Only a Dream.

The evening mail for the Dormitory had been placed in the rack and a crowd gathered closely around, each one anxious to see if he was among the lucky ones. As one of those nearest the rack called out the names the lucky one would crowd a little closer, with some remark such as, "About time it was getting here," "haven't had a letter for a week," "At last," get his letter and go to some quiet corner to read it.

As one of the fellows took his letter and saw the post mark, a half pleased, half puzzled look came over his face. Opening the letter he pulled out a closely written sheet in which was folded a small paper. He stopped, unfolded it and when he saw what it was yelled and made a dive for his room. Locking his door he sat down at the desk and sat there for a minute gazing at the small white paper, held tightly in his trembling hands. He read, "Pay to the order of Roy B. Fancher, seventy dollars. Signed James C. Nolton." From Uncle Jim! It was meant for him all right. What on earth had struck him to be so generous all of a sudden. Of course Uncle wasn't a "tightwad." But seventy dollars! It was unbelievable.

The mail had arrived late, and too happy to study, Roy went to bed, after carefully tucking the check and the letter which he had re-read several times, under his pillow.

As he lay there, too excited to sleep, staring up at the ceiling, his first thought was to pay the fellows the money he owed them, then he thought of his watch and ring. The first was a gift from his mother, and he would redeem it the first thing in the morning. It had made him uncomfortable every
time he thought of the use he had made of it. Now he could get the suit he had been wanting, also a new pair of "kicks," the kind the fellows were all wearing.

And Marian, ah! there was a girl for you! A big box of her favorite candy, and a bouquet of roses would accompany him Friday night when he called on her, and next week they would have the best seats in the dress circle at the Park Theatre.

Of a sudden he wondered how it happened that Uncle Jim had sent seventy dollars. Why didn’t he make it fifty, seventy-five, or even a hundred? Let’s see! With the thirty Dad had sent that made an even hundred dollars for that month. He hugged himself with delight, for never in that school had any one been so rich at one time. Think of it, a hundred dollars all for himself. It had been one of the greatest wishes of his school life to have a hundred for one month. Then it dawned over him that he had confided this desire to his uncle when home Christmas vacation and now his wish was fulfilled.

Roy fell to dreaming again. What a figure he would cut at the League track meet which was only three Saturdays off. By jinks! that’s what he’d do, — get his bunch together and hire the fastest machine in the town for the trip over to the meet, and a big supper at the Tavern afterwards, for then all training would be over, as this meet was the climax to a long hard season’s training. Piles and piles of good things to eat and drink; he could feel the warm fragrant wine trickling down his throat even now.

Roy finally dozed off, pictures of one good time after another chasing each other through his brain. He had been asleep for some time when he was awakened by feeling something move under his pillow. Instantly he sat up only to receive a sharp blow in the face which stunned him for an instant, and as his brain cleared he saw the thief just crawling through the window. He made a desperate grab at the dim object only to find the window vacant and then he sank back to make a frantic search under his pillow for the check. He received a blow on the back of the head, heard a voice, and turned to see in the doorway a group of grinning fellows. His heart felt like a lump of lead as he realized it was only a dream.
First Lesson as a Cow-boy.

Between my home town and a near by camp in the mountains is one of the best cattle ranges of Colorado. Through most of the year there is one place known as the Coal Creek Mesa, that is always thickly dotted with Mexican long-horns.

Imagine a boy in a cattle country that does not at least once, have the ambition to be an expert roper or an all around cow-boy! As I had to cross this Mesa once each day a lariat formed part of my equipment. Nothing was more of a temptation to me than roping young calves. Although their mothers would occasionally feel like taking their parts, it was fun.

One day, as usual, I was coming across alone, and just jogging along with a string of pack horses in the lead. A certain calf, although almost as large as my horse, offered a mark and a victim to a careless throw.

The next thing to do, of course, was to throw him, and get my rope loose. The flanking system is preferable but in this case not being equal to the husky calf, I tried the system of grabbing both off legs and bunting him over. After placing a few of his feet in various parts of my body, he resented the treatment and started to run off with my six hundred and fifty pound Indian Cayuse, who proceeded to fall down a few times and then run too. They disappeared down the canon, and I started that way on foot. I found my horse looking wise and expectant, with the saddle pulled on one side and enough left of a thirty-five foot rope to tie to a halter.
"Yes, I shall have some of the finest chickens you ever saw in about three weeks. Got the eggs from Cousin John from Peteluma Friday, and set them yesterday. I know they will come out fine because I set them under my old Plymouth Rock, the best old hen in the flock."

