MISTAKEN

There he sat before the table in his room in the dormitory. A typewritten letter lay before him. He kicked out with one foot to still farther batter what had once been a beautiful basket of Christmas candy, bought the day before from the Palace of Sweets. It had been intended for the Only Girl in the World.

“Well,” kicking it again, “she doesn’t want any present from me.” He read the letter again. It was short.

Dear Mr --

Christmas being so near at hand, I have been thinking of something to give to you, so have decided to "give you the mitten." Good bye, I have found a handsomer fellow.

Her who used to be your, SWEET MARIE.

He kicked the battered basket this time until it was a shapeless mass.

And he was not such a bad fellow either. Most people liked him, although one of his school fellows in English class had written a description of him, saying he was a handsome chap, and the teacher had returned the sketch marked with a goose egg and the legend, "Not true to life."

He ran his fingers through his curly hair and scowled, but looked quickly as something thumped against the window. Two bright eyes were shining at him. He went over and raised the sash. A dove hopped on his hand and began cooing. His mind returned to the letter. The cooing of the dove reminded him of it and he roughly shook the bird from his hand. The dove is the emblem of love and he was through with that now. The letter had plainly stated the fact.

The bird circled about the room and lighted upon the frame of the
picture of her who had written the letter and who, but a few hours before had been the Only Girl in the World. He thought to knock the bird from its resting place but the book, which he had picked up to throw, descended to his side and his arm relaxed for he thought of the helplessness of the dove. It's cooing sounded through the room and though irritating, the boy decided to endure it.

The lights went out and nothing remained but to go to bed. This he did, but tossed from side to side when the dove from time to time gave forth its mournful, "Coo, Coo."

As the time passed things began to change and the boy stood beneath a tree at one end of a large field of potatoes. On the other side of the dike he could hear the waters of the San Joaquin as they flowed past the island. The smell of roasting turkey came to him. He was home and it was Christmas. Suddenly he became aware of someone near. It was the Only Girl in the World. He turned to her with joy in his heart, but to his surprise she was dressed for a party. He looked about, and behold the tree under which he stood had become a Christmas tree. On the topmost branch was a basket of candy and perched upon it was a dove uttering a tender, "Coo, Coo." In his hand he held a typewritten letter. Everything faded and he sat up. Someone was rapping at the door. Misery and the closing days of school were real.

The boy arose, the cooing of the dove met his ears. This was too much, he hurled a shoe at the innocent bird just as the door opened. It flew out over the head of his grinning chum.

"What's the matter, Sleepy Head, are you trying to use up your laboratory deposit by knocking holes in the plaster with your shoes?" came the greeting.

"What do you want?" was the embarrassed response.

"Oh, nothing. Did you get my letter. I am learning to use a typewriter and I thought I would try it on you."

The boy looked puzzled for a moment, then reached for the other shoe, but the door slammed and the shoe only dented an unfeeling door. He stepped over to the table and picked up the envelope which had contained the letter. It was postmarked San Luis---Local --- "Stung."

He looked at the battered basket of sweets on the floor. Then he slowly reached for his trousers and emptied the pockets. Two five dollar pieces, one silver dollar and four quarters; he laid them on the table. "Twelve dollars," he counted, "just enough to buy that best basketful of candy. She shall have it. I can borrow car fare home," he decided.
A Book's Troubles

I am only a Trig Book. My life has not been long, but has been very eventful and full of accidents and incidents. My clothes are worn and torn by careless fingers and scarred by straps, besides being spattered from rains and disfigured by pencil marks and large blobs of ink, needless to say, I am disliked by everyone.

The Freshie's hear my name and look with wonder and awe and the Juniors say, in a tone of disgust, "If it is worse than Geometry I don't want to know anything about it."

The Seniors assure the underclass men that I cause all of the trouble when it is near graduation time. But I learn that there is one exception. It is said that part of the blame is taken from my shoulders, because a book known as History is disliked almost as much as I.

