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Edited by the Students of the

California Polytechnic School

San Luis Obispo, California

Tribune Print
DEDICATION

We, the students of the California Polytechnic School, dedicate the eighth volume of The Journal to the students of this school who, placing the liberty of the world above the sacrifice of their own lives, have so cheerfully answered the call of their country.
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OFFICERS:

EDWARD G. DOLCH . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
LESLIE S. DAVIS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer
EUARD ANDREWS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary
HENRY H. HODGES . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Athletic Manager

Vincenti qui volit

CLASS COLORS - Green and White
" FLOWER White For-Get-Me-Not
" Tree . . . . . . . . Sequoia Sempervirens
CLASS RECORD.

Edward G. Dolch—Track '16-'17; Football '17; Class Treasurer '17; Polygram '17; President Class '18; Treasurer Ag. Club '18; Sec.-Treasurer Block P Club '18; First Lieutenant '18.

Leslie Davis—Sec.-Treasurer Mechanics Association '18; Class Treasurer '18; Polygram '18.

Emart Andrews—President Agricultural Association '18; Treasurer Ag. Assn. '16; basketball '15-'16; Class Vice President '17; Secretary '18.

Henry H. Hodges—From Santa Ynez H. S. in '17; Football '17; Captain '18; Track Captain '17-'18; Baseball '18; President Block P Club '18; Class Manager '18; Journal '17; Editor '18.

Howard Sebastian—Debate '17; Sec. Treasurer Class, '15; Vice President Mechanics' Association '18; Baseball '18; Polygram '17; Journal '18.

G. W. Bott—Baseball '18.
Percy Peterson— Debate '17; Librarian Mech. Assn. '18; Baseball '18.

Aileen McCabe—Track '17; Hockey '18; Baseball '17-18; Secretary Amapola Club '17.

Hazel True—Track '17; Hockey '18; Baseball '17-'18; Treasurer Amapola Club '17; President Amapola Club '18; Class Treasurer '16.

Harold Stewart—Two years at H. S. of Commerce, S. F.; Journal '16-'17-'18; Polygram '16-'17-'18; Vice President Ag. Assn. '18; President Class 1911; Secretary Class '19-'2.

James B. Wickenden—Entered as a Senior from S. L. H. S.

George Rodriguez—Track '15.
CLASS RECORD.

Gertrude Day—Baseball ’18; Track ’17; Sec. Amapola Club ’16; Treasurer ’17; Journal ’17-’18; Polygram ’18.

Edward Holman—President Mechanics’ Association ’18.

Bertha Haberl—Track ’17; Hockey ’18; Baseball ’17-18; Vice President Amapola Club ’17; Treasurer ’18.

Manuel Souza—Graduated from Mech. Dept. ’17; Debate ’17; Editor Polygram, Second Semester ’18.

Edwin Knight—Journal ’17-’18.

SENIOR’S OFFERING

* * * * * * * * * *
CLASS HISTORY—1918

“Father Time, Father Time,” faintly came through the ether. The wireless operator had been nodding over his novel with his head piece barely on his ears. Suddenly he heard a slight scratch in the receiver, and instantly he dropped his book and mechanically picked up his pencil. A few preliminary adjustments on his instruments and he was ready for the message.

“Father Time, Father Time,” again came faintly through the ether. This of course was not his call, but he was very much interested in such an unusual call, so he listened intently. The sender must have reached his party now, for the message went on: “Please preserve these facts forever.”

Out of habit the operator wrote this and what followed on his pad. “The History,” he interpreted from the dots and dashes, “of the Class of 1918.”

An impressive pause followed this.
Again the waves traveled through the ether, and the wireless operator heard and wrote:
“During September in the year of our Lord, 1914, a great body of freshmen assembled at the California Polytechnic School.”

“It was called the class of ’18.

“It numbered fifty-seven.

“It had many fights and cold baths, especially cold baths.

“It had Perry Martinson for guide.

“It ducked the Seniors in the horse trough.

“It had a barbecue up school canyon.

“It was fairly successful in athletics.

“It gave a big dance.

“It had colors of green and white.

“With this ended the year of 1915.

After this a long pause ensued, and then began the mysterious message again:

“It was now a learned body of Sophomores.

“It chose ‘Thine’ Whaley to lead it.

“It cleaned up on the Juniors in football.

“It attended, in a body, the funeral services over the remains of the Juniors and Seniors, held in the assembly hall.

“It defended nobly its numerals in a ‘free for all’ on the front lawn.

“It had a big dance at the dining hall.

“It showed that it was there with that stuff that makes ‘Germany want peace.’

“This ended the year of 1916.

Again the pause, and then:

“It was now a noble group of Juniors.

“It had ‘Ted’ Erickson as its leader.

“It was well represented in all the activities of our school life.

“It did worthy work in debating.

“It had two of the three athletic captains in its class.

“It gave the Junior-Senior reception at Atascadero.

“It was the biggest success yet.

“It won the love of all.

“It gave many to help make the world a ‘safe place to live in.’

So ended the year of 1917.

Again the pause:

“It was now a class of intelligent Seniors.

“It numbered twenty.

“It caused much wonderment.

“It had given EIGHTEEN to help ‘lick’ the ‘Kaiser.’

“It had great originality.

“It was headed by ‘Ted’ Erickson again, and later by Lee Doleh.

“It won the interclass cup.

“It helped the ‘Red Cross.’

“It had class pins.

“It had a class week.

“It was successful in athletics.

“It had a graduation.

“It gave its members small flat documents.

“It bade its people farewell, and they scattered to the four corners of the earth.

“So the history of the Class of ’18 ends.”

“Whee!” ejaculated the operator; “this will make some story for the papers, and forthwith he summoned the reporters, and they came and wondered and told the world.

And that is how the History of the Class of ’18 became known to the people of the earth.


CLASS PROPHECY.

It was in 1942 that I made my famous tour around the world. After leaving Poly I had studied music and had done much practicing on all kinds of stringed instruments, until at last I was known as the world’s greatest artist. As a result, I was touring the world, displaying my ability in most of the large cities.

I started from Genoa, Italy where I had resided for sixteen years, and made my first public appearance in Paris. Here I played some beautiful selections on my viharpolin (a wonderful instrument that I had invented) which were very well received. Leaving the stage, I found myself face to face with a man whom I was sure I had never met before. He was very tall and slender and wore a sharp long beard. On meeting me he grasped my hand and greeted me in a friendly manner. I quickly recognized the voice. It was Skinny Sebastian. He took me to his home, where I learned that he had achieved much fame during the European War, and had now been
sent to southern Africa to discipline the natives. As he was on furlough he was at ease, so told me of his experiences. On entering his home I noticed that it was indeed beautiful, but it lacked the touch of a feminine hand. As Sebastian had always been of a bashful nature, he had not engaged in matrimonial affairs. From him I found that our old classmate, Graham Bott, had worked for many years and was finally successful in introducing chewing tobacco into China. The worst feature that he had had to contend with was the fact that laundry employees and cooks could not use it to advantage.

Leaving Paris, I went to London. Here, to my surprise I met Harold Stewart. He had heard of my arrival and had come to meet me. I recognized him at once, for he looked the same as when we went to school together. He told me that he had taken up literature after the war and had met with marked success. He had just completed a set of volumes on “The Power of Love” that he urged me to read. I regretted not being able to read them, as I was interested in the subject, but it was a four months’ job and I didn’t have the time.

Leaving London, I made my next public appearance in Petrograd. Here to my great surprise, I found that the theater in which I was to play belonged to Hazel True. Hazel had specialized in fancy dancing and vocal music and was now manager of the largest theater in Petrograd. She was also the ablest dancing instructor in that city. I also met her husband, a cute little Dutchman, who always took the clown’s part in the many plays that Hazel put on.

From Petrograd I went to Delhi, India. I was surprised at the way in which I was meeting my classmates, but I was still more surprised on finding Ewart Andrews as chief farm advisor for the district of Delhi. He took me to his home, where I met his affectionate Indian wife and six beloved children. I found that he had been experimenting along agricultural lines in India for fourteen years, and had been very successful. From him I learned that Lee Doleh and Paul Beard were raising pigs in Northern Siberia. Through careful and constant experiment they had succeeded in developing meatless as well as fatless pigs. They were rapidly enriching themselves as they were the sole owners of this new breed of pigs.

My next stop was at Peking, China. Here I found that Alleen McCabe was principal of a Chinese-American grade school. After leaving Poly she had specialized in the Chinese Idiom and had gone to China to teach English. She had married the King’s third cousin and was the proud mother of two little “Chinks.” From her I learned that Bertha Haberl was a prominent religious organ-izer in Australia.

From Peking, I left for America. On the steamer I met Leslie Davis. He told me that he had traveled all over the world, having sailed the seas for twenty years. While in Peru he had met Herman Hodges. Hodges was athletic coach at the University of Pern, and was also the champion football player in South America.

At San Francisco, I left Davis. I had always been interested in engineering and so the second morning, after practicing for a time at the theater, I visited several large factories. I was very much interested in the Pacific Electric Co. plant, one of the largest that I visited, but I was more surprised than interested when I met Edward Holman, the president of this concern. He invited me to his home where I met his wife and seven children. From him I learned that George Rodriguez was chief machinist at the Ford Motor Works in San Francisco. As he was on his vacation I was unable to see him.

From San Francisco I went to Los Angeles and of course, stopped at my old home, San Luis Obispo. On visiting Poly I found that Gertrude Day was head of the Academic Department and that P. Y. Peterson was instructor in music and band.

When I reached Los Angeles I had the pleasure of witnessing a classical dance by James Wickenden before I played my selections. I later learned from “Wick” that he too was touring the world. He had married a famous dancer and having a natural taste for dancing, had practiced and made good. He and his beautiful wife were known to theater goers all over the world.

Leaving Los Angeles, I went to New York, the last point on my tour. Here I was very enthusiastically received, and was asked to remain for a few days. One night, while reading the evening paper, I noticed an article on a new brand of bees called glow-bees, that a farmer on the outskirts of the city had produced. I became interested at once in this achievement, and went out next day to investigate. To my surprise I found my old classmate, Edwin Knight, busy with these new little workers. Knight told me that after several attempts he had succeeded in crossing bees with fireflies; and had produced a bee that gathered honey at night as well as in the day time.

Embarking from New York a few days later, I went back to my home in Genoa. I was overjoyed at having met so many of my old classmates. In fact, after counting them over, I was surprised to find that I had met them all, scattered about all over this great world. Most marvelous to me, remembering how they had loafed at Poly and barely squeezed through, was the fact that each had succeeded in some great achievement.

M. S.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Favorite Expression</th>
<th>Chief Fault</th>
<th>Only Virtue</th>
<th>Hobby</th>
<th>Highest Ambition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Graham Bott</td>
<td>Four Eyes</td>
<td>Proportional to his height</td>
<td>Oh, boy!</td>
<td>Caroling</td>
<td>Doesn't follow a see-gar</td>
<td>Chess gum</td>
<td>Caruso the second</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard Sebastian</td>
<td>Legs and arms</td>
<td>Six knows</td>
<td>I said, I did, I can!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Don't try to find out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percival Peterson</td>
<td>Feet</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>Whoo—oop</td>
<td>Speed</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A job he can do in his head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Dolen</td>
<td>So homely he's attractive</td>
<td>Unbelievable</td>
<td>Looky here guy</td>
<td>Posting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Instructor in a girls' seminary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernart Andrews</td>
<td>Look for curls</td>
<td>Seven come eleven</td>
<td>It's just this way</td>
<td>Looks too saintly</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>West Point</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Holman</td>
<td>Hard-boiled</td>
<td>SIR reads dime novels</td>
<td>Oh, crumso</td>
<td>Woman later</td>
<td>Never bawled out</td>
<td>Resting</td>
<td>To be a truant officer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. H. Hodges</td>
<td>No. 1 man 1st squad</td>
<td>Not a minor</td>
<td>Well, I'll be</td>
<td>Fondness for blind baggage</td>
<td>Eats Climax</td>
<td>Widows and school teachers</td>
<td>Liberty Bar, C. P. S. trade (exclusive)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leslie Davis</td>
<td>Peroxide blond</td>
<td>In the draft</td>
<td>Don't fool me, dice</td>
<td>Has a lady friend</td>
<td>Mayhap she knows lodger</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sugar cane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Wickenden</td>
<td>Girls' Model</td>
<td>It was in '62 there</td>
<td>All present but</td>
<td>Too good looking</td>
<td>Jazz-band enthusiast</td>
<td>Daily nap—sixth period</td>
<td>Proprietor of the Golden State</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Rodrigues</td>
<td>Sore toe</td>
<td>Votes next spring</td>
<td>Aw, come on, guy</td>
<td>Absent without leave</td>
<td>His Ford</td>
<td>Wrestling</td>
<td>To be able to brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bertha Haberl</td>
<td>Kissable (not yet)</td>
<td>Cutting her teeth</td>
<td>Sax, kid</td>
<td>Once knew Burr</td>
<td>Mass</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
<td>Burr-r-r-r-r</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Stewart</td>
<td>Ask Hazel</td>
<td>Ask Hazel</td>
<td>Ask Hazel</td>
<td>Himself</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazel True</td>
<td>Ask Shue</td>
<td>Does Harold know?</td>
<td>Ask Harold</td>
<td>Herself</td>
<td>Harold</td>
<td>Harold</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwin Knight</td>
<td>Corkscrew straightness</td>
<td>Look at his teeth</td>
<td>Go straight to</td>
<td>He's a Lieut.</td>
<td>No brains to get</td>
<td>Minds his own business</td>
<td>Heaven if there's no art there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manuel Souza</td>
<td>50-lb. plus infinity</td>
<td>Nobody knows</td>
<td>What's that?</td>
<td>F. O. B.</td>
<td>Not in the drill</td>
<td>Losing</td>
<td>To lose weight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gertrude Day</td>
<td>Look for black eyes</td>
<td>Just right</td>
<td>Manu won't let me</td>
<td>Centraleditiing</td>
<td>The Fock are afraid of her</td>
<td>Spanish and Physics</td>
<td>To grow tall like Pete</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen McCabe</td>
<td>Spinster</td>
<td>Forty-eight</td>
<td>Those boys get my</td>
<td>A one-man woman</td>
<td>Sweet temper</td>
<td>Men's hate</td>
<td>Woman's suffrage</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CLASS WILL.

