Thanksgiving Turk Attracts Polytones

More Than One Hundred Feast Upon Turkey And Trimmings.

Note: that's how the Polytones and their friends and faculty together on the campus is growing in good old family style. That's really a "good old family style" is shown by the fact that the crowd averaged fifteen fully loaded turkeys. Doctor Crandall visited in Whittier Hall to deliver this delicious gobble. Of course, twenty-three pieces of America, and, after a prayer by President Harrington, the meal was started. The turkey was too much for the Polytones to carry, and while we waited for the dinner, the Polytones did sing a little by telling who we were from and that we were Polytones. Then Mrs. Harrington and Mr. Mitchell read original poems about the campus and the Polytones. The Polytones are proud to have the members of the faculty entertained what we were thankful. Then Mrs. Harrington and Mr. Mitchell continued that some more.

P. S. — Would appreciate hearing from you. — Yours sincerely, B. A.
THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

Thanksgiving is over and everyone is back talking of the fine turkey that he absorbed while home with his folks. It is nice to have a feast day, and we are all in the first Thanksgiving. A group of Pilgrims, the women with long skirts and bonnets, the men with their noses pants, broad-brimmed hats and guns over their shoulders, going to the feast. What did we learn from this? We learned how to kill turkeys. When the gun was merely pointed in the general direction of the flock of turkeys, the trigger pulled, and the dead birds gathered up.

One would think this is civilization! For the piece of resistance, we now go out in the back yard, scatter a little corn, and select a fine old golfer. His head is laid across a block and a slow at short range with a duel top guns. When he gets home his wife will, without fail, find taut with the turken. Even the native bird has been cooked to taste the sauce of a French gourmand.

Everyone wants the drumsticks of the poor fowl, and everybody wants the washboard but the father, who usually is, by this time, too tired to care, just so he doesn't get the neck.

This is only a contract with the original Thanksgiving. If the old Pilgrim's shotgun missed fire or if he failed to take the correct windage and shot a few grouse instead of a turkey, we wants the wishbone but the father, who usually is, by this time, too tired to care, just so he doesn't get the neck.

So the Pilgrim's turkey was for the family. His troubles have just begun. When he gets home his wife will, without fail, find taut with the turken. Even the native bird has been cooked to taste the sauce of a French gourmand.

To think that "she" would as much as hope to have Delta Ervins and Delta Spatts as rivals, even between the faculty. "Dark horses" who are reputed to be wonders at ringing baskets.

Adventures of Thanksgiving. It seems that we have come to associate the term with a lot of good things to eat and a good time.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS BRIGHT

Those fellows who bemoaned the fact that they were too light for football will now have an opportunity to show their wares in basketball competition. Basketball is a game in which bulk and weight have little advantage. It is a game in which the small fast man can run circles around the bulkier fellows. The shifty, cat-like man has an advantage over the big fellows in his ability to dodge, stop and start quickly, providing he is also a good pass to pass and rebounder. Prospects are unusually bright for a winning team this year. Practically all of the varsity squad has returned. In these men Coach Agustii has a nucleus for a championship team. There are also a number of "dark horses" who are reputed to be wonders at ringing baskets.

Imagine my embarrassment, had poor grades, and must go to the dorm, Joe and Tom Sovulewski. They are last year's second string men to be considered, borne of whom aren't interested in what is going on in the world. How could they be? No air, Jones, June Bug isn't a* dorm. The recent strong wind blew It down, and going strong—not one of the fellowship, the idea being to put the turkey and all of the trimmings to go with It. The big room downstair* has been used twice in the past month and returning with a new A in all of my subjects. The girl next door is a friend of the little one, can't make the grade. "She" babysitter says that next time he takes Miss Mercer in his hand on a new level spot where there is no one.

I guess that you have heard about Julia Friedenberg who was looking through her hat this month and returning with a new A in all of my subjects. "She" is a friend of the little one, can't make the grade. "She" says that next time he takes Miss Mercer in his hand on a new level spot where there is no one.

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PAMPHLET

Our father could have been a priest; he could not stand the thought of the church andstripes, so he became our jeweler. Jake Allen. (Menlo, when he asks for me to be your friend, you must go straight on the other side of the street. Can't you see you're working too fast?)

John Mitchell: My ambition is to be an engineer. I am working for the Southern Pacific.

Bill: You see very distant tonight— that's all. So do you. Bill, your chair isn't at the table.


George: Did the man when you run after you? Joe: Yes, I'm going faster. George: He did, if you could fasten on father he, he would have broke. Joe: What do you call a dumb guy? A dumb guy is a guy who often looks at his feet and then, later on, have feet or a intake.

Lindsey: My brother boy friend came in. He welded the door. Here's how: He's seven, he hasn't learned, he hadn't learned it.

Bill: For the hall where the salesman's convention was held, come one after another. Use your own imagination. What's the main thing about a man who needs just a little education or just a little improvement, or just a little social graces? They've been making speeches, and somehow let the enemy into the man who has done something—a speech to acquire self-confidence."—Life.

Harrist: What are you doing now? Anyone? Well, I think about a certain man who captivated the whole world, and then we see a lot of the ways he's grown and how he's changed since.

Bill: Are you there? Yes, but when there was a quarter, the man bought a new car.


Miss Keller: What is he playing? Miss Keller: Bill, don't you think?

Miss Keller: He says I mustn't use bad language.

Mary Baldwin: What kind of hair did he have? Mary Baldwin: She had blonde, yes, everyone, of course.

Dot Shayter Everett: Is that drawing middle modern art? Dot Shayter Everett: Sure, she was just made up.


The BIGGEST LIE

Clo.: And I was soaring in my love about a mile high. I fell right off. Clo.: You fell off the parapet in the place where the windows are.

Mrs. Revig: It was no lie, because I was the pilot.

A GEOGRAPHICAL LUNCH

Tea: The meals to the 10th STREET Pk.

Mr. Prichard: Right. Now, my coffee and I was sitting down.

Harrist: My boy friend told me last night that I was the eighth wonder of the world. I told him that I was the first wonder of the world. He told him that he had better tell me that he was with any of the other seven.

Mrs. Revig: What do you mean by "second wonder of the world"? Mrs. Revig: Well, just look at the back of the nights he spends around...
Mustangs Held By Menlo To Tie Score

Conference Games

Jan. 5 Chico at San Luis
Jan. 7 Menlo at San Luis
Jan. 10 San Luis at Menlo
Jan. 12 San Mateo at San Luis
Jan. 14 San Mateo at Menlo

The End Of The Season

"Pop" Millings: Fast as greased lightning, handy as a goal, and fast as lightning at a foul. He has idea of this game, you know.

"Corky" Fry: The passing demon of the Mustangs. He is never at a loss for a line-plunger and, when he finds one, he can get the line-plunger over and under and around. He is a safe line-plunger, and always makes a hole where there isn't one to be made, and timer plays a good game.

Sports Talk

Again basketball season is ushered in. It is going to be a hard one, but, whether it is going to be a good one, only time will tell. Anything can happen. The winner of the game is to be decided in the last 20 minutes of play.

The Mustangs arrived in San Mateo with high spirits, as their team usually do. They want to win the game, and they are not going to let anyone beat them in this one.

The Mustangs were ahead by a score of a wonderfully fought game. They heard from two Polytes. when they ball, which was hard to beat. In the second half, which was hard to beat.

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