Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun;
In the snows of far off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job
The United States Marines.
As broad-minded men acquire wisdom, they reconsider their hasty, injudicious, obsolete, and superficial notions. It is pig-headed to persist in a partisanship which no longer enlists conviction. Do not criticise those courageous enough to avow a frank change of heart, but rather applaud the moral valor which scorns pretense.

It is not reason to renounce a mistaken cause, but a mistake to serve an undeserving one.

Advancement demands revisions and reversion.

Time inevitably makes turncoats of us all.

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NOTICE.

THIS MEANS YOU.

The Polygram is a paper printed for the students of the California Polytechnic School. On several occasions the students have been requested, yes, even urged to give their criticisms that the Polygram may become more efficient but we have yet to receive the first paper stating what might be beneficial to the paper. Do not be deceived that we think the paper has not been criticized. Frequently have we heard that the jokes are stale, that the news was known before it was printed, and so on, yet the very persons making these statements have never so much as given us a news item, not to mention an article of general interest.

The most recent criticism reached us this morning and is to the effect that the stories and write-ups are not liked by the students.

Now as stated before this paper is for the students and if the students prefer a four or a six page paper with brief school items, we will gladly comply with their wishes for it will take much less thought and make the work much easier for those printing the paper. All signed criticisms will be published.

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TIME MAKES TURNCOATS OF US ALL.

Time is a custom tailor, incessantly altering the lines of reason. Methods change with minds. Ideas change with news.

Yesterday's ideas do not fit today's ideals. The last word on any matter or means is never final declaration. Knowledge is comparative—there is no precise information.

While a million intelligences continue to wonder at the phenomena of nature, and ponder over the lastest forces in themselves and their surroundings, it is self-apparent that errors will be detected in the soundest theories and improvements in all existing methods.

We know nothing to be a certainty. Therefore precedents are precarious. No sincere man is bound by past performances or utterances. When conditions shift, opinions must be adjusted accordingly. Despite the calculations of geographers, the world is steadily growing bigger, horizons are moving back—there's much more room for thought than used to be.

Beliefs once tenable are discredited by progress. We constantly get new slants on old problems.
PUTTING IT OVER.

Not long ago I heard one boy say to another, "What does it matter so long as I put it over?" This "putting it over" seems to have taken a strong hold upon the young people of the present day. They seem to consider it a commendable or "smart" accomplishment if they are able to "put one over" on parents, employers, or teachers.

It is the act of a sneak to "put one over" on a parent, friend in such a way as to hide the truth. It is the act of a thief to "put one over" on your employer with the intention of swindling him, which you do if you waste his time. It is also the act of a liar to "put one over" with the intention of deceiving him, either employer, parent or teacher. But bad as is this "putting it over" on other people, far worse is its effect on the "smart" "wise" one himself.

Those who start out in life with the idea that all that is necessary to obtain success is to "put things over", are making a sad, previous mistake. By squeezing through by hook, crook, slip, and chance, they not only fail to give the best possible service, but they destroy their ability and capacity for good work.

The energy employed to "winning over" poor and indifferent work would, if spent toward gaining greater efficiency, bring a far greater compensation. Let the "smart" one mend his ways, let him try and do things in the best and right way even though the results be poor at first, and he will find that, ultimately, the best way is the easiest way.

R. E. H.

Life is a failure unless it inspires confidence and high ideals in the lives of others.

STUDENTS OF JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST.

Seniors with 9 Subs, and 56%
Juniors with 6 Subs, and 28%
Freshman with 8 Subs, and 26%
Sophomores with 4 Subs, and 9%

Help your class to be at the head of the list for next week.
T. Erickson.

BASEBALL.

Saturday, after-noon at Arroyo Grande the first game scheduled for the season of 1917 will be played by the baseball teams representing Poly and Arroyo Grande High School. We have an abundance of promising new material which together with last year’s veterans will assure us an overwhelming victory. Tomanini and Musco, our invincible battery of the 16 baseball season, are still on deck, and Tax Hartman has developed into an adept juggler with the pill. Saturday’s game will be the first victory in a series of games which will bring us the championship of this district.

