

Pay
Your
Club
Dues

The Polygram

Pay
Your
Class
Dues

Volume XII

SAN LUIS OBISPO, DEC. 9, 1926.

No. 6

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following Christmas feature stories were not published on the special insert printed in green because of a lack of space. We want the reader to understand that they are of equal importance to the stories on the Christmas pages. Do not pass them up.

New Year's Resolutions

The girls resolve:
Wilma Bardmess, to stay away from sailors.
Pauline Fitkin, to get a new car for Xmas.
Della Erving, to be a future Pavlova.
Marjorie Donaldson, to talk more than Carolyn.
Florence Cubitt, to stop dieting.
Florence Lee, to leave "ie" off of "all right."
Cecile Hathaway, not to ask so many questions.
Neita Haynes, to be a blonde.
Dorothy House, not to go upon the stage at the Community Store.
Clarice Howley, to be an old maid.
Jennie Marin, to be as tall as Morris White.
Carolyn Mercer, not to let her tongue run away with her in the future.
Florence Parsons, to paint and be a flapper.
Mary Elizabeth Parsons, to raise a big voice.
Avalyn Schlicht, to let more boys walk.
Jerry Cowell to leave all boys alone (Art excepted).
Grace Sterling, never again to speak to a boy.
Aslough Ness, to quit marcelling her hair.
May Prewer, to flirt with the boys.
Beatrice Stout, not to study any more.
Charlotte Smith, to be late to English.
Vaun Emmons, to stay at Poly.
Ardath Stadtmiller, never to have to get a uniform pass again.
Ellen Margaret Truesdale, to confess everything to mother.
Harriet Wright, not to swear so much, as it is too feminine.
Muriel Longfellow, to behave in Spanish.
Margarita Frederickson, to have her history lesson for a change.
Lola Roberts, to show how darn hard-boiled she can be.
The Senior Girls are graduating, so they make no rash promises for next year.

Who's Who

Names of great-men all remind us Of the Famous Barracks boys.
We print this list here, so Santa won't forget
Who's Who at the Barracks.
Alexander, king of the Aggies.
Baker, the man who bakes the Xmas goose.
Benvenutti, all the way from Santa's land.
Britt, a seafarer from Brittain.
Brown, the tailor for Santa's Brownies.
Busick, a distant relative of Bismack.
Carpenter, the toy-maker.
DeWitt, a famous killer, hero of the stage.
Fairbanks, a close rival of Douglas.
Pink, a trapper of minks for Santa's robe.
Garrett, who has the lofty idea of being Santa's Angel boy.
Gates, Santa's gate-keeper.
Gregory, Santa's horn maker.
Hoehner, a champion of the harmonica.
Hubble, a blower of bubbles.
Jones, a very distant relative of Davy.
Kerby, Mrs. Santa's wig maker.
Kohler, a salesman for collars.
Morgan, a jockey.
Sheley, a peanut-sheller.
Shepherd, a goat-herder, of Mt. Everest.
Smith, a shoer of reindeer.

Singles

Isn't it strange that of all the girls at Poly there are no duplications of names? In almost every group of people there are at least two or three who have the same Christian names, but not so at our school.

One Lucille, one Jerry, one Grace, one Marjorie, one May. Oh, not a single couple of names!

Now, don't mention the Florences because we expected that. They're not a duplication, but a triplication, so your intelligence isn't as great as you thought.

And you need not think you're clever in mentioning the two Jennies, because they're the exception to the rule!

Florence Cubitt Entertains Friends

Florence Cubitt was hostess of a dinner party given for a group of her friends at the home of Mrs. Showers on Saturday night, November 27.

The decorations were of yellow and orange marigolds with place-cards of the same hue.

After dinner, dancing and a social time was enjoyed.

The guests at Miss Cubitt's dinner party were: Geraldine Cowell, Pauline Fitkin, Arthur Lima, Orvis Hotchkiss, Percy Powers, and Mr. and Mrs. Showers.

Amapola Xmas Tree

The Amapola Club is going to have a Christmas tree, too, this year.

Monday the girls drew names for the presents which are not to cost more than ten cents a piece.

Friday at fifth period, the business meeting for the discussion of a new constitution will be held. Then, the girls will be dismissed to go to the dining room of the H. A. Building for a picnic lunch and a Xmas tree which will have been prepared.

Acting as Santa, Mrs. Charlotte Smith will distribute the gifts. Later, Miss Hope Jordan will preside over the affair as toastmistress.

Four girls are going to relate the first Xmas that they can remember, and all of the girls are expected to have in readiness a joke to tell.

A Correction

Through an error, the names of Florence Cubitt, William Swain and Donald Williams were not published with the honor roll list for the first six weeks.

Quinonez Breaks Arm Rehearsing Tumbling Act

Frank Quinonez suffered a very painful and serious break above the elbow of his left arm when he fell while rehearsing a Tumbling Act for the Dorm Jinx. He was taken immediately to the Pacific hospital where the arm was put in a cast.

As the "Tumbling Trio" act was one of the best, it was decided to postpone the play until a suitable act could be arranged to take its place.

You've got to hand it to the hold-up man.

Oh! For the golden butter to grease Santa's sleigh runner.

The Rummier boys are regular ramblers and

Brown, Santa's dyer, and lest we forget,

I wish to again remind you of Stewart, the manager of our Campus Zoo.

Trent, a warrior of Trenton.

Van Vleet, a trucker.

((Ward 23, please.)

Wilder, too wild to be caught.

Williams, the editor of the Christmas Call.

Withrow, a cow puncher.

And last but not least of the famous men is Emu

Smitson, a regular glutton for blubber.

Aviation Field at Poly

Aeronautic prospects may be greatly stimulated by the request of Poly to the legislature for an appropriation with which to prepare a landing field for the aviation students. This may also give the city of San Luis Obispo the possibility of an air mail port, for, if the recommendations which have been given to the legislature, are acted upon favorably, it is possible that a site will be secured for San Luis Obispo.

The budget prepared by the Poly faculty has already been tentatively approved by the State Board of Control, and is ready for the presentation to the legislature when it meets in January. If the appropriation is made, work will be started so as to be in use when school starts after the summer vacation.

A year ago, representatives of the war, navy, postoffice and agricultural departments of the government held a conference in San Luis Obispo regarding the aviation possibilities in this district. Landing possibilities, weather conditions, fog and rainfall conditions were considered by the government men with a view to locating a government landing field along the coast.

