YOU double-crossed a friend today,
But you won't make your getaway.
The fool thinks he can turn his back
Upon his record and forget!
But only squaring wipes a debt.
Own up before your chance is wrecked;
Win back his faith, your self-respect;
Replace, atone, apologize;
Be wise!

Herbert Kaufman.

MANY THANKS

Three recent events staged at
C. P. S. have required a lot of
student help. Not only did we need
the help, but we got it. The high
school track meet, the grammar
school track meet and the carnival
were made successes very largely
because of the generous devotion
of time and labor of students.
Those of us on the faculty who were
charged with a measure of responsi-
bility for these enterprises are
very grateful for the aid you stu-
dents gave us. We appreciate it
and want you to know that we do.
Sometimes in the press and hurry of
other matters we are apt to forget
your help and take it for granted.
This is to let you know that in
our hearts we are grateful and ap-
preciative.

(Signed) The Athletic Com.

A FIRE ESCAPE.

When an alumnus of this school
attempts to perpetrate an under-
sized grammar grammar school trick
at the expense of his alma mater
his brand of humor is certainly
perverted! When he tries to pull
off his "stone-age" trick while he
is guest of his alma mater, his
puny joke indicates he should be
tenderly sheltered and cared for at
the expense of the state, prefer-
ably at some such place as Agnews.
Moral: A watched fire never burns.

SUCCESS.

We all want to succeed. But
what is success and where do you
find it? Is it found all done up in
a package, or do we have to pick it
up a little at a time until we fill
our pockets and finally have to rent
a bank? I guess we all agree that
it has to be picked up little by
little. It wouldn't be any fun if
we get it all in a chunk. Who
knows but that we might break our
backs trying to carry the sudden
load.

But what is success? What does
a successful man look like? Is Thom-
as Edison a successful man? How
about Henry Ford? Would you consid-
er Booker T. Washington a successful
man? Would you like to do such
things as these men have done?

What have they done and why do
we respect them? It is because they
have given something to the people
and because they have done something
to advance humanity. And strange
as it may seem they have demor-
strated this fact, that "if we give,
we do receive." Try it.

Did you ever see a fat man who
was stingy? Let's do something for
the school. When the chance offers
do a little work, be a 'live guy.'
Mr. Figge is a strong man because
he forges so much iron.
THE POLYGRAM
WEEKLY.

Published by the students of the
California Polytechnic School,
San Luis Obispo, California.

Editor, Raymond E. Herr , '19.
Asso. Editor, P. J. Martinsen 18.

Price Five Cents.

EDITORIAL.

In the last issue we promised
to give you a better number this
time. We have spent a lot of time
in getting out this paper and hope
it meets with your approval. The
staff wished to thank the faculty
and students who so kindly handed
in articles or did some work in
getting out the paper. Next week
there will be an article in those
columns which should be of interest
to everyone.

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In trying to get articles for
last week's issue, we asked the
faculty to furnish articles of
interest. Three out of twenty-six
handed in articles. This is about
nine per cent. The students are
always being asked to come out and
support the team. What kind of
support would the team get if nine
per cent. of the students came out.

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Next week the last issue of
the Polygram for this year will be
published. We would like to sell
a few more copies than we have
been doing, to help pay expenses.
Tell your neighbor.

I hold that the most impor-
tant thing is not the quantity of
knowledge which a man has taken in
and can pour out again, but the
ability he shows to use the know-
ledge he has acquired.

Herbert Spencer.

PLAY BALL.
Selected.