The upper classmen to make things worse, put tags on me such as, "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here!" "What's the use" and "The worst is yet to come," just as if friendship with me should prove fatal. They even openly avow their hatred by saying, "Give that Trigonometry to the dogs. I'll have none of it." I am called such terms as "Horrid stuff," if not "Dreaded stuff." The Seniors should be my friends, but they converse as little as possible about me, and when they do think of me, it seems hard for them to comprehend me, especially when the papers are returned after an exam, and some of the "unlucky Seniors," see a big question mark (?) staring them in the face.

To show their feelings and to express their sentiments I am "cussed!" and "discussed" some more. In the classroom they talk about me in painful detail when their teacher asks them questions. He, the teacher, speaks of me kindly and I do believe that he is a good friend. He tries hard to make the Seniors like and understand me but they, haughty things, seem almost determined in their obstinacy to not like me. If I had a fair chance I believe I could benefit some young people. At least I could ask questions that would make them think and afterwards they would feel much wiser for the effort. But it is no use to complain, as my life is full of misery and always shall be, but if you should care to make my acquaintance, for friendship sake, meet me in Room Six at nine o'clock, where all the bright (?) Trigonometry students are found.

H. F. M.

OHM'S LAW

"R" stands for the pressure
Which you taught us to use,
Divided by "R," you said for resistance
Would give us "I," the juice.

"I" is "E" divided by "R."
With this I don't get very far,"

But "R" is "R" times "I," we see,
And "R" is "E" divided by "I."

"W," watt, is "Current times
Electromotive force,"
And "seven forty six" of them
The "Power of a horse."
What's in a Name

A King, a Knight and a Freeman, Ayl started on a Chase after a Buck, with nothing but a Campbell.

"Howell (How-'ell) you ride," said the King. "Soon we will pass the Bergh with the Mills, and there we will get some Pease (peas)."

"We should also be able to get some Rich Brew to take with us on the way," said the Knight.

Passing thru the town they saw a man, and the King asked a passer-by if he was a Taylor, but the man replied that he was only a Baum-gardner.

A little farther on a Burk-et the Campbell and they could only proceed at great Hazzard. As it grew dark they passed by the mountain, and there they saw a Fat Shepherd. Just then a dog came running out, and the King said, "You Curtis (Cur-'tis) your last day.

The Freeman stopped him with, "Perhaps that Rubel (Rube-'I) take us in for the night.

So they stopped, and as the Case was urgent the Shepherd said, "Shaw! if you don't Donati, you may Curl up in my hut and stay till morning."

The next day on their trip they killed a Martin, but as they had only arrows, the King said, "You had better Foster your Flint."

Toward noon they heard a noise and the Knight said to the Freeman, "Pearson and see what it is."

The Freeman replied, "I will do so at your Word."

At first there was nothing discernible but a Herring, but after a short time they made out some Briggs in the harbor.

For several days they continued on the Chase, but as no sign of the Buck appeared they returned without further incident.

J. C. S. W.

The Snipe Hunt

Our party consisted of several of the older boys and a few of the ignorant "Freshies." The night was a perfect one, with a full moon shining brightly from the starry heavens.

After equipping ourselves with sufficient candles and pillow cases, we left the dormitory just after the last signal for bed-time, which was the flashing of the lights. Among those present S — and F — seemed to be the only capable men for the tedious, nerve racking task of holding the sack. After a lengthy journey across the country S — was located in a creek bed and told to stay by his post under any circumstances. He lighted his candle, propped open the pillow case and said that he was ready. Before we left he asked what he should do with the snipe as they flew into the sack. We left careful instructions regarding the method of wringing the snipes' necks and after inspecting his outfit carefully we went on with our other adventuresome young lad F —

Mile after mile we walked and still no
An Experience with Quicksand

When only a five or ten minute walk from camp, I killed a big mallard. It fell a few feet across the small stream or rather branch of the slough, which we had just crossed a little way upstream.