Early this year, the aviation section of the Ninth Corps Area, of the United States army, took up with the Chamber of Commerce the advisability of developing an aviation field here, but the matter was dropped until Poly announced its course in aerial work, with a proposal to establish a landing field at the school.

Another point in favor of a field in this city is the fact that there is a lack of high winds which would make landing and taking off of planes an easy and safe matter.

H. G. Warren, aviation instructor at Poly, says that the coast route is preferred and, whenever independent flights are made, this route is usually taken. He also states that a landing field should be 2,500 feet long and free from hazards. This helps to lessen the danger, because, if trouble develops, a plane can not be landed safely unless it is 500 feet off the ground. In a field of that size, the plane would be able to make that altitude without being over buildings or trees.

Assemblyman-elect, Christ N. Jespersen, who represents this county in the new legislature, declared that he would support actively any requests for financial aid for our Poly.

"While realizing that agricultural needs are uppermost," Mr. Jespersen said, "Aviation has a great future ahead of it, and I believe that the course at Poly should be given every possible encouragement."

(Note.—Acknowledgment is made to the San Luis Obispo Daily Telegram for parts of this article.)

Avalyn Schlicht Entertains

Avalyn Schlicht entertained a number of her friends at her home on Friday afternoon, November 26.

The afternoon was spent by playing cards and singing songs. One of the most enjoyable pastimes of the afternoon was looking at an old photograph album that has been in the Schlicht family for many years.

Late in the afternoon refreshments were served.

Avalyn's guests were:

Florence Cubitt, Harriet Wright, Jerry Cowell, Ellen Margaret Truesdale, Percy Power, Wilfred Zanolli, Arthur Lima, George Sparks, and Archie McFarland.

Faculty Party

Mrs. Elmer Dunning, Mrs. Albert Rathbone, Miss Elsie Huskin and Miss Stella Carse entertained the husbands and wives of the faculty Saturday night at the home of the Dunnings on Mill Street.

Dr. Crandall returned from Berkeley in time for the affair.

Mystery?

Reward: Two bowls of beans for anybody giving information in regard to the ones that were involved in the great mystery Monday night.

Detectives Mr. Warren and Mrs. Warren are searching for the ones who were involved in the great mystery Monday at midnight.

While the whole Aud was sound asleep (?) and all the lights were out, guns began to go off down stairs; about three or four shots were fired.

With all this noise, everybody was terrorized, but our boys had enough courage to go out and find out what was the matter.

Harper came out in his pajamas; George Sparks, in his robe; Jack Charvo, without slippers; Billings, with the bugle in his hand; Mr. Warren, without a shirt; Bob Wright, wrapped in a blanket; Jeppeson and Demarest stayed in their rooms under the bed crying. Earl Roberts, hadn't come in yet; he was still out with (?). Bob Hubbard and Sinclair ran out with two pistols thinking of Wild Arizona. John Bormmer and Brown began to say their prayers. Hair-trigger Chase felt himself at home, because he said that lots of shooting goes on in Ventura. The rest were so scared that they didn't bother about getting up, or maybe these were in the plot. Nobody can tell.

Next morning, the whole floor downstairs was covered with firecrackers.

Mr. Warren is still looking for finger prints.

Galley Slaves Select Pins

The Galley Slaves business venture has been very successful, as their treasurer, John Pimentel, has certainly been kept busy keeping books for this prosperous enterprise. This success has added very much to their zeal in raising funds for the promised entertainment.

At a meeting on Friday, December 3, they decided to have pins as emblems of their society. Gaston Escobasa, who was appointed by the president, will send for the pins, so that they may have them for the New Year. Are you curious to see them? Well, they're anxious to have them.

The Galley Slaves are sure that since so many of their names appeared on the Honor Roll, Mr. Preuss must be proud to be their instructor and counselor.

Pink Eye Takes Hold Among Students

Several cases of "pink eye" have been found among the students.

Every caution is being taken to prevent further spread of the disease. When a case is reported, the person affected is "shipped" home to stay until the doctors think it safe for him to return to school.

Although it spreads rapidly if given a chance, "pink eye" is not a serious form of disease.

Faculty Actor

Did you know we had an actor among the faculty? Well we certainly have and a good one at that. Mr. Rathbone took the part of the "cutie" bridegroom in the Elks Christmas charity play given December 3rd. "Oh you cutie!"

We're proud of you, Mr. Rathbone. You did exceptionally well.

Lost and Found

The following articles have been turned in at the office:

Pair of gloves, comb case, 2 vanity cases, 1 headed bag, 1 rule, 1 pocket knife, fountain pen, 1 book of Spanish jokes.

The following articles have been reported lost:

Journalism text book. Finder please return to Jerry Cowell or Miss Carse.

Merry Xmas.

THE POLYGRAM

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....John Pimentel
Associate Editor.....May Prewer

DEPARTMENTS

News.....Carolyn Mercer
Features.....Florence Lee
Humor.....Gaston Escobosa
Organizations.....Vaun Emmons

REPORTERS

Boys' Athletics.....John Pimentel
Dramatics.....Geraldine Cowell
Exchanges.....Shirley Dunning
Dorm Club.....Orvis Hotchkiss
Aud Club.....Gaston Escobosa
Amapola Club.....Dorothy House
Ag Club.....Roy Bradley
Galley Slaves.....Pauline Fitkin
Barracks.....Earl Williams

BUSINESS STAFF

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Advertising Manager.....Elmer Tognazzini

FACULTY ADVISERS

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Mr. B. R. Preuss.....Printing

MECHANICAL STAFF

Linotype Operators.....Floretta Tardif, Doris Westendorf
Pressmen.....Earl Williams, Don Williams, John Pimentel

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EDITORIAL

Reading accounts of Christmas in other cities and countries brings to mind the universality of this event. Down through the ages man has shown his love for the Creator by celebrating the Nativity.

Last year West Chicago Park Commissioners had beautiful trees transported from the State of Washington to their recreation centers. These trees, decorated with bright colored lights and scintillating icicles, made many children happy. In the bigger cities of California, outdoor celebrations around living Xmas trees are the regular thing. Everywhere there are some who observe the quaint old customs of singing carols.

Tonight, Poly celebrates with a big Xmas party. Smaller organizations within the school have been celebrating too. We are not forgetting Xmas. Let us not forget what Xmas means.

