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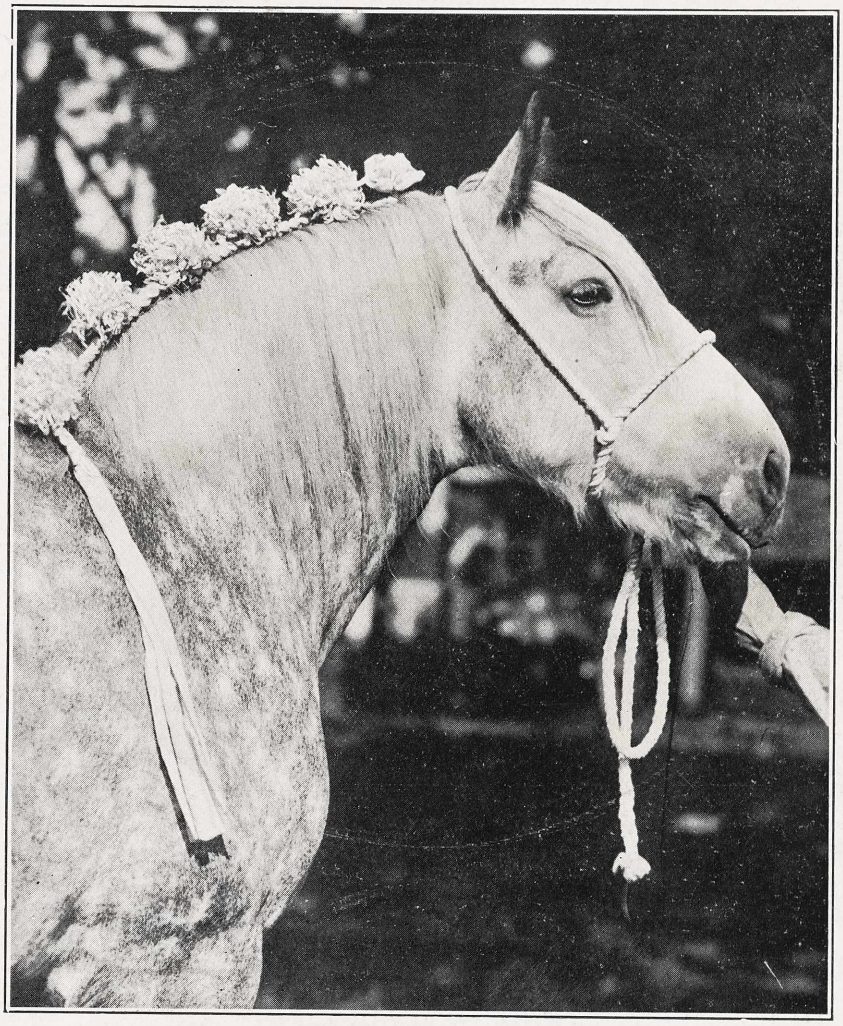

Shalford's Pride

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MAY 1912

PUBLISHED BY THE
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY FARM SCHOOL

DAVIS, YOLO COUNTY CALIFORNIA

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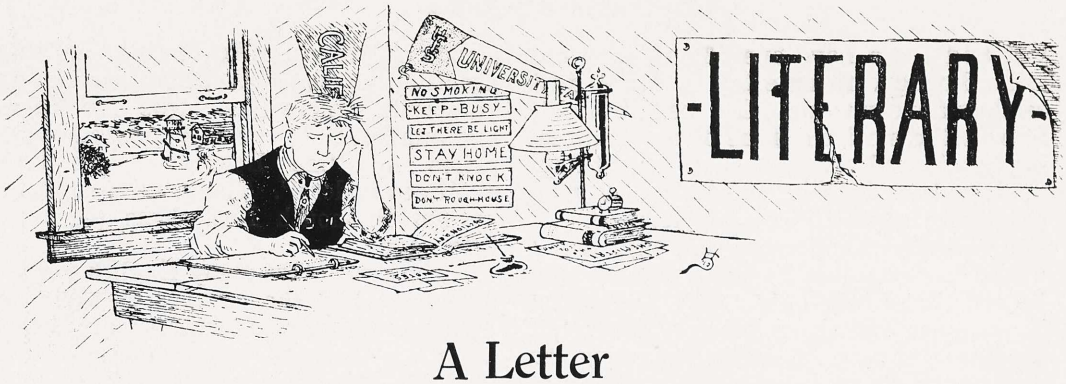


A Letter

Pension Petscker,
Lucerne, Switzerland,
May 14, 1911.

Dear old Bert:

As you open this and recognize my miserable scrawl, I can imagine you saying to yourself, "Well, it is about time that feather-brained, conceited globe trotter was giving an account of himself." You of all men are most aware of my many pitiable shortcomings and it is with due humility therefore that I appeal to your great generosity of heart to overlook any previous neglect of duty on my part. Nom omnia possumus omnes, even if we would likt to! Since leaving dear old California, the so-called gentleman farmer has been sight-seeing until he is about ready to drop. He has refrained from writing to his old friend and "side-kicker" simply because he has developed a case of genuine tourist's mental indigestion. The leaden bulk of mingled Old World impressions does not rest well upon his shallow Western intellect.

You see I have excuses. Since they are shamelessly forthcoming, I might add that I recollect in one of our many confidential talks, in your room at the State Farm, how you declared your abhorrence of the vulgar custom of postal writing. Being a convert to your worthy doctrines, Bert, I say, with a touch of pride, that in your case I have thus far done my very best to practice as you preach. Where others suffer, you at least have escaped the deluge. I won't attempt to explain why I have inflicted bales of worthless picture cards upon other friends, except to say that a man here in Europe is about as immune to the This-is-the-Ponte-Vecchio-All-well-Hope-you-are-the-same habit as a cow is to anthrax. I also remember that you maintained that if a person, when traveling, cannot write a decent, self-respecting letter occasionally, and on terms of man to man and not lunatic to man, he had better class letter writing as a lost art. Therefore accept my apologies for this untimely missive. A certain famous winter resort is paved with intentions similar to mine.

You know how to take the above, Bert. A true friend is an instrument of torture as well as a panacea for those ills of the soul which require confidential expression, and I know that our friendship has been tortured to the limit lately. Your letters show me that—between the lines. If you only knew how often and much I wish you and I were traveling together, there could be no doubt in your mind as to the sincerity underlying my foolishness. You may hardly believe me, but at present I am a fairly good composite sample of a disconsolate and semi-homesick man. I'll declare to goodness that I'm not in love. I've been sitting most of this beautiful afternoon with my feet on the window sill and my back against the porcelain stove, thinking of you fellows at home and trying to sort enough intelligence from my addled dome to let you know that I am still alive. At this rate of decline in ability to think consecutively, I'll either die of brain fag or be a pretty specimen of a farmer by the time I hit God's Country again.

It is beyond me to give you a detailed account of my wanderings these last few months. In a letter one cannot attempt to do justice to the myriad incidents and impressions gleaned in nosing about such countries as England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy or Switzerland. In my case it would be more or less of a caricature. We must save this pleasure until some time when

you and I can have one of our good old talks during which we tell of things just as they appear to us. Let me skip lightly over the earlier spasms of my sightseeing mania and arrive at more recent happenings here in this model little city on the banks of the Vierwaldstattersee.

Personally (and confidentially, as I would not want it to become generally known that I take only a passing interest in antiques and the foibles of culture), I am most concerned, when traveling, in noting the more practical side of life, a trait which no doubt causes people to declare me an eccentric brute. As shown by your high marks last year in Farm Mechanics and your ambition to become a second Burbank, I should judge that realities were of some minor interest to you also. A resume of the trip of this Innocent Abroad would include the fact that, after leaving the Titanic at Southampton, he proceeded by rail directly to London. It would have done your heart good to have seen the permanent way in which the English bolt their railway tracks to concrete ties. What is the matter with the S. P.? Also, it would have tickled you to see the dinky freight cars which they call "luggage vans," and the runty little coal burning engines; but to ride in one of their straight backed, compartment-seated cars, where you are obliged to sit as prim as a deacon in church, would cause you to change your present opinion of our Western day coaches.

The Californian must conceal his smile when he compares the noble Thames with the Sacramento River. Historical association and the inborn pride of the English must be taken into account when first viewing this stream.

You, as a coming expert in stock judging, would have been very interested in looking over the many fine horses I saw promenading the hedge-lined roads of Northern England. There were great Clydesdales, English Shires, Hackneys and Hunters, be-ribboned and glistening and each usually led by some stable lad who seemed prouder to be the animal's valet than that of the weak-chinned royalty who owned it. Then, too, there were the many fine breeds of English sheep seen over the hawthorne hedge rows mingling with herds of domesticated deer.

Among the oaks and on the protected slopes of certain private manors and shooting boxes I remember seeing the hatcheries where the birds are raised by hundreds to be slaughtered when prime by "me Lord" or his hosts of "week-enders". The game is mothered by old Plymouth Rock hens placed in field coops.

I was aware that many English women, who have had the courage to surmount the decadent prejudice against manual labor on the part of persons of gentle birth, are now gardening on a commercial scale in different parts of the island. They apply intensive methods, forcing their produce in nurseries and under clotches or bell jars. Orignality and the usual neatness of women are combined with their work, as it was my good fortune to discover at a certain Inn. A small basket containing actually growing cress and fresh relishes was set before me. I consider that an attractive novelty, and also an ominous one to persons noting the rise of suffragism in the "tight little isle." Let me add also that the name of the above inn was "Ye Fox and Ye Geese." Although I was entirely satisfied wth the service, I am inclined to believe that the landlord was "Ye Fox" and his guests, "Ye Geese." The place was typically English.

Northward through the "wilds" of Sherwood Forest and on past Worksop, Bakewell, Carlisle and Ayr to Glasgow, there is an embarrassment of riches in diversified English scenery. My main superficial impression was of the slow blending of English and Scotch traits and conditions in the people and country. To a person accustomed to great stretches of fertile, new soil, the pinched, rocky northlands give an idea of coldness and sterility which is hard to overcome. There is no doubt that the hardy Scots of old were molded into a sterling race principally by force of circumstances. Aside from their natural love for fighting, I can see why they made the more prosperous lowlands provide for them. Even now the Highlanders of the interior seem to live mostly upon Scotch sentiment and oat cakes. If a fellow could get in there and apply some of the modern agricultural stuff we receive at the State Farm, he might save the Bonnie Country from complete depopulation. My folks are Scotch—therefore my interest.

Not to appear too one-sided, I'll say that I made it a point to look into all of those romantic corners of the Trossacks, made famous by Sir Walter Scott and others. Of course this included a trip on Loch Lomond and a glimpse of Ben Vorlich, "Ben Zine," and a herd of genuine shaggy-headed Highland cattle.

After being somewhat disillusionized by Scotch mists and the commercializing of the country by Thos. Cook and son, I turned south to Stratford-on-Avon. Here I "saw" the birthplace of Shakespeare much as one buys tickets for a popular show—in single file and herded through with all possible dspatch. On the train from Stratford to Harwich I applied myself to figuring a few statistics rather than stare into the glaring countenance of a backbiting English dame opposite me. 30,000 tourists visit Avon annually. Say the average of their weights was 140 pounds, then that poor little, long-suffering building is subject to 4,200,000 pounds per year. This partially explains why most of the Old World castles are no longer genuine antiques. They would be ground to dust by the hurrying feet of thousands if not renewed occasionally.

The English Channel is a necessary evil to make Great Britain an island.

The peace and industry of sturdy little Holland restored my faith in the world and men.

I found Belgium to be a country of fine draft horses, stupendous iron mines, self important customs officers, and last but not least, a sort of mixing pot for the counterfeit coins of all the bordering nations.

France was no less refreshing. Nevertheless, when whipped along at a sixty mile clip through alternating scenes of French peasant life and the dignified aloofness of private estates, one's impression from a car window is that there is more to France than Paris. Upon arrival at the Gare du Nord, the unsophisticated American enters the whirlpool of Parisian life. To one who takes sham for what it is worth, there is something repulsive yet interesting in the continual upper effervescence of this human maelstrom. I don't include all of the city, for you must understand that the reputation of Paris is like that of a woman. The good suffers with the bad.

Germany is the country of "es ist Verboten." About everything a healthy Anglo Saxon would want to do in Germany is forbidden. Since most of the necessitities of life used at home are "Made in Germany," you know about as much concerning these self-centred people as I do. I was from Weisbaden to Munich, from Coln to Unter den Linten, and everywhere I encountered the same strict maintenance of order and the regulation of all industries along scientific lines. England's nightmare and Germany's success as a nation seems to me to be due mostly to a combination of Teutonic stolidness with a love of exactness and attention to infinite detail. As "Die Ehre der Stadt sint mein" is the motto of most Germans, you can see the seriousness of purpose in them. Imagine an American saying that!

You know what German forestry is. Every tree in the Black Forest seems to be subject to some kind of regulation, either for its destruction or benefit. The railroads pass through miles of trees as well kept throughout as any in the State Farm orchard. A German peasant's wood lot and an Irishman's rent-paying pig are two things of about the same economic value. In the case of the Germans, systematized operations and the patient endeavor of generations have produced on nearly every estate forests which cause you to stare in amazement at the precision of growth in such old trees. Spruce and red-boled "rock pines," as I remember, are planted about ten feet apart and are carefully matured to sixty years of age and as many feet in height. When in a "forest" one looks up thirty or forty feet to the first branches and notes that the pure stand is perfectly uniform, the crowns thinned to give equal sunlight and shade, and no dead wood or underbrush allowed to litter the humus floor. The impression which remains with me yet is that I was a mere pigmy walkng in the colossal wheat field of some giant who had drilled his crop and applied scientific rotation methods.

From Munich, where the traveler is in an atmosphere of art, Dunkel beer, and students, one passes on into Switzerland via dem Rheine Fall and Zurich. Figuratively speaking, this little country is not unlike a gem in a setting of various metals—steel for Germany, iron for Austria, filigree gold for France and dirty tin for Italy. I have been here a month and feel

no inclination to leave as yet. The complete compactness of this perpendicular little corner of the world suits my taste exactly. In my estimation Switzerland is a pocket edition of Arcadia. At least it has seemed so to me lately. I might just as well explain to you.

Last month while changing cars in a crowded train for Lucerne at Zurich I was applying the usual unmannerly tactics of butting into a compartment marked "besetzt." A stranger in a strange land becomes immune to surprises. It did not seem at all out of the ordinary when an American fellow of about my own age smilingly called to to me to come in and talk to him. Under the circumstances conversation was a simple matter. He proved to be a witty young Oregonian traveling about the continent with his mother and sister. SISTER, mark you, Bert, and. say, I feel justified in going into confidential rapture over her, but for the sake of space, and the principle of the thing, I am holding myself in check. She is a dream of a girl, her mother is a peach for "coaxing" me to live out here at their pension, and Brother and I have become quite companionable in our "gaming" at the Kursaal and boating trips upon the lake. At present all are away in Paris investing in "the latest" and viewing the Louvre. Can you wonder where my "goat has gone", as the saying is at home? The travelers will return shortly and have already been so good as to invite me to accompany them on their tour of the Interlaken and Chamonix region.

Write to me immediately, Bert, and tell me candidly your opinon of a fellow who would do as I have done. To drop a painful subject—a wonderful afterglow is spreading over the evening sky as I sit looking across Lake Lucerne toward the distant Rigi and higher Alps. The upper snow is a delicate and shadowy rose-pink. The windows of the higher chalets and tourist hotels of the Staterhorn are glistening with yellow fire as the sun fades behind Pilatus. I can give you no idea of the beauty of this little place. The air is so still and balmy now that, even from up here among the rattle of dishes from a nearby kitchen, one can distinctly hear the churning of paddle wheels as the Guilleme Telle and other passenger boats ply up and down the lake. The music of the Kursaal orchestra occasionally floats up to me and now the carillon bells of the Episcopal church at the foot of the hill have drowned all other sounds as they chime out six o'clock. Lights are appearing along the waterfront promenade of the Kurplatz and upon the great bridges where the tram cars rumble. You would like it here, Bert. Everything is so interesting and refreshing.

As I write this something is happening which I do not understand. From the nature of it, I should judge it to be a celebration of some national event. I guess you can see by my writing that something exciting has happened. A moment ago I was almost stunned by an explosion just under the balcony window. As if it were a signal of attack by an invading army, lights flared up brightly on every side of the city and bombs are bursting with terrific loudness from the ancient walls and verteidigungsturme. You might as well kill a person as to scare him to death. I'd like to know why they disturb the peace of a Sunday evening in this barbaric manner. The zimmermarchen here speaks an abominable polyglot of German and French and can make no explanation other than "Fur ihr Unterhalung, Monsieur." I suppose the concierge could give me the desired info, but for once I feel that ignorance is bliss as it is neither here nor there.

Speaking of ignorance reminds me of an incident which occurred a day or so ago when WE were climbing the Rigi—cia furnicular. A voluble, middle-aged lady, one of those self-starting, six-cylinder, three speeds ahead kind, sat in the compartment with us and her unwitting remarks, tempered by a certain contempt for all things not English, would have caused you to gasp for breath and shed tears of—sadness. Being English she could not tolerate wooden houses and therefore the humble little chalets with their beautifully weathered "fish scale" shingles and doll house proportions, suffered avalanches of vituperation. She declared emphatically that Switzerland was an unsafe country in which to live, and to substantiate this fact she had us behold the rocks lying upon the chalet roofs. Think of living in a swallow's nest of a house upon which great boulders fall from the mountains above! Even the fields of the upland farmers were covered with great slabs of black rock! Perhaps if she

had read her Baedeker more she would have realized the reason for the stones upon the roofs. It is a custom of the peasants to lay flat slate rocks upon the snow over their fields in the early spring so that the heat absorbed by them may melt the covering rapidly and give them full advantage of the warm days which quickly follow.

Lucile (that's her name, Bert, Lucile McAllister) and I enjoyed a most interesting little "hike" out into the real back woods of Lucerne recently. This may sound tame to you, but to me it was—oh, well, we'll leave that part of it out. We walked along the Kapuciner Way, where the small white shrines (containing faded pictures and withered flowers) line the path, and passed the white-walled monastery. Here we saw the only beggars I have encountered in Switzerland. They were poor decrepids eating gruel at the monastery gate.

Following a winding trail up through fields of wild flowers and fragrant spruce woods, it was not long until we found ourselves high enough to overlook the green valley and the lake with its many wooded inlets. One felt almost as if he were at home again viewing Lake Tahoe from the side of old Tallac. Being out for adventure Lucile was not content to stop here, so we climbed further up and up anl finally passed from the forests into one of the dandiest little Swiss dells I ever hoped to see. It was surrounded on three sides by dark spruce and the fourth opened upon a beautiful landscape such as you see imitated in pictures. The meadow was waist deep in luscious grass and there was that drowsy drone of bees and the warm fragrance of sunshine upon clover. To add to the charm, we were aware of the contented tinkle of soft-toned bells where a number of little brown Swiss cows browsed along the slope. Directly in the centre of this picture was a chalet which caught Lucile's fancy instantly. She clapped her hands and exclaimed at the rich harmony of the chocolate colored spruce and the salmon red roof tiles, the broad low eaves under which the stove wood was neatly piled, the little windows and the carved balconies below them.

