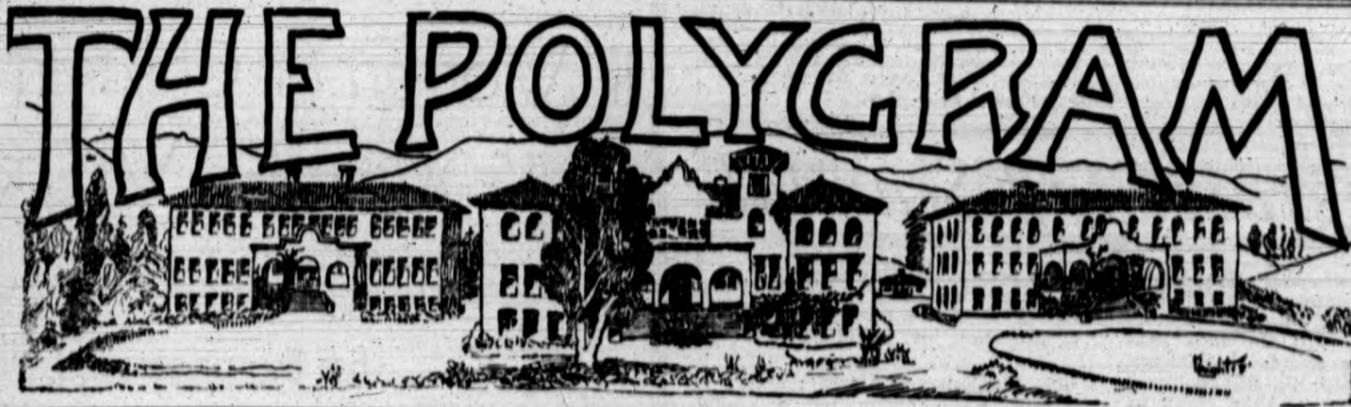


# Special - SCANDAL - Edition

Here to the line; let the quips fall where they may

The News and Josh Box Is Calling You



School Spirit Is Poly's Best Asset

Volume IX

SAN LUIS OBISPO, FEBRUARY 21, 1924

No. 11

## CALL IN THE LAW!

## WHERE WE GOT IT

## THE LOW DOWN OF IT

## PROVEN FACTS

Say, fellows, did a girl ever take you for an auto ride and then make you walk home? Well, that's what happened to Eugene Churchill one night. Ask him about it.

It is said that Fred Flugger is stepping out with a woman who is getting a divorce from her husband! Looks bad, doesn't it?

During the Christmas vacation, Walter Lumley and some friends, were attending a party in King City. On the way home they got lost, or something else, and wandered on foot to Salinas. The Salinas authorities questioned them and then headed them back to their homes. One of the party owed Walter a nickel, and in trying to collect it Walter became violent and had to be subdued, but beyond this a good time was had by all. Walter's only comment about the trip was that the highway was not wide enough for walking.

We don't know who Marty was talking to, or why, but this is a fragment of his conversation that was overheard: "—a little bungalow with a fireplace—a secluded spot in the hills." You have the right idea, Olaf.

Have you heard about Otto Groenvelt's affair with one of the hospital nurses? Otto's troubles are beginning early in life.

There "aint no" scandal about Don Fulwider. His only vices are the De Molay and the City Library. That is why he is the best student in school.

Fred Louis is in a critical condition. He fell off the switchboard platform at the Elmo Theater the other night while watching the dancing girls change their dresses.

## Chief Cook, Attention!

We have wondered why Reggie Alexander lost his driver's license. We have found out. He was driving fast, and had two assistants—a girl and—

Carlos Bacmeister is taking strength lessons from Leiderman so that he can use a little more cave-man stuff with his numerous girls.

Horror! Albert Call put his arm around a girl the other day while driving. Another good boy gone wrong.

Art Call and Dot Hoare had quite a scrap. Looks like Arthur lost, but the source of information is doubtful.

Bill Corbin met a girl from Atascadero. She asked for his tie and then his sweater. Wonder what she will ask for next?

