This issue of the Journal is respectfully dedicated to

Coach A. P. Agosti

in appreciation of his untiring efforts for the betterment of the school, and especially athletics.
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The California Polytechnic School opened for the term of 1924-25 on September 15, 1924, under the guidance of a new and very able executive. Dr. Crandall came to us from the University of California, where he was the Supervisor of Agricultural Teacher Training and Lecturer in Education.

Dr. Crandall is a graduate of Alfred University in New York, where he received the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Pedagogy. He later received the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Denver and Bachelor of Pedagogy from the University of Wyoming.

He has done much in the one short year that he has been here to make school life more of a pleasure and less of a drudgery for the students. Both Dr. and Mrs. Crandall have gone out of their way on several occasions to do things for the students in general and especially for the Dorm boys. They have always stressed the fact that the latchstring was always out at their home for all of the students.

Dr. Crandall has also been very influential in securing a larger appropriation for the school for the next biennium. This appropriation should put the school on a sound financial basis for the next two years, after which it is hoped and expected that the needs of the school will be better understood and appreciated by the powers that be.

Two other changes also occurred in the faculty. A. J. Rathbone was made the head of the Agriculture Department. H. M. Tennant was made business manager. These two positions were left open from last year.

Because of the greatly curtailed budget and the unfortunate financial condition in the State, the enrollment was the smallest it has been in the last eight years. During the year, however, it grew until it reached about the same number as last year.

In spite of the small number in the student body, the Journal for this year is larger than the one last year. This was made possible by the efforts and perseverance of Mr. Preuss in printing the Journal in our own Printshop.

Heretofore the printing has been done outside of our own shop. This was felt to be necessary because of the lack of a larger printing press. This year, however, Mr. Preuss has put in a great deal of effort and his own time to put the Journal out in the school Printshop. The editor greatly appreciates his help in the production of the Journal.
It has been a genuine pleasure and source of satisfaction to have been associated with you Seniors during this your last year in California Polytechnic.

Your resourcefulness has been very gratifying. Your persistence and faithfulness in your duties to class and school has been most commendable. May these desirable qualities remain with you and be faithfully developed by each as years for service may be granted to you.

We send you forth as representatives of this institution with faith and high hopes that you shall accomplish much as Christian citizens and exemplify in private life and public service the highest ideals of your Alma Mater, to whom you owe so much.

Most sincerely yours,

BEN R. CRANDALL, President.
FACULTY

A. J. RATHBONE
Agriculture

MISS MARGARET H. CHASE
Vice-President

C. E. KNOTT
Mechanics

MISS HOPE JORDAN
Mathematics

MRS. EVABELLE LONG-FULLER
Music and Dramatics

A. P. AGOSTI
Science

CAPT. J. C. DEUEL
Military

ROY STROBEL
Auto Shop

B. R. PREUSS
Printing

E. P. CUNNINGHAM
Machine Shop

G. H. PEROZZI
Forge-Carpentry

H. M. TENNANT
Business Manager

CHARLES PETETER
Horticulture

G. W. WILDER
Electric Shop-Drafting
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SENIORS

ROBERT HILLS
ATHLETICS

DOROTHY MILLER
ALUMNI

BELL TOMASINI
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CALENDAR

FAY DAVIS
TYPEST

HERBERT McKEE
MILITARY

MASON ELDER
LITERARY
Class of '25

Leslie Oldham  Wilbur Miller
President  Vice-President

Margaret Word  Fred Louis
Secretary

Mr. Knott:
Faculty Advisor

Colors:
Purple and Gold

Flower:
Cecile Brunner Rose

Tree:
Redwood

Motto:
By Our Efforts We Hope to Rise.

Fred Louis  Ellsworth Hald
Captain Rifle Team  Captain Track Team

Wilbur Miller  Walter Lumley
Captain Baseball Team  Captain Basketball Team
LESLE B. OLDHAM  Porterville

He has the mind to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute.

President Senior Class, '25.
Journal Staff, '24, '25.
Journal Editor, '25.
Polygram Staff, '24.
Baseball, '24, '25.
Football, '25.
Block "P" Club, '25.
"Seven Keys to Baldpate," '24.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

Outlook—San José State Teachers College.

DONALD EVELZH  Buhl, Idaho

One of those who upholds our reputation for learning.

President Junior Class, '24.
Polygram Staff, '25.
President Junior Farm Center, '25.
Football, '24, '25.
Vice-President Block "P" Club, '25.
"Seven Keys to Baldpate," '24.
Lieutenant, '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '24, '25.

Outlook—University of California, College of Agriculture.

BIRGER MARTINSEN  Santa Barbara

What he will, he does, and does it well.

President Sophomore Class, '23.
President Freshman Class, '22.
Track, '22, '25.
Baseball, '25.
Football Captain, '25.
Secretary-Treasurer Block "P" Club, '25.
Journal Staff, '23, '25.
First Lieutenant (Adjutant), '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '22, '23, '24.

Outlook—Santa Barbara State Teachers College.
Wilbur Miller    San Luis Obispo

A quiet, unassuming chap of great worth.

Vice-president Senior Class, '25.
Football, '25.
Baseball, '25.
Block "P" Club, '25.
First Sergeant Company "B", '25.

Outlook—Post graduate C. P. S., and Stanford University.

Dorothy Hoare    San Luis Obispo

"Beautiful as sweet! And young as beautiful! And soft as young! And gay as soft! And immensely gay."

Vice-president Amapola Club, '23.
Journal Staff, '25.
"Miss Cherryblossom," '23.
"Tailor Made Man," '23.

Outlook—Marrying a Polytechnic Alumnus.

Allan Mori    Atascadero

'Tis true, he's very much inclined,
To fondness for the female kind.

Vice-president Junior Class, '23.
Journal Staff, '22, '23.
Orchestra, '22, '23.
Glee Club, '21, '22.
Band, '21, '22, '23.

Outlook—University of California.

Ellsworth Hald    St. Paul, Minn.

Few come so far or work so hard
To gain a little learning.
President Dormitory Club, '25.
Polygram Staff, '25.
Manager Student Co-operative Store, '24.
Journal Staff, '24.
Football, '25.
Track, '25.
Block "P" Club, '25.

Outlook—San Diego State Teachers College or University of California, Southern Branch.
FRED LOUIS       San Luis Obispo

He who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

Treasurer Senior Class, '25.
Business Manager Polygram, '24, '25.
Journal Staff, '24, '25.
Glee Club, '25.
Lieutenant, '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '24, '25.

Outlook—Post graduate C. P. S., and University of California.

BELLE TOMASINI       San Luis Obispo

Thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

Vice-president Sophomore Class, '23.
Secretary Amapola Club, '23, '24.
Treasurer Amapola Club, '24.
Polygram Staff, '24, '25.
Journal Staff, '25.
"Miss Cherryblossom," '23.
"Tailor Made Man," '23.
"Seven Keys to Baldevate," '24.

Outlook—Mergenthaler Linotype School and Stanford University.

ROBERT HILLS       San Diego

Penting Time toiled after him in vain.

San Diego High School, '24.
Athletic Committee, '25.
Journal Staff, '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

Outlook—Stanford University.

KENNETH MCINTYRE        San Luis Obispo

He fell for the women and they let him lie.

San Luis Obispo High School, '23.
C. P. S., '24, '25.
Sergeant, '24, '25.

Outlook—Surveyor.
JOHN CARROLL  San Luis Obispo

_We grant that Johnny has much wit,
But is rather shy of showing it._

President Block "P" Club, '25.
First Lieutenant (Adjutant), '23.
Basketball, '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

_Outlook—University of California._

MARGARET WORD  Bakersfield

_Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Margaret's eye._

Secretary Senior Class, '25.
President Amapola Club, '25.
Polygram Staff, '25.
Treasurer Sophomore Class, '23.
Journal Staff, '24.
Basketball, '22, '23.
Baseball, '22, '23.
"Miss Cherryblossom," '23.
"Seven Keys to Baldeprate," '24.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

_Outlook—University of California or Fresno State Teachers College._

ARTHUR CALL  San Luis Obispo

_He is small in stature, but so was Napoleon._

Journal Staff, '24.
Sergeant, '25.

_Outlook—University of California._

ALFRED YOUNG  Santa Cruz

_in knowledge and in height he rose._

Vice-president Junior Class, '24.
Glee Club, '22, '23.
Football, '24, '25.
Clock "P" Club, '24, '25.
First Lieutenant, '25.
Captain Company "A", '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

_Outlook—Post graduate, C. P. S._
WALTER J. LUMLEY  King City

His limbs were cast in manly mold,
For hardy sports and contests bold.

President Block "P" Club, '24.
Journal Staff, '25.
Basketball Captain, '24, '25.
"Seven Keys to Baldepeste," '24.
Student Affairs Committee, '24, '25.

Outlook—Chicago Institute of Technology.

RAE MAYHALL  San Luis Obispo

She is complete in feature and mind,
And wears her wisdom lightly.

President Amapola Club, '25.
Secretary Freshman Class, '22.
Baseball, '23.
Commercial Club, '23.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

Outlook—Post graduate C. P. S.

HERBERT MCKEAN  San Luis Obispo

Always jolly and full of fun,
Mac is liked by everyone.

Captain Company "B", '25.
Sergeant, '24.
Journal Staff, '25.
Student Affairs Committee, '25.

Outlook—Printer.

WILMA ROUGEOT  San Luis Obispo

Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low,
An excellent thing in women.

Vice-president Commercial Club, '23.
Vice-President Circle "P" Club, '23.
Secretary Sophomore Class, '23.
Secretary Amapola Club, '22, '25.
Treasurer Amapola Club, '25.
Basketball, '22, '23.
Baseball, '22, '23.
Basketball Captain, '23.
"Miss Cherry blossom," '23.
San Luis Obispo High School, '24.

Outlook—Stenographer.
DONALD FULWIDER  Los Angeles
Though defeated he would argue still.
President Mechanics Association, ’25.
Polygram Editor, ’25.
Journal Staff, ’24.
Orchestra, ’23.
Band, ’25.
Glee Club, ’21.
First Sergeant Company “A”, ’25.
Student Affairs Committee, ’25.

OUTLOOK—University of California.

FAY DAVIS  San Luis Obispo
She believes that it is not good for one to live alone.
President Circle “P” Club, ’22.
President Commercial Club, ’23.
President Amapola Club, ’24.
Vice-president Senior Class, ’25.
Secretary Commercial Club, ’22.
Secretary Junior Class, ’23.
Secretary Amapola Club, ’23.
Treasurer Sophomore Class, ’22.
Treasurer Amapola Club, ’23.
Basketball, ’23.
Polygram Staff, ’22, ’23.
Journal Staff, ’24, ’25.
“Miss Cherryblossom,” ’23.
Student Affairs Committee, ’24.

OUTLOOK—Married to a Polytechnic Alumnus.

JOHN PFEIFFER  Big Sur
’Tis better to be a “has been” than to be a “never was.”
Vice-president Dormitory Club, ’25.
Junior Farm Center, ’25.
Bugle Corp, ’24, ’25.
Bugle Sergeant, ’25.

OUTLOOK—University of California.

OTTO GROENVELD  Hanford
He hears, yet says not much, but thinks the more.
Sergeant, ’25.

OUTLOOK—University of Arizona.

DARREL WIMMER  Templeton
He lives content and envies none.
Corporal, ’23.
Sergeant, ’24.

OUTLOOK—Mechanist.
The Class of '25 has successfully completed the course of study that was outlined by the administration of this institution. Now that the individual members of this class are about to leave the school, it is fitting and proper that we recall here the accomplishments of this class, during its four years of existence.

A short time after the opening of school in the fall of 1921 the Freshman Class was organized, class officers elected, and class colors chosen. The first officers of the class were: Birger Martinsen, president; Albert Hankenson, vice-president; Rae Mayhall, secretary; and Elmer Runels, treasurer. The colors selected by the class were purple and gold.

The progress made by the class in the first year was quite remarkable, although much credit is due to Miss Hoover, the class advisor, for her tact and patience. One of the outstanding characteristics of the Freshmen was their willingness to hoe weeds on the track and baseball diamond, a characteristic not conspicuous in present-day Freshmen. The first social undertaking of the class was a dance given on February 22, 1922, in honor of the Freshmen who entered at the mid-year. The shadow pictures shown by the class in the assembly hall proved to be an innovation in class entertainments.