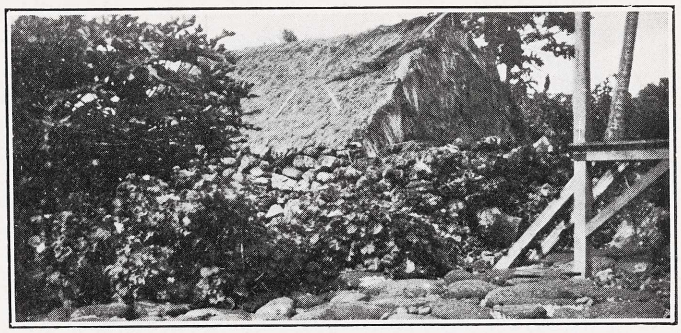
Being curious to see the inside of the place, we walked up to the rear door and knocked. A dog barked at us, just the way they do at home, but nobody answered. I could hear music from somewhere within, so, on the pretext of wanting milk, we entered. It was a typical interior of a mountaineer's chalet—carved wood ornaments, porcelain stoves, chamois horns, ancient carved highboys, beds, and all. In the front room of the house we came upon the owner. He was a large full-faced, ruddy complected Swiss, the very embodiment of the health of the Alps. He sat in a chair tipped back against the side of the opened front door and his fingers ran lightly over the stops of an accordion resting on his knees. He did not see us when we first entered, as his head was back and his eyes rolled toward the ceiling. I raked my guide book knowledge of German for words sufficient to explain our presence, but Lucile proved to be master of the situation. She stepped forward and touched the man upon the shoulder as if she were awakening him. I'll bet the fellow was dreaming of some girl, alright, for he looked down at her and smiled, and from that moment no explanation seemed necessary. It was hardly probable that we could have given one, anyway, as our German and his Swiss dialect did not jibe in the least. To make our wants known we finally resorted to a primitive sign language and our most winning smiles.

So much for that, Bert. We returned by way of Thorwaldsen's Lion, about which you have doubtless read. I won't say what time it was when we climbed the long stairs up the hill to "home," for you might become suspicious and suspicion is a species of curiosity, and curiosity is an abominable thing.

I hope you will let this miserable account of myself suffice for the present, and I will promise to write more regularly in the future—at least as often as this queer case of "brain fag" of mine will allow. Give my very best regards to all the fellows on the Farm, and to the folks at home. I wish I were home with you all, for, to me, there is no place like dear old Caliente Fornalla in the long run. While you are off hunting in the Sierras this Summer, I'll be over here eating Swiss milk chocolate, playing roulette at the many Kursaalen and trying not to be bored with the tameness of it all. Therefore think often and pitvingly of

WANDERING WILLIE.

Ka Luao (The Feast)



IT was raining when the gang stopped work in the afternoon. The tired men returned to their camp, ate their evening meal, and retired early.

Keoni did not intend to go to work the next day. He was going to a luau (feast) at Jim's house at Pohoiki; and so, after his evening meal of poi* and fish, he sat on the floor idly thrumming his ukulele, thinking of the future, and humming softly a little song that he was going to sing to Lei on the morrow. Soon he, too, rolled himself up in his blankets and went to sleep on the floor.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The four-thirty gong boomed its loud rising call, which pealed out over the dark, silent hills and re-echoed back again. Keoni stretched himself, sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then remembering that he was not going to work, stretched himself a second time luxuriously, and rolled over to sleep again.

But not for long. Down the long corridor came the luna (foreman), pounding on each door, and calling to each sleeping occupant, "Get up, boys! get up! everybody out to-day!"

Keoni pulled the blankets up closer over his ears, and huddled his knees closer to his chin. He knew what it meant when the luna came around. There was lots of cane to be loaded, and few men to do it. Well, anyway, he didn't care; he was going to the luau.

Nearer came the footsteps, and louder grew the pounding. Keoni pulled the blankets up closer, and stuffed his fingers in his ears. Then—bang! bang! on his door.

"Wake up, Keoni!" called the luna; "you're wanted out today."

Profound silence. Keoni even ventured a snore.

"Well, if you won't get up, I'll come in," said the luna, and the key rattled in the door. Again Keoni snored.

"If you think you can bluff me, you're mistaken," said the luna, and a toe came into contact with Keoni's ribs.

Keoni slowly got up, yawned, rubbed his eyes, and said, "What's matter? I no work today," and laid down again.

"Why not?" asked the luna.

"I go luau Pohoiki today," replied Keoni.

"If that's the case," said the luna, "come out and I will give you an ukupau (contract."

"What kind ukupau?" asked Keoni.

"Hapai ko (load cane) three and a half good cars, two men seven cars," said the luna. "Kale is down here looking for an ikani (friend); go and see him."

"All right, I go," agreed Keoni, and together they went to see Kale, who consented to take him has his ikani, or partner, on an ukupau for seven cars. This meant that after loading seven cars with sugar-cane (about twenty-five tons), they would be credited with a full day's work, and given the rest of the day.

It was pouring when the two friends left the camp. They walked rapidly along among the cutters, mulemen, and hoemen, to the big field above the railroad track. It was still raining and very dark when they came to the loading station in the field.

"Cold," said Keoni as he sat down be-

*Poi: The "staff of life" to the Hawaiian native, corresponding to the rice of the Japanese, the macaroni of the Italian, and the potato of the Irish. It is a pasty mass, made of the boiled and pounded root of the "taro" plant.

side a car. "I think I go home. I no like work today."

Around them the men were preparing to work. Mule skinners were swearing at their mules as they began to haul in the cars for the day's loading. The sharp cry of the files arose, as the contract cutters began sharpening their knives, while far down the hillside came the rapid, confused clatter, clatter of hoes on rocks.

Just then the luna rode up.

"What's the matter, Keoni, anuanu (cold)?" he asked.

"Yes; I go home, too much ua (rain)," said Keoni.

"Well," replied the luna, "it won't rain all day; the sooner you start work, the quicker you will warm up. If you sit there you will catch cold, sure."

Keoni slowly got up, gathered a few sticks of cane together into a bundle, slung it on his shoulder and trotted slowly up the loading plank into the car. There he placed his bundle along the stakes and lazily pinned it in; then, standing, gazed out towards Kumukahi, where the sun was rising over the ocean, trying to make its presence noticed.

"Little more pau rain. (the rain will soon stop)," he said to Kale. "I work ukupau all right," and he started quickly down the plank and began loading in earnest. He was going to finish that ukupau, and he was also going to that luau; and the more he thought of it, the harded he worked. His bundles grew in size until he could barely stagger up the plank. As the sun gradually climbed higher the rain had disappeared. Now the sweat began to pour out in streams. Still he worked, Kale working as hard as he. The luna, on his rounds to see that there were no holes in the cars, stopped a moment.

"If you work like that all the time, Keoni," said he, "you will soon have enough money to marry Lei, eh?"

Keoni smiled, showing a flash of white teeth, and was gone.

The noon whistle blew; there was half a car yet to be done. Keoni and Kale raced to finish it. At last, as the final bundle was piled on and the last stake driven home, the luna came around with his time book.

"Well, boys, finished? Good job; you can go now."

"Where's the boss?" asked Keoni.

"Gone to Hilo," replied the luna. "Why?"

Keoni and Kale grinned bashfully, shifted their feet, and looked down at the ground.

"What's the matter?" questioned the luna; "makimaki kala, (want money)?"

"Yes!" they answered in unison.

"The boss left only one dollar apiece for you fellows," said the luna, "but as you worked well, I'll advance another myself," and he handed out two dollars to each of them. (Hawaiian planters generally discourage their hands from drawing against their wages between the regular weekly pay-days.)

"You go luau Pohoiki to night?" asked the boys.

"No," said the luna. "Too much work for me."

Keoni and Kale ran gaily down the road to the camp, laughing and shouting. A half hour later they emerged, clad in white from head to foot, with the inevitable leis (wreaths) around their hats, ukueles slung over their shoulders and cigarettes in their mouths, and started down the long road to Jim's house at Pohoiki, stopping at Matsuda's store to buy some candy.

As they approached Jim's house they walked slower, and began to look keenly around them, lest some mischievous friend should lie waiting in the guavas to pelt them with juicy ripe fruit as they passed. Safely rounding the bend, they came in sight of the house, all a-bustle with maids and matrons, while the country swains, resplendent in white with leis of green maile about their necks, lounged against the stone wall outside.

Entering the gate, they were welcomed on all sides by comrades, and as they approached the house by maids and matrons, with the gentle greeting, "aloha". Out came the hostess, glorying in new calico, with a lei of the fragrant maile and puhale on each arm.

"Hello, boys," said she; "come see baby, one year today," and she slipped a lei over the neck of each as they stood together, grinning foolishly, with eyes cast down, or glancing quickly from group to group of maidens, looking for the one which each half expected to see, smiling at their bashfulness.

So they went to see the baby, brown-eyed, brown-skinned bundle of humanity,

held carefully and fearfully in his father's arms. Each dutifully and bashfully kissed the infant, and pressed a dollar into the father's ever ready palm. Then out to mingle with the swains supporting with their shoulders the crumbling stone wall, and to exchange the country news of the week. The old gray-beards, wagging their heads together and telling of days gone by, paused to listen as the boys from the plantations told of their work; and gradually all gathered near to hear tales of "oki ko" (cut cane), "hapai ko" (load cane), and "hoe hana" (hoe work).

"I tell you," Keoni was saying, "we work like hell, but luna good, he no huhu (angry), he say, 'you do, I do,' then he come, he say 'fine, by'n'by you get plenty money,' " and the old gray beards wagged their heads in approval, exclaiming, "maikai" (good).

Now from within came the welcome call, "Ma'ai, ma'ai" (come and eat). At once all hastened to enter, removing their hats and tiptoeing silently to their respective seats as assigned by their hostess. Keoni found himself seated beside Lei, and Kale beside Mele. As they bashfully took their places, a titter ran through the crowd, growing into a laugh, and everybody shouted, "Wela! Maikai! Pololai!" (Good fine! that's right), while the young couples blushed and lowered their eyes in confusion.

But soon the laughter ceased, and the business of the day began. Before them were huge gourd calabshes of poi, plates of the most delicious raw fish, opihi and big brown wana (different kinds of shellfish, eaten raw like oysters), limu (seamoss, eaten raw as a salad), raw liver and peppers, large platters of succulent barbicued pua (pig), immense sweet potatoes of all colors, great hunks of kulolo (a luscious kind of honey sake); while over the leafy table, all unware of their fast approaching fate, delicious large opai and ama (shrimps and crabs) crawled at their pleasure.

Silence save for the noise of eating, fell upon the assembly, until emptied and re-emptied dishes were strewn upon the floor. Then, in accordance with winks and other suggestions from the thirsty, the host arose, went out, and shortly reappeared followed by assistants with the drinkables —"swipes" (a mixture of liquors, something like punch), awa (made from fermented potatoes), gin, and other drinks. As the flowing bowl went more and more swiftly round, the noise and uproar gained in volume, and then began that aftermath of the native feasts, the Hula. In response to loud calls, in came the musicians followed by the graceful dancers. In the center sat the old Kahuna (medicine man) and in response to the rising demand, raised his gourd rattle, bringing it down upon his palm with a savage crush.

There was instant silence. Then the girls began their slow and graceful dance, while the audience sat, first spell-bound, then emotional, and began to shout, clap their hands, and beat time to the music. The rougher element, more gin-soaked, burst forth in shouts of "Hemo! Wela! Ka hao! Maikai! Hemo! Hemo! (Go it! Fine! Hot stuff! That's it! Go it!)" In response the music became faster, and faster glided the lithe dancers, joined now and then by one from the audience, who would show his skill.

Keoni and Lei sat near the door, watching every movement of the dancers and listening to the strains of "Mauna Kea" or "My Honolulu Tomboy." At the height of the revelry, Keoni spoke to Lei. Together they arose; hand in hand they walked down to the rocky beach where the sapphire blue Pacific lashes in vain against the rocky cliffs. There in sight of the revelry, Keoni propounded the world-old query of man, and Lei, blushing and with down-cast eyes, answered "Ai."

Now the elated pair walked down the trail through the tall graceful cocoanut trees, where the wind sighed softly through the tufted tops—down to the Hale Pule (church), rearing its domed top above the surrouding grass huts, where the old Kahuna Pule (parson) lived his pious life.

L. T. LYMAN, '14.

The Mystery of Hoodoo Canyon

"HEY, do youse fellers like mutton?" This question was addressed to two young "tenderfoot" campers roughing it in the higher Sierras; at the present moment they were absorbed in the preparation of their evening meal. They glanced up in a rather startled manner and stared curiously into the dim twilight at a large, powerfully built man who was striding toward them with the carcass of a sheep thrown over his shoulder. The stranger advanced into the firelight, dropped his burden with a shrug, and commenced to chafe his hands nervously over the flames.

"Hope I ain't intrudin' none," he remarked after looking about the camp with a critical air.

"Why, no—no, not at all. As a matter of fact we were just ready to eat, and it would be a great pleasure, I am sure, if you would join us in our meal, such as it is."

"Thanks," was the dry response, "I've et, but if you'll dump that slumgullion out of your frying pan, I'll cut you up a few nice mutton chops that ought to go pretty good."

The young men eyed the visitor as he drew a sheath knife and removed the sheep's skin with a few deft cuts.

"Well, now, really it's awfully kind of you to offer us that fresh meat, but I—I don't understand—," faltered the elder, poising the sizzling frying pan in midair.

"To be frank with you, I don't get your idea at all, friend. What under the sun have we done to deserve all this kindness on your part?" asked the younger man. "Are you some mountain philanthropist or just a good angel sent to rescue two fools before they completely ruin their digestions on such infernal camp grub?" The speaker seemed to be of a straightforward disposition and inclined to substitute facts for formality. His remarks caused the stranger to turn and regard him soberly.

"Well, come to think of it, it does probably look kind of queer to youse fellers, me comin' in here with this darned old ewe astraddle my back and expectin' to be took right in without a word. I guess I ought to have explained myself. Sheepmen usually go nutty after a while, an' I guess I ain't no exception. I see you boys come down the Shirt Tail Grade just afore sun-down, and I was that lonesome an' troubled over what's happened today that I says to myself, 'I'll leave ol' Ieatem in charge o' the bunch an' go over an' pay them boys a visit,' so over I come, bringin' this mutton I found crippled today up in Hoodoo Canyon. Now, listen, an' mebbee this'll give you some idea why I ain't doin' just what any ordinary man might do under the circumstances. Today when Ieatem an' I ran the herd through Hoodoo Canyon we lost twenty sheep. I been drivin' my bunch over this road now for seven years an' for three years straight we have lost sheep every time we pass through the canyon. It is somethin' I can't understand. Old Ieatem ain't no good for nothing except to drive sheep, so I can't talk to him an' figger it out. He jus' mumbles to himself an' 'lows that it's puma or coyotes or devils livin in th' ol' diggings and tunnels along the road. Every sheepman I know has lost more or less sheep along there in Hoodoo, but now to cap the climax for me, I lose twenty sheep an' one of the best little sheep dogs that ever lived. Yes, sir, I lost little Betty back there in that godforsaken canyon, an' by the Lord Harry, I'm going to know the reason for it if I have to hang-up here for a year. There's something wrong when twenty sheep disappear in a five mile stretch of road and don't leave hide nor hair of themselves, except one poor critter kickin' his last among the rock down below the 'Golden Fleece' waterin' trough. I took my gun an' went back as far as Baldy Mountain lookin' for tracks, but there was nothing doin'. Comin' back I rode most of the way with a butcher from the mining camps up at Colburn. He was coming through with his team and said he hadn't seen any strays, so I give up huntin' for the time bein', though I whistled every once in a while for Betty, an' believe me she'd a come if she had heard me. The butcher said that he guessed mebbe the dog had wandered off an' fallen in one of them old brush covered prospect holes that were made back in the

early days when the place was coyoted by '49ers, an' I don't know but what he was right."

The unshaven countenance of the big sheepman took on a sinister expression as he slashed into the carcass before him.

"Oh, I tell you, I didn't come here to see youse fellers entirely without a purpose. There was reason in my madness, as them book fellers say. I'm goin' to try to get you two to help me clean that canyon from top to bottom for whatever is holdin' them strays and that dog of mine. I got a hunch an' I'm goin' to ride it. Seein' as you're about the only fellers in these ungodly parts that can understand my side of the trouble, and you wouldn't mind a little adventure to tell to the gals when you get home, why, what do you say to helpin' me?"

Without looking at either of the young men, the herder proceeded to drop a few choice morsels into the frying pan and soon had them done to a turn. Undoubtedly he was aware that it is possible to reach men's hearts via their stomachs, but in this case his tactics were unnecessary though welcome. The singular nature of the sheepmen's plea won the youths from the start. Something in his big hearted manner and the spirit of adventure and mystery which hung about the very name of Hoodoo Canyon was more than youth and good red blood could stand.

"Gee whiz, Charley, do you remember this morning when your lookingglass fell off the tree and you remarked that something was sure to happen soon? Sort of looks that way now doesn't it?" asked the elder camper, spontaneously. He was a red haired, active looking boy, and his broad featured face beamed over the prospects.

"Do you suppose we will have to be prepared to encounter big game, or what will it be?" asked the more conservative of the two.

"No. Who ever heard of a grizzly or a lion packin' off twenty sheep an a little whirlwind of a sheep dog? What we got to tackle, in my estimation, is a bunch of rustlers so wise an' sure of their game that they think they can afford to steal even a sheepmen's dog to keep on drivin' the sheep with. They're operatin' in a way that we fellers don't savy, leastways that's my opinion, goin' by certain signs I found. It is up to us to go in there an' dig out the whole shootin' works. They've pulled the wool over and under my eyes long enough, an' somethin's goin' to suffer. I was on the lookout for trouble all the time today as we mushed along through the canyon, but for the life of me I can't figger where them sheep went to. I was in the lead along with the pack burros, and the muttons was trottin' along four abreast in the road behind me. Old Ieatem Logan filled in the rear as he always does, beating a tin pan, an' workin' into a terrible rage when the herd didn't move fast enough. Now, the road is so narrow an' walled in along through there that of course the bunch was stretched out for about a mile, an' there was no tellin' what might have happened around any one of the turns. When I reached the flat here where Hoodoo Creek joins Shirt Tail, Ieatem was only as far down the canyon as the watering trough at the mouth of the 'Golden Fleece' mine tunnel. The brutes was pretty tired and dust-choked and they gave Ieatem a lot of trouble gettin' 'em away from the water. When we bunched and tallied for the night there were twenty missing. Ieatem said he hadn't seen nothin' suspicious, except when a few ewes stampeded a little bit once, an' God knows the poor feller's as honest as the day is long even if he is cracked."

As the famished campers ruminated upon their meal and these facts of the mysterious case of Hoodoo Canyon, the herder resheathed his knife, hamstrung the mutton on a nearby bough and produced the inevitable pipe of his kind. Stirring the fire until the sparks mounted above the dark forms of the surrounding pines, he extracted a glowing twig and proceeded to apply it to the blackened bowl.

"This sure is a man's size job ahead of us, an' I hope youse fellers realize that we're liable to be bitin' off more'n we can chew," he said between puffs. "If it wasn't that I got to rush the bunch on through the reservation to Sweet Grass Meadows by Friday to hold the range, I'd almost be willin' to wait until Lonesome John an' his crowd come up from Tuolumne so that I could make a good clean-up. Not that youse boys ain't able to hold up your end, but I just—"

The red haired tenderfoot sprang up from the bed boughs he had previously laid carefully and stepped over to the dis-

consolate herder. His face was flushed and his eyes shining with suppressed excitement.

"I know, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Rogers is my name—Bill Rogers."

"You most likely think, Bill, that we are just two ping pong sports from the city and would run from a jackrabbit, but take it from me you were never more mistaken in your life. You fellows up here in these mountains are always too apt to hold a wrong estimation of us city raised fellows, but believe me, just because we wear neckties and khaki shirts is no sign we're absolutely good for nothing. We are camping just for the wild fut of it, and 'When roaming do as the roamers do' is our little motto; so give us a chance. Bert and I are just the men to see you through this little trouble, and here is my hand on it."

"Oh, I ain't as hide-bound as you might imagine from my remarks, boys. I could tell pretty well just by lookin' at that bundle of deer skins there an' the way you got that diamond hitch throwed over it on the pack saddle that you weren't exactly mollycoddles," replied Bill, reassuringly. "But, that ain't the point. Tomorrow at sun-up youse fellers breeze into my camp an' we'll wander up there, kind of careless like, an' see what's what." Bill pointed off across the shadowy flat where already a coyote or two had commenced his nightly serenade, circling about the distant band of silent sheep. Through the pale afterglow and thin wisps of river fog hanging along the water course the campers could distinguish the dark cleft in the canyon wall where Hoodoo Creek dashed down to meet the more placid waters of Shirt Tail Canyon.