"Only a few more days till Christmas." These are not uncommon words to be heard on the campus now. We have come to think of Christmas day itself as being just three or four days off. Some of us no doubt will be disappointed when we wake up the morning of December 11 and find our stockings empty. We will say, "What is wrong? Isn't this Christmas Day?" The joke will be on us for it will only be the first day of our vacation, and welcome as it is, Christmas will probably be more enjoyable.

Christmas is a jolly time. We say to ourselves that each Christmas is the happiest one we have ever spent. Small youngsters look forward to the holiday with pleasure and anticipate the joys that will be theirs on account of expected presents. However, as we grow older, Christmas time remains still an enjoyable occasion even though many of us have gone through hardships and realize that childhood and carefree days are gone forever.

V. E.

Press Delegates Report

At assembly December 1st, the delegates gave reports of the Press Convention. The question we want answered is this: "What do dances and football games have to do with Journalism?"

Those reporting were: Gaston Escobosa, Geraldine Cowell, Carolyn Mercer, John Pimentel, and Miss Carso.

Ag. News

Junior Farm Center meeting was called by Director Morganti on the first of December. Thirty-seven of the Ag students were present at the meeting. The way in which the meetings are being attended shows us how the Ag boys support whatever they undertake.

Trips to different places were discussed. The boys expect to take a trip or two soon after the Christmas holidays.

78 Students on Honor Roll

During the second six weeks of the year, 78 students have done work of sufficient quality to place their names on the Honor Roll which is printed below. As previously announced, Honor Roll students are 1 and 2 students, although a 3 may be counteracted by a 1.

Two boys who had failing grades the first six weeks raised their grades enough to be placed on the Honor Roll. Evidently the efforts of those of the faculty who volunteered their time and services to the night study hall have been rewarded.

Dr. Crandall announced that no night study will be held the next six weeks, but that failing students will be given no special privileges, and will be permitted to leave the dorms only on open nights.

At the assembly last Wednesday, Mr. Knott announced that of the 43 in supervised night study last six weeks, 3 were students in the academic department, 7 were ags and 32, mechanics. The second six weeks 11 mechanics and 3 ags had not brought up their work.

The general averages show that boys living in the dormitories have higher grades than those living at home or in town.

The distribution of failures is as follows: Dorm, 23; Barracks, 10; Aud, 10; town, 29; total, 72.

In comparing these figures, it is necessary to remember that there are more students living at the Dorm than at the Aud or Barracks.

Those on the Honor Roll for the second six weeks period are as follows:

Fernando Alba, Edward Banks, Albert Blackburn, Carroll Boots, F. W. Bowden, Roy Bradley, Russell Carter, Kenneth Clink, John Costello, Frederic Danielson, Roswell Dieffenhauser, Shirley Dunning, Della Erving, Pauline Fitkin, Wilford Fredericksen, William Frederickson, Dennis Gregory, Elmer Harper, Edward Hartzler, Gordon Hazelhurst, Orvis Hotchkiss, Dorothy House, John Hubler, Edward Isola, George Isola, Kenneth Kramas, Ernest Lassale, Asa Lee, Florence Lee, George Leonard, Byron Lofton, Ralph Lutzow, Lloyd Marsh, Charles Mallory, Jennie McClellan, Archie McFarlane, Carolyn Mercer, Hugh Milburn, Bruce Miles, Gordon Mills, Theo. Mills, Verdi Mills, Delbert Mori, Yancy O'Neil, Florence Parsons, Mary Elizabeth Parsons, Neyman Pickard, Donald Pierce, John Pimentel, Donald Price, May Prewer, Earl Roberts, Leonard Sinclair, Charlotte Smith, Paul Smith, Lester Spillers, Ellsworth Stewart, Lucille Sterling, Otis Stiverson, Beatrice Stout, Willard Stout, Theodore Studle, George Sullivan, Floretta Tardif, Dick Tartaglia, Leonard Tate, Elmer Tognazzini, Raymond Traver, William Trent, Leland Tver, Honore Vandenberg, Robert Warden, Philip West, Doris Westendorf, Donald Williams, Earl Williams, Robert Wright, Jutaro Yamagishi.

POLY CHATTER

Have you heard the news? One of Earl Roberts' friends died, and he had to buy a black tie to go to the funeral, so now he has a tie to wear with his uniform for the first time since school started.

Willard Stout, who has been the school's bookworm for some time, will have to watch his title, for he has some very formidable competition in the form of "Angel face" Roberts, and George Leonard.

Motherly advice received by Leonard Sinclair from one of Poly's fair sex November 24, "Keep your head under cover, dear, as it might warp."

Leland Tver returned from his Thanksgiving vacation with a broken arm. We're sorry Leland.

Mrs. Mitchell who has been away on a visit has returned to make salads for us again. She seems to have recovered from her accident, and is as capable and peppy as ever.

Frank Quinonez met with an accident last Thursday night, when he fell from the trapez and lit on his right arm, breaking it just above the elbow.

Two ambitious Dorm fellows don their track suits each morning, and run around the track a half dozen times before breakfast. The two Paulo Nurmis are Ed Schmidt and Ciro Barbara.

Lloyd Givens was one of the unfortunate boys who had the end of his finger cut off in the planer, last week. The boxing burnt out, causing the planer to jump and hit his finger. Leonard Eickhoff was hurt too.

The only reason Reg Rust doesn't wear a hat is so that he won't have to take his hands out of his pockets every time he meets a girl he knows.

Last week they wanted a little excitement in the Aud, so Mrs. Warren went around inspecting the rooms and found lots of dirty bathrooms.

You should have seen Georgie, and Harper washing windows next day. "They surely looked cute."

The other day Avalyn Schlicht was describing the boy she likes best to Gaston.

"He lives in the Aud," she said. "He is kind of heavy, plays tackle on the football team, and has blue, no, I mean blonde hair."

Can you guess who he is?

Dr. Crandall spent from Thursday night until Saturday night at Berkeley, where he went to see Mr. Will C. Wood, State Superintendent of schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Tennant went to points near Modesto Sunday, December 27. Mrs. Tennant has not yet returned.

DORM DOINGS

Rene O'Bryant (coyote bait) has at last caught his first coyote in his trap. Rene has set several traps around the hills for coyotes and intends to go in the fur trade. He brought the dead animal down to the Dorm basement and skinned him. Rene is going to send the fur away to some big tanning firm where it will bring him five dollars. Blackburn only lost five dollars on the coyote bet with Rene, but he is mighty glad he caught the coyote because he has tried so long.