We, the Seniors of the California Polytechnic School, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighteen (1918), contrary to the feeling generally held at such a time, look upon our lone and unassisted journey into the cold, cruel world with a smiling countenance. Not because of any weakness, nor with reluctance, and, moreover, while still of sound minds, and holding before us the generally adopted slogan of “Safety First,” we do hereby make our last will and testament in the following facts and specifications:

First—We, the Senior Class, transfer and give to the Class of 1919 our ability to run things in general, our numerous and high positions in the regiment, and the privilege of queening heretofore enjoyed only by us.

Second—We, the Senior Class, will and bequeath to the Class of 1920 our infinite grasp on all the difficult problems confronted by us on our journey to this sublime height.

Third—We, the Senior Class, request that the Class of 1921 assume our bold front, our taking ways, and our guardianship of the Freshman.

Fourth—We, the Senior Class, will to the Student Body, our wonderful records in all undertakings, and to the Faculty, memories of tardy marks, continual zeros, and our expert and earnest endeavors to keep order in class meetings.

I, Graham Winnie Bott, will my mathematical brain to Dad Musser, and my middle name to Rush Taber.

I, Leslie Davis, most cheerfully give the old Dodge to Sammy Wright, and my position as captain of Co. B to Alfred Plos.

I, Edward Holman, knowing that the end is near, bequeath my noisy disposition to Bussey, my noon-day “siestas” to Chaves, and my ability as an English “shark” to Helen Shipsey.

I, Percival Peterson, solemnly bequeath my ability as a “baseballist” to Fat Hodges, my habit of taking midnight rides to Farmer Bill, and my stately carriage to Shorty Blake.

I, George Rodriguez, upon my attorney’s advice, will my snappy gait to Rhoda, and after much deliberation, do bequeath my data on the quarry field, on account of its faultlessness and superior exactness, to Bob Wilke.

I, Howard Sebastian, my mind running parallel with my thoughts, except when in serious debate or more often when in argument, do by virtue of my importance, bequeath to Catherine Shanklin my corner on the Beef Trust, and my superiority as a Mexican athlete to Marquart.

I, Earn Andrews, will my cleverness in winning a fair Alumna to any one that needs it, my regular attendance to Musser, and I don’t care who gets the rest.

I, Bertha Haberl, reposing confidence and trust in Ed. Burr, bequeath to him my golden locks.

I, Aileen McCabe, bestow upon Helen Louis my sweet disposition, and my familiarity with the boys to Karo Smith.

I, Hazel True, reluctantly will my winsome ways to George Harrison, my musical ability to Rehburn, and my strong singing voice to Marcella Fitzgerald.

I, Gertrude Day, most cheerfully bequeath my experience in flirtations to Kate Shanklin.

I, Edwin Knight, will my ability to cram before examinations to Red Stebbins, and my military appearance to Harold Brown.

I, commonly called Lee Dolch, will my dancing pose to some contortionist, my queening abilities to Dago Joe, and my favorite expression to Prof. Brown.

I, Manuel Souza, being weak in mind and poor in earthly goods, will all my celestial hopes to Sam Huston.

I, Henry H. Hodges, having the voice of authority within me, will and bequeath to Maker my affection for school teachers, my last plug of Climax to George Harrison, and my pitcher’s smile to Shorty Blake.

I, Harold S. Stewart, dispose of all rights to my Fifth Avenue Walk by giving it to Tatjes; to Mankins goes my love of Port Wine, and I’m going to take the rest with me.

I, James Wickenden, will and bequeath to all the girls my charming smiles, my “old time stuff” to Bovée, and a Latin Ex. to Dolly.

In witness whereof, we have hereto subscribed our names this fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred eighteen.

CLASS OF EIGHTEEN.
J. W. H. H. E. K.
Journeying back but a little over a year ago we find ourselves entering into this great worldwide war. It was then that patriotic talk filled everyone's ears; in the hearts of all there was that patriotism for which our country is famed; and over all there was the desire to be of some service. Recruiting stations appeared almost everywhere and enlistments rapidly increased.

So it was that, though the entering class was large, our ranks were only partially filled and we realized that many of our companions had signed "to do or die." That spirit of which our school is so proud was truly shown when these young men gave up all their future hopes and desires for education to serve against this demon Kultur.

We who remain, however great our desire to serve in the ranks, must think of our true worth as we are here and bear in mind the request of President Wilson to complete our education; doing such we shall fit ourselves to become the leaders of a great reconstruction that is to come. So it is that every means should be brought to bear upon the furthering of this request.

This year's journal, though slightly different from all others, still has the same idea in mind: to give you a memento in whose pages you may always find something of interest and knowledge concerning Poly. Hindered as we were by lack of finances, we believe that it is the best possible, and sincerely hope it may be an everlasting catalog where you may always be able to find the subject you were most interested in during that school year of '18.

Although we students who have remained in school sometimes feel that we are not doing our share as those of our former classmates, who now serve in the trenches, yet we console ourselves by doing what we can. Perhaps our most important contribution has been the work of our Junior Red Cross. Since becoming members of this organization we have contributed several hundred dollars, which has been earned in several ways. The work, however, has not been confined to the students alone, as the faculty have contributed their share to the Senior Red Cross. Red Cross work enlists the aid of everyone and we are proud to say that we have heartily responded and are doing our bit.

Almost as essential to a Journal as the Josh Editor is an expert typist and Harold Stewart is deserving of thanks for his aid. Besides preparing the work for his own department he has devoted many hours of his time to preparing copy, and I therefore take this opportunity of thanking him publicly for his assistance.

The staff wish to thank and show their appreciation to Mr. St. John, Miss Williams and Mr. Greenamyer for their untiring efforts in acting as critics and advisors, as well as for their aid in all work pertaining to this book.

The staff as a whole wishes the members of next year's staff, individually and collectively, success in their issue of 1919.
FOOTBALL.

"Football" capitalized, underscored and red-inked would feebly form a fit caption for this chapter of our football history; the history of twenty-five determined, clean-spirited fighters, who, handicapped by a crying need for economy, loss of the major part of last year's team, and inability to procure outside games, nevertheless battered, bucked and fought their way over seemingly insurmountable obstacles and "brought home the bacon." A surprising mastery of the technique of the game was noticeable and the Green and Gold has become a watchword, another term for all that is clean and wholesome and "scrappy" in the world of sport today.

How badly we "itched" to have a turn at our ancient learned neighbors of the south! To squeeze and pound and hammer that Santa Barbara aggregation until they should hurdle the fence and grab a south-bound freight for their quiet city by the sea! It was found utterly impossible to come down to their level of understanding—to accord with their sky-high terms; and so that mauling was postponed to another season. Go get 'em, huskies of the '18-19 squad.

The 11th Company, Coast Artillery, an assembly of royal good fellows, was eager to do battle with our languishing squad, and the coming fray held every promise of becoming a star paragraph in the records of Poly football. The first game was to be a practice game, in which our forces were opposed to former members of the Stanford Varsity, U. S. C., University of Colorado, the All Southern California, and an array of men who juggled with nine inch guns as setting up exercise. Formidable and worthy opponents truly, but what of that? The result?

The game by quarters:

Consternation.

The enemy fumbled the initial pedal-exertion at 40 yards, but by a series of artful end-runs crossed the meridian before the Parrots covered the ball. Instantly the pigskin changed direction, until, by means of passes and long end-runs, the opposite goal was but 25 yards in the near distance.

Then—it slipped, and McCormick, the soldier's quarter, escorted it down a nicely depopulated back-alley for a touch-down. It was converted, and the first phase ended, 7-0.

Desperation.

Kyneston, Freshman prodigy, decided that here was the time to show 'em something, and accordingly, with ten compatriots at his heels, he saw that the ball was swung around the corner again and again, but with no addition to the score, and when the whistle blew, the board still read the hyphenated 70.

Determination.

Cap. Hodges nabbed the kick on our 30-yard line, and the veteran made a 20-yard sneak, giving a grand opening for the beginning of an onslaught in which our forces concentrated themselves into a battering-ram that sent the soldier line, surely but protestingly, in a retreat that ended on the 25-yard line, when, on the fourth down with eight to go, Brown boosted the brown baby between the sticks, and the result of forty-five minutes head-hunting revealed a score of 7-3.

Satisfaction.

Poly's kick-off caught the big-gun men on their 40-yard line, and the ball remained on that half of the field. Old reliable Hodges, plunging and dashing full speed ahead, headed for home with the oval pocketed, and Brown's conversion was added for good measure. The whistle interrupted a repetition of the good work, and we were able to yell:

Poly—10.
Eleventh—7.

Never a dull moment, never a lull in hostilities occurred during the hour, and the game was a marvel of sound training and knowledge of technique.
Brown Chaves  * Chandler Musser
Schlosser (Coach)  Rhoda
Parsons
Dolch Russell Bachelder McMillan *Kynaston
*Erickson Hodges (Capt.)
Us'ns.
Hilliard-Doleh
Rhoda
Parson
Erickson
Chandler-Bachelder
Chaves
McMillan
Hodges (Capt.)
Brown
Kynaston
Russell
Halstead
Muser
Strobel
Referee—Mr. Carus.

Those Concerned.
L. E. R.  Patton
L. T. R.  Marks
L. G. R.  Puryear-Conover
C.       Roberts
E. G. L.  Bell
R. T. L.  Lawrence
R. E. L.  Hauk
Q. R.    McCormick
R. H. L.  Leighton-Halloway
L. H. R.  Lightle
F. B.    Wilcox (Capt.)
Subs.  Migide
       Huycke

To others.
Ploy.
Hilliard
H. Brown
Crawford
Stebbins
Blake
Bachelder-Hartzell
Peterson-McMillan
Burr
Wilke
Broughton-Smith
Cann
Ploy.
R. E. L.  Bissel
R. T. L.  Floaten-Muhlestein
R. G. L.  Corberly
C.       Emens
L. G. R.  McClelland
L. T. R.  Donnel-Irwinn
R. E. R.  Gunnel
Q. B.    Lane (Capt.)
L. H. R.  Gunnel
F. B.    Blake
Subs  Smith, Broughton

Atascadero.

Fresh vs. Sophs.

Hark ye! The millennium! I would fain proclaim it, e'en from the housetops—the verdant ones were victorious! For the first time in five years the unexpected happened, and the infants emerged from the gory battle with the long end of a 24-0 score.

At the end of the first (a well-played half, by the way) the score stood 0-0. Then friend Kynston gave a tug and a heave, and lo, the ball was outside the Soph bounds. Successively, despite desperate but ineffectual resistance on the part of the wise ones, goals were gained by Kynston, Wilke and Bachelder, none of which was converted. The game was fast and furious, and afforded excellent practice for team men and sideline enthusiasts.

These five games, with a wonderful pitched battle between "Morro" and "Edna," resulting in a 6-2 victory for the former, and a light weight practice game with Atascadero, with a 25-0 score for us, comprised the outward evidences of the result of several months of painstaking training and practice. But there is more to it than that—it developed the real Poly spirit, and brought to light the existence of that spirit. To Coach Schlosser and to Captain Hodges, to the teams, the scrub players and to the girls who evinced their interest in football, a debt is evident, that may not lightly be disregarded.

THANKSGIVING GAME.

Try to imagine Thanksgiving Day without a football game! An impossibility—so the big game with the artillery was played on that day—a game that will live in the memory of every witness. We lost, 29-0, but again, what of that? It was a battle royal, and there was a great deal to be said on both sides, especially by the supporting rooting sections. Constant practice had strengthened the khaki-team, and the struggle, we all knew, must be a knotty one.

