen stunt, the Sophomore girls challenged the said Freshmen girls to a game of basketball. Although the Freshmen tried very hard, the Sophomores won, with a score of 45 to 6.

Now at the end of the year, we are all looking forward to our next year, and hope that we will all return. The class officers for 1919-1920 are President, Warren Sandeurope; Vice President, Aiden Davis; Secretary, Ethel Van Groden; Treasurer, Dorothy Cook.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

When Poly opened in October, sixty-five new students were enrolled, of which only eleven were girls.

On the first Friday after school opened, the Freshmen were given a hearty reception and welcome. They were introduced to each other and played many games.

The girls and boys have taken an active part in the athletics this year. Indeed, many of the Freshmen have become stars. The girls played a game of basketball with the Sophomore girls and put up a good fight.

They have also taken an active part in the social functions of the school, giving a dance in February and a masquerade dance in May.

Officers of 1919-1920 were:

Charles Potter—President.
Carl Gill—Vice President.
Marjorie Andrews—Secretary.
Ben Hicks—Treasurer.
THE POLYGRAM.

During the past school year, the editor of the Polygram has made every effort to bring before the students of this institution the activities and latest news of the school. It has been impossible at times to be punctual with the paper but if the students were fully acquainted with the difficulties which sometimes arise, I am sure that they would be lenient with the Editor.

At the beginning of the year, Mr. Murray Kerr was appointed editor of the Polygram. After discussing the form of the paper, the staff unanimously agreed that it would be advisable to increase the size of the paper. Consequently the paper this year has run fifty per cent more space than it had last year.

Under the supervision of Mr. Jenkins, the paper has made fine progress. Mr. Kerr left school on December 10, and the present editor was appointed.

In speaking of the staff, the editor wishes to say that they have worked hard to make the Polygram a success. The editor greatly appreciates the hearty support and close co-operation of the members of the staff, and he is sure that they will join him in wishing their successors the best of good luck in the publication of the Polygram for the coming school year.

Editorial Staff for 1919-20.

John J. Brown—Editor.
Dorothy Prewitt—Associate Editor.
Perry Martens—Sport Editor.
Margaret Meinecke—Social Editor.
Cecile Bello—School Notes.
Helen Louis—School Notes.
Samuel Wright—Assemblies.
Phyllis Figge—Exchange Editor.
Loyal Arnold—Exchange Editor.
Mr. A. K. Jenkins—Advisor.

THE ENGINEERING-MECHANICS ASSOCIATION.

The Engineering-Mechanics Association was organized during the school year 1913-14 under the Mechanics Department.

The membership consisted of Junior and Senior mechanics, but in the last two years the gates have been thrown open to the Sophomore mechanics and those students taking advanced academic work.

The purpose of the Association is to unite the students under a centralized head, and to obtain information as to the
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION

Mechanical problems of the present day.

The student belonging to such an association becomes familiar with problems that he otherwise would not come in contact with in the earlier part of his life. Speakers are obtained at various times who give interesting talks concerning their work along mechanical lines. Trips are taken to places of interest, such as electric power plants, pumping stations, and iron works. Social functions are also given under the auspices of the Association.

The year 1919-20 has been a successful year for the Association. Here's to 1920-21.

Officers—1919-20.
President—George R. Smith.
Vice President—J. W. Leisman.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. D. Mankins.
Chairman Program Committee—J. Brown.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

The California Polytechnic School Agricultural Association, organized in 1916 and reorganized under a new constitution on December 11th, 1916, has as its object to stimulate interest in scientific agriculture, and to broaden the viewpoint of its members in regard to rural problems.

Any student enrolled in the Agricultural Department (excluding freshmen of the first semester) having attained an average of above 77 1/2 percent is eligible for membership. Any student enrolled in one or more agricultural subjects or preparing to enter an agricultural college, or for the profession of agricultural engineering, is eligible for associate membership. Associate members cannot propose motions, have a vote, or hold office; otherwise they are subject to all the provisions regarding regular members.

The work of the Agricultural Association has always been worthy of praise. It has attracted much attention by organizing, in the successive years since its organization, contest clubs, mostly pig feeding clubs, in which any boy might hold membership. The Association has obtained many noted agriculturists to speak at its meetings. Occasionally slides pertaining to agricultural subjects have been shown. An effort has been made to
visit all points of agricultural interest in this vicinity. The Agricultural Association has also given as many social functions as its means permit.

This body now has a membership of eight students. Its chief endeavor this year is the Pig Club of 1920. Their efforts in this line have thus far met with good success.

PIG CLUB.

The Pig Club of 1920 was started early in the year. February first it began a pig feeding contest under the care of the following members: Leland Cook, Eugene Van Schatek, Ray Tuley, Ross McMillan, Alfred Ferrini, Harry Ditmas and Truman Ahlf.

Each boy started with two pure-bred pigs about eight weeks old of either Berkshire or Poland-China breeds. These pigs will be fed for 120 days, then exhibited on Live Stock Day, and judged. The club has been badly handicapped by the early and continued sickness of several members. It is hoped that in spite of this forced neglect, that satisfactory growth will be made and the boys receive some profit and much experience from the contest.

MIRANDA

[Continued from page 23]

Thus they were standing in bewilderment when Mr. and Mrs. Perkins appeared upon the scene. The automobile was found by the travelers to be in a condition which would prevent the continuance of the journey. One of the springs was broken and the tire was too badly torn for further use.

Arrangements were made for the auto party to remain at the Perkins ranch while Mr. Perkins went to town for the new parts of the auto.

Mandy, seeing a gleam of light upon her old hope, asked if she might accompany her father. Her desire was granted for Mrs. Perkins thought her daughter needed a change of environment. It was decided that Mandy should remain at the home of Mrs. Smith, one of her mother's friends, until her father's return trip in the fall, the following month, for provisions.

Bright and early the next morning, Mandy and her father started out leaving behind them a very anxious group of tourists, an excited mother and a worried but silent lover, Silas.

Miranda spent a very pleasant month in town, but the ways of city life perplexed her. She couldn't seem to adapt herself to them and every day longed for the mountains and valleys of her country home.

One evening she was invited to a leap year party, but when told to bring a young man, again she despaired. If only Silas were there! Mandy had never heard of leap year and when told of its significance, life seemed to have new interest. She was all too ready to return home with her father in the fall.

As Mandy approached her old home she saw new joys. That evening, she gazed at the rustic surroundings and realized, for the first time, the beauty of her home. She had no more desire to leave it for the wonders of the city. Presently Mandy noticed Silas sitting at the other end of the veranda.

She approached him and quietly asked: "Will you marry me, Si?"