Raymond Brown, an Ag. student, has left the Dorm and moved to the creamery where he will be closer to his project.

Last Saturday Robert Blackburn trapped four coons and shot the leg off of a coyote. Several weeks ago he trapped a skunk. He is getting to be quite an efficient trapper.

Harry Bowles, a Dorm boy, has left us and has gone home to stay.

R. Wilkins

Who is that boy that looks so good in knickers? Who is it who says he has such good looking legs? For

further particulars, see Bill Duffen. There are a few fellows in the Dorm who are radio fans. Roy Crowell has just constructed a set and has it working. Pickard is also constructing one. Swain has had one going. Floyd Bell has had one all year and little Boon is thinking of buying Blackburn's.

O'Bryant is sporting a black (blue) eye and Farley is nursing a horn on his head as a result of a brawl Sunday evening.

W. Swain

BARRACKS BREEZES

Those wishing to take phoning lessons drop in at the Barracks sometime between 6:30 and 7:15 p. m., and they will gladly be given by a number of the boys who are quite expert at the "art."

Edwin Alexander wishes to thank those who suffered and sympathized with him in his recent loss of four pigs.

We are all wondering why "Happy" has so much work stacked on him all the time. We know he isn't a fellow to break regulations and stay out after 11:00 p. m. We are quite worried about it.

One thing we fellows of the Barracks don't lack is music, if it could be called that. There is almost every kind of instrument played here, not excepting that moaning saxophone of Kenneth Sheley's, although it is a unanimous vote that the Ukes hold sway when it comes to making the noise.

We have one in our midst, in the person of Dennis Gregory, who is considerably worried on how he is going to get home the 10th. As some of us know, Dennis has a Ford but it is being kept on cold storage over in the auto shop. We hate to see you have to walk, Dennis.

The barracks is holding its own very good in occupancy. Although several of the fellows have left, there has always been some one to take their place and all of the rooms at present are full.

David Carpenter, our sheik, is expecting his father and the car Thursday, so watch out girls he might pick on any of you.

To our minds, Harold Ward has the most distinguished looking Ford on the campus. If you don't believe us, take a look at it.

Carl Sheppard brought back a victrola with him after Thanksgiving and thanks to his hospitality we now have the pleasure of listening to some real good music as he has some of the latest pieces.

AUD DOINGS

The Auditorium was left nearly empty during Thanksgiving vacation. Nearly everybody went home. Out of 50 occupants, 15 were left.

Thanksgiving Dinner

"Of course we had turkeys—three of them." The dinner was served family style, with Mr. Mitchell, Miss Chase, Captain Duell and Dr. Crandall serving.

As the tables were only set for seventy, some of the boys had to eat in the kitchen. At least they had enough to eat; if in doubt, ask John Mitchell. Dr. Crandall made the statement that he had seen thieves eat, but they did not eat half what the boys did.

As there were 91 present instead of 70, there was a premium on the turkey, but there was plenty of other good things.

After dinner, there was a short program consisting of speeches. Rev. Hart talked about the advantages of Poly, and Burton Crandall pictured the rooting section at U. C. so effectively that we all wished we could see a big game. Dr. Crandall spoke of the increased enrollment.

The program ended with the singing of the school song.

Capt. Duell: Larry, Larry. I've spoken to you fourteen times, if it's been once, and if I have to speak a second time, you'll have to leave the room.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The "Children's" Party

"Marien, do you really think we'll get to see Santa Claus tonight? Honest Injun?" asked Elsie Haskin of her-chum Marien Knox.

"Oh, Elsie, won't it be wonderful? Yes, I really think so. Why, the invitation said, 'Santa will be there.' Don't you remember? It must."

"Girls, girls," called a voice, and turning around, they saw Margaret Chase running toward them. "Girls, you are going tonight? Won't it be fun to see Santa again? Why, I haven't seen him for one whole year! Bye, I'm in a hurry. See you tonight," and away she went.

"Marien and Elsie," said Margaret Hansen who had come up with Stella Carae, "there is a Santa Claus, ain't there? Some fellows here at school are trying to tell us there ain't."

All looked at her in amazement. "Why, why," gasped Marien. "Why, there must be. How else, why there Oh, dear," cried Elsie, searching for her hanky.

"Well, girls, let's go ask some of the boys. I just saw a bunch around the corner," said Stella soothingly, putting her arm around Elsie, who was sobbing bitterly. "Come, dear."

The girls started, and, as they went, they picked up Hope Jordan, and Pearl Knott who were told the astonishing news. They looked all over the campus, but could find the boys nowhere, so they wisely decided to find out for themselves that night. When evening came, all the "children" assembled at the Crandall Cottage. Santa wasn't expected until around nine o'clock, so they spent the first part of the evening playing games and eating their frozen custard and cake. No coffee or tea was served as it would be injurious to the health of the little dears; therefore, warm chocolate was the drink.

When the clock chimed nine, the folding doors into the dining hall were opened. Signs of rapture and gasps of wonderment escaped from the "children" as they saw the beautifully decorated tree, and, best of all, dear old Santa standing beside it, laughing at the youngsters.

After a jolly little talk, given by Saint Nick himself, telling them about his cold home up north and his lovely reindeer, he began distributing the gifts which were loading the tree.

Alfred Agosti became the proud possessor of a little bank to keep all the pennies brought in by ticket sellers during the football season. Alfred said that he was glad to get this because the change was wearing a hole in his pantaloons pocket. A very useful and much needed gift was handed to Lynn—a speedometer. John

Ball was astonished when, upon untying his package, he found a baby doll, and everybody laughed when John Perozzi carefully unwrapped a pot of rouge!

Evabelle Long-Fuller and Walter Smith became so excited that they dashed around the tree after each other, until Walter ran into Dr. Crandall, upsetting him and breaking the lovely bottle of hair tonic which he had just received.

A book of card tricks put Elmer Dunning in a corner for the rest of the evening.

Suddenly something went wrong. Al Rathbone and Jack Stout began fighting. Doctor Crandall separated them, and punished them for their unruly conduct by taking their candy and orange away. They sulked all during the giving out of the remainder of the presents.

When Louis McFarland opened his package, a fierce-looking Lucanuscervus jumped out. The Doctor's best girl, who was standing near, screamed. Louis picked the creature up, calmly stowing it away in his bulging pocket, while he watched Glenn Warren open a package which was found to contain a pair of very musical shoes.

