THE POLYGRAM.

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

Editor-in-Chief
John J. Brown, '18.

P. J. Martinsen, '18. Associate Ed.
Howard Sebastian, '18 School Notes.

Price Per Copy. 5 Cents.
Price Per Year. $1.00

EDITOR RESIGNS.

The readers of the "Polygram" will be sorry to hear of the resignation of its editor, Raymond E. Herr. Mr. Herr has been with the paper since its birth and has had much to do with its development and is to be congratulated upon its progress.

Mr. Herr's resignation was a surprise to the members of the staff as well as a great shock to us all and we are sorry to hear that his studies will not permit him to reconsider his resignation. We are fortunate indeed in having on the regular staff, a man capable of stepping into the editor's shoes.

Hail to the future editor, John J. Brown of the class of '18.

FROM LOS ANGELES EXAMINER.

Fresno, Nov. 26: Kern County High School defeated the Fresno High School eleven here yesterday 11 to 7. The game decided the interscholastic championship of the San Joaquin Valley.

NEW MAN ON THE TEAM.

The new tackling dummy which was recently put up on the football field is arousing much interest. The new devise teaches the men how to fall and how to tackle and it is hoped that practice with it will show a marked improvement in the teams' style of dumping their opponents.

THANKSGIVING GAME.

Santa Barbara has been practicing steadily for their coming game with the Polytechnic. The close game that Poly played with the undefeated champions of the San Joaquin Valley, has caused the Santa Barbara fellows to work hard in an effort to win the Thanksgiving game.

Although the Poly team has been unfortunate enough to lose four of the regular men including Captain Leonard, they expect to give their opponents a real game. Santa Barbara will have to find something else to be thankful for as Poly will bring home the score.

An honorary member of the Mechanics Association arrived Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Heald. She weighs 7 pounds.

PICNIC OF MECHANICS.

The members of the Mechanics Association had the first of a series of picnics last Saturday. From Avila, where they left their machines, the mechanics hiked to the Producer's wharf, and visited (Continued to Page 4.)
MECHANICS' PICNIC.
(Continued from Page 2.)

the oil boat "Oilum", which was
heading for Portland.

From there they visited the
the lighthouse, making a record
hike there and back. They claim
they make the first half in thirty-
five minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Johnston,
Miss Hartzell, Miss Rothermel, and
Mr. Binns, the senior student of
the club, accompanied them on the
picnic. All report a "superb"
time.

PERSONALS.

Frances Vincent is out of the
sanitarium where she had an
operation performed on her throat.

Miss Chase left Tuesday after-
noon for San Francisco and San Jose
where she will spend her Thanks-
giving recess.

Hollo Beaty is among the
students who will be fortunate
enough to spend Thanksgiving with
the folks." He leaves Wednesday
for Paso Robles.

Nix is going to try out his
new machine on a run to Pacific
Cove Wednesday, and stay over
Thanksgiving with his people.

Edwin Knight has returned to
school. He has been absent several
weeks due to having had an attack
of scarlet fever.

Miss Clarice Chapel of Gilroy
is spending the week with Helen
Palmer, her cousin.

Chandler is preparing to
spend the week end with relatives
in Nipomo.

SOCIETY.

Kelvin Club.

The Kelvin Club met last Wed-
nessday evening at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. P. R. York. This meeting
was an exceptionally good one. M.
Chase gave an excellent compari-
son of the United States and Canadian
Governments. The little Miss King
and Johnston gave several selec-
tions on the piano. Dainty refresh-
ments were served.

Sodality Dance.

The Mission Young Ladies'
Sodality gave a dandy dance last
Friday night and Poly was well rep-
resented. Mr. Brooks and Miss Ro-
thermel were among the patrons and
patronesses. Everyone agrees that
the evening was a huge success.

Entertaines at Dinner.

Miss Hill was hostess at a din-
ner party given Saturday night at her
home. The guests present
were Mr. and Mrs. Ryder, Mr. and Mr.
Habick, Misses Hartzell, Enbce,
Rothermel, Talbot, Leonard, Whitt
Williams, Barnsdorpg, Leeronud and
Capt. Roy. Misses Van Gordon and
Hughes assisted Miss Hill.
Thanksgiving! Oh, what was there to be thankful for anyway? Other people might be thankful, but not she. People who had cars, people who had homes that were beautiful, and above all else, were paid for; and people who were well and strong—well, they might be happy, but as for her... It was impossible to think that God wanted her to give thanks—tomorrow. Those others who had so much might, and then some might not give Him thanks, but they would still have their opportunities and pleasures.

These were Mildred's thoughts. They were thoughts which she knew she must put back. She must put them so far back that she could never find them again. "Anyway," she thought, as she forced a brave little smile, "there's father and Billy all well, and so am I. If mother only were well! Billy will be thankful for the turkey and I will too. I'll make myself thankful for everything, one by one."