Why does Clarence Haas come home at 3 a.m. in a Studebaker six and climb in the window? We all know the girl.

That business man, Ellsworth Hald, woman-proof, etc., has commenced to give in. He is dancing and making eyes at Dorothy Hoare. Watch out! Complications are going to arise.

Ruddle Moreno, that dark, passionate looking, silent but deadly, he-vamp is having a bad effect upon certain otherwise man-proof girls of San Luis Obispo.

Mr. Agosti: "Define spaces."  
Jack Haas: "I have it in my head but I can't define it."

Santa Maria  
Cayucos  
Atascadero  
Nipomo  
Del Monte  
Arroyo Grande  
Lompoc

Yes, if you have been guilty of being in the above named "scandal towns" recently, you will find in this paper some incident that, maybe, you do not remember—and will deny the facts printed. On the other hand, you know that the truth always hurts, and you will find it to your advantage if you give in to these spectacular write-ups and "kid" the other fellow along.

Of course, there are many other towns where we scraped up this slanderous news. There is Paso Robles, for instance. What can't be said about that place—and some of the students that go over there! Especially, read about Bundy, Traver, Truesdale, and the rest of that gang and you will see what that town is noted for. Also, don't overlook Belle Tomasini!

Then, we mustn't forget Pismo! Oh, if we could only print some of the things that have happened there. You would think that you were living in the days of '49 or some wild-west town. We have one product of Pismo here at school, and he isn't a clam, either. Have you ever noticed that little fellow who considers himself very "hard-boiled"? Well, that's him.

Other towns that helped us to gather up this scandal are Templeton, Santa Barbara, Cambria, and last, but not least, King City. To come right down to brass tacks, we have to consider our own city, San Luis Obispo. Much can be said about the Poly boys and their High School dolls and if you can "read between the lines" you will find many insinuations—but still, no names mentioned.

## More Reputations Ruined!

It must be in the air. Everybody's doing it, they say. It's little Rosalind Venema now. She has captured the "blond sheik." They say he spends every moment of his spare time down there.

A commotion was heard in the store at noon the other day. Several of the boys went around to find out the cause of the noise. The door was closed but they heard Dorothy Hoare say, "Oh Ellsworth, I want some kisses." When the door was opened later the place looked as if a cyclone had struck it. Dorothy must have gotten what she asked for.

They say that Alta and Rae received a "calling down" from their father the other day. He told them that the grocery bill was getting so high that he couldn't stand for it. It looks as though Marty and Al will have to eat lightly from now on while they are visiting.

Wonder whose little flivver was seen down on Marsh Street the other night about mid-night. Could only tell that it had red steel wheels.

There is a rumor that Bernhardt Preuss is figuring on starting on a great adventure. He was seen emerging from the court house the other day with a legal looking paper. They say she is a blue-eyed, bobbed-haired blond in San Luis Obispo. Well, Preuss, Steve Brodie took a chance, and you know what happened to him.

George Crowell did not fare so well. His blue-eyed flapper turned him down so cold that he has hardly been able to thaw out yet. George says he is willing to take another try though. He has been looking around quite a bit lately. I guess he is figuring on taking his pick.

Avery Clements and Dick Morrison got together last week and got to thinking of their sins of the past. After giving the subject much thought they decided it was about time they were getting squared around with their Maker. They both put on their Sunday best and went down to visit the church. They were immediately received into the fold. They seem to be taking it very seriously. One or the other of them can be seen most any time around the Dorm studying the Good Book.

Hubert Patchett had an awful mishap last Saturday night. He went down to Pismo on his regular weekend spree. Something unusual happened, for there was an officer in town that night and Hubert had to spend the rest of the night in jail. They say he left teeth marks on nearly all of the bars.

Harold Truesdale has enrolled in a new correspondence school. He is taking a course on how to be popular. The course suggests treatment in a beauty parlor for extreme cases, so Harold has become a regular visitor to La Vogue beauty parlor: Wish you lots of success, Harold.