In athletics the members of the class showed up wonderfully. They carried off the honors in the inter-class track meet, much to the chagrin of the Seniors and Sophomores. Furthermore, they had members on all the Varsity teams, with the exception of basketball.

In the fall of 1922 the members of the Class of '25, having passed all necessary requirements, came back to resume their studies as Sophomores. The following officers were elected for the school year: Birger Martinsen, president; Belle Tomasini, vice-president; Wilma Rougeot, secretary; and Margaret Word, treasurer. Mr. Anderson was the class advisor for the Sophomore year.

As Sophomores the classmen were always interested in school affairs and had great influence in school activities. The class dance that year was given in Dana Hall, at the close of the first basketball game of the season. It was a very notable affair and is the only dance ever given off the campus by a class.

The entertainment in the assembly hall consisted of a play, which was very suitable and well presented. It was at this assembly that the milk bottle, which had been given to the class the year before, was presented to the Class of '26.
In September, 1923, the members of the Class of '25, having successfully passed the second degree, were back to continue their work as Juniors. The officers elected for that year were: Donald Eveleth, president; Alfred Young, vice-president; Birger Martinsen, secretary; Donald Fulwider, treasurer. Mr. Knott was the advisor during the Junior year, and he was so pleased with the class that arrangements were made for him to retain his office during the Senior year.

On the athletic field the Juniors were the winners of the interclass baseball series. The class rifle team was also victorious on the rifle range.

Many of the class members devoted their attention to literature and did excellent work on the school publications. Furthermore, the four students who attained the highest scholastic standings were all members of the Class of '25.

The outstanding social event of the year was naturally the Junior-Senior banquet held at El Pismo Inn on May 27, 1924.

The program of the Junior assembly consisted of the trial and funeral services of the Class of '24. The climax came when the Seniors were given their last long look at the “leather trophy” which they had mysteriously lost. The Junior president explained that since the Class of '24 had for three years kept the numerals belonging to the Class of '25, the latter had seen fit to deal with the Seniors accordingly. A battle followed in which the Seniors were unsuccessful in regaining their lost trophy.

September, 1924, found the members of the Class of '25 bearing the title “Seniors,” for which they had worked so incessantly for three years.

The officers elected for the Senior year were: Leslie Oldham, president; Fay Davis, Wilbur Miller, vice-presidents; Margaret Word, secretary; and Fred Louis, treasurer.

During the Senior year the activities of the class were so many that space will not permit them to be enumerated here. However, upon investigation it will be found that the class took an active part in every phase of school life.

The Class of '25 has never claimed that it is the greatest or most renowned class that has ever graduated from Polytechnic, but it is evident that its members have endeavored to uphold the traditions of the institution and to better past records.

It has been said, “Service is the watchword of today, the opportunity of tomorrow. Next to service stands preparation. Included in preparation is specialization—for the successes of tomorrow will be founded upon the ability to do one thing well.” If this is true—and it is—the members of the Class of '25 will give good accounts of themselves, because the great purpose that brought them here, even at the sacrifice of time and money, was to prepare themselves for a definite place in the industries of the world. They are prepared and now stand ready to serve mankind, to fill the places for which this institution has trained them.

The Class of '25 has probably seen more advancements at Polytechnic than any other class and upon leaving the school it sincerely wished that each year the graduating class would be able to say, “We leave Polytechnic greater and better because of our activities.”

B. O. M. '25.
To ALL who read this manuscript be it known that:

We, the Class of '25, do desire that this document should be read and adhered to after our passing.

We do hereby and hereon reveal our desires and bequeath as follows:

To the faculty, we leave the happy thoughts that we will cross their paths no more.

To the Class of '26, we leave those of our number who have lingered by the wayside, and are unable to make the grade this year.

To the Class of '27, we leave the pep and spirit that has prevailed throughout our career, that they might become even as great a class as we.

To the Class of '28 we leave the hoped for realization of a new Auditorium-Gymnasium building.

I, Walter Lumley, will and bequeath the memory of many long years at Poly to Miss Chase, and my tact in courting four sweethearts and getting away with it to James Warford.

I, Ellsworth Hald, will my Jewish attitude to Jack Babcock, so that he may be able to sell anything to anyone very reasonably; and my ambition to become a favorite of the Polytechnic girls to Earl W. Miller.

I, Arthur Call, will my “Ark” to the school, that it may be put on display in the auto shop; and my knowledge of the deep and intricate game of handball to Einar Anholm.

I, Donald Fulwider, will my title as the “Sporting Youth” to William Tardif; and my cleverness in making bright remarks to Vicente Jimenez.

I, Herbert McKeen, will my interest in all the High School girls, with the exception of that which I have in one very dear little girl, to Horace Brown; and my resentment for being told that I am foolish, to George Isola.

I, Wilbur Miller, will my brass whistle together with a tin whistle to whomsoever Captain Deuel shall deem worthy to fill my shoes; and my interpretation of the Einstein Theory, to Donald Patterson.

I, Donald Evelth, will my role as politician to Wilbur Griffin and my favorite pipe to Howard Koster.

I, Belle Tomasini, bequeath all my admirers, with the exception of a few, to Floretta Tardif and my favorite seat in the study hall to Mason Elder.

I, Wilma Rougeot, will my power to forcefully persuade by means of my perfect right, to Byron Meacham; and the leadership of the girls’ band to Lila Wilson.
I, Leslie Oldham, will my privilege to stay away from the Dormitory on closed nights to Clarence Haas and my ability to recite in class without having studied the lesson to Carol Cavanaugh; he needs it.

I, Birger Martinsen, will my ability as a tennis player to Ruth Smith and my military cap to Pablo Del Rio.

I, John Ivan Pfeiffer, realizing that my cause is lost, willingly bequeath my ambition to become the captain of Company A to Pearl Pettit; and my position as mascot of the Canary Club to Francis Blackmore.

I, Fred Louis, will my ability to entertain the mechanics class by asking foolish questions to Herbert Perry; and all of my offices to George Elliot.

I, Alfred Young, will my "hoopie" to Harry Bowles and my hard boiled appearance whenever posing for a picture to William Vetter.

I, Fay Davis, bequeath my memory of school books to Roy Chadler and all my former beaus to Charlotte Wilmot.

I, Margaret Word, will my baby-like lisp to Leo Earl and my hobby of collecting scandal to Verdi Mills.

I, Kenneth McIntyre, will my artistic taste in camouflaging my Ford to Captain Deuel; and part of my "horseshoe luck" to Leon Erwin.

I, Robert Hills, will my angelic appearance to Albert Call and my melodic voice to James Sullivan. It will be found that the latter is very useful when reciting to Mr. Agosti.

I, Otto Groenveld, will my resigning ways to Chester Davis and my royal blood to Cayetano Amieva.

I, Johnny Carroll, will my winning ways with the girls to Ralph Watson and my wonderful physique to William Fredrickson; he needs it.

I, Dorothy Hoare, will my pleasing disposition to Raymond Traver and my outlook into the future to Dorothy Stafford.

I, Rae Mayhall, will my place on the honor roll to George McMahon and my faith in the faculty to Ivan Reynolds.

I, Darrel Wimmer, being a long distance favorite of the girls, will the endearing title of Darling Darrel to Wilfred Zanoli and my exacting neatness to Albert Moreno.

I, Allen Mori, will my right to come to school whenever I please to Verne Harpster; and the method for keeping my "school boy" complexion to Byron Barnes.

We do hereby appoint Mr. Knott as sole executor of this our last will and testament, with due instructions that it be fully carried out.

In witness thereof, we have hereto subscribed our names on the 10th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

CLASS OF '25,
California Polytechnic School.
When one is attempting to write the prophecy of a class, the thought enters his mind, “How shall I know what the individual members of the class will be doing ten, twenty or even thirty years from the present?” The more one thinks on this subject, and makes a little observation on the lives of men, the more he realizes the truth of the statement made long ago: “By their deeds ye shall know them.” This solves the problem! Proceed.

After thirty years of government service in the Philippines, I resigned my office and prepared to return to the United States. It was with a sigh of relief that I settled back in an easy chair in one of the large passenger compartments on the “Baltimore.” The “Baltimore” was the latest dirigible added to the fleet of ships operating on the air line between the United States and the Orient.

To amuse myself I adjusted the apparatus of the latest radio invention of Wilbur Charles Miller, whereby the listener could not only hear but also see the scene that was being broadcasted. In this way a pleasant afternoon was spent viewing happenings about the globe. Many of the scenes astonished me because of the fact that they revealed to me the happenings and doings of many of my old friends from Polytechnic. One of the first pictures that was presented to my view was of an elaborate banquet given in honor of the President of the Metropolitan Insurance Company. Seated beside the president was Mrs. Davis in a dazzling evening gown. As the banquet progressed, I gathered from the after dinner speeches that Leslie Davis had made a steady climb in the corporation until he had reached the presidency, while his wife took an active part in social circles and now practically set the standards for New York society.

A small twist of my adjustor presented to view a scene at Harvard University with the college president in the act of introducing some noted man. “And now I take great pleasure in introducing the Hon. Robert Hills, D.P., LLD., D.D.” The president continued, “Mr. Hills, who is regarded as the world’s leading scientist will deliver an address on ‘Why is a chicken.’” Who should arise at this introduction but my old friend Bob Hills to whom credit was given, back in those good old Senior days, for many a bright remark. Bob’s lecture was mighty interesting and gave proof that he had studied his subject well.

A sudden change of the wave lengths presented to my eyes a busy scene in Southern California. Several clicking cameras proclaimed it to be Hollywood, and the object of their busy clicking I found, to my surprise, to be none other than Belle Tomasini. Belle’s love for dancing back in those days was evidently her fortune for here she was merrily swaying and whirling to intoxicating music in a big Oriental set used in one of the big pictures of the year. Later when I saw the film I was more than ever impressed with Belle’s histrionic abilities.
Martial music heralded the next change on the screen and when my reflector portrayed the walls of a beautiful old castle, I wondered what I was being shown. The beats of the drums grew louder constantly and soon there appeared a small army on review. As they passed the central troops of reviewing officers and saluted, I noted that there was much honor and respect tendered one tall military figure, who as he saluted, I recognized as Otto Groenveld. At once, I recalled the story which centered around Otto back in the days at Polytechnic which dealt with his being a descendant of royalty. I was indeed glad to see that the old Duchy in Europe, which for many centuries was the pride of the Groenvelds', had been restored to the family after the long period of confiscation by a rival country.

Wild yells from a mighty crowd were brought to my ear as the reflector next showed a number of brilliant racing cars madly striving to overcome the lead of a master race-pilot whom the yells of the crowd proclaimed a mighty favorite. A tense moment—on the last lap the leading car went into a skid in which only the masterly driving of the pilot saved him from an awful crash. Soon the suspense was over! When his car had come to a stop he was carried to the judges' stand by a hilarious crowd. Here before a great crowd, the president of the International Racing Association stated that it was indeed a pleasure to him to present Kenneth McIntyre with the reward that goes to the world's greatest racing pilot. Lucky Mac!

My pleasant visit via long distance with old school pals was interrupted at this moment by the approach of the steward, who stated that the captain wished to see me. Wonderingly, I followed, and even after this august person had stated that only upon checking over his passenger list had he found that I was on board. I did not know him. "Why, Marty, don't you remember your old friend Al?" he asked reproachfully. And then light dawned upon me. But my inability to recognize him was not all my fault. Alfred in his trim captain's uniform and now wearing a moustache, was indeed different from the Al Young I had known back on the football field at Polytechnic. And then what a merry time of greetings we had, which was greatly augmented by the appearance of Mrs. Young, whom I recognized instantly as Rae Mayhall. In a pleasant visit with this happy couple I learned that Alfred had been rewarded with the captaincy of the "Baltimore" after many years of service piloting smaller crafts. Rae told me that she usually made the trips with her husband, as she enjoyed living among the clouds. She told me confidentially that she and Alfred were happy, realizing the "air castle" they had built for themselves while attending Polytechnic. During the conversation that followed "Mr. Poby" said that they were planning on attending the Grand Homecoming at Polytechnic as he was to be given a vacation upon the completion of this voyage. This was quite a coincidence as I too was planning to revisit the old school.