To any but case-hardened campers, breakfast is found to be the most unattractive meal of the day because its preparations is accompanied by the ordeal of substituting the chill of early morning for the enticing warmth of blankets, and usually the necessity of packing for the day's move. Had not the excitement created by Bill Rogers the evening before keyed the two campers on Shirt Tail Flat to the point where the first eastern light found them awake, they most likely would have luxuriated in their body-conforming beds in the river sand until the sunlight made sleep impossible. As it was, their reluctance was short-lived and they soon found themselves walking through the brittle, frost-covered grass toward Bill's campfire. Upon arriving, Bert and Charley interrupted the big herder in the act of pouring himself a basin full of hot coffee. He welcomed them with a nod and thrust a tin basin into the hands of each.

"Youse fellers better down some of this stuff to keep the cold out," he advised. "We don't keep no cups an' sorcers around this camp, boys, as we figgers they're too hard to carry, while these here wash basins fit together fine as a fiddle an' do the trick just as well. Help yourself to the coffee and pour in a lot of that goat milk. I got it last night from my Swiss leaders and there ought to be plenty of cream on it this morning. If you need toothpicks, why, there's the axe, an' you'll find a choppin' block over by the creek."

The young men smiled at Bill's apologetic reference to his lack of luxuries and drank deeply of the warming fluid, though they were conscious of the sickening odor of sheep which tainted all of the herder's possessions. Bert noted Ieatem's absence and was informed that the half-witted flock tender had been sent ahead with the sheep to Paradise Valley where feed was more plentiful. They could still faintly hear the barking of the dogs and the muttering of the herd as it wound up the Shirt Tail Grade.

Just as the first rays of the rising sun penetrated the cold mists of Hoodoo, Bill and his self-elected bodyguards left the old sheep camp and entered the canyon. The big herder was in a facetious mood not at all in keeping with the grimness of his purpose. The companions marveled at this and attempted a half-hearted emulation.

"Boys, I never knowed until yesterday what real sarcasm meant. Have you ever gone around with your head crammed full of half-way ideas on somethin' you could not do nothin' with, an' then have had some little runt of a fact come along and clear 'em all away like a coyote in a bunch of sheep? Well, yesterday, when that butcher stopped to water his horses, I happened to notice the sign, "Golden Fleece mine" tacked over the top laggin' of the old drift from which comes the fine cold water which holds up every passer-by, an' I says sort of absently, 'Fleece—

Golden Fleece'; that's got some connection with sheep, ain't it?' He looks at me kind of sharp like for a moment, and then laughs good an' hearty. 'Yes,' says he, 'I guess all the old timers who invested in this place was sheep and got fleeced out of quite a lot.' By way of passing it off jokingly, he knocked the sign down and scribbled the words—'Be back tomorrow mornin'' across the reverse side of it. While he was writin', I heard somethin' movin' in the dark of the tunnel, and, will you believe me, that feller motioned somebody back right under my eyes. Now, I'm gettin' that crafty in my old age that I just sat there lookin' unconcerned, but inside I was doin' a tall amount of thinkin' for a man like me. I'm proud of the conclusions I come to, and now, fellers, we're going to prove whether I ought to have been a detective instead of just a ornery sheep driver."

"Lead on, Sherlock Holmes. Doc Watson and a trusty ally are at your heels."

Big Bill moved over the rocky road with an easy, loose-jointed stride which caused the boys to forego further speech and conserve their breath in an attempt to keep up with him. The herder carried a short-barreled carbine in the hollow of his arm, and his deep-set eyes were continually watching the turns ahead as he walked. The road had risen abruptly from the canyon bed and soon left Hoodoo Creek boling far below with a monotonous roar. The mist drifted away with the coming of the sun and as it mounted over the canyon walls the feathery clouds were torn into long ragged streamers by the tall red-boled larches, silhouetted in the morning light.

As the party rounded a certain very sharp "hair-pin" turn, below which the boys noticed a long slender cable swinging across the canyon, Bill remarked that the road was crooked enough to break a snake's back. His criticism had hardly been made before he drew back against the bank, motioning to the panting boys behind him. The three peered cautiously forward and saw before them the dark mouth of the "Golden Fleece Mine." Standing beside it was a covered wagon bearing the words, "Colburn Meat Market." As they looked a tall, heavy-set man stepped into the light, bearing a sheep's carcass upon his shoulder, much as Bill had carried his offering into the boy's camp the night before. Glancing apprehensively up and down the road, the man proceeded to deposit his burden in the wagon and cover it with a dusty tarpaulin. Extracting a piece of dirty plug from his hip pocket he wrenched off a mouthful and returned whence he came.

Bill turned slowly toward the two wide-eyed boys crouching near him. "The low down, lyin' hound," he muttered, and walked up to the mine entrance. Lifting the wagon cover he read the painted brands on the muttons within and the boys became aware of a vicious gleam in his eyes which boded no good for whoever crossed his path.

There was the sound of gravel crunching under approaching hob-nailed boots, and once again the big man carrying a lifeless animal appeared in the morning light. He stopped abruptly, blinking awkwardly before the hard set face of the herder. Bill sniffed contemptuously and his heavy-fisted right arm shot forward, catching the butcher squarely upon the point of the jaw. The impact was such that the man seemed to be lifted from the ground and fell inertly under the dead weight of the sheep.

"Sort of goes against my sense of fair fight to have to do a thing like that, but I figgered he's bigger'n I am an' might make a noise if we didn't put him out quiet like. The Doc up at Colburn may say that his neck's broken, but we won't worry about that now. Come on, fellers, and we'll look into the shebang." So saying, Bill splashed up the diminutive stream trickling from the depths of the mine and disappeared into the darkness. He was not aware that only Bert, the red-haired, impulsive youth, followed him. Charley had knelt beside the unfortunate butcher and was applying a wet bandanna to his forehead.

The abandoned drift turned slightly from the entrance and in the half-light were seen many evidences of where drinking sheep had been roughly thrown and dragged over the gravel floor. The two had not progressed far into the cold, dripping depths before they encountered an obstacle. It proved to be an ancient windlass about which was wound a heavy rope. Bill brushed past it, and was about to proceed, when a thin, complaining voice in the darkness said, "Well, wind 'er up, wind 'er up! How long does it

take you to put them mutton in the wagon, anyhow?'' At the bottom of an ore chute dropping off at one side to some lower drift, a candle was seen to flare and become steady as the owner of the voice jabbed the pointed stick into a rotted timber.

Obedient to the command, Bill wound the dilapidated contrivance and hauled a sheep carcass to his level. Making a turn of the rope about his wrist, the herder whispered to Bert to lower him slowly and descended, as he afterwards put it, ''like a hawk on a June bug.'' The machine instantly slipped from Bert's control and immediately Bill became the center of a small avalanche which precipitated him at the feet of the man with the plaintive voice. The candle was extinguished by the rush of air, and while the surprised fellow at the bottom fumbled for matches, Bert slid down the rope and stood beside Bill, who was slightly disconcerted by his sudden fall. The person in the dark muttered to himself that he knew the whole thing would break some day, and also he swore roundly when he failed to find any matches.

''You had better let me light it for you,'' said Bert, striking a match on his trousers.

If his Satanic Majesty had appeared in person before him, the man could not have become more abjectly horrified. The candle he held dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he stared with protruding eyes from one to the other of the men before him as the tiny flame ebbed and died. Emitting an incredulous gasp, and a snarl as he realized his predicament, he turned and fled regardless of consequences. The light of the lower drift entrance below the road was his goal and as he bolted for it he ran headlong into many hanging carcasses of stolen sheep along his way.

''Quick,'' said Bill, ''get that feller; we need him.''

Bert's college life had not been spent in vain, for he overtook the panic stricken man just as he had left the tunnel mouth. In full confidence he reached forward to collar his quarry when suddenly the fellow dodged and caught him a stunning blow in the face. Taken by surprise Bert stopped, and as he did so, the pursued individual shot out into midair upon the suspended cable trolley which the boy had noticed earlier in the morning.

Now, Bert's red hair was but an indicator of certain other associated qualities. His blood was up and in the heat and rashness of his wrath, he extracted an old, time worn pulley from a nearby pile of mine junk. Fitting it to the cable and passing an iron chain through the bottom ring, he swung out over the chasm in hot pursuit.

The addition of Bert's weight to the cable tightened the slack to such an extent that the man in the car completed his hazardous passage in rapid time. Dangling uncertainly, with the chain from his rusty wheel biting under his arms, Bert moved across the lowest point in the sag incline and slowed perceptibly. He was in the act of reaching up to pull himself forward by hand when he saw on the opposite bank that which caused him to pause in an agony of ''suspension.'' The pursued man had landed, run across a small grass flat to another abandoned mine entrance and returned with a rifle. He threw a shell into the barrel and aimed at Bert's slowly moving body. The boy saw the puff of smoke, heard the echoing report and wondered dully what it was that hit the iron links just in front of his forehead and ricochetted straight into the depths below. The gun was again leveled at him, and, influenced by one of those vagaries of mind to which we are subject in time of peril, Bert imagined himself the trussed tackling dummy on the football field at Berkeley. He chuckled as if it were a huge joke and began the hand over hand work recalling old gym days. The position was awful, but his mind refused absolutely to grasp the idea that death was staring him in the face.

A carbine report rang through the canyon, then two more in quick succession. The rifle in the hands of the unknown man spat viciously, but the bullet passed wide of its mark. The body on the flat turned half way around and pitched forward into the canyon. Bert watched its bounding course until dizziness forbade. He then pulled himself laboriously to a solid footing and collapsed upon the grassy turf. Before his closed eyes the scene of a minute before was repeated in all its vividness.

From the opposite side he slowly became conscious of Bill standing with his smoking carbine and directing at him a

few epithets such as are found only in a sheep man's vocabulary. The herder spoke more from exasperation than anger.

"Well, he hit me!" called back Bert, uncertain as to just how he should take his rescuer's uncomplimentary remarks.

"That's no excuse to give him a chance to make a sieve out of you! I never see the likes of you before. Say, pardner, if Ieatem and I ever need another herder, and we're sure the dogs has lots of sense, why I'll look you up."

Both men were rather unstrung by the nervous strain they had passed through and their mental condition was forgivable. Neither noticed a queer mingling of sounds which issued from the tunnel mouth behind Bert. The noise became even louder as the men talked, and finally Bert arose wondering at it. He advanced through a rude camp built in the shelter of the tunnel and stood listening. The sounds were those of a howling dog. Back in the darkness a barred gate had been built across the passage, and the space behind undoubtedly had been used by the rustlers of Hoodoo as an underground corral for the safe keeping of their "live meat." Bert wrenched the door open and was surprised when a shepherd dog bounded forward, followed by a small band of sheep. This accounted for Bill's having found the wounded sheep on the rocks below the trolley, where it had fallen while in transit from one side to the other. The stolen animals had been imprisoned here and slaughtered as the crafty butcher needed. The dog was wild with delight at her freedom, but the famished sheep were more concerned in devouring the luscious grass at the tunnel mouth.

When Bill saw the result of Bert's investigation, he stared in open mouthed wonder. Finally a smile spread over his face.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he ejaculated. "Hello, Betty, little girl. What they been doin' to you, huh?" Bill stopped and thought a moment, then he called, "Say, Bert, I've got a idea. You come back over here on the trolley car and help me fill that butcher wagon with these sheep carcasses and we'll leave Betty to manage the bunch over there. It will be a revelation to you, to see how well she does it."

With the wagon loaded and the unconscious butcher lifted to the top, Bill called to Betty on the opposite side of the canyon. The little dog had patiently watched every movement he had made and now sprang instantly to attention. The herder whistled a number of signals in a peculiar manner and she flew at the browsing sheep, rounding them off along the steep canyon side parallel with the road. Bill's admiration of his dog's generalship was unlimited. He slapped Charley and Bert upon their backs, explaining her fine points as he whooped at the running animals. When they had disappeared among the trees in the direction of Shirt Tail Flat he mounted to the wagon seat.

"All aboard for Colburn," he called. We'll see who gets to camp first, Betty or us, and when we're there we'll pack and mush on into town and break the news of the clearing up of the mystery of Hoodoo Canyon."

A Parody

A boob, Ward Watson, (may his crimes decrease),
Awoke one morn from deep dreams of police,
And heard, within the stillness of his room,
Making it weird and ghostly as a tomb,
A waiter scratching in a book, I'm told.
Exceeding nerve has made Ward Watson bold,
And to this presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" Then Sune raised his head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who knock the board."
"And is mine one?" the rube asked. "Aye, quite right,"
Replied the blonde one. Dixon boys can't fight,
So bluffing ill, ard said, "I of thee beg,
Write me as one who loves his breakfast egg."

The hasher wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great awakaneing light,
And named the boys who love to knock with zest,
And, lo! Mac's name led Ward's and all the rest.

(With apologies to Leigh Hunt.)

Class of 1912

IN the fall of 1909 about thirty husky-looking freshmen were registered. The school had opened on January 3 of the same year for its first semester's work, fifteen students registering at that time. These men graduated in the spring of 1911, so that the freshmen entering in the fall of 1909, namely the graduates of this year, are really the first class that has completed the whole prescribed course of three years.

The farm had been in the possession of the University of California for only two years, but already the efforts of our efficient management, with Dr. Leroy Anderson as superintendent, were visible. The school was well under way, with Mr. A. M. Cleghorn, principal, teaching English and Mathematics; Mr. A. J. Gaumnitz teaching Chemistry; Mr. R. Farrar, botany and agronomy; Mr. B. S. Brown, horticulture; Mr. Roberts, viticulture and farm practice; Messrs. Hopper, Davis and Hagemann in charge of the dairy work, and Prof. Major, animal industry. The only buildings erected on the farm prior to this time were: the Dairy building, the pavilion, the water tower, the dairy barn, the dormitory, the shop and two cottages, with the seed house nearing completion. However, what we lacked in proper equipment was made up by the individual attention received from our instructors, this being made possible by the small classes.

About five of the fifteen students that entered in the spring of 1909 came back in the fall.

During our first term (fall, 1909) an athletic association was organized, with Shirley Coil as president, but there were not enough of us to make much of a showing.

The next term (Spring, 1910) the class work went on as before, with the exception that stock judging was substituted for entomology, and Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. C. Hawk were added to the faculty to take charge of the instruction in the subject, as well as other animal industry work in general.

At the All Yolo League track meet, 21 points were taken by the school through the commendable work of Coil and Walls. Coil took first place in the mile and Dave Walls first in the hammer throw, shotput and pole vault, and third place in the high jump. But that ended our athletic achievements for the year. At the S. V. I. A. L. meet the school took but one point, a third place in the pole vault, by Walls.

At the beginning of this term (January, 1910) the recently completed dining hall was opened for the convenience of the students residing in the dormitory.

The first dance in the annals of the school, given on Tuesday evening, May 3, in the dining hall, proved a decided success.

Next fall sixty new students registered. The class of '12 had shrunk to twenty, despite the fact that we had welcomed five new members in our midst.

The Horticulture building had just been completed, and its commodious class rooms were now occupied by most of the classes, which during the preceding terms had met in the two class rooms in the Dairy Building.

This term certainly marked a great step forward in the development of the school. Our force of instructors had been increased, Mr. Thompson taking the place of Mr. Hawk in the animal industry department, Mr. Ingrim taking charge of the new courses in mechanical drawing, carpentering and forging, Mr. Titus taking the mathematics, surveying, farm mechanics and irrigation (Mr. Becker assisting in the latter subject). Several buildings had been constructed, namely: The veterinary clinic, the sheep and horse barns and the grafting house, while the animal industry office building and the addition to the shop were nearing completion. All of these buildings were finished before the end of the term.

At this time the Athletic Association was abandoned and the formation of the Associated Students of the University Farm was effected. Mr. H. Teter, president (for the term) of the old association, remained at the head of the new organization. A class representative being necessary under the new system, the class of '12 was organized with S. V. Christiersson as president, and Lloyd Cullen as

class representative (class colors black and gold).

Football and basketball were strenuously indulged in, and although fortune did not smile on C. U. F., it was a good start.

We were all sorry to learn that Mr. Farrar had decided to leave us at the end of the term, and that Mr. Hopper had resigned his position at the head of the Dairy Department.

During the spring term of 1911 the work went on in the usual way we had become accustomed to. The class was rather prominent in athletics, especially track.

On arrival for the Fall term, we were pleased to welcome three more faculty members: Mr. Ruehe in the dairy department, Mr. Bolster, horticulture and botany, and Mr. Baker to the animal industry department.

At the first meeting of the class we were astonished to find that our number had melted down to the present five. However, this gave the advantage that a small class usually has, the individual attention of the instructors. The president was re-elected, L. Ward, secretary, and H. Duveneck, class representative.

So the time passed, the hard grind at the books mixed with a few dances and other pleasures, and the Christmas vacation was at hand.

The Spring term opened and the work went on as usual with but few changes, and now that we have nearly finished our course we look forward to graduation with the mingled emotions of regret, ambition and joy.

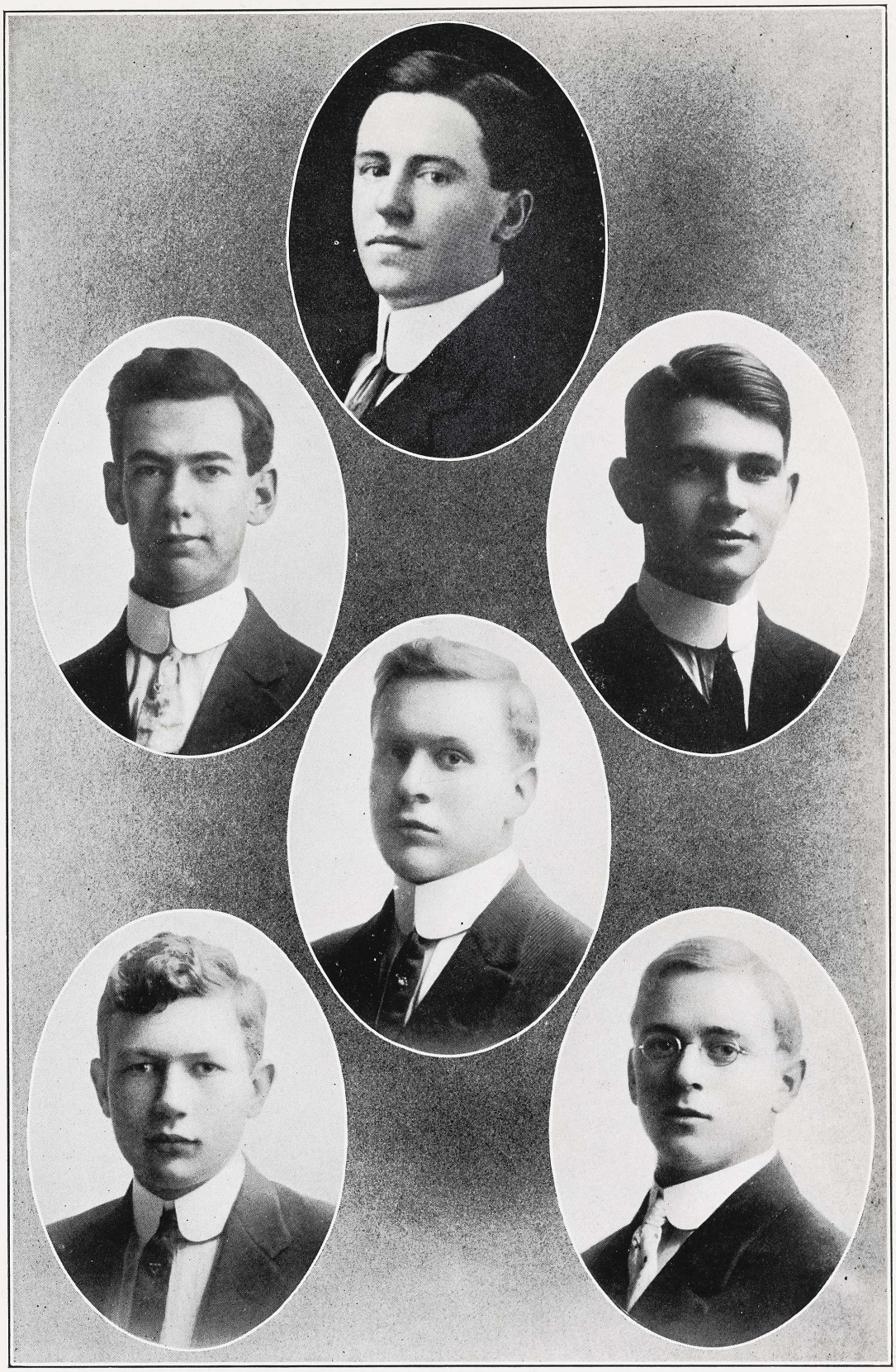
SUNE V. CHRISTIERSON, '12.