The preliminary parade and shouting over, Mayor Stover kicked the ball and the living machines whirled into action. Poly's team work was
a feature, but experience, weight and trick plays turned the tide, and we were overwhelmed. Every inch of ground, every gain was hotly contested, and thrills were never wanting. Sent over the line almost as the whistle blew, the ball was lost for Poly, and the tally ended without a score for the Green and Gold.

Far from considering defeat a humiliation, we believe that never did Poly rise to greater heights. The game was a miracle of bulldog tenacity, stick-to-illiveness, and real ball such as was probably never before witnessed on our field. We are proud to give the line-up of victors and victims.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>McMillan</th>
<th>R. E. T</th>
<th>Hauk-Blazeck</th>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Strobel-Doleh</td>
<td>R. T. L</td>
<td>Harris-Speaker</td>
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<td>Bechelder-Chandler</td>
<td>R. G. L</td>
<td>Lawrene</td>
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<tr>
<td>Erickson</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>Roberts-Swift</td>
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<tr>
<td>Parson</td>
<td>L. G. R</td>
<td>Bell-Larson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rhoda-Musser</td>
<td>L. T. R</td>
<td>Marks-Haycke</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hiller-Hilliard</td>
<td>L. E. R</td>
<td>Patton-Riemeyer</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Hodges (Capt.)-Cann</td>
<td>Q. B</td>
<td>McCormick</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>R. H. L</td>
<td>Mitgide-Halloway</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kynaston</td>
<td>L. H. R</td>
<td>Wilcox (Capt.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subs—Halestead, Wilke</td>
<td>P. B</td>
<td>Light</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Record of the Players.

Deviating perhaps from the general order of things customary to us, we are publishing the record of the team as seen by us. The personnel of that worthy lot is unequalled and we print it knowing that they have made good and deserve the praise we have accorded to them.

Alfred P. Brown, right half. "Dago Joe" was a clean, upright and square player. When he hit, things moved. He has developed a great deal since last year and should lead the coming squad through an illustrious season.

Manuel Chaves, right tackle. "Portuguese" was wounded in the first skirmish with the artillerymen and never was able to come out again. Let it be known that the team suffered from the loss of so strong and reliable a player and missed one whom we could always depend on to get a hole when we needed it.

Theodore Erickson, center. "Ted" was a demon. He played tackle last year, but this year he played his best at the initial point. He went in with all his force and always came out smiling. His record is free from all stain.

Wilbert Musser, right guard. "Dad" was a new man at the game, but soon showed his ability and played a consistent game. Another year's work and he'll develop into a wonderful player.

Laurence Rhoda, left tackle. Speak of a ton of falling brick and you have a simile for "Rhoder." Brainy as well as husky, never-tiring as well as clean.

Everett E. Chandler, right guard. He had muscles to rival Figge and used them to good advantage. "Beans" hit hard and clean and outdid more than one good man.

Stewart McMillan, right end. "Go get 'em, Mac." Speedy and quick and on the job all the time. He had a superb knack of pulling long passes out of the air and does honor to the letter he wears.

Norman Bechelder, right tackle. His aim was to "get a hole," and he always scored a bull's-eye. "Bach" as a Freshman player was good, but in the years to come only an elephant will stop him. Develop his brain in proportion to his stature, and he'll be a star.

Lloyd S. Russell, full back. "Puss" was new to American football, but played a promising game, and at all times showed hard, clean playing. Watch him next year.

Lee Doleh, left end. With a trick record behind him, "Queener" made one of the fastest ends we've known. Slightly weak on offensive but up to the minute on defensive, he went after his man to "hit 'im hard."

Wm. Parson, left guard. "Bill" was overlooked by the "Beef Trust," but he made it up in steady playing, rightful decisions, and a way of getting his man first. He ought to star next year.

Arthur Kynaston, left half. "Art" was there with the goods. Scrappy to the last, but always playing a clean game. He played the game hard and left nothing undone.

Henry H. Hodges, quarter back. "Indian" played the game because he loved it and loving it made all he could out of the team. The men followed their leader knowing he stood for an honest, hard-fighting and clean team.

D. W. Schlosser, coach. We sometimes marvel at the amount of football knowledge this big little man has. His being an old hand at the game and his ability to see weak points in an opponent, account for the team's success and efficiency. He is deserving of no mean praise.

A Word From the Captain.

Men, we have scored a victory! Not, perhaps, from a scoreboard view, but as to gaining the ultimate end to which we aspired—a clean, scrappy and honorable team of which the school may well be proud. I was indeed surprised at the spirit with which you entered into a fray and nothing can be said against your playing.

You who were ignorant of the game at the first, now understand more of it, and those of you who were blest with a small knowledge of "inside dope" now are capable of being true masters of the game and able to lead a team through glori-
ons victories. Those of you who remain shall
form the nucleus of a Greater Team, and I hope
go through a successful year, with every game a
victory.
Truly have I been proud to lead a team of fel-
lows such as you, proud to watch your workings
and to live in the game with you. Nothing but
praise have I for you and deeply regret that I
cannot be with you in '18-'19. Go after 'em
strong.

H. H. HODGES, '18.

Track.

Er—well, yes, after a fashion. The "eternal
triangle" presents itself always about the first of
February—lack of funds for athletics—shall we
have baseball; is it better that we drop track? It
was officially decided that track was to go into
the discard—we had no pole, javelin, discus, nor
funds to properly repair the track and field.
Zounds, the crack of doom—the sound of the bat,
proclaiming to athleticism: "No track—I'm at
the plate, you're out."

Whereupon, with character-
istic devotion to their school's welfare, five
track-men, all unnoticed and unsung, unselfish
ly devoted their spare time toward perfecting
themselves in the art of beating the wind and gravity
at their own works. These five dollars, entirely on
their own "hook," journeyed to Santa Maria on
March 2, and took third place among five com-
peting schools at the invitational meet. Without
adequate or encouraging practice, they captured
eighteen points, distributed as follows:
Dolch, 1st in 50-yard; 2nd in 100-yard.
Hodges (Capt.), 3rd in high jump; 3rd in discus
throw; third in shot-put.
Maker, 3rd in 220-yard dash.
Huston, 2nd in 440-yard dash.
Mehlschau, Dolch, Hodges, Huston and Maker,
second in relay.
The score by teams was:
Santa Maria .......... 64 Lompoc .......... 12
Arroyo Grande ....... 31 Santa Ynez ....... 1
Polytechnic .......... 18

How that scoreboard would have looked, had
Poly had a larger representation fighting for first
laurels, we have no means of knowing, but we
may surmise that the above standing would have
been shoved out of balance.

Thus our track season was brief and glorious.
All honor to the "Indomitable Five" who, throw-
ing aside all obstacles, climbed over better pre-
pared forces and placed themselves conspicuously
on the list of winners.

Track is dead, but it surely raised a rumpus in
passing out.
GIRLS' TRACK MEET

May 27, the girls held an inter-class track meet, managed with a surprising lack of delay and red tape which made it doubly interesting.

The tabulated result:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EVENT</th>
<th>WINNERS</th>
<th>'18</th>
<th>'19</th>
<th>'20</th>
<th>'21</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>75 yd. dash</td>
<td>M. Tognaizzi</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time, 11 sec.</td>
<td>A. McCabe</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>M. Meinecke</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Kick</td>
<td>K. Shanklin</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 in. above</td>
<td>M. Tognaizzi</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>head</td>
<td>M. Chaves</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurdles</td>
<td>M. Tognaizzi</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
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<td>3</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>G. Day</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hop-Step-Jump</td>
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<tr>
<td>27 min. 7 sec.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>G. Harrison</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 legged race</td>
<td>D. McCabe</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>8-4-5 sec.</td>
<td>M. McConnel - Bello</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Meinecke</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baseball throw</td>
<td>M. Tognaizzi</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>123 ft. 9 in.</td>
<td>H. True</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>K. Shanklin</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 yd. Dash</td>
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<td>7-15 sec.</td>
<td>C. Bello</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. True</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>M. Tognaizzi</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>11 ft. 5 in.</td>
<td>A. McCabe</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>B. Haberl</td>
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<tr>
<td>Relay</td>
<td>Freshmen:</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Harrison</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>M. McConnel</td>
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<td></td>
<td>M. Meinecke</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bello</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Margaret Tognaizzi was again the individual star of the meet, with 33 points to her tally. Surprising records, orderly supervision, a wholesome abundance of good spirit were characteristic of this entertaining exhibition.

BASEBALL.

All hopes for a glorious season of track activities successfully throttled and planted beneath the sod, the willow and the horse-hide, marched valiantly forward, took possession of the northwest corner of the field, and "Play ball!" became the word of the hour. The engaging atmosphere permeated even the class rooms, and our ancient and decrepit force of instructors arose from their senile lethargy, deserted the fields of pedantry for the moment, and romped upon the athletic meadow. Their assault is placed in the history of '18 baseball as the first game of the season, but, histrionically whisper it kindly. They used an indoor ball! E'en so, the moon looked down upon the score-board that night and pointed a silvery finger at the chalk-up—Students 19: Faculty 7.

On March 28th the Fresh and Soph teams furnished good entertainment for enthusiastic side-liners. The green ones lost, to be sure, but even the small end of a 15-13 score is hardly to be despised.

The Green and Gold annexed a 7-4 practice game with the San Luis High School on April 1st. The game was hardly a brilliant exhibition, but served as an index of what each individual might be expected to perform in future contests.

Poly vs. San Luis High—April 18.

A slipshod, spiritless walkaway for the visitors aptly describes this pseudo ball game. A hard march during the morning may explain why we found ourselves holding the hairless tail of a 16-2 score, but it was a veritable feast of errors. King Jinx reigned supreme, and old man Killjoy snooped above the field and beneath the rooters' benches. The goose-eggs on our half of the score board were bitter images of the yawns of the apathetic "rootless" rooting-section.

Freshmen vs. Sophomores—April 23rd.

7-11. You're wrong, Oswald. Not a game of bones, but the result of that Freshman-Sophomore comeback—a result highly satisfactory to the infant class. Nine innings of snappy, peppy, earnestly played ball must be accredited to the underclassmen. And now we have

Poly vs. Arroyo Grande.

Twelve innings of delirious big-league stuff were staged at Arroyo on April 26. A man-sized game from the word go, the opening of the ninth stanza found Poly battling heroically to straighten out the odds of a 3-0 score. A ninth-inning rally impossible to duplicate brought in the necessary three runs, and tenth, eleventh and twelfth episodes of this red-letter day were marked with a tenseness on the part of the players, and a wildness on the side-lines strongly suggestive of the old days. When the necessary tally in the twelfth gave us the game, balanced at 4-3, enthusiasm was at its height; for a cleaner, faster, tighter game is seldom met with. Thurwell and Hodges are accredited respectively with 17 and 15 strike-outs. Friend Files indulged in a little billiard exhibition which greatly "struck" the grandstand. Casualties—two; neither serious.

Poly vs. W. O. W.

On May Day a 14-7 victory was conceded to the home team over the local W. O. W. line-up. Perhaps the pitchers were the more particulars stars of the game—Hodges allowing but one man to
hike to the initial sack on balls, while Cramer was a marvel of cool-headedness amid ceaseless banter from the Green and Gold enthusiasts. We lost catcher Sebastian after five innings of perfect spearing—a hard one drove a finger nail through the flesh and inflicted a nasty wound, whereupon Burr was given the opportunity to display his ability. He made good, and Brown and Blake are deserving of mention as two other busy Bs.

Poly vs. Santa Maria—May 4th.

A little jaunt to Santa Maria, a little hard luck, gave us the little end of a 2-0 game that, notwithstanding the result, was well worth the journey. A regulation full-grown Santa Maria hurricane confused our team, so that, even with Hodges pitching a game with eleven strike-outs to Peavely's three, and the support working overtime, the game was swept out of our grasp. 'Twas in a class with the Arroyo Classic. We did not win, but the determination was there, and the spirit is what makes us glad to be on deck. So we pass to the second game, played

May 18th.

Again we lost. A poor crowd, a slow game, a rugged score, subordinate this 7-2 defeat to the prelude, a game between the Santa Maria and Poly 2nd teams. This game held a good deal of interest, not only because we won at 6-1, but because we were given a chance to see some of the newer faces in athleticsdom, and to draw inferences as to their merits. The verdict is that the game was interesting, comparatively "heady" and a distinct victory for the Green and Gold.


Those players from the Big Creek can't get along with a nine-inning game. A 9-9 score after the ninth epic was the only out-of-the-ordinary event in this clash—then we were up in the air, letting Arroyo draw three runs in the 10th. So be it. The downfall was witnessed by a crowd small in numbers, smaller in point of vocal expression,
and absolutely "not present" when an opinion of the game was demanded; which obviates a necessity for comment in these columns.