Our pleasant contemplation of the event was cut short by the call to dinner. At the Youngs' invitation I sat at the captain's table and just as I
had taken my chair I noticed someone who was strangely familiar entering the dining room. I asked Rae if she saw anyone whom we knew and after a few seconds' study we recognized the newcomer as Dorothy Hoare. She, of course, was asked to join us and a merry dinner it proved to be. A gold ring on her left hand told us that she had changed her name, and in answer to our question she stated that she had been Mrs. Stewart Patchett for almost thirty years. She then was on her way over to be present at the graduation of her youngest son who was now majoring in Journalism at Polytechnic and also to attend the Homecoming. She told us that Stewart had to stay in Japan where he had complete charge of all Standard Oil operations. She also told us of another one of the Standard Oil boys; Allan Mori had risen in the ranks of the corporation until he was now in line for the presidency of that great company. It was mainly through Mori's efforts that Stewart was given charge of the company's interests in Japan.

While at the table I told them of the members of the class whom I had heard of that afternoon through the use of Wilbur's radio, and they were delighted with the news. The perfection of the radio reflector instrument by Wilbur Miller was our leading topic during the remainder of the evening. We recalled how he used to work so hard on his radio problems, and what success he always had with his sets. He was now the president of the International Radio College located in New York, and had been well compensated for his wonderful accomplishments.

The remainder of our trip was indeed pleasant and a day later we landed at Los Angeles, transferred to a coast dirigible and left the southern metropolis for San Luis Obispo. We were informed that San Luis Obispo had grown to be one of the leading cities of the West, but we were not prepared for the sight that confronted us. Polytechnic, with one thousand acres, was like a beautiful green park in the center of a large city whose outskirts lay far beyond the place where Edna formerly was. So vastly modern was this dear old Mission city that on its leading hotel was a mooring mast for dirigibles.

The dirigible on which we had taken passage was made fast to the mast in a surprisingly short time. We descended from the dirigible in an elevator contained within the mast, and upon our arrival in the lobby thirty-eight stories below we became aware of the fact that the portly looking old gentleman who was the owner of the hotel was none other than Herbert McKeen. He took the greatest of pleasure in personally conducting us to our suites, leaving us to rest from our trip with the admonition to be ready in the evening for his banquet which was to be an affair for the members of the Class of '25.

Needless to say we tarried not long in our rooms, so anxious were we to see all of our old friends and also the changes in our old school town. We were soon in the lobby again meeting many of our old class mates. The Eveleths were there, Mr. Hald was there and so was Mr. Fulwider and a great many other graduates of other classes. We learned that a special electric train was coming to take all of
the Polytechnic graduates for a trip about the city.

"You'll never guess who are the owners of our street railway system," said Herbert. And, sure enough, we were surprised, for who should greet us as we clambered aboard but Fred Louis and Arthur Call, joint owners and, by the way, two of the city's leading citizens. Arthur told us the history of their company, its growth and the many difficulties it had to overcome. He said that they began by starting a bus line, using the old Fords that they used to drive to school.

Such a trip! An eye opener such as this one we had not before experienced. Edna was now lost in a maze of city blocks. Several miles farther we ran into the suburbs, and upon approaching the grounds of an attractive country club Fred and Arthur asked the party to drop in for lunch as their guests. As we entered the gates and turned to look over the golf course our attention was called to a large portly gentleman coming toward us. The picture of a retired financier, his knickers and golf bag proclaimed him out for his eighteen holes. We were some time in recognizing Johnnie Carroll who, at a hail from Fred, came to us at once. Johnnie joined us for lunch and as we ate we learned that he had made several millions as a result of the perfecting of a super-bean, which in Boston was now the most desired for the beans of Boston fame. Johnnie asked us over to his home for a visit and we were all delighted with his magnificent country house. Fred and Arthur told us that another home in the Bermudas was even nicer. They had often been his guests there, they said.

We returned to the hotel just in time to welcome Darrel Wimmer, now one of the world's famous globe trotters and fabulously rich, it was whispered. Darrel was here this time, from an excursion into the mountains of Tibet, and many an interesting tale was told by him that night at the banquet that Herbert gave us. Much speculation as to who would inherit his vast fortune revealed the fact that his niece Jeannette was his sole heiress, as he had never married.

The next day was the great Homecoming day at Polytechnic and bright and early were we all on hand. Of course all of us men directed our attention first to the football men and the new Agosti Stadium where that afternoon the Stanford - Polytechnic Varsity teams were to meet. The stadium was a beauty, being one of the largest on the Pacific coast.

The coach, none other than Walter J. Lumley was giving his final instructions to the football men in the big gymnasium. We were unable to talk to him until after the game, but learned that he had six assistants to help him put out a winning team.

After seeing the game, we continued our tour of the campus and were greatly pleased to note the many new buildings, the twelve new dormitories for both men and women, the large auditorium, and new shop buildings, and many other things of interest to us.

At the poultry unit, which was now famous the world over, we met John Ivan Pfeiffer, the world's foremost poultryman. John was now a millionaire having realized his ambition to raise a million chickens and sell them for a dollar each.
While we were wandering over the grounds, I fell into conversation with Ellsworth Hald. His was indeed an interesting story, beginning with the managership of the co-operative store here at school back in those "good old days" and leading to his success in establishing a chain of stores, which have become world famous both in North and South America. He attributed his success to the fact that he had chosen men to direct his business who had been inspired by the same ideals that he had while he was still at Polytechnic.

After dinner we proceeded to the Stadium to see the big game of the season. When we arrived a preliminary game between the Polytechnic Frosh and the Santa Barbara Teachers College was in progress. The Frosh held the Teachers to a score of six to six. The Polytechnic Varsity was loudly cheered as it came on the field, as was also the Stanford Varsity. The game progressed through three quarters without a score. The scene recalled to my memory a game played long ago between Polytechnic and the Stanford Second Varsity. It made me happy to think that the last quarter of this game would not be the same as the last quarter of that game played long ago, because of the fact that coach Lumley had plenty of good men to replace his tired players.

In the last few minutes of the game, after Stanford had invaded Polytechnic territory to within three yards of the goal, the ball was fumbled. It was indeed a tense moment. When the referee finally got at the ball beneath the pile of human beings he found it in the possession of a Polytechnic player. The Polytechnic rooters cheered loud and long, urging their team to score. The teams formed, the play began and took the formation of an old Polytechnic smashing play which no team had yet withstood. One of Polytechnic’s half backs, a fine young chap named Eveleth, broke through the line with the ball, evaded the fullback and halves, straightarmed the safety man and fell across the goal line. It was the most spectacular play of the season. The crack of the final gun was drowned in the din of the cheering crowd. Never before had I seen a game that equaled this one!

The hero of the afternoon was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Eveleth. Mrs. Eveleth was formerly Margaret Word and when her son made the victorious score, she fainted. Mr. Eveleth, the proud father of the hero, is a big cotton grower in the Imperial Valley and is the president of several Southern California banks.

The only reporter that was able to get an interview with the star football player and his parents, thus obtaining a "scoop" story, was Mr. Donald Fulwider, who is the western reporter for the New York Tribune.

While leaving the stadium after the game, I happened to run into Mr. Leslie Oldham, who is now a U. S. Senator. At his invitation I went for a ride with him in his Packard Sedan. During our conversation he told me of a certain social function that he had attended in New York City, at which he had chanced to meet Wilma Rougeot. She was not Miss Wilma Rougeot any longer as she had married the mayor of Yonkers, N. Y., but Les couldn’t recall her present name.
As we were rolling along in his big car on one of the beautiful drives of the city, we recalled all that had taken place in the last few days. I told him of all the members of the class that I had seen through the radio. We came to the conclusion that the Class of '25 could be justly proud of the records made by its individual members.

The banquet held that evening in the new Administration Building was the crowning feature of the Homecoming.

Representatives of each of the fifty graduated classes were seated at class tables. Many fine addresses and cheers were given during the evening, but the address that gripped the hearts of the former students was that given by the aged Dr. Ben Crandall, who for many years was the beloved school president, and who even now was president emeritus of the school.

Birger O. Martinsen, '25.

CALLING ECHOES

Lying alone with the shadows
Of night falling softly around,
I heard on the hush of the ev'ning
An oddly alluring sound.

A train, taking leave of the station
With movements impatiently slow,
Sent forth through the quiet of the valley
Its challenge, "Come, come, let's go!"

The challenge was caught by the echoes
And rippling around to and fro
Came clearly to me through my window,
Re-echoing back, "Let's go!"

The call seemed to answer the question
That troubled my spirit so.
I wanted to follow the echoes,
Respond to their challenge, "Let's go."

The echoes lead far o'er the hillsides.
They pass from our valley, but grow
In my longing to follow their leadings
And answer the echo, "Let's go!"

Rae Mayhall, '25.
SENIOR CRADLE ROLL

Herbert
McKee

Pac
Mayhall

Allan
Muir

Dorothy
Hoare

Leslie
Oldham

Belle
Tomasini

Robert
Hills

Kenneth
McIntyre

Donald
Fulwider

Arthur
Call

Otto
Grosvold

John
Pfieffer
SENIOR CRADLE ROLL

Ellsworth Halld
Rosalind Venema
Alfred Young
Fay Davis
Birger Martinsen
Wilbur Miller
Margaret Wood
Walter Luntley
Fred Louis
Donald Eveleth
Wilma Rouget
Johnny Carroll
JUNIOR CLASS

Class Officers

Vernon Langenbeck ........... President
C. Earle Miller ............ Vice-President
Howard Koster ............... Secretary
Chester Davis ............... Treasurer
Adviser ............ Miss Margaret H. Chase

In this, our Junior year, we have come into our own. We have achieved that which for two well directed years we have struggled.

Since the time that we entered school in the fall of ’22 we did much for the activities of our Alma Mater. Our boys went out for all the teams and one earned his letter. Our interclass athletics was a great success and we were enabled by great perseverance to take the football championship of the school.

When we again gathered under the friendly shadows of old Alma Mater as Sophomores we were richer in experience and ability. In that year we showed the Freshmen the straight and narrow path of righteousness and helped them to follow it. That year we again did our best in the promotion of better school life and in maintaining the high standards that have always been a big factor in the life of our school. More letters were granted our boys, and our warriors of the handball court took the interclass championship. Our baseball team was able to hold the two upper classes to very close wins and we scored one victory.

In this, our Junior year, we are able to realize much that we had aimed at. In athletics our class has been a very large factor in the making up of the various school teams and still more can be expected of us. Ours was the first dance of the year and the most greatly attended; it was voted a huge success by all that were present.

Now that we are soon to be Seniors we do not have any regrets for our past three years, years that have been rich and full, for we have done our best in all that we set ourselves to do.

To the Class of ’27 we yield our place as Juniors as we are to become that which all students aspire to be, Seniors, and we hope and trust that they will carry out as well as we have the traditions of the school.

To the class that goes before we wish to extend a sincere farewell, and to assure them that wherever they may go we wish them well.

Class Roll

E. Anholm. ............... G. McMahon
L. V. Christiansen. .... E. W. Miller
C. Cavanaugh. ........... D. Persons
C. Davis. ................. H. Perry
G. Elliot. ................. I. Reynolds
M. Elder. ................. P. Reed
H. Koster. ....... J. Sullivan
V. Langenbeck. ........... W. Tardif
C. E. Miller.
SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Class of 1927 came into their own this year as Sophomores. The year started out with the election of the class officers. They are William Lee, president; Neils Jeppesen, vice-president; Floretta Tardif, secretary; and Frank Quinonez, treasurer.

The class this year has taken a very active part in the social activities of the school. The class, in connection with the Seniors, put on the dance at the homecoming celebration. This was undoubtedly the best dance of the year. In addition to this, they have held several functions of their own, particularly a weinie bake at Morro Beach.

The Sophomores also put on an assembly which was a decided success. This assembly probably will be long remembered by the members of the Sophomore class and also by many others.

The outstanding virtues of the class, however, were evidenced along the athletic lines. In all of the athletics this year they have proved to be contestants that had to be feared. In the majority of the athletics the Sophomores emerged winners.

The first contests of the year were in handball. After a long tournament of hard fought games, the Sophs managed to gain the title of “Champion.” In these games the class was represented by “Pete” Traver and George Gingg.

The next contests were in basketball. Again the Sophomores grabbed the championship. This was a complete surprise to the Juniors who had expected to meet very little competition in the basketball schedule.