The above was spoken by my next door neighbor. She was a kind-hearted soul but was always telling me what she had or was going to have, and it always was better than any other of its kind. She rattled on for fully an hour about those coming chickens, what fine breeds they were, and the profits made on them. To hear her talk on the subject was enough to make a "wooden Indian smile" for she thought she was going to get rich all at once.

Days passed quietly by with my neighbor coming in now and then and talking about those wonderful chickens. Whenever she got started on the subject I just sat and groaned, for I knew it meant chickens, chickens, chickens, for an hour or more.

One afternoon about a week after the chickens hatched she came over but never a word did she say about chickens, and just as she was about to go I said, "O, Mary, I want to show you my little chickens that have just hatched, they are the cutest things you ever saw, and are really fine looking chickens."

We went chattering out to the back yard to a small chicken coop. Mary glanced at the chickens and then at me, "You wretch," she cried, "you exchanged those eggs I had for some from your common hens!"
Bruin and the Maul.

One day while Uncle Joe was splitting rails, with a maul and wedge, the maul flew off the handle. I was standing near and ran to get it. When I brought it back Uncle told me the following story:

"In 1873 while my partner and I were splitting wood, a maul did the very same thing as this one did, but as luck would have it, it struck my unlucky partner on the knee. This put him out of a job for that day, and a few more as it proved.

Well, I got the maul, tied it up to a limb by a stout cord, and then took my partner to camp. It was about a week before I went back for the maul. The snow was deep and there was a thin crust on top of it.

When I drew near to where I had left the maul I heard the crust break with a crunch. I got into a thicket and as soon as I could find a hole to look through I saw a bear stalk out to where the maul was hanging, about five feet from the ground.

Bruin thought the maul curious, and reared up on his hind legs. He smelled of it gingerly, softly hit a tap with his paw. The maul worked like a pendulum and swung back rapping the bear on the nose. Now a bear's nose is a tender part of him any way, and Bruin thought he would teach the maul better manners, so he hit it a smash that would have broken a man's head like an egg shell. Lo! the same thing was repeated, only with ten fold more force, and the bear picked himself up out of the snow with his nose bleeding. He was beside himself with rage, and rushing at the offending wood he hit it a blow that would kill an ox; but the maul merely swung over the limb and come down on the angry bear's head. This time the bear tried to bite it, but the maul would merely swing and bump the bear's sore nose. Soon he took both his paws and broke the string. Down into the snow came the maul and the bear pounced on it like a cat. If you could have seen the mauling and biting and hammering that wood got you would have been laughing yet.

Well after the bear had got through beating the maul he walked off rubbing his nose. I got the maul and went to camp."
The Freshmen gave a most enjoyable party on the evening of April fifteenth. The decorations were exceedingly attractive. The class color scheme being carried out with branches of bay and red geraniums, and festoons of red and green paper. The attractively decorated room added to the enjoyment of those who danced and those who indulged in games. During the latter part of the evening delicious strawberry-ice and cake were served. The Freshmen deserve great credit for the success of the affair.

The Y. M. C. A. gave a Stag party in the assembly hall Friday, April twenty-third. It is generally known that it was a stunt and josh party. The refreshments consisted of lemonade, sandwiches and oranges.

During the past month two Guests' Dinners have been given at the dining-hall. The first was on the evening of April 12th. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Tavenner, Mr. Muma and Mr. and Mrs. McLain.

The second dinner was given April 28th. The dining hall was beautifully decorated with Woodwardias and streptossolons, with pansies and maiden-hair on each table. The place cards were in the form of large yellow pansies. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Payne, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Vollmer, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Hillard, Mr. Humphrey Hillard, Mr. Roland Curtis, Miss Allen, Miss Carrie Baker, Harvey Couper, and Weberley and Grant Edwards.
Mr. Wyss of Stanford University paid a visit to the school here for a few days. He gave talks to the boys which were much appreciated by them.

Mr. Johnston went over to Lopez Canon for the opening days' fishing. Edgar Duncan, Walter Kendall and George Mendenhall also went.

Edward Curl, Elmer Murphy and Roy Case left for a trip into the Valley. They are making the trip in a wagon and are going to Tulare.

Karl Hazeltine while going up the stairs in the Domestic Science Building fell, receiving a severe gash across the knee. He promises us he will be able to run in the Alameda meet to be held May 14.