At that moment, a tinkling sound was heard near the top of the tree. Santa Claus reached up and took down an alarm clock which he handed to Ed Cunningham who shouted with glee.

"Peep, peep" came from the inside of Geo. Wilder's little bundle. George sat down on the floor and carefully unwrapped it. Out popped one of the dearest, littlest, chiest imaginable.

Merrit Smith, at that moment, began beating frantically on his little drum, and, to silence him, Joseph Deuel picked up an orange and threw it at him, hitting him squarely on the head. Merrit became angry and threw his orange at Joseph. Harry Tennant sided with Merrit, and soon a regular fight had begun.

After Santa had stopped the racket, he gave Joseph a resounding slap, and turned back to the tree. Margaret Brown, being very musical, was given a tin horn.

Joseph, nursing a grudge against Santa for the slap given him, reached up and pulled off his false face.

Everyone was looking at the time, and Charles Knott, who noticed what was happening, tried to get between Santa and the smaller children, but it was no use. All saw Bernhardt Preuss' face under the red cap.

Consternation reigned. The girls were heart-broken over the way they had been deceived, and the party broke up with all of them in tears.

Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Xmas,
And all through the Doorn,
Not a student was stirring,
Oh, what a reform!

The Captain was twining
A beard 'round his face,
To be white whiskered Saint
For the whole blessed place.

He'd just about fastened
The darned thing on his chin
When he heard dreadful mutters
And whispers within,
So grabbing his knapsack,
And fanny great coat,

And muffling his voice
Away down in his throat,
He welcomed the onslaught
Of nightie-clad boys,
And asked what they'd like
For their own Christmas toys.

Our little Al Hedstrom
Was first to pipe up,
He said that he wanted
A ginger bread pup.

And Wesley and Harry
And Loomis and Frank
Demanded some pennies
To put in the bank.

Roy Bradley dark goggles
From Santa received,
For remarks about eyes
Were too much, he believed.

Barbaria and Edward,
The cute little tykes,
Cheap rings e'er preferred
To shiny-wheeled bikes.

Roy Crowell and Fat Sargent
Both had to confess
That of work they would like
An hour or two less.

Charles Bush and Ben Garrett
Then quickly piped in
Disliked to have labor
For all of their sin.

Billy Swain, musician,
(By choice, we discover),
Asked Santa to bring him
A wee baby bruvver.

Paul Brattain, the whimsical,
Naughty young elf,
Cold showers preferred,
And all to himself.

Charley McCarthy,
A sweet Irish Chap,
Would so like to sit
On our dear Santa's lap.

While Lutzow, the sheikiest
Sheik of the sheiks
Would have Ethel's Ford
To be rid of it's squeaks.

William Duffen, angel child,
Cheese demanded (nice and mild).

Stewart, and Catlin
And Golden and Boon
Each fervently relished
A nice toy balloon.

Our dear little friend,
The noble John Hanna,
Would like to devour
A yellow banana.

Davis, and Barnes,
And Farley, and Hoover
All wanted a trip
To the town of Vancouver.

Burum, and Brayton,
Blackburn, and Perry
Water wings craved
For to fly like a fairy.

Lofton, and Miller,
And Roberts, and Stone
Were crying aloud
For a sax that would moan.

While Tieman, and Tiedrow,
And Orvis, and Paul
Would rather be taught
How to Australian crawl.

Crawford, and Denman,
O'Bryant, and Bell
Would like to be clever
Like John Pimentel.

Johnson, Marsalek,
And Arce, and Pierce
Would rather be warlike
And gallant, and fierce.

Gyorgy and Gordon,
And Raymond, and Tyer,
Each asked for a girlie
To love and admire.

Frank Keeno, and Mort,
And little L. Schmidt
Each asked for a hammer
To make him a hit.

The others, Ny Pickard,
And Kenneth, and White,
Couldn't think of a thing
That would make Xmas right.

We must finish this jingle
Before they all fight
So we'll just end it up
With a cheery: "Good Night."
And a Merry Xmas.

GALLEY SLAVES' NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

We, the Galley Slaves, resolve that in the forthcoming year we will do away with all vocal training during the time supposed to be used in study.

That we will stay on our side of the "fence."

That we will keep up our notebooks, not leaving them till the last day before cards.

That the boys of the organization will not take any more articles, such as vanity cases, hankies, pencils, etc., from the girls.

WISHING each and everyone
a very Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year.

The Polygram Staff.

A Visit to Santa

Away the town boys flew, in their big airship, to Santa's big workshop to get a peep at the wonderful toys, soon to be delivered to all the good little boys and girls. Boys were sitting all over the plane with their little innocent heads always pointed in the direction of Santa's big shop. Safely they landed on the pretty white snow, and Santa's reindeer were frightened with the sound of the phut! phut! of the engine.

Out jumped Rodney Baldwin and the rest followed. They all dashed right up to the door, and Charles Bowden softly knocked at the door. Out came old Santa. And what do you suppose? He was so glad to see them that he shouted, "Well! Well! If it isn't my little boys from Poly who live in town." And when he stretched out his big arms, what a scramble there was to see who could kiss dear old Santa first. After each one had kissed his big rosy cheek, he invited them in to get warm.

"Look!" shouted Barton Barnes, as he spied a big chest of tools and grabbing one, began chiseling strips off of one of the pretty little pianos. "What are you doing?" said Santa. "Oh, well it belongs to a sisay anyway," replied Barnes.

And there was Carroll Boots galloping along on a big Pinto pony; and beside him was Raymond Boyesen on a Kiddy-Kar.

"I can beat you anyway," said Boots.

"No, you can't," said Boyesen. By this time they had all scattered about playing with the toys; so Santa told them if they would be nice little boys they could play with his toys and he would bring them what they wanted for Xmas.

There were the heavenly brothers, Fred and Kendall Graves, sitting in one corner taking a little train to pieces. And near them was Kenneth Green dressing a sweet little mama doll in her best attire. Richard Champlain was all excited over an electric train, and busily muttering "Choo, choo, here comes a twain."

Johnny Carroll spied a pigakin and up he bounced, to kick it clear over the goal post, which was the head of a doll bed. Raymond Eline and Kenneth Clink were fighting over who was going to play with the pretty little tea set. Dennis Carroll had his nose poked in a book of Tennyson's poems. They didn't dare disturb him. Verl Amend was trying on a new Boy Scout uniform. Just the thing!

"What a cute dolls' house you are building, Ellsworth Anderson," said Wesley Axtell, who was rocking a baby doll in his arms. "May my dollie play in it?"