The rifle shoot, however, was the crowning success of the class. After all of the other classes had been on the range and piled up very high records in each case, the Sophs took their turn. They succeeded in bettering the other scores so much that there was no question of doubt as to who were the victors. In this match the Sophs also took the individual high point prize. This was taken by Leon Erwin. In honor of his record he was presented a silver watch fob with his name and score engraved thereon.

The Sophomores had high hopes of winning the interclass track meet, but in this they were disappointed. They suffered defeat at the hands of the Seniors by a small margin. This was not so bad as they defeated the other two classes by an overwhelming majority. The Sophs had the honor of having the second high point man in this meet. Again “Pete” Traver is the shining example. He was only one-fourth of a point below the high point man.

At the time of this writing the class is preparing to take part in the interclass baseball schedule. This tournament is the last and decisive one of the year. If the Sophs are able to take this from the Seniors it will make them the undisputed champions in athletics for the year.

The class was also successful in putting several of their members upon the school athletic teams. In the two track meets the school participated in “Pete” Traver was the high point man for Poly in both.
FRESHMEN

At the election of officers held the first of the year the following Freshmen officers were elected: Morris White, president; Chester Hayden, vice-president; Joe Lewis, secretary; and Orvis Hotchkiss, treasurer. Later in the year Chester Hayden left school and was replaced by William Wilson. The above mentioned officers have been our able executives and guides throughout the year.

The Freshmen this year have enjoyed many pleasures and also have suffered many troubles. It is hard to realize that we will soon be second-year students. We then hope to realize many of our aims and ideas in guiding the next Freshman class through their year of "childhood." We also hope that we may be able to avenge ourselves for all that we have received at the hands of the Sophomores.

The Freshman class have played a big part in athletics this year in spite of the fact that they are a small class and somewhat younger. It certainly is an honor to the class to have four of our members make their letter during their Freshman year. Morris White and Harold Bardmess each made letters in football. Eric Varian made a letter in basketball and Orvis Hotchkiss made a letter in track. A great many more of the Freshmen went out for the various athletics, but were unable to earn a letter. At least the class can be proud of their having supported the teams.

The Freshmen also put forth their most earnest efforts in interclass athletics. They were unable to do much in basketball because most of their men were out for the Varsity and unable to play interclass basketball. The Freshmen were able to defeat the Juniors in handball, but the Sophs were too much for them.

The track meet brought out the fact that the Freshmen were dangerous opponents for any of the classes. We were successful in taking most of the weight events and several of the sprints. At the final reckoning the Freshmen had piled up a score that somewhat surprised the other classes. Although they didn't win, they did show some real athletic abilities.

The Freshmen entertained the assembly with a play during the spring. The play was entitled "The Coats." It was a grand success.

The Freshmen have not yet started their baseball schedule. They are preparing to compete with the other classes in earnest, and hope that they may emerge as winners. The outlook for this is very good at the present.

The class is also preparing a party in which they will entertain all of the other classes. This is to be held about the middle of May. This has not been customary before, but we hope to make it worthwhile and hope it will help to promote friendship and social activities here.
THE TURN OF THE TIDE

First Prize

Slowly the great oiler left the dock; two ripples fell away from her prow, forming an ever-widening V on the smooth bay. Easily she slipped through the waters and passed from the beautiful bay into the choppy water outside the breakwater. There she made a half-turn, two little puffs of steam arose and then two deep whistles came back to the shore. She was off. Turning her nose due west, she slipped over the horizon into—what?

Two bright childish eyes strained after her until the sun tipped the hills, throwing a long shadow across the bay. Then the girl arose from her snug "lookout" and passed back over the mossy trail and down the steep incline to her home.

There she took up her discarded sewing and sat down by the window to look out over the bay and dream of swift ships sailing on seas of, to her, perfect contentment.

Many times had Lotta Daine watched the ships leave with their deep tanks full of oil for some country and port far-distant—almost too far-distant for her imagination to reach. She had seen them sail before the sun on bright clear mornings; she had seen them sail into the sun on soft, mellow afternoons.

Then there were dark days with no sun at all when they slipped away as grey shadows in the mists; days when they crept away to be met by monstrous breakers that dashed over the breakwater in defiance and made the old wharf tremble on its unstable piles.

On these days she could sometimes hear the cries of the sailors and see the captain standing firm but anxious on the bridge, as they passed beneath her "lookout." Then would her heart rush and pound with the wild desire to be with them, to match her wit and strength and the strength of those great steel walls against the strength of the breakers.

No matter what the weather, the sea and the ships called to her. The outgoing ships had the strongest appeal for although she was interested in the strange trophies brought from foreign lands, it was the deep boom of an outgoing ship that sent her flying up the hill to her little bank of moss and
leaves. There she would watch it slip over the horizon where she longed to go and it was then that the call of the sea was strongest. Her emotions would surge and fill her heart as an ever rising tide.

This sea in her heart had always been a source of great worry to her parents. They were plain, comfortable, old-fashioned people and to them there was but one course a girl's life should follow. As a little girl she should play at housekeeping and dress her dolls. In her teens she should learn to sew and cook and learn the finer points of housekeeping. Then in her early twenties she should marry and conduct her own home the same way. Lotta's dolls had always gone undressed and her doll dishes were in perfect condition as she had never played with them enough to break them. And no matter how her mother's diligent teachings in the art of sewing and despite a vague feeling that she should not, at the first call of a ship's whistle Lotta would quietly lay aside her sewing and disappear up the hill.

On this particular afternoon, good news was waiting for her. Her mother brought in a long letter from her brother Harry, whom Lotta adored with all the affection of a warm, girlish heart. Her great affection for her brother was another thing that amazed her parents. She was happy when he was near and sad when he left. His quarrels were hers, his enemies were hers a tenfold, and she cherished him almost fiercely in her heart as being above all wrong.

Harry had joined the Navy two years before and was now with a squadron of destroyers which had been making several trips along the coast. His long letters describing these trips were a constant source of delight to her.

Lotta read his letter and then went in search of her mother in joyous excitement. "Oh Mother! Harry's squadron left Seattle Tuesday and they will pass in close here on their way to San Diego. Then he will have two weeks shore-leave. Just think! This is Saturday, they ought to be by here tomorrow sometime. Oh! Mother! I'm so glad!"

Although the chance that they would see the ships was very small, just the knowledge that he would be near was enough for Lotta and her gay mood cheered her parents greatly.

The next day being Sunday, it was later than usual when their neighborhood awoke, and then the awakening was instantaneous. Seven of the destroyers had been wrecked on the next point south. The reports were indefinite but the favored one seemed to be that several of the crews were lost or missing.

No communications could be established with the little town near the wreck so the Daine family started in great anxiety to reach the place by car. It was some seventy odd miles away and the roads were in a very bad condition. Already, great crowds were issuing from the surrounding communities and traffic was heavy. The trip was long and hard and Lotta's anxiety increased each moment. They reached the point and saw seven of the trim little destroyers laying crushed and broken on the rocks just a few hundred feet from shore. Thousands of people had gathered and cameras clicked
everywhere as people took pictures of the boats. Many people had brought luncheons and were making a picnic out of it amidst the dust and grime raised by the crowd. The sight of the cameras, the luncheons and the light and careless attitude of the crowd only brought the horror of the situation closer to Lotta and the knot tightened in her throat as she pressed on with her parents to where an American flag waved over an army tent.

Here already, had Uncle Sam's authority been established and from here the work of rescue was being directed.

Lotta's father asked for the commanding officer and approached him in a great state of agitation.

"The Z-35 Sir! Has anything been heard from her crew? My son was on board her." The officer, although beset by a thousand worries, was kind in the face of this new tragedy.

"One of the crews remained on board and is now on shore here. It is from its members that we have our only information as to the rest. They seem to believe that the majority of the men will escape on the rafts. Seven bodies have been recovered but they are all from the Z-29," and turning, Lotta saw seven caskets each covered with a beautiful flag. Tears filled her eyes and she turned away with a short prayer on her lips.

There was nothing to be done but wait, and as night was now close upon them they turned homeward with their anxiety, there to wait and pray.

There was little sleep in the household that night and they were all up early the next morning. After two hours of tense waiting, Lotta could stand it no longer and after the least of urgings her parents again started for the wreck. They knew not why but for some reason they had to be there close to where there son might be.

The multitudes still poured into the roads in cars and surged around the bluffs on foot. Even here there was nothing that they could do but it was better than waiting at home. Ten more flag covered caskets had been placed under the tent. The tension and pain in Lotta's heart grew harsher until the cry rang along the cliffs, "They have found another body."

Lotta turned to her mother with dilated eyes and in a hoarse voice said, "Mother! I know they are bringing in Harry!" Dreading to go, yet unable to stay away, she approached in the crowd with her parents. Only one look at the dripping body in sailor's uniform, only one glimpse of the limbs stiff with death and white from long contact with the water and she turned away numb into stillness.

And as she turned, the ocean, in all its glory and power, rolled and broke at her feet.

Dry eyed she and her mother walked to their car and waited for her father who had gone to the officer. The long trip home was a nightmare and once home her nerves gave away and she wept with a grief which seemed too great for this life to endure.

Harry was buried with the rest of the sailor boys who so sadly lost their lives in the wreck. A whole nation offered silent tribute to them and everything possible was done to make the burial beautiful.
Once more at home Lotta turned towards housework as a surcease from grief. No more did she go to her lookout. No more did she dream over her sewing. The sea had made one last great call to her and the tide in her heart had turned. 

Rae Mayhall, ’25.

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**HIS BROTHER JIM**

*Second Prize*

Fred Baxter sat at his desk, a sheet of paper covered with figures before him. From the rear of the little shop came the cheerful staccato bark of a motor that young Jimmy Baxter was tuning up. The motor barked louder, then ceased abruptly as the ignition was cut off.

"Hey, Jim, come here," Fred called.

"’S’matter?" asked Jim as he appeared. Fred had to smile, for Jim’s freckled face was liberally smeared with black grease.

"I guess we’re through," he simply said.

"How come? What do you mean through?" Jim demanded.

"We haven’t got enough money to run the business, that’s all."

"Can’t we borrow some?" questioned Jim.

"Borrowing money is easier said than done," Fred explained.

Why can’t we get credit with the Regal people?"

"We’re too new at the business. They might trust old dealers who have won a reputation, but you can tell the world they’re not opening any new accounts with money as tight as it is now."

"Have you tried them?" Jim persisted.

"I tried them alright. We got a letter this morning. Machines and parts will all come through C. O. D."

"Well of all the nerve," Jim exclaimed angrily. "What do they take us for, crooks? Makes me sore, I’ve boosted the Regal so much."

"You’ve got the wrong idea," Fred put in quickly. "The old Regal’s a good motorcycle, and the company’s square, but they got to protect themselves."

"I suppose that’s so," Jim admitted. Then he added, "Al Jones has something to do with this, believe me; Al’s sore because he hasn’t the Regal agency. He’s been trying to get it away from you for some time."

"How do you know?"

"Seth Peters told me."

"What did he tell you?"

"Seth told me last night that Al wrote to the Regal company telling ’em they ought to have a regular agent handling their machines, and not a fellow doing it on a shoestring. Also, Jones got at least two riders to write to the factory knocking the way you’re taking care of the agency."

"I know who the riders are," Fred interrupted. "Sandy Rogers and Jack Kelsey; a couple of cheerful liars, only the Regal people don’t know them like the folks around here do."

"Will the company take the agency away from you because of what that crook Jones wrote ’em?" demanded Jim.
"No; they're too square for that; they'd investigate first. But if I can't swing the business they'd really be justified in giving the territory to Al or to anyone else who was in a position to handle it."

Jim was silent for a moment. Then—

"Were you going to ride a big Regal in the twenty-four hour endurance?"

"No," Fred answered indifferently. "Don't you want to enter your lightweight?"

Jim's eyes glowed.

"I've thought about it a lot and now there's a special reason why I'd like to tackle it but—" hesitatingly, "the entry fee is ten dollars."

Fred took a thin roll of bills from his pocket and flipped two fives over to his brother.

"There you are, kid," he said. "Put your entry in and go to it."

"You're a brick, Fred," the boy cried. "I hate to take it, when you are so short of money."

"Forget that, old fellow," Fred retorted, "you're entitled to ten times as much."