Jet, our water spaniel was not along so I started across to secure my prize.

As I stepped from the solid bank, a foot or two above the sandy bed of the stream, I sank half way up to my knees. This did not bother me as I had on a pair of hip boots, and we had, only a few minutes before, crossed at a point near there without much bother. As I advanced I kept sinking deeper and deeper and at each step it became more and more difficult to pull up my foot. I became frightened and stopped.

I tried to go back, it was too late. In vain I attempted to take another step. I tried to get my foot out of my boot, but, on account of the pressure of the terrible sand, failed.

Now, for the first time I realized that I was caught in the quicksand. Even as I did so the thoughts of all the wrong doings and faults of my past life flew through my mind in such rapid succession that I could hardly distinguish one from the other. Most prominent, came the realization of the fact that I was on this camping trip against the wish of my father.

These thoughts could not have occupied my mind for more than a couple of seconds. But still during this time I was sinking. I was now a little above my knees in the sand and the water came three or four inches higher.

As quickly and mysteriously as came the thoughts of my ill-deeds, there recurred to me a long forgotten story told me by my grandfather. Acting under the impulse, I threw myself on my back in that cold water. By squirting around what little I could, when I felt myself sinking into the sand, I managed to stay on top until I freed my feet. Then I rolled over and over until I reached the bank.

Meanwhile, George, my companion on our hunting trip, had been frantically running back and forth, shouting toward camp and then to me. First he'd throw a stick or log to me to help me float and then he'd call for help. Finding this useless, he started out for camp to get assistance.

It was during his absence that I succeeded in extracting myself from the quicksand.

W. T. S.
Paso Robles High School succeeded in giving Polytechnic two of the best times of the year. The first one was when our Basket Ball Boys and Girls went up there on November 21. After the game the crowd went to the Hotel El Paso de Robles and after a fine luncheon, enjoyed the free use of the plunge and bowling alley. The dinner at six was a feature the students particularly enjoyed and they greatly appreciated the special preparations that had been made for them. The day's enjoyment closed with a dance in the sitting room of the hotel. The school songs and parting cheers showed how much we enjoyed the good time that the Paso Robles High School, with the help of the hotel management, had given us.

December 4th the football boys went up to Paso Robles. Here again the High School and Hotel El Paso de Robles combined forces and gave us a royal entertainment, for which these people are noted.

During the Thanksgiving vacation informal parties were enjoyed by the two dormitories.

Thanksgiving evening, in spite of the rain, the boys enjoyed games and dancing at the girl's dormitory, also a gum chewing contest, in which George Mendenhall took first prize.

On the following evening the dormitory girls spent a pleasant evening at the boy's dormitory. With a cheery open fire, pop corn and dancing, the evening passed only too quickly.

On the evening of December 3, "the first Friday of the month," a party of dormitory boys spent the evening at the girl's dormitory, assisting in a program of dancing, music, and candy pulling. The faculty were well represented by Mrs. Johnson, Miss Gillett, Miss Secrest, Miss Howell, Miss Chase, and additional very welcome guests were Mr. and Mrs. Smith and cousin, Mr. Crumb.

Debating

The first of a series of debates for the cup offered by the Daily Telegram took place the evenings of Dec. 10 and 11.

Polytechnic lost to San Luis High School. All of the places went to the High School. Jones took first place and Ewers and Banks tied for second place. Owing to sickness, none of the Polytechnic debaters were able to do as well as they might otherwise have done.

The debate between Santa Maria and Arroyo Grande was won by Santa Maria, who took all three places.

The two winning teams will debate next term for the final decision as to who holds the cup for the next year.

The cup goes to the team winning it three times. Polytechnic has won it twice, but Santa Maria won it last year and it is now in her possession.
Mrs. Emma Wate of Bozeman, Montana, is visiting her son, H. B. Wate, and intends to spend the winter here.