For the past week the tennis courts have been in use from dawn until midnight. A number of freshman girls have become quite expert with the racket and bid fair to develop into worthy rivals of the masculine enthusiasts of the game.

POLY WINNERS AT SANTA MARIA MEET.

Delch took second in the 50 Yd. Dash, and third in the 100 Yd. Dash.
Donnelly took first in the 440 Yard Dash.

Rodriquez took first in the Shot Put, Javelin, and Pole Vault.
Scarlett took first in the High Jump and second in the Discus.
Tornazinni took second in the 440 Yard Dash.
Poly took first in the Relay.
SCHOOL NEWS

William Greene is a visitor at the
residence. All the fellows are
planning to see "Bill." He is on his
way to San Diego to join the Avi-
ation Corps.

Mr. E. Einer, better known
as "Dutch Einer," graduate of '14,
grew up a few days in San Luis dur-
ing the Easter vacation. He is
surveying on the Highway between
this city and Bakersfield.

Herman Hodges is back in the
Dorm again. He has been taking
a vacation to regain his strength
after having undergone an opera-
tion for appendicitis.

Mr. L. Bagwill, a graduate
of the class of 1914, was here
Monday visiting Poly and renewing
acquaintances. He was then on his
way to Mare Island having enlisted
in the hospital corps.

This year the Junior girls
of the Domestic Science class
gave the entire number of dinners
in three weeks instead of carry-
ing it through the term as has
formerly been the custom. The
girls must be given credit for
their splendid work. Those sam-
ping the cooking have recom-
manded the cooks in every case.

Cheer up, this is not the only
school that is in such an unsettled
condition. Look at Stanford for
instance. About eighty per cent
of the boys have enlisted in the
army and those remaining are tak-
ing the so called "intensive mil-
itary training" course. This course
provides for eight hours of drill
every day. If the boys sign up
for this work they are given their

hours with the grades that they had
at the time and are no longer held
responsible for class work. As a
consequence the classes are now
made up mostly of girls and Japs.

Hello Beauty spent Sunday at
his home in Paso Robles.

War is on and Uncle Sam is
preparing. Preparing what - war
munitions and armies? Yes, he is
doing that but he is also prepar-
sing something far more vital to the
cause than United States arms and
armies: United States food.

Before a man can fight, he
must live, to live he must eat, to
eat he must have food and this food
must come from the farms and ranches
Lloyd George was right when he
gave victory will go to the side
which can continue longest to pro-
perly feed its men.

President Wilson realizes the
situation and is endeavoring in
every possible way to stimulate
and aid the agriculturist. On Mon-
day Mr. Davis, State supervisor of
pig clubs, visited Poly. He gave
a most interesting talk to the mem-
bers of the Ag. Club. With Mr.
Davis was Dr. Cady who talked on
hogs cholera giving an illustrated
lecture. Hog cholera kills enough
hogs to give every family in the
United States forty pounds of pork
each year. Dr. Cady is sent out
by the United States Government to
do every thing possible to suppress
hogs cholera that the millions of
dollars worth of pork destroyed
each year may be delivered into
useful channels for feeding soldiers.
Thus Uncle Sam has men in every
corner of the country conserving
food and aiding the agriculturist.

IN ENGLISH CLASS.

V. Rossi: "How do you spell B-a-d?"
Mr. Brooks: "Bad."
SOCIETY.

Preparedness again. Here is another instance. Last Saturday a party of ambitious hikers went by train to Atascadero from which place they took a sixteen mile hike to the mouth of the Morro Creek. Upon reaching their destination that evening they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. York, Mrs. Johnston and Mr. Talbot. The weary "soldiers" then camped over night and returned home the following day. They report a delightful trip and we only wish that all soldiers could report such a pleasant camp.

The meeting held last Friday night under the auspices of the Agriculture Club proved very interesting to those who attended. Mr. Staunton of Atascadero, Mr. Christianson, the county horticulturist, Mr. Rodstone of Sec Canyon and Prof. Nelson of Poly, were the speakers of the evening. The cornet solo by Evelyn Schlosser was especially good and enjoyed by all.