The annual twenty-four hour endurance run promoted by the Metropolitan Motorcycle Club was the big noise of the year in motorcycle circles. Enthusiasts came from all parts of the country to take part. The run covered a trifle over 400 miles. About half was state road, the remainder was country road ranging from fair to very bad.

The contest was scheduled to start at 6 p.m. In the afternoon low hanging clouds appeared in the west, but neither that nor the weather bureau's prediction of rain put a damper on the enthusiasm. No one seemed to mind if the run did develop into a mud plugging contest, for the more difficult the conditions, the more glory was to be won.

The riders were sent off in small groups at intervals of a minute, and presently, with a thrill of excitement, Jim found himself whirring smoothly along towards the first checking station, Wakefield, thirty-eight miles away. Just as he reached Wakefield the first raindrops spattered on his goggles. Jim thanked his lucky stars that he had followed Fred's suggestion and carefully water proofed his ignition system with scraps of discarded inner tube. A dozen or more contestants were ahead of him, and he had to wait his turn.

"If any of you birds asked me," volunteered the checker, "I'd say it was going to weep, and weep a plenty."

"Nobody asked you," growled one of the riders good naturedly. "Why be a crepe hanger?"

"I'm no crepe hanger," the other exclaimed, "not me, Clarice; I'm just telling you for your own good. Want to borrow a rain coat?"

"Yes," eagerly shouted the other.

"So do I," remarked the checker sweetly. "Got an extra one you can lend me?"

"Come on," called another, "don't waste time with that fresh guy. Let's go."

They proceeded to go, the whole crowd of them, but the checker's melancholy forecast received speedy confirmation. How it did pour!

They passed several small control stations. It was now several hours later, and the rain was coming down in a downpour.

"How far to the next control?" asked the checker.

"Ten miles," called one of the riders.

"This isn't good," said the checker. "The country road is very bad."

"Oh, come on, Clarice," said another. "Don't be a crepe hanger."

"I'm no crepe hanger," retorted the other.

"Come on," called the checker. "If you can't run, walk."

"What about those mud plugs?" asked one of the riders.

"If you can't handle the mud, you can't handle this."

"I'm going to stop and wait," said another. "I can't go on."

"Don't be a crepe hanger," said the checker.

"I'm not a crepe hanger," said the other.

"Come on," said the checker. "If you can't run, you can't walk."

"I'm going to stop and wait," said another. "I can't go on."

"Don't be a crepe hanger," said the checker.

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eral who were vainly trying to coax life into their water soaked engines. His smooth running little twin never missed an explosion for all the wetting it received.

Jim skidded badly and once went down with a crash on a sharp turn, but no harm resulted. He had one narrow escape from utter destruction when a powerful car, traveling at inexcusably reckless speed, forced him into the ditch.

The first one hundred and fifty miles were mostly state road, which was the rider's only salvation. Jim checked out at Ives Corners at six o'clock, exactly on time. From Ives Corners on, however, the road conditions would in the main be about as bad as possible.

He made a hasty breakfast at the checking station, filled his tanks, and started on. Jim's lightweight pulled through places where more powerful models would have been in serious trouble. But it was hard going, with numerous skids and tumbles.

Gradually the number of contestants still in the running dwindled. By noon Jim and a half dozen heavyweight riders were the only ones left with perfect scores.

Shortly after two he pulled up to the bridge across Black River comforted by the thought that the worst was over and that a few more miles of mud would find him on solid macadam for the rest of the run. Several other riders were sitting around the place where the bridge had been but there was no bridge.

"Look who's here," called an Imperial rider, as Jim putt-putted up to the ruined abutment. "How did you ever get this far in that kiddie-car?"

"Rode her," Jim retorted, forcing a grin. "How did you get here? Some kind-hearted fairy on a Regal give you a tow? Most of the Imperial camp I passed seemed to be pushing their boats."

"I don't seem to see any Imperial lightweights around either," added another Regal fan.

"It sure looks like the run is busted wide open," remarked Jim to change the subject.

"You said it, son," agreed the Imperial lad cordially. "Perfect scores will be as scarce as hen's teeth this time."

"I know another bridge two miles down the river," said Jim.

"Went out at daybreak," the rider informed him.

Jim said nothing, but he was thinking hard. He had started on his first endurance run with the determination to succeed, and the strength of this determination had kept him in a grind that had discouraged older and more experienced motorcyclists than he. And now it came as a genuine tragedy that the failure of a bridge should cheat him of the victory he deserved.

Unnoticed by the others, Jim turned and rode back over the stretch he had just traversed. Presently he turned to the right, and after a few minutes of mud plugging he came to a farmhouse. He had often stopped here on fishing trips.

"Hello, Jim," a man called from the barn. "Ain't after bass, be ye? Fish won't bite for a week after this storm."

"Not fishing today, Mr. Miller," Jim stated briefly. "Sam anywhere around?"
In prompt answer a boy of about Jim's own age appeared.
"By gravy," he shouted. "You must be plumb crazy, Jim Baxter, to ride a motorsickle a day like this."

Time was precious, and Jim's explanation was short.
"I've just got to get across the river," he concluded. "Can we make it in the skiff?"

"Might, but the water's boiling down the valley like a mill race, and if we hit anything your Motorsickle's gone."

"I'll take a chance," Jim retorted. "Let's make it snappy."

In quick time they got the lightweight loaded on Sam's skiff. Sam pulled manfully at the oars, while Jim could do little more than cross his fingers and wish for good luck. His watch said three-fifteen and Granby Center was fifty miles away, ten of the distance valley mud.

The perilous crossing was gradually accomplished. It was two miles below the Miller farm when Sam finally shoved the bow of the skiff ashore near the remains of the bridge that Jim had mentioned to the other riders. Carefully the two boys lifted the lightweight out.

"Much obliged, Sam," cried Jim. "See you pretty soon some day."

He made the final checking station before Granby Center with just ten seconds to spare, much to the surprise of the youth in charge. At four minutes to six he rolled unsteadily up to the finish point at Granby Center, fumbled with one hand for the water stained checking papers in his coat pocket, and then pitched over to the pavement sound asleep.

Two days later a stranger entered the small building that served the Baxters as a shop. Fred was there alone.

"My name's Rutherford from the factory," the stranger introduced himself. He glanced around. "You haven't a very large shop here, have you?"

"No," agreed Fred, "but it is the best we can afford now."

"Things are pretty slow, but I could deliver ten motors inside a week if I had money enough to take care of them on a time basis."

"I've just had a talk with Jones up the street," the other went on, making no comment on Fred's statement. "He's very anxious to be our representative here, and is willing to sign a contract which I might say is very satisfactory. However, I refused to sign up with Jones for the agency."

Fred looked up with new interest.
"Here is something you might like to look at," his caller added. "It's a copy of our next 'ad' for the Motorcycle News."

The paper gave an account of how a young boy, mounted on a Regal lightweight, had won a perfect score in the famous Metropolitan twenty-four hour run.

"Like it?" Rutherford asked, as Fred finished reading.

"Fine," the latter approved. "It was a great ride Jim put up wasn't it?"

"That performance was more than a great ride," the man asserted. "It was an epic." He paused an instant. Then—

"Do you know why your kid brother kept on when the others were willing to quit?"
“Jim’s a good sport,” Fred answered. “He’s not the quitting kind.”

“Our professionals aren’t the quitting kind either,” the other rejoined, “but none of them got through. I can tell you what drove young Jim on, because he told me. He had a vague sort of hope that if he succeeded in doing something big—something worth while for us—we might be induced to help you along until you were firmly established.”

“You don’t mean it,” Fred cried. “I remember he said something about a particular reason for entering, but I never suspected what it was.”

“Naturally Jim’s achievement is worth more to us than a record hung up by professional riders, and to show that we are not ungrateful we are going to finance you to the extent of locating you in a suitable store and giving all the credit you’ll need for new machines and parts.”

For a moment Fred was stunned by this good news. Then he stammered out a few words of thanks.

“Don’t thank me,” said Rutherford. “Thank your brother when he comes back.”

“You bet I will.”

SCHOOL SONG

_Melody by Mr. Schlosser._

Come all ye jolly students,
Come join our merry throng,
There’s no place like our Poly,
So come along.
She is our alma mater;
She trains both head and hand;
So here’s to you, Old Poly,
For you we stand.

Beneath Old Bishop’s shadow,
Our campus stretches fair;
’Tis bathed both morn and evening,
In beauty rare.
And all our girls are loyal,
And all our boys are true;
So here’s to you, Old Poly,
Yes, here’s to you.

Chorus

Our colors, green and orange,
We proudly will display,
Nor let dishonor mar them,
In life’s rough way.
And when school days are over,
Our love will not grow less;
We ever will remember
C. P. S.
Major (commanding)

Staff Adjutant
First Lieutenant Birger Martimes

Supply Officer
Second Lieutenant Fred Louis

Drum Major A. Clements
Bagle Sergeant A. Mori

Company "A"
First Lieutenant A. Young
First Lieutenant D. Evelth
Top Sergeant D. Fulwider
Sergeant P. Reed
Sergeant L. Oldham
Sergeant O. Groenweld
Sergeant G. McMahon
Corporal V. Langenbeck
Corporal F. Quienonez
Corporal N. Jeppesen
Corporal E. Miller

Company "B"
Captain H. McKeen
First Lieutenant E. W. Miller
Second Lieutenant C. Davis
Top Sergeant W. Miller
Sergeant K. Meloyme
Sergeant W. Tardif
Sergeant A. Call
Corporal P. Traver
Corporal E. Anholm
Corporal L. Stocking
Corporal G. Elliot
Corporal I. Hansen

The Polytechnic Journal
1925
On September 16, 1924, First Call was sounded and the cadets were assembled into two companies, "A" and "B".

"A" company was composed of Dormitory boys while "B" company was composed of town boys.

A band was formed under the leadership of Mr. M. Smith. The band was a good source of music for assemblies, and for the companies while having battalion review.

As there were many students who had never had military drill the first few days were spent in drilling the squads individually by the corporals. Much interest was shown and the drill proceeded rapidly.

The two companies took part in the Armistice Day parade and in the parade put on by the U. P. E. C. Convention held in San Luis Obispo. They also took part in the Memorial Day services.

The rifle competition was keen. Every Saturday, when the weather permitted, the students, under charge of Captain Deuel, would fire on the rifle range. There were 4000 rounds of ammunition fired during the year. A sterling silver medal in the form of a watchfob was presented by Captain Deuel to the man making the highest score in both slow and rapid fire. On the back of the medal was engraved, "Best Shot, C. P. S. 1925," while on the front was the name of the winner, Leon Erwin.

Each class chose a team to compete in the Interclass Athletic Contest. The Sophomore Class won with a score of 538 out of a possible 600. This contest was shot with the large caliber rifles.

The school was invited to participate in the Ninth Corps Area target shoot with the -22 caliber rifles. The Ninth Corps Area is composed mostly of western colleges. Every boy was allowed ten shots and the ones making the highest points were picked to shoot for the school.

During the last part of the year the two companies were instructed in guard mounting. This was something new and interesting to the students.

On March 10 Major Jordan, U.S.A., and inspector of R. O. T. C. Units in the Ninth Corps Area, inspected the battalion. After asking the cadets questions, he gave a short talk on military training. He was very much pleased with the showing made by the cadets.
This school year saw the disappearance of the old Ag Club and in its stead the more modern Junior Farm Center. The Junior Farm Center is something new in this part of the state, but so far has been doing very well. The Junior Farm Bureau is modeled after the County Farm Bureau and its members are in the County Farm Bureau.

With a small enrollment of students the Ags with their customary enthusiasm took part in many activities during the school year.

Milk testing was lacking in San Luis Obispo County. The Junior Farm Center, with the help of Frank Murphy and Parker Talbot, gave a feed at Poly Grove and interested some of the dairymen in milk testing. Now two members of the Junior Farm Center are practically making their way through school by testing dairy herds throughout the county.

During the convention of the California Dairy Council in San Luis Obispo we entertained several hundred dairymen and creamery operators at a barbecue given at Poly Grove. The proceeds of this barbecue were used by the Junior Farm Center to pay on hogs that had been purchased earlier in the year.

The hogs are pure bred Poland-China sows and a grand champion boar purchased on the recommendation of students from the Ag Club of the Bakersfield High School. The money was borrowed by the Junior Farm Center, and the hogs were then re-sold to students who in many cases made a good profit.