Moral: A batter with a .050 average is a mighty poor pinch hitter.

We turn from the summary of the year's activities in things athletic, carrying the thought, or pronouncing the general sentiment, "Has it been worth while?" The long hours of practice; the painstaking care; the laborious systematizing of loose items—have they carried with them the golden reward?" There is the physical side of the question—the development of each and every man and girl has been enhanced by the training received under standardized activity on the turf. So much we quickly perceive. Our school, as a natural thing, has been heralded far and wide by our victories, yes, even by our defeats on the field of honor. Yet the real, big, potent result is exemplified in the binding, helpful love for old Poly and all that is hers—the result that exists and shall forever cause each and every one to look back upon these months as a period never to be forgotten nor idly brought before the conscious being.

This chapter is closed. 1Seeah.

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**Golds**

**Hockey.**

How the girls did want to join in the football scrimmage! In a sense, they did, for their vocal support was truly marvelous and invaluable—but with the restless sex, there is always a way (a cunning little way) so, on the afternoon of December 13, a stalwart array of "huskyettes" took their places on the field, and gave an exhibition of a game, new to most of us, that developed into a surprisingly interesting and comparable substitute for football. Not a few dabs here and a shriek and a love-tap there, but an exercise of muscle and fast head-work that changed the banner from the sidelines into wild enthusiasm. The game grew more intense each quarter, and as the final score proclaimed the Golds victorious over the Green by the score of 3-2 (in itself an index to the earnest character of the play) a hearty cheer proclaimed that the masculine rookies were satisfied with the game and the exhibition of real scientific "shin-ny."

**Greens.**

M. Tognnazi.  I. W.  B. Haberl
M. Weathers  L. I.  H. True (Capt.)
M. Mehlshau  C. F.  L. Terrill
K. Smith  R. I.  A. McCabe
J. Gnesa  R. W.  E. Colon
L. Tuley (Capt.)  L. H.  L. Barge
M. Jensen  C. H.  G. Day
D. McConnel  R. H.  C. Bello
T. Giebner  L. B.  H. Louis
O. Tognnazi  R. B.  M. Meinecke
K. Shanklin  G.  P. Figge

The innovation of this absorbing form of athletics will probably be followed throughout the State next season, and no doubt a comparison of other games will show just how far our feminine athletes are in advance of the usual gymnastic classes found in high schools.
“MUSIC AND MYSTERY.”

Carson dropped his book, settled back into his arm chair, and contemplated the ceiling of the small but comfortable living-room of his bachelor apartments. For an instant an amused, half-wistful expression played about his lips and lighted his eyes; then he smiled sardonically, almost sadly, one might guess, and addressed the unseen presence of the author, the immediate instigator of his trend of thought.

“You’re all right, Porter, old boy, and you’re all wrong. Your ‘fifth wheel,’ and your ‘Trimmed Lamp’ might happen in your own ‘Modern Babylon,’ but they simply don’t work here in ‘Prisco.’ Mystery? Romance? Yes, you’ll find them—in the dictionary, but—Good Lord, what’s that?”

“That” was a call, a screech, a shriek; the voice of a person in great terror and anguish, Carson thought, stopping short in his oral thesis, such as he had never heard before. It came from some point without the opposite window, and the young man vaulted a couch that stood in the intervening space, voicing the thought, “Maybe it’s the voice of Romance,” with a grin, “and if it is, I must say she’s in a pretty bad way.”

The murky shadows of approaching night disclosed nothing unusual in the court into which the window gave ocular access. Across the way the wall of the neighboring residence, caught between the crushing flanks of advancing apartments of the better class, mutely protested the encroachments with its numerous eyes—the windows and casements that broke its rather conservative outlines. A blurred shadow stirred in an upper window; a woman drew the curtains and stepped back into the room.

Bob Carson was a normal young man of discreet habits. He was not without chivalry, yet, ordinarily, he would have allowed the incident to pass, with a shrug, perhaps, and the fleeting comment that it was some family quarrel and therefore beyond his ken and interference. But tonight—well, the fire of O. Henry’s modern Arabian Nights had worked its charm, and inquisitiveness was in the air. Prompted by some ulterior motive, he crossed to the window that opened upon the street, and awaited the next move, his eyes glued upon his unknown neighbor’s doorway. Almost at once it swung open, and a bulky figure stepped down onto the pavement. Involuntarily, Carson started, for in passing beneath the street light the figure revealed itself as a rough-visaged man, with unkempt hair curling about his ears and neck, and clothed in shabby, ill-fitting attire—the exact prototype of the villain in the well-patronized melodrama of Carson’s boyhood. The expression on the man’s face further heightened the comparison, for the sneering, contemptuous smirk was decidedly unpleasant to look upon, and the young man fell to speculating as to the errand that could bring such a man into a home of such evident refinement. That no bodiless crime had been committed, Carson was certain, for he had seen the woman responsible for that cry move about, and the attitude of the villainous caller was hardly that of a murderer; rather, it was the expression one might wear were he an extortionist or a—yes, surely that was it. The man was a blackmailer, and the woman the victim of, or a party to, some terrible secret, perhaps. Carson fell asleep wondering if he were ever to pierce the mystery that surrounded the events of the evening.
To the guilty, the harrowed, the abnormal, sleep is but a kaleidoscopic array of horrors and misdeeds, of everlasting life-in-death, and of far sweeter death, but for the resilient, healthy-minded normal human, it is a purge for the troubles of waking hours. The next day Carson had well-nigh forgotten the scream of terror and the evident cause for it. The snappy brisk Pacific breeze that blew in the early afternoon brought a promise of an unusually heavy fog, and enhanced the joy of living. It made Carson impatient to be about and contributing his bit toward the constructive things for which his city is famed. Still he had nothing to be dissatisfied with. The import trade on the West Coast had been given a wonderful impetus by the European conflict and the day's balance sheet was satisfactory, to say the least. Wherefore, Carson was happy, and as he boarded the street-car after an early supper, he reflected that he could shortly justify the purchase of a car of his own, and not then be forced to depend upon the irregular service proffered by the all-powerful transportation combine. Dickie Jones had a dandy little Stutz, with sturdy, powerful lines carried throughout, and with just room for two—for two! And Bob glanced surreptitiously at the pretty bit of fluffiness occupying the other half of his seat. What a pretty girl! She was peering anxiously into the impenetrable fog that engulfed the outside world, and was evidently unfamiliar with the neighborhood. Bob's scrutiny did not escape unnoticed—she flushed perceptibly, then his clean-cut wholesomeness must have reassured her, and she spoke, rather apologetically, "Could you oblige me, sir, by informing me if we have passed Green street?"

"Green street is the next stop," Carson responded. It was also his street, and he offered his assistance in alighting from the vehicle. The object of his attentions showed indecision as he was about to tip his hat at the curbing, then addressed him again. "I'm—I'm so unfamiliar with this district, and I haven't even the proper direction of my new home firmly fixed. Could you direct me to 3681 Green street?" Carson started. 3681. The house next door! The scream, the woman at the window—this girl!

"Why, you're my next door neighbor. I'm so sorry—I—mean can't I help you—er, that is, of course, your secret—oh, hang it, may I escort you to your door?"

"My secret!" Her tone was one of unfeigned surprise.

"Yes. That man, the one with the long hair and the—shabby clothes—"

"Oh, you speak of Professor Rigo. And you thought—what did you think? We are home, I perceive. Won't you step in, and let me explain? Unconventional it surely is, but the circumstances warrant an explanation, I feel sure, although you are rather—well, addicted to inquiry, Mr.—"

"Carson. And surely the principal warrants any inquisitiveness on my part."

"Prettily turned, Mr. Carson. My mother, Mrs. Kearney," as they entered, Carson relinquishing his hat and coat to the man. Bob, upon invitation, made himself, if not entirely at ease, at least comfortable in the living-room of the house of mystery. Miss Kearney spoke:

"I shall be brief and explicit, Mr. Carson. My mother and myself have leased this house because of its comparative seclusion. My one ambition has been to become a singer, friends and relatives to the contrary. I am thinking quite seriously of taking a course in vocal training. Professor Rigo, the cause of your alarm (or curiosity), came last night to hear my voice; it was rather curious, however, "thoughtfully," that he allowed me to sing but one tone—he said it was sufficient. I have just returned from a visit to his studio, without any definite opinion from him as to the advisability of the step I have been minded to take. And now have I explained all to your satisfaction, and dispelled the air of mystery which seems to you to surround my every movement?"

Carson arose, rather dazedly, and fled to his rooms after a quick, apologetic exit. There, before his easy-chair, lay the book he had been reading the night before. He stooped quickly and opened it at the title page. Mystery! bosh. Carson sent it into the corner with a well-placed drop-kick. And as for—

A window across the court was raised rather noisily, and Carson caught a momentary glimpse of a slender figure framed in its confines. Romance! Romance!! Of course. "Giving up their art for love." Where had he read that phrase? How glad he was that he had not mentioned that scream—no, that voice of last night. Come to think of it, there was something rather sweet about that—or, voice, anyway. In fact, he remembered now that it had seemed a nice voice. Carson crossed the room, rescued that wonderful book from the shadowed corner, dusted it, and set it carefully upon the table, then sat him down to dream of the morrow. HAROLD STEWART.

JEAN, THE SLACKER.

It was Jean who spoke. "Mr. Marsden, I have given up. No use. I can't bear it." Jean was vexed. Something was especially the matter, for he was a boy, a real boy, but withal, a thinking boy. He had been seriously hurt and offended.
His honor had been assailed—and by his father. In any one else, he would have considered the source and overlooked; but his father, no. Things all hurt him now. He could not force down that feeling of injury. He had been accused, he was accused, of being a slacker.

So he was the slacker, and not brother Ernest, who, carried away by enthusiasm and without sober thought upon the duties required of him in carrying his weight of work in the harvesting of eighteen hundred acres of grain, had joined and was leaving in a blaze of honor. Jean it was who bore the brunt of the responsibility of his brother’s harvest and had even planned for the next year’s crop. It was this slacker, this coward, who had just just come in after a hard, gruelling day on the harvester.

Ah, the inconsistency of it all! It hurt! The hero, where would he soon be? Possibly aboard ship, cool and comfortable, having a good tiller of the honor his honor had been assailed—and by his father. From the Wigwam, two occupying each of the broad seats.

It was a minute before Jean broke the silence. “It’s Fred’s last night; they’re giving him a blow-out. He’s leaving tomorrow. They won’t give the slacker a time like that.”

He laughed, very bitterly, I thought, and walked on. Far along the cliffs we walked, watching as we strolled, each swell rush in and crush itself, then hurry back to undermine the coming one. Down there a hundred feet below us the cliff was pounded by never-ceasing combers. Again Jean spoke.

“They rush up like regiments of Huns, only to be broken up and madly retreat. What is left of them forms in a glorious charge, then another, and so on to eternity.”

Jean did not see the artistic beauty of the surf, however. It was beautiful, that livid phosphorescence brought clearly out with every stir of water. Each breaker made a sheet of glowing foam and, broken against the rocks, surged back and up again, a soapy, frothy sheet of light. This was not for Jean and, stopping in the path, he turned and said:

“Look at those three lines of breakers—four now. Don’t they look just like steps, those steps at the recruiting office? It doesn’t seem like I can face it, but I’ve got to. I’ve made up my mind.”

We walked onward along the cliff, Jean leading on a path all familiar to him, but strange to me. “We will cross by the little footbridge to the island; there is a land rail; it’s all right.”

Soon we came to it. Jean went out upon the bridge, but I stood hesitating. He turned with a questioning look and I started to follow. Then, reeling and crunching, the bridge threw him far into space, while I sprang to safety.

Jean never did enlist.

EDWIN KNIGHT.
With our country engaged earnestly in a combat that becomes daily more significant, more vivid, more personal to the individual, it is but natural that the "military idea" has taken root in every heart, and is the thing that holds first place in the mind, the conversation, the art and the labor of the American people. So the military department has maintained a pre-eminent position in our school activities, with a brilliant and spectacular record of the year's work that is creditable both to this department and to the school.

With a greatly decreased enrollment our splendid service flag has 114 stars to its credit; a record, we are led to believe, unequaled elsewhere in the country. We are wonderfully proud of this honor banner — we are scarcely less proud of our battalion and equipment. Enthusiastic commendation and a broader understanding of the military sense of fitness are ample returns for the time and simple inconveniences necessarily encountered in the process of training.

September 20, 1917, Major Ray organized Companies A and B, and the band, placed them under the supervision of student officers, and drill began. The next day, and again on the 5th of October, the Poly rookies formed a guard of honor for detained drafted men who partook of the hospitality of San Luis women — our boys, albeit rather colorful as to clothing, marched like veterans. When, in the latter part of November, every man became the proud possessor of a complete uniform, the rifles were issued, and a variety in military tactics was made possible.