The Kelvin Club met Thursday night at the home of the president, Mr. and Mrs. Binns, on Toro St. Mr. York gave a very interesting talk on the "Greatest of the Pyramids." Major Ray then gave information that he had gleaned from personal experiences. A good time was reported by those in attendance.

DOING THINGS.

The more you do the more you are capable of doing. The reason that most people don't accomplish more is because they do not attempt more.

Those who are prepared to prove that things "can't be done" are continually being interrupted by somebody who has done them.

Not what you do but how you do it is the test of your capacity.

There is no such a thing as luck, it is a fancy name for being always at our duty.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are going.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

(Continued from Last Week.)

"I don't know. I've been at the Kroeb's tea, and stayed late, Jack," she looked at him.

"Oh, no. He's likely about town somewhere and has forgotten it's dinner-time. Don't worry Evelyn. I'll telephone - let me think where," But telephoning to many places failed to bring information.

It was five miles to Pontiac; not much of a trip for a hardy boy with skate-skis. But the snow would have made the skating hard. There might have been holes hidden by the snow. Evelyn Barron pounded her hand fiercely on a table. Holes in the ice - holes! Her yellow headed Roger - her little boy, for all of his six feet three. She looked at her husband, standing by his untouched dinner. He had been standing there, frowning, biting his lip, for three minutes now.

Then, "Don't be frightened," he said, "It's probably all right. But we can't take risks. I'm going to call out the regiment and ask for volunteers for a search-party." He took down the telephone and gave a number.

(Continued on Next Page.)
"Captain Barker?" he asked. In a dozen words he explained the situation. "Have the bugler sound the assembly," he said. "The men will come to the riding hall. We'll bring back the young devil safe and sound from some wild-goose chase," he assured his wife. "And if you don't thrash him, I will."

But his face was grave as he hurried across the parade-ground to the riding hall. The bugle-call of the assembly still rang in the cold air; soldiers were pouring by. Within an incredibly short time six hundred men, all of the regiment, stood in silent ranks.

"Men," spoke the colonel, "I called you together to ask for volunteers for a searching party. A boy has been lost. When last seen he was skating on the lake. It's probable that he has missed his direction in the storm, and is so he is in danger of freezing to death. The boy is my stepson. Those who are willing to join a search-party will take one pace forward."

There was silence for the space of two long breaths, and then with an even swing the whole regiment advanced a pace. Something caught in the colonel's throat.

There was rapid consultation then, and the order was given to fall out, to meet again at the landing in ten minutes, with torches, of which there happened to be a supply in town from a late political festival. That was the quick thought of Sergeant Wilkins. In less than half an hour a strange and gorgeous spectacle was forming out across the steely lake, through the ever-coming, all-devouring snow.

Meanwhile, up the lake a boy had been fighting for his life for two hours. In spite of warnings he had started back, unconsciously at five o'clock. It was fairly light until six-thirty, and he had no doubt of making port in spite of a snow-storm. Also, the wind was with him; the sails would take him along "ripply." Then, a mile from Pontiac, a sail broke and it took time to patch it; in another half mile it broke again. The snow was steady now; it was growing colder; twilight was coming on. A fellow's fingers were stiff; the strings were poorly tied this time, so shortly the apparatus came to pieces again, and with that the lad decided that it was safer to take to plain skating.

Already snow lay thick on the ice, and skating was impossible yet there was nothing else for it. Falling once or twice, for it was impossible to tell good from bad going, he pushed ahead. All at once he was aware with a shock that he did not know which way to go.

The boy whistled. "My painted Sam! What a bore!" he adjured the situation aloud, and then pulled his fur-cap farther down over his ears and buttoned up his coat.

He peered through the whit-falling clouds, soft, unhurried, pitiless. "I'm hanged if I know," he whispered, yet realized that whatever happened, he must move. Not to go was to be frozen.

He skated ahead; and time went, and slowly the cold was conquering, despite efforts and your blood. Yet he did not consider being afraid. There was indeed something horrible which came near to his mind and gripped at it, now and again, but he grunted aloud at that something; a fellow might, of course, have to curl up and die, but it was necessary for a fellow to die without whining.