An Incident Near the S-pt-c T-nk

Oh, Caldwell and Downing, the chick-raising sharks;
The former is full of all sorts of larks,
He's always a-laughing, his mouth is a grin,
(And when it is raining he always comes in);
His moustache should suit an emperor's taste,
Though cruel people call it an eyebrow misplaced.
But Downing—he's sterner, and chuck full of grit,
A militia lieutenant (at Chico he's "it");
To be sure he does smile, but never could grin,
(And then when it rains, he also comes in);
He was Judge of the Students, an honored position,
But never did shine as a mathematician.

These two tried to raise some wee, tiny chickens
At the old Poultry Plant (and they did raise the dickens!)
Three times a day they did valiantly try
Which threw the straightest—"Can you or I?"
Mere sticks and small stones were tiresome stuff,
So one dark night Caldy said, "Downing, enough!
Let's take two nice eggs that have grown very ripe—
Eggs that when broken will smell like—old tripe."
He explained then his scheme, and Downing consented,
And to the old hen-house the two of them "wented".
They chose two nice ripe eggs, stood ten yards apart,
And in the pitch darkness each threw one like a dart.
The egg thrown by Caldwell flew wide of its mark,
Though always before he's been thought quite a shark;
But Downing then proved that he could throw best,
For he hit dear old Caldy right square on the chest.

C. C. '14—C. U. F.

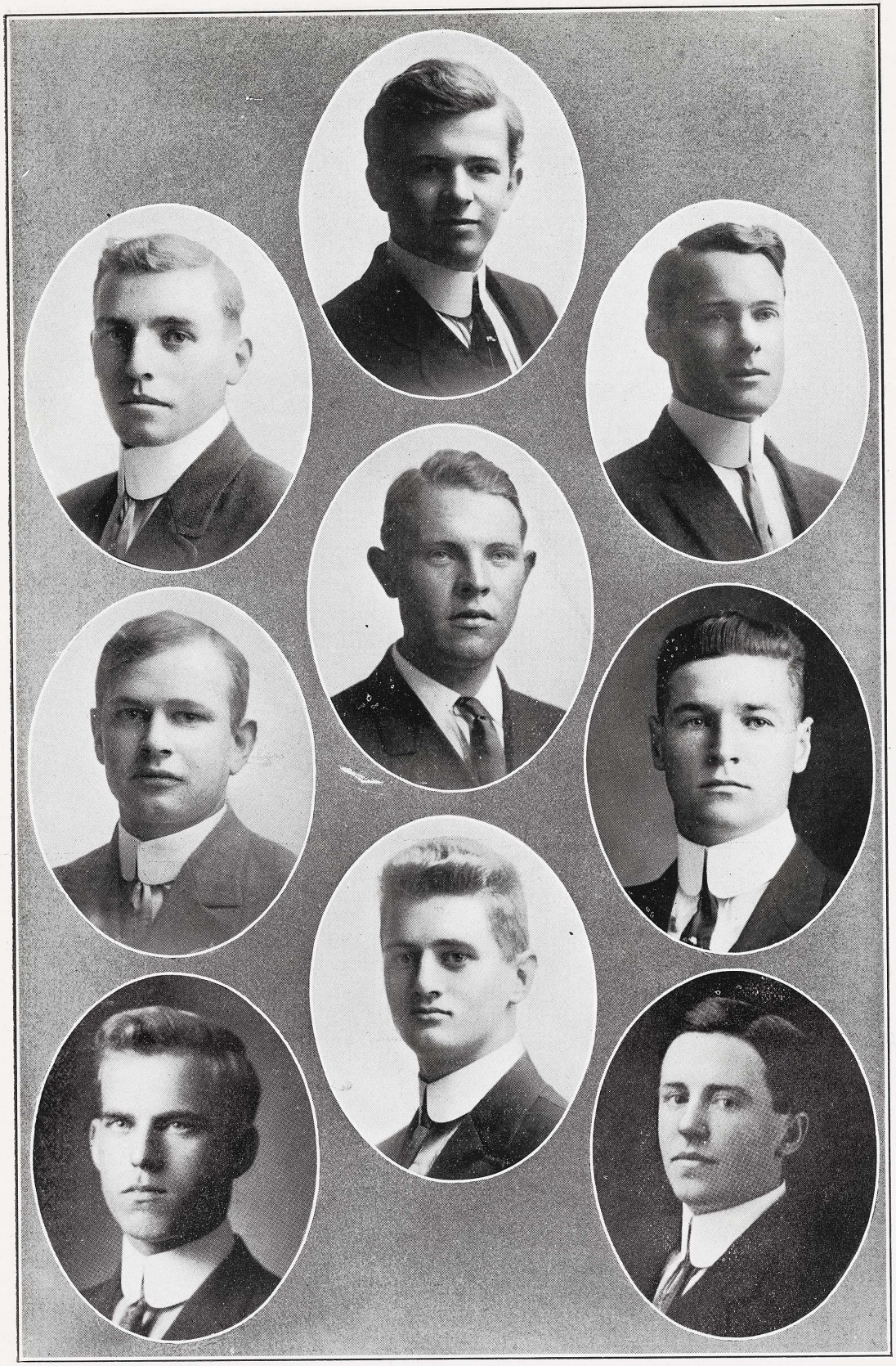


Class of 1912

L. R. WARD
D. F. KOELITZ

L. G. CULLEN
S. CHRISTIERSON

E. C. WATSON
H. DUVENECK



The Staff

A. J. THILLE
E. E. CURTIS
H. H. SORTOR

L. W. HUNTINGTON
R. VICKERY
E. J. MALMGREN

H. S. HEDRICK
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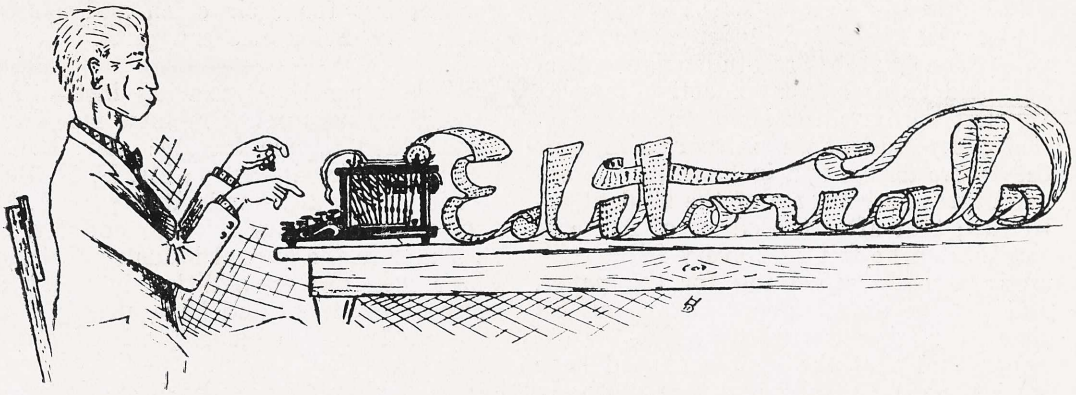


AGRICOLA

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY FARM SCHOOL

MAY 1912

HUBERT H. SORTOR ..... *Editor*
LLOYD G. CULLEN ..... *Assistant*
ROBERT VICKERY ..... *Associate*
BERNARD MASON ..... *Associate*
LELAND W. HUNTINGTON ..... *School Notes*
MILTON P. HALL ..... *Athletics*
EDGAR J. MALMGREN ..... *Artist*
E. E. CURTIS ..... *Joshes*
A. J. THILLE ..... *Business Manager*

The editor regrets that he has not succeeded in making this issue of "AGRICOLA" more distinctively agricultural in character. He feels that the individuality of this school—its difference from other schools—should appear very clearly in the nature, as it does in the name, of the school paper. His idea is that the literary standard of the paper should be high, but that the amount of purely literary material should be strictly limited, and that most of the space should be devoted to the characteristic activities and interests of the school.

It has not been possible in the present issue to conform very closely to this ideal. Most of the material submitted to the editors has been literary or athletic rather than agricultural. While the purpose of most students of this school is to fit themselves for farming, one would conclude from the evidence of "AGRICULA" that athletics and literature are the ir chief pursuits.

The editor does not wish his attitude to be misunderstood. He believes the quality of this issue of "AGRICOLA" may be left to speak for itself; he thoroughly appreciates the earnest, unselfish work of his associates in all departments; he does not begrudge space to athletic or literary editors. But he does wish there had been so many articles about farming written by young farmers, for persons interested in farming, as to crowd the athletic and literary departments into less space, as less representative of the fundamental interests of this school. And he hopes for further progress in this direction next year.

Just Suppose:

That the Associated Students was an organization that every student in school belonged to and took an active interest in; that the board of directors could feel that every student was interested in what they were doing, and in knowing the expenditures and income of the student activities; that after the editor of Agricola was elected he felt that every fellow was anxious to do something for the paper, and that he didn't have to spend all his time in getting enough material for the paper, and that the stuff sent had been worked over carefully and that it was in the best possible form for publication; that the managers of the respective teams didn't have to threaten, coax and cajole to get enough men out for the teams; that the business affairs were run in a business-like manner, and that an estimate of expenses was made at the beginning of each term and each activity received its due portion from the income; that the dues of the Association covered admittance to all games and contests held at home so that each student felt that he was getting something for his money, whether he made an athleic team or not; and, finally, that every fellow worked for the good of the Association as a whole and thought for himself on all issues that came before the student body. Just suppose!

The basketball team deserve great credit for their untiring and successful efforts for the league championship. This is our first league champ team and they deserve praise not only for their excellent playing but for their clean and sportsmanlike behavior in every game.

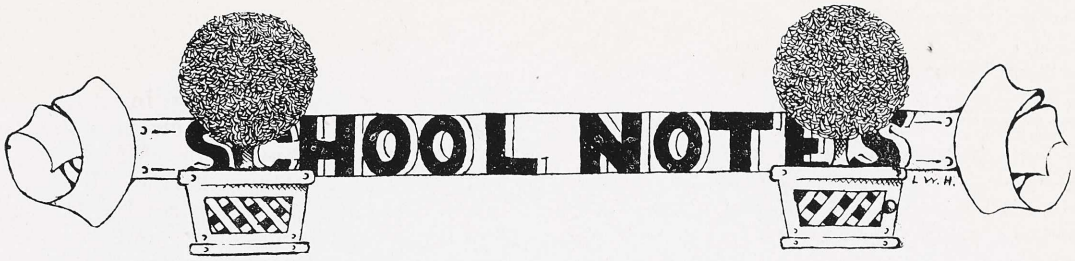
We are surely a growing institution. During the past year four new men have been added to our faculty: Mr. H. A. Ruehe in dairy industry; Mr. F. H. Bolster in botany and horticulture; Dr. F. M. Hayes in veterinary science; and Mr. O. D. Baker in the animal industry division. These men are an addition in the true sense of the word and have already won a great deal of popularity with the students.

Our equipment has also been increased greatly. There have been built a new dormitory, an animal industry office building, a poultry administration building, and several chicken houses. About fifty head of stock and a great deal of farm machinery have also been purchased.

The new student self government that has gone into effect since the beginning of the year is something really worth while. Every student should take an active interest, not only in aiding its efficiency but in extending its scope to all phases of school life and not merely for dormitory regulation.

It is the best way to acquaint a fellow with his responsibility to the school and the promotion of order. It trains him to look rightly on his responsibilities here and in addition to this helps him to get duties as a citizen in after life will be.

It is an organization that needs the support of every student and, fellows, it's up to you to get busy.



SEPT. 10—The Fall semester of 1911 commenced today with an attendance of about ninety-four fellows. Sixty-five of these are freshmen. This shows a large increase over last year's number. The boys seem to have plenty of that elusive thing called "school spirit" and if appearances count they ought to do wonders this year in all branches of studies and athletics.

Sept. 14—A meeting of all the students called by Mr. Titus in the dormitory living room to explain rules and regulations to everyone.

Sept. 15—The watermelon patch down by the orchard pump house is discovered. By the dark of the moon, the melons are going fast.

Sept. 16—Billy Williams is knocked out with a melon rind. How's your eye, Bill?

Sept. 23—The Freshmen are tendered a reception by the upper class men. In this case they were somewhat tender after it was over, also.

Sept. .. to ..—The swimming in the irrigation tank is fine these hot days.

Sept. .. to ..—The grapes in the Farm vineyard are fine during this hot weather.

Sept. 27—Organization of the Freshies.

Sept. 30—C. U. F. opens the football season in a fast game with Sacramento High.

Oct. 1—The "Short Horns" are arriving fast.

Oct. 2—The Short Courses begin. Farmers from every part of the State are congregated to take advantage of the opportunities offered for gaining more knowledge of agricultural subjects.

Oct. 4—Thille receives the new U. F. S. pennants.

Oct. 5—First meeting of the Board of Directors in Assembly.

Oct. 7—An interesting lecture upon the new Liability Act by Mr. Pillsbury, chairman of the recently appointed Industrial Accident Board. This is a subject of vital importance to all California farmers.

Oct. 9—Prof. Roberts speaks to us concerning the pleasures as compared with the labor of a farm life.

Oct. 14—Meeting of the Country Life Commission and noted educators from all parts of the State in collaboration with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Object—The reformation of the rural school system with an idea of encouraging country boys and girls to stay away from the cities.

Oct. 19—A lecture by ex-Governor Pardee. Subject—"What is conservation?" Dr. Pardee is a decided conservationist, opposed to the reckless pilfering of the country's resources by land grabbing capitalists. The talk was very enlightening as to certain deplorable conditions in the U. S., and causes us to realize that all true conservationists are patriots at heart.

Oct. 21—The first C. U. F. dance of the season was held in the dining hall. The big room was well decorated in honor of the occasion, and everyone present enjoyed himself immensely.

Oct. 24—Arthur Moore leaves C. U. F. to enter the employment of the Schmeiser Manufacturing Company in Davis.

Oct. 26—Lecture by Judge Peter J. Shields. The subject was unannounced but proved to be an interesting talk on general dairying and stock selection.

Oct. 29—The new piano arrives to replace the sick one in the Living Room.

Nov. 2—Doctors de Valin and Converse gave us a deeply interesting lecture about the present campaign of extermination of all plague-carrying rodents such as rats and ground squirrels in San Francisco and vicinity. The doctors are plague experts associated with Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon General in command of the U. S. Marine Hospital at San Francisco.

Nov. 8—The new basket ball suits arrive.

Nov. 9—A lecture at Assembly by Judge Shields.

Nov. 10—The Short Courses come to a close for this term. They have been of great value to those farmers who can spare but a little time from their work. During the Courses, such subjects as stock judging, dairying, horticulture, viticulture, general farming, dynamite subsoiling, the use of tractors and modern farm implements, poultry husbandry, and the manipulation of modern electrical conveniences about the farm, were demonstrated in brief.

Nov. 26—Thanksgiving vacation begins. For those who stayed over Thanksgiving on the Farm, Mrs. Fizell gave a special dinner which was enjoyed by all.

Dec. 1—Studies resumed.

Dec. 6—About every C. U. F. student who attended the basket ball game between the Farm and Dixon will remember the "hay" ride to Dixon and the return at two o'clock in the morning.

Dec. 15—No time for foolishness now. The examination week has begun and everybody is busy making up back work and passing his finals.

Dec. 16—The second dance given by C. U. F. was held in the dining hall It was a great success socially. The decorations and music were things to be proud of.

Dec. 22—Christmas vacation begins and the Farm is therefore about deserted.

Jan. 4, 1912—The Spring semester commences with the same attendance as last Fall, except that certain of the fellows have remained home to be on hand for the Spring work. A few strangers have joined us.

Jan. 8—Routine work begins.

Jan. 12—The famous petition to the Governor is heard from, much to the sorrow of a great many.

Jan. 15—Introduction by Prof. Titus of the Self Government scheme into the Dormitory management, to take the place of the old committee. Unanimously approved by the student body. Moebus declared chief of police of the new order. This means of dormitory regulation should tend toward a complete eradication of the objectionable "roughhouse" element from our midst, as it will undoubtedly put every fellow "upon his honor", if such is possible, in our "cliquey" community.

Jan. 18—Inauguration of the new Self Government system. Meeting called by Chief Moebus to elect a Chief Justice, Jurors, Police Squad, etc. Prof. Titus has been declared our court of last appeal, and he will attend to all cases of a serious or complicated nature.

Jan. 22—First session of the Dormitory Court. Judge Homer Downing presiding. The first five cases were tried as follows: Lampert vs. Mason, for disturbing the peace. Defendant declared not guilty. State vs. Caldwell. Sentence waived. State vs. Sparks. Defendant fined. State vs. Noyes. Found guilty and sentenced to fine. Vickery and Dobbs. vs. Selby, for peace disturbance. Declared not guilty.

Jan. 15—The U. C. boys taking an Agricultural Course arrived and have begun their six months' course with the practical stuff.

Jan. 22—The first Spring plowing of 1912 commenced on the Farm.

Jan. 24—Our old friend Barton leaves school on account of illness in his family.

Jan. 25—Prof. Cook of the State Horticultural Commission and former teacher in Pomona College, spoke to us in an exceedingly interesting and instructive manner concerning the Mediterranean Fly (Ceratitus Capitata) and the great menace of it to the welfare of California's fruit interests.

Jan. 26—The newly introduced C. U. F. Progressive Committee comes into action and plays havoc with the few malcontents in the dormitory.

Feb. 1—A bonfire rally, held to arouse the "school spirit" of the fellows for the coming basket ball game with Company F of Woodland, is one of the greatest demonstrations in the history of the school. The energetic Freshmen have erected an immense woodpile in the center of the football field. The entire school has turned out for a serpentine through Davis. Upon returning the bonfire is soused with coal oil and set on fire. Songs and yells, imitation "Oskis", speechmaking by our faculty favorites and the team, serpentining and blanket tossing, were indulged in much to the enjoyment of everybody. It surely takes some class spirit to haul fire wood a mile or so by hand in a heavy farm wagon!

Feb. 2—Mr. McAdie, in charge of the U. S. Weather Bureau on the Pacific

Coast, gave us an interesting talk on the intricacies of weather forecasting. Stertopticon views added to the interest. This lecture was of special benefit to those students taking horticulture, as it included much information regarding frosts and methods of prevention.

Feb. 3—Our vociferous friend Ding Ding leaves us for beloved Bakersfield. Ding Ding, if talking were music you would be a whole brass band, but nevertheless we wish you well.

Feb. 8—Meeting of Court called by Judge. The cases tried were: School vs. Curtis and Watson and State vs. Sparks. Found guilty.

Feb. 9—The Knights of Pythias Masque Ball in Schmeiser's Hall.

Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day. The queeners of C. U. F. received their usual carloads of sentimental stuff, shipped C. O. D. (Come on, darling.)

Feb. 21—Chas. Hearn suffers injuries to dignity and person in a night assault by unknown ruffians whose object, presumably, was to shear his curly locks and pompous pompadour through sheer envy of them. The culprits escaped but left damaging evidence as to their "gang" identity.

Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday. Many of our "homesick" students took advantage of the holiday to see the old folks at home, while others worked about the ranch or "studied" hard at Friday's lessons.

Feb. 23—Special session of Court called by Supreme Judge Titus to track to earth those concerned in the awful crime of Feb. 21.

Feb. 22—U. F. S. played a fighting game of basketball with the Gridley team. It was quite a social event, also. Ask Lloyd Cullen.

Feb. 26—The basket ball banquet was held in the dining hall. The festive board was graced by Professors Titus, Thompson, Ruehe, Phillips and Dr. Bates, and the entire C. U. F. champion basket ball team. Appropriate speechmaking was indulged in. To the satisfaction of all, Frank Negus, our star basket thrower, was elected captain of next year's team.