Silas gently murmured, "Yes."
THE AMAPOLA CLUB.

The Amapola Club was organized by the girls January 12, 1910, with the help of Miss Margaret Chase, May Brumley, now Mrs. Archie Chedz, named the club "Amapola," which is very appropriate, as it means in Spanish "Poppy."

Each year some interesting subject is taken up by the girls of the Amapola Club. One year they studied Kipling; another, travel talk, woman's work and her part in the war, current events and the Camp Fire Girls' movement. Many interesting talks were given on these subjects, and were thoroughly enjoyed by all members.

This year, the girls devoted a great deal of their time to the Red Cross. Part of their Red Cross dues this year were secured by selling ice cream at noon hours, and also by showing the film "Ramona," which made a great hit.

The officers are elected semi-annually.
Officers of the first semester:
Dorothy Prewitt—President.
Dorothy Cook—Vice President.
Marie Meinecke—Secretary.
Maxine Barnberg—Treasurer.
Alma Lauritsen—Sergeant-at-Arms.
Second Semester officers:
Marguerite Tognazzi—President.
Phyllis Figge—Vice President.
Marie Meinecke—Secretary.
Margaret Chapin—Treasurer.
Anna Chaves—Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE AMAPOLA CLUB PLAY.

The Amapola Club play entitled, "The Voice of Authority," was presented Friday evening, April 16th, at the Civic Club Auditorium. The affair was in the nature of a three-act comedy of out of door camp life. The simplicity of country vacation days proved more complicated when a false epidemic necessitates absolute quarantine.

The girls as actresses were wisely directed, and skillfully played their parts, as they presented the seemingly serious yet ultimately humorous situation. The play was worthy of being called a true comedy for it brought forth great laughter and applause from the audience.

Besides the play, the school orchestra, Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs and girl's gymnasium were represented in the evening's program, each number meeting with hearty applause which was responded by encores.

The program and cast include the following:
1. Orchestra. (a) Flag of Truce—Sevedy-Tochaben. (b) Poet and Peasant overture—Sevedy-Tochaben.
2. Play, "The Voice of Authority."

CHARACTERS:

Jean Campbell, the stenographer, engaged to Bert—Cecile Bello.
Priscilla Campbell, the newspaper woman, engaged to Ralph—Dorothy Cook.
Martha Stearns, the cooking teacher, engaged to Max—Margaret Chapin.
Gladys Cushing, the butterfly, engaged to Charles—Ethel Van Gorden.
Margery Wood, the bride-to-be, engaged to Billy—Maxine Barnberg.
Elizabeth Kennedy, independent, not engaged at all—Dorothy Prewitt.
Dr. E. L. Simpson, the physician—Elisabeth Meinecke.

The Voice of Authority, unseen but all powerful—Claude Arnold.

Synopsis of Scenes—All three acts take place in the interior of a camp.
Act I—A Friday afternoon in late August.
Act II—Saturday afternoon.
Act III—Sunday afternoon.

3. The Boys' Glee Club. (a) Bells of Shannon, Nevin; (b) The Flag that Never Touched the Ground.
5. Orchestra, (a) Victorious Legion, Sevedy-Tochaben; (b) General Pershing; Vandershoot.
6. Girls' Glee Club, (a) Absent, Metcalf; (b) Gypsy Chorus (Bohemian Girl), Balfe-Moffatt.
7. Girls' Flower Drill.

Due to the successful presentation of "The Voice of Authority," the Amapola girls were requested to repeat their program at Atascadero, May 15, 1920.
AMAPOLA CLUB

"THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY"
FEDERAL BOARD MEN

Left to right—1st Row—A. Capinha, C. Taylor, G. Shackleton, W. White, J. Beck, R. A. Thompson, E. Cobb
3d Row—F. Bryson, G. Murdoch, G. Simons, B. Jones, R. Williams, A. McDermid, H. Gibson, J. Olson, C. Gibbs

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE SCHOOL.

The Vocational Guidance School was established by the Federal Board for Education in conjunction with the California Polytechnic School for the purpose of affording disabled service men opportunity to try out various vocations in trade, commerce or industry with a view to determining the vocation which they are best fitted to pursue.

These service men are unable to return to their former vocations by reasons of disabilities received in line of duty and for this reason they must test thoroughly their physical endurance and educational capacity and by capitalizing as much as possible their former experience, and carefully training in some definite well chosen vocation, they will be able to enter the industrial grind with every assurance of success and prosperity.

When a definite vocation is decided upon the Federal Board trainers are given a complete course of training at the completion of which they are ready to enter their respective fields of endeavor, positively and permanently rehabilitated vocationally.

Following are names of new men enrolled in the school subsequent to the date that the photograph was taken:


BLOCK P CLUB.

The Block P Club, organized in 1917, is one of the foremost of the school.

The purpose of the club is to create friendships among the boys who have won a block P letter.

"Men who have legally won their monogram in any athletic sport are entitled to
a block letter. As soon as a man wins his letter, he automatically becomes a member of this club."

The 1919-1920 Club has been the largest that Poly has ever experienced and is undoubtedly the cause of the year's success in athletics.

**Officers:**
- Perry Martinsen, President.
- Edmond Burr, Vice President.
- Deyo Blake, Secretary.
Fulfilling the prophecy of last year's Journal, this year has proved a banner one for Poly athletics.

Soon after school started the football team was formed, and practiced faithfully. The results can easily be seen. While the football team was still practicing faithfully, basket ball practice was started. As soon as football ended, many of the men joined the basketball squad. The basketball team played so well that only once were they beaten.

The field was put in shape by the students, but the track idea was abandoned because of the sickness than prevalent at the Dorm. Baseball season soon started after this, and while the Journal goes to press too early to tell the final results, the team has won all its games so far.

**FOOTBALL.**

**POLY WALKS OVER PASO ROBLES.**

On November 1st, Poly played Paso Robles in its first game of football. Although it was the first time in two years it did not seem that she had forgotten how to play.

The game started by Poly kicking off to Paso Robles. Soon after the game had started, John Brown, took the ball around left end for long run that brought him within 10 yards of the goal. During the first half, the ball was carried across the line four times with one convert making the score 25 to 0 in first half.

The third quarter found all the first team men removed except Martinsen and H. Brown. In the last quarter, all the men that were taken out were sent in again and the game ended with Poly having 39 and Paso Robles 0.