The World's a diamond, with the
bases laid, and at its life's great
game of ball is played.
The teams are Men. Being ver-
sus Fate, and Time's the umpire,
watching by the plate.
We're at the bat. Our purpose, o'er
and o'er, to wield Ambition's club
and try to score.
To try to solve the curves the pit-
cher throws, and lean the sphere
where not a finger goes.
Some of us seem to bat with skill
immense, knocking long homers o'er
the deep field fence.
Others bunt little hits, but
wildly race, and beat the ball down
to the primal base.
Still others, the they strive their
best, no doubt, fan wildly at
the air, and then - strike out;
Then seek the bench downcast,
with visage, drawn, creation,
shamefaced, blue, ambition gone;
Or rag the umpire, growling like a
bear. 'You robber. That decision
wasn't fair.'
That's not the game. Be not a
prouch or quitter. What tho you're
not a straight 303-hitter.
You've got another chance. Stand up
the plate, grab tight your bat, get
braced and calmly wait.
Wait for a good one. Let the
other zip, and when it comes - now-
ham it hard and zip.
It's got to go. And so you must,
old man, hike for the base.
Keep going - yes, you can;
Steal second - good - now, easy-
ot too gay, there - get a lead-
a hit - now you're away.
Keep on - don't stop - don't lose
that dandy stride, you've got to beat
the throw-in - slide now - slide.
Hurrh - you did it-score?
Of course you scored; see there's
your tally marked up on the board.
And now you'll win the game -
o doubt at all; you can't lose, old
man, if you'll just PLAY BALL.
POLY vs. SAN LUIS

Last Saturday the much looked-for game with San Luis High was played. Both teams had been practicing hard for this game, but who could win from Poly? The game was very close all through the nine innings. The first score was made in the fourth inning when Lindberry of San Luis crossed the plate. In the seventh Thyle of Poly rapped out a three-bagger which brought Muzio home. In the ninth inning San Luis brought in another score, and Poly of course made two runs.

Harvie, Poly's pitcher, deserves much credit for the way in which he pitched himself out of several tight places. He also made the third baseman which brough in the second tally for Poly.

A large crowd of students was present from both schools and from town.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E

San Luis: 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 2 6 2
Poly: 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 2 3 8 2

San Luis: Muzio c, Holman, Harvie p, McCurdy, Scarlett 1b, Maroney, Orrantia 2b, Riley, Wieland ss, Shirley, Thyle 3b, Lindberry, Tomsini lf, Sellers, Hartman cf, Pigourd, Holman rf, Scott.

Sat urday evening, June 3, 1916, the "Class of Seventeen" of C. F. S. will give a Poly-High dance at the W. O. W. hall. The faculty and students of C. F. S. are invited.

Invitations have been sent to the junior and senior classes of the San Luis High School.

MECHANICS DANCE

The dance that the Mechanics Club gave in the dining hall last Friday was a great success. The walls were decorated with models of the various mechanical tools used in the mechanics department. These proved to be popular souvenirs of the party. The punch bowl was one of the main attractions.

After the dance, a fire was started from the remains of Johnston's fort. Speeches were made by Temporary Coach Carus, Temporary second baseman Keeler, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Binnie, (De-bing-it for Short), and Captain Tub Thyle.

The girls were requested to tell the boys home early as the moon was on a strike. Several, however, refused rides because the walking was good or something to that effect.

THE CLASsofi SEVENTEEN.

The assembly last Wednesday was similar to the one two weeks ago. Proceeding the motion picture film, songs were sung by the students and the announcement made. The motion picture showed the process of making the Edison Mazda lamps. It was shown in drama form, the characters being the son who is employed in the lamp factory and his parents in the country who are still using oil lamps. The son takes his father to the city and shows him the factory. The father is so impressed with the advantages of electricity that he has it installed all over the farm.

She; Did that dog take a prize at the last dog show?
He; No, they don't give prizes for loyalty, a tarnished virtue, and a heavenly disposition.

Maybe the above would apply to man .

ASK HIM.

Why the down-cast look in the sixth-inning, Mr. Carus?
A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The Gates were down and the Chase was across the Green. Day is fast approaching Knight, while the Moon is just peeping over the Hill. Matthews, a famous Ryder, a sport of sports, always flush with Nichols, for which he doesn't Care-nap, seeks to meet his Helen and Tell Herr of his True-love. He spies someone by the Crabtree and thinks he recognizes the Earring bone Combs in the hair as belonging to his sweetheart. He hastens forward his usual sun Brown-ed face becoming Scarlett, but Carey-ing himself with the dignity of a king, only to discover-at close range it isn't True. He is mistaken and must Dace.

Mr. Loc-Ottoy, the village cornetist, who made his living as a barber, was massaging a patron's face. "That's a peculiar way of massaging the nose," remarked the man in the chair. "Some illmotive methods?" "That, oh, no, I was just practicing the fingering of the Second Hungarian Rhapsody."

