COMPANY B BOYS ASK TO MANY PRESENTS

Dear Santa Claus: Please send me a treading machine; I hope to tax myself.—Mills.

Dear Santa: Please send me some Chesterfield's; I don't like either; but they're good.—Bart Margolus.

I need a new pair of pants real bad. Santa, can't you please help me out.—Smith.

Please send me a book on how to play the piano, and a pair of tuxedos.—William Tschetter.

I want a really speedy Ford; one that works better than a Whirlie.—Bill Tschetter.

Please send me a Durian; I can't get one to Astoria enough.—Bill Tschetter.

Say, I have a girl—my first. What shall I get her for Christmas? I don't want a present myself.—Karle Dull.

Dance. I'm in love with a blond and want a little ball.—Arthur Cull.

I heard of your new phone,—I want a go-cart and a motor and I want a chassis.—Pete Tschetter.

polish.—Hubert Pathelett.

Mentioned the big Christmas Hull in these kind ways, we anxiously wait. Trusting that you will remember ps—John Carroll.

I want a new butcher knife; I've ain't got one.—William Lee.

Please send me some tools and cigarettes. I may pay back those that I have borrowed. —Carl Buejneister.

I have only a few records and my phonograph is wearing out, so please give me a new phonograph and some new records, that I may keep the dorm boys awake all the time.—Carlos Buejneister.

Will you kindly send me a new car that will really run, so that I can visit Ethel every week-end. Thank you, Santa.—George Crowell.

Please send me an endless supply of bandas with hooked hair.—Warner Lupwly.

Give me a room of paper and a new fountain pen, so that I may write chemistry reactions.—Jack Haas.

Please send me a new pair of O.D. pants.—William Lee.

Kindly send me an abundant supply of liquid to keep both myself and my roommate in operation for the coming year.—Dorothy Houre.

I want a big new knife, that I may work upon my enemies.—Lea Gay.

Please give me a chance to show my ability as an athletic coach.—Rosed Hugger.

Come give me a lucky man for a bodyguard.—August Metting.

I want a girl that will walk home from the shore, and go out with me at least twelve.—Donald Pullwde.

Please, Santa, make my feet make.—Iron Kevith.

I want a new little cemetery with a nice sunny lawn.—Al Young.

Please put a new lock on my door with a large keyhole that I can find when I retire from Murray in the west end hours of the morning.—Vernon Langedick.

I have spent all my money foolishly, so please, give me a ride home on your sleigh.—Herbert Hodges.

Give me a new johnson and two suits in the theater with no arms between.—P. E. Pullwde.

Give me another saxophone that I might have a pair of skates.—Port.

I've ruined all my days.—George Girtz.

Please bring me a go-cart and a little bell.—Arthur Call.

I want a masonite gun for drill.—Grenwald.

I need a book that tells of the wicked ways of this world and time.—Churchill.

Please send me a deck of cards and some bootleg.—I want to be rough.—Kent Overfly.

I'm in love with a blond and I want to "step" a little.—Ben Pease.

THAT CHRISTMAS BALL

Elsewhere in this issue you will find mentioned the big Christmas Ball that is to take place tonight down at the Polyclub. This is to be a Christmas party, and we hope to have Santa Claus over to distribute gifts and cheer, and make the Fraternity feel merry.

This will be the last social event of 1923, and is to be given under the auspices of the Block "P" and Circle "P" clubs, which is sufficient guarantee that the occasion will be a roaring success.

Outside girls cordially invited, although they may be in demand and are, hence, not requested to furnish gifts for the girls they bring. Thus, we feel, will add to the Christmas cheer of the evening.

THE GIRLS WRITE TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus: Since we are so few in number, we are going to call your attention to the things we want the very most, as it is impossible for us to live longer without them.

1. Dorothy Persons, wish that a certain freshman boy would bring back a Ford coupe after Christmas.

2. Margaret Word, wish that all of the bootleggers in San Luis Obispo would go out of business.

3. Bla Hayball, wish the kidd car that D. Angell's suggested.

4. Belle Tumastiul, wish a new pair of red shoes, if Brovelli won't object, and I promise I won't dye them black.

5. Alta Hayball, want Marty to help decorate the dining hall.

6. Dorothy Houre, want a private telephone from my house to room 23 in the dormitory.

7. Rosaid, wish that John Ivan would wash his neck.

8. Athelen, wish my hair would turn red, so I could get my chemistry.

9. Dorothy Milhe, am anxious for a fellow who will devote all his time to me, and will not run around with other girls.

Trustin that you will remember us in these kind ways, we anxiously wait. THE POLY GIRLS.
Before and After

Twas the night before Christmas, when... (Continued on Page 4)

The Faculty

The Polygram

Riley-Crocker Co.
DRY GOODS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S APPAREL
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA

IF Women or Children wear it—We have it

The best made
For the price paid.

Quality - Courtesy - Service
Every day in every way.

RENETZKY'S
Good Shoes That Fit

Sister Adams and Packard
SHOES FOR MEN

Building Your Deposit Habit

Determine now to save—Regularly and consistently are the foundation on which to build. An annual deposit now will form your habits.

BANK OF ITALY
Head Office, San Francisco

OSBORNE CAFE

P. W. MITCHELL, Prop.
Good Food at Reasonable Prices
1123 Chorro - San Luis Obispo

THE
San Luis Jewelry Co.
Now located at
865 Monterey St.

STOP IN
AT PIPER'S
STOP INN

P. HUGHES
Tailor
Suits Made To Order
Couturing, Dressing, Altering and Millinery
Corner Chorro and Monterey
It's foolish to take your automobile to a garage, because with a little practice you can ruin a car just as well as they can.

