IT'S UP TO YOU.

A business man had a card tucked up in a conspicuous place in his office, and on that card was the following: "A man from his shoulders down is worth $1.50 per day, from his shoulders up, ah! that is up to you."

David Starr Jordan says: "The world stands aside for the man who knows where he is going."

The lives of our great men teach us that a man can get anything he wants, if he wants it bad enough. There seems to be no array of obstacles great enough to daunt a man who is working toward a definite goal. On the other hand, no amount of help or encouragement will get a man very far if he does not want to himself.

When the world hands out her jobs she expects every man to "get away with" his own and she takes no account of the obstacles that confront him, that's up to the man.

It's up to you.

SATURDAY'S GAME.

The football game Saturday between Polytechnic and Santa Barbara proved to be an easy match for Poly.

In the first quarter, Poly was forced down within 20 yards of its goal, due to fumbles. Seeing the danger, Poly collected itself and soon had the old battering ram pounding a hole thru Santa Barbara's line. Poly's backs were so effective that a hall over Barber's goal was soon in sight.

In the second quarter, Perry Martinson carried the ball around right end for a twenty yard run and put the ball down. It being a very difficult angle, Scotty failed to kick the goal.

No other score was made until the fourth quarter when Captain Leonard carried the ball through right tackle for a touch down. In the same quarter, Hodges went around end-left and placed the ball between the posts.

Throughout the game, Santa Barbara continued to stall for time, taking every chance offered to kill as much time as possible, thus making the game very slow.

It should be noticed throughout the entire game, Poly was not once forced to punt, and their goal was in danger but once and that was in the first quarter.

EVERYBODY IS GOING.

TO THE WEINIE SUPPER SATURDAY NIGHT.

There will be a "Weinie" roast given Saturday evening at the home of Maxine Barnesberg on D.M. St. Supper will be from 5 to 7 P. M. Much fun is planned for all the young people who remain for the evening.

Supper only 35 cents.

Associate Editor P. J. Martinson was attending classes today. It is hoped that the injury to his ankle will not keep him from going to Bakersfield, November 18.
THE POLYGRAM.
WEEKLY.

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

Editor-in-Chief.
Raymond E. Herr, '19.

P. J. Martinsen, '18, Associate Ed.
Holene Van Gordon, '17, Society.
Isa Kohler, '18, School Notes.
Howard Sebastian, '18, School Notes.
John Brown, '18, Athletics.
Harold Stewart, '19, Josh Editor.

The girls do not seem to care in the least about the shape of their lips being spoiled, and th. poly-
tletes who started that notion ought to be ashamed of themselves. (if they meant it, but they didn't).
The girls went through their marching formations, and recital of the Poly-ground, no one could help smiling.
The girls met and formed at the old Pavilion at 1:15. From there they went to the Town Andrews, played two selections, and gave Santa Barbara a yell. Next that the telegram was serenaded just as the sweet, quiet strains of "No. 1 Schottische" were about to be given freedom, many girls called through the mansion's door, "Don't fail to miss the football game tonight at the Poly Grounds, etc."

"If you know, Mr. Barren, that the girls started to smile, in what hardly blow? No one down town seemed to hear your mistake, and that made it all the funnier.

The band stopped near Justin's Court House, and then from the Pavilion were taken in cars to the game were several selections were satisfactorily given.

Mr. Balbo: "The girls! Society, all of them, in the world."

Everyone acknowledges that. The girls do not seem to care in the least about the shape of their lips being spoiled, and th. poly-
tletes who started that notion ought to be ashamed of themselves. (if they meant it, but they didn't).
The girls went through their marching formations, and recital of the Poly-ground, no one could help smiling.
SANTA B. R. A. D. N. C. H.

The dance held Saturday night at Austin's Hall for the Santa Barbara boys was very largely attended, and a very good time was reported. Irish proved very handy at the punch bowl. Freshman Binns named eleven o'clock as the closing hour.

RYDER'S RECEPTION.

The reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kydor, Saturday night, was a very successful affair. The large fire in the fireplace invited conversation and the music was furnished by Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Johnston.

A most enjoyable time was had by all the guests.

A.M.P.O.L.A. CLUB.

The last meeting of the A. M. P. O. L. A. Club was held in the Household Arts building a few weeks ago.

Miss Hartzell gave an enjoyable and interesting lecture about the beauties of United States scenery. Slides of beautiful views in the Yellowstone National Park and Yosemite Valley were shown.

After the program, regalements and some of Miss Hartzell's jokes were enjoyed.

The club is to have its next meeting next Tuesday after noon at four o'clock. All faculty wives, women faculty members and girls are cordially invited.

There will be a good program and our work for this term will be decided upon.

Alumni Notes.

Huldca Bordine, one of our last year's graduates, was visiting in San Luis Obispo last week. Miss Bordine has been enjoying a pleasant visit in the East since her graduation. She returned to her home in Cambria Monday.

Robert Morrison visited Poly last Monday. He said it seemed rather lonely, but he could not have seen all the Freshmen, or he would have changed his mind. Mr. Morrison is now working for the Santa Maria Oil Co. He expects to return to his work this week.

"LITTLE 'POLY' BY OUR FRIEND 'TAX' H. ATKINSON.

The Pearson house, a noted place where Poly boys would often race.
The Cypress trees, its shelter rare.
The moon alone would often stare.
The coupled groups would stay

Until late hours, gayly passed away.
The time was spent in a nicer way

Than could be accomplished by day.
The house-alone, which was bare.
The lips of the loved ones could not compare

For powder which was carefully placed

Was now very sadly going to waste.

And often as I said good-bye

It was always with a muffled sigh.

As yet a poet I am not,

A dramatic ending I can't fit.

"Tax."

We found the above bit of love

lorn verse and have published it just as originally written. The Polygram is not responsible.
WANTED TO KNOW

Why Mr. Brooks didn't recognize Stringfield?
Why Maggie wouldn't speak to Edith Saturday night?
How many are going to the "Wcinic" support at Maxine Burneberg's next Saturday evening?
Who is getting Speed's attention now?
Who lost a pearl ring under a palm tree?
Who Mabel Leib was with Saturday night?
Why Dolch was so noisy at the Rally?

Gertrude: "That flour you gave me was tough, Miss Rothermell."
Miss Rothermell: "Tough, Gertrude?"
Gertrude: "Yes, tough. I made a pic with it, and couldn't cut it."

She: "Mr. Herr, where did you become such an expert swimmer?"
Maggie: "I... to be a traffic cop in Venice."

Mr. Talbot: "Where is Jenny Lind from?"
Greaves: "He comes from a little town called Jenny Lind up in Calusa County."

Bachelor: Bird of Freedom, rival of the American Eagle.