Mr. Condit, instructor in Botany, left for Watsonville, Monday, December 6, to attend a Fruit Growers convention.

Miss Chase spent the Thanksgiving holidays in San Francisco.

Ruth Gould, a well known graduate of the class of ’08 was married to Henry Perry, Friday, December 3.

Through Mr. Rubel’s good work the 7 a. m. local stopped at Hathaway siding for twenty-eight Dormitory students, who were going to Paso Robles to see the football game.

The following Dormitory residents spent Thanksgiving at home: Elizabeth Holloway, Chas. Swartz, Roy Evans, Will Nock, Chas. Hamaker, and Baptiste Fiscalini.

Percy Hart is erecting the large Sterling boiler in the new Power House for the C. C. Moore Co. The boiler stands a steam pressure of 225 pounds per square inch.

The rains have interfered with the work on the Dining Hall and Power House.

The Senior Mechanics are doing the wiring in the new Power House and Dining Hall.

A Shorthorn yearling was sold for $75.00

A mascot has been obtained by the Dormitory boys. It is a large tiger cat and is called Budweiser.

Miss Ida Donati is a new resident at the Girl’s Dormitory.

Mr. Smith and family moved out to the Girl’s Dormitory after Thanksgiving.

Ralph Pease took a vacation of three days to straighten up his room, as his father came Saturday night, Dec. 4th, and spent Sunday at the Dormitory.

Mr. Coleman and Mr. Johnston spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Morro hunting ducks. They came back with the limit.

**JINGLES**

**Pictures.**

Picture “Red” Sheppard with his hair turned white;
Picture Pedly and Lesler not wanting to fight;
Picture Ralph Peas afraid of a girl;
Picture “Juicy” Smith without a curl;
Picture “Fat” Matasce running the mile;
Picture King without a smile;
Picture Briggs acting the saint;

But these are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture “Cork” Evans refusing a smoke;
Picture a Farmer that isn’t a joke;
Picture Weymouth not trying to spoon;
Picture Buck getting up before noon;
Picture Swerdfeger just four feet tall;
Picture Metz not eating at all;
Wouldn’t such pictures as these make you faint?
But these are pictures no artist can paint.
Picture Willie Nock, playing base ball;
Picture "Fat" Sheppard tiny and small;
Picture Awl not trying to be cute;
Picture Earl King in a full dress suit;
Picture Napoleon running the school;
Picture Mike when not acting the fool;
These are pictures of things as they aint,
And these are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Sibley not knowing every thing;
Picture Hazeltine with a girl on the string;
Picture Flint getting high in a test;
Picture Anderson not willing to rest;
Picture Colthart looking alive;
Picture Harold Riley spending a five;
Picture White without some complaint;
But these are pictures no artist can paint.

Absurdid.

I met a most absurdid chap
Out on the grounds one day;
He asked the most absurdid things
In the most absurdid way.

"At what did Robert Shaw?" he asked,
Before he begged my pardon,
But soon he started at the task:
"And what did Annie Mendenhall?"

"And what did Alice Word so swell?
What was Jane's Willoughby?
Pray tell me for whom did Mandie Cook?
Came rushing next to me pell-mell.

And long before I answered these—
"Whose hair did Lois Curl?" he asked,
"And who in school was a Baumgarden?"
And I surely thought this the last.

"Against what did Georgie Buck?
To whom did Bessie Holloway?
And whose heart did Anson Pearce?"
Came rushing next, as in a lay.

"Pray tell me why was David Rich?
Of whom was Wheeler King?"
But I thought of all his many queens,
And laughed at such a thing.

"Oh, tell me why is Elmer Awl?
And what makes Aubrey Ernest?"
Until I thought I would have to scream
But I awoke, it was only a dream.

M. B.

Examples of Freshmen.

Now I'll take a little time
To mention just a few,
Providing I can make them rhyme.
And save the trouble, too.

First take noble Cassius
A shark at solving a prop,
When asked for the loan of his eraser,
Replies, "Aw get a mop."