Edward Banks had a bunch of junk on the floor; he was building a wagon out of tinker toys. And there was Ralph Blinn, eating a little Xmas pudding with a great big spoon, while Barton Armond pretended to mix up a cake in the little doll dish.

Before the glass stood Emmett Carroll, parting and reparting his hair in the center, of course. Duke Wickham was sitting up straight in a little toy Ford with a monacle in his eye. Zanoli was playing pool, of course. Jutaro Yamagishi was speeding around on a tricycle, taking all the curves on high. Harold Whitesides had found a compact, and was busily powdering up.

"Oh, look at the pretty top," said Storm Wade, "and it sings!"

Robert Wallace was trying to skate; so were Robert Warden and

Paul Wilder. Burdette was singing, "Where'd oo dit dos eyes?"

"C-A-T, R-A-T," was what Lester Spillers and Elmer Tognazzini were spelling with the blocks. Raymond Traver and Robert Umbertis were playing with a big basketball, and beside them were Louis Stick, Irvin Stocking, James Stocking, Willard Stout and Leo Studle, playing cow-boys and Indians with guns and bows and arrows. In Santa's bath tub, Theodore Studle and George Sullivan were sailing little red boats. Dick Tartaglia was playing the part of Don Juan, Leonard Tate, Irvine Truitt and Yutaka Tsurutome were flying kites.

What's this I heard? A jazz orchestra, with Harris Miller playing the piano; Arthur Shurragar, a toy violin; Gordon Miles, a jute harp; Hugh Milburn, a harmonica; Maurice Mills, a flute; Ernest Nicola, a banjo; Lloyd Pettenger, a tin horn; Donald Pierce a xylophone; and Charles Lamas, pounding on a drum.

Louis Morganti had toy soldiers standing in a row. Raymond Montano was all dressed up like a desperado with a cap pistol in his hand. "I'll shoot cha!" he yelled.

Donald Price, Leslie Rose, Clayton Schmidt, Melvin Sherman, Edward Isola, Wilbur Jacobson and Eugene Joke were sitting on the floor reading Mother Goose Stories. Joseph Hughes was cutting out doll dresses, while George Isola and John Lebo sewed them. Asa Lee and George Leonard were pretending that they were policemen, socking everyone over the head with their billy clubs.

Arthur Lima had found a basketball rule book, and exclaimed: "Now, I can make the team."

Joe Lewis, Charles Llewellyn, Arthur Madona, Ernest Lassale, Brayton Laird, Paul Yoke and Henry Klauke were playing marbles. Charles Mallory, Robert Isola, Charles Forbes, Roswell Dieffenbacher, and Lloyd Givens were playing house.

With air guns over their shoulders, Chester Fulton, Beverly Gowman, Ernest Giumini, Iwao Hamaski, and Jiro Fukunaga, marched up and down the room at Santa's command.

Wilfred Frederickson, Jack Ewald, Clarence Elliot and Luis Dutra found pretty shiny knives, so they played mumble peg right on Santa's nice floor.

"Giddle-up, Horsie," said John Doser, as he drove Richard Dowle, Elgar Dieffenbacher, Thomas DeVaul and Frederick Danielson, who were all dolled up in pretty harness, with bells that jingled.

Russell Carter was memorizing Humpty Dumpty; Charles Bowden, Little Bo Peep; F. W. Bowden, Ding Dong Dell.

Sims Call had a hammer, driving nails into Santa's big arm chair. Alva DeVaul was building a chair out of Tinker Toys. James McKie was dressing up in pretty doll clothes. Verdi and Theo Mills were rocking their dolls in little chairs. How beautiful!

Tom Sherman was picking out "do, re, me, fa, so" on the toy piano. Donald Williams had found a rubber stamp outfit and was busily setting up his name as best he could.

"Hippidy Hop," sang Ralph Lutzow, as he jumped rope with a pretty red rope.

The dear little boys played so hard that finally they fell to sleep upon the floor.

Up they jumped, and "Oh Shucks! It was only a dream."

Seniors' Xmas List

As unto the bow the cord is,
So to Seniors here is Xmas.
Though they think no more on Santy,
Though they mock at childish folly,
Still they wait and count the minutes!
So the youthful Poly Seniors
Sit about the place and wonder,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing
That they can't go home for Xmas.
That their folks won't buy those autos
With the lovely little mottos.

Linotyping writes our Doris;
"Now, it's just no use to tease,
For, you know I'm always asking:
'Student Body tickets, please.'"

Willard Fairbanks wants a paint
brush
For he knows he's all the rage,
When, all painted like a miser,
He walks forth upon the stage.

For another matching Hankie
Searching is our Sterling daughter:
Dainty, lacy, like that other—
But she knows she hadn't "ought 'er."

And that little chap called Amend,
Whose chief name is really Verl,
Wants a Ford, or else a Chrysler,
For to fuss his next best girl.

Lou Morganti, like the moonlight,
Cool and wandering floats on high,
Begging for a hist'ry pony
For to help him do or die.

"Hits to make," asks bashful Traver,
Though he doesn't like to say
He could run from here to Morro
If we had a game today.

"Templeton for me," says Lester.
"That's where I'd run any day.
If I only had the silver,
I'd move up there right away."

Tognazzini, joke collector,
Asks not for another joke.
Santa can't refund him Elmer;
When it comes to jokes he's broke.

Jovial, jolly Harris Miller
Likes not jokes nor marmalade;
Let him be the Bashful Lover
For the dears of Ladies' Aid.

President is George Isola
Of a class, a club or two—
"I'm too busy to ask favors,
Sant, I'm busier than you."

Raymond Boyesen wants some candy,
Just to pass the time away;
If he has enough of goodies,
He will have a happy day.

Pablo won't believe in Santa.
He has peanuts at the store.
He can eat them all day Xmas,
And throw shells upon the floor.

Donald Price wants six more side-
boards
For that Ford of his, we hear.
So that, all of next semester,
He'll haul folks from far and near.

Wonder chatter of the campus,
Eric Varien likes to talk:
"Just a chance, dear old Man Santa,
I'll persuade the rocks to walk."

Georgie Sparks would fain be homely,
For he thinks it is a sin,
To be teased 'cause he's good looking,
With a dimple in his chin.

Theo Mills cares not much whether
His best wish is right or wrong.
He would like a chance this Xmas
Just to sing a Poly song.