**The Line-Up.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Polytechnic</th>
<th>Paso Robles High</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burr-Flugger</td>
<td>RE L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhoda-Mankins</td>
<td>RT L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. Hodel-Boys</td>
<td>RG L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Brown</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marquart-C. Hodel</td>
<td>L GR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hicks-Rowan</td>
<td>L TR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guyton-Kerr</td>
<td>L ER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller-Tuley</td>
<td>QB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Brown-Tromp</td>
<td>FB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martinsen</td>
<td>L H Davis (Capt.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Root</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Osborne</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpenter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**POLY'S SECOND LOSES TO PASO ROBLES.**

November 8th saw the gridiron players again with Paso Robles. By a request from them, our second team was sent in place of the first. Poly kicked off to Paso Robles but because the teams were more evenly matched the ball was kept in the middle of the field. Paso Robles finally managed to get the ball within fifteen yards of the goal. On the second attempt they dropped kicked the ball over the bars, netting 3 points.

The second quarter brought brighter prospects to Poly, as West intercepted a forward pass from Paso Robles, and carried it across the line for a touchdown.

During the third quarter, Trussler, the Paso Robles half back, made a long end
FOOTBALL MEN

First two Rows—J. Brown, Martinsen, Blake, (Capt.) Ferrill, Miller,
Last three Rows—H. Brown (Coach,) Livernash, Rowan, Rhoda, Guyton, Burr, Hicks, O. Modei
run, which later counted as the last
touchdown. The goal was converted mak-
ing the score 10 to 6 in Paso Robles’
favor.

The Line-Up.

Poly
Pluggar-Burr REL
Mankins RTL
O. Hodel RGL
Rowan C
Boys LGR
Potter-Kerr LTR
McMillan-Kerr LER
Troup RH
Miller QB
West FB
Tuley-Cann LH

Paso Robles
Kennedy
Miller-Blake GH Willie-Curry-Webb
J. Brown FB
Ferrill (Capt.) QB
Martinsen LH

POLY 25; SANTA MARIA 6.

On Thanksgiving Day, the Polytechnic
football squad traveled to Santa Maria.
Though the day was very cold and cloudy,
a large crowd turned out only to see the
home team defeated by the score, 25 to 6.
Santa Maria kicked off to Poly and
within four minutes after play had be-
gun, Poly had her first score. Santa
Maria was the only team to make a touch-
down during the whole season, against
the first team. This came in the last part
of the first quarter, netting them six
points. Poly made two touchdowns in
the first and last quarter and were in dan-
ger only once, when Santa Maria made
her touchdown.

The Line-Up.

Polytechnic
Burr REL
Rhoda RTL
C. Hodel RGL
H. Brown C
Rowan LGR
Hicks LTR

Santa Maria
Guyton LER
Webb-Gunel
Righetti
Sword
Strong
Rutherford
Cook-Tomassini

BASKETBALL.

PASO ROBLES DOWNED IN FIRST
GAME OR SEASON.

The opening basketball game was
played with Paso Robles on the Polytech-
nic court. The first and second team of
both schools participated and Poly came
out ahead each time. The first team had
much the easier time to win as the score,
31 to 17, shows. The second team was
kept on the jump until the 1st whistle
and then only winning by three points,
the score being 16 to 13.

The line-up for both teams and those
FIRST TEAM—Van Shaick, Mathison, Sandock, Blake, Tibbs, Reyburn.

Capt. Mathison—Santa Barbara Game—Coach Livernois

SECOND TEAM—Pattison, Hicks, Newman, DePew, Troup
scoring points for Poly are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poly</th>
<th>First team</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mathison</td>
<td>F. Dutra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blake-Reyburn</td>
<td>F. Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Schaick</td>
<td>C. Root</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tibbs-Guyton</td>
<td>G. Trussier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanderoock</td>
<td>G. Carriere</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Those scoring the points were Mathison 17, Blake 14.

PASO ROBLES DOWNE AGAIN.

Saturday, January 24th, saw the two Poly games again clash with Paso Robles, but on their own court.

The first team had easy pickings again and in the second half things were so much our way that Tibbs managed to sneak up and slip the ball in the basket. The final score being 36 to 19.

The second team had harder work and with the exception of Reyburn did not show up well. When the game was over they were on the short end of a 20 to 7 score.

Players and positions—First Team.

Mathison and Blake, forwards; Van Schaick, center; Tibbs and Sanderoock, guards.

Second Team.

Reyburn, Pattison and Newman, forwards; Hicks, center; Troup, Chatten and Depew, guards.

ATASCADERO LOSES TO POLY.

January 29th, Poly met the Atascadero aggregation. The game was played on the Civic Club Court and was first game in which the court was used.

Within five minutes after play had begun, Poly was sure of a victory and when the final whistle blew, Poly was leading 51 to 30.

POLY DOWNS S. L. H. S.

On Tuesday afternoon January 27th, the basket throwers of San Luis High visited us with the idea that they had the best team.

Both sides showed much pep, but the good team work of the High school kept Poly guessing. In the second half Poly came back with more pep and took the High school off their feet and won the game, 22 to 18.

ARROYO GRANDE LOSES TWO GAMES.

On January 31, Arroyo Grande's first and second team met Poly's first and second teams. Both teams had lots of fight to them but Poly had the upper hand all the way. The first team received 25 to Arroyo Grande 21, while the second team 37 to 21.

The Line-Up.

Poly 
Mathison (Capt.) F. Righetti
Reyburn F. Renetzky
Van Schaick C. Goodchild
Troup-Tibbs G. Newell
Sanderoock-Hicks G. Force
The point getters were: Mathison, 10; Reyburn, 4; Van Schaick, 2; Sanderoock, 6.

The Line-Up.

Poly 
Mathison (Capt.) F. Parrish
Blake F. Thomson
Van Schaick C. Carter
Tibbs G. McBane
Sanderoock G. Varian
The point getters were: Mathison, 14; Blake, 7; Van Schaick, 4.

SECOND TEAM.
Hicks-Pattison  C.  Brown  
Troup  G.  Wiggins  
Chatten  G.  Bardin  

Points made: Newman, 25; Reyburn, 4; Chatten, 4; Depew, 4.

SAN LUIS HIGH vs. POLY.

Friday evening, February 6, saw Poly again attacking San Luis High at the Civic Club court. Poly had an easy time with her opponents, having them on the go from start to finish and piling up a 46 to 16 score.

The Line-Up.
Poly  San Luis High  
Mathison (Capt.)  F.  Righetti  
Blake  F.  Renetzky  
Van Schaick  C.  Newall  
Tibbs  G.  Elliott  
Sandercock  G.  Torce  

POLYTECHNIC vs. ARROYO GRANDE.

Polytechnic basketball team motored to Arroyo Grande on February 27. There were a goodly number of roosters for both teams and as the score will show was one of the closest games played. At the last thirty seconds of play Poly was behind by one point. During the last few seconds Van Schaick, the tall, lanky center, managed to shoot a field which saved the day for Poly and made Vandy a hero forever. Score: Poly 27; Arroyo Grande 26.