Our Junior Farm Center did fair in athletics, winning one and losing one game of basketball. Baseball is going to enter largely into the athletics of the Center both this year and next.

Now plans are under way for Poly's Junior Farm Center Day. Through the cooperation of the County Farm Bureau and the Poly Faculty and students, Poly's first Junior Farm Center day promises to be one of Poly's greatest successes. People are coming from all over the county and a good time is expected by all.

Now the Junior Farm Center is working on a series of pictures portraying the agricultural course given at Poly. These pictures will show all of the activities of the students and show the practical side of Poly. These pictures will be sent out with a lecture and show the people of California just what Poly is doing.

The Junior Farm Center admits to membership anyone taking one agricultural subject. This allowed the girls taking poultry a chance to show that in the future not only on the farm,
but in the Farm Bureau the women are going to play a greater part.

At the meetings during the year outside speakers were brought, who gave us many interesting and educational talks. Many of the members received a great deal of value from these talks as the men talking were in many cases of state-wide reputation and experience. From a practical point of view the meetings were of benefit to the students.

This was the first year of Poly's Junior Farm Center. Our president, Dr. Crandall, was our first member.

Membership

Faculty: Dr. Crandall, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Peteler.

Officers: Don Eveleth, director; Prescott Reed, vice-director; Carrol Cavanaugh, secretary; William Lee, treasurer.

Mr. Hansen, Mr. Salmina, William Tardif, George Elliot, Louis Morganti, Margaret Word, Charlotte Wilmot, Leila Wilson, Bill Wilson, Verdi Mills, Alva De Vaul, Cuytona Amieva, Pearl Pettit, Ralph Watson, John Pfeiffer, Vincente Jiminez, Mason Elder, Francis Blackmore, Carroll Watson.
The Block "P" Club is the association of the athletes of the school who have earned their letters in four major branches of athletics in which the school participates.

The club’s purpose is not only to promote athletics but to forward all activities that will go toward bettering the life of the school.

This year the club accepted a new constitution to replace the one that had been lost some years in the past.

The club initiated the new members who had earned their letters in football and this event afforded considerable entertainment for the whole student body.

A barbecue picnic was held in Poly Canyon the day of the initiation and here the new members were first acquainted with the good times that the club has.

An assembly was given in February in the form of a trial in which Fred Louis was the defendant. After the trial in which he was proven not guilty of lacking school spirit he was presented with a block "P" on a sofa top, in appreciation of his services to the school.

Although our membership was not great at the beginning of the year it was enlarged by the acceptance of several new athletes and now at the close of the year the membership is larger than it has ever been.

The Block "P" Club’s influence for good is noticeable in every phase of school life. This is not surprising when we consider the fact that practically all the student leaders in Poly are members of this most worthy organization.

The club at all times welcomes worthy members so that they may be educated to uphold the standards of the school.

At this, the close of the school year, we need have no regrets for that which we have done but we look forward to the coming year in which we hope to do more than we have ever done in the past.

Roll of Members

John Carrol
Leslie Oldham
Birger Martinsen
Prescott Reed
Donald Eveleth
Raybond Travers
Wilfred Zanoli
Alfred Young

Wilbur Miller
Ivan Reynolds
Vernon Langenbeck
Walter Lumley
Morris White
Harold Bardmess
Ellsworth Hald
Pablo Del Rio

Mr. A. P. Agosti
ENGINEERING-MECHANICS ASSOCIATION

Officers

President...............Donald Fulwider
Vice-President..........Earl Miller
Secretary-Treasurer.....Fred Louis
Social Committee........Chester Davis
Adviser................Mr. C. E. Knott

Organized in 1917, the Engineering-Mechanics Association has thoroughly lived up to its purpose which, as expressed in its constitution, is for the purpose of uniting the Mechanics under a centralized head and to obtain information as to mechanical problems of the present day.

The Association's members are composed of Juniors and Seniors of the school taking a Mechanics course and are considered senior members. Other members may be voted into the association by the senior members. The four officers are elected by their fellow members for the duration of the school year. The entire association is under the advisorship of Mr. Knott.

Mr. Knott has been the E. M. A. adviser for four years and has been a most valuable friend to the association and to the members individually. It was through his assistance that some of the most valuable trips were made possible.

Most of the Mechanics' acts as a group were in the form of trips made to various points of interest within driving distance, and they also took an active part in the social life of the school.

Several trips were made during the year, some of which were of a great deal of interest to the members. The longest trip made was to the oil fields south of Orcutt and one which held a deal of interest and information for those who went. A sub-station was also visited on the return trip.

The Betteravia sugar refinery was another interesting point visited. A thorough investigation of the process the beets were put through, from the place they were washed in the yard to the warehouse the sugar was stored in, was conducted by the students under the supervision of one of the men at the plant and Mr. Knott. All the laborers in the plant were ready and willing to answer any questions asked them and a great deal of value to the members of the Association was derived from this trip.

Other trips were made to the stone crusher and pump station near Santa Margarita, a tanker at Avila and the round house in San Luis Obispo.

The Mechanics Association has also been active in the social life of the school. On Homecoming Day the Alumni were served a lunch by the Association. A dance and also a successful assembly were given in the latter part of the year.

The members of the organization feel that they have spent a highly successful and profitable year and hope for the success of the Engineering-Mechanics Association in the years to follow.
The Students Affairs Committee of the California Polytechnic School has charge of all affairs which affect the students as a whole except those which pertain to the course of study and are therefore under the peculiar control of the school administration. The committee was organized a good many years ago. It originally consisted of class and organization presidents and those faculty members who were most closely associated with student activities. The students at present included in the group are the presidents of the four classes and of the Mechanics Association, the Junior Farm Center and the Amapola Club; a representative from the boys' athletic committee; the yell leader; the business manager of school publications; the editor-in-chief of the Polygram; and the captains of the two companies. The faculty members are the president, vice-president, the advisers in athletics and publications, the officer in charge of military training and a faculty member who acts as financial secretary for the committee. The committee thus consists of 13 students and 6 faculty members. Every student in the school has helped to elect at least two of these members. From the character of its personnel it should be a thoroughly representative body.

The support of these activities comes largely from student body fees which are paid annually by all students and faculty members.
The Polygram has just completed another successful year and its staff wishes to thank the student body, faculty and alumni for the support they have given it. It is a school paper, written and printed by students on the Poly campus and the staff has tried to make it representative of the school.

A good deal of the success of the Polygram is due to the assistance and good will of the Print Shop instructor, Mr. Preuss, whose help has certainly been appreciated. The townspeople of San Luis Obispo have also given the Polygram their most loyal support in the matter of advertising.

A new department was originated this year in the Polygram, the Forum. It was used as a sort of meeting place for the student body in general in which any student, faculty member or alumni could write and express his opinion.

The school paper also has a good circulation in exchanges and some of the papers received from other schools made valuable reading matter for the students.

This year's staff in passing leave a wish behind for a bigger and better Polygram in the years to come.
The Dorm Club

Officers

President: Ellsworth Hald
Vice-President: John Pfeiffer
Secretary-Treasurer: Leslie Oldham
Adviser: Captain J. C. Deuel

The purpose of the Dorm Club is to promote good fellowship among the boys living in the Dormitory, encourage school spirit, promote social activity and to work towards the betterment of the school as a whole at all times. It was organized for the first time in 1919 among the boys living at the Dormitory, for the purpose of arousing school spirit and promoting social activities.

The Dorm Club of the year 1924-1925 has passed through the most trying period in its history. Yet considering the difficulties the Dorm Club has labored under it has accomplished more this year than in any other preceding year.

On the opening of school last fall the Dormitory boys turned out and furnished over three-fourths of the football squad. Towards the end of the season the Dormitory boys not going out for football had a game with the boys from the town company who were not on the school football squad. The town team's superior football ability won the game for them by a 12 to 6 score. The Dorm Club was well represented in all the other sports, too, and it is this organization that usually puts the biggest punch into our school rallies. This year every captain of each of the different athletic teams at Poly were members of the Dorm Club. Athletics is not the only activity in which we reign supreme. We are also well represented on the staffs of both school publications. The editors-in-chief of the Polygram and the Journal are both members of the Dorm Club as well as a large part of their staffs. In fact, the Dorm Club is just what our former President, Nicholas Ricciardi, termed it, the backbone of the school.

A constitution was drawn up this year by the officers of the organization which was approved and passed by the members. This will place the government of the organization on a more definite basis.

The outstanding event of the year for the Dorm Club was its show "The Highlights of '25," which was put over big at Civic Auditorium on the evening of April 3, 1925. Robert Hills was chosen as manager of the production and he did his work in a very commendable manner. The cooperation received by the different members of the Dorm Club in putting over this show was truly wonderful. Ten various acts were put on and practically every bit of the work was done by the students themselves. Some of the acts were entirely originated and carried out by the students alone. This show was something new at the school and it is hoped that the Dorm Club of future years will put on one similar to this as it was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone and a great deal of good was derived from it by the students taking a part in it.

A little social event among the boys is the relimming of the big white "P" on the hill back of the school.
THE AMAPOLA CLUB
(Poppy)

FIRST SEMESTER
Margaret Word .............. President
Belle Tomasini .......... Vice-President
Wilma Rougeot .......... Secretary

SECOND SEMESTER
Rae Mayhall .............. President
Belle Tomasini .......... Vice-President
Florissa Tardif .......... Secretary

The Amapola Club was organized for the purpose of entertainment and providing means through which the girls of the Polytechnic may act as a unit.

Due to the restrictions upon the girls' courses there have not been many members of the club this year. However, the club has not been the less active along the lines of rallies, school athletics, decorations, and refreshments for the various social functions.

Early in the year the girls of the club entertained the ladies of the faculty with a luncheon in Poly Grove.

The members of the faculty club gave the Amapola and Dormitory Clubs an entertaining Hallowe'en party in the Dormitory.

Mrs. Crandall gave the members of the Amapola Club a delightful party at her cottage on the campus.

Perhaps the most important work which the club has carried on this year has been the management of the girls' athletics. There being no regular gymnasium work given, the club has supervised this.
Song has ever been the most intimate vehicle of self expression. Song is older than speech and remains the heritage of everyone.

Schumann once said, "If you want to be more musical, sing a great deal with others." Nothing else rounds out ones musicianship so much as singing with others. For that reason, we have glee clubs and choruses.

Music often opens the way to a realm that does not fade with youth, but persists through manhood and womanhood with ever increasing joy and meaning.

Every patriotic citizen of whatever ancestry realizes now, as never before, the need to amalgamate all the people into a national unity of calm, sane, unbending loyalty, and to awaken them to a realization of the responsibility of their American citizenship.

There is no medium through which we can work to accomplish such a purpose that can be so effective and attractive as through music. Through music we can meet every newcomer to our shores on a better ground.

It is a hopeful sign that a few great industrial centers are utilizing this great power of music to solve our peace problems. Music lifts the tired worker above his weariness and grind, above his sordid surroundings and above his antagonism to all things. It lifts him into peace, contentment, hopefulness, joy and happiness; all these things help him to become a better worker, a better citizen, a better man mentally, morally and spiritually.
For the past two or three years the organization of a band has been neglected. There were several reasons for this. First it was hard to get together any number of boys who knew anything at all about music. Musical instruments were not always available to those who wished to learn. The last and most important reason was that there was no one who was capable of instructing the band.

This year, however, most of these were overcome. At the first of the year it was discovered that there were about twenty boys who were willing to try to make up a band. Most of them had instruments. Those who didn't were able to borrow or use some of the ones left from Poly's band of years gone by. However, we still lacked a band instructor. The assistance of Mr. Merrit Smith was finally procured.

The band did not get fully under way until about the third six weeks of school. Many of the boys knew very little about music. However, under the able guidance of Mr. Smith the band soon became very efficient and during the remainder of the year they made several appearances in public.

The following students were members of the band:

Ever since the announcement of the annual school play everyone has been intensely interested, especially interested when it was known that the splendid stage success "The Three Wise Fools" was chosen to be the play for this year.

