ADDRESS BY HON. MYRON ANGEL,

Commemorating the Seventh Anniversary of the School.

"San Luis Obispo, March 6, 1908.

To the Faculty and Students of the Polytechnic School:

"I have the honor of being request-ed by Prof. Smith, the director of the school, to write you a brief note on this seventh anniversary of your charter. This honor is given me in kind remembrance of my efforts in establishing the school. Of this I am very proud and thankful that I am accorded the pleasure of addressing you. The admonitions of the aged and feeble are not always regarded by the young and vigorous with complacency, but as I am invited will ask your indulgence.

"As I live I stand as a link between the founders of the Republic and the youngest of the living, for in my childhood I knew well—my grandfather being one—many of the old soldiers of the War of Independence; their three-cornered hats, shad-bellied coats, knee breeches, buckles on their shoes, their gray hair tied in queues behind as the fashion of their day. To them I was taught: 'to pay profound respect as the fathers and founders of our liberties, the associates of Washington, the heroes of many battlefields, to be indulged in their habits and supplied in their wants, and now through the many intervening years seeing the nation they created grow to become the most powerful of the world, the principles of liberty they established become the blessing of mankind, I reach down to those who have the future to command, to urge them to emulate all that is good, advance all the ideals of the forefathers and guard the inheritance as worthy men and women.

"Thus I reach over a vast country from the distant Atlantic shore to the Pacific Coast, to where our nation has expanded; over a long period of the most brilliant history of all time, a period of great advancement in the past and bright prospects of the future.

"The ideals of the founders of the Republic were of a high order. The oppression of the governments of Europe, which had impelled the migration of their forefathers to the new world, was fresh in their memories; equality of man before the law, freedom of religious worship, morality and honor were the basis of their social fabric. I well recall the earnest admonition of my father, who passed away now sixty-six years ago, saying: 'Always remember, my son, there was never a divorce or dishonor in our family.' The question of honor is vital to every spirit of manhood through all times; has never changed and never will. The proudest records of history are of men of honor. Men may become notable, wealthy and
powerful through cunning, deceit, talent and fortuitous circumstances without the quality of honor, but such success is only temporary. Either in life or history they will be condemned. Honor comprises honesty, courage, morality, cleanliness, law-abiding, truthfulness, charity, love of family, strict performance of every duty and fulfillment of every pledge.

"So many people assert that 'success is the measure of merit, that it is almost taken as the public decision, and that honor bears no part in the high positions of life. This is but a superficial view, for there is no place in the heart of mankind for love and respect of any notable man, however rich or powerful he may be, if devoid of honor. There can surely be no ease of conscience in any one who has wealth or position bearing the stigma of dishonesty, immorality or any of the qualities of dishonor. To defend one's country against foreign foes; to bear one's part of public burdens; to perform one's duties in social and political life are acts of honor.

"In ancient Rome, whose greatness of power and eminence in wealth, jurisprudence and literature are taken as the criterion of the highest worth, he who had done a great public work was held in higher honor than one born of noble blood. In that period Rome was the mistress of the world. Her literature is to this day regarded as the best extant. She excelled in architecture, painting and sculpture. Roads, canals, aqueducts, sewers and other public works of skilled engineers are found in perfect condition after thousands of years of use, and many ruins show the skill and thoroughness of ancient work. 'All roads lead to Rome' was the apothem of ages, and honor was given the maker. Through Italy, through northern Africa, Asia Minor, Great Britain, Germany these roads bore the legions of Rome, transported her commerce and brought her wealth. There was the ancient world, a limited area of flat land and enclosed seas, and such were the ancient arts. How different now. The world today is the entire globe. The arts of today range over subjects unknown to the ancients and new ones come with the thoughts of the inventors and the students. The elements of chemistry, steam and electricity are opening nature to the student. A brilliant line of these are of modern discovery. They open before the young a vista the most attractive; subjects most interesting; possibilities unlimited.

"These are for the schools of today. Fortunate are you who live in this age of schools. Perhaps never in all time was education so freely and generally given to all classes as today. The State provides the school; the elegant buildings; the learned instructors, and where required the implements of art and broad lands for culture; and more, grounds for games, recreation and pleasure, as if all thoughts and aims of life were for the happiness and good of the young. Long years ago a poet wrote: 'Tis education forms the common mind.' The aim is a higher civilization, a more perfect social organization; greater enlightenment, and it is education that is looked to for these results.