December 8, at 8 0'clock in the morning, the battalion left the campus on its first practice hike. At 11:45 every man in place, with every gun carried proudly, the boys were marching on the green at San Luis Hot Springs. Every courtesy was extended us, and we were loath to take the home road. Concealing fatigue, sore shoulders and sunburned countenances, the appearance of the column as it marched through town after a 20-mile round trip, was truly a thing of which we may boast.

The 4th and 5th periods on April 8th were devoted to a parade through town. A complete mastery of the principles and practice of drill formation aroused favorable sentiment in our behalf; accordingly, we were honored by being asked to form the chief escort for Governor Stephens the following evening — another triumphant exhibition.

A signal event at this time was the installation of a target range that is complete in every respect. Due to the tireless efforts of Major Ray, we have kept our guns, acquired an unrivaled range, and are daily expecting the arrival of bayonets and accoutrements from the government arsenals. We are unusually fortunate in possessing these things.

Perhaps the most notable achievement of the department, however, is its extension work. The High School cadets of Arroyo Grande have been organized and are making rapid progress in military tactics under the supervision of Major Ray and student officers. They have evidenced their appreciation of the work by an earnestness and willingness to learn that is encouraging to their instructors; their invitation to lead the Carnival parade in their town, May 24, was the occasion for a school holiday, whereby we were enabled to spend a most pleasant day in the neighboring town and incidentally to add to our laurels.

All the while a steady improvement in appearance, interest and command has caused military drill to be regarded as a necessity, a privilege and an honor, rather than a burden to be borne by the young men of this institution. We cannot over-emphasize the influence it will exert upon the lives of the present class in military tactics.
When the eventful school year of 1916-17 opened, we were forty strong and organized as the Freshman Class. At the beginning of the second year there were only twenty-two who came back and registered as Sophomores. Now we are Juniors and number only seven. Even though our numbers have dwindled, we have done our full share in school activities.

Our class was too small this year to organize a football team, so it was up to the Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen to play the interclass games. We were represented on the Varsity by Chandler, who was one of the team's best fighting men.

When track season opened we had several men out training for the interclass track meet with the intention of making the first team also. The weather prevented the holding of the interclass track meet as the track could not be put into condition. When the five track men went to Santa Maria the class was represented by Huston, who took second place in the 440-yard dash.

Our class has contributed several stars to the school's service flag. The men represented by these stars are Chandler, Ruda, Olander, Stringfield, and Stockton. Harold Stewart, who was the president of our class during our Freshmen year, has qualified as a Senior and will graduate with the class of '18.

The members of the class are already looking forward to the eventful year of 1919, when we all hope to receive our diplomas. R. B. H.

Officers 1917-8.

E. M. Bovee .................................. President
Helen Shipsey ................................ Vice-President
Secretary ...................................... L. Broughton
Treasurer ..................................... Marcella Fitzgerald
SOPHOMORES.

We, the class of '20, entered Poly in the fall of the year 1917. Being an over-ambitious Freshman Class of sixty-five, a class-meeting was called during our first school week. "Speed" Taber was elected President, Thelma Giebner Vice President, Olin Halstead Secretary and John Willet as Treasurer. All of our officers proved to be very efficient. Overflowing with class spirit and desiring to show our originality, the question of class pins was brought into existence, all responding "in favor of." Our first social affair was a dance, followed later by many others. We made a record for ourselves in athletics. The girls entered into athletics with all good spirit and we produced a good team. The girls' track team is quite an efficient one and we hope to win first honors again this year.

Our first dance was the initial dance to be given after the vacation. We won as much favor with this dance as last year's. The election of class officers for next year was put off because so many of the boys are going into the service, but we hope that we shall have as good officers as we have had in the past. We all hope that next year will see as all returned, that same "up-and-doing" class.

After three months' vacation we returned as "the know-it-all Sophomores" by which title we are still known. Our first class-meeting was held soon after school started, electing Olin Halstead President, Beatrice Cather, Vice President, June Taylor Secretary, and Roderick Stebbins Treasurer. We have four Sophomore boys on the baseball team, while only one made the football team.
Thirty-five freshmen registered at Poly this year. We were introduced to the upper classmen at the reception given on the first Friday night of the semester. The various speakers gave us some very good advice, advice which we have appreciated, even if we have not acted upon it. We were surprised to find the older students quite friendly, as we had expected to find them "rough-necks."

The boys of the class are about equally divided between the Agricultural and Mechanical courses, though there are a few more Ags. The girls, while few in number, support us in all our doings to the best of their ability.

Arthur Kyneston, our football captain, led us to victory over the Sophomores and we only regretted that the Freshman-Senior game was called off on account of the lateness of the season.

Shortly after Thanksgiving we gave a dance at the dining hall and it was a decided success. Later we gave a dance for the benefit of the Red Cross and realized quite a sum.

Bruno Blake, our baseball captain, is working hard towards the perfection of our team and we hope to beat the Seniors as we did the Sophomores. Our athletic strength has been reduced somewhat by the fact that some of our boys have enlisted, but we are still strong.

Needless to say, we are looking forward with keen anticipation to our Sophomore year and we hope to reach it safely and surely.

L. E. W.

Officers 1917-18.

Harold Brown .................. President
Raymond Bray .................. Vice President
Robert Cann-Phyllis Figge .... Secretary
Samuel Wright ................. Treasurer
THE POLYGRAM

The Polygram blossomed out this year in a nice shiny new suit of clothes, four pages, nine by twelve inches. Last year the students worked heroically with the Office Printing Press and produced a splendid paper. This autumn, however, it was determined to print the paper down town. Suitable arrangements were made and the first issue appeared in October. In spite of several hard rubs, it has appeared regularly every two weeks throughout the year. A special heading is another improvement which has been made this year. In appearance, at least, the paper has been a credit to the school.

The Board of Trustees purchased two hundred copies of each number to send to the various grammar schools of the neighboring counties, paying us seventy dollars for them. It was this sum which enabled the Polygram to continue publication throughout the year. We can only hope that the papers will prove a good advertisement for the school, and will induce many new students to come here.

It has been the policy of the editors to print school happenings of interest not only to students, but to parents, alumni, and prospective students. One pleasing feature has been the letters from boys in the service, each issue containing one or two such letters. In spite of the fact that there has been some reason for discouragement, we feel that, on the whole, the Polygram has been a success. Not the least pleasing thought is that we close the year with a substantial number of ducats in the treasury.

ANON.

Editor—First Semester... Harold Stewart
Second Semester ........ Manuel Souza
Assistant Editor—First Semester ........ Howard Sebastian
School Notes .................. Elisabeth Meinecke
School Notes—First Semester Hugh Murdock
Second Semester ........ Leslie Davis
Society .................. Gertrude Day
Athletics .................. Edward Dolch
Joshes .................. Rush Taber
Crue .................. Mr. W. E. St. John
"Block P" Club

BLOCK "P" CLUB.

This club is one of the best in the school, composed of worthy men who have so ably represented the school in athletics. It is a body of men who have been tried and found worthy of a mark of honor, namely: the Orange block "P." This letter stands for the highest attainment in athletics and the wearer is marked as one of Poly's great men.

These men have organized to stimulate interest in school activities and to control the wearing of the block letter. Their efforts have not been without results because signs of their influence can be seen any place on the campus.

The men who have led them through this successful year are:

Henry H. Hodges ....................... President
Alfred P. Brown ....................... Vice President
Edward G. Dolch ....................... Sec.-Treasurer
The Amapola Club was organized by the girls, January 12, 1910, with the help of Miss Margaret Chase. The club was named by May Brumley, now Mrs. Archie Chedda, and the name is very appropriate as it means “poppy,” in Spanish.

The club has been a great help in bringing the girls into closer companionship. Formerly the girls of the different classes strayed off by themselves and did not associate to any extent. Now they are the best of companions.

Each year some subject is taken up by the club. One year the members studied Kipling; another, travel talks; another, current events; and this last year, woman’s work and her part in the war.

The girls have been doing different things to earn money for the Red Cross, and by the end of this semester they hope to have raised quite a large fund. Formerly Miss Chase was their faculty advisor, but now Miss Hartzell has that position.

Officers of the first semester were:

Maxine Barneberg ...........................................President
Bertha Haberl ............................................Vice President
Karo Smith ......................................................Secretary
Catherine Shanklin ........................................Treasurer
Phyllis Figge ..................................................Sergeant-at-Arms

The present officers are:

Hazel True ......................................................President
Mabel Weathers ............................................Vice-President
Helen Shipsey ..................................................Secretary
Bertha Haberl ................................................Treasurer
Margaret Baker ..............................................Sergeant-at-Arms

KARO SMITH, ’20.
The Mechanics' Association was organized during the school year of 1913-14, under the direction of the Mechanics' Department. The membership consisted largely of a group of lower classmen who were too immature to appreciate the possibilities of such an association and spoiled the meetings with their inattention and foolishness. As a result of this and a defective constitution, the Association was about to be dissolved.

In the year 1916-17 Mr. Bluns, who was the Association advisor at that time, saw a way to remedy the situation. Under his direction a new constitution was drawn up and adopted. The new constitution limited the membership to Juniors, Seniors and Faculty members. Regular meetings were to be held every third Thursday.

At the first regular meeting of the Association on October 11, 1918, Mr. Head, who is the Association advisor, explained the object of the Association for the benefit of the new members, and then gave an article on "How to Study."

On Nov. 8, Mr. Brown gave us an instructive talk on the Unique Dams in Bear Valley. On account of a lack of time he was unable to finish, but promised to continue his talk on some other occasion.

The Association gave a vote of thanks to President Erickson at a special meeting held on Dec. 10, as he was leaving us to join Uncle Sam. Vice-President Holman became President and Sebastian was elected Vice-President. Mr. Brown again entertained us with a talk on irrigation.

On March 28 Bovee gave us an interesting talk on "The Invention of the Aeroplane." On April 27 we took a trip to the Santa Maria Oil Fields and visited several of the plants there.

This year the association can boast of a record equal to, if not better than, that of last year. This organization offers great possibilities for the future members, and it rests with them to uphold the standard of the Association.

R. B. H.

Officers 1917-18.

- E. Holman ........................................... President
- H. Sebastian ..................................... Vice-President
- L. Davis ........................................... Sec.-Treasurer
- M. Souza ......................................... Chairman Social Committee
- G. Rodriguez .............................. Chairman Program Committee
The Agricultural Club was organized at the beginning of the school year and progressed very rapidly under the schedule planned by Mr. Talbot, who was the advisor of the Ag. students. Several speakers were obtained who gave some very interesting talks on the practical side of farming. A number of other speakers were scheduled, but the plans were upset by Mr. Talbot's leaving.

The idea of the organization is to bring the Agricultural students closer together, both professionally and socially. They have much practice in public speaking, and it is quite beneficial. The older students discuss problems that are encountered in practical work, the solution of which is not so easily found in books.

To uphold the standard of the organization, an average of at least 77 per cent in school work is required of the students who belong to the club. To fall below this mark automatically severs the student's membership. Freshmen cannot become members until the beginning of their second semester.

Mr. Doxsee, our new advisor, has ably filled Mr. Talbot's place. He is full of pep, and is making things interesting. He has arrangements under way for visits to the leading ranches in the vicinity, the object being to gain information concerning results due to their methods of management.

Our numbers have been somewhat reduced on account of the fact that so many of the fellows have cast their lot with Old Glory. The prospects for an increase in the size of the club, however, are very great.

**Officers.**

E. Andrews .................. President
H. Stewart .................... Vice President
L. Russell .................... Secretary
L. Dolch ...................... Treasurer
R. B. H.
The Pig Club was reorganized January 10th, 1918, when Mr. Davis of the University Extension Department was present, and told the students the real benefits and reasons why these clubs should be encouraged. His fine talk inspired quite a few of the boys to go into the hog-fattening contest, and so in the middle of January the contest was started.

Although many of the Ag. students joined the club, only a few of them bought pigs and entered the contest. The Pig Club certainly offers a splendid opportunity to the boy who is interested in live stock, and the few who did go into the contest are satisfied that their time has not been spent in vain.

Starting on January 21st, and running till May 21st, seemed ample time for the contestants to show their ability to produce fat hogs.

The contest has been a very close one for the highest man is only eight pounds ahead of the lowest man, and this goes to show that all the boys are using the most scientific and proper methods in feeding their animals. This club is right in line with war work and should be encouraged everywhere. The members intend to carry on their work during the summer at their various homes.

The contest ended on May the 21st and the four men who entered finished with good records to show for their four months of faithful work. Not a single hog was lost, and very little sickness was reported, which goes to show that the contestants took good care of their pets.

Because there were so few students to enter the contest this year, the prizes will not be as numerous, but those given will certainly be appreciated by the winners. The school, following last year's plan, is going to give the winner a trip to the U. C. Farm at Davis, where there is a very large display of all types of domestic animals.