The Line-Up.
Poly  Arroyo Grande  
Mathison (Capt.)  F.  Parrish  
Blake  E.  Thomson  
Van Schaick  C.  Carter  
Tibbs  G.  McBane  
Sandercock  G.  Varian  

POLY'S FIRST DEFEAT.

Poly lost its first and only game to the Orcutt Oil Field team on February 13. Who said Friday, the 13th, is not unlucky? It surely seems as if it were unlucky for Poly.

Our team was outclassed from the beginning, but we put up a hard scrap and were good losers. The oily five were practically all university players. When the game was over and the score counted Poly had 18 to Orcutt’s 30.

The Line-Up.
Poly  Orcutt  
Mathison (Capt.)  F.  Paccechino  
Blake  F.  Davis  
Van Schaick  C.  Hamilton  
Tibbs  G.  Jones  
Sandercock  G.  Dinnes  

POLY DEFEATS SANTA BARBARA JUNIOR COLLEGE.

Poly, after losing the game the night before to the Orcutt outfit, came back with a rush and defeated Santa Barbara Junior College, 43-20. Poly’s own was in perfect trim and did not have much trouble in piling up the score.

The Line-Up.
Poly  Santa Barbara  
Mathison (Capt.)  F.  Saxby  
Blake  F.  Trace-Weldon  
Van Schaick  C.  Stevens  
Tibbs  G.  Jamison  
Sandercock  G.  Rutherford  

ATASCADERO LOSES TO POLY IN FINAL GAME.

The last game of the season was played on the Civic Club Court, Friday evening, February 27. Atascadero found out for the second time that Poly had by far the better team. The score was Polytechnic 54, Atascadero 23.

The Line-Up.
Polytechnic  Atascadero  
Mathison  F.  Chapman  
Blake  F.  Hill  
Van Schaick  C.  Dykes  
Liverman  G.  Duncan  
Sandercock  G.  Waterman  

BASEBALL.

POLY WALKS OVER ARROYO GRANDE.

Poly started the 1920 baseball season on May Day, going to Arroyo Grande for the initial game. Petersen was picked as slab worker and won his game, 20 to 7. He had his curves
BASEBALL TEAM
First Row--Guyton, Perry, Flugger.  Second Row--(Coach) Hess, Troup, Tibbs, Curtis, (Capt.) Martinsen, Potter, Blake
Third Row--Petersen, Barr, Arnold
Polytechnic: Arroyo Grande
Burr C Sullivan
Petersen P Sanford
Blake 1B Wiggins
Tibs 2B Parish
Guyton 3B Servier
Curtis SS Swall
Arnold-Troup LF Plympton
Martinsen-Arnold-Tully CF Carroll
Perry-Flugger RF Brown-Thompson

POLY DEFEATS ATASCADERO, 2 to 1.

On May 2nd, Poly crossed bats with Atascadero on their grounds. Arnold was on the mound for Poly, allowing three hits and sending fifteen men back to the bench. The game was very snappy and the runs scored by both teams were not due to bunched hits, but freak plays.

The Line-Up.
Polytechnic: Atascadero
Burr C Bisell
Arnold 1B Denver
Blake 2B Sibley
Tibs 3B Crawford
Guyton SS Sibley
Curtis LF Howell
Potter CF Mallory
Martinsen CF Webb
Perry RF Williams-Cole

POLYTECHNIC vs. SAN LUIS HIGH.

Poly found little trouble in defeating the High School, letting them down with a 13 to 2 score.

Petersen started work for Poly but was relieved in the fifth by Arnold, due to an agreement before the game. Both pitchers showed wonderful form and though Arnold served the best brand, Petersen gets credit for the victory.

Righetti was the leading man for the High School, both at bat and in the field.

Score: Poly 13, San Luis High 2.

THREE CHEERS FOR DORMITORY

On May 12th, the men from town had nerve enough to challenge the Dormitory players.

Arnold, who pitched for the town, had so much on the ball that McMillan, their star catcher, could not hold him. The town men on the whole were very good fielders, catching all the balls they did not muff or boot. They also found many invisible holes in their bats which the Dormitory players had slyly slipped in, or, at least, that is what the town men think.

Petersen pitched such good ball that he had the town men biting for what he served and brought back the long end of a 6 to 1 score.

POLY DEFEATS S. L. H., 13-2.

On Thursday, May 13th, Polytechnic defeated San Luis High to the tune of 13 to 2.

Goodchild did the slab work for High and though he struck out five and allowed eight hits, his support was such that any pitcher would have lost.

Petersen was on the mound for Poly, and the whole nine frames pitched a good brand of ball. He allowed five hits and
sent an even dozen batters back to the bench.

Poly played airtight ball until the eighth, when an error in that frame and the next sent in the only two tallies made by the High School.

The Line-Up.

Poly San Luis High
Burr C B. Martin
Petersen P Goodchild
Blake 1B Righetti
Tibbs 2B Torce
Perry 3B Lopez
Martinsen SS Martin
Potter LF Renetzky-Burbank
Guyton CF Miller
Curtis RF Meeker

POLY DEFEATS ARROYO GRANDE IN FAST AND SNAPPY GAME.

On May 15th, Poly defeated Arroyo Grande in a fast and snappy game by score of 4 to 2. It was a warm day and one in which ball players work to the best of their ability.

Sevier was on the mound for the visitors, going the full nine innings. He let Poly's batters down with 5 hits and struck out twelve. Petersen labored five innings for Poly, striking out four and allowing 1 hit. He was lifted in the fifth for Arnold who went the rest of the game, allowing 2 hits and striking out 10 batters.

Potter was the star for Poly at bat, getting a home run, three bagger, and walk in as many times to the plate.

Burr also slipped one over on Arroyo Grande catcher, by stealing home in the third inning.

With the following games yet to come off, this year will be one of the best Poly has had for many years:

May 21—Santa Maria, at Santa Maria.
May 22—Santa Barbara Junior College, at Santa Barbara.
June 5—Santa Barbara Junior College, at Poly.
GIRES' ATHLETICS.

The work of the girls in physical training and games, this year, has been very commendable, being presented to the public on several occasions and receiving hearty applause.

At the time of the presentation of the Amapola Club play, the classes in gymnasium lent much support to the success of the evening. The girls, dressed in appropriate costumes, gave several artistic dances, among which were the Flower Dance and the Sailor's Hornpipe.

As well as teaching the girls to be graceful and to carry themselves erect, the gymnasium work also strengthens their muscles and helps to correct many physical defects. The work in physical training is highly recommended by all prominent physicians.