The train was drawing into San Jose when the porter approached Greaves, saying, "Shall I brush you off, Sir?" No, was the reply, "I prefer to get off in the usual way." (He fell off.)

SOME MORE - WANTED TO KNOW.

Why Helen and Rosella always eat on the front porch?
Why Sarah doesn't like to be teased?
Why Mildred is feeling so sad the last week?
Why the "Poly" couple were that caused a blockade by holding hands Friday night?
If Skinny and found many potato bugs at Mr. T. H.'s?

A TOUCHING REPRIMAND.

Remonstrating her little boy how crying as if his future were intent, he went to the coach.
"Then, what is the matter? Did you meet with an accident?"
No, gram-ma! I - no accident. Mother did it on purpose.

ONE PROBABLE? A COMING RAMP OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Of recent date, I met a knight who left the state in 198. His name was Tate - his surname Tate. I'd really hate to perpetuate the rhymes of 'late' that ritter late Heflinite, generate, prolificate, a turtle date. At any rate, you'd have to advocate the cause of Tate. The hour was late when in walks Tate and admity gate beside my guest. To irritate he took on straight, the didn't wait to date delegate.

"I had a date at Golden Gate to meet my Tate, - her name was Tate; no words of 'late' are adequate to illustrate this girl sedate. Affectionate, compassionate it makes my pace cogulate to contemplate.

At any rate I got there straight and met my mate at 7:08, en tete-a-tete. The lunch was great, we sat and ate, and something fat-al in that state got next to Tate and scala her fate. It sent her straight, C. O. D. freight, a candidate to the pearly gate."

Here to abate this tale of Tate I grabbed a plate and threw it straight, then chased this Tate from my estate.

Crawford: I earned 10¢ once running a Ford.
Russell: Why can you drive a Ford?
Crawford: You bet I can.
Kellogg: Well, no wonder there are no telephone poles in Jenny Lind.
TALK HAPPINESS.

Not now and then but every blessed day

"E'en tho' you don't believe
The half of what you say;
There's no room here for him
Who whines as on his way he goes
Remember, son, the world is sad enough without your woes.

Talk happiness, each chance you get
Talk it good and strong
Look for it in the
Bymays as you grimly plod along
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never comes
But talk it
Soon you'll find that you and happiness are chums.

COLD-FOOTED CAL.

The first time I laid my eyes on Cal I got his number right. He tip-toed in to hunt a job, three-quarters dead with fright. The way he struck the chief for work, polite you know, and meek, I saw right off it needed all the nerve he had to speak. He wouldn't start his story till he'd taken off his hat: 'Who'd ever think the chief would go and hire a guy like that?' "Cold-footed Cal - that's him", says I, without another look. And, did I have his number? Say - I read him like a book.

Right from the start he showed us plain his feet were frozen stiff; he wouldn't even come outside to draw a little whiff. "Too busy, thanks!" was what he said, but everybody knew he didn't dast to break the rule, like all the live guys do. He must have laid awake all night for fear of being late - he always used to get to work an hour ahead of eight! And quitting early? Not for his - he would have died of fright to beat the clock a little bit, like I do every night!

I almost used to pity Cal, to see the way he'd jump whenever shippers wandered in - the chicken-hearted chump! He wouldn't dast to

to take his time, like Connie Brown and me - we always let a shipper know we're just as good as he. And Cal would come a-running when the Chief Clerk rang his call, and stand and take his call-downs like he had no nerve at all. I'll bet the boss had more respect for me and Connie Brown - we ain't afraid to take right back when people call us down.

Oh, I admit he earned his pay he did a heap of work, but that's because the poor, scared goat just didn't dast to shirk! Oh, yes, he made a lot of friends, like any timid cuss, who'd always knuckle down than face a little fuss. He didn't gamble, hit the booze, nor sport around the street - you see, he had to stay home nights and nurse his feet. I hate to look score-headed, but I am - Great Grief! I guess I've got a right to be - THEY'VE WENT AND MADE CAL CHIEF!

Harvie lost the punch he got from the dance but he almost got something else.