"Being not here an unfit Camel,"
Nyman Pickard tells the Saint,
While he smokes, and smoking,
dreameth
That his grades are what they ain't.

"Bring me grades," says Jennie Mc-
Clellan.

"For I see so many now
That, when typing all that number,
A few more I could allow."

Kenneth Krames wants brush and
coal oil
Just to brush his baby beef.
That he's e'er a natural farmer
Is the old Saint Nick's belief.

Verdi likes the piggies better,
Wants more feed to feed more hogs,
Cutie hogs, which, when they're sleep-
ing,
Snore and snore like logs and logs.

Dennis Carroll asks not music.
He's a Xmas song himself,
So old Santa needn't bring him
Candy, gum, or worldly pelf.

Ralph Bell too belongs with Xmas
For the bells at Xmas chime,
But he asks for something special:
"Power-house pay for overtime."

Shy, Floretta watches Santy
With appealing tender eyes.
"Please, dear Santy, send me," said
she,
"One hour's work just for a 'sprise."

"Bring me brown hair; bring me black
hair,
But a lover bring me, Santy."
Cries our Shirley. Shirley knows that
Gentlemen like blondes, you see.

"Excuse for me, oh, Santy,"
Freddie Graves e'er shouts on high;
But he can't expect to get her,
So he has to sigh and sigh.

Irwin Stocking strides before us,
Irwin Stocking, gaunt and long,
He's a long slim Xmas Stocking,
So all toys to him belong.

A LETTER TO SANTA

'Twas two nights before Christmas
when all through the Aud not a crea-
ture was stirring, and not a sound.
Chuck was acting the part of papa as
he sat amongst them with his scratch
pad and pencil, ready to write the list
of toys that dear old Santa should
bring down the big chimney of the
Auditorium. Around him on the floor
before the gas heater sat the Aud boys.

The letter read:

"Dear Santa:

"To Sinclair bring Percy to sleep
with him again. Bring Rust a new
1910 Ford. Archie wants Santa to
make Avalyn love him. To Howard
Fitkin, a big baby doll with brown
eyes. Escobosa wants Santa to bring
him Cupid's bow and arrow to shoot
the girls with. Scotty wants a book
on "How to be Tough." Bob Wright
wants a bench to put on the corner
by the high school, so he won't have
to stand so long. Charvo wants Win-
fred to make up with him. Sparks
wants Santa to make Wilma quit
honking for him in front of the Aud.
Billings would appreciate a new base
Sax. A heating stove for Bruter, who
is always kicking about his cold room.
Bring another Ford to Brummer,
who is always in trouble with the old
one. To Nelson Brown, a whole flock
of girls. Bring Chase a farm, his
highest ambition. Ernst wants every
kind of musical instrument. A book

on "How to be Original" for Freder-
ickson. In Joe Hammons' stocking,
leave four new Ford tires. L. White
wants a new Tuxedo. Woods wants a
car with a wot have flat tires.

"To Alba, bring a book on "How to
Drill Soldiers." Hartzler would like to
have a book on "How to Make Love,"
he's getting lonesome. Castellan wants
a kiddy-kar.

"To Allen, bring an all day sucker.
Brouner wants a tricycle. Garrido
wants a truck so he can take lots of
girls out riding at once. Hubler
wants a Packard. A set of encyclo-
pedias for Merendez. Ramirez wants
a Buick roadster. Costello wants a
blind mama.

"To Harper, a book on how to re-
duce. A book on how to dance for
Larry Murray wants a watchman to
keep silence while he sleeps. A leak-
less top for Myers. Pickens wants a
bugle. Powers wants a cottage at
Carmel for him and Cupid. Kuhn wants
an airplane. Rickacher wants a
string for his violin.

"Sanders wants to be sheriff. Earl
Roberts wants his girl to move here.
Schreiber wants a pool table.

"In Schyler's stocking leave a new
radio. Vandenberg wants a valet to
keep his suit clean."

"And how about you, Demerest?
I want a new bed that I don't have
to tie together with wire and rope."

Press Room, Last Minute Before Press Time.

Dear Santa:

We have tried to find out about everybody's holiday wishes, but we are
afraid that we have missed some people because of their moving around, or
because of their entering school recently.

Please, Santa, don't forget them, and any others whom we may have
missed. Bring them whatever they most want. (Perhaps they have wished
for just what they have received, the delight (?) of having no "Special
Mention" in this issue.)

Sincerely yours,

The Staff



NEW CAMPUS SHEIK

Did you see him, girls?
He was very well dressed, a black coat, double breasted 'n everything. He had lovely eyes, so "come hitherish." His hair sleeked back made him look quite snakish. If you ever touch him you'll find that he shakes a wicked foot.
He was first found near the girls' basement and, with squeals of delight, he was shown by one of the fairer sex to the rest of the bunch. But, sad as it may seem, he has left us and gone to an unknown country, for when the girls went to look at him once more he had disappeared from the lunch sack he had been stowed away in. What was he? Oh, nothing but a small lizard!

Send It In

If you have a bit of news—send it in, Or a joke that will amuse—send it in. A story that is true, or an incident that is new, Never mind about the style, if the story is worth while. It may help to cause a smile—send it in.

Chuck Demarest predicts that five years of eating beans in the cafeteria will produce a race of men with arms nine feet long.

The Sunday School paper tells a joke about a little boy who thought that the equator was a menagerie lion, running around the earth.

Teacher to Wilma who had her feet in the aisle, and was chewing gum: "Wilma, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Lucille: Do you know why the Science Building is the best?
Ardath: No, why?
Lucille: Because the bell rings five minutes early.

Freshman: I wanna go out to-night, mamma.

Sophomore: Please can I go out to-night? I'll be back at ten.

Junior: I'm going out to-night, Dad.

Senior: Goodnight, folks. Leave the door unlocked.

Last Wednesday, Mrs. McFarland phoned to the Auditorium asking for Mr. McFarland.

They called Archie McFarland. When he came to the phone, Mrs. McFarland asked, "When are you coming home?" and Archie answered, "I am not coming at all," and hung up the receiver.

Don't you think that somebody had a lot to explain when he got home?

Miss Carver: Will the whole class please cover the assembly?

"Oh! Come here."
"Quick, someone get a glass of water, she's fainted."

"Hey! What's all the excitement?"
The inquirer walks over and takes a look. "Oh! Oh!"

Mr. Preuss walks over to see what had caused all the excitement and despite the fact that he has stood many other shocks from the shop, he nearly had to be revived too.