Mar. 2—Court in session.

Mar. 5—Judge Downing calls an extra session of court to clear the calendar of old cases.

Mar. 7—All danger of drought in California for 1912 passes. It has rained for three days in succession, and it is now hard to find a farmer who is not smiling.

Mar. 10—The new track, which has been under construction for the last two weeks, is now about finished, thanks to Mr. Roberts.

Mar. 12—Meeting of court to elect new officers.

Mar. 13—Mr. Leonard H. Teter visits "us" for a day.

Mar. 14—The new baseball suits are distributed under bond.

Mar. 15—Judge Downing leaves school. We are glad he will be with us next year.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day. Leap Year dance in Schmeiser's Hall. What's the matter with the Irish?

Mar. 18—Date of the first Interclass Field Meet.

Bill Harkey returns from his trip as a valet on the Southern California Demonstration Train.

Mar. 19—The visiting convention of California Agricultural Club.

Mar. 29—All students attending C. U. F. or taking Stock Judging at said farm are invited to a judging fest at the ranch of Mr. A. Morris, four and one-half miles northeast of Woodland. It was a very instructive occasion, and every one who participated in the tournament feels that it was of great value to him. We feel especially indebted to Mr. Morris for allowing us to see his wonderful world's eight day record cow, de Kowl Burke, which in itself was well worth the trip.

Mar. 30—Flint Lampert leaves school to commence work on a relative's ranch. We will miss our "Silent Partner" very much.

April 1—Most of the C. U. F. fellows prove that they are nobody's fool.

April 4—A preliminary rally and yell practice after Assembly.

April 5—The Athletic Banquet which all students attended. There was much appropriate speech making and a general rally with lots of school spirit behind it.

April 6—A gathering of our soon-to-depart seniors and the Agricola Staff at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cleghorn. It was an enjoyable evening, a veritable "feast of reason and flow of soul."

April 12—The entire Botany Class intends to leave on an excursion to the mountains back of Winters, primarily to gather specimens of plants in that region.

It has been suggested that the trip be postponed—until the cherries are ripe.

Banquet given the Seniors by the undergraduates.

May 4 to 10—The week of final exams.

May 11—The customary annual picnic will be given on this date. This last jollification is in celebration of the successful closing of the school year, and, if predictions count, it will be a memorable affair.

May 12—Everybody leaves for home, and the pleasures and tribulations of our short time here are in the Auld Lang Syne.

L. W. H., '13.

All Around The Farm

A BIG company manufacturing electrical goods recently started a "Service Department." The ablest men to be found were placed in charge. Their duty is to find new uses for electrical machinery and to supply expert advice to their patrons. The College of Agriculture aims to be a Service Department to the farmers of California. Through the experiment station it attacks the problems that baffle stockmen, horticulturists, dairymen, or poultry husbandmen, and in connection with the Federal Department of Agriculture and other stations, is doing its share toward improving agriculture in this country.

It is hard to realize that it is only six years since the University Farm was purchased by the Legislature. A typical Sacramento Valley grain ranch, it has been transformed into a well equipped college farm and experiment station. The work is divided into seven departments: Irrigation, Dairy, Horticultural, Viticultural, Poultry, Animal Industry and Cereal Departments. These will be considered under their respective titles.

* * *

Irrigation.

"OVER half a century of development has shown that if this agriculture is to be the best of which the State is capable, it must be founded on irrigation, and for years the careful husbandman has, over a large portion of the State at least, made the artificial application of water to land an important part of his industry."—Extract from the Annual Report for 1911 of the California Development Board.

The irrigation experiments now being carried on by the Federal Government and the State University on the Farm will be of great practical value to the agriculturists of the Sacramento Valley in particular, and of the State at large. The work is in charge of Mr. S. H. Beckett and consists of determining the duty of water for the different crops of the Sacramento Valley, and also in testing the comparative efficiency of the different water measuring devices used throughout the State.

The acres available for the experiments were planted to grain for many decades. So when the work started alfalfa was used as a renovatory crop. Systematic experiments were carried out to determine the most suitable time to irrigate the alfalfa and the proper amounts of water to use. Alfalfa was also grown in specially constructed tanks, so arranged that the weight of water used could be accurately determined, and also the resulting seeds of hay. The results obtained in the foregoing experiments are now available and will be of great benefit to the alfalfa growers of this district.

This year sugar beets, corn, potatoes, wheat, oats, and barley will be planted, and much useful data is expected on the value of crop rotation. The proper time to irrigate and the best amounts of water to use for these crops will also be determined. Two acres on the farm will be planted to grain and kept under the same conditions of shallow plowing that have prevailed for so many years. The old methods and the new will be side by side for everyone to observe and compare. An orchard and vineyard are now being planted in which the different methods of irrigation now in use will be compared and their effects noted on crops and root systems.

Examples of the different water measuring devices used in the State are being

kept constructed and are so connected with the reservoir that comparative tests of accuracy and efficiency can be carried out. These tests will be of great benefit to the users of water, as definite information will be available as to the quantities of water they are obtaining. In the underground system the "covina box," "sage hydrant," and the "Riverside Water Company's box" will be tested. In the open ditch system such measuring devices as wiers, orifices, miners' inch boxes, rating flumes and Australian and Kennedy meters will also be installed and their accuracy tested.

Courses of instruction are given to the students of the Farm School and those attending the Short Courses. These cover all important aspects of irrigation including practical work on leveling, checking, pipe making, ditching, etc., and lectures on government and private projects, the duty of water for different crops in different places, and many other similar subjects. Altogether the Irrigation Department is rapidly developing into a powerful aid to the practical farmers of California.

* * *

Dairy Industry.

THE dairy industry of this State, as everybody knows, is growing phenomenally. This is due to three causes: 1st—a very good demand for butter, milk and cream; 2nd—scientific dairying; 3rd—irrigation.

Scientific dairying demands scientific training. This training the Dairy Industry Department is giving to the students at the Farm. The work includes the following subjects; the study of milk, butterfat testing, moisture and salt testing, buttermaking, cheese making, creamery accounting, mechanics, and refrigeration. The equipment is sufficient to illustrate the approved methods of manufacture and the practical side is emphasized in all the courses. There are courses for everybody, short courses lasting a month or two in dairy manufactures and dairy farming, several classes are given to the students of the Farm School, and also others arranged for the University students when they are at Davis. The enrollment was as follows for 1911-1912:

Dairy Manufactures, Short Course	25
Dairy Farming, Short Course	27
University Farm School	47
College of Agriculture	18
Total	117

Besides the courses there is an exhibit maintained on the Demonstration Train on all of its trips. This exhibit emphasizes better care of cream, the Babcock test, and the testing of herds for production. The train helps thousands of people on its trips who would not otherwise be reached.

Forty creameries took part in the butter scoring contest in 1911. This year even more are participating. There were thirty-two entries sent to the first scoring. There will be awarded this year four cups of a value of one hundred and twenty-five dollars to those receiving the highest scores. The butter is scored under the direction of a United States dairy expert in an impartial manner. A letter showing the test for moisture and salt and a criticism is mailed to each contestant. Besides the butter contest, over two hundred samples of milk, cream and butter were tested for dairies and creameries in different parts of the State. All the testing is done absolutely free of charge.

During the year ending March 1, 1912, the output of the creamery was 142,916 lbs. of butter, an average of about 11,900 lbs. per month. For the year the patrons received $35,037.00, or an average of over $2,750.00 per month. There is a uniform grade of butter made which sells to a steady fancy market at an attractive price. During the year there was 1550 lbs. of cheese produced. This cheese was made only to give instruction to the pupils. Next year it is planned to give instruction in the manufacture of ice cream. For this it will be necessary to install an ice making tank and a large brine freezer. These improvements may be delayed because of lack of space. More space is needed now to accommodate students both in the testing laboratory and in the creamery and cheese factory. The Dairy Department is now supplying a long felt want in this State as a competent leader in scientific dairying and creamery methods. As time goes on and the industry broadens the department will find new fields of usefulness.

Horticulture.

THE fruit growers of the State will soon find the variety orchard of great value as a source of accurate information. Here the up to date horticulturist will find an example of almost any tree he may desire to use. Accurate information as to its habits of growth and bearing qualities, or its liability to insect pests or fungus diseases, will be at his disposal. Mr. B. S. Brown, assisted by Mr. E. Gravel, has superintended the setting out of the following fruit and nut trees. The number of varieties of each is also shown in the next column:

Fruit	Varieties
Almond	21
Apricot	9
Apples	57
Cherries	5
Figs	25
Peaches	98
Pistache	4
Pears	31
Plums	21
Prunes	5
Persimmons	8
Olives	30
Walnuts	15

Another phase of the work deals with the development of new varieties. Work is now progressing with the almond toward obtaining a late blooming variety and one resistant to rootknot and crown gall. Twenty-five wild varieties of the almond have been received from the Department of Agriculture at Washington. These are being developed and experiments in cross fertilization tried.

Plans are now under way to plant an arkoretum in the old vineyard. Eucalyptus and walunts are to be set out at once along the creek and railroad. Also this spring there will be planted sixty species of evergreen and fifty species of deciduous ornamental trees. This arbuoretum, aside from its botanical value, will be a pleasant park for the people of Davis and the Farm.

* * *

Viticulture.

OF the industries that have been adopted by California, grape growing has found a natural environment. From the start it has been a success because of the intelligent work of the growers. The phylloxera when it spread throughout the State gave a temporary setback, but today the industry is rapidly gaining ground, especially in table grapes for eastern shipment. The hundreds of economic varieties grown the world over are being gathered by the department and planted in the variety vineyard. The adaptability of these varieties to climatic and insect conditions will be known and true cuttings will be available to test in the different soils of the various parts of the State. Definite knowledge will be gained as to the resistance of these various vines to the phylloxera and other pests. It will take years to complete the variety vineyard, but before long it will contain the largest collection of varieties in America.

The present course in viticulture given by Mr. Frederick Flossfeder is very complete, covering every phase of the cultivation of the grape. Next year the students will have the advantage of starting a new vineyard of their own. It will be located north of the orchard and will cover ten acres. The vineyard will be for instruction only, and the students will do every part of the work of starting a vineyard. Measuring, stake driving, hole digging, planting, pruning, and the other operations will be taken up in their regular order. When the vineyard is matured, each student will be assigned a certain number of vines to prune and train. The planting will be spread over a number of years so that vines of all stages of growth will be available for work and study. There will be only eight or ten leading varieties planted in the student vineyard, including table, raisin, and wine grapes. They will all be on their own roots, but in case the phylloxera shall destroy them they will be replaced by grafted resistant vines, the grafting being done by the students. Six acres will be planted to the regular varieties; two acres will be planted to phylloxera resistant mother vines, and the remaining two acres will be reserved as a drying ground, with packing house and factory for making grape juice and vinegar. The whole ten acres will be surrounded by three rows of olive trees which will serve as a wind break. There are now ready in the nursery rooted cuttings of Tokay, muscat, Cornichon and Barger. The present class has pruned the old Muscat vineyard, but this

has outgrown its usefulness and must give place to the arboretum.

In the years to come the influence of the Viticulture Department will be felt more and more throughout the State as the students introduce the new methods taught them here.

* * *

Poultry.

THE poultry plant tries everything scientific to see if it is practical. New incubators, brooders, feeds, or anything to do with poultry that is under consideration is here given a fair and impartial test. In this way the poultrymen of the State are saved from the danger of costly failures. The equipment is being rapidly perfected. The administration building is completed. It is a model of its kind, containing a two-story exhibition hall, office and class room, on the first floor. The basement contains a fireproof incubator room and an egg room. The second floor is given over to a sleeping apartment with porch and bath very nicely arranged. The new brooder house, also just completed, contains nine compartments and is heated by hot water. It is very conveniently arranged with a sunken pathway. The two intensive houses show the best way to raise poultry on a city lot or other limited space. The open front laying houses are represented by the Corness and Santa Cruz type. There is a colony house so arranged with alternate yards that chickens can use one while a crop of green feed is growing in the other. The feed house is now supplied with power with which to operate feed mills and bone grinders. A building arranged for fattening poultry for market with convenient devices for picking and packing has been erected this year, and also a straw shed with a capacity for a year's storage of supplies. The septic tank supplies irrigation water for an alfalfa and beet patch. Wheat is grown on twelve acres for the use of the plant.

The following breeds and varieties are to be found in the yards:

Single Comb White Leghorns.
Single Comb Black Minorcas.
Rhode Island Reds.
Black Langshans.
White Wyandottes.
White and Barred Plymouth Rocks.
Buff Orpingtons.
Buff Leghorns.

To the above list there will be additions from time to time, and it is planned to add immediately some new breeds of ducks which are now represented only by White Pekins. Some duck eggs are now in the incubator and will be hatched before this paper appears. There are now eleven incubators of different makes, and it is planned to hatch out over three thousand chicks this season.

Egg production has increased. In the last five months over twenty thousand eggs have been laid by an average of five hundred hens.

Not considering the cost of construction the Poultry Department makes a profit for the State on the plant given to it by the State.

* * *

Animal Industry.

THE Animal Industry Department is under the direction of Mr. Howard Phillips and Mr. J. I. Thompson. The following cattle are now owned by the farm:

80 Head of Dairy Cattle—Jerseys and Holsteins.
35 Head of Beef Cattle—Short Horns, Aberdeen, Angus and Herefords.
35 Head of Breed Sows—Poland China, Berkshire, Duroc, Jerseys, and Tamworths.
100 Head of Sheep—Hampshire, Southdown and Shropshire.
4 Head Standard Bred Mares.
1 Gaited Saddle Mare.

The animal industry department is chiefly lacking in the division of horsees, but before the summer has passed will probably have several head of pure bred mares and fillies of the different breeds. There will also be added to the dairy herd several Guernsey cattle.

Mr. H. P. Winteringham of Middletown, California, donated the Tamworth sows to the department.

The Animal Industry Department finds its main work on educational lines. The instructors are in constant demand as lecturers and judges in the stock ring at county fairs and similar events. Courses are given to the students of the Farm School, University and Short Courses, and exhibits are sent on the Demonstration Train and to the State Fair. The courses cover judging breeds, breeding live stock, management, feeding, milk

production, and veterinary science. The department is rapidly becoming a factor of importance in the live stock industries of California.

* * *

Cereals.

THE Agronomy Department is constantly seeking new and more suitable varieties of the different grains adaptable to the valley conditions prevailing here. Systems of crop rotation are also tried out, with the object of obtaining profitable results without a constant drain on the fertility of the land. Fertilizers and chemical weed eradicators have been tried with good results.

In searching for varieties best suited to the conditions of soil and climate of this locality, most of the successful grains of other parts of the world have been tried to see if they were adaptable, and new varieties have been developed by selection.

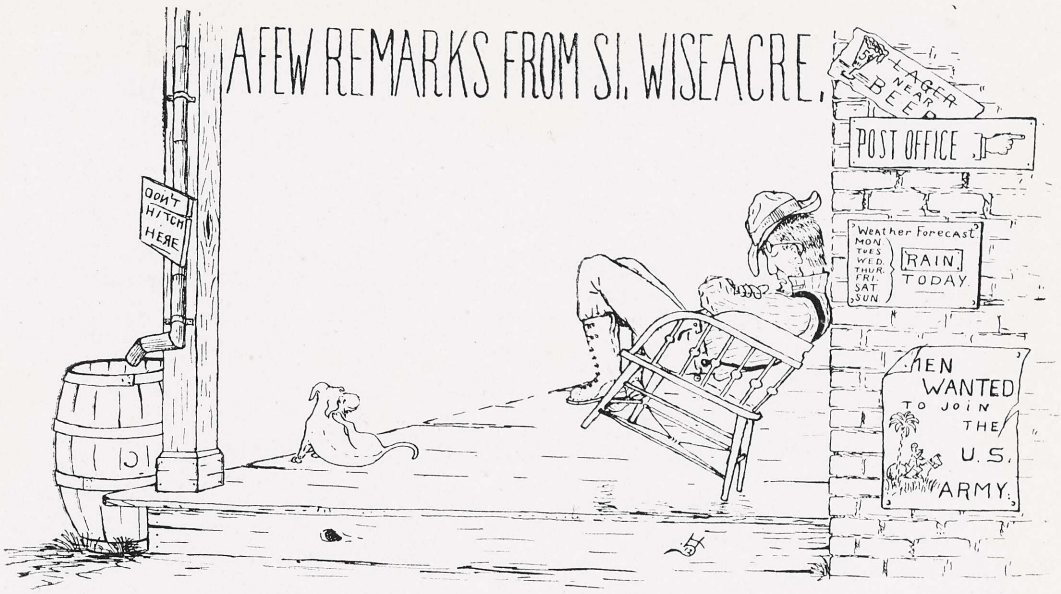
The following crops have been experimented with to determine their yields and values as rotation crops. Legumes, grains and beets are represented:

Barley, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Sorghum, Beets, Corn, Kaffir Corn, Alfalfa, Cow Peas, Velvet Beans, Burr Clover.

The much discussed question of when to plant is being carefully investigated here. Such a problem requires years to solve, nevertheless in the case of wheat, it has been clearly demonstrated that early seeding yields better returns than late seeding.

The comparatively new idea of weed eradication by chemical sprays was found to be a success when used at the proper stage of growth of weed and grain. The principle involved is that the grain offers less leaf surface and is therefore more resistant to the iron sulphate, or whatever spray is used, than the weed.

After the gold came grain in California, and the grain has come to stay. Modern experiments have shown that grain can take a part in a rotation system and yield a fair income to the farmer without hurting his land.



Since Davis has went dry, Lem Tuttletooth has been took down with consumption. Ye consume about a gallon o' lung balm a day, don't ye, Lem?

Ye kin lead a Hindu to water, but ye can't make 'im wash.

Them fellers who is plantin' gardens out to the State Farm, ought to be pretty good at throwin' clods by th' end o' th' term.

They ort to have a special department for teachin' barberin' out to th' Farm.

I seen Bert Hoskins goin' up Main street t'other day with a bundle o' newspapers. They was leakin'.

Is Mr. Phillips, out to th' Farm, teachin' stock judgin' or th' psychology o' human perception?

Fer a while this spring I thought it wasn't goin' to rain enough to make a cat shake its legs when crossin' th' road.

'Taint only smoke that makes th' atmosphere blue over by th' State Farm gate.

A feller was askin' me t'other day, why a certain student was so popular 'round th' dormitory, an' I tol' 'im it was becuz he allus left th' bathtub clean.

Ye kain't never judge a man by his size, especially them State Farm perfessors.

Yer opinion o' th' selfishness in this world ain't a bit improved by askin' a man, who has just put in a new irrigatin' plant ef its goin' to rain any more this year.

It shore would be a pity if one o' them Farm students should happen to drop his siut case after a trip to Sacramento.

Of all the words from a smoker's tongue, 'bout th' wust one is, "Ye are too young."

Clothes don't make the farmer, either.

Yistiday I seen some o' them scientific farmin' fellers applyin' new methods of cultivation by throwin' a big lead ball out back o' th' dormitory.

I've been mixin' brains with my farmin' so long I ain't got none left.

It shore is inspirin' to a ol' man like me to see them young farmers plowin' an' hoein' an' diggin' like Sam Hill, out to th' Farm.

Some o' them fellers takin' Forgin' burns about as much iron as they does coal.

In these modern days o' balanced rations and food values, ye seldom hear the folks sayin', "Why, that's jest like mother used to make."

An' have ye ever noticed thet th' things thet poor old father used to make ain't even considered, nohow.

They ort to make it a rule thet all th' fellers must smoke on th' Farm, an' mebbe it 'ud hev th' desired result.

Playin' pool down town is good practice at hangin' hams in a smoke house.

It seems to me thet them fellers takin' sixteen hours at th' Farm is allus goin' to town or jes' comin' back.

There ort to be lots o' June grooms

this season since th' State's gone Women's Suffrage an' it's leap year.

Ye may not believe it, but I seen a mule skinner yistiday who didn't swear at his animals mor'n once in a hundred feet.

Pennants in his room don't make a college boy.