She opened the rough door of her mother's room. Tears almost started again as she looked at that thin little mother who was propped up in bed talking to her four year old son Billy.

"We won't tell her will we, Mrs. Jack," Billy was saying. He always called his mother Mrs. Jack. Jack. "What won't you tell me Billy?" she said. Billy shifted uneasily. "Guess I'll go see Jack," he said. He found Jack chopping wood. "Maybe Mrs. Jack will be up for dinner to-morrow, won't she?" he asked importantly. "Maybe," his father said happily. A few hours before he had been so discouraged. They had been on their new California homestead for two years, but everything seemed to be against his prospering. The floods had rooched him of his first year's crop, and worst of all, his wife had had pneumonia. She was getting better now but Mildred had worked much too hard for her age. Neither she nor her mother was strong, but both had been so sick in their new and strange home. Now everything seemed brighter. The Doctor had said that Mrs. Jack was getting along splendidly and the check for his shipment had come the day before. It was large! It was very large! It was much larger than he had expected. He told Mrs. Jack all about it, but he wanted to surprise Mildred. He told Billy that at last Mildred could go to boarding school, and Billy was keeping his secret too.

How fortunate that this should all happen at this time. It would make him remember to give thanks to One Whom he might have forgotten.

Mildred came out of doors. "Mother and I have been planning to-morrow's dinner," she said. "Let's go look at the turkey. "Geo! he's fat," Billy said, and smacked his lips.

Mildred hardly heard him. How much better she felt. To think that again mother would be well. She would be thankful, very thankful for that. It made her radiant—happy. Only the worry of their finances bothered her now.

The dinner they had the next day was wonderful. There were ferns on the spotless table cloth, and above the turkey, pudding, and everything else, mother was at the table with them for the first time in weeks at weeks. Billy ate and ate until he could hardly move.

After dinner they told Mildred about her surprise. Tears did come to her eyes, and passed them now. How could she have thought that God had forgotten her? Mother was better and now her wonderful opportunity had come. Billy didn't understand the tears. "Huh! I knew it yesterday," he said, "but I wish you weren't going."
I didn’t know that Irish was Dutch!

The following letter was received by Irish from his cousin in Germany. It will explain why he has been wearing a black hat lately.

Atlantic, Oshen, 9-5.

Dear Kuzin Richard:

Vot I vill now wake men in my hand und let you know dor your...Kuzin Richard is dead. If he would have lived till Christmas he would be clothed in his home clothes. After you hear Kuzin Richard was dead, der doktor gave up all hopes of saving his life. You are the only living relative besides 2 kuzins vat vas killed by der var. The reason vot I vas not wake sooner is because we don’t live where we’ve done, ve noosed der ve are.

Hoping to see you by der next boat,
I stay your kuzin,
Hans Von Vecenvorst.
M. S. Please don’t open dis letter is and muts inside.

Know a young lady called Jo. What is pretty and stylish you know. When asked if she’d marry She replied, “No, I’ll tarry. Will I find one with plenty of laugh.

R is for Poly
And G for Gram,
Put them together
And you may get a slam.

THE POLYTECHNIC HILLS.

Oh, the Polytechnic Hills!
How majestic and how grand!
With their summits backed in glory
Like the fair, the Promised Land.
Is it any wonder then,
That the heart with rapture thrills
As we stand and gaze with love
On the Polytechnic Hills.

On the Polytechnic Hills
Where our youthful days are passed,
Where we wander, often lonely,
And the future try to cast.
Many are the visions bright
Which the future Erector fulfills,
But how sunny are the day-dreams
On the Polytechnic Hills?

Oh the hills, the beautiful hills!
How we love the Polytechnic Hill.
If o’er land or sea we roam,
Still we think of happy home
And our friends among the Polytechnic Hills.

R stands for Rody
Who hasn’t any liver
Because he’s worn it most away,
Driving around in his fliver.

An old lady asked the price of candles. Upon being informed that they had gone up since the war, she exclaimed, “Deary me, are they fighting by candle light now?”

One thing that is going down
since the war began—Skirts.

She: “Oh, for just another sentence.
Harold Stewart: “What a life senten
Miss Hill (Looking for some information on the life of Sir Walter Scott), laughingly said: "I don't believe there was such a person."
Frances Smith, horrified: "Why, Miss Hill, there was too."

A teacher recounting a story of Red Riding Hood, described the woods, the wild animals that flourished therein, and then added: "Suddenly Red Riding Hood heard a great noise. She turned around, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, gazing at her and showing all his sharp, white teeth?" Teddy Roosevelt! shouted one of the youngsters eagerly.

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Why nobody volunteered any information about the adventures of the Ford on the way home from Bakersfield?

Why Edith went to sleep in Study Hall Thursday?

Whether Tax has 'Toe-maine' poisoning?