Then there's our brave Napoleon,
Noted in snipe hunting fame,
Sadly in need of a chaperon
For he's always a joke in the game.

Oh, yes—and there is dear Margaret
Who seldom ever gets sore,
That she'd go a bowling
But somehow mistook the door.

Then there's little Ray Williams
With eyes as blue as the sky,
That all the girls have a case on,
But oh, he is so shy.

Yes there's another shy laddie
Whom the girls call Sun
Bouquet Sue
Look at him once, then look again
And lo—he has vanished from view

There are a great many more you know
But I haven’t time for the rest
So I’ll just leave it to you to judge
Which of the five are the best —D. C. B., ’10

He thinks then why of the girls
Now, isn’t this boy strange?

Oh, Just to See

Say, I’d like to see “Fat” Matasci win the hundred yard dash this year.
I’d like to see Prof. Boeneke taking the High School’s football away from Briggs.
I’d like to see “Highpockets” keep still when he is playing ball.
I’d like to see “Rosey” get a hundred in Trigg.
I’d like to see S. L. H. win a football game.
I’d like to see “Brick” and Waymouth be good friends.
I’d like to see Willoughby ride his motor a little slower on the school road. (Please do Jasper, my hair is turning grey, and will soon lose all it’s curl if you don’t.)
I’d like to see the “Ags,” in Physics laboratory, be more sedate.
I’d like to see Poly win a debate from S. L. H.
I’d like to see Mr. Coleman’s sideburns grow.
I’d like to see Santa Claus.
I’d like to see — oh, what’s the use they’re just visions anyhow.

“Mother Goose Rhymes”

Reserved for the Freshmen and those of the Juniors who are still fresh

Little Miss Mendenhall
Sat in Assembly Hall
Thinking of Walter and Ray,
And wishing that either
Would sit down beside her
And not keep the other away

There was a little boy
That went a crooked mile,
In going to “Poly”
He tried to put on style
He bought a pretty hat,
That matched his bright, bright red hair,
And, nothing but those knee high pants,
This little boy would wear.

A little Junior has “Math”
Which he strives to know
And everytime he goes to school
That book is sure to go;
But when he enters Coleman’s class
The story’s sure to change,

M Francesco drawing ellipse.
Prof. P.—Your lips (ellipse) looks pretty good Francesco.

Prof. Ewing—Mr. Sibley can you tell me what Q. B. D. means?
Sibley (rather surprised)—I didn’t get that far in Latin.
Freshman S—Ray, have you a cork leg?
Ray E—No, it is a wooden leg. Every time I scratch it I get a splinter in my finger.

Midget Sheppard had a monkey on a painted stick,
He sucked the paint all off one day
and it made poor midget sick.

Miss G—Wheeler how is your appetite
Annie—"Which vegetable do you like most?"
Ida—"Why, peas (Pease) of course."

Wheeler (looking at his sore finger)—Why, it's—I'm getting pretty hungry.

Wheeler has taken the contract to do
all the queenimg for the dormitory boys.
He has started in at the girls dormitory
and is progressing nicely.

1st. Junior—After throwing oysters in
the garbage can—"Too bad to waste these oysters."

2nd Junior—"The Freshman would appreciate them I'm sure."

The oysters were duly served to the
Freshman and the following appreciative remarks were heard:
Annie M—"These are better than
Lois's. This must be the best way to
cook them."

S. H.—"I'll be your Dutch uncle for
this."
H. B.—"Say, but these are swell."

A Question Solved

Why do some people have the big head?
Their thoughts travel at different rates
of speed, then collide and the collision
causes friction, the friction causes heat
and heat causes expansion—whence—

Prof. McD—(After vainly trying for
forty minutes to get the girls in dairying
to answer some of his questions)—"Well
I guess you girls might as well study
your notes as to have me preach them
to you—and the Lord Help You if You
Don't."