Louie Colthart's return was a surprise to all. He said the climate didn't agree with him up in the Sierra Nevadas.

Doctor Anderson spent a few hours here on the 28th of last month. He was on his way to the Davis Farm.

The address at our coming Farmer's Institute will probably be given in the New Power House. Until the machinery is installed the Power House offers the largest floor space for public assembly of any of our buildings.

Each member of the Poultry class now attend to a certain number of chickens. Mrs. Wallace and the boys of the poultry class are much interested in their chickens. It is understood that all of the young birds which the mothers rear will belong to the students who care for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Rubel and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards accompanied the track team to Santa Barbara. They drove out to the Edward's ranch at Goleta where they saw some fine stock and fruit.

Miss Howell and Miss Secrest are soon to be globe-trotters. They are planning a trip around the world after school closes and expect to be gone a year.
W. K.—Miss Gillette where is that funny thing that was in here the other day?

Miss G.—If I had a looking glass I would show it to you.

Dora B.—“Earthquake! Run!”
Bessie—“Oh no that’s only Matasia walking in the study room.

K. H.—(In Animal Hus.) What is the idea of drawing the floor sloping?
Prof. R.—It is because I can’t draw a straight line.

A Poly Co-ed—(In speaking of McDowell) said, “I don’t like his actions but his face looks good to me.”

P. S.—That’s a hunch Mac.

Pedly—I have worn out more shoes in the last two weeks than I have before during the whole term.

Freshman—And a whole lot of the Osos Road too.

Freshmen—“Barney, why don’t you like the girls?”
B. M.—“I like the girls alright but I simply have not got the nerve.”

The Rough-necks met at the swimming hole and initiated one said Charles Bumgardtner into the
mysteries of the society. Much amusement was enjoyed watching Charlie walk the plank with his clothes on. Charles says they are a bunch of pirates. How unkind.

M. C.---Those Senior girls make me tired. They followed Aubery and me all the way home from the dance.

Freshmen C.---You are so unsophisticated, Margaret, they think you need a chaperone.

G. C.---What are you sore about Margaret?

M. C.---Those Senior girls don't want me to have a fellow just because they can't catch one.

Foolish Questions.

A. M.---"I wonder why the boys don't stick around any more?"

F. P.---"I wonder who's kissing her now?"

M. E.---"I wonder why I sit at the Faculty table?"
R. E.—"I wonder why Miss C. didn't help Freshmen girls the decorate?"

M. C.—"I wonder why there were no joshes in on me last month?"

C. B.—"I wonder why I let the Rough Necks give me my annual bath?"

W. K.—"I wonder what makes the high school so attractive to me?"

L. C.—"I wonder why they didn't have girls up where I was working?"

O. M.—"I wonder somebody don't get wise who I am going with?"

Van—"I wonder why I like classical music?"

Whole School—"I wonder why we didn't have vacation May 2nd?"
WANTED.

Van---Lessons in shoe lacing.
Metz---More chewing-gum.
Ida---Exercise to reduce flesh.
Andrews---Chairs tied together in chemistry laboratory.
Markloff---More letters for the Girls Dormitory.
Pedley---A short cut to Wades.
Judith Curtis---More noon walks.
Southard---Redder hair and pink whiskers.
Thompson---More dimples.
Freshmen Girls---More hats to trim.
Helen Sandeckock---a beau.
Dora Berg---a walk with an arm for support.
Swartz---Lessons in nursing.
Swerdliger---More voice.
Prof. B.---More work in Physical Geography Laboratory.

There will be no exchanges in this number, owing to the fact that this number was issued sooner on account of the Commencement Number, before the exchanges came in.
The Polytechnic Journal
Published Monthly by the Student
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Don’t forget those four prizes
that are to be given away by the
Journal. They are certainly worth
effort. Medals and ribbons worn
by members of the track team
have required constant work to ob-
tain, but cannot compare with the
prizes offered by the Journal. The
work needed is not strenuous; a
little time, only, is required. These
prizes are no farce. We are will-
ing to spend some money for good
material for our paper. The stu-
dents who hand in the best story,
poem, drawing and suggestion will
be more than paid-for their work.

