POLY LOSES

It was an awful day for Poly. Her rivals came down like wolves upon the fold and wreaked their revenge upon our hitherto victorious teams. The Soldiers profited by their defeat at Poly’s hands and spent the two weeks’ interval in perfecting their team-work and planning trick plays. With this improvement, their superior weight and experience told in the final score, 29 to 0. At Atascadero, our light-weight team, weakened by the fact that some of the best men were taken out for the afternoon game, lost by a score of 26 to 12, though they had previously won two victories over Atascadero.

From a spectator’s viewpoint, game with the Eleventh Company was probably the best ever played on the local field. A large crowd was out and the enthusiasm ran high. At 3 o’clock sharp the football teams marched upon the field, preceded by the San Luis band. Mayor Stover kicked the ball and the game was on. While the game was on, the rival rooting sections furnished much amusement to themselves and the crowd. It was noticed, however, that while the Soldiers were more enthusiastic than in the former game, the Polyites were much more subdued.

The game was closer than the score indicated; Poly was dangerous at all times and fought just as hard at the last as at the first. In the last few minutes, by hard straight football Kyneston was sent over the goal line, but for some reason he lost the ball. Poly had the better teamwork, but they could not stand against their heavier opponents. Coach Schlosser stated that, while both teams lost, he is prouder of them than ever, especially of the first team, for they played against veterans. The school has every reason to be proud of its team, not only because of their hard playing, but because of their clean playing, even under great provocation.

Wilcox was the particular star for the soldiers, and they owed most of their scores to his hard line backs and open-field running. Captain Hodges starred for Poly and ran Wilcox a close race for first honors. Time was taken out at close intervals for minor injuries, but no serious harm resulted, except that Hodges injured his knee quite badly.

We are glad to be able to print below a letter from John Brown, a former Polyite, now with the army in France:

DEAR FOLKS:

Well, I was just thinking, if I had not enlisted when I did, today I would be liable for draft. I would have been safe enough until today, but I am sure glad that I am here instead of being among that noble army of the Republic that had to have a special invitation to join the army. From what we are reading over here in the few papers that we get hold of, the draft hunch is supposed to be the Great Army. It makes the fellows here sore to think that the people are making such a fuss over men that had to be forced to join. I received a couple of the packages of paper you have sent me. I have loaned them to Ruda and some to a fellow from Santa Maria. Tell the bunch that Nix, from Poly, arrived here a few days ago from Texas.

We have a new commander now—First Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, son of our former president. We are doing nothing now but drill, except to start work on the planes in a few days.

We have moved into better burros for the winter. Have wood stoves and are very comfortable and warm. It is raining quite a bit here, but it is not very cold.

JOHN.
“Pep,” “geetus,” “jazz,” “spirit” are our modern terms for that thing which is essential in a school that would progress; that successful effort to make things “hum” with a “zip.” Undoubtedly “pep” is the commonest utterance which we hear in a school of this kind; it is a thing, the lack of which we constantly deplore, and the necessity for which there is a constant demand. Events of the last few weeks have brought to light an astonishing fact. Students — Poly is Alive!

The earnest, tireless patience of our football squad, the spirit with which they played the old game, the presence of the student body at the games and at the rally, the work of the girls, each one doing her bit, and doing it well, the commendable appearance of the battalion, and the thousand and one activities and accomplishments successfully conducted by everyone, are working more real benefit for our school than any amount of shouting and “backfiring” can ever hope to do.

FRESHMAN DANA

Friday evening, Dec. 7, the Freshmen gave their initial entertainment in the form of a hardtime dance, held in the dining hall. The tasteful decorations, excellent music and novel refreshments united to give the affair the atmosphere of success always present at a Poly dance. The guests thoroughly appreciated the punch, hard-tack and apples so generously provided.

SCHOOL NOTES

Boys’ athletics are not the only kind nowadays, for hockey-sticks have lately been flying on the athletic field. The girls have been practicing diligently and soon the banner players on opposing sides will put up a good game to which the school will be invited.

Lost — In the dormitory, one perfectly good section of a derby hat.
Lost — Somewhere in San Luis, three tickets to South America. Finder may keep same by reporting his find.
Found — One Atascadero pennant. For particulars apply to Miss Fitzgerald.

Guess who said it: “He (a noted biologist) can take the backbone out of a fishworm quicker than anyone you ever saw.”
THE POLYGRAM

POLY LOSES

[Continued from Page 7]

-Better luck next time! Rah for Poly! Long may she wave!

LINE-UP

Poly Soldiers
McMillan............. R. E. L........... Hank-Blaizecki
Strobel-Dolch........ R. T. L........... Harris-Speaker
Bachelor-Chandler.. R. G. L........... Lawrence
Erickson............. C.......................... Roberts-Swift
Parsons.............. L. G. R........... Belk-Larson
Hillar-Hilliard...... L. E.-R........... Patton-Riemeyer
Hodges-Cann........ Q.......................... McCormick
Brown................. R. H. H........... Megede-Halloway
Kynaston............... L. H. R........... Wilcox
Russell................ F. B................... Lightle
Subs: Halstead-Wilkie.
First Aid: Currier-Arthur.


PRESENTING POLY

Knowing that Poly is the best school of its kind in the state, and feeling that its merits are not sufficiently known, we hereby present the California Polytechnic School to any new readers of the Polygram.