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<td>1st. Lloyd Russell—Poland and Berkshire.....</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd. Paul Beard—Two Berkshires</td>
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<td>3rd. Alfred Reyburn—Poland and Berkshire..</td>
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<td>4th. Edmund Burr—Poland and Berkshire.....</td>
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Officers.

Lloyd S. Russell .................. President
Edmund Burr ..................... Vice-President
Paul Beard ...................... Secretary-Treasurer
The Freshmen Reception.

On the evening of September 21st, the Freshman Class, entering students, and new members of the faculty were summoned to the Assembly Hall for the usual pranks. Many of the little freshmen slipped in, not knowing just what to do or where to go.

Much to their surprise they were royally entertained by the upper classmen and faculty. Mr. Schlosser had charge of the evening's program. After a number of selections by the school orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Schlosser, and two piano solos rendered by Helen Louis, Mr. Schlosser introduced the speakers. Those who spoke during the evening were Howard Sebastian, as Senior representative; Everett Bovee, Junior Class President; Olin Halstead, Sophomore Class President; H. H. Hodges, representing athletics; Colonel Ryder, Major Ray and Mr. Brown, representing the Faculty, and Martin Martinson of '17, for the alumni. After several games, delicious refreshments were served. The Freshmen were reminded at 10:30 by the blinking of the lights, that it was time for them to be homeward bound.

During the first week of school Mrs. Schlosser, assisted by Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Heald, entertained the ladies of the faculty of both Poly and the city schools, and also the wives of faculty members. The ladies enjoyed music and games, after which the hostesses served dainty refreshments.

During the school year the T. H. E. Club showed that it was still alive, although few in numbers. On October 12th the club enjoyed the first of a long series of wienie lakes “Somewhere in San Luis.”

Wednesday evening, October 24th, the Amapola girls, accompanied by several lady faculty members, and equipped with a good supply of wienes, buns and mustard, hiked up the Poly canyon. A large bonfire was built and each girl toasted her own wienie. After the wienes and buns had been disposed of, the entire crowd spent the remainder of the evening playing games, singing songs and telling stories. A happy but tired crowd returned late that evening.

The Guild Hall on the evening of October 19th was the scene of an informal affair tendered the parents of Polytechnic students by the faculty. The social was given so that the parents and teachers might become better acquainted. During the evening Mr. Ryder gave a talk; Mrs. Carus played a number of piano solos, and Mrs. Thorne played a selection on the violin. As a closing feature of the evening dainty refreshments were served amidst the tasteful decorations of palms and pepper branches.

Many of the Polytechnic students were present at the reception given by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church at Hersman Hall on October 19. During the evening games and music furnished the entertainment for a most
enjoyable occasion. Late in the evening refreshments were served and homeward bound, all agreed that they had had a good time.

On Hallowe’en Miss Dolly McConnel of the Freshman Class entertained a number of her friends. Dancing and playing of mysterious Hallowe’en games filled up the entire evening. At an early morning hour tasty refreshments were served and every one journeyed home after a most delightful time.

The girls’ cooking class, under the direction of Miss Hoover, spent one afternoon making war breads, which were sold for the benefit of the Red Cross at the Elmo theater. The success of the venture caused a repetition of the work. The girls of Miss Whiting’s class also made three dozen kits for the Red Cross. They were well made and the girls received much praise for their work.

The first issue of the new uniforms came on November 14th, and a decided change of appearance in the battalion was the result.

Miss Maxine Barneberg entertained a number of her friends at a dansant on November 9th at her home on Dana street. Her home was tastefully decorated but most of the guests preferred the garage, where the scene of a merry dancing party was being enacted. Many of the others enjoyed games, stories and tete-a-tetes in front of a large bonfire in the yard.

Wedding bells rang merrily for two of the class of ’17 girls during November. Miss Giglia Guimini and Olimpio Birra were married on November 21st. Mr. Birra is a prosperous farmer south of town. Some time ago Miss Alice Rhine and Mr. Bettencourt were married. Alice will be remembered as the very modest Senior of last year. All Poly joins in wishing the newly-weds a happy future.

The Freshman Class gave their initial entertainment as a Hoover party on Friday evening, December 7th. The dining hall was appropriately decorated and the guests properly dressed for the occasion. The evening was spent in dancing, after which novel refreshments, consisting of punch, hard tack, and apples, were generously served.

Just before the Christmas vacation, Isla Burge, Lucille Terrill and Ethel Colon made it known that they would not return to school after the va-

cation. The T. H. E. club gave a farewell party for the girls at the home of Mrs. Hampton on Santa Rosa street. Music, story-telling, games and a big candy-make, said candy being started for taffy and turning out to be peanut brittle, took up the evening. Every one has missed our honorable seniors.

Miss Grace Barneberg spoke to the Poly students, telling them what they could do to help win the war by joining the Junior Red Cross. When the school decided to join the Junior Red Cross, the Freshman Class was not long in getting busy. On February 1st they entertained the school and others at a jinxy dance. They realized quite a neat sum which they turned over to the Junior Red Cross Fund.

About the middle of February Miss Amy Nichols gave up her position as registrar. On February 29th, Miss Nichols was married to Mr. John Nissen, a business man of Oakland. Mrs. M. M. Bland, formerly of Santa Barbara, took her place in the office force. Miss Maxine Barneberg acted as hostess on March 21st. Dancing, singing and refreshments furnished the amusements for the evening. Those present were: Misses Fitzgerald, Taylor, Giebner, Biaggini and Barneberg and Messrs. Sebastian, Russell, Branch, Taber and Wilke.

Mr. St. John entertained Messrs. Redman, Brown and Caras at a “stag party” in Friday evening, March 1. After a rousing evening at cards, the gentlemen refreshed themselves with “hot dogs” and cider.

Musicalau.

The Music and Gymnasium Departments under the auspices of Professor Schlosser assisted by Miss Whiting, gave a musicale Friday evening, March 22nd, at the Elmo theater for the benefit of the Belgium relief fund. The music and drills were well given showing careful and consistent practice.

The program follows:
I. March ........................................ C. P. S. Orchestra
II. Current Events film..........................
III. Overture, Queen of the North (Fulton) ........................................ C. P. S. Orchestra
IV. Girls’ quartette: (a) Massa’s in the Cold, Cold Ground; (b) Man in the Moon. (Hazel True, Karo Smith, Thelma Giebner and Marcella Fitzgerald.)
THE PROGRAM FOR THE YEAR 1917-18

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<td>Canyon party</td>
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<td>Oct. 31, 1917</td>
<td>Diamonds</td>
<td>W. L. Brown</td>
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<td>Nov. 13, 1917</td>
<td>Book Review</td>
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<td>Dec. 4, 1917</td>
<td>The Geography and Geology of San Luis Obispo and Vicinity</td>
<td>P. A. Greenmyer</td>
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<td>Dec. 18, 1917</td>
<td>The Short Story as a Literary Form</td>
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KELVIN CLUB.

The Kelvin Club organized during the first semester of 1914 as a social institution of the faculty and families of the school. It is a get-together affair with meetings every fortnight. Though scientific in name, its functions are sociability, good fellowship and an opportunity to meet each other away from the cares of the class room. "Shop talk" is tabooed. The Kelvin Club gives an opportunity for the different faculty members and families to meet, and a homelike atmosphere prevails. Friends are always welcome and many visitors are present at every meeting.

At each meeting the club is entertained by some one of its members acting as host or hostess, and another member presents a paper, talk, or musical selection for the benefit and pleasure of those present. Many of the papers and discussions have shown a very considerable amount of preparation and all have been well worth while.

The topics of these papers cover lines of learning and investigation, history, literature, art and science. From farming to fossils, stories to stores, paint pots to public affairs, the galaxy of talent displayed is worth coming a long way to hear.

The social committee, with Miss M. K. Hartzell as chairman, planned several very enjoyable evenings entirely social, such as theater parties, birthday surprises, picnic evenings and other stunts.

The officers elected for this year were:
- Miss M. H. Chase ................. President
- Mr. P. A. Greenmyer ............. Vice-President
- Mr. Will L. Brown ............... Secretary

It was not necessary for the club to have a treasurer because there are no funds to handle nor bills to be paid by the club as a whole.
SCHOOL NOTES

School opened September 17th, with the usual verdant atmosphere, and the customary aggregation of old timers. Several new proofs made their appearance—Earl Doxsee, James Saunders, Geo. A. Todd, W. E. St. John, A. R. Redman, Miss Hoover and Miss Ransay. Mr. Carus, after an absence of a year, returned to resume his old duties.

The Freshman girls were told about a week after school started to come to school the next day with their hair in twenty-one braids. When it was found that the orders had not been obeyed, the upper-class girls assisted them in doing the braiding in order that they might appear in classes with a fitting hair-dress.

On the morning of September 20th Major George Ray formed the battalion into two companies, appointed officers for each, and instruction in military tactics began. The following day, the battalion marched into town and formed a guard in honor of the departing drafted men.

October 1st marked the beginning of the athletic year for Poly. On that date Captain "Indian Hodges called his warriors together and the pigskin made its appearance.

Miss Helen Palmer, a former Polyite, spent the first two weeks of September with us, before leaving for San Jose, where she is attending school.

Our old school-mate, Josephine Tomassini, has been attending Heald's Business College this last year.

The Polygram, our bi-monthly school paper, made its first appearance on October 17.

In early November, Miss Chase surprised us all by purchasing a brand new "Henry," which caused a rush for accident policies.

Behold, on another page you will see "The Hungry Four." A peculiar title for such a husky appearing quartette, but thereby hangs a tale. Shortly after Thanksgiving these four fellows conquered the heights of San Luis mountain and saw, laid out before their eyes, Morro Bay (seemingly quite near, you know). As this distance appeared to be so short they started to walk there with a nice cool dip as the inspiration and goal. They ate their lunch about 11:30, and from then on 'twas milk and honey, reaching the bay at 4:20. Later swamps, deep creeks and sagebrush caused difficulties and withal came the pangs of hunger. The swim was forgotten and they hunted a ranch house for to "Esta Bita Pie." The Gibson ranch furnished fuel for their tired bodies and they resumed their march to the dorm, arriving there at 9:15 that evening.

This is but a brief review of their journey, barely mentioning their weariness, sore feet, untold sufferings and the uncertainty of their return. It merely sets forth the reason of their title and why this lot is allowed to be shown.

"We walked forty miles and I'll bet on it."

December 8th marked the first of a series of practice hikes when the battalion marched to the San Luis Hot Sulphur Springs. Although some were a bit footsore and weary they evinced their pleasure at the outing, especially the bath which they were able to take.

December 19th was the occasion of a real athletic assembly. At this time the football men received their rewards, three stars and ten blocks being awarded.

December 21st the regular Christmas vacation began, school reopening on January 7th.

The week of January 28th-February 1st caused a great deal of cramming and mental effort, as it marked the end of the first semester and final examinations.

At a very patriotic assembly held on February 15th the service flag was presented to the school.

Poly was honored many times during the year by being visited not only by some of the students, but also by several of the professors of the San Luis High School.

Miss Hoover and the Senior girls spent one Saturday afternoon in Atascadero. The purpose of the trip was to study the plans of the new homes being constructed in that colony.

Miss Ellen Rhoda underwent an operation for appendicitis just before Christmas. Although at one time her condition was serious, we are glad to say she is now about and as lively as ever. Miss Rhoda, however, resigned her position on the of-
lice force early in February, and is now residing at her home in Oakland.

* * *

Miss Maisie Huggard, who attended Poly two years ago, is teaching school in Saskatchewan.

* * *

The Household Arts Department recently offered a course in cooking and serving to the ladies of the town. The classes were held on Wednesday afternoon and were quite well attended.

* * *

War savings and thrift stamps were purchased by the store and a great quantity were sold, one thousand three hundred and forty-six dollars being realized from them by May 15th.

* * *

Baseball practice under the direction of Coach Schlosser and Captain A. P. Brown began in earnest on March 26th.

* * *

The week of March 28th-April 9th gave several woodsmen a chance to enjoy themselves in camping, as it was the week of spring vacation.

* * *

The Amapola Club met April 23rd for the purpose of discussing ways in which to raise money for the Belgian relief fund. They had previously raised ten dollars by taking care of children, washing, cooking meals, etc., and decided to use this money in purchasing cloth of which to make relief garments; keeping up at the same time their previous work.

* * *

Isla Burge paid us a very pleasant visit of a week during the latter part of April. She is living in San Diego, where her husband is stationed.

* * *

The "Dangerous Six" were guests of Dora and Mary Mehlischau at their home in Nipomo one day during the spring vacation.

* * *

Mrs. Rey’s sister has been with her since the week vacation. Mrs. Smith plans on staying here until the close of the school year.
Fly Trap?
Major Ray—Your mouth is open there, Houston.
Houston—I know it. I opened it myself.

Invitations Never Cease.
Word—Where do you live?
Steiner—Across the creek. Drop in some time.

Weather Prophet.
Stebbins—Say, what is meant by beastly weather?
Dago Joe—I guess that's when it rains cats and dogs.