Our last and most attractive
dition, the Commencement Num-
ber, is soon to be issued. If a
first class Journal is to appear the
attitude and spirit of the students
certainly must change. As far as
the financial part goes, the Journal
has this year, for the first time been
“on its feet”, but we lack material,
and if a first class Commencement
Number is to be put out the stu-
dents must come to the rescue.
Last year this number contained
about twenty pages. We expect
this year to issue a Journal of about
a hundred pages. Previously this
edition has been got out by the Seniors. It is still in their honor, and they will certainly do their part in furnishing material, but this year it is to concern not the Seniors only, but the whole school, and we expect Juniors and Freshmen to do their part towards making the number a success.

The Josh Editor complains about not getting joshes. Turn in some of your good jokes and let somebody else have a laugh. If everyone will make it a business to turn in at least one joke, the Commencement Number will not suffer from their lack.

Arrangements have been made about the covers and paper that is to be used for this issue. Their "classy" quality will help to make this the most attractive and beautiful edition ever put out by the Polytechnic.

On May the 14th there will be a girls championship Tournament under the management of the S. L. B. A. A. Miss Hutching will probably represent Poly in the singles, and from the way that she has been playing, she has a fine chance for winning.

On May 21st we will have the opportunity of seeing the Boys tennis match. Great interest is aroused in this sport, and a strong team will be developed. Weymouth, Markloff and Flint seem to be the favored ones in this activity. A new court will be made at Poly for this event.
On Friday, the 15th of April, the track team, and some of its more loyal supporters went to Santa Barbara. The next morning the boys took a street-car ride out to the park to look over the track. After careful observation the track was discovered running through the swamps and over the hills. One enthusiastic student from the Santa Barbara High was out trying to mow the hay from the track.

The meet was called at one o'clock, and the first event was the hundred yard dash. Smith of Santa Barbara managed, with the assistance of his starter and a novel way of getting off his marks, to get a lead of some five yards over his opponents. All the men, however ran faster than he did and pressed him hard at the finish. Neel of Ventura got second, and Cox got third. The time was 10:1.

The next event that we figured in was the hammer throw; in this we shone, as Flint only a first year man, came to the front and got second place.

Curtis got third in the 880, and Toy got the same honor in the 440. The next race, which was the mile run was our strongest event. White ran in splendid form, and stayed with Sweitzer, the speedy Santa Barbara runner, until the last. White got second, our Freshman runner, annexed third.

In the relay Santa Barbara became ambitious and thought that she could take the whole thing by running two teams. This was a very considerate move on the part of a host, this being an invitational gathering. Those that went to Santa Barbara, and competed for our school were the following: Cox, Willoughby, White, Murray, Williams, Toy, Curtis, Pease, Clink, Metz, Matasci, Flint and Shipsey.

Others that accompanied the team were Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Elberg, Berkemeyer and Hazeltine.
Santa Barbara won the meet with 34 points, Santa Paula second with 34, Ventura third, 30, and Poly 11.

On May seventh the San Luis Bay Athletic Meet will be held on the Polytechnic grounds. John Flint is the league manager of this meet and judging from the entries it will be a close and interesting event.

The League has offered a handsome silver trophy cup, for the winner of the meet. It is the plan that this cup will be held as the permanent property of the team winning it three times. Great credit should be given to the Merchants of San Luis Obispo, and to the committee in charge, Mr. Dixon, Pease, Hazeltine and Kendall, for making this possible.

The Poly line up for the meet is as follows:

50 yd. Willoughby, Murray, Cox.
Discus Pearce, Hamaker, Flint.
880 yd. Curtis, Hamaker, Malloy.
100 yd. Willoughby, Murray, Cox.
Shot Put Flint, Willoughby, Andrews.
440 yd. Toy, Willoughby, King.
Pole Vault Toy, White, Colthart.
Hammer throw Matasci, White Flint.
High Jump Metz, Toy-Shaw, Shipsey.
Mile Run Paterson, Clink, White.
Hurdles Shipsey, King, Willoughby.
Broad Jump McDonald, Williams, Pearce-Shaw.
Relay will be selected from the entries.

On May 14th the Poly will meet Alameda on our grounds. This will be the largest and closest dual meet ever held in this County. The boys from the North feel confident, as they have among their members, McCauley, Thorpe, and Cummings. Polytechnic is depending on good hard training and such men as Willoughby, White, Cox, Clink, Toy, Murray, Pearce, Swerdfeger, Flint, Hazeltine, Shipsey, McDonald, Colthart, Williams, King, Malloy, Pease and others to win this meet. We hope that all the students will help us win by being there to yell, and to help care for the runners.
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