At or about the time of that argument he became conscious of a slight dizziness. He had been going, though he did not know it, as lost men mostly do, in a narrowing circle. Shortly after, a tired foot tripped.
"Never mind—don’t bother—just want to think— to thi— to—"

His voice aroused him. "Golly! This was no game, to go to sleep on the lake; one must get home, but his muscles were slow to answer. And then his left ankle talked! Something broken or sprained. That settled it; he rather preferred it this way; he would lie down and think for awhile—think!—His eyes were closing.

Then a curious business occurred. He was roused suddenly

...an idea that he was in church, and that it was Christmas. There were all sorts of lights—a choir carrying lights, probably. What a gorgeous spectacle! Millions and millions of lights coming up the aisle—all over the cathedral. Golly! This was the right sort of service, while, this was. His mind drifted onward—end of the world, must be good—good old world, tales of the Lord. Words that he had heard all his life surged anew, consciousness, took form as if running through blackness, like the lights there.

"Terrible as an army with banners," he muttered, staring. And far, lights to them—in darkness, the shadow of death's shadow. And side our feet"—the words echoed; for the dim, submerged mind, it was hard to tell which were lights and which were words.

The mystic array drew nearer, to the black lake, blurred by storm, the hazy circles or orange, yards at yards across; an endless light. Long, an army, a dream. People have come out of an anaesthetic though the reeling world where all human consciousness tosses and struggles toward its own little creek, knew where the boy's own stood at this moment.

Lights were close now; on the edge of consciousness he knew that, you was too far gone to wonder, to adjust. Then suddenly a great hoarse challenge, shows, a roar of voices, things springing to him through the lights—devils, angels—angels? Heaven—hell? He had fainted. A nasty taste—for the boy did not like whiskey—killed him, coughing and sputtering.

...Stop that beastly chokin’ ma," he ordered, and it was Sergeant Wilkins’s voice that answered. Roger looked up, astonished, into the old Indian fighter’s face. Sergeant Wilkins was holding him like a baby, kneeling there on the ice.

"There, there, sonny-boy," crooned the sergeant. "It’s all right, you lay back on my shoulder and the old man will take care of ye. Thank the Lord you’re alive. Lay back. Thank the Lord."...And Roger dropped his head comfortably on that war-hardened pillow and was glad. Torches were flaring and reeking up around him; men crowded on each other to see him; then a voice from the general universe said: "Here’s the colonel," and the men fell back, the torches were held high, and Roger beheld his stepfather bending to him, speaking a broken word. With the stimulant making a long, hot streak inside of him, sending blood to the numb brain, he blinked up into the colonel’s face, and then beyond to the men, the long lines of brown army coats, snowy under the waving lights, the men standing there in the bitter cold, smiling.

With that the colonel, wheeling gave a swift order, and the bugler, who was one of the first behind, Sergeant Wilkins, lifted his instrument and sent out over the frozen lake the assembly, and far away lights whirled and danced and came trooping.

Roger lifted his head from Sergeant Wilkins’s shoulder as the clear call rang through the icy darkness, and suddenly, to his infinite amazement, a rush of feel—
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.  
(Continued from Page 7.)

...long-caught him. They had saved 
him, these in khaki - he belonged 
to them. What better thing was 
more than to be one of them, to be 
American? His head fell back. 
"We'll get him home as fast 
as possible, sergeant," the colonel 
said. "He's fainted again." 

There was grave question for 
long time whether the boy would 
live. The broken ankle was a 
small thing, but pneumonia devel­ 
op the next day, and for weeks 
his was uncovered, and the colonel, 
standing by his bed, turned away 
often with wet eyes. 
"I didn't know I was a renegade 
mummy," the boy babbled. "I meant 
it square, I thought I had a right 
to be an Englishman. It's ripping 
old England - old history - fighting 
men." Then he would lie quiet 
staring at the ceiling, "fighting 
men - oh, yes - not mine, It's not 
my country; I see that, sir. I suppose I'm a renegade." 

Then slowly, in a carrying, 
crazy whisper: "A man called George 
Dovey, who stormed down Manila Bay 
on Sunday morning - a few middle 
sized war-ships." And then: "Washington at Valley Forge - poor old 
chaps; no shoes, frozen. It's 
beastly to be frozen, I know." 