Prof. Carus—Rhoda, name seven tropical animals.
Rhoda—Six lions and a tiger.

Professor Greenmayer (assigning lesson)—Begin with lightning and go to thunder.

Why Not?
June—I simply bathe in talcum powder. I love it.
Puss—Sort of dry cleaning, eh?

Problem for Miss Hoover.
Taber—What do cannibal head-hunters do with the heads when they get them?
Prof. Brown—Make noodle soup, of course.

Safety First.
Halstead (painting a table in Carp.)—I've put two coats on this already.
Mr. Todd—It's about time you were putting some pants on the legs.

Sad, But True.
Puss—I never say all I think.
Helen—Gee, you must think an awful lot.

The "Dorm Guys" Golden Rule
Do unto others as you would be done by—but do it first.

Or a Little Bear.
Miss Hoover—When is a baby not a baby?
Major Ray—Aye?
Miss Hoover—When it's a little cross.

Camouflage.
Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make the little homely girl
Look like what she ain't.

Wanted Petting.
Strange Chicken (to Dolch at the Springs)—I just adore live stock.
Hodges (just coming up)—Don't you think I'm a little hormone?

Who Did the Batting?
Broughton—What's that roaring noise over there?
Bovee—A bawl game, I guess.

Why So Certain?
June—I dreamt I was in heaven last night.
Puss—Did you see me there?
June—Yes, that's how I knew I was only dreaming.
A close-up.

Girl's Quartette.

Juggling up.

Cheery at the sea-shore.

The Hungry Four.

The Regiemen.

Odds + Ends.

Nabel captures someone's goat.

The Dangerous Six.
Break His Face.
Dago Joe—Is this a second hand store?
Clerk—Yes, sir.
Dago—Well, I want one for my watch.

What Did Sherman Say?
What are you knitting, my pretty maid?
She purled and dropped a stitch.
A sweater or a sock, she said,
But darned if I know which.

How Does He Know?
Hodges—Do you know how to make a cigar lighter?
Percy—No, how?
H. H. H.—Bite off the end, you bone.

No, She’s To Be Hung.
Major Ray—I see in the papers that has been acquitted.
Jenny—What was the sentence, death?

He Ought to Know.
Skinny—Why is getting up at 5 a.m. like a pig’s tail?
Stewart—Can’t prove it by me. Why?
Skinny—Because its twirly.

Things never seen around the Dorm:
Graham Bott chewing gum.
Beard taking a shower.
Surplus cash.
A fellow dressed in his own clothes.
Dolch, on Sundays.

We Wonder Why.
Josh Ed.—Hey Shorty. Tell me some good jokes, will you?
Shorty—Sure. Now?
Josh Ed.—Yeh. I want ’em for the Journal.
Shorty—Oh, I don’t know any.

Rejected for Poor Eyesight.
Bott—That was some dame we saw at Pismo yesterday, eh, Pete?
Pete—Which one?
Bott—The one in the green dress.
Pete—Don’t remember her.
Bott—Oh, yes, you do. She had on gray spats and gray stockings.
Pete—Oh, yeh! Some dame is right.

Just As Well.
Father—Can’t you cut down your school expenses?
Son—I might get along without any books.

Those Fellows Grow in Maine.
Saunders—Name a pine that has long, sharp needles.
Bach—A porcupine.

Quite True!
Freshman—Why is it that when I stand on my head all my blood rushes to my head, but when I stand on my feet it doesn’t rush to my feet?
Senior—Your feet aren’t empty.

We All Would.
St. John—What is the meaning of devolve?
Tuley—To fall back upon.
St. John—Brown, use devolve in a sentence.
Dago—I’d hate to have Fat Hodges devolve upon me.

I Should Say So!
Burr—Say, Percy, what are you going to do after you graduate?
P. Y. P.—I’ve got a job with the Sells Floto circus.
Burr—You have? What are you going to do, water the elephants?
P. Y. P.—No, sir-ee; I’m going to be a dwarf.
Burr—Why, you big ’soo’! If Sammy told me that I might believe him. But a big guy like you to be a dwarf—huh!
P. Y. P.—I’ll be the biggest dwarf in captivity.

Definitions of Some Common Terms.
Cut: Obeying a desire to be elsewhere.
Ditch: An inspiration with a motive.
Frosh: That which looks like what it am.
Demerit: A method of obtaining free labor.
A. W. O. L.: Absent without leave.
Soph: IT and knows it.
Can: A journey homeward.
Junior: Bordering on the wise.
Unexcused absence: Two of them equal a can.
A High Muck Amuck: A senior caught stallling.

And a Typewriter.
Customer—Have you any adding machines?
Clerk—No, but we have four counters.

Waterproof?
Katherine—Why do you call your little white pig “Ink”?
Beard—Because he’s always running from the pen.

Mr. Carus—In which of his battles was Richard III killed?
Gertrude Day—I think it was his last.
Frosh—I’m doing my best to get ahead.
Soph—Well, goodness knows you need one.

An Old One
Teacher—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.
Victim—That’s why so many of us flunk.

Burr—May I call this evening?
M. B.—Certainly.
Burr—At what time?
M. B.—Well, father turns out the lights at ten.
Burr—Fine; I’ll be there promptly at ten.

We Ask You.
If you don’t feel just right,
If you can’t sleep at night,
If you mean and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can’t smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn’t beat,
If you’ve got cold feet,
If your head’s in a whirl,
WHY DON’T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?

Music, As Advertised.
“Home, Sweet Home” in A flat.
“I’m Coming Home” in 3 parts.
“I Am Truly Yours!” for 10c.
“They’re Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii,”
by request.

Is It So?
Freshmen are green,
Seniors are gray,
’Tis simply green grass
Turned into hay.

Recipe for Flunks.
Take a string of bluff, stir in a pound of thin excuses, add a few class stalls, sift in an over-abundance of athletic enthusiasm, flavor with moonshine caught on several night strolls, then stuff with one night’s cramming and serve at end of term.

We’ll All Look.
Prof. Brown (in fourth period geometry)—Miss Barneberg, will you please step to the side so that we may get a better view of your figure?

And a $1,000,000 Look.
Harold (calling on Hazel): Hang there, you $10 hat; sit there, you $5 rubbers; stand there, you $50 cane, and hang there, you $100 overcoat. Hazel (on giving Harold a chair)—Sit there, you 2-cent fool.

Don’t You Believe It?
Colonel Ryder—You are rather in danger since they are shooting on the rifle range on Saturdays, aren’t you?
Spence—Oh, no. I’ve got a nice safe place just in back of the bull’s-eye.

Why Not a Thresher?
Halstead—Why is a teacher in front of her class like a Ford?
Tabor—I’ll bite. Why?
Halstead—Because she’s a crank in front of a bunch of nuts.

Recipe for Flunks.
Take a string or billiard, stir in a pound of thin excuses, add a few class stalls, sift in an over-abundance of athletic enthusiasm, flavor with moonshine caught on several night strolls, then stuff with one night’s cramming and serve at end of term.

A TALE OF NINE PERIODS
When first I came to Poly school
Mr. Todd thought I was a fool.
And Pigge thought, “You’re awful slow.”
While Cap Stewart says, “Now, do this so.”
Lieutenant Davis says, “Easy there.”
Fuzzy went up in the air.
After that we went to eat
gee! but that was sure some treat.
Then I had some Carpe and Hort.
And Saunders says, “You’re quite some sport.”
That ends my first day at school,
But I quickly learned I am no fool.

A PEST.
I turned and turned on my pillow,
I rolled from side to side;
My bones were sore and aching;
To sleep in vain I tried.

I’d done no needs of horror,
Life’s path to me was fair;
Yet one dark spot so tiny,
I knew full well ’twas there.

I marked the hour of midnight,
I heard the stroke of one;
And every hour that followed,
Until the rising sun.

Why such a night of terrors?
Why such distress to me?
I’ll tell you—I must whisper,
It was a little flea.

FLOYD MANKINS, ’20.
ODE
To the Polytechnic River
Oh, peerless, fearless flowing river,
Gliding 'twixt thy banks so rank
With o'erhanging shrubs and acute scent
From overflowing septic tank.

Oh, purling, curling twisting course;
Thy straight, confined, now widening, stools
To form, perhaps, a green spot; there
Mosquitoes breed among thy pools.

Oh, gentle, sentimental stream,
Thy bubbling waters softly croon
Beneath the bridge so aptly placed,
Where lovesick youth is wont to spoon.

Oh dashing, smashing, seething flood
How many things thy torrents yield!
Thy tides bring tons of yellow clay
To cover up our football field.

Oh, falling, crawling, changing flow,
Thy eulogies, I fear, are bosh.
Your sole virtue, you offer us
A convenient place to duck the Frosh.

HAROLD STEWART, '18.

A SENIOR'S FAREWELL.
When a Freshman first, I came to school,
I see it now, I was a fool.
And when a Sophy I became,
I craked my dome in a football game.
Then through the Junior class I skimmed
And became a Senior with fame undimmed.
Now it's no more English or Math, for me;
No more Spanish or history.
For four long years my studies I've crammed,
And I'm through at last! Well I'll be——
LAURENCE RHODA, '21.
ALUMNI.

The Alumni department of the 1917 Journal published a list of the graduates and their occupations as was possible. Many of the Alumni use this department to keep in touch with their former classmates, and many of them, especially the young men who are in the army, have informed the school of their change of address and occupation. The department is always glad to hear from any former Poly students. Many letters from the young men in the army have been published in the "Polygram."

We are glad that so many of the Alumni members still have Poly school spirit and show it by subscribing for the Journal, thus helping the staff to get out a better Journal.

The most up-to-date record of the graduates of Poly that could be obtained will follow. It is hoped that the Alumni will keep in better touch with the school in future and let the students know of the many problems which would be likely to confront them when they get out in the cold world.

Class of 1906.
Herbert H. Cox, M.; Pacific Light and Power Co., Los Angeles.
Lillian B. Fox, H. A.; at home, Pomona, Calif.
Irene Righetti, H. A. (Mrs. A. F. Parsons, Jr.); 1251 West 11th street, Riverside, Calif.
H. Floyd Tout, A.; in charge of Visalia High School Agricultural Department, Visalia, Calif.
Catherine Twombly, H. A.; (Mrs. Lorenzo Hampton), Fullerton, Calif.
Gustave Wade, M.; Naples, Calif.
Henry Wade, A.; with Union Sugar Co.; Beteravia, Calif.

Class of 1907.
Ester Biaggini, H. A.; a Red Cross nurse on battleship.
Francis D. Buck, A.; ranching at Ripon, Calif.
Clara Dodge, H. A. (Mrs. George Rings); 2683 Loosmore street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Alfred F. Miossi, M.; ranching at Santa Clara, Calif.
Annie Schnieder, H. A. (Mrs. Ralph Gardiner); 125 Edinburg street, San Francisco, Cal.
Eugene Steinbeck, M.; address unknown.
Alberta Stringfield, H. A.; teaching at Corning, Cal.
Hunter Stringfield, A.; address unknown.
Ella L. Tanner, H. A.; ranching Imperial Valley, Cal.
Myron M. Thomas, A.; ranching at Riverside, Cal.
Jeanne A. Tout, H. A.; address unknown.
George W. Wilson, M 1; International Correspondence School, Bakersfield, Cal.
Guy F. Worden, M.; ranching at Shandon, Cal.

Class of 1908.
Ida M. Bachman, H. A. (Mrs. John Adams); address unknown.
E. Earl Campbell, A.; orange grower, Orange, Cal.
Mary F. Chesa, H. A.; teaching in Santa Barbara.
Alfred U. Dixon, Al; instructor at State Farm, Davis, Cal.
Valentine Drougard, M.; in military service of U. S.
Ruth Gould, H. A. (Mrs. H. O. Perry); Fellows, Cal.
Avery B. Kennedy, A.; home address, Campbell, Cal.
Elizo Kondo, A.; address unknown.
Roy A. Luchessa, A1.; died February 17, 1913.  
Bernard E. Miossi, M.; ranching at San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
Earl D. Pierce, A1.; 4467 New Jersey street, San Diego, Cal.  
Reuben L. Sebastian, M.; home address, Berkeley, Cal.; in military service of the U. S.  
Clara Stringfield, H. A. (Mrs. Marion Rice); Santa Maria, Cal.  