Heard from a High School girl, reading
Joshes in the November Journal, "I
don't see the joke to this. What is
'shocking hay' anyway?"

"Alma, why do you always look over
at a certain corner in the Drawing room?"
Alma—"Why, that is where Willough-
by sits."

Duncan is thinking seriously of Paso
Robles High for next fall.—I wonder
why?
Ralph Pease (talking to one of the girls)—"Oh! Gee! I’ve been looking high and low for a good place to ‘queen’ across the track."

(We wonder what’s Ralph’s excuse for going across the track every day).

Dora, talking to one of the girls—"Mike E reminds me of Blunder looking for the Wishing Gate."

Edward Curl wants to know what cute means.—He heard it said in connection with E. A. H.

Elizabeth (at lunch)—"May I have peas."

Ida—"Oh, no, you can’t have Pease, he’s mine."

Margaret Campbell — "Every time I open my mouth, they put it into the journal."

Annie—"Are you coming to the party tonight, Ida?"

Ida—"No, I don’t think so."

Annie—"Pease will be there."

Ida (eagerly)—"So will I."

WANTED

C. P. S.—Another football game with San Luis.

Alice Word—More "Smiles."

"Smiles Smith—More moonlight nights.

Miss Curl—Just someone’s smiles.

Slivers—More chalk to mark fellow’s coats.

Seniors—Vacation all the time.

Briggs—A few more notes.

Pease—A new girl.

Willoughby—A motor cycle with more speed.

Prin. of High School—Foot ball back from Poly.

Elberg—More trouble.

Fat—Aid in climbing hills in surveying.

Mechanics Foot Ball Team—Heavier men.

History Class—More girls.

Mr. Ewing’s Geometry Class—More Compasses.

Students—Higher marks.

Thompson—More suits of clothes for cleaning.

Berringer—Something good to eat after school.

The Current Magazines at Poly

The All-Story—The Journal

Everybody’s—Awl

Our Little Ones—Annie and Ray.

The Youth’s Companion—Ruth Mills.

The Smart Set—The Juniors.

Designer—Willoughby.

Delineator—That bright boy in Eng. II.

Argosy—Mr. Water’s high boots.

The Scrap Book—A Domestic Science Receipt Book.

The Cavalier—Ray Briggs.

The Strand—Gena’s hair.

Die Deutsche Hausfrau—Prof. Berringer.

Life—The Debating Society.

Literary Digest—McDonald.

Wide Awake—Shepphard

Tid Bits—What McDowell eats when the D. S. girls give him a feed.
The Poltechnic Journal
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The Journal wishes everybody success in the coming examinations, hoping all the old students will remain with us during the coming term. To everyone we wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

School spirit, that much talked of but evasive quality which every school is supposed to have, was proven to be one of the substantial assets of Poly in the debate of last Friday evening. Every member of the team had been suffering with severe colds during the week and part of the time were unable to attend to work. The leader of the Poly debaters had been unable, for several days, to speak much above a whisper. Regardless of sickness, it became only a question of being able to speak whether or not he would appear. Twenty-four hours before the debate it was still uncertain whether his voice would permit him to speak. Accepting these conditions one of the boys of the school learned the leaders speech. With less than twenty-four hours notice and not knowing whether he were to speak, but stuck to his task and learned the part. As things turned out the leader was able to appear and although sick enough to be in bed did the best he could under the circumstances. The boy who was ready to substitute will be unknown
to the public, nevertheless, the effort which he made, means much to the school and to the boy himself. The silent worker, who works for no reward, but only to help out his school, is the one who counts most in teaching what school spirit really means.

With the close of the Basket Ball and the Foot Ball season we are able to look back with satisfaction upon the work of the players. Although neither girls or boys won the championship in Basket Ball we have the satisfaction of knowing that the boys team made a good score over the champions. Our Foot Ball record has been very satisfactory. We did not lose a league game.