The classes in games also deserve special attention. Here the girls go through more vigorous exercise and this aids the development of the body. This year, the girls have practiced faithfully and a girls' track meet, which is anticipated before school closes, is certain to be a success. They have played many kinds of games, particularly volley ball, quoits, tennis and basketball, and have also practiced jumping hurdles and running, to a certain extent. At the track meet, the girls will have a chance to show others what they have accomplished in games work this year.

The course of athletics, as given at this school, if indulged in correctly, is certain to make its girls strong and healthy.

SCHOOL NOTES.

[Continued from page 27]

The girls' drill instructor, left us a few weeks before the end of the term. The Dormitory boys presented him with an electric percolator as a farewell token of their regard and good will. He left about six o'clock but nevertheless, the boys were up and sent him on his way with cheers. Mr. Hess is athletic manager for the rest of the year.

Miss Rumsey has recently resigned her position as librarian. Miss Forbes, a former Polyite, will be in charge of the library during the summer.

Lee Dolch, of the Class of '18, was married to Miss Lyla Pemberton of Riverside, April 10, 1920.

On May 10, Mr. Bendel was called to Alameda by the death of his father.

PUSSY WILLOW.

Pussy willow o'er the brook,
Naiad of this ferny nook,
Bending shy to kiss the cress,
Why so happy? Come, confess,
Why that blissful, dreamy look.

Humming bees her honey took,
Golden blossom-dust they shook
While she coyed. Must I guess,
Pussy willow?

Thus I read your cryptic book:
For the streamlet's cressy crook
For the flush of Life's caress,
For this fairy wilderness,
And that winter's chill forsook
Pussy willow.
HERE AND THERE

Girls' Glee Club
Orchestra
Boys' Glee Club

Cooking Class
Sewing Class
Pig Club
MILITARY.

On the fifth period of October ninth the bugle sounded across the campus announcing the beginning of military drill for the coming year. New and old students assembled on the tennis court and were divided into two companies; Company A composed of Dorm men, and Company B composed of men from town and the surrounding country.

Under our new instructor, Maj. L. O. Lavernash, the following officers were appointed: In Company A, Capt. Lloyd Ferrill, Adjutant of the Battalion; Second Lieutenant Murrey Kerr, Quartermaster of the Battalion; Captain, Perry Martinsen; First Lieutenant, Edmund Burr; and Second Lieutenant, George Smith.

In Company B were: Captain, John Brown; First Lieutenant, Edward Olander; and Second Lieutenant, Claude Arnold.

When Second Lieut. Murrey Kerr left school Deyo Blake was appointed in his stead. Stewart McMillan was appointed Second Lieut. Ordnance Officer upon his entering school the middle of the first semester.

The students progressed very favorably under the instruction of the ex-service officers Brown, Martinsen, Ferrill, Olander, Blake and McMillan.

Squad and company drill were first taught the "rookies," but they soon showed that they could master these elements and that they were anxious for the guns.

On November seventh the battalion was asked to participate in the local parade celebrating the first anniversary of the signing of the armistice. Poly had the honor of marching behind the American Legion. Altogether, the school made a very creditable showing. The remainder of the semester was spent in teaching the cadets the manual of arms.

The second semester opened with Capt. Ferrill and Second Lieut. Smith missing, the former leaving school and the latter graduating.

Battalion drill was next taken up, and the companies were just getting so that they could execute the commands, when Major Lavernash became ill. Skirmish drill and aiming exercises were then taken in its place. The aiming exercises were practiced chiefly for the reason that everybody hoped soon to be on the target range and there to make records that would be hard to beat.

On Saturday, April seventeenth, Poly was called on to furnish a funeral escort for a soldier who had been killed in England, and whose body has been shipped here. The escort was under the command of First Sergeant Reyburn and was composed of Corporals Gill and Troupe, and Privates Potter, Flugger, Grisi, Hicks, Wickes, Parmelee, O. Hodel, Hilbrick, Peterson, Bock and West. A volley was fired over the grave by the escort, after which Sergeant Weant blew taps.

There was no band formed this year as
in the past, because no instructor was to be had. This was greatly missed, especially on such occasions as Battalion Reviews and Parades. Although there was no band we had a bugle corps, something which we had not had in a number of years. At the proper occasions their calls could be heard. Because of so much sickness in the Dorm and because so many fellows, after getting well were still so weak, a signal corps was formed. Some of the men have become quite expert in sending and receiving messages.

Owing to a slight disagreement Major Livernash, the much respected proctor of the Dorm and instructor in Military Drill, left school on April twenty-ninth, moving temporarily to Huntington Beach.

This year has been one of the most successful in Military Drill, and the cadets have taken it more as a pleasure than as a burden.

---

JOSHES

He softly) — I wonder why they call this leap year.
She (sweetly) — I guess it's because you men jump so when we girls propose.

Mr. Nord (to E. Boys) — Will you please quit playing with those pennies.
Fuzzy — Well, don't we need some sense to understand this?

She — You should change your style of dancing a little.
He — In what way?
She — You might occasionally step on my left foot.

Mr. Watson (in poultry) — Why are fowls the most economical things to keep?
Gill — Because for every grain they give a peck.

Mary had a little steamboat,
The steamboat had a little bell,
Mary went to heaven—
And the steamboat went-toot-toot!

Davis — Fuzzy is a great joker. He pulls off something in every class.
Cavanaugh — Isn't it getting rather chilly for that now?

Mr. Hudspith — Did I ever tell you what a fright I got on my wedding day?
Mr. Hess — Tut, tut, man. You should not speak that way of your wife.

June — I saw your picture in a book the other day.
S. McMillan — Was it under "Famous Men?"
June — No, it was in the encyclopedia, and was under "American Monkeys."

Potter — Ditmas has a cataract in his eye.
Hicks — What makes it?
Potter — The water leaking off his brain.

Nurse — Haven't you lost that cold yet?
Wickes — Of course not, you told me last week to take good care of it.

The shimmie is a classical interpretation of a cold night.
The impersonator.

Dispair.

Chums.

Want a fight?

Hope.

A "close up."

One of our Freshmen.

Who'd a thunk it

Fronn day past times.

Hess' goat

Gee! this is nice.

A rear elevation.

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>J. W. Barneberg</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. W. Clark</td>
<td>Vice President</td>
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<td>R. R. Muscio</td>
<td>Vice President</td>
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<td>H. L. Kemper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frances H. Throop</td>
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DIRECTORS

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<td>A. Muscio</td>
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<td>P. Tognazzini</td>
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860 Monterey
Hess (to Curtis, who has his eye bandaged)—What’s the matter, old man?  
Curtis—I got stabbed in the eye with a hat pin.  
Hess—Through accident?  
Curtis—No, through a keyhole.  