There was some excitement at school the other day when it was learned that Bill Sinclair was cited to "tell it to the judge" in the near future. It seems as if Bill's dad has been a little lax in sending money to the poor boy. Bill had a scheme figured out to make his spending money grow. He was caught in the act by the sheriff. They got the evidence with marked money and they have a quart of the stuff also. They will probably be a little lenient with Bill because of his age and other things.

A very important meeting was held last week-end. Rudolph Reich was elected to hold office in a very popular school organization. He was elected to be president of the Canary Club.

Another Polyite has gone wrong. C. Earle Miller has been dissipating something awful the last week or so. He has been seen staggering around the back alleys with a cigarette in his mouth so much that it is causing much discussion as to whether he is a fit companion for the Dorm boys. Capt. Deuel has promised to take him in hand and straighten him up. We are all wondering who the girl is and why she turned him down.

Don: "I'm going to kiss you when I go."

Margaret: "Leave this house immediately."

We would like to know whose big Studebaker touring car was parked in front of the Dorm about two o'clock one morning, and why it took Allan Mori three-quarters of an hour to say good-night to the fair damsel who was at the wheel of the car?

It happened this way. Bundy brought a young lady from Paso Robles to a dance in San Luis. Becoming tired of dancing, the lady asked to be taken home. At Santa Margarita, by her request, Bundy took her to another dance. This evidently did not please her for they went on to Paso Robles where Bundy was requested to take her to a third dance. About this time another handsome gentleman happened along and relieved Bundy of his responsibilities by taking the lady home. Burton says the evening cost him a small fortune and he only got to kiss her three times.

Wilbur Miller is a dignified little fellow at school, but you ought to see the way he falls for the little high school vamps when they come into the candy shop. His brother, Earl, is getting to be a regular shiek; looses much sleep and heaves great sighs by the hour, which obviously indicates that pitiful condition called "in love." Earl says it is perfectly thrilling the way his girl leans backward in his arms when he kisses her.

Annie has reformed. He very seldom steps out with the wild women any more and he hasn't been drunk since New Year's Eve. His only vices are taking chemistry, chewing tobacco, and stealing soap and tooth paste in the dormitory. But there is another side of this story which you will read elsewhere.

Virgil Wimmer is getting worse than Evelth. He hasn't been at the dining hall for supper for a month, and open nights he returns at three o'clock in the morning.

Darrel is a quiet, bashful boy, but we have great hopes for him. Of late he has been sitting at the feet of Annie, taking on great quantities of wisdom in the gentle art of vamping the women, and great developments are expected.

In our estimation, Johnnie Carroll is the lowest of all, but still we are proud of him. He sold a book to Lumley. Walter was slow in remitting, so Johnnie swiped the book back again. Then he sent a friend and collected from Walter.

Fred Muff spends half of his time in the Machine Shop and the other half ditching Machine Shop. His proficiency in devising absence excuses is becoming remarkable.

## ONE ON DON

Oh, little Don went a'wading on the ocean shore;

A great big wave came up and then he wasn't dry no more.

"My A-1 brightness I will now display," says he.

"I'll shed my clothes and let them dry while I am drying me."

So in his B. V. D.'s he sat, enjoying the morning sun,

But on a rock two ladies sat enjoying all the fun.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

William Corbin .....	Editor-in-Chief
Bernhardt Prouss .....	News Editor
Dorothy Miller .....	Department Editor
Ernest Hodges .....	Department Editor
Alfred Young .....	Dormitory Editor
Leslie Oldham .....	Athletic Editor
Ernest Patchett .....	Feature Writer
Rae Mayhall .....	Typist

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George Crowell .....	Advertising Manager
Belle Tomasini .....	Circulation Manager

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## Polygram Staff Scandal

The purpose of this Scandalous Edition was to expose some hidden secrets which might be of interest to the reader, and with the idea that those writing the scandal be exempt from this notoriety. It was believed that this was no more than right, as the members of the staff expect to get theirs individually (and here's hoping that it isn't murder).

