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. F. 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 responsibility for these enterprises are very grateful for the aid you students 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 appreciative.

(Signed) The Athletic Com.

A FIRE ESCAPE

When an alumnus of this school attempts to perpetrate an undersized 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, preferably 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 Thomas Edison a successful man? How about Henry Ford? Would you consider 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 demonstrated 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.
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.

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.

Next week the last issue of the Polygram for this your 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 important 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 knowledge he has acquired.

Herbert Spencer.

PLAY BALL.

Selected.

The World's a diamond, with the bases laid, and on it life's great game of ball is played.

The teams are Human Being versus 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 pitcher throws, and lean the sphere where not a finger goes.

Some of us seem to hit with skill immense, knocking long homers over the deep field fence.

Others bunt, lift field 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, crested, shamed, blue, ambition gone, or rag the umpire, growing like a bear. 'You robber. That decision wasn't fair.'

'Of course you scored, see there's your tally marked up on the board. Hurrah - you did it - more?'

Keep on - don't stop - don't lose that dandy stride, you've got to beat the throw-in - slide now - slide.

Hurray - 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 - no doubt at all; you can't lose, old man, if you'll just PLAY BALL.
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 an other 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 three bagger which brought in the two tallies for Poly.

A large crowd of rector's was present from both schools and from town.

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

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 remnants of Johnston's fort. Speeches were made by Tipperary Coach Carus, Temporary second base-man Kiefer, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Binn, (Dab-bing-it for Short), and Captain Tub Thyle.

The girls were requested to take 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.

ASSEMBLY.

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 parent's 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.
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 flushed with Nichols, for which he doesn't Carus-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 Dost.

Mr. Loc-Otto, the village cornetist, who made his living as a barbar, was massaging a patron's face. "That's a peculiar way of massaging the nose," remarked the man in the chair. "Some ill-timed 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 Margie 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 V. A. ?

A TOUCHING REPRIMAND.

Almond-nose hearing her little or moon crying as if his supper in a very intense, he saw to the child.
"Oh, dear, what is the matter? Did you meet with an accident?"

H-no, grandma! I mean a accident. What did it on purpose?

ONE PRODUCED? A COMING R.A.N. OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Of recent date, I met a State, who left the state in 198. His name was Tate, - his surname Tate. I'd really have to perpetrate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate, the rhymes of 'ate' that, ridded Tate.

The hour was late when in walked Tate and calmly sat beside my chair. To irritate him took on straight, the didn't wait to war reate:

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

At any rate I got there straight and met my mate at 7:06, on the one-tete. The lunch was front, we sat and ate, and something fat-al in that fate got next to hate and sells 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 Fate 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 lint.
TALK HAPPINESS.
Not now and then, but every blessed day!
B'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
Byways as you grimly plog along.
Perhaps it is a stronger 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, polit
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 every
body 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
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 talk 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
sore-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. Halis - "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 journal too will appear
that day.

Prof. Glanman of the Universi-
ty will open the day's program with
an address at 10 o'clock.

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

At 1:30 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.

Then last but not least, we are
to finish the day with a game of Base-ball. Poor Arroyo
Grande, to be treated fine all day
then to 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 whole will then turn the
place into an insane asylum.

Mr. Hall;-- 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 tosa.

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
cried?

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;
A HUNTING TRIP.

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 grunting 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 bank. 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 swam under water quite a way, but the bear had gone over that way too, so Sam had to dive almost instantaneously. 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 jaw out to get Sam. But Sam was a plucky fellow and took one easy 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. 16.

COPIED FROM 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 tomorrow'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 we.

May be scenery these four admire
Of trees and hills so grand;
Perhaps, trash all the maidens need
So company they demand.

If I 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.

Mrs. Malis: "Sloley, I am going to
Iremen you eat, Warren."
Stew. "If you did, he'd cover
half an acre.

Mrs. Malis: "He would make a pretty
Big goose's spot, wouldn't he?"

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

WANTED TO LIE?
Who is the "Juki" And what makes
Him so popular?
Why everyone in school, regardless
Of position, does not wear his
Uniform?

Where is Oklahoma?
What has the biggest feet in school?
Who is Mr. Tong?
Who is Sack Dung?
Who is Yerka?
Who is Shinky?

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
(Two bright remarks removed him from
the room.)"

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

Chaves, after finishing his note book
in classical myths, added-
"Thrice 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. Carlos has
been absent from history class.
Sarah: Remember the proverb, 'Ab-
Sence makes the heart grow fonder.'

Hippo could eat no fat,
Paul Bead 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."

Squawing forgave her.

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