Mr. Nord (in trig.)—Sit down, Dowler. You may be luminous but you are not transparent.  

Olie—What cooking in that darned pipe?  
Fuzzy—Ain’t cooking a cussed thing. I’m smoking grape nuts.  

Barber (after administering a hair cut)—Wet or dry?  
Jiggs—Well, you big fool! Where have you been the last six months.  

R. W. R.—Don’t you know there’s no smoking allowed on these grounds?  
Jesse—Yes, but I was doing this in silence till you interrupted me.  

Margaret D.—Have you ever kissed a girl?  
Burr—Is that an invitation, or are you gathering statistics?  

Soph—There is a big woman in town who is nearly seven feet tall.  
Fresh—What does she weigh?  
Soph—Candy.  

John Brown—Mr. Hess is certainly a shrewd old bird.  
Perry—Right-o. Always starts the day by putting a dollar bill in his right shoe.  
Brown—Oh!  
Perry—So he’ll have a dollar and a few odd cents when he takes it off at night.  

Fuzzy Boys—My poems are the children of my brain.  
Mr. Hess—They ought to be sent to a reform school.  

Why is the ankle below instead of above my knee?  
To keep the calf from the corn.  

Mr. Whitlock—Before we begin the lesson are there any questions anyone would like to ask?  
Buttolph—Yes, where is the lesson?  

Little drops on water,  
Little drops on land,  
Make the aviators  
Join the happy band.  

Mr. Saunders (in restaurant)—Is there any soup on the bill of fare?  
Waiter—There was, sir, but I wiped it off.  

June—Why the tears?  
Sandy—These aren’t regular tears.  
June—What are they?  
Sandy—Volunteers. I’ve just been peeling onions in cooking.  

Mr. Yeary—I don’t want anybody to go down stairs more than one step at a time.  
C. Steiner—What if you can’t get all your feet on one step?  
Mr. Yeary—You will have to go down sideways.  

Hicks—Somebody passed me a counterfeit dime last month and I haven’t been able to get rid of it since.  
Fuzzy—Why, don’t you ever go to church?  

Observant Young Boy—Oh! Look at that funny man, mother. He’s sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin.  

Reyburn—Why is a horse a curious feeder?  
Burr—Give it up.  
Reyburn—Because it eats best without a bit in its mouth.  

Burr—*Do you believe in signs?  
Margaret Ditmas—Yes, indeed.  
Burr—Well, last night I dreamed that you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?  
M. D.—That’s a sign that you were dreaming.
There are 5m...
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Time to get up

Four’s a crowd.

Wouldn’t That Beat You

All in

Moonshiners

“Dug”

No exit here.

“Ain’t” in

“Ride ’em boys.”
Listen! Hist! Sssh! It's all over the school! What? The roof.

Mr. Nord—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.
Sandy—It's lucky they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now.

Irate Father—Young man, I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.
Saphead—Thank you, sir.

Fresh—I put some jokes in the josh box last week. Did you get them?
Josh Editor—Yeah. I read them, but I didn't get them.

Sam Wright—Well, I don't have to pay the doctor.
Buttolph—Why not?
S. W.—He treated me.

"So this is Paris," said the leg to the garter.

Perry—How'd you get that black eye?
Reybourn—Well, you see I was taking notes—
Perry—Well?
Reybourn—And the fellow that owned them came along.

Freshie—Do you know why they call me William?
Soph—No, Why?
Freshie—Because that's my name.

Sam Wright—If you stood in my shoes what would you do?
Krusse—Give them a shine.

Mike—She reminds me of the sea.
Pat—How is that?
Mike—She looks green—but sometimes she is awfully rough.

McKie—So you think you are becoming near sighted, do you?
McKeen—Yes, I do.
McKie—What makes you think so?
McKeen—Because I can't see a dollar go near as far as I used to.

The Freshman Ballad.

Be kind to the Freshmen, ye profs;
They are young, they are lame, halt, and blind.
Remember they may become Sophs,—
That is, if the profs will be kind.

We admit that he sometimes is rude,
Don't mind the smart things he may say;
He's really a bright little stude,
And may be a Senior some day.

So hark to this green little verse,
And trust the poor Freshmen right well;
Remember he cannot get worse,
And school without Freshmen is—
very, very monotonous.

Weant (admiring picture in parlor)—
Does your sister paint?
Margaret Meinicke—Yes, but she's finished now, and as soon as she puts a little powder on she will be right down.

Krusse—What did Sandy do when he dropped the dictionary on his foot?
Davis—He added a few words not found in it.

R. McMillan—Have you got any mail for me?
Orderly—What is your name?
Mac.—You'll find it on the envelope.

Miss Whiting—Now you don't use a sewing machine to sow wheat or oats, do you?
Anna Chaves—No, to sow tares.

Mathison—I wish I could revise the alphabet.
Ethel—Why?
Matty—I would put U and I close together.

Senior—Why is a rooster on a fence like a nickel?
Soph—Head on one side and tail on the other.

[Continued on page 72]
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John S. Cann - - Assistant

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Total: $1,267,477.60

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ALUMNI.

It is the work of the Alumni Department of this school to publish each year as accurate a list as possible of the Alumni. It is always greatly appreciated to have our graduates correspond with us, as it shows the true Poly spirit remaining with them, although they may be scattered far from the place of their school days.

The Journal Staff is greatly encouraged when the Alumni students subscribe for the Journal. In this way the graduate may keep in touch with Poly school life, and through the Alumni letters the school may become acquainted with what our graduates are doing and where they live.

The list of Alumni students follows:

Class of 1906.

Herbert H. Cox, M.; Pacific Light and Power Co., Los Angeles.
Lillian B. Fox, 41.; at home, Pomona, Calif.
Irene Righetti, H. A. (Mrs. A. F. Par- sness, 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.; at home, Cayucos, Calif.

Francis D. Buck, A.; ranching at Ripon, Calif.
Clara Dodge, H. A. (Mrs. George Rings); 2683 Lossmore street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Alfred F. Miossi, M.; ranching at Santa Clara, Calif.
Annie Schneider, H. A. (Mrs. Ralph Gardiner); 125 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, Cal.
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.; teaching in Hawaiian Islands.
Ernest W. Curtis, A.; Horticultural Commissioner, Kern County.
Alfred C. Dixon, A. 1; instructor at State Farm, Davis, Calif.
Valentine Drongard, M.; address unknown.
Ruth Gould, H. A. (Mrs. H. O. Perry); Fellows, 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, A 1; died February 17, 1913.
Bernard E. Miozzi, M.; ranching at San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Earl D. Pierce, A 1; 4467 New Jersey street, San Diego, Calif.
Reuben L. Sebastian, M.; home address, Berkeley, Calif.
Clara Stringfield, H. A. (Mrs. Marion Rice); Santa Maria, Calif.