"The State has provided you with this Polytechnic school. This is the ideal school for a republican people. On a broad and liberal foundation it is based. Its future can have no bounds in the realm of utility. This school at San Luis Obispo is the school of the people. Every art by which men and women earn their living or add to their comfort, ornament, home and prosper-
The Polytechnic Journal

It is taught. Here the student is brought nearest to nature. Dear, loving, generous Nature! He who studies nature deeply and earnestly can be no criminal. To him there will be no lonesome hours; his subject and his books are ever open before him; he is a student always. The mechanic will have his machines studying their elements, principles and manufacture. The engineer and electrician will pursue their studies in the vast schemes of development of the power and resources of the country. The agriculturist will seek the mysteries of vegetation, aiding the growth of plants, and by study and practical science bring his occupation to the high rank of skill it now holds in usefulness. "Agriculture," said Washington, "is the noblest occupation of man." The Aryan was the first cultivator of the soil; the first in civilization, the first aristocrat. Other avocations of high art have left agriculture to the uneducated. A different feeling is coming to prevail. There is hidden mystery in the soil; in the composition of the rocks; in the germs of seeds; in the pollen of flowers; in the juices and saps of all things that grow out of the earth—some of fertile mould, some of desert sand, and these mysteries the student will unfold.

"In all these questions of minerals, vegetation and products, this region of San Luis Obispo offers the most prolific field for the student. Here is a great diversity of all to attract the student of nature. In this county is found nearly every mineral in common use, if not in great abundance surely in fair quantity, enough for the purpose of the analyst and investigator. Metals, salts, clays, oils, medicinal waters, limes, cements, ornamental and architectural stone and many other substances of economic value are here for the students and teachers of the school to practice upon and develop.

"In natural vegetation the field is rich. Some years ago Mr. Krebs, then a druggist, told me he annually shipped to Germany, some years amounting to twenty tons, medicinal herbs gathered in the neighboring region, a profitable business. This is a resource worthy of investigation. The list could be greatly extended. Such are the opportunities for nature study for the school.

"The California Polytechnic school may now be regarded as an established institution and started on its career. That its career will be grand and that it will become famed in history, there can be no doubt. Its intent and the nobility of the American people whom it serves assures its liberal support and high place in the future. It is evident that all attending have high aims in the vocation they have chosen. You have chosen a life of honorable work. There is a growing demand for those who know—for men and women educated to certain vocations for leaders and superintendents of works. Your future depends upon yourselves. The school has established itself upon a high plane of thoroughness and moral worth. In its directors it has been most fortunate. The first to lay its foundation, Director Anderson; the present director, Smith, both Christian gentlemen of the purest character and eminent ability. These give assurance of the high grade of the school, the simple Christian, liberal and manly, without sectarianism or pharisaism. They have gathered about them a corps of teachers of like character, ability, industry and honor, and thus may you all maintain it with pride before the world.

"Myron Angel."
A Narrow Escape

The rain was coming in sheets and the wind blowing great guns when the Rock Island Flyer, the finest and fastest train on the road, pulled out of Chicago that night. It had been snowing for two days previous and now the snow had changed to a warm rain and the snow was rapidly melting. The rivers and streams were swollen and many bridges threatened to go out.

Out through the city and suburbs that dark night sped the train. "Big Jack," the engineer, watched the track ahead with an anxious eye, for who could tell where a bridge or portion of the track had been washed away. One hand rested on the throttle and one on the emergency brakes so that he could do all in his power to stop the train as anything happened. His fireman threw in small shovelfuls of coal until the furnace fairly roared and the pop valve was blowing all the time.

The train was a heavy one being made up of twelve cars, eight of which were Pullman sleepers and one the general superintendent's private car.

On account of the heavy storm the track was being patroled by extra men, each man having one mile of track to look after. About fifty miles from Chicago the railroad crossed a small stream known as Green's creek. Ordinarily the stream was little more than a trout brook, but now it was almost overflowing its banks and roaring like a demon. A man, by the name of Johnson, was detailed to look after the section of track in which this stream was located. At 8:30 in the evening he examined the bridge and found it seemingly secure. The Flyer was due to cross the bridge at 8:45. Johnson left the bridge and continued to the other end of his section of track and was there when the Flyer passed him. He gave the engineer the signal which showed a safe track ahead. The Flyer sped on until suddenly rounding the curve just before the bridge, Big Jack saw that bridge was gone. He had only a few short rods in which to stop the heavy train which was going at a rate of forty-five miles an hour. However, he was not going to give up without trying. He closed the throttle with a jerk and threw on the emergency brakes to their fullest extent, opened the sand valve and yelling to his fireman to jump, he sprang out of the cab.

He knew no more until he came to find the superintendent's daughter holding his head and the rest of the passengers surrounding him. When he jumped he had broken two ribs and received a bad scalp wound. The train had stopped just as the front trucks of the engine went over the end of the track.

The grateful passengers made up a purse of nearly one thousand dollars which they presented to the engineer for his brave conduct in stopping the train. The superintendent presented him with a fine gold watch with the engineer's name and the date March 15, 190—.