When I see some o' them young fellers runnin' 'round th' State Farm with nothin' on but a dinky pair o' white pants an' a sweater these Spring days, I begins to wonder how far this danged "back to nature" craze is goin' to go, anyhow.

Some smart allec students seem to think thet a egg in th' hand is wuth two in a incubator.

Th' diff'runce between th' State Farm an' our ord'nary school system is thet instead o' teachin' only how to do, it takes up when, where, what and why to do a thing.

I'll bet my dog there's ninety out of a hundred fellers on th' Farm this year thet is thinkin' as how they'll raise Berkshires, Holsteins, alfalfa, soy beans and white leghorns when they git home.

The Limpy Lines of a Rustic Rhymster

(As Perpetrated By a Farm School Student.)

By Heck, am I to write a poem, too,
When there are "Feeds" and "Dairy" yet to do?
Yes, Sortor asked me, and he knows why
"Agricola" needs this better than I.

I'm willing to help when the work's worth while,
But, I tell you, I'm shy poetic style.
You can't take a rube from his milking stool
And make him a Shakespeare at U. F. School.

If, in a dormitory full of boys,
A fellow can succeed, with all the noise,
To find, perhaps, fit subject for a verse,
He surely is passing from bad to worse.

Yet, here I am writing, without Doc. Bates,
"Rashly importunate, trusting to fates."
May this propitiate the muse, friend,
These pages must be filled up, comprehend?

The Farm's prosaic—too matter of fact,
And I can't praise the "profs" from lack of tact,
Nor rhyme my verse from a tubercle cow,
But I must eulogise something, somehow!

Therefore—

The Odious Ode To a Davis Day.

Sleep, precious sleep, how I covet thee
When loud and clear
With daybreak near
Soon rings the "rising" gong—
That misnamed bell that breaks the spell of sleep
Pro tem, as would a ripple on the deep.
But, Gosh!
My alarm's set wrong.

Throughout the halls
It is time. Hear those barnyard cries?
A lone calf bawls,
Then roosters, loudly crowing,
Dispel the dream mist in that last half hour
By beating the "Short Horns" to the shower.
The bell!
Be quick, I'm going.

Eat? Appetite? Friend, you should see us!
Few words are said
Save, "Pass the bread!"
And those are in accents bold.
The waiters run to the call of "more"
'Til there "Ain't none left, the cooks is sore."
But, nix—
No more eggs, they're old!
What is this? Why, strawberry jam.
Quite a surprise
But I surmise
It comes from a Davis store.
Thus our angry words are turned to sweetness,
When Mose and Lam' guard the table's neatness.
Who's late?—
Why, it's George McKaig!

Next, for a smoke, just follow the crowd.
By Schaeffer's fence
The smoke grows dense,
'Til one can not find the gate.
Here the great senior burns his jimmy pipe,
Nor dares in his room, like the Shorts, to "snipe."
Fires out—
It is ten to eight.

Take your books, and all else you need.
How time does fly,
You can't deny,
When a day's work looms ahead.
The Mill for us farmers scientific,
Starts the routine at a pace terrific—
An "ex"!—
Let's be sick instead.

Work, that's the stuff, the wise men say.
The day is near
When we shall steer
Our course upon life's broad sea—
I had best keep still or a point will reach
Where my profs. will have me do as a preach.
Therefore—
Let well enough be.

A lecture. We have them often.
Come one, come all
To School next Fall
And hear these things on farming.
The Governor speaks on Conservation,
Of our rash acts, throughout the nation.
Yes, sir—
They are quite charming.

Land, just plain soil, is dirt cheap I've heard,
But do you know
Just what to sow,
How to mulch and irrigate?
It may be your fault, or perhaps the soil—
The State Farm can show why your crops spoil.
Friend—
Do not emigrate.

Dairy next—in the Creamery lab.
The acid burns,
The tester churns,
And all things are hid in steam.
Your fat per cent is smoky or too low,
You must calibrate, or you are too slow,
My friend—
Dairy is no dream.

Chem. Oh, you Chem! I have lost my key,
So there can't be
Any for me,
Though I know it will be thus:
"Mix H-2 and S to make a big smell,
While N plus G-1 will blow you to—" well,
What does this mean?
Come—
This is not for us!

Botany. Can you count out seeds?
One tumble weed
Plus lots of speed
Will set you raving madly—
One million, two hundred and thirty, and—
No, throw them all out for the last was sand!
Cheer up—
Why look so sadly?

Lunch! Hear that bell? There's a welcome sound!
With Injun yell
That's hard to quell
We descend upon the Hall.
The dishes bang with a deafening clang,
Until one wonders why the bell rang!
Biscuits—
Gee, don't let 'em fall.

Now to Stock—in the afternoon
We all must bow
To Mistress Cow,
When seen on the judging floor.
Her points are prominent, yet hard to find,
Except when she is looking inclined!
Two points—
And we find no more!

Shop. Carpentry. The wood butcher's art.
To saw a nail,
I never fail,
When Mr. Ingrim is near.
We hammer and file in a grand old style,
'Til we hit a finger, once in a while—!
Ah, then—
To repeat I fear.

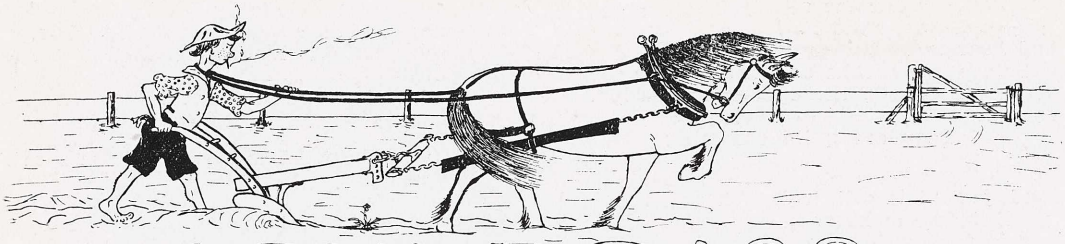
School is out—and "home" we may go.
Put on your suit
And quickly scoot
Out to the old swimming tank.
The sun is hot and the water is deep,
So nobody fears to make the first leap.
Hurrah!—
Dive in from the bank.

Grapes! Keep it dark. Is the vineyard near?
It is not far
Enough to mar
The pleasures of its seeking!
There Tokays and Muscats grow on the flat.
Take what you want and put all in your hat.
Enough—
The juice is leaking.

Night is near—and so is dinner!
The setting sun
To gold has run
Among the western hills.
The honkers are spread across the sky,
Seeking the marshes that southward lie—
But stop—
Such poetry kills.

Wait. Let us wait—out here in the breeze.
Somewhere within
An awful din
Jars the stillness of the night.
Music is fine, when you know how to play,
But with most of us it's the other way.
Help!—
The discords are a fright.

Study hour! Quiet reigns supreme.
Shows in Davis
Will not save us
From Prof. Davis if we "hike."
Therefore stay, be of sterner clay.
So ends the day and I hear you say,
"Cut it—
For the love of Mike."



ATHLETICS.

Football

THERE was very little interest taken in football this year. Captain Allen and Manager Harkey worked hard to arouse enthusiasm and but for their efforts we should have failed to make any showing at all.

The first game was played with Sacramento High at Sacramento. We lost by a score of 8 to 0, although our men did excellent playing for so early in the season.

The Woodland High played us here and defeated us, the score being 12-0.

Both games were more of a fight than the score shows and the outcome would probably have been different had there been more men out to give the first team practice.

The third and last game of the season was played against Chico High here at Davis. We beat them quite easily, the final score being 8-0.

We have a great deal of excellent football material here and it is hoped that football will be taken up earnestly enough next year to make a winning team for C. U. F.

Basketball

THE championship of the Yolo County Athletic League was won by C. W. F. this year, for the first time. We were beaten only three or four times and wiped out most of those defeats in return games.

The team was ably coached by H. Phillips, with valuable assistance from Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ruche, all members of our faculty. They worked energetically for the team and without their help we could not have made nearly so creditable a showing.

* * *

Sacramento Y. M. C. A. 26 vs. C. U. F. 18. November 11, 1911.

The Farm team lost the first game of the season to the Sacramento Y. M. C. A. The game was played at home, but even so we were easily defeated. This was to be expected as it was in the nature of a try-out, all the men who were out for the team at that time being allowed to won more by persistence than by good team work. The lineup was as follows: play. Our boys played hard but lack of practice shown by inaccurate goal shooting and poor passing told heavily against them and the points we did make were Harkey (captain), g.; Brown, g.; Thille, c.; Reed, f.; Negus, f.; Malmgren, g.; McKaig, f..

* * *

Sacramento Athletic Club 30 vs. C. U. F. 38. November 18, 1911.

This game, played on our own court, showed that our previous defeat was due to lack of practice, not to poor material. Our opponents were much stronger in this game, yet we defeated them most conclusively. It as a hotly contested game and looked until the last half as though we were going to be beaten. The boys came back strong after the intermission, however, and simply played their opponents off their feet.

The line-up and points made are as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Negus, f.	9	6
Reed, f.	4	2
Weldon, c.	0	0

OUR CHAMPIONS

MR. RUEHE, WELDON, KULPER, THILLE, E. REED, HARKEY (Capt.), NEGUS, TARRIBA, LAMPERT (Mgr.)

Tarriba, g	0	0
Harkey, g (captain)	1	0
Thille, c	1	0

* * *

College City 18 vs. C. U. F. 61.
November 24, 1911.

The College City game, played here was no game at all so far as a contest goes. The Farm boys were in splendid form and played all around College City.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Negus, f	5	1
Reed, f	10	6
Weldon, c	1	0
Tarriba, g	0	0
Harkey, g (captain)	4	0
Hall, c	7	0

* * *

Vacaville 16 vs. C. U. F. 47.
December 8, 1911.

Vacaville played us on the Davis court. There was a little difference between this game and the one just previous except that our men did not play so well. Captain Harkey put in several second team men in order to save the first team for the game with Dixon on the following night. Harkey, Tarriba and Weldon were the only first team men who played and they played only one half.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Kulper, f	3	4
McKaig, f	0	0
Thille, c	5	0
Brown, g	0	0
Harkey	2	0
Tarriba	0	0
Hall	5	0
Weldon	5	0

1 point awarded.

* * *

Dixon High 16 vs. C. U. F. 29.
January 12, 1912.

The Dixon game was the first to be played away from home. A large number of rooters accompanied the team to Dixon where they were enthusiastic in their support of the home team. We went down with the determination to win and did it most emphatically, in spite of a non-regulation court and baskets. We played them off their feet in the first half, the score being 18 to 3 at its close. The game was not so hotly contested in the second half. The score was more nearly even during the latter half.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Weldon, c	4	0
Harkey, g	2	0
Tarriba, g	0	0
Reed, f	2	3
Negus, f	5	0
Thille, c	0	0

* * *

Dixon Red Men 7 vs. C. U. F. 53.
January 19, 1912.

The game with the Dixon Red Men was the greatest farce of the season. They came up ticketed as the best Dixon had, but after the first few minutes Captain Harkey saw what we had to play and ran in quite a number of second team men.

The line-up and points made were:

	Field	Fouls
Negus, f	4	1
Kulper, f	2	1
Hall, c	9	0
Harkey, g	0	0
Brown, g	1	0
Tarriba, g	0	0
Reed, f	6	1
Weldon, c	3	0

* * *

Gridley All Stars 30 vs. C. U. F. 28.
January 26, 1912.

Our second game away from home proved that we were not at all lost on a strange floor. Although our team lost they put up a plucky fight, making a profound impression on the Gridleyites.

The Gridley All-Stars were the speediest aggregation we had met thus far, having experienced only one defeat. The Farm started off with a terrific burst of speed, annexing the first four points The entire half was hotly contested, the score being 18-17 in our favor when the whistle blew.

The second half was a repetition of the first and the score stood 28-28 when the whistle called time, making an extension of time necessary. Both sides were determined to win and the play became fast and furious.

Eleven minutes elapsed before Gridley succeeded in throwing a field goal, making her the victor by the close margin of 2 points.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Weldon, c	3	0
Reed, f	3	2
Negus, f	5	2
Tarriba, g	1	0
Harkey, g	0	0

* * *

Company F, Woodland 19 vs. C. U. F. 21.
February 2, 1912.

This game was by far the best played on the Davis court and was to decide the championship of the Y. C. A. L.

This crack team was scheduled to wipe us off the basketball map, but did not succeed in doing so. Our fellows put up the most stubborn fight of the season. Tarriba held the far-famed Stephens down to 2 field throws while Weldon outgeneraled and outplayed Hill to a standstill. This took them so much by surprise that they could scarcely hold their own. The spectacular goals made by both teams were many. The whistle sounded with C. U. F. on the heavy side of the score, having well earned a hard fought contest.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Weldon, c	2	0
Reed, f	4	1
Negus, f	3	0
Tarriba, g	1	0
Harkey, g	0	0

* * *

Sacramento High 36 vs. C. U. F. 23.
February 17, 1912.

Our fourth game away from home proved disappointing. The game was a fight from start to finish, although the score is not indicative of such a contest. The boys had been almost without practice for the three weeks previous to the game and their lack of condition probably had most to do with the loss of the game.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Weldon, c	2	0
Reed, f	4	1
Negus, f	2	0
Tarriba, g	1	0
Harkey, g	2	0

* * *

Gridley All Stars 24 vs. C. U. F. 28.
February 22, 1912.

As this was our second game with Gridley the boys were determined to win back lost laurels.

The first few minutes of play passed in an ordinary manner. A slight argument arose and both teams played their best from that time on.

On Gridley's side De Ruchie played a star game. His extraordinary ability to shoot baskets won him much applause. The remainder of his team failed to support him.

The end of the first half found Gridley in the lead. The farmers seemed to take a new lease on life during the intermission and in the second half literally played the Gridley boys off their feet. Team work and accurate passing were the two factors which enabled us to make such a creditable showing in the second half.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Weldon, c	2	0
Reed, f	5	1
Negus, f	2	0
Tarriba, g	3	0
Harkey, g	0	1
Thille, c	1	0

* * *

Woodland High 39 vs. C. U. F. 12.
January 20, 1912.

Our team journeyed to Woodland confident of gaining a decisive victory. A great surprise was in store for them as was evidenced by the score rolled up against them. Although disheartening, the score by no means shows the relative merits of the teams. The game was played on Woodland's dance hall floor which was exteremely slippery, making it difficult for our men to keep their feet. Then, too, our men were tired out as they had participated in an interclass game and in the Dixon game during the same week. We hope to have the opportunity of trying conclusions with them at a later date, as we feel satisfied that we can reverse the score.

The line-up and points made were as follows:

	Field	Fouls
Reed, f	0	0
Negus, f	3	0
Weldon, c	2	0
Tarriba, g	0	0
Harkey, g	1	0
Thille, c	0	0

Track

THERE has been a great deal of interest taken in track this season. A goodly number of men have been out for training each night and we should finish well up with the other teams of this locality. Unfortunately our league meet does not come until May 4th, so the results can only be forecasted.

The inter-class meet was pulled off on Monday, April 2nd, and the results are as follows:

MILE RUN—Moebus, freshman, 1st; Lyman, freshman, 2d; Negus, junior, 3rd. Time—5 min., 30 sec.

POLE VAULT—Selby, freshman, 1st; Mason, freshman, and Rowell, junior, tied for second. Height—9 ft., 6 in.

50 YD. DASH—Stock, freshman, 1st; Selby, freshman, 2d; Mason, freshman, 3rd. Time—5 3-5 sec.

SHOT PUT—Stock and Selby, tied for 1st; Bettinger, freshman, 3rd. Distance—40 ft.

220 YD. DASH—Thille, junior, 1st; Hearn, junior, 2d; Bettinger, freshman, 3rd. Time 24 1-5 sec.

880 YD. RUN—Rowe, junior, 1st; Moebus, freshman, 2d. Time 2 min., 20 sec.

BROAD JUMP—Stock, freshman, 1st; Bettinger, freshman, 2d; Thille, junior, 3rd. Distance—20 ft.

440 YD. DASH—Hearn, junior, 1st; Bettinger, freshman, 2d. Time 56 sec.

HIGH JUMP—Stock, freshman, 1st; Selby, freshman, 2d; Bettinger, freshman, 3rd. Height—5 ft.

120 LOW HURDLES—Stock, freshman, 1st; Rowe, junior, 2d; Mason, freshman, 3rd. Time—15 sec.

HAMMER THROW—Selby, freshman, 1st; Sparks, freshman, 2d; Stock, freshman, 3rd. Distance—134 ft., 3 in.

120 HIGH HURDLES—Mason and Bettinger, freshmen, tied for 1st.

100 YD. DASH—Stock, freshman, 1st; Mason, freshman, 2d; Cullen, senior, 3rd; Time—10 3-5 sec.

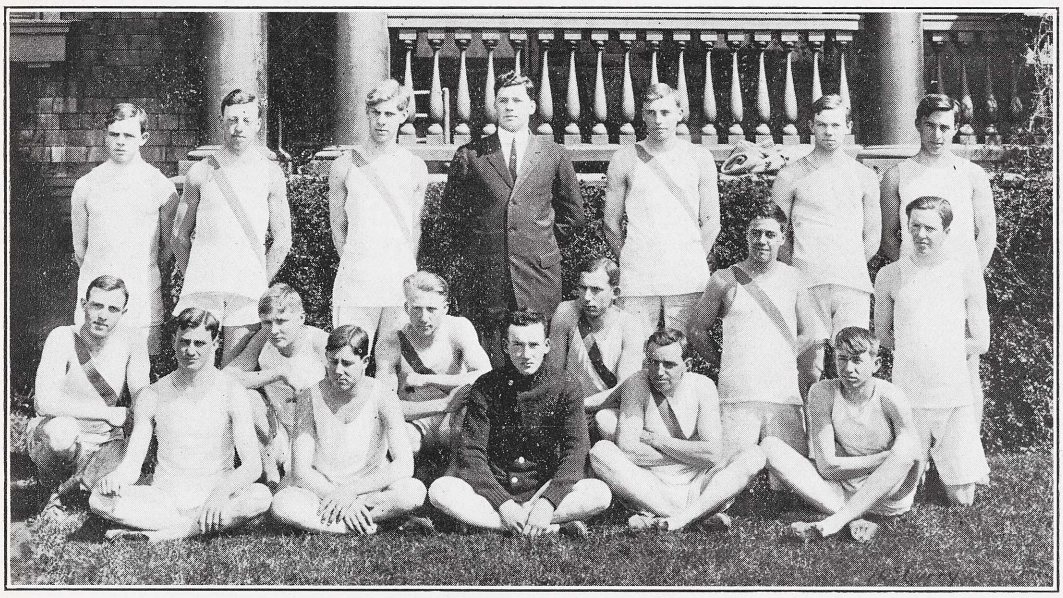
FINAL SCORE—Freshman, 88; Juniors, 25; Seniors, 1.

Officers—Judges of finish, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Titus and Mr. Thompson.

Timers—Dr. Bates and W. P. Harkey.

Starter—Mr. Beckett.

The Track Team



TOP ROW---NEGUS, MOEBUS, HEARN, MR. RUEHE (Coach), THILLE, ROWELL, HUMMEL
MIDDLE ROW---McKAIG, CHISSON, BETTINGER, MASON, LYMAN, CULLEN
BOTTOM ROW---MILLER, SELBY, A. REED (Capt.), STOCK (Manager), ROWE

Baseball

ALTHOUGH track has interested a great number of the students this year, baseball has not suffered, as might be expected. The fellows have turned out regularly for practice and we have high hopes of a winning team.

Woodland came down to Davis with the idea that we didn't have a look-in. The score shows how badly mistaken they were, and shows conclusively the relative merits of the two teams.

Dixon 15 vs. C. U. F. 10.
March 31, 1912.

Dixon played us here at Davis and won an easy victory. Our boys seemed to have had an "off day," or were beset by a hoodoo, for they went all to pieces, in many cases not playing as well as they had in practice. The playing was not at all representative of the team's usual playing, and it is certain that the boys will make a much better showing in the future.