And it was all caused by Ludell Barnes actually repairing a chair without having been told to do so.

Something is wrong! None of the Galley Slaves will help Carolyn clean up her Xmas pi, (messed type). No wonder! It was set in eight point type and presidents, at that!

Miss Haskins: Where do pearls come from?

Grace: Oysters.

Miss Haskins: And where do diamonds come from?

Grace: Poor fishes.

MEDITATION

I wonder why
Someone doesn't
Take a
Silver offering
For the building
Of a dormitory
For the numerous
Flies
That find it
Convenient
To make their
Abode
In the
Study Hall.

Plenty dark.
Just a lark.
Two in a park,
Missed his mark
Result—Dentist bill.

Mr. Rathbone: Why does a hen lay oval eggs?

Roy Bradley: Because hens have laid oval eggs so long that they lay them now from force of habit.

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ATHLETICS

POLY 1926 VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD



ROSTER OF PLAYERS

Top row, left to right: H. Roberts, Tate, Clink, Brounner, Harper, Zanoli, Carter, White, Wright, Carroll, Hotchkiss.
Bottom row, left to right: Duffen, Barbaria, Vanderberg, Traver, E. Roberts, Pimentel, Sinclair, Captain Sparks, Charvo, Pierce, Coach Agosti. (Reginald Hunt, a valuable member of the squad, is not in the picture.)

Poly Rates Fourth in Nine-Team Conference

The California Polytechnic football squad finished in a tie for fourth place in the California Coast Conference. This is a good showing when we consider the fact that in age and size Polytechnic's athletes rank slightly higher than the average high school player.

The Mustangs were supposed to be playing out of their class, but managed to decisively defeat some of the leading State and Junior Colleges. In all but one game our team did its level best and, win or lose, took the decision in a sportsmanlike manner.

The showing of the squad reflects on its coach, and too much credit cannot be heaped on Mr. Agosti. He did all that was in his power to do with the material he had. He has started a team that will be known as a contender for conference honors in the next several years. Other coaches have been heard to say, "Watch out for Poly and Agosti; they'll pull the unexpected."

The student body was always there with their Rah! Rah! Mustangs! They play the game too and play it well.

The people of the city of San Luis Obispo have awakened to the fact that they have a state educational institution that merits their support and have boosted even stronger than in former years.

Season Scores:

Poly, 22; San Luis High, 0.
Poly, 34; Lompoc High, 0.
Poly, 0; Stanford Frosh, 54.
Poly, 2; Modesto Junior College, 14.
Poly, 10; Santa Maria High, 0.
Poly, 13; San Jose State College, 0.
Poly, 7; Sacramento Jr. College, 25.
Poly, 0; Chico State College, 28.
Poly, 31; Bakersfield Jr. College, 0.

California Coast Conference members are: Bakersfield Junior College, Sacramento Junior College, California Polytechnic, Modesto Junior College, Sacramento Junior College, Santa Rosa Junior College, San Jose State College and San Mateo Junior College.

Present indications point to another hundred percent increase in enrollment next term which brightens our prospects for a winning eleven next fall.

This year, who is going to discover if there's any Santa Claus?

Basketball Practice Begins in Earnest

Coach Agosti and his basketballers are earnestly practicing and learning the fundamentals of the game. With only three lettermen around whom to build a team, the coach will have a task selecting new men for the squad. There are twenty-five out for the sport; among them are several former high school stars. Poly is expectantly watching for one of the strongest quintets she has produced in years.

Reserves Banquet With Rotary Club

Poly's reserve team and the San Luis High Football team were guests at a luncheon given by the San Luis Rotary Club on Monday, November, 20 at the Anderson Hotel. Each Rotarian took one of the boys as his guest. It is a pleasure to mingle with so select a group of men as the Rotary Club.

Annual Grid Classic Halted by Rain

The annual town versus dorm football classic had to be postponed on account of the muddy condition of the Poly Field.

Coach Varian's charges are all set for their town enemies, and expect to trim them properly. Not much has been heard from the town team but they may be secretly planning the fourth downfall of the dorm squad in four years. The town fellows have emerged victorious in all past games.

The Aud Club, with Roberts as head coach, will take on the winners. Members of the Aud team claim they have a powerful attack that will be hard to stop.

Close Race On in Dorm Pool Tournament

The race in the Dorm Pool Tournament is narrowing down, many fellows being eliminated each day. Just who the champion will be is difficult to guess because of the closeness of the scores to date. Captain Denel and Jack Hoover appear to be strong contenders for the first award when a comparison of scores is made. However, we can't compare scores and be accurate. 'Twill be a close race.

SPORT BRIEFS

When the Conference representatives meet in San Francisco sometime this month, Coach Agosti will put in a bid for the league track meet. The track will be worked over and put in shape for the coming season.

One of the best pool games, from the standpoint of interest, was the one in which Captain Denel vanquished Alexander "the great." This was a regular scheduled tournament game. The score was 25-7. As the race narrows to fewer contestants the interest increases. Some good games are looked for.

Rainy Weather Halts Tennis Tournament

Rainy weather halted all play-offs in the tennis tournament for the past two weeks. The contestants hope to renew play in order to decide on a winner to be crowned champion, and to receive the certificate award.

Basketball Schedule

Dec. 10—open.
Jan. 7—open.
Jan. 14-15—open.
Jan. 21-22—Chico State—here.
Jan. 28-29—San Mateo J. C.—here.
Feb. 1—Santa Barbara State—here.
Feb. 4-5—Modesto J. C.—Modesto.
Feb. 11-12—open.
Feb. 18-19—open.
Feb. 21-22—San Jose State—San Jose.
Feb. 25-26—Sacramento J. C.—here.
TENTATIVE
Feb. 4-5—Bakersfield J. C.—Bakersfield.
Feb. 14—Santa Barbara—Santa Barbara.

Letters Won by Members of the Football Squad

The Coach reports the following men as having played the required number of hours to earn the black letter or star: Brounner, Carter, Clink, Charvo, Carroll, Harper, Pierce, Roberts, Sparks (captain), Tate, Traver, White, Zanoli. The athletic committee will vote the letters to the above men and awards will be made possibly today.

Some hope is being held for the other men of the squad who didn't put in quite enough time for a letter. It has been proposed that they be awarded a two color circle P with an orange field and green letter. This has not been definitely decided on the committee on awards has yet to meet and vote on the proposition.

Faculty Book Club

The Faculty Book Club met Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith.

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