Class of 1909.

John J. Adams, M.; in military service of U. S.
Isamu Ashida, A.; reported farming in Arizona.
Kenneth Beck, A.; with State Highway Commission; home, Chula Vista, Calif.
Oliver N. Boone, M.; Traver, Calif.; in military service.
Alonzo R. Carranza, M.; Guadalupe, Calif.
Annette G. Girard, H. A.; teaching.
Rachael Gould, H. A.; San Francisco, Calif.
Hazel M. Griffith, H. A.; Modesto, Calif.
Harrel I. Hall, A.; address unknown.
Peters Knudsen, M.; garage business, Los Banos, Calif.
Minnie D. Lemax, H. A.; teaching, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
J. Lee McDowell, A.; Lindsay, Calif.
Flossie M. Matey, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Elmer H. Murtoth, A.; with Pinal Dome, Betteravia, Calif.
Attilio Pezzoni, A.; 336 S. 14th street, San Jose, Calif.

Rachael E. Ramage, H. A.; at home, 760 Twentieth street, San Diego, Calif.
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.
Beulah M. Watson, H. A.; (Mrs. Sidney W. Eggert); 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. T. Colthart, M.; Dinuba, Calif.
Judith Curtis, H. A. (Mrs. J. D. Callcott); Carbondale, Calif.
Roland E. Curtis, A.; student, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.
Edgar C. 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. Holley, H. A.; teaching at San Francisco, address 885 Clayton street.
Walter L. Kendall, M.; Lemoore, Calif.
Alma E. Miozzi, H. A.; (Mrs. Lindsey), San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Floyd L. Patterson, M.; address unknown.
Velma M. Pearson, H. A. (Mrs. John Pitts); R. F. D. No. 2, Los Angeles, Cal.
Hertha Schultze, H. A.; teaching, home address, San Luis Obispo.
William B. Shaw, M.; ranching at Henckley, Utah.
John S. Taylor, M.; address unknown.
Selena 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 Ga- 
vota, Calif.

Charles Baumgardner, A.; electrical en-
ingineer with Pacific Electric, 1422 Ridge-
way ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

May Brumley, H. A. (Mrs. Archie 
Clenua); San Luis Obispo.

E. Donald Cox, A.; married, living at 
Watsonville, Calif.

John W. Flint, A.; address unknown.

Chester L. Freeborn, M.; engineer at 
Santa Maria, Calif.

George W. Herring, M.; home address, 
Ripon, Calif.

Effie E. Hillard, H. A.; Visalia, Calif.

Stockton, Calif.

John F. Leonard, M.; hardware busi-
ness, Folsom, Calif.

Fred H. Markleof, A.; with Union 
Sugar Co., Betteravia, Calif.

Anson K. Pearce, M.; chicken ranch, 
Ingomar, Calif.

W. Harold Reilly, M.; automobile busi-
ness, Watsonville, Calif.

Walter B. Roselip, M.; agent for Kissel 
Kar, San Luis Obispo.

J. Harvey Strowbridge, M.; Visalia, 
Calif.

Lawrence A. Swerdferger, 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 Ven-
tura, Calif.

J. Baptiste Fiscalini; A.; ranching at 
Modesto, Calif.

Eva Fridley, H. A.; (Mrs. John E. 
Snyder); address unknown.

Olga Grizzle, H. A.; teaching in high 
school, Olympia, Washington.

Chas. M. Hamaker, M.; San Luis Obis-
po, 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.

Talkanobu Mizaro, A.; 920 West 10th 
street, Los Angeles, Calif.

C. Alben Noren, A.; address unknown.

John Perozzi, M.; San Luis Obispo.

Cora N. Schulze, H. A.; (Mrs. C. S. 
Baider); 463 Hartford ave., Los Angeles, 
Calif.

Margaret Shipsey, H. A.; in William 
Shipsey law office, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

William Shipsey, M.; Assistant District 
attorney, San Luis Obispo.

Cassius B. Sibley, A.; address unknown.

John E. Snyder, M.; address unknown.

Fred M. Southard, M.; with Gas and 
Electric Co., San Luis Obispo.

Charles F. Swartz, M.; died 1916.

Clifford L. Tanner, T.; ranching at 
Morro, Calif.

Norton W. Weymouth, A.; Fairmead, 
Calif.

Class of 1913.

Frank T. Baldwin, A.; graduate Oregon 
Agricultural College, managing a cream-
ery at Newman, Calif.

Arthur G. Cook, M.; in military service; 
home address, San Luis Obispo.

Maurice G. Conter, A.; state dairy in-
spector, 387 Fairmont ave., Oakland, Calif.

Wendell T. Daily, M.; home address, 
Stanford, Calif.

Philip Eastman, home address, San Luis 
Obispo, Calif.

Ralph L. Eells, M.; engineer for Elvive 
Co., Santa Ana, Calif.

Leona L. Forbes, H. A.; (Mrs. Archie 
Steiner); teaching in San Miguel.

Tekla J. Johnston, H. A.; address un-
known.

J. Earl King, A.; address unknown.

Albert J. McMeekin, A.; ranching at 
Merced, Calif.

Francis Murray, A.; Oriental Oil Co., 
Martinez, Calif.

Walter S. G. Nelson, A.; 903 Minnesota 
ave., San Jose, Calif.

Walter C. Perozzi, A.; San Luis Obispo.
Helen V. Sandeck, H. A.; (Mrs. Collin); Los Angeles, Calif.
Guy W. Nickle, A.; farming in Utah.
Joseph W. Schweitzer, A.; 21 W. Islay street, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Cecil L. Stockton, A.; Romona, Calif.
J. Rudolph Tame, A.; home address, Morro.
Lillabell Wade, H. A. (Mrs. Frank T. Baldwin); Newman, Calif.
Chas. P. Williams, A.; ranching at Grey Mountains, Calif.
Ralph R. Weiman, M.; San Miguel, Calif.
Maurice N. Yocum, A.; ranching at Bellota, Calif.
Maude E. Cheda, H. A.; teaching in Hawaiian Islands.
Dorothy Edmunds, H. A.; teaching in Nevada.

Class of 1914.