Crawford - "Can you tell me why the bugler of Co. A. goes with Miss Perner?"
Dolch - "I suppose it is her good looks."
Crawford - "Perhaps, but the real reason is because Bill is afraid after 8 o'clock."

Mr. Malis - "I have raised livestock vegetables, fruit and flowers, but I like raising a little 'Malis' best.

Mr. Malis - "I have raised livestock vegetables, fruit and flowers, but I like raising a little 'Malis' best.

Which is the more valuable, a five dollar note or a five dollar gold piece?

The five dollar note, because when you put it in your pocket, you double it and when you take it out you see it in creases.
HURRAH! FOR THE BIG PICNIC
NEXT FRIDAY.

This is to be the best ever.
The juniors have the big con-
cession for the day, that of sell-
ing ice-cream; the seniors too,
hope to make a little by selling
sandwiches and salads. Good home-
made sandwiches and salads, if you
please,) so with the barbecue
and the coffee furnished by the
school, there is no need to go
hungry.
The junior too will appear
that day.

Prof. Glimmer of the Universi-
ty will open the day's program with
an address at 12 o'clock.

At twelve noon, line up for a
helping of barbecue and a cup of
hot coffee.

At 2:15 the band will favor us
with a few heavenly strains.

From 1:30 to 2:30 we will all
attend the county fair. County
Fair? Why, yes, didn't you know
that all the exhibits were to be
placed in the basement of Science
Hall instead of on display in the
various buildings and shops.

At 2:30 we are to have the
pleasure of seeing our boys in a
battalion review. This will be one
of the most interesting features
of the day, especially to the girls.

Last but not least, we are
to finish the day with a round of
Base Ball. Poor Arroyo
Grande, he'll be treated fine all
day then be doomed to a good healthy
clean-up at the finish.

Will you be there Friday? Of
course, everybody is coming.

WARREN: If this school is ever
moved, the place will then turn the
place into an insane asylum.

MR. FALLAR: Some of us won't have
to move then, will we?

HOW COULD I?

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore dis-
tress,

When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness

How could I ask to have what I de-
nied

In my own hour of bitterness sup-
plied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty
way,

And I should turn and walk alone

that day -

How could I dare
When in the evening watch I knelt
to pray,

To ask for help to bear my pain

and loss,

if I had heeded not my brother's

cross?

If I might sing
A little song of cheer to a faint
heart,

And I should seal my lips and sit

apart,

-When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache

and smart

How could I hope to have my grief

relieved,

If I kept silent when my brother

grieved?

And so, I know-
The day is lost wherein I fail to

lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring
friend;

But if I show
A burden lightened by the cheer I

sent,

Then do I hold the golden hours

well spent,

And lay me down to rest in sweet

content.

Waarren: If this school is ever
moved, the place will then turn the
place into an insane asylum.

Mr. Fallar: Some of us won't have
to move then, will we?
At last Sam and Lou had gotten their camp all straightened out and had set their minds on getting some kind of an animal because all their food had been eaten by some hungry bears. So they started with Jim's rifle down the path to the lake where their canoe was tied. They were but a few hundred feet from the canoe when they heard an awful crunching and growling: Sam stopped, turned around and there stood a terrible looking cinnamon bear. Frightened as he was, Sam dropped his rifle, and as the bear was making for them, a little lively sprint brought the boys to their canoe, which was very hurriedly pushed off the dock. They now thought they were safe as they paddled through the water, but no! the bear jumped into the water and proved to be an able swimmer. Each laid more on his paddle until they were sure they had left the bear far in the back ground, but they were mistaken as the bear swiftly pursued them.