However, some bright person has determined that the staff should be "rased," and deliberately put the following poetry in the News Box. To show you that we are good sports, we will print the scandal so cleverly rhymed for us and take it with the same spirit that we trust you will swallow yours.

'Tis said, a girl each sailor has in almost every port,  
And such is true we find;  
Bill Corbin's flock—'twould take a fort  
To keep them all confined.

From many a port he draws them:  
Santa Barbara gives Lucille,  
King City—Edwina—a pretty blond,  
And Santa Maria—a teacher real.

And many a letter he gets each week  
Which makes it very nice,  
But he has nothing, we would say  
On dear little Barney Prouss.

This noble boy, a shiek is he,  
And a hit with all the girls;  
But alas, a foolish boy was he—  
He favored blondes—with curls.

Blondes may come and blondes may go,  
Now, they're all the same to him,  
For Barney has a tale of woe,  
Which blondes and cruel fate brought him.

Fat Hodges is a heart breaker bold,  
In his harem there are many;  
He has them, so we have been told,  
In styles, shapes, and sizes plenty.

Dorothy Miller is the queen of vamps.

A long string of victims has she,  
A fellow's knocked coo-coo, when her lamps  
She flashes on him sweetly.

And real adept, this maiden is  
At getting them in wrong,  
A Chevy takes her riding—whizz!  
But she's just kidding him along!

Rae Mayhall and Alfred Young  
Two names with but a single meaning,  
But, beware!—Al; if you would not have  
Leap Year's wedding bells ringing.

"977—W, please"  
Calls George Crowell at twilight,  
But quickly he is made to see,  
"She is not at home tonight."

Another vamp this paper has,  
A girl whose name is Belle,  
And when she winks at any boy,  
He's sure to come, pell-mell.

Alas, you young Poly youths,  
My poor heart is sinking,  
But I must break to you the truth,  
'Tis at Paso's best she's winking!

Les Oldham is a real smart guy;  
He escapes our closest inspection,  
But well is known the reason why,  
Dark nights and a Chevy prevent detection.

And then, there is our "Line Plug"  
Who's Poly's super-guy,  
And written on this very slug  
Are a few of the reasons why:

A well-known fact it is to most,  
A married man he is to be,  
But we fear, in life hereafter, he'll  
roast,  
For he two-times his bride-to-be.

"Still waters, sometimes, run very deep."  
So quotes an ancient saying.  
If at Mr. Davis' week-end trips we'd  
peep,  
We might reiterate this saying.

So you see how all the members stand,  
And it's up to you to laugh,  
For now we have paid our revenge,  
To those on the Polygram Staff.

## PRINT SHOP SCANDAL

Oh say, Alta, you shouldn't go down to the high school and brag about how many times you make Marty kiss you at the crossing every day. It puts Marty in an uncomfortable position.

We have been wondering why Herb McKeen has given up the practice of coming to school in the Willys-Knight. Now we know why. It had been his habit to take some of the fair Polyites home from school but he did this once too often. It seems that he assisted, in this fashion, a certain little brunette who attends Poly and lives near the high school. Now it happens that Mac's little golden haired "steady" heard about this and Mac had a bad half hour. So Mac now walks to school to resist any further temptations.

Brovelli's mother went buy him a car. Why should she when that little woman of his in Frisco has a Winton.

Now that it has been discovered that "Line Plug" is so corrupted, some of these youngsters around school had better steer clear of him.

Gosh, we don't know of any scandal connected with Reynolds, but surely anybody who has such an innocent stare and such baby-blue eyes could do no wrong. Therefore we will give him a clean slate.

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## Scandal from Here and There

Several Manual Training High School students (Kansas City, Mo.), took part in the Kansas City "Follies" at the Pantages Theater. No wonder so many machines wait to take the girls home after school!

Can you imagine this? Some one in Los Angeles has started a society for the protection of wild life of Southern California! They had better extend their territory a bit—say, up to Paso Robles, at least, thus including these scandalous surrounding towns.