The school is beautifully located near San Luis Obispo, on the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific railroad, about midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The farm and grounds formerly consisted of three hundred and eleven acres, but recently the state has added, at a cost of $55,000, a six-hundred-acre tract north of the original grounds. The school buildings occupy slightly elevations overlooking the city and valley.

The purpose of the school is "to provide practical training for the young men and women of the state who desire instruction more closely identified with the farm, shop and home life than offered in the ordinary high school.

"It offers to the young man practical instruction in Agriculture and other subjects that will enable him to make more money on the farm and make farm life more attractive.

"It offers a strong course in Engineering Mechanics, which trains young men for life in the shops, power plants and various branches of the electrical industry.

"To the young woman it offers practical training in housekeeping and homemaking; in fact, in all the household arts.

"To both the young man and the young woman such cultural subjects are given as will best fit them for useful citizenship."

It is not a preparatory school, but in all subjects which parallel the high school course, it is accredited to the University of California.

Its equipment probably is more complete than that of any other school of its rank in the west. Every activity is suitably housed, as is shown by a list of the buildings, which follows:

Administration building, Household Arts building, Science Hall, Boy's Dormitory, Dining Hall, Creamery, Carpenter Shop, Forge Shop, Mechanics Shop, Power House, Electrical Laboratory, Mechanical Laboratory, and Hydraulics Laboratory. The farm is equipped with the latest improved machinery and is stocked with the best horses, cattle, hogs and chickens. The value of the total equipment is probably one million dollars.

The school is prepared to give every advantage to young men and women seeking a practical education. The faculty is large enough to give a great deal of individual attention. The instruction is of the highest grade. Military training teaches the boys quick obedience and gives them a manly bearing. Carefully supervised class parties and picnics furnish all the harmless amusement that a boy or girl could desire.

If you wish further information about Poly, write to the Director at San Luis Obispo.

"Four principal lines of instruction are undertaken by the school, viz: Agriculture, Engineering-Mechanics, Household Arts and Academic. In all of these lines the time given to instruction is about equally divided between recitations and lectures in the classroom and practical work in the shops, field and laboratories. The courses of study are of two general kinds; regular courses of four years' length, and such short courses as may be outlined and announced from time to time. A Junior certificate is given at the completion of the first three years of prescribed work and is a guarantee that the student's record up to the beginning of the senior year is clear for graduation.

The courses in Agriculture, Engineering-Mechanics and Household Arts do not prepare for the State University. They are practical courses giving a practical training, which will enable those completing them to successfully pursue their chosen line of work when school days are over.
BATTALION NOTES

With the exception of a few cadets who were unable to be in their places, the Battalion marched to Ontario Hot Springs and back last Saturday. The day was ideal for hiking, and the round trip is exactly 20.4 miles. Not a single case of poor condition was in evidence. Favorable comment was made upon the finished appearance of the battalion, as the march through town was accomplished. The rifles were a trifle heavy upon shoulders unused to their presence, but they added much to the martial appearance of the companies. Leaving the campus at 8 o'clock, with two rests on the way, the Springs were made at 11:45. Lunches were soon disposed of, and a few of the fellows enjoyed the sulphur baths, while the rest strolled about the grounds or rested. Hot coffee was obtained and did wonders toward preparing us for the return trip, which was accomplished in practically the amount of time consumed on the down trip. Similar excursions are eagerly looked forward to.

KELVIN CLUB

Miss Williams entertained the Kelvin Club at the home of Mrs. King on Mill street Tuesday evening, December 4. Mr. Greenamyer gave the address of the evening, a study of the geography of San Luis Obispo and vicinity, and the geological formations.

Mr. Greenamyer presented the subject in such a way that it was plain and interesting, even to those not scientifically inclined. The minutes of the jovial secretary, Mr. Brown, are also becoming a feature of the meetings. An attempt was made to adopt a rule banning "eats", but the male members arose in their might and "sat on" the unhallowed proposal. Their judgment was fully vindicated when dainty refreshments were served by the hostesses.

EXCHANGES

"Tacoma" Stadium High, Tacoma, Wash.:
Your "Self-Starter" number and "Football" number are well written, well-balanced and well worth reading.


"Herald", San Jose: More pretentious than most of our exchanges. The quality is an improvement with the quantity.

"Guard and Tackle," Stockton: Interesting and well conducted. Why not a regular column for your jokes?

"Blue and White," Bakersfield: Your new heading is attractive, compact and easily read.

Bott—Lend me a dollar, Puss.
Puss—The dollar I lend is out at present, and when it returns, I have a list of three or four applicants for it ahead of you.

Mr. Brown—That man Wilcox was the Soldiers' whole team.
Miss Chase—Do you mean the man wearing the gray sweater?
Mr. Brown—Yes.
Miss Chase—Well, he must have two names, then, for I distinctly heard them call him "Ata-boy!"

Taber—What do you call absent-mindedness?
Hillard—Search me. What is real absent-mindedness?
Taber—When a fellow thinks he forgot his watch and takes it out to see if he has time to go back after it.

Butch—Say, Puss, one of the girls told me that you sure are a fine dresser.
Puss—Is that right?
Butch—Yes, but she also told me that you would make a better wash-stand.

Smith—Say, Dago, I am going down town this afternoon.
Dago Joe—Well, be sure and tell everybody you meet, that Peterson, from Santa Barbara, is in town.

Jack—(Dining Hall) What'll you have this morning?
Hillard—Breakfast.

The paper left over from last year's supply is being sold at the book store, the proceeds going to swell the Polygram fund. You can get this paper at 10 cents per 30 sheets.