First the "tryouts" were held which gave every student an opportunity to display to a small extent his or her histrionic ability for the different characters of the play. Then the following cast was chosen:

Dr. Richard Gaunt...Birger Martinsen
Mr. Theodore Findley...Leslie Oldham
Judge James Trumbull...Robert Hills
(The Three Wise Fools)

Gordon Schuyler......Jack Babcock
Sidney Fairchild......Dorothy Hoare
Detective Poole......Donald Fulwider
Detective Clancy......Ellsworth Hald
Mrs. Saunders........Wilma Roughot
Gray.....................George Isola
Douglas..............Herbert McKeen
Benny, the Duck......William Lee

The date set for the play was May 14, 1925.

Just a little description of the characters and a little enlightenment concerning the plot:

Wealthy Mr. Findley, who is a great "blust...rer" but beneath all his outward crustiness he has a heart of real worth. Good old Dr. Gaunt, who has a saving sense of humor on every occasion. Judge Trumbull, the third of the trio of old bachelors, is a thinker and is all that the fine term of "refined gentleman" implies. These three old friends lived together for years and found a friendship that endures until the end. Certain coincidences in their lives have brought them very close together. Their motto through life is "one for all and all for one." Their three splendid trustworthy servants are Mrs. Saunders, Gray and Douglas. Gordon, Mr. Findley's nephew, is a splendid type of a young man who Mr. Findley insists upon putting to work, and it is really very amusing just how he gets Gordon to do some real work. Oh! yes, Gordon falls in love, but how could he help it when Sidney Fairchild is such a winsome young lady. Everyone loves her, even the "Three Wise Fools" are dust at her feet. Just how Sidney comes to be so well loved by these three men is extremely interesting; in fact, Sidney is almost like "Cinderella" and very much like Cinderella of old she has trouble with a slipper.

Detectives Clancy and Poole and Policeman Splevin are real law enforcers who are given the chance of a lifetime by Benny, the Duck, the elusive young convict. There is something so mysterious about young Benny, too. John Crawshay, the last character to make his appearance, clears up a difficult matter when he turns out to be none other than Sidney's father.

"The Three Wise Fools" was given Thursday evening, May 14, 1925, to a large and appreciative audience at the Elmo Theatre.
Since the organization of the California Poly Alumni Association in 1907 it has been steadily growing until it has at present a membership of approximately 275 graduates.

Up to the year 1921 it used to be the custom to give the Alumni directory in the Journal, but since the list was growing so large and the increasing difficulty of keeping it correct, it was established in the school office.

Even this directory is not up to date and it behooves every Alumni to send in his or her correct address, and also the address of any others whom you know.

1920

Claude Arnold, Pozo, Calif.
Margaret Baker.
Helen N. Barneberg, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
John J. Brown, 712 Dela Vina St., Santa Barbara, Calif.
June Taylor (Mrs. E. H. Jenkins), San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Paul Leishman, Cal. Inst. of Tech., Pasadena, Calif.
Perry J. Martinsen, 309 1st Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif.
Elsbeth Meinecke, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Marie Meinecke, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Ployd Mankins, 1614½ West 39th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
George R. Smith, 226 E. Anapannes St., Santa Barbara, Calif.
Marguerite Tognazzi, Los Alamos, Calif.

The present officers of the organization elected last year are: Frank T. Murphy '14, President; T. S. Davis '18, Vice-President; J.H. Perozzi '12, Secretary and Treasurer.

One of the most enjoyable social functions of the year was a dance given at the beginning of the year in the Poly dining-hall with the student body and faculty as their guests.

At present there is a committee working out plans for the annual reunion during commencement week during which time a barbecue is planned.

Following is the roster of membership:

1921

Cecile Bello (Mrs. Austin), San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Elsworth Boys.
Lois Walker (Mrs. Everett Bovee), San Luis Obispo, Calif.
John Cann, 419 Quincy Ave., Cottage Grove, Calif.
Joaquin Gaxiola, Student Oakland Polytechnic, Oakland, Calif.
Otto Hodel.
Helen Louis.
Margaret Meinecke, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
K. Lee Otto.
Dorothy Prewitt, Santa Margarita, Calif.
Ernest Steiner, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Ray Tuley, Univ. of So. Calif., Los Angeles, Calif.
Samuel V. Wright, San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Margaret Chapin (married), San Luis Obispo, Calif.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>Mrs. Bertie Bell</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>Harold Brown</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Mary Chaves</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Alden K. Davis</td>
<td>Student at U. S. C.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Phyllis Figge</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Anna Goise</td>
<td>Santa Margarita, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Wilhelminna Johe</td>
<td>(married), San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Archie Kinsman</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>Laura Miller</td>
<td>(Mrs. Carl Gill), R. 3, Box 208, Porterville, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Milton Righetti</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Frank Summers</td>
<td>Gonzales, Calif.</td>
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<td>Carl Steiner</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Warren Sandercock</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Alma Tognazzi</td>
<td>Los Alamos, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Fred Traver</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>George Truax</td>
<td>Goleta, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Gertrude Truesdale</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Eugene Van Schaick</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Clifford Weant</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Ernest Barmeister</td>
<td>3101 Summit St., Oakland, Calif.</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Harley L. Bock</td>
<td>627 Octavia St., San Francisco, Calif.</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Margaret C. Ditmas</td>
<td>(Mrs. Forrest Coyner), San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Forrest C. Coyner</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>George E. Elliot</td>
<td>Atwater, Calif.</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Alfred L. Ferrini</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>William Johe</td>
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<td>Alta Mayhall</td>
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<td>Homer McChesney</td>
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<td>John Loucks</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>Ed. McNish</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Mildred Gibson</td>
<td>(Mrs. Murray Morgan), Prather, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Stewart Patchett</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Neil Perry</td>
<td>Care of Warner Bros., Brawley, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Marigold M. Sellers</td>
<td>Care of Angelus Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Ethel Van Wormer</td>
<td>(married), San Francisco, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Douglas Annin</td>
<td>Care of Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Burton O. Bundy</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>John T. Carroll</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>W. Avery Clements</td>
<td>121 Melrose Ave., Monrovia, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Wm. S. Corbin, Jr.</td>
<td>San Francisco, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>R. Lagrand Defenderfer</td>
<td>1908 Fletcher Ave., So. Pasadena, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Leon Gay</td>
<td>Ave. Hidalgo No. 91, Leon, Guanajuato, Mexico.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Jack B. Hammond</td>
<td>Arroyo Grande, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Ernest W. Hodges</td>
<td>Lompoc, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Dorothy L. Miller</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Hubert Patchett</td>
<td>Stanford Univ., Palo Alto, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Bernhardt R. Preuss, Jr.</td>
<td>San Luis Obispo, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Rudolph Reich</td>
<td>Care of Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Wm. Sinclair, Jr.</td>
<td>3316 Fourth St., San Diego, Calif.</td>
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<td>1924</td>
<td>Harold Truesdale</td>
<td>Univ. So. Calif., Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>Jesus Urquizo</td>
<td>Delegacion Comision Nicionae Agragia Guadalajara, Jaliseo, Republica Mexicana.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>Virgil Wimmer</td>
<td>Templeton, Calif.</td>
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The school year 1924-1925 began with a new president and many changes in our faculty.

Dr. Crandall has taken the place of our former president, Mr. Ricciardi, and has taken over the U. S. History department that Mr. O’Donnell taught last year. Miss Chase, besides teaching third year English, has charge of the Modern History class. Mr. Rathbone, who is a new member of our faculty, has taken over the agricultural department that Mr. Duddleson had charge of last year. Mr. Knott has introduced a new subject, radio, which has become of great interest to the school. Mrs. Fuller, another new member of our faculty, has charge of the Glee Club, Public Speaking and Dramatics. Captain Deuel has charge of the Study Hall. Mr. Tennant, Mr. Atkinson and Miss Treanor have taken the place of the former office force. The Poultry Department is supervised by Mr. Rathbone.

Besides the changes that have taken place in the faculty there have been a great many important events among the students.

On September 26 the Freshmen reception was held in the dining hall, where a social time was enjoyed by all.

On December 10 the dining hall was the scene of a delightful Christmas party and dance. At this time Dr. and Mrs. Crandall were presented with a silver tea set by the Dorm Club in appreciation of their kindness to the boys.

The Dorm boys also presented Captain Deuel with a camera, for his patience with them.

Those present were recipients of delightful gifts which were taken from a handsomely decorated Christmas tree. At the close of the party a dance was enjoyed.

On February 25 the Block "P" Club entertained the assembly with a very clever program in which they gave a mock trial.

On March 4 the Presidential inauguration was heard over the radio.

On April 5 the Dorm Club gave an entertainment entitled "High Lights of '25" at the Civic Auditorium.
On April 25 Agricultural Field Day was held on Poly grounds. All the school and the Farm Centers cooperated. The Ags gave a dance at the Dairy Barn that night, which proved a great success.

On May 14 the school play, “Three Wise Fools,” was given at the Elmo Theater.

On June 12 the school year of 1924-1925 closed, to reopen the following September.

**CALENDAR**

**Sept.**
- 15—School opened.
- 16—Football season started.
- 25—Junior Farm Center organized.
- 26—Freshmen reception.
- 30—Football captain elected.

**Oct.**
- 1—Band organized.
- 3—Amapola Club entertains faculty.
- 4—Poly versus Santa Maria—Football.
- 8—Poly’s motion pictures taken.
- 26—Poly versus Modesto—Football.
- 28—Town Company versus Dorm Company.
- 31—Poly versus Bakersfield—Football.

**Nov.**
- 7—Labor Day.
- 8—Faculty Wives entertain Dorm Club.
- 11—Battalion marches in Armistice Day Parade.
- 14, 15—Homecoming Week End.
- 15—Poly versus Fresno—Football.
- 15—Senior Sophomore dance.
- 17, 18—Poly picture shown at Elmo.
- 26—Dec. 1—Thanksgiving vacation.

**Dec.**
- 2—Basketball season started.
- 10—Cup presented to Poly for taking part in Armistice Day parade.
- 12—Christmas party and dance.
- 13—Jan. 5—Christmas vacation.

**Jan.**
- 10—Poly versus San Luis Athletic Club—Basketball.
- 12—Poly granted appropriation by the State.
- 17—Poly versus Santa Maria—Basketball.
- 21—Poly versus San Luis Athletic Club—Basketball.
- 23—Junior Farm Center hosts to California Dairy Council.
- 29—Poly versus Santa Barbara—Basketball.

**Feb.**
- 2—Poly versus San Jose—Basketball.
- 3—Beginning of second semester.
- 4—Amapola Club entertains at assembly.
- 18—Patriotic assembly.
- 23—Sophomores emerge as winners of interclass basketball.
- 25—Block “P” Club entertains assembly.
- 26—Sophomores emerge as winners of interclass handball.

**March**
- 4—Presidential inaugural address heard through radio in assembly.
- 7—Sophomore emerge as winners of interclass rifle shoot.
- 9—Baseball season started.
- 10—Major Jordan inspects Battalion.
- 11—School play selected.
- 15—Cast chosen for school play.
- 19—Baseball captain elected.
- 19—Interclass track meet.
- 21—Triangular track meet at Poly.
- 23—Poly versus San Luis High—Baseball.
- 23—Will C. Wood visits Poly.
- 24—School pictures taken.
- 26—Poly track team visits Santa Barbara.

**April**
- 1—Freshman Class entertained assembly.
- 3—Dorm Club presents theatrical.
- 4—Poly versus San Luis High—Baseball.
- 6—Ag. chemists journey to Shandon.
- 9-10-14—Dr. Crandall attends convention at Santa Barbara.
- 11-20—Easter vacation.
- 25—Junior Farm Center Field Day.
- 25—Barn dance.

**May**
- 1—Picnic.
- 14—School play.
- 30—Memorial Day.

**June**
- 12—School closes.
FOOTBALL

To start the season off a game was scheduled with Santa María high school. We lost, but got a great deal of good from the game. It was our first game while Santa Maria had played a game previous to this one.

After a couple of weeks practice the club journeyed to Stanford, only to get played off their feet by the Frosh. The Frosh had a real machine-like team and played a wonderful game.

Our next game was with Modesto, and due to lack of coordination we lost by 19 to 3. It was a good game and we played as good if not better than the Modesto team.

Next came the Bakersfield game. Due to only two days practice between this and the Modesto game the team was not in as good shape as it might have been. If we had of had the breaks the score would have been in our favor instead of 20 to 3.

Fresno journeyed over here for a game and were shown some good football. They carried the weight by at least ten pounds to the man and even so we beat them at their own aerial game, scoring a beautiful touchdown by a pass from White to Lumley. However, they carried the honors in line bucks and scored a total of 21 points to our 7.