Sacramento High recently held a "Hi Jinks." You know what that means—the "Follies" somewhat modified. Anyway, according to rumor, more thrilling things went on behind the scenes than appeared on the stage! Oh boy, lead us to Sacramento!

Leave it to the girls, especially of Los Angeles. They have introduced a brand new fad, something that is unique and new—for girls. That is to sell newspapers on a busy corner in the fashionable residential and business districts! Gosh, it looks like the women are going to rule this country yet.

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**Answer These**

What sea did Santa Cruz?  
 Who did artichoke?  
 Who did Lompoc?  
 What made Oscar Wilde?  
 What made Archibald?  
 What made Oliver Twist?  
 What made William Tell?  
 What made Sir Launfall?  
 What did Alladin lamp?  
 What did Idaho?  
 Where has Obregon?  
 Who did Arthur Call?  
 When was Annin?  
 When was Alfred Young?  
 When did Hubert Patchett?  
 What did Miss Margaret Chase?

Dorothy (trying to persuade Hubert to attend church): "You remember our Lord died for you."

Hubert: "Gosh is He dead? You don't hear any of the news at Edna."

Mr. O'Donnell: "Prescott, can you give me the tenses of the verb 'to knife'?"

Prescott: "Knife, fork, and spoon."

Don was heard to say:  
 I never kiss a slender miss,  
 I cannot make connections,  
 I want 'em large, and plump like Marge,  
 The kind you love in sections.

Lee: "Have you another one of those cigars you gave me yesterday?"  
 Heavy: "Yes, do you want one?"  
 Lee: "Thanks, I'm trying to break Reid of smoking."

Capt. (in study hall): "What is the matter Corbin, sick?"  
 Corbin (just waking up): "No, I was thinking."

Mr. Peteler: "And where do the bugs stay during the winter?"  
 Diefe: "Search me."

Mr. O'Donnell (in English): "I want you to make a report on Franklin's Autobiography."  
 Prescott: "Who wrote it."

It was midnight: "Wow-wow-wow-wow!" wailed the baby.  
 "Four balls, I walk," responded the ex-ball player daddy.

Margaret: "Why did you fall in love with me?"  
 Don: "So you have begun to wonder too."

Mr. Peteler: "Have you seen my belt around the house?"  
 Mrs. Peteler: "No, dear; did you put it around the house?"

Success consists not so much in sitting up nights as being awake in the daytime.

Lumley, walking unsteadily down the street, met Mr. Agosti.  
 "Still working, Walter?" he was asked.  
 "Yeah, I was jusht down trying it out."

Dorothy: "Who do you suppose was the first conscientious objector?"  
 Oldham: "Eve trying to make Adam think it was his fault he wanted to kiss her."

**Not Particular But Plenty**

Dorothy: "Does skating require any particular application?"  
 Prescott: "No. Arnica or horse linament; one is as good as the other."

Hubert: "I spent last evening with one I love best in the world."  
 Belle: "Didn't you get terribly lonesome?"

Tardiff: "Pfeiffer, if you had any more brains you'd be half-witted."

Don: "There's a certain question I've wanted to ask you for weeks."  
 Margaret: "Well, get a move on; I've had the answer waiting for months."

Hammond: "What did you say when Fae said you were odd?"  
 Diefe: "I told her I'd get even."

**Heard on the Lawn**

Rae: "My sister is awfully lucky."  
 Margaret: "Why?"  
 Rae: "She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."  
 Margaret: "Well, how was Alta lucky?"  
 Rae: "She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates."

He: "We are coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?"  
 She: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

"Here is where I take a load off my mind," said Dr. Wilder, as he laid his hat on the table.

**Ain't Love Grand!**

He: "I bet you don't REALLY love me."  
 She: "Why do you say that?"  
 He: "Oh, well—"  
 She: "I think it is you that don't love ME."

He: "Aw, go on!"  
 She: "Well, sometimes—"  
 He: "You know I DO love you."  
 She: "I'll bet you don't, not really."  
 He: "Aw, honey, you know I do. But I bet you don't love me."  
 She: "I love you more than you love me, I bet."