Baseball Team

Top Row--- chumann, Curtis (Manager), Yarbrough (Captain)
Middle Row---Stetson, E. Reed, Fissell, Lampert
Bottom Row---Dickson, Caldwell, Stock, Harkey, Tarriba

DURING our school year ending in May, 1912, we have received the following exchanges:

The Mission, San Francisco.—Is one of our best exchanges. It is a paper of high standard and shows good support. The literary department is especially good.

The Lowell, San Francisco—Advertisements on the fly leaf and cover cheapens the appearance of your otherwise attractive paper.

The Echo, Ceres High School—A flyleaf, table of contents and a few more cuts would greatly improve your paper.

The Echo, Lincoln High School—We congratulate you on your initial attempt and wish you success.

The Oak, Washington Lower High School, Berkeley—We suggest a few cuts of your school and not so many of the University of California. The absence of advertisements adds attractiveness to your paper.

The Adjutant, Mount Tamalpais Military Academy—"Paying the Penalty" and "Making Good," are two exceptionally good stories, but your literary department is rather small. A few stories would greatly improve your paper.

Journal, Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo—Your departments are well written but lack cuts.

Searchlight, San Rafael High School—You have excellent material but it is poorly arranged. The jokes should be kept in their department and not be scattered throughout the book.

Review, Sacramento—You have an excellent paper. The spirit shown in the editorials is very good and should encourage good support.

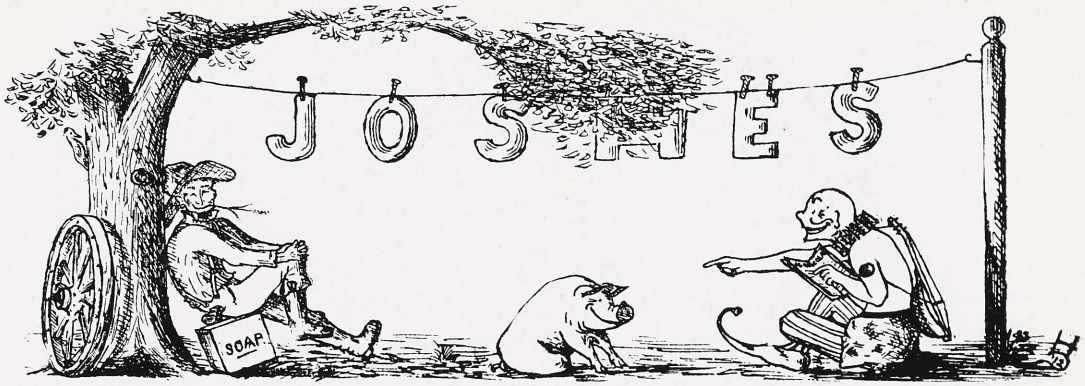
The Cogswell, Polytechnical College, San Francisco—You have an excellent cover design but your paper lacks cuts.

The Tokay, Lodi High School—Your paper has many interesting little verses. Your cuts are scratchy; the artist should use a little more care.

The Ilex, Woodland High School—An exceptionally good paper. We have received few exchanges as good.

The Tiger, California School of Mechanical Arts—Your cuts are good but too few. Your editorial is rather short.

The Spider, Gridley High School, Gridley, Cal.—You have the neatest little paper we have seen. Keep up the good work.



SUPPOSING.

That Thille couldn't smile.
That Weldon wore short pants.
That there were no girls in Davis.
That "Buff's" hair was red.
That Sune lost his job.
That Frick came back.
That Miller was not bashful.
That Koetitz wasn't on a diet.
That Halsey had more fat.
That Hedrick forgot to be serious.
That Lampert got married.
That Reed stopped talking for a minute.
That Rowell knew what he was talking about.
That "Ding Ding" lost his voice.
That Hall quit bluffing.
That Mr. Titus didn't live in the Dorm.
Well, just supposing!

Our "Bill" has always tried to be
(A little bird has told us so),
Sedate and full of dignity,
When calling on his beau.

One night he stayed so very long,
From the next room, not far away,
A voice was heard in accents strong,
"Florence, what would your mother say?"

Bright Chemistry students:

"An ion is a part of an electric light."

"Freezing causes temporary hardness, and crystallizing causes permanent hardness of water."

"Silica is a dark green gas with a garlic-like odor."

"Water of crystallization is water found in a hard state."

"A base is an acid that turns blue litmus paper red."

If ether has shape, has chloroform?

Mr. Flossfeders, in viticulture—I believe that there is money in grafting.

If a dog treed a cat, what would Chemis—try?

I stood on the bridge at midnight and dreamt that I eight o'clock.

As I passed the hardware store the other day I saw a sign, "Cast iron sinks." I wonder who did not know that.

The difference between a farmer and an agriculturist is that farmer farms with his hands and an agriculturist farms with his mouth.

Mr. Ruehe, in dairy—Some people think that as long as butter is not so strong that it gets up and walks out of the dish that it is all right.

Cramer stood looking on the other day while Selby was turning a hand separator. Finally he broke the silence with the remark, "Say, Selby, is that a hand separator?"

Frick—Say, old man, a magazine came for you last week.

Malmgren—Last week? Where is it now?

Frick—Well, I read it, then Bettinger borrowed it and he gave it to Allen and Allen gave it to Cramer and Cramer gave it to Ward and Ward lent it to Halsey. I can't recall, just now, what the name of it was.

Malmgren—It must have been "Everybody's."

Before Using.

1

It has been our great good fortune to be able to present to our readers the above photographs, taken by the Staff photographer, as striking testimonials of the wonderful hair growing powers of CALDWELL'S NEW HAIR RESTORER. We are proud of this recent discovery. The series of pictures is in no way an advertisement, but is simply to express our appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Caldwell to overcome the results of the famous State Farm Hair Cuts to which our students have been subjected lately.

[Editors]

After Using.

2

Though you may not believe it, photos 1 and 2 are of the same individual before and after using the RESTORER. The name and Dining Hall address of the above satisfied user will be mailed upon application to our Publicity Editor. In one week's time, during which the above person was continually speaking of the many good qualities of the RESTORER, the luxurious growth shown was produced. It is not a wig. The new crop, replacing that so rudely removed, is of excellent quality and so curly as to be no longer worn pompadour.

$1.00 a Bottle.

3

Although Mr. Caldwell is of a shy, reserved nature he has condescended to allow us to take his picture which we herewith reproduce. Mr. Caldwell is greatly in favor of prohibition in the town of Davis. He belongs to the Barber's Union and is an expert tonsorial artist, so they say. We wish to call attention to the unique way in which Mr. Caldwell treats his manly mustache. Note the sad and pensive drop to the outer ends. This is accomplished by intensive methods of cultivation and much RESTORER. Mr. Caldwell's favorite Daffydil is:- "If I were sick and drank RESTORER, would I be Caldwell?"

Cramer Foto

We were put to a great deal of touble in obtaining this photo, but, since it is from a reliable source, we feel justified in presenting it as a comparison with picture NO. 3. It shows Mr. Caldwell at leisure in days before he attended our Farm and applied his great discovery to his own dome. The contrast is obvious and shows conclusively what a great beautifier a <u>complete</u> mop of hair is, especially when it is a mustach.

4

YOU CAN ANTICIPATE

Perfectly Fitted glasses when we are your opticians.

Our Reputation for this class of work is too well established for us to take any chances. Results tell. This is the reason this is a busy store.

Factory on Premises.

TWO STORES

MEYER OPTICAL CO.
903 K St SACRAMENTO CAL.
509 E. MAIN St STOCKTON CAL.

MEYER OPTICAL CO.
903 K St SACRAMENTO CAL.
509 E. MAIN St STOCKTON CAL.

Joshes

If Anna Held John Drew would Lu-cas?

Chesson—Mr. Flossfeder, have you any female pollen that you can show us?

Mr. Titus—You know just plain star gazing does not require much knowledge of astronomy.

(Wonder what made Rowell blush so.)

Mr. Gaumnitz, in chemistry—Cookson, what is the main use of nitrogen?

Cookson—It is used principally for filling balloons.

Frick—Why did we have to pay so much for breakage in chemistry?

Mr. G.—Because you broke so much.

Mr. Bolster—Boyce, what does C. H. O. break up into?

Boyce—It breaks in two.

Mr. Cleghorn, in English—Turn to your appendixes.

Lost—An umbrella by a lady with three broken ribs.

If Thille went fishing what Bates would he take along?

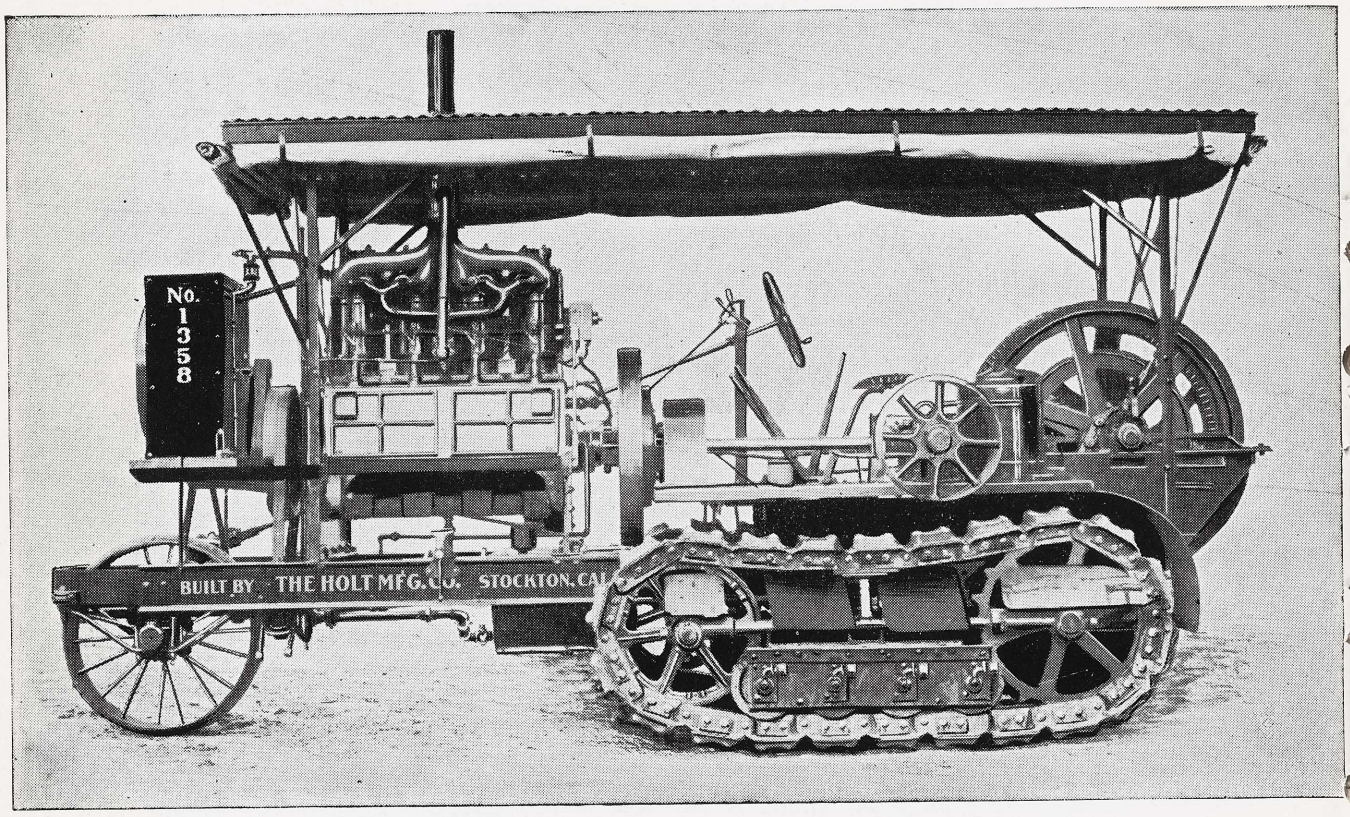
Charley Grieve—Sparks, you throw horse shoes like you were putting your arm around a girl.

Professor R. A. Chesson, discoverer of female pollen and a new element.

Mr. Gaumnitz—Reed, what is the difference between safety and non-safety matches?

Reed—A non-safety match is one that the rats could carry off and light, while if it were a safety match they would have to take the box along.

Farm With a "Caterpillar"



Holt Caterpillar Gasoline Traction Engine

Sell your Horses and buy an Engine that is as easy to handle as an automobile and requires less expense for operation and upkeep. The Caterpillar does better and faster work, with little expense and no trouble

Ready for Work When Work is Ready

Will Not Slip Its Wheels

Works Day and Night

Expense Stops When Work Stops

Will Not Pack the Ground

When you buy a "CATERPILLAR" you reduce your farm expenses and increase your "BANK ROLL." Let us send you our interesting Caterpillar Bulletin No. TE-41-U.

BRANCHES

San Francisco, Cal.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Calgary, Canada

The Holt Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Stockton, Calif.

BRANCHES

Portland, Oregon
Spokane, Washington
Walla Walla, Wash

Sunset Phones
RESIDENCE - - - - 31
OFFICE - - - - - - 63

Farmer's Phones
RESIDENCE - - - - 913
OFFICE - - - - - - 912

W. E. Bates, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office: Campbell's Pharmacy

Office Hours
10 to 12 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

J. B. Anderson

DEALER IN

REAL ESTATE

Davis, California

Agent for H. L. HOLLISTER & CO.
Headquarters in WILLOWS, CALIF.

H. R. Timm

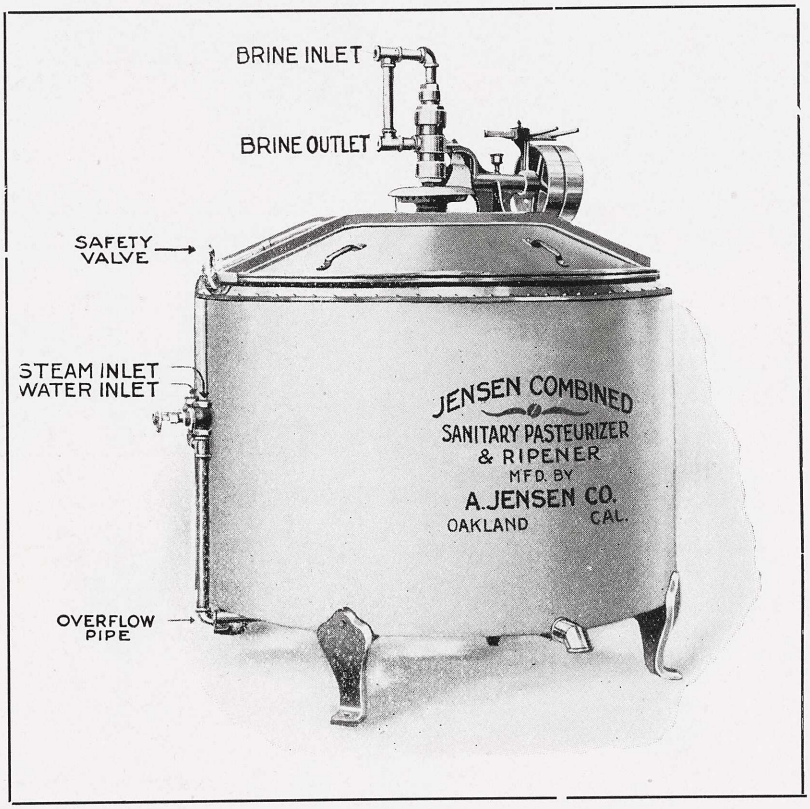
Certified Dairy

DIXON, CAL.

THREE IN ONE

The A. JENSEN SANITARY PASTEURIZING RIPENER in reality takes the place of three different machines: A PASTEURIZER, A HOLDER and A COOLER. Why buy three when one will do the business in an up-to-date manner? It will cost you less money and we guarantee satisfactory results. For Sanitation, Durability and perfect Pasteurizing this machine has no equal. Will outlast any three other makes on the market. Don't this appeal to you as the machine for your business? Lot's of satisfied users. It will do the same for you. Let us tell you more about them.

Perfect sanitation. No bearings or stuffing boxes in cream line. Braized high-pressure coil suspended on ball bearing in cover. Non-rust forming material. Cork insulation. Pulleys and jack bronze-bushed. Perfect Agitation Adjustable current breakers. Separate connections for brine. Minimum floor space.



We also manufacture a line of Sanitary Pumps, Fittings, Vats, Can Driers and Butter Cutters. Let us hear from you when in the market for new machinery.

A. JENSEN COMPANY, Oakland, California.

Ladies **Furnishings** Gents

School Books

and Supplies For

University Farm Students

Davis **Anderson & Rogers** Calif.

MOUNT & SON

REAL ESTATE

WE SELL LAND "IN THE HEALTHIEST VALLEY ON THE COAST." THE BEAUTIFUL NAPA VALLEY.

THE LAND OF NEVER FAILING CROPS

TRANSPORTATION UNEXCELLED

PRICES REASONABLE

Address us at Napa, Cal.

GIFTS

That GIVE PLEASURE

SILVERWARE WATCHES
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS NOVELTIES
CLASS PINS MADE TO ORDER
FINE WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

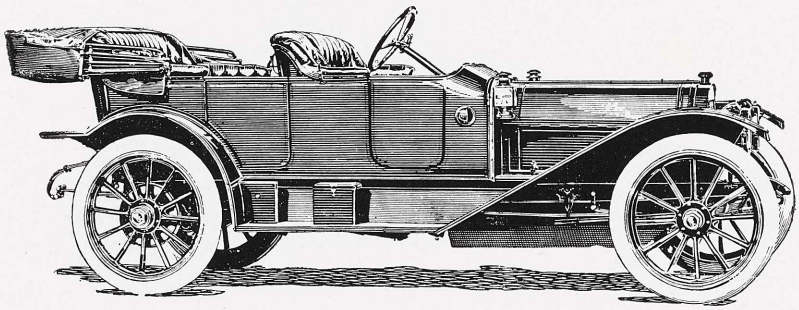
Charles J. Noack

Leading Jeweler

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

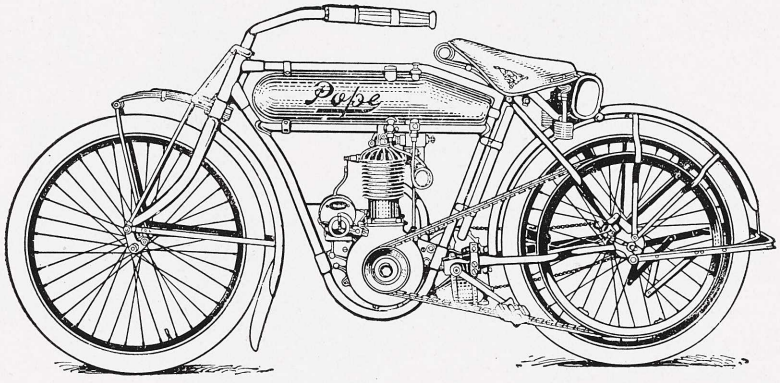
Davis Garage

AGENTS FOR MITCHELL CARS



¶ We handle a full line of Auto Supplies, Diamond Tires, Gasoline, Distillate, Oils. MITCHELL CARS OUR SPECIALTY.

We are prepared to take care of our customers and assure all fair treatment



A PRACTICAL and popular-priced **Motorcycle** built for recreation or business, it represents more true value than can be found in any other machine at any price. Price, including the most reliable and lightest motorcycle magneto built,

$175.00

C. C. MORSE & CO.

48 JACKSON STREET

THE largest growers of seeds in the West, cordially invites the boys of University Farm to visit, at any time, at any of its Seed Farms, Trial Grounds, Experiment Grounds, Testing Houses, and Nurseries. The Seed Farms and Trial Grounds will be found particularly interesting, for we are constantly experimenting and testing the value of seeds of the year.

WE are striving to raise the standard of Seed Growing. We are trying to bring our work to that perfection that no seeds bearing the name of Morse will ever be found untrue, thus securing that which is the seedmen's greatest asset—the confidence of those using seeds, plants and flowers.

IF at any time any University Farm boys want any help, or if we can co-operate in any way to bring about the attainment of the highest standards, write us. Our Garden Guide, Sweet Pea Culture Book, and other valuable literature, will be sent free to any address.