The greatest game of the season was played against Santa Barbara on our home field and it was certainly a pleasure to read the score 7 to 0, Poly's favor. White's arm was working to perfection and Lumley was doing well on the receiving end, scoring two touchdowns by passes, one being called back on account of offside.

The season was quite successful even though we didn't report many victories. It was a great climax when we defeated our real rivals, Santa Barbara, before the eyes of all the local people.

In spite of the fact that we won only one of our football games this year, the football season was a success. This may be said for several different reasons. In the first place, nearly all of the team was made up of new men.

Also the teams we played were so far out of our class that we may well be proud of the scores we held them to. For instance, Stanford Freshmen and Fresno State Teachers College. The latter played a 0 to 0 game with the University of Nevada so we may well be proud of our score of 22 to 6 with them.
BIRGER 'MARTY' MARTINSEN.

In Marty we can boast of a hard working, level headed captain, and he was always there with the old fight either at quarter or tackle.

JOHN CARROLL.

Johnny is not prone to talk a great deal but he more than made up for it by stopping the plays coming around his end.

MORRIS WHITE.

Morris not only displayed a million dollar toe but his arm was worth as much. He could pass the ball in someone’s arms at all times and was a good defensive half.

ALFRED YOUNG.

Al played the pivot position and during the season chalked up more quarters of play than any other man on the team.

DONALD EVELETH.

Don played a hard game at the full position and deserves a world of credit for his consistent fight.

WILFRED ZANOLLI.

Wilfred was greased lightning when he had the ball under his arm. He ran low and made consistent gains from the half position.
LESLEI OLDHAM.

Les was the smallest man on the team but he used his head in calling signals and showed up wonderfully well in the last four games of the season.

ELLSWORTH HALL.

Ellsworth was a hard fighter on the line and from tackle he got through and broke up many plays.

HAROLD BARDMESS.

Harold, who is only a Freshman, accounted well for himself at the guard position and should be a world beater next year.

IVAN REYNOLDS.

Ivan learned the game this season and was always fighting hard on both the offensive and defensive. As an end, Ivan was human fly-paper, catching anything within reach.

WILBUR MILLER.

Wilbur, although not in the game a great deal, did very well at both end and half. We will all remember him at Stanford.

PABLO DEL RIO.

Pablo, usually peaceful and harmless, was truly a fighting tackle and he well earned his letter this year.
PRESCOTT REED.

Prescott was a whiz at running interference and he also did well toting the pigskin. He played either half or full in most of the games.

JAMES WARFORD.

Jimmy got his stride a little late in the season but surely did possess the old fight from the tackle position after he got started.

LEON ERWIN.

Leon got a late start but was a hard man to break through on the line. He had the spirit all the time and played both guard and tackle.

RAYMOND TRAVER.

Pete is lanky, yes, but he could snag the ball from any position. He played a fine brand of ball at end.

FRED LOUIS.

Fred is quite diminutive but if he was gifted with twenty pounds more weight would make any back-field position uncertain.

DONALD FULWIDER.

Don was an auxiliary end and showed a lot of fight whether on the bench or in play.
Coach Agosti dug out the casaba just before Christmas vacation and the men got about a week of training before leaving for home. This was no doubt a good thing because in the first game of the season the team, under the leadership of Walter Lumley, beat the San Luis Athletic Club 29 to 26. Feeling that this defeat for the A. C. wasn't decisive enough the team had a return game with the A. C. and beat them 37 to 24.

Santa Maria State College took a ride up here one Saturday night and after a very interesting game at the Winter Garden Court, Poly boasted of the long end of a 33 to 14 score.

Again we weren't satisfied so the following Saturday night we met Santa Maria in a return game on their new court and very gracefully took 22 points while they were getting 9.

The team, composed of White, center; Varian and Carroll, guards; with Lumley and Erwin as forwards were beginning to function as a machine so they went down to Santa Barbara to meet the State College. After the tiresome ride down and rather cold weather the boys weren't in such wonderful condition and were forced to suffer a 23 to 8 defeat. It was a very tough game and the team did well to hold the score down as they did.

The following game was with San Jose Teachers College and in this game we were completely outclassed. We were beaten by the score of 64 to 21.

This game was hard on the team, for next week White and Lumley left school on account of illness and the season was closed.
After two weeks of hard labor on the part of the students the track was gotten in first-class shape for the first meet with the San Luis and Paso Robles High Schools. Some very hotly contested events were run off on that afternoon and the San Luis High copped the meet with 59 points, Poly 50 and Paso 43. Due to Hald's sprained ankle, Poly was beaten in the 440 and broad jump and if Hald had been shape we no doubt would have won the meet.

The second and last meet in which Poly participated this season was the Santa Barbara State College invitational meet. Several state colleges were represented and some wonderful B. V. D. artists were seen in action. Poly was only able to squeeze three points out of the meet and this was due to the superior efforts of Pete Traver in the high jump.

Track was greatly handicapped by the overlapping of the baseball season. Many track men were out for baseball and as it was hard to train for both, track was rather neglected.
Baseball at the first of the season overlapped with track and many men were required to fill dual positions on both the track and ball teams. Notwithstanding, the club got away to a good start and under Capt. Deuel’s charge had a very successful season.

The first few games were with the High School and a great deal of good practice was gained by both teams.

The first real game was held at Arroyo Grande with the High School there. We suffered defeat by a narrow margin and the game proved to be a good one. Reynolds pitched the first three innings, but as he had fanned 13 High School men in 7 innings the previous night, his arm gave way and he allowed two hits. This netted three runs for Arroyo and it proved to be just enough to beat us.

We next played them on our own field and the score was a tie at the end of nine innings. Both Carroll and Reynolds pitched good ball for us.

We again played them on their own field and proved decisively we were master. An air-tight game of ball won the game for us and we collected a good many hits off their pitcher. Carroll chucked for us and he did very well.

The big game of the season was with Santa Barbara up here, and up until the seventh inning Carroll had them eating out of his hand with the score tie, 0-0. They gathered one tally in the seventh, two in the eight and one in the ninth, winning by a score of 4-3.
TENNIS

Tennis made its debut in the inter-class track meet and the matches proved very interesting. The Sophomore team, composed of Jack Babcock and Frank Quinonez, proved superior to the other teams by winning not only the singles, but the doubles also. The second place in the tournament went to the Seniors, Oldham placing in the singles and Oldham and Hills taking second place in the doubles.

Jack Babcock, captain of the tennis team, was very narrowly beaten by Throop of San Luis High. Throop played a very consistent game and it was his consistency that beat Babcock. The tournament between Poly and the High School has not been finished at this writing and it is hoped that our racket wielders can turn the tide and turn in winning tickets.

In the only doubles match with the High School, Elder and Haas were beaten in a very close match.

Tennis this year has attracted a little more attention than in the past and it is hoped that it may progress vastly next year.
INTERCLASS ATHLETICS

Interclass athletics got away to a good start this season. A cup was introduced in competition for the first time in several years, as for some unknown reason the cup had been lying dormant for some time.

Handball was the first sport to be contested for by the classes, and many good matches were held. The matches were held during the noon period and a great deal of interest was taken in them. The Sophomores produced the winning team and in this sport won the first leg on the cup.

Basketball was next to attract the attention of the class athletes, and the games were played on the girls’ court during the drill period. Again the Sophomores produced the winners, and in this way secured the second leg on the trophy.

The rifle shoot was held under the supervision of Capt. Deuel, and he conducted the shoots on Saturdays. Again the Sophomores won and a member of their class won the medal for being the best shot in the school. Leon Erwin clearly displayed his superior skill and steady nerve by turning in the highest score. Capt. Deuel presented this medal with a very appropriate speech in assembly.

The most interesting and hard fought for contest was held under the supervision of Coach Agosti and Capt. Deuel on track. The Seniors superbly displayed their skill by completely outclassing all competitors in this division. As captain of the Senior squad, Hald led the team to victory and also was high point man of the meet. He won the 440, discus and 220, and was on the winning relay team. Martinsen displayed keen talent in the mile and beat out the Sophomores’ pride, Bill Lee. In the half mile Johnny Carroll produced the winning stride, all of which rolled up points for the winning Senior team. The one event that was worrying the Seniors was the tennis match. That was a complete set up for the Sophomore team composed of Babcock and Quinonez. They stole 10 points for the Sophs and for a while they seemed real competitors. The final score gave the following order: Seniors, Sophomores, Juniors and Freshmen.

Baseball was the final sport to be played off and, as it decided whether the Senior or Sophomores should get the trophy, it was hard fought. The Seniors and Juniors played the first game and by displaying a good brand of ball the Seniors won. The team played for the breaks and fought hard all the time and in part this accounted for their winning. Next came the Sophs and Freshmen and it may be said that it was a close game. Much to the surprise of all, the Frosh produced a good club and narrowly lost to the Sophomores. Then came the big game between Seniors and Sophs. It was hard fought for, but the Sophs got the lucky breaks and won by a small margin. This gave them enough points to win the trophy and they now boast of having their name on the beautiful cup.
SNAPS
Teacher: “Who was Homer?”
Student: “He is the guy Babe Ruth made famous.”

Chester Davis: “Did you know they were going to change the name on barber shops?”
Wilbur Miller: “No; what are they going to call them?”
Chester Davis: “Bobber shops.”

Don Patterson: “I sure had a lot of fun last summer.”
George Isola: “Yeah; what did you do?”
D. Patterson: “Everything she wanted me to.”

J. Sullivan: “Did you see that sign back there?”
J. Warford: “No; what did it say?”
J. Sullivan: “No smoking allowed.”
J. Warford: “That’s all right, I never smoke aloud.”

Leslie Oldham: “What’s this, Mr. Mitchell?”
Mr. Mitchell: “It’s bean soup.”
L. Oldham: “I don’t care what it has been; what is it now?”

McKeen: “They say love is blind, don’t they?”
Lumley: “Yes; but I disagree.”
McKeen: “Why?”
Lumley: “Because you seem to see more beauty in your girl than I can.”

C. Haas: “Do you know why Fredricksen resembles a tree?”
L. Erwin: “No; why?”
C. Haas: “Because he is sappy.”

Hills: “Have you got enough faith in me to lend me a dime?”
Babcock: “I’ve got the faith all right, but not the dime.”

Pfeiffer: “How much do you charge for weighing hogs?”
Weighmaster: “Oh! just step on I’ll weigh you for nothing.”

Hills: “Do you know you should love all your enemies?”
Dick Morrison: “I do. I love rum, moonshine and tobacco.”

Miss Chase: “History tells us that Atlas supported the world on his shoulders; then who supported Atlas?”
Fred Louis: “He must have married a rich wife.”

Miss Chase: “Chester, do you think it was a wonder Columbus discovered America?”
Chester Davis: “Why, no; anyone could; look how big it is.”

Ivan Reynolds: “I know a guy I’d like to see in the hospital.”
John Traylor: “Why don’t you go see him?”
I. Reynolds: “He’s not there yet.”
First Student: "What's a synonym of moustache?"
Second Student: "Hair lip, of course."

William Tardif: "Well, I guess frogs are things of the past."
Mr. Pelceler: "How's that?"
W. Tardif: "They all croaked last night."

She: "Why are there so many broken bones in football?"
He: "Betting half dollars on the game, I suppose."

Mr. Agosti: "What is density?"
J. Sullivan: "I can't define it, but I can imagine an illustration."
Mr. Agosti: "Sit down, the illustration was good."

He: "Do you know what is the difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing its cud?"
She: "No, what?"
He: "The cow generally looks thoughtful."

Soph: "Do you know how rats get here?"
Frosh: "Naw."
Soph: "Uh—huh."

He: "Do you think sheep are the dumbest animals?"
She: "Yes, my lamb."

Miss Chase: "If you are trying to find a date, where do you look?"
Lumley: "In the telephone book."

R. Hill: "That shortstop will be our best man next year."
Ruth Smith: "Oh! Bobby, this is so sudden."

O. Hand: "I'll bet that I can kick higher than you."
B. Tardif: "Most donkeys can."

Junior: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
Soph: "I'd shine them."

Frosh: "Are there any dogs that can fly?"
Miss Chase: "Why no."
Frosh: "Then what's a bird dog?"

Conductor: "Your fare, lady."
Alva Green: "I know it."