He: "Aw, go on."  
 She: "I just KNOW I DO."  
 He: "Aw, go on!"  
 She: "Honest, honey, do you love me?"

He: "You know I do."  
 She: "Honest?"  
 He: "Honest."  
 She: "Aw, go on."  
 (And on and on and on until 2:30 in the morning)

Can't study in the Fall,  
 Got'ta play footbawl.  
 Can't study in the winter,  
 Got'ta play basketbawl.  
 Can't study in the Spring,  
 Got'ta play basebawl.  
 Can't study in the summer,  
 Got'ta dame.

Tardiff took her rowing on the lake,  
 She vowed she'd go no more.  
 Preuss asked her why; she answered back,  
 "He only hugs the shore."

Miss Jordan (explaining a theorem in geometry): "Two incommensurables explicitly elucidated by irrational loci are argumentarial and theoretically subtended by orthocenter and is explained by the pythagomborus proposition." Yet they wonder why geometry students go wild.

Lee: "Say, Reid, where did you get that red on your lip?"  
 Reid: "That's my tag for parking too long in one place."

"Won't you come into my parlor?"  
 Said the spider to the fly.  
 "Parlor, nothin'—getta flivver!"  
 Was th' modern fly's reply.

Pfeiffer: "Do you allow dogs in this car?"  
 Conductor: "Just keep quiet and no one will notice you."

Teacher: "How dirty you are this morning! What would you say if I came to school as dirty as that?"  
 Pfeiffer: "I would be too polite to mention it."

Mr. Persons: "Dorothy, what is your favorite hymn?"  
 Dorothy: "The one you kicked off the back porch last night."

Al: "What would you say if I put my arm around you?"  
 Rae: "At last!"

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**TO MISS FLAPPER.**  
 Blessings on thee, little dame—  
 Bare back girl with knees the same,  
 With thy rolled down silken hose  
 And thy short, transparent clothes,  
 With thy red lips, reddened more,  
 Smear'd with lipstick from the store,  
 With thy make up on thy face,  
 And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace:  
 From my heart I give thee joy—  
 Glad that I was born a boy.

Dorothy (after twelve): "And would you really put yourself out for my sake?"  
 Leslie: "Indeed, I would!"  
 Dorothy: "Then do it please, I'm awfully sleepy."

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## SCANDAL ON THE FARM

Farmers may be slow, but not the ones from Poly. Much scandal has been found about the Aggies here, and you will be surprised to learn of some of the things that they have been accused of doing. For instance:

Don Eveleth has done more scandalous things than can be written. It is rumored around the dormitory that he hasn't been at the mess hall at supper time for two weeks and that he pulls into the dorm (sometimes) just before the bugle blows. Where do you go, Don?

The mystery has only been solved by a few—and that was unintentionally. Two weeks ago, Sunday night, he was seen at the show, or to make it more specific, the Elmo Theatre with a girl who has bobbed hair and lives at the foot of Palm Drive. Anyway, this couple wouldn't have been noticed—only they sat so close together that it was inconvenient for the people behind them to see (the picture). We envy you, Don, but please don't attract so much attention when you are out with her.

Poor Diefenderfer! When he came here he was as perfect as they make them; he neither smoked, chewed, drank, nor swore; and even went to Sunday School. But now, well—things have changed. One Sunday morning, not long back, he came strutting in about 2:30, and woke up most everybody in the dorm. There might be some excuse for him, though, for he knew that he was going to be campused for a while—after that party.

Now, Jack Hammond never does anything around here except worry Mr. Peters nearly to death. Still, he goes to Arroyo Grande every week end and if he is watched a little closer, there is sure going to be something happen to surprise us all. Go to it, Jack, were waiting.

John Pfeiffer states that he is through with women! He had ambitions, but a well known blonde knocked them. According to the latter, she said that Pfeiffer could have her—but that got the best of him, and he's been laying low ever since.