In the excitement, Lou broke a paddle; cracked it right in two. Now they were up a stump, because the bear was coming near. Both boys thought and thought, what were they to do! At last Sam spoke out, 'I have an idea.' The bear is near and if he tries to come in the canoe, it will tip over and we'll be in a fine box. I'll dive out and attract his attention; then you paddle right to one side and hit him in the head with the paddle. This agreed to, Sam took off his clothes, as he wore his bathing suit underneath, he was alright. As he dove, the bear watched. The canoe was sent in the opposite direction. The bear came for Sam. Lou of course did not expect this and so was greatly excited. Sam saw that the bear was only a few feet away and so dove under the water, only to rise nearer the bear. Lou tried his best to get to the bear, but could not. Sam was forced to dive again. This time he swum under water quite a way, but the bear had gone over that way too. So Sam had to dive almost instantaneous. By this time Lou was almost wild because he knew he could not get the bear and that Sam would be so fatigued when he came up that the bear would be sure to get him. Lou was right, Sam rose this time within three feet of the bear who stretched his large paw out to get Sam. But Sam was a plucky fellow and took one gasp and went down. As he quickly rose, it was this time right in the bear's arms. Lou screamed and yelled but could do nothing save watch the wild bear. As he looked he saw the bear's huge, cruel arm squeezed around poor fighting Sam's waist, and just as the bear raised the other paw, with the claws all outstretched, the bedslat broke, and Sam rolled out on the floor.

Arthur Matthews. "The Monologue Book." "Billy Van." I got on a slow train the other day and it was a very slow one. I told the conductor about the slowness of the train and he told me if I did not like it I could walk. I said, 'I would, but my folks don't expect me until the train gets there.' In the seat right in front of me sat a mother with her big boy. She handed the conductor a half fare ticket and the conductor said: 'That boy is too large to ride on a half fare ticket.' Well, said the mother, he wasn't that way when he got on. Just then an old man about ninety years old came along selling papers. I asked him 'How long have you been on this train?' He answered that he started out as a news boy on this train the trip before this. Then he said 'Don't you want to read to-morrow's paper to pass away the time.' I told him no, that I had read it yesterday.
FROM THE JOSH BOX.

OF WHOM DO THEY SPEAK?
Upon the steps each day at noon
Two couples there you see.
of what their meetings are about?
Know not you nor me.

Maybe scenery these four admire
Of trees and hills so grand;
Perhaps, fresh air the maidens need
To company they demand.

If fault you find in what is said
Just chance to stroll their way
And there behold the happy pairs
Who meet there every day.

Miss Chase, (In English) - "Leonard,
don’t you think I’d be happier if
you would change your seat?"
Leonard - "No, Miss Chase, I’m
happier here because my seat is
warm now.

Mr. Malis- "Sergeant, I am going to
fretten you eat, Warren."
Stewart - "If you did, he’d cover
half an acre.
Mr. Malis- "He would make a pretty
big goose spot, wouldn’t he?"

Say! Have you seen Bud?
And who?
Why, Dad, Bing-It, of course.

WANTED TO BE?
Who is the "Tuki" And what makes
him so popular?
Why everyone in school, regardless
of position, does not wear his
uniform?
Where is Oklahoma?
Who has the biggest feet in school?
Who is H.M. Telle?
Who is Hank Ding?
Who is Verne?
Who is Shinka?

Wanted: Fly swatters and an 'idol'
person to use them.
Have we any 'idol' persons here?

Miss Chase (Reading in English) -
'What is so rare as a day in June?'
Sebastian - "A Chinaman with whiskers
(his bright remark removed him from
the room.)

Mr. King- "A shout eight months old
will ring about 200 pounds.
Kellogg - "What is a shout, a goat?
(This is from an Ag, too.)

Chaves, after finishing his note book
in classical myths, added-
"Three more weeks, then we will
be free from the school of misery.
No more pencils, no more books,
no more teacher’s homely looks."

Miss Chase- Leonard, wake up, and
sit up in your chair.
Leonard- Miss Chase, I can’t, every
time I look at you I go to sleep.

Ada - This makes twice Mr. Carus has
been absent from history class.
Sarah - Remember the proverb, ‘Ab-
sence makes the heart grow fonder.’

Hippo could eat no fat,
Paul Peard could eat no lean,
Betwixt them both they cleaned the
plate.
And licked the platter clean.

WHO SENT THEM?"

"I thank you for the flowers you
sent," she said,
And she smiled and blushed and
dropped her hand.
"I’m sorry for the words I spoke
last night;
Your sending the flowers proved that
you were right.
Forgive me."

Sebastian forgave her.
And as they walked and talked be-
neath the bowers,
He wondered who in h___ sent her
those flowers.