Then crushing his mother's hand in 
his, "Why did you tell me I was a 
fool, mummy?" "A fellow ought to 
keep to his own flag." 

With that he would fall 
asleep - to wake up in half an hour 
going over and over the same trouble. 
"If the boy's mind isn't 
recovered in some way it will be brain 
fever, too," the doctor said; and 
with that the Colonel had an inspira­ 
tion. 

Sergeant Welkins crept up the 
stairs, creaking small thunderbolts 
in a laborious effort to be quiet. 
The tossing skeleton on the bad lay 
still for a moment as the door opened, and then Mrs. Barron was start­ 
led, for a hoarse, weak shout rang 
out. The cavernous eyes flamed at 
the sergeant. 

"Oh, bully!" cried Roger, "I 
want him, I want to apologize." 

"I want you to go to parade this 
afternoon," the colonel said to his 
wife one bright May day, "The general 
is here, you know, and there's to be 
a short review and drill. There are 
lot's of visitors and it's a fine 
day, and everybody's coming, so it 
will be a function. You've been 
bond to that bag of bones long enough. 
"Yes, mummy, you must go. I am 
all right. In fact, I don't want 
you about, I want to sleep in peace." 

Through the crowd ran an inquir­ 
ing look and Mrs. Barron turned to 
see the cause. What everybody was 
looking at to the neglect of the reg­ 
diment, was a very tall boy-abnormally 
tall in his lank thinness. His last 
summer's white flannel clothes hung 
on his bones in folds; the fur cap of 
the perilous expedition was on his 
head. He made his way slowly, swayin 
g a little - for he was weak - till he had 
wandered down into the field itself, 
well forward of the general 
and his staff. 

Then the soldiers by the great 
flag was down, and instantly the flag, the 
grand and banners of America, began 
the pull down. The band struck sharply 
the "Star Spangled Banner." The 
words swept themselves to the 
reverence for the descending colors. 
"O'er the land of the free and the 
home of the brave." 

Roger, alone far in front of every one, a scarlet line across his hol­ 
low cheek, the fur cap lifted high above his head, with burning eyes 
fixed on the flag - his flag, with a look of worship. "Mummy," said 
the boy, as he came up to his mother, "mummy," said Roger Shelby, 
"I'M AN AMERICAN!"
Mr. Heald: "What oils can be made from petroleum?"
Holman: "Gasoline, kerosene and coal-oil.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Where Mabel Rhoda was Saturday night?
Why Mabel Leib didn't play tennis Friday afternoon?
Why Mr. Figge doesn't keep welding compound?
When Porki is going to join the navy?
Where Scotty gets his ideas?
Who drank the milk from Miss Williams' pot?
Why Katherine wanted to go home Sunday afternoon?
Who broke the 'bike?"
Why Dago Joe doesn't have his picture taken?

Mabel, Mabel, why look so blue,
You know that Doloh still loves you.

Don't look so sad,
It's not so bad.
We all get mad. - Why worry?

Lieb: "They say that Tennyson worked a whole afternoon on one line."
Ruda: "That's nothing, I know a man that worked eight years on a single sentence."

Iky: "Vy is a flap jack like de sun?"
Jacob: "I don't know, Iky, vy iss it?"
Iky: "Cause it rises from de yeast and sets behind de vest."

Caution.
A country convert, full of zeal,
in his first prayer-meeting remarks
offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."
Helene, do you recognize George?

Mabel Lieb: "Lee, why does love make the world go round?"
Bolch: "Because every lover is a crank, my dear."

Ewart: "Would it be - er - proper if I placed a kiss upon your hand?"
Ellen: "I think it would be entirely out of place."

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.

Rollo: "Say, Mart, how old is that lamp you have there?"
Martin: "About three years."
Rollo: "Well, turn it down; it's too young to smoke."

Dorm Rule No. 9: No bellboy service after twelve o'clock.

It is too bad, Bett, that your folks would not let you join the army, but cheer up old man, Helen is tickled to death.

He was seated in the parlor, And he said unto the light; Either you or I, old fellow, Will be turned down to-night.