Some more about Bill Tardiff. It's too bad that he has to be picked on so much for this issue, but he seems to be the scandal maker for this school, so we have to give him what he deserves. As you know, Tardiff is now a member of the Dorm—that is, through the week. But from Friday evening to Monday morning, he is hard to find. It is said that a certain little girl in Atascadero is the cause. Another mystery: the other day why was he hollering, "Whoopie! I'm a wild cayote!" This, you will find explained under another topic.

Then there is Lee. He is one of our innocent Freshmen, never doing anything wrong. The only thing that is resting heavily upon his conscience is: why did he spend so much of his time in the hospital when it wasn't necessary that he should be there?

That brings to light his pardner, Prescott Reed. He also has a reputation of not doing anything wrong—that anybody knows about. However, it has been heard that he has been given a gentle hint several times by a San Luis Obispo flapper's dad, that it was time to go home. Ask him about it. Most likely he can give you more information on the subject than we can.

Then we can't forget Jimenez; one of the flock from Mexico City. You have to hand it to him for taking advantage of the fact that he cannot speak plainly. At least, that's the way he acts when he's being questioned; especially when he is caught coming into the Dorm when he shouldn't have left. During this critical moment, he wears a blank expression and walks on. Still there is one thing that we did understand him to say—he liked chickens better than any other animal. What does he mean, animal?

And we mustn't forget Fat Hodges, the Hercules of the school. He is, in no way, a woman hater, as some think; but has his girl like the rest of the Poly Sheiks. The only thing, he is a little timid about mentioning her, as he wants it to be kept quiet—so he can flirt with the girls here at Poly. Leave it to the Aga. They understand nature better than we do.

## Topics of the Day

Old "Awk" Bundy has had a few experiences lately. He had a fine blonde in Atascadero who is as pretty as a picture—depending on your taste. Also he is quite a cradle-robber—and that has been seen right here in town! He says she's all right, but she looks so young that he feels funny. But we have to hand it to him, he's doing quite a bit of stepping. One night he started from Paso Robles to Cambria and came right back to Paso, thinking that he was on the right road. See how responsible he is when he gets a girl in his car? No wonder they don't trust him any more!

Then, there's Pete Traver. He has a girl in Atascadero, and he sure is wild about her. He claims that the moonlight in the lonesome canyons about fifteen miles from nowhere is wonderful. He sure must have it bad, as he goes to Atascadero every other day and then isn't satisfied—wishing that he could go over every day. Oh, how these young sheiks do bite.

Talking about Atascadero, ask Bill Tardiff if he still thinks he is a "wakoo" wild cayote. Now, we are going to let you in on a little secret. It happens that he and Pete usually go over there together and take opposite sides of this moonlight canyon that was before spoken of. It happens that little Pete could stay in this canyon for weeks at a time—but Tardiff knows of a way of making him go home. Bill just starts up on his cayote yell and it frightens Traver so that he is only too willing to give up his moonlight spooning. Some day a real cayote will breeze up to Pete, and then what will the young Romeo do?

And say! Have you noticed that Fay Rougeot is really in love? At times, he comes to meet her after school and they go for a ride. Maybe you have noticed them—in a Ford coupe. That part is all right; but why should they stop on the Poly road and talk the matter over, where we all can see them? Of course, that's their doings and possibly none of our business; but it sure does look like something is in the wing.

But, this beats all: What do you think about Langenbeck staying at the hospital with two pretty nurses to watch over him? He wasn't satisfied with the measles or tonsillitis and finally decided that he must be operated on to have the nurses attend to him. And just think, they hold his hand, and even read to him when he is lonely! We envy you Heavy, but hope that you will be with us again in the near future and tell us of these exciting experiences.

Can it be that Weant is beginning to fall for the ladies? He such a women hater! Still, that seems to be the case. Leap year is getting the best of him and before we know it, we may see him strutting around with a girl by his side. Well, good luck, old boy; better late than never.

## THIS IS RICH

Can you imagine what is happening here at school? You can't consider this very scandalous, but it sure is too good to leave out. It looks as if some of our "younger generation" still think that they are attending grammar school.