Class of 1969.  
John J. Adams, M.; in military service of U. S.  
Isunejiro Ashida, A.; reported farming in Arizona.  
Kenneth Beck, A.; with State Highway Commission; home, Chualar, Cal.  
Oliver N. Boone, M.; Traver, Cal.; in military service.  
Alonzo R. Carranza, M.; address unknown.  
Irving F. Davis, A.; Mesa Grande, Cal.  
Eugene Feilder, M.; with Union Iron Works, 826 Twentieth street, Oakland, Cal.  
Annette G. Girard, H. A.; teaching.  
Rachel Gould, H. A.; working at postoffice, San Luis Obispo.  
Hazel M. Griffith, H. A.; address unknown.  
Harvey L. Hall, A.; address unknown.  
George O. Hopkins, M.; 177 Furloaks street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Peter Knudson, X.; garage business, Los Banos, Cal.  
Minnie D. Lomax, H. A.; teaching, San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
J. Lee McDowell, A.; Lindsey, Cal.  
Plossie M. Matson, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
Elmer H. Murphy, A.; with Pinal Dome, Betteravia, Cal.  
Attilio Pezzoni, A.; 306 S. 14th street, San Jose, Cal.  
Rachel E. Ramage, H. A.; at home 760 Twentieth street, San Diego, Cal.  
Arthur Sauer, M.; in military service; home address Sauer’s store, San Luis Obispo.  
Ralph Shoemaker, A.; orange grower, Pomona, Cal.  
Allen E. Stone, M.; Los Angeles.  
George A. Titton, Jr., M.; with county surveyors, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Frank H. Walbridge, M.; Newhall, Los Angeles Co., Cal.  
Beulah M. Waison, H. A. (Mrs. Sidney W. Eggett); address unknown.  
La Rue C. Watson, A.; Congregational Minister, Bowles, Cal.  
Loring J. Wilson, A.; died November 24, 1911.  
Glenn F. Woods, M.; Glendale, Cal.  
Hazel G. Woods, H. A.; Glendale, Cal.  

Class of 1910.  
Dora C. Bergh, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
Henry W. Berkemeyer, M.; electrician, San Pedro, Cal.  
George A. Buck, M.; Ripon, Cal.  
R. Tonic Colthart, M.; Dinuba, Cal.  
Judith Curtis, H. A. (Mrs. J. D. Calicott); Carbondale, Cal.  
Roland E. Curtis, A.; student, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.  
Edgar F. Duncan, M.; Ceres, Cal.  
Arthur M. Elberg, A.; ranching at Campbell, Cal.  
W. Ray Evans, M.; home address, San Simeon; in military service of U. S.  
Fletcher Hayward, A.; Hayward, Cal.  
Elizabeth A. Holloway, H. A.; teaching at San Francisco; address, 885 Clayton street.  
Walter L. Kendall, M.; Lemoore, Cal.  
Alma E. Miossi, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
Floyd L. Patterson, M.; home address, Cambrin; in military service.  
Velma M. Pearson, H. A. (Mrs. John Pitts); R. F. D. No. 2, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Hertha Schulzho, H. A.; teaching; home address, San Luis Obispo.  
William B. Shaw, M.; ranching at Henley, Utah.  
John S. Taylor, M.; address unknown.  
Selena E. Wyss, H. A.; nursing in Los Angeles, Cal.  
Ernest E. Yates, H. A.; manager dairy farm, Coyote, Cal.  

Class of 1911.  
Charles P. Baker, M.; Engineer at Gaviota, Cal.  
Charles Baumgardener, A.; electrical engineer with Pacific Electric, 1422 Ridgeway ave., Los Angeles, Cal.  
May Brumley, H. A. (Mrs. Archie Cheda); San Luis Obispo.  
E. Donald Cox, A.; married, living at Watsonville, Cal.  
John W. Flint, A.; in military service.  
Chester L. Freeborn, M.; engineer at Santa Maria, Cal.  
George W. Herring, M.; home address, Ripon, Cal.; in military service.  
Effie E. Hillard, H. A.; Visalia, Cal.  
John E. Leonard, M.; hardware business, Folsom, Cal.  
Fred H. Marklof, A.; with Union Sugar Co., Betteravia, Cal.  

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Anson K. Pearce, M.; chicken ranch, Ingomar, Cal.
W. Harold Keilly, M.; automobile business, Watsonville, Cal.
Walter B. Roselip, M.; agent for Kissel Kar, San Luis Obispo.
J. Harvey Strowbridge, M.; Visalia, Cal.
Lawrence A. Swerdferger, A.; ranching at Heber, Cal.

Class of 1912.
Hazel G. Brew, H. A. (Mrs. Bernard Murray); Martinez, Cal.
Margaret Campbell, H. A.; 1484 Harrison street, Oakland, Cal.
Jewell L. Cooper, A.; ranching at Ventura, Cal.
J. Baptiste Fiscalini, A.; ranching at St. Helena, Cal.
Eva Prisley, H. A. (Mrs. John E. Snyder); address unknown.
Olga Grizzle, H. A.; teaching in high school, Olympia, Wash.
Chas. M. Hamaker, M.; San Luis Obispo, in military service.
Sophia C. Hutchings, H. A.; 419 S. Grand ave., Los Angeles.
Bernard Murray, M.; with Oriental Oil Co., Martinez, Cal.
Florence F. Knight, H. A.; teaching at See Canyon, San Luis Obispo.
Donald Mitchell, M.; home address, San Luis Obispo; with the Aviation Corps of U. S. Army.
Talkanobu Mizuno, A.; 920 West 10th street, Los Angeles, Cal.
Cora N. Schulze, H. A. (Mrs. C. S. Bairder); 463 Hartford ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Margaret Shipsey, H. A.; home address San Luis Obispo, teaching at Los Berros.
William Shipsey, M.; home address San Luis Obispo, enlisted in Naval Reserve.
Cassius B. Sibley, A.; address unknown.
John E. Snyder, M.; address unknown.
Charles F. Swartz, M.; died 1916.
Clofford L. Tanner, A.; ranching at Morro, Cal.
Norton W. Weymouth, A.; in military service, former address, Fairmead, Cal.

Class of 1913.
Frank T. Baldwin, A.; graduate Oregon Agricultural College, managing a creamery at Newman, Cal.
Arthur G. Cook, M.; in military service; home address, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Maurice G. Coulter, A.; state dairy inspector, 387 Fairmount ave., Oakland, Cal.
Wendell T. Daily, M.; home address, Stanford, Cal., in military service.
Philip Eastman, home address, San Luis Obispo, in military service.
Ralph L. Eells, M.; engineer for Ervine Co., Santa Ana, Cal.
Leona L. Forbes, H. A.; teaching at Bee Rock.
Tekla J. Johnston, H. A.; address unknown.
J. Earl King, A.; in military service.
Albert J. McMeekin, A.; ranching at Merced, Cal.
Francis, Murray, A.; Oriental Oil Co., Martinez, Cal.
Walter S. G. Nelson, A.; 903 Minnesota ave., San Jose, Cal.
Walter C. Perozzi, A.; San Luis Obispo.
Helen V. Sandercock, H. A. (Mrs. Collins); Los Angeles, Cal.
Guy W. Nickle, A.; farming in Utah.
Joseph W. Schweitzer, A.; 21 W. Islay street, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Cecil L. Stockton, A.; in military service, former address, Ramona, Cal.
J. Rudolph Tanner, A.; in military service; home address, Morro.
Lillabell Wade, H. A. (Mrs. Frank T. Baldwin); Newman, Cal.
Chas. P. Williams, A.; ranching at Grey Mountains, Cal.
Ralph R. Weiman, M.; San Miguel, Cal.
Maurice N. Yokum, A.; ranching at Bellota, Cal.
Mande E. Cheda, H. A.; teaching.
Dorothy, Edmunds, H. A.; teaching in Nevada.

Class of 1914.
Howard E. Alhff, M.; with the U. S. Army.
Winfield Andrews, A.; with Naval Reserve.
Eric Barnett, M.; Pope Valley, Cal.
Jessie Benenti, M.; student at University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Robert E. Eells, M.; ranching at Waterford, Cal.
Archie Brown, M.; mechanic at Shale, Cal.
Stella Brown, H. A.; attending San Jose Normal.
Fred A. Curl, A.; Earlham, Cal.
Clarence C. Forrester, M.; Stockton, Cal.
Alex F. Gibson, M.; ranching at Templeton, Cal.
Irma Hazzard, H. A.; teaching at Arroyo Grande, Cal.
Edward L. Herring; in military service; home address, Ripon, Cal.
Ethel Hubbard, A.; Anaheim, Cal.
Lena Jenssen, H. A.; teaching, San Luis Obispo.
Carlton Kenney, A.; home address, Venice, Cal.
Annie Mendenhall, H. A. (Mrs. O. A. Bergman), Orange, Cal.
Elvira Perozzi, H. A.; at home, San Luis Obispo.
Clara Upton, H. A. (Mrs. Don L. Hallingsworth); Bakersfield, Cal.
Clarence Plaskett, M.; with Producers’ Transportation Co., Port San Luis, Cal.
Hazel Prince, H. A.; at home, Mill Valley, Cal.
Grace E. Rowan, H. A.; working at Telegram office, San Luis Obispo.
Lawrence Seeber, A.; San Luis Obispo, Cal.
E. Clyde Shirley, M.; with U. S. army; home address, San Luis Obispo.
Glen Shoemaker, A.; in military service; home address, 535 E. Culvert street, Orange, Cal.
Kathleen M. Shipsey, H. A.; working in Shipsey’s law office, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Ethel May Sinclair, H. A.
Florinda Tomasini, H. A.; attending Heald’s Business College, San Francisco.
Wilber D. Morrison, A.
Luis E. Tomasini, A.; with the navy.
Edward M. Einer, M.
Roy E. Strobel, M.; in military service.
Paul Maxwell, M.

Class of 1915.

Lisle E. Bagwell, M.; home address, Morgan Hill, Cal.
E. Paul Bailey, M.; Weimer, Cal.
Richard Berry, A.; ranching at San Luis Obispo, Cal.
John F. Deleisegues; in military service.
Alice Dodge, H. A.; attending King’s Conservatory, San Jose; home address, Santa Cruz, Cal.
Blanche M. Coleman, H. A.; Sunnyvale, Cal.
Marks H. Eubanks, M.; Cambria, Cal.; in the service.
Elmer Allen Forbes, M.; San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Henry Fiscidini, A.; farming, San Luis Obispo.

Mildred H. Hull, H. A.; Corona, Cal.
Ralph W. Jones, A.; Cupertino, Cal.; in military service.
William McKendry, A.; ranching at Ojai, Cal.
Chas. W. Monahan, Jr., M.; in military service.
Archibald Neele, M.; Cambria, Cal.
Chas. F. Patterson, M.; Lockwood, Cal.
Robert D. Morrison, M.; San Luis Obispo; in military service.

Lorenz Perner, M.; in military service.
Charlotte Perner, H. A.; teaching at Santa Margarita, Cal.
George R. Parsons, M.; Chinook, Washington.
William Snyder, M.; 632 W. Chapman street, Orange, Cal.
Paul A. Thaanum, A.; San Diego, Cal.; in military service.

Class of 1916.

Hulda Bordine, H. A. (Mrs. Wm. Leonard); San Luis Obispo.
Arthur B. Combs; Monrovia.
Ernest L. Ferguson, M.; Santa Barbara; in military service.
Arthur Matthews, A.; Berkeley, Cal.
Blossom Seward, H. A.; teaching in New Mexico.
Frank Wieland, M.

Class of 1917.

Marvin Andrews, A.; San Domingo, West Indies.
Guy N. Baldwin, A.; with Aviation Corps of U. S. A.; home address, Bakersfield.
Rollo Beatty, A.; head chemist with Union Oil Co., Avila, Cal.
Sarah Bushnell, A.; attending Junior College at Pomona, Cal.
Emmett Donnelly, M.; San Luis Obispo, home address; Company L, 160th infantry.
Ada Forbes, A.; attending University of California at Berkeley, Cal.
Giglia Giumini, H. A. (Mrs. O. Birra); San Luis Obispo.
Howard Harris, M.; Pleyto, Cal.
Charles Hartmann, Jr., A.; attending Oregon Ag. College, Corvallis, Ore.
Harry Holman, M.; San Luis Obispo, in the navy.
Ellen Hughes, H. A.; training for a nurse at Santa Barbara.
Barbara Marquart, H. A.; at home San Luis Obispo.
Martin Martinson, M.; Santa Barbara, in military service.
Donald McMillan, M.; San Luis Obispo.
Albert Muzio, M.; with the naval reserve; home address, San Luis Obispo.
Dennis Perozzi, M.; San Luis Obispo.
Alice Ryne, H. A. (Mrs. Bettencourt); Palo Alto, Cal.
Edward Rodriguez, A.; San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Art Scarlett, A.; Monterey, with Aviation Corps.
Sercy Smith, M.; at home, near Arroyo Grande.
Manuel Souza, M.; taking a post-graduate course at Poly.
Homer Thyle, M.; working in a garage at San Francisco.
Benjamin Tognazzini, A.; at home, Cayucos.
Alta Truelove, H. A.; attending Junior College at Pomona, Cal.
Helene Van Gorden, H. A.; attending Heald’s Business College at San Jose, Cal.
William Wilkins, A.; at home, Chatsworth, Cal.
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Cashier

President

C. L. SMITH
Assistant

RESOURCES

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<th>Resource</th>
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LIABILITIES

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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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