Big Jack was laid up in the hospital for about two months and then went back to his work as engineer. But this did not last long for in June a couple of years later he married Mar-
garet Crawford, the superintendent's daughter. In the meantime he had been appointed assistant general manager and shortly after his marriage he was made general manager of the division between Chicago and St. Louis, which position he now holds to the entire satisfaction of the company.

C. W., '08.

The Buddhist Temple

When you visit Japan you will have a peculiar impression about the Buddhist temples. In the sixth century Buddhism was first introduced into the Empire, and flourished so well that wherever you go you will find magnificent temples. They are all alike in design, roof and general aspects, and usually situated in a grove, thus avoiding the noisiness of the world.

Driving through a broad avenue of aged pines, you come to double-roofed gateway, under which, on either side, there are gigantic figures clothed in flowing robes. They are hideous creatures, with protruding eyes and distorted figures. They are called Ni-o, or the two guardian gods. It is supposed that they keep evils out of the temple.

Passing through the gate you will be in the temple court, and in front of the temple itself, a building of imposing height and size, dull red in color, with a grand roof of heavy iron gray tiles, with sweeping curves, which give grace and grandeur. The timbers and supports are solid and of great size. The edifice is entirely of wood.

A broad flight of narrow, steep, brass-bound steps lead up to the porch, which is formed by a number of circular pillars, supporting a very lofty roof. A veranda runs from the porch around the temple. As you pass the main entrance you enter a large oblong hall, divided by a railing from the chancel, where the altars stand. The paneled ceiling and rows of round pillars which support it are finely grained. The walls are covered with ecclesiastical ornaments.

On the altars are draped, standing figures of Buddha, each with a nimbus above his head. They stand in gorgeous shrines, below which are incense burners, flower vases and candelabra, all of bronze. Antique lamps, burning low and never extinguished, hang in front of the shrines. The fumes of incense, the tinkling of the small bells, the lighted candles on the high altars, the shaven crowns and flowing vestments of priests, chanting of litanies in an unknown tongue, resemble to some extent the ritual of the Roman church.
The Polytechnic Journal

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Plans are fast materializing for a big interscholastic track meet to be held at Santa Barbara some time during the latter part of April or first of May. Polytechnic has been invited to enter in this meet, and if nothing turns up a team will be entered. The plan is to make the event an annual affair. The winning team will receive a cup, the winning relay team a cup, and the individual contestants medals. In going up against the teams from Santa Barbara, Ventura and Santa Paula we will have some good men to beat. However, from the material which has thus far shown up, there is no reason why we cannot give their teams a good rub. Do not think that because you have never done anything in athletics that you never can. Get out and try, and you may surprise yourself.

Another of The Telegram cup series of debates has been finished, and Polytechnic still retains the cup. In the series this year Polytechnic was defeated by San Luis High and won over Santa Maria High. The totals for the season were: Polytechnic, 1,656; Santa Maria, 1,631, and San Luis High, 1,613. Polytechnic was represented by Edward Curl, Valentine Drouga, J. LaRue Watson and E. Earl Campbell. This makes the second year that Polytechnic has won the cup, and now we have only to win it once more to become the permanent retainers of this trophy. This means that some new material must be developed in the freshmen and junior classes. Why can there not be a series of debates arranged between classes? This would bring out new material and be good training for those taking part.
Exchanges

We are very much pleased with our exchanges this month. As a rule there is improvement in every one.

There are a good many things to criticize in the High school folio from Flushing, N. Y. The first thing that strikes us unfavorably is the extremely large size of the paper, then the unattractive cover and inside the very small print which is exceedingly hard on the eyes. There are but two cuts in the paper, which, by the way, are not at all good.

Dictum Est, from Red Bluff, has a good josh column and the Exchange Editor does well in keeping the joshes and criticisms apart. "An Unsuccessful Burglary" is a good story. Every line of it was read through and enjoyed. We like to see such stories and always welcome them.

The Oriole, from Campbell Union H. S., has an unusually neat and attractive cover, as indeed have nearly all of the exchanges. We, however, do not approve of "ads" in the front of the book. We notice, also, an entire absence of cuts.

We welcome a new exchange this month, The Penn State Farmer. We enjoyed your article on "The Black Locut as a Post Tree," and hope to see you again.

The Tempe Normal Student, from Tempe, Arizona, and the O. A. C. Barometer, from Corvallis, Ore., are weeklies which are always good and it is indeed a pleasure to read them.

Another new exchange is the Nuntius, from L. U. H. S., Lemoore, Cal. The cover is extremely neat and attractive, also appropriate. As has been said before, we do not approve of the idea of putting "ads" in the front of the book. We also think your printing is a little too small to read with comfort. Otherwise you are a good paper.

The Porcupine contains an interesting article on the subject of mixing "ads" with the other reading matter of the paper. It is a good and sensible argument, but still you have not convinced us.

The Purple and White, from Peoria, Ill., has been received and welcomed again this month. It is the best paper we have received so far. The pictures are interesting, and the article on "Our Lady of Lowdes" is well written.