OUR SEED FARMS

Are located at Hayward and San Juan, Cal.

OUR TRIAL GROUNDS

Are located at Gilroy, San Juan and Mt. Eden, Cal.

OUR NURSERIES

Are located at Hayward and Oakland, Cal.

C. C. MORSE & CO.

Trees—Plants—Shrubs—and—Trees

48 JACKSON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Covell's Market

Always Carries the Very Choicest Meats

C. A. COVELL, PROPRIETOR

DAVIS CALIF.

GO TO THE

POSEY THEATRE

A first class and up-to-date show every night

W. L. JOHNSON : : Proprietor

IF you are thinking of building a home, do not do so until you have called at our office and have had our plans explained to you. We will give you a beautiful book of Bungalow Designs to help you decide what you want, and when you are ready to build, we want to explain to you how we can assist you in some other ways, and save you some money.

TALK IT OVER WITH US

Davis Lumber Co., Inc.

Davis, California

WE ARE NOW SHOWING OUR

New Woolens

FOR SUMMER SUITINGS

IN COLORS MOSTLY BROWN AND TAN

SPECIAL GRAY, BROWN & BLUE TWEED SUIT *to* ORDER **$25**

Elegant Striped Silk Mixed Worsteds, New Designs; Suits to Order - - - $35 to $50
Fine Blue Serges; Worsteds; don't glaze - $40
Best English Silk Mixed Oakley's Clay Worsted $45 and $50
Black French Pique - - - $35 and Up
Trousers to Order - - - - $8 to $14
Direct from Ireland—Genuine Athlone and Blarney Blue Serges and Tweeds. Beauties. Carry the Red Trade Mark.
Suits and Overcoats Cleaned, Repaired and Pressed 75c and Up

BEST OF CUTTING AND FITTING

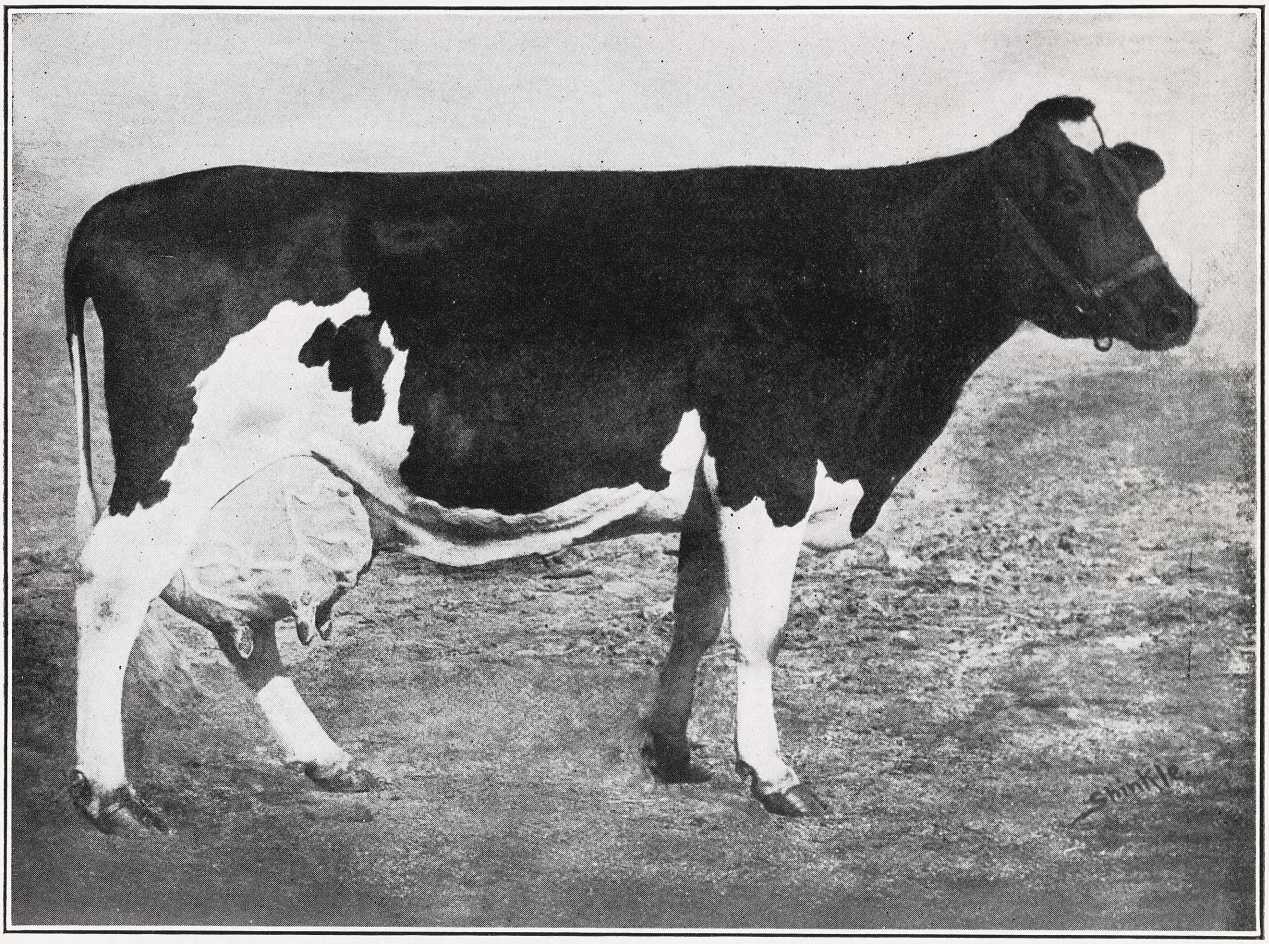
All Garments Made in Sacramento by First-Class Tailors

J. H. HEITMAN

524 J St., bet. 5th and 6th, Sacramento, Cal.

Riverside Sadie De Kol Burke No. 70708

WORLD'S CHAMPION MILK PRODUCER



MILK, one day	*134.7 pounds*		*Butter*	*4.75 pounds*	
" 7 "	*920.8*	"	"	*32.08*	"
" 30 "	*3735.6*	"	"	*130.03*	"

Head your herd with a young sire carrying the blood of this famous cow. We are offering several of her grandsons sired by the best bred bulls in California. At the head of our herd is King Segis Pontiac Emperor, Junior Champion Bull California State Fair 1911. He is sired by a son of Pontiac De Kol 2d, 1017 pounds of butter fat in one year, and his dam is a full sister to King of the Pontiacs.

Write for pedigrees, prices, etc.

A. W. MORRIS & SONS WOODLAND, CAL.

GO TO

Campbell's Pharmacy

FOR

DRUGS, CHEMICALS and STATIONERY

¶ Do your trading with the Leading Haberdashers of Dixon, where you will find a nice, clean up-to-date stock at the right prices

Beckley & Grove

Men's and Boys' Outfitters From Head to Foot

H. A. FILBET, Agent
NEWS STAND—GRIEVE'S HOTEL

Bon Ton

Cleaners and Dyers

LADIES', GENTS' & CHILDREN'S GARMENTS CLEANED, DYED, PRESSED AND REPAIRED

ALTERATIONS BY EXPERTS

Hello 1766-R 912 L Street

Sacramento, California.

W. Alter

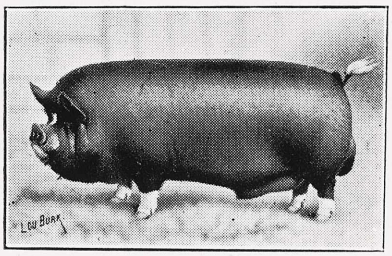
Harness Maker and Carriage Trimmer

SHOE REPAIRING

DAVIS, CALIFORNIA

Oak Grove Dairy Farm

The Home of Big-boned Berkshires



¶ *Our stock is bred right and priced right.*

¶ *We now have one of the best herds in the state, being rich in Masterpiece, Black Robinhood, Longfellow, Silvertips and Empress strains.*

¶ *Our prices are as low as is consistent with the quality of the stock offered.*

Write Us Your Wants, or Better Still, Pay Us a Visit

OAK GROVE DAIRY FARM

Woodland, California

Davis Branch, Bank of Yolo

DAVIS, CAL,

Commercial and Savings

Combined Capital and Surplus, $500,000

J. H. KRIDER, Cashier

4 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

DRAFTS DRAWN ON THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Pugh's Barber Shop

CLEAN, NEAT AND SANITARY
ONLY FIRST CLASS WORK DONE

W. R. PUGH, Proprietor *DAVIS, CALIFORNIA*

Davis Hardware Company

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF THE FOLLOWING

Builders' Hardware. Sherwin Williams Paints, Oils and Varnishes. Malthoid Roofing and P. & B. Building Paper. Cole's Hot Blast Ranges, Eureka Kerosene and Insurance National Gasoline Stoves. Stiletto Lawn Mowers. Refrigerators, Water Coolers and Snowball Ice Cream Freezers. Elwood and Royal Field Fence, Cyclone Lawn Fence and Ornamental Lawn Gates, Deering and McCormick Mowers and Extras

We appreciate your business

Davis Hardware Company, Davis, Cal.

Cascade Laundry

GOOD WORK : PROMPT DELIVERY
GENTS' SUITS CLEANED AND PRESSED

Mr. Rand Avery, of the University Farm, will have charge of our orders for photographs and any orders placed with him will be appreciated by us.

McCurry FOTO CO.

718 J Street *SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.*

NEW GOODS

Are Arriving Constantly at

THE BUSY NEW STORE

Every department of our large new store is now filled with *NEW GOODS.* We invite inspection of same and are always pleased to show our goods, whether you purchase or not. Come and get acquainted with *OUR PRICES* and *QUALITY* of *OUR GOODS* and by careful comparison you will be convinced that it is to your advantage to do your trading with us.

Rummelsburg & Bierbaum

THE LEADING STORE

Davis, - - California.

Some Reasons Why Limonira Lemons Are The Best on the Market, and Why It Pays to Buy Them.

With lemons, as well as with men, looks are by no means everything. In lemons, "beauty is only skin deep." It is what's beneath the skin that counts most. A thin rind, smooth and free from scars is essential to a fancy grade, but the quantity of juice it contains and the keeping quality of the lemon is of prime importance.

EFFECTS OF METHODS OF PRODUCTION AND HANDLING

Limoneira Company has for its manager and foreman in charge of its various departments, men who have been connected with the lemon business from the time when it first became an important California industry. They know how to fertilize, cultivate, irrigate and prune the trees in a manner to make them produce good fruit. These men see to it that each lemon is picked at the right time and with utmost care. They invented and introduced the tent system of curing lemons. This method of curing fruit has revolutionized the lemon business. Realizing that bruises meant decayed lemons, Limoneira Company invented and installed a machine for washing lemons which cleans them thoroughly, yet handles the fruit so carefully that eggs may be run through it without breaking. The careful execution of these methods set our lemons apare from all others.

ALL FRUIT GROWN IN THE COMPANY'S ORCHARDS

Limoneira Company has never purchased, and does not intend to purchase, a single lemon from outside growers. By following this policy, we know how every box of lemons we ship is produced and handled, and are thus enabled to put out a pack of absolutely uniform grade and quality. You can readily see how this has been a large facor in giving Limoneira Lemons a merited reputation for superiority over the brands of our competitors.

PROOF THAT IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST LEMONS

Notwithstanding the fact that the production of our orchards has nearly doubled within the past three years, we have been unable to enter any new territory with our lemons. Some of our customers have more than doubled their sales within this period. We are daily receiving letters from all parts of the country asking for Limoneiras. In an endeavor to meet this increasing demand, we are setting out 300 acres of new lemon groves. This will greatly increase, perhaps double, our present output within the next six or eight years. We can take care of your orders at all times. Does it pay to buy Limoneiras? It is obvious that our customers would not double an unprofitable business. Is this not proof that it pays to regularly buy and push Limoneira Lemons?

EXPERIMENTS ARE OFTEN COSTLY

We have found that the buyers who have continued to purchase our lemons regularly, all the year round, during a long period of years are the dealers who have built up a large and profitable lemon business without entirely satisfactory results, might it not be well for you to exclusively use the famous Limoneira Lemons, "The Lemons That Keep?"

SANTA PAULA, CAL.

WE WASH EVERYTHING BUT--

THE BABY

Sacramento Laundry

FRONT & O MAIN 104

AGENCY AT DAVIS.

No. 40

Play Ball

—But play with the

CORK CENTER

ball, the same as the National and American Leagues and practically every other professional league is doing. Every league that has any regard for its own future and the future of its players uses the Cork Center Ball. It plays the same right through the game, just as lively in the ninth, tenth and twelfth innings as in the first. Adopted by the National League for twenty years. All World Series Games will be played with Cork Center Balls for the next twenty years at least.

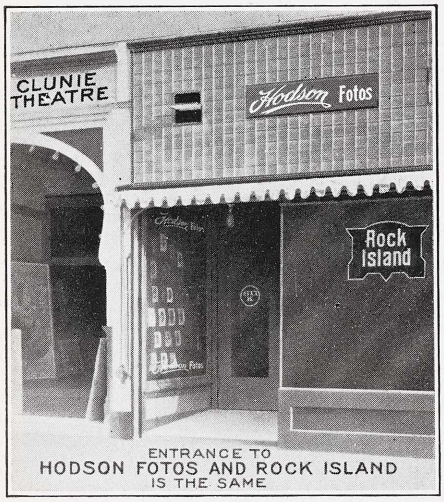
The Spalding "Official National League" Cork Center Ball, **$1.25** each. Try it in your next game and show that you are up-to-date.

Send for Sample Book of materials for Base Ball Uniforms—free on request. We outfit all the National and American League teams. Copy of Spalding Catalogue sent free on request to any address.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

156 Geary Street, San Francisco

KODAK WORK FINISHED
COPYING OLD PICTURES
ENLARGING PORTRAITS AND FRAMES



ENTRANCE TO
HODSON FOTOS AND ROCK ISLAND
IS THE SAME

PHOTOGRAPHS
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Hodson Photos

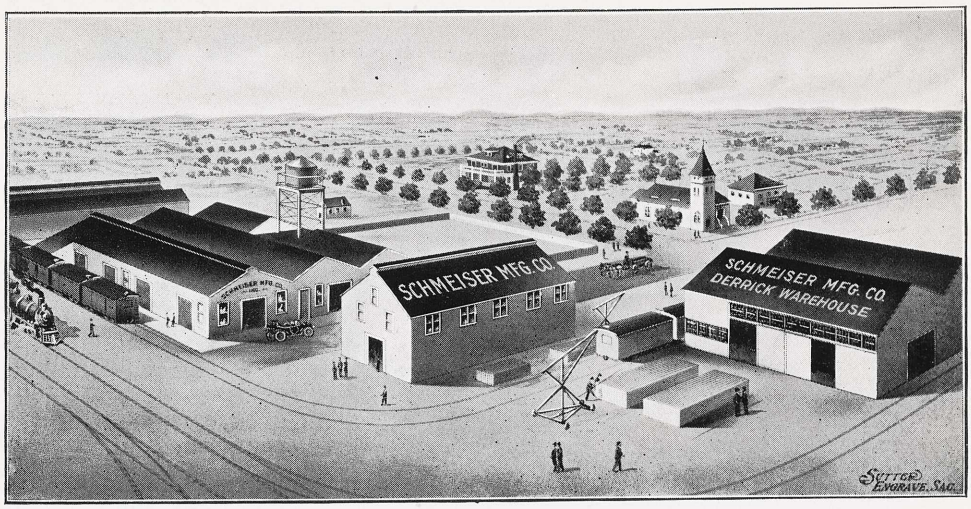
OAKLAND SACRAMENTO
CALIFORNIA.

WANTED

¶ 25 per cent of the people of California to know that **A. J. Johnston Co.** is the recognized authority of this Coast on Original Advertising Ideas and High Class PRINTING. The other 75 per cent already know it.

Office and Plant:

518 J Street, Sacramento



Schmeiser Manufacturing Company

Has a Pay Roll of Over $3,000 a Month

Manufacturing

Portable Automatic Derricks, Equalizing Hitches, "Sure Pop" Almond Hullers and Separators, Stretchers, Singletrees, Clips, Chains, Etc. : : : : : : : : : : : :

These Machines and Implements are shipped to all parts of the world
AND MAKE GOOD

For further information, prices, terms, etc., write or apply to

Schmeiser Manufacturing Company

DAVIS, CALIFORNIA

For a choice piece of land---90 acres---no better in the State, adjoining the University Farm. For particulars see or write G.T. SCHMEISER, Davis Cal.

If You Are Interested

in machinery for handling milk and its products, it would pay you to get our catalogs and prices. We sell everything for the dairy, creamery and cheese factory.

OUR SPECIALTIES

De Laval Separators; Victor New Style Combined Churns and Workers; Farrington and Eclipse Pastuerizers; Wizard and Eclipse Cream Ripeners, Alaska and Farrington Tubular Coolers; Duro and Sanitary Milk and Cream Pumps; Wizard, 20th Century and Official Babcock Testers; Disc Ice Cream Freezers; Wizard and De Kalb Refrigerating Machines; Victor Ice Breakers; Stickney Gasoline Engines; James Sanitary Barn Appliances.

Our information department is at your service. A request for literature will receive prompt attention.

DE LAVAL DAIRY SUPPLY CO.

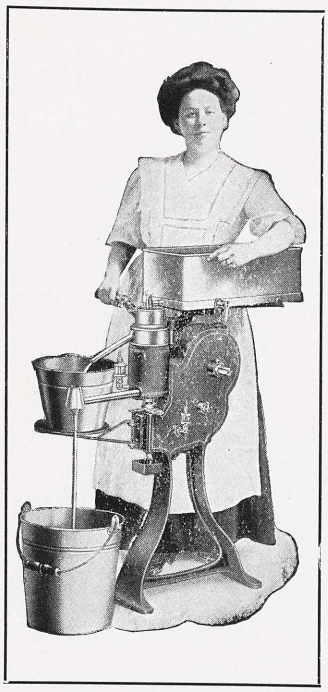
DRUMM AND SACRAMENTO STREETS :: SAN FRANCISCO

Branch, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

THE UNITED STATES CREAM SEPARATOR

BEATS THEM ALL

In California and Throughout the Country



First Prize at the California State Fair, 1911. In the greatest cream separator contest of the year the Interlocking United States Cream Separator was judged superior to the DeLaval, Sharples, International, Simplex, Empire and Automatic. Read the State Fair Manager's letter:

Sacramento, Cal., Dec., 1, 1911.

Replying to yours of the 29th ult., will say that the Vermont Farm Machine Company was awarded the first prize on best cream separator at the recent State Fair, the second prize being awarded to the DeLaval Dairy Supply Company.

C. ALLISON TELFER, Manager.

Grand Prize at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. In the greatest cream separator contest since the Pan-America Exposition, the Interlocking U. S. Cream Separator proved its superiority to all others, receiving the Grand Prize. Read the letter confirming the award:

Seattle, Wash, Oct. 6, 1909.

Answering your letter of the 4th inst., beg to say that the Vermont Farm Machine Company received the Grand Prize and the Sharples and DeLaval people Gold Medals on Cream Separators.

HENRY E DOSCH,
Director of Exhibits and Privileges.

World's Record at the Pan-American Exposition in the greatest skimming contest ever seen in this country or any other. This letter tells about this big endurance test. Read it:

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1901.

Referring to the record of the work done by the U. S. Separator in the Model Dairy at the Pan-American Exposition from September 29th to October 30th, inclusive, I have the pleasure of informing you that in fifty consecutive separate runs made by that separator during these days with the milk of ten different herds in the dairy test, the average per cent of fat left in the skim milk was .0138.

EDWARD VAN ALSTYNE,
Supt Model Dairy.

The baseball team or football team which beats all others is called the champion team. The same rule applies to cream separators.

The United State Cream Separator has met them all and beaten them all. The U. S. is the World's Champion.

Prices for farm size. $25.00 and up, according to capacity.

Why not let our local agent give you a free, practical demonstration and you be the judge of its merits? If you don't know his name, write direct.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE COMPANY

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

Distributing Warehouses in Oakland and Portland

Press of
The A. J. Johnston Co.
518 J St., Sacramento