DISTINCTION

A man that has not a good name, but a man that doesn't bet is no better.

Hubert, your mother sent to talking this afternoon about what kind of a boy were in grammar school. She said your teacher used to put you on the back nearly every day.

Hub: That's true, my dear, but generally the putting was too long even for comfort.

"Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Why, she never wears any style low enough to become a nuisance to it!"

"How is your new man getting along?"

"Well, said the farmer, he broke two sheets handles yesterday."

"No, leaving on them!"

Jack: "And me a dollar, old man; I promise on the word of a gentleman to say it back tomorrow."

"Help, "threw the gentleman around and let me see him."

Not saying what Rae was looking at this was what she was heard to say: "Now, could I take one of these with Miss eyes on the evening of the twenty-fifth?"

Mrs. Toms: "Has the young man gone yet?"

Sally: "No, but I have him upstairs."

WHEN THE COURT DECIDES

Old Santa stood with loaded pack before a diviner's small shack. And said with much concern: "I have some toys for Aboy Phill, but if I've forgotten the kid this week is his or hers."

Said: "I would be tickled to death to teach you how to swim."

Margaret: "I'll be tickled to death if you do."

While Mr. Duffield was doing his Christmas shopping, he noticed the following sign in a shop window with a suitable display:

"DILLIG - Heads, Chinese Lily, narcissus, and electric light."

A Certain Blond: "Can you dance?"

Process: "Me, but I can hold them while they dance."

INTELLIGENT REASONING

Referring again to the drain pipe at the dormitory, Duffield reasons that Santa Claus should be a tall slim fellow and not a short fat one—if the chimney story is true.

Mother: "That young man you are engaged to is a bad egg."

Daughter: "I know he is; that's the reason I'm afraid to drop him."

Bailly (muttering at the wrong moment): "Ray, Sally, you face is all wrinkled, an' yer stomach's gone down!"

Mr. O'Nell (in History): "Now students, tell what great woman's letters show the suffering and hardship of her time."

Class: "Evelina Pinckham's."

Rex: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last person on earth."

Alfred: "Of course you wouldn't; you'd get killed in the rush."

Teacher: "Johnny, what are the two veneras?"

Johnny: "Marceline and feminile. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, and the ferutches into frigid and torrid."

When Santa Claus visits the dormitory, this is about what he will say to himself: "Well, Santa, old boy, you've crowded down all kinds of odd chimneys, but this is the first time you've ever tackled a periscope!" (Have you ever noticed the drain pipe at the dormitory?)

Plummer: "What is the meaning of false doctrine?"

Clementia: "That's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to sick people."

When Duff was down to Los Angeles last week and met one of those Santa Clauses on the street, he was heard to say in a real rough manner: "Say, you poor sap, can't you read? Last year I wrote out a minstrels and all that goes with it, and I just happen to give him a hymn book!"
**Revelations of a Christmas Party**

It was a well-known fact that Jim Marsan, as he was always known as "Dimple," was a fly in the ointment of practically every young girl in Hillcrest Hts. He just wouldn't be caught.

"Dimples," with all his money, good looks and dimples (which had earned him his nickname) and all his happy ever after in any of the boys—Dimples, with his car, included.

"Stuck," reasoned Dimples, "they are all the same—crazy to go, have a good time and make a fool of themselves over it, but—what does that amount to, anyway? That doesn't take any brains. They haven't got any, anyhow.

"Dimples" just didn't like them, that was all. They never showed any real sense, that was the fact of it, but go, go, and—"they're too data change.

Study at last ended the meetings of these two unusual young people, and the assembly coming next, the students added affection to their fondness and went to the announcements.

Announcements—what a bore, same old stuff as usual. "School day!" went that? A party? A Christmas party! Oh, boy! That would be nice for a change. Dimples collected her reveries, thought while Dimples once again set up and unbecomingly to take notice of the announcements.

The opening of the party of the plans for the party and that gifts would be a feature of the affair. Each student was to draw the name of another student and buy a gift for that person.

The gift was to be opened, upon being received, that evening, before the party, when the giver then explained that much merri­

The look on his face was the cause of Sorvea him right, too. I'd just like to have the other fellow.

"Dimplea," with all his money, good looks and dimples (which had earned him his nickname) and all his happy ever after in any of the boys—Dimples, with his car, included.

"Shucks," Dimples walked forward to receive the wagon, the gift all out. Now, remember—the latest music for the trio. We're making a swell little tots in the hospital on Christmas Eve and take it to them.

"That is certainly a good idea, but, remember, the doctor won't let you do this—so you'll have to let me help," was his answer in regard to her idea. "Dimples,

"Oh, no, you aren't alone in the joke," she said, turning to Dimples, "and to square matters, you can carry out your present yourself. But now I gueaa I'll wheel Just to him back for her seat."

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"Holy cats! I thought Jackie Marsan was a boy! Good night! What'll I do?"

Jackie, upon unwrapping the enormous parcel, was, to say the least, the same thing, and a帮助企业 appealing look passed through her face at that exact moment. Theirs the fellows who carry over gifts with much joy, with the best wishes for a Happy Christmas.

If it's from Lawrence—it's Good.

R. I. Lawrence & Co.
JEWELER.

Our selection of suitable gifts for Christmas is unsurpassed, at prices that are so low that they will cause you to send your friends and relatives the very best wishes for a Happy Christmas.

Merry Christmas, Polygram readers.