We do not as a general rule believe in dreams, but here is a dream which the editor had and he believes it to be true. Thus runs the dream:

"We dreamed that we died and with us were several friends standing before the gates of Heaven, knocking for admission. A peep hole opened in the gate and Saint Peter looked out and asked, "Who are you?"

"Students from the California Polytechnic School," came the answer.

"Have you always subscribed for the Journal," was the next question.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you always patronize its advertisers?"

Some shuffled their feet and said, "No, sir."

Then came the answer, "Those who have may enter, but the rest of you will find a warm reception down below."
We are glad to welcome our neighbor, Polytechnic of Pasadena, with a number of very interesting stories, and joshes. Aside from your cuts there is very little criticism.

The Herald, from Massachusetts, is here with a very attractive and well composed story, "A Modern Rip Van Winkle."

Your paper would be more attractive if you would make your comic column longer and more original.

Among the best of our exchanges comes the Argus, from Tulare. The last number shows that the school is back of the paper and it certainly takes the co-operation of the school to publish a paper worth while.

The Jonas, Hanford. We are glad to know of your new home and wish you a prosperous year.
FOOTBALL

The game of Foot Ball Thanksgiving day between San Luis High and the Polytechnic was more of an exhibition of an aquatic sport than an exhibition of the game.

From the first whistle the Poly aggregation showed that they could splash in the mud and play football at the same time. The San Luis boys kicked off and after several downs the ball was within ten yards of the Poly’s goal. Reilly, of the Poly, then received the ball and tore away from the bunch. The touch down thus made was not counted, as some thought he had stepped outside the line. San Luis then punted and after their three downs the ball was carried to within three yards of their goal by Murray, who received a forward pass. The half ended with the ball in Polytechnic territory.

The work of Murray, Shipsey, Briggs and Reilly, of the Polytechnic, was especially commendable, and the skill and aggressiveness of Cheda, Norton and Fitzgerald were worthy of note.

In the second half Briggs, of Poly, kicked off deep into the San Luis territory. The Poly boys seemed to be toy ing with their opponents all the first of the second half. They worked forward passes, end runs and line bucks for gains, to suit their pleasure, and at the same time stopped the renowned tandem plays where Tognazzini acted as the battering ram and Cheda and Fitzgerald furnished the force.

About this time Willoughby, who had been playing a clever game as quarter, called a half back play through tackle and Foster made a fifteen yard gain. Pease, the right end tackle, then to keep things moving, got a fumble and made a sensational run of thirty yards. The game was drawing to a close so the Poly boys decided to score. Cheda tried to punt, but was a little too slow, Awl, the left end, blocked the kick and Foster fell on the ball. This left the ball within ten yards of the San Luis goal. The climax came when Briggs, full back of the Polys, made a touchdown, with five of the San Luis players clinging to him. The whistle blew when the ball was near the San Luis goal. It was the general opinion of the rooters that Poly could easily have made another touchdown in another minute.

Mr. Gibbons, of San Luis Obispo, acted as referee and Mr. Rubel as umpire.

The line up was as follows:

Polytechnic

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Polytechnic</th>
<th>San Luis</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Awl</td>
<td>San Luis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipsey</td>
<td>L.E. Luchessa, Sandercock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtis</td>
<td>L.T. Peterson, Luchessa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Freeman</td>
<td>L.G.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hayward</td>
<td>C. Keffer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Metz</td>
<td>R. G. McFadden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flint</td>
<td>R. T. Tognazzini, Fitzgerald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray</td>
<td>Pease. R. E. Norton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pease</td>
<td>Willoughby O. Cox</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster</td>
<td>R. H. Cheda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reilly</td>
<td>L. H. Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briggs</td>
<td>F. Fitzgerald, Tognazzini</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Paso Robles vs. Polytechnic

Polytechnic this year won the football championship of the League, when, on December 4 our team, with a good crowd of rooters, journeyed to Paso Robles. They defeated the High School team of that place by a score of 46 to 0. Outplayed from the start, Paso Robles stayed with the game through two thirty minute halves, fighting as hard as they could all the time.