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.; teaching.
Fred A. Curl, A.; Earlham, 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, Ripon, Calif.
Ethel Hubbard, A.; Anaheim, Calif.
Lena Jenssen, H. A.; (Mrs. Ray Evans); San Simeon, Calif.
Carlton Kemey, 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. Halingsworth); Bakersfield, Calif.
Clarence Plaskett, M.; with Producers' Transportation Co., Port San Luis, Calif.
Hazel Prince, H. A.; at home, Mill Valley, Calif.
Ruth Riddle, H. A.; (Mrs. Earl Deter); 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.; 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.; (Mrs. Jess Chesney).
Florinda Tomasini, H. A.; San Francisco, Calif.
Wilber D. Morrison, A.; address unknown.
Luís E. Tomasini, A.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Edward M. Einer, M.
Roy E. Strebel, M.; Arroyo Grande, Calif.
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 Visalia, Calif.
John F. Deleissegues; Nipomo, Calif.
Alice Dodge, H. A.; home address, Santa Cruz, Calif.
Blanche M. Coleman, H. A.; Sunnyvale, Calif.
Marks H. Eubanks, M.; Cambria, Calif.
Elmer Allen Forbes, M.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Henry Fiscalini, A.; died March 19, 1919.
Mildred H. Hull, H. A.; Corona, Calif.
Ralph W. Jones, A.; Supertino, Calif.
William McKendry, A.; ranching at Ojai, Calif.
Chas. W. Monahan, Jr., M.; Santa Barbara, Calif.
Archibald Nock, M.; Cambria, Calif.
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Chas. F. Patterson, M.; Lockwood, Cal.  
Robert D. Morrison, M.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Lorenz Perner, M.; dentist, Vallejo, Calif.  
Charlotte Perner, H. A.; teaching at Sun Land, Calif.  
George R. Parsons, M.; Chinook, Washington.  
William Snyder, M.; 632 W. Chapman street, Orange, Calif.  
Paul A. Thaumann, A.; San Diego, Calif. 

Class of 1916.  
Hulda Bordine, H. A.; (Mrs. Wm. Leonard); Cambria, Calif.  
Arthur B. Combs; Monrovia.  
Ernest L. Fergus, M.; Santa Barbara.  
Arthur Matthews, A.; Berkeley, Calif.  
Blossom Seward, H. A.; teaching in New Mexico.  
Frank Wieland, M.  

Class of 1917.  
Guy N. Baldwin, Ac.; Bakersfield.  
Hollo Beatty, Ac.; head chemist with Union Oil Co., Avila, Calif.  
Sarah Bushnell, Ac.; attending Junior College at Pomona, Calif.  
Emmett Downelly, M.; San Luis Obispo.  
Ada Forbes, Ac.; attending University of California at Berkeley, Calif.  
(Tiglia Jimmimi, H. A.; (Mrs. O. Birza); San Luis Obispo.  
Howard Harris, M.; Pleyto, Calif.  
Charles Hartmann, Jr., A.; attending Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.  
Harry Holman, M.; San Luis Obispo.  
Ellen Hughes, H. A.; training for a nurse at Santa Barbara, Calif.  
Barbara Marquart, H. A.; (Mrs. H. W. Shepp); Oakland, Calif.  
Martin Martinson, M.; Santa Barbara, Calif.  
Donald McMillan, M.; ranching at Shandon, Calif.  
Albert Muzio, M.; San Luis Obispo.  
Dennis Perozzi, M.; San Luis Obispo.  
Alice Rhyne, H. A.; (Mrs. Bettencourt); Palo Alto, Calif.  
Edward Rodriguez, Ac.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Art Scarlett, A.; Monterey, Calif.  
Sercy Smith, M.; at home, near Arroyo Grande, Calif.  
Manuel Souza, M.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Homer Thyle, M.; working in a garage at San Francisco, Calif.  
Benjamin Tognazzini, A.; at home, Cayucos, Calif.  
Alta Truelove, H. A. attending Junior College at Pomona, Calif.  
Helen Van Gorden, H. A.; (Mrs. H. E. Hafley); San Jose, Calif.  
William Wilkins, A.; at home, Chatsworth, Calif. 

Class of 1918.  
Edward Lee Dolch, Ag.; Pasteurizer for Imperial Co. Creamery.  
Leslie Davis, M.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Ewart Andrews, Ag.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Howard Sebastian, M.; at home in Hemet, Calif.  
G. W. Bott, M.; working in shipyards at Oakland, Calif.  
Percy Peterson, M.; at home, Templeton, Calif.  
Aileen McCabe, H. A.; working in Union National Bank, San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Hazel Truc, H. A.; (Mrs. Harold Stewart); San Francisco, Calif.  
Harold Stewart, Ac.; San Francisco, Calif.  
James Wickenden, Ac.; University of California.  
Gertrude Day, Ac.; attending Junior College, San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Edward Holman, M.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Bertha Haberl, H. A.; nurse, Lane Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.  
Manuel Souza, Ac.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
Edwin Knight, Ac.; Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon. 

Class of 1919.  
Paul Beard, A.; attending College of Pacific.
JOSHES.

[Continued from page 62]

When he told her of his love,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.

He—Will you be my—
She—Oh, dear! This is so sudden! Give me time to—
He—My partner in the next dance?
She—to get my breath from the last fox trot. It’s so strenuous.

Mr. Nord (in geometry)—Will someone please define a trapezoid?
Miller—A trapezoid is a rectangle with none of its sides parallel.

Miss Williams—Pick up the room before you leave.
Girls of Second Year F. H. D.—Where shall we put it?
Miss Williams—in the waste basket.

Mr. Jenkins—What is a climax and give an example?
C. Steiner—A climax is the grand ending of a thing. Example, my feet.

Mac—What is the difference between a man and a worm?
Mankins—None. Chickens get them both.

He—My girl has been in the hospital for over a year.
He No. 2—Too bad. What’s the matter with her?
He No. 1—She’s a nurse.

Mr. Hudspith—Have you sharpened that saw yet?
Soph—No, I can’t find the right kind of file.

Mr. Hudspith—What kind do you want?
Soph—One that is square on two sides and flat on the other.

Ride, and the girl rides with you;
Walk, and you walk alone.

Ditmas—Mallet! The only jackass in captivity.
Marquart—Yes, but there is still one running wild.

Dowler—I just filed the needle valve on the carburetor and now the hole is too large.
Wordi—Well, file the hole smaller.

Anna Chaves—I have simply lost my head for you.
Russel—Good thing you did, because you need a new one.

Mr. Jenkins—My hair is falling out. Can you give me something to keep it in?
“Pop” Bendel—You might take this cigar box. Women often keep theirs in such boxes.
The Sophs saw a patch of green.
They thought it was the Freshman class.
But when they closer to it drew
They found it was the looking glass.

L. Arnold—I’ll be a rising young lawyer—
Mr. Yeary—Yes, hot air always goes up.
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