The Argus, from Tulare, Cal., is also a good exchange and is almost above criticism except for the department of joshes. The joshes are good what there are of them, but there are not enough.

The Sacramento H. S. Review is an unusually good paper, and has such a neat cover. The story, "A Technicality," is well written and the author deserves much credit.

Baseball

The game with Santa Maria scheduled for Feb. 29 was postponed on account of the debate to be held that evening.

The game between Arroyo Grande and the Poly on March 14 was probably the most close and hotly contested game of the season.

In the first inning McDowell started in with one run for the Polys. Arroyo Grande followed with three runs, made by Clevenger, L. Routzhan and Ballagh in the second half.

The fourth inning saw the tying of the score. With Methvin and Fiedler on bases and two men out, Hopkins came to the bat. He knocked a liner along third base for two bases, which brought in the two men, tying the score.

The game ran on until the last half of the thirteenth inning, with Arroyo Grande at the bat. Two men were walked and a safe single filled the bases. A fly was caught by Methven, making one out. On a short grounder, which buried itself in the sand, Clevenger, Arroyo’s star player, scored.

The team work was especially good all around, but noticable above all were Pezzoni’s throws to second, which caught several men, and the fielding of Fiedler and Methven. Murphy pitched an excellent game and was well supported.

E. L. Mitchell, of Santa Maria, was to have umpired the game, but forgot to come up. W. Routzhan was secured and his decisions were satisfactory to all.

The lineup of the teams was as follows:

Polytechnic.

Arroyo Grande.

Pezzoni……Catcher…L. Routzhan
Murphy…….Pitcher…..R. Draper
McDowell (Capt.) 1st base…H. Ballagh
Buck……….2d base….L. Ballagh
Curtis……….3d base…P. Routzhan
Walbridge……S. stop…P. Clevenger
Fiedler……Left field….G. Grimes
Hopkins……Center field….B. Kent
Methven……Right field….B. McNeill
W. Routzhan, umpire.

Track

There is great activity on the track these days. The old ones are training into shape and new material is developing in different lines.

The cross-country runs are developing wind rapidly and also long distance runners.

It has been decided to send a team to Santa Barbara some time in the latter part of April, to participate in the meet between the High schools of San Luis Obispo, Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties, in honor of the Atlantic fleet when it stops there.
On Feb. 14, '08, a social dance was given by the Journal staff of this school at Corona Hall, St. Clair's orchestra furnishing the music. There was a large crowd, and the dance was a great success. Punch was served throughout the evening to the thirsty ones. The dance broke up promptly at 12:30.

On Feb. 19, at 10:30, we gathered in the Assembly Hall to listen to an address by Mr. Glass. He spoke on the great curse of liquor and tobacco. Mr. Glass has studied the subject for many years and knew whereof he spoke.

March 2, at 11:15, we enjoyed the pleasure of listening to a short address from Mr. Byce, of Petaluma. Mr. Byce is one of the men who helped organize the chicken business in Petaluma, and might well be called the father of the industry at that place. He is also President of the Petaluma Incubator Company. Mr. Byce's talk was along the lines of the value of industrial education.

It has been noised about that Reuben S. is going to Dr. Cox's for treatment several times a week. The doctor, on being asked how he was getting along, replied: "There is no hope for the young man. He is getting worse every day." We wonder what the malady is?

Photographer to Ruth G.: "Miss Gould, move a little closer to Mr. Curtis."
Instructor in Dairy Laboratory: "Rachel G., will you turn on the motor?"
R. G.—"Which one, the cold or the hot?"

Almighty dollar! Thy shining face
Bespeaks thy wondrous power;
In my pocket find a resting place—
I need thee every hour.

Well to Botany teacher: "You have to shape cucumbers, don't you, or they will grow crooked?"

Tilton: "Say, Dock, I have ordered two pins. I'll sell you one now."
Student in dairy: "Sterilization is heating milk for thirty-six hours a day for three successive days."

Mr. Condit: "In this country the rains come during the rainy season."

Hertha says she does not know what she looks like when she looks in the mirror.

For styles in dressing go to Mary Cheda, and for white sleeve protectors go to Rachel Gould.

Mr. Pearson to Stetson in free-hand drawing: "I think you had better draw that over again."
Stetson: "Aw, Mr. Pearson, won't this do just this time?"

This is a snap shot of Well taken by the staff artist during a lecture period. A first-class likeness.

McDowell: "It's pretty bad to have a cousin going to the same school as I am and writing home about everything I do."
Little Dixon: "That's why I am lying low this year."

NOTICE—For Boys Only.

In soils' examination, discussing utilization of alkali lands:
"If the land is so badly alkali that you can do nothing for it, sell it to an Easterner who comes out to buy land."
—Young California.
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