No, they aren't guilty of marking up the desks, or cutting up in class, or any of those babyish tricks; but have been found playing the great American game, which is so common among boys below the high school age—marbles!

Yes, that's a fact. Monroe and Albert Call were caught in the act, or rather game, and they seemed to be enjoying it immensely. Some day you watch them going from the buildings to the Machine Shop. Anyhow, that is one way to break the monotony of that short walk.

## M-E-O-W !!

Poor Belle is in an uproar lately. It's all due to some inhabitants from Paso Robles, and her cat walking around the corner and going into the "wrong" house. Coincidence? You bet your sweet life it was! We find Belle trying to train her cat to do the same a little oftener. Yes, Belle says she always did love cats!

## SCIENCE BAFLED !

Following the recent discovery of a blue-eyed monkey and a green elephant in the wilds of Belgian Congo by a group of Armenian naturalists, the old controversy between the Darwinists, the Anti-Monkey League, and the Prohibitionists has been reopened. After a second discovery in California, the League of Nations and the King City Weekly Wheeze are drawn in. President Coolidge says there is no cause to be alarmed yet as he will keep the United States out of war at any cost.

Recently a party of picnickers in the heart of the King City sand hills were startled by a strange being, or creature, running back and forth trying to jump on its own shadow. It seemed to become enraged as it found its attempts were futile. When it saw the party gazing at it, a series of grunts, mumbings, and other peculiar noises issued from its throat. The on-lookers became slightly frightened at this exhibition of intellect, so when the creature approached them they were in no moral condition to withstand its attacks, and beat a hasty retreat. They were still several jumps and yells ahead when they entered the main (and only) street of King City. The police force of that thriving little metropolis was dragged away from a game of African Dominoes and the grave situation explained to him. A posse was organized and after a long hard chase and a terrible struggle the strange creature was captured. It was then put in the dog-catchers wagon and driven through the town on exhibition. It is reported that both stores and all ten blind-pigs were closed for two hours.

Many conjectures were made as to what the strange animal could be, but none seemed satisfactory. The president of the Upholders of the Darwinian Theory came to see the creature but after one long look he exclaimed, "It's not ours. I will never admit it. A missing link of the great Darwin would never look like that."

In appearance this weird being is indeed a conundrum. It is rather tall, or long, according to which position it is traveling in at the time. The legs seem to take up an abnormal portion of the body and the feet seem to be even larger in proportion than the legs. The body has no particular shape as that depends upon what position the prodigy is in at the time. Its neck is hard to find and when it is found it is hard to tell where the neck ends and the head begins. Some people, seeing the protuberances on the sides of the thing's head, thought it was a Rocky Mountain Canary but this theory has been definitely disproved as it does not make quite the same noise as that other well known songster. It is able to talk semi-intelligibly, at times, and seems to be trying to improve by practicing at all times. When it smiles an enormous cavity is disclosed with teeth seemingly scattered about in it at random. It has a strange affinity for pool halls and highways. It is not known whether it is because the highway suggests the pool hall or because the pool hall suggests the highway. Another failing that has developed recently is for street corners. Sometimes it has been seen standing on one corner for hours at a time.

Owing to the terror of the rest of the animals, the creature was not allowed in the Bradley Zoo but may be found around the campus of the California Polytechnic School, at times, and will usually answer to the name of Walter or Itchis.

## ANOTHER TRAGEDY

Poor Prescott! Tragedies will never cease! But then he has had his day. The old must always give way to the new. Dorothy has seen something more shining and bright (Jewett). Allan Stafford is the lucky guy. By the way, Dot, where were you that afternoon when you ditched classes after Algebra? The next time you go away like that, you'd better inform your mother so she won't call up everyone to find out where you have gone. We suspect something right away.

We can't quite decide why Dot changed her mind after writing to Prescott all last summer. Perhaps size had something to do with it. Allan is certainly a good deal larger. Dot's motto may be, "More the better." The only thing we can suggest for you, Prescott, is to grow.

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