The game was called about 11 o'clock Poly kicking off to Paso Robles. The ball went to Poly on downs, and after a few minutes playing Briggs, on a line buck, crossed the goal for the first down, carrying three Paso Robles players with him. He kicked the goal, thus making the score 6 to 0, in our favor. The game went on with the ball always in Paso Robles' territory and the first half ended with a score of 17 to 0 in our favor.

The second half commenced by Paso Robles kicking off to Poly. Within a few minutes of the calling of time another touchdown was made and from then on it became a question of, not who would win, but, how big the score would be.

Soon after the second half started Willoughby, who had been playing a perfect game as quarter, was hurt and had to retire from the game. He was replaced by Pease, who filled the position well. At the same time Eastman and Awt replaced Metz and Shipsey.

During the game the forward pass was worked successfully time and again, Murray and Shipsey getting down the field to receive the ball in fine shape. Our team was penalized once on a forward pass. Paso Robles tried the forward pass but gained little by it.

Nelson and Yancy were the stars for the opposing team and they were in the game every minute. The Paso Robles line was weak and line bucks were in order, when yards were to be gained.

On the second down on the last kick off from Paso Robles, Flint opened the way through right tackle for Reilly, who went down the field, making a spectacular 60 yard run and planted the ball back of the goal for another touch down.

Every man on the team played his position well, otherwise it would have been impossible for the men back of the line to do the excellent work they did.

Mr. Cook, of Paso Robles, was umpire and Mr. Rubel, of Poly was referee.

Polytechnics' last game of Basket Ball for the season was with Paso Robles, November 20, '09. Our teams left here on the 7 o'clock local and arrived there about eight fifty. We went directly to the High School and after examining the grounds set down to await the calling of the games. The girls' game was called first. There was a good crowd on the side lines and the game started out briskly. The Paso Robles girls seemed to have everything their way for a while and ran up a score of six to begin with. Our girls got into the game with their usual vim after that and played the remainder of the first half in fine style, scoring nine points to Paso Robles eight. The second half started out much better and our girls scored several more throws. Our luck turned and Paso Robles scored repeatedly until at the end of the game the score was 19 to 15 in their favor. Altogether the game was very good, one of the best of the season. The girls of both teams played hard and fast and our girls did some excellent work. Dora Berg, as guard, was there to see that the ball did not get in the basket, while Annie Mendenhall was all around her opponents, playing a great game, as
usual. Alma Miossi and Emma Stiner as centers also did fine work and kept their opponents jumping every minute; while Pansy Martin and Cora Schulze were there to put the ball in the basket and if it got away from them their opponents had to go some to do it.

As soon as the girls game was over the boys game was called. At the start our team was easy and the Paso Robles people predicted an easy walk over and well they could for the score stood 12 to 0 in their favor at the end of the first ten minutes. But Polytechnic was never known to be that easy and as our team began to warm up there came a change, the ball began to fly from place to place as if hot and about every other pass Taylor or Duncan put it into the basket, so that we were in the lead at the end of the first half. The second half was a repetition of the first. We made most of the goals. When time was called the score was 24 to 17 in our favor. Taken from the people on the side lines who know, the game was the fastest and cleanest of the season.

On Saturday, December 11, our Foot Ball team went to Santa Maria to play the Loyal Sons. The game was called at 1:30. The teams were of about equal weight. The Loyal Sons team was quick to see an opening and take advantage of it, but showed lack of team work and training. On the other hand our team played a good game although it lacked the snap of the game of the previous Saturday, on account of the poor condition of the men.

The total score was 30 to 0 in our favor. No goals were kicked during the game.

Baseball season is approaching. Three teams are at work and with the material at hand we ought to be able to pick a championship team. The season opens January 15, with a game between Arroyo Grande and Polytechnic.
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