DOING OUR BIT.


Dear Major Ray:

Well, I arrived here safely yesterday (Christmas Day), about 4 o’clock. We sure had a long, tiresome trip down here; we were on the train exactly four days and four nights. There were two train loads of us, or 736 men. I was fortunately placed on the first section, which we found later was the best train, as more liberty was given us. We all stood the trip fine—the only man taken sick was left at a hospital on the way.

Today, my first day in camp, was spent very well. In the forenoon I was orderly for the officers, and during the afternoon I was detailed to erect tents for new men arriving. This is a new aviation camp, and everybody is placed in tents. Each tent has a boarded floor, boarded walls, and therefore it isn’t as cold as one would suppose. Beginning with tomorrow I am to act as temporary first sergeant. So far they have 110 sergeants and corporals, and it sure is an excellent chance for one who has had as much training as the Poly boys have.

The airplanes are flying around almost as thick as birds here. It sure is a sight, for one to see, when he has not witnessed such a scene before.

* * *

The other officers are all fine young fellows and sure treat a fellow fine.

With regards and the season’s greetings to you, Mrs. Ray and the boys, I am

Very sincerely,

THO. ERICKSEN.

Hollister, Cal., Jan. 11, 1918.

Major Ray—Dear Sir:

I suppose you have been wondering if I was successful or not. I was for once. I took the examination Wednesday morning (Jan. 9), and passed very easily, and was sworn in the same day. At present I am here in Hollister waiting for call, which will be in two weeks or more. I found the officers and doctors very strict, and a person must have the quality, for there are no exceptions.

I want to thank you for your kind assistance, for I know it showed my experience more clearly.

You can add my star to the credit of Poly’s service flag, for I am very proud that I stood the test and am now in the U. S. Army.

I saw Colonel Gardner, and he instructed me as to where I should go and was very kind.

As soon as I get into action I will give you an outline of the work and how I am getting along.

Hoping you and Mrs. Ray are in the best of health, I remain,

Yours truly,

ART L. SCARLETT.

Everett Chandler, ’19, enlisted in the navy during December, and is now training at Mare Island. “Brickley” had quite a time mastering the vicious efforts of his hammock to dump him on the floor, but in his usual capable manner, succeeded in overcoming the force of gravity. We expect to see Admiral Chandler come steaming into Morro Bay at the head of his fleet in the near future.

George Difani

The fifty-eighth star in our service-flag has been placed there in recognition of the fact that George Difani, a former member of the class of ’17, has joined the navy. Difani is remembered by many Polyites, and his prowess in track was not the least of his accomplishments.

[Continued on Page 2]
A Tip from "Tahoma," October 17.

How to kill a school paper:
1. Do not subscribe; borrow a classmate's paper; be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with another fellow—be a chump. (To which we might add: Do not advertise in a paper that boosts your town—be a back number.)
3. Never hand in news items, and be sure to criticize everything in the paper; be a coxcomb.
4. Tell your neighbors that you can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.
5. If you can't hustle and make the paper a success—be a CORPSE.

GET THE IDEA?

Just a glimpse of our front page: just a passing thought given to the earnest, manly tone of the letters we have printed on that page; just a pause while we consider that there are fifty-six more young fellows who have chosen to exhibit their love of home in the same material way, and you will see why Poly is just the place for you. The ambitious, successful type of men, and the womanly, refined young ladies who go forth from this institution each year, are the very best indication of what this school has done and is doing.

Track

The next big item on the athletic program is track, which is one of the major sports. The track sharks are already on the path, training down for what promises to be a season of hard work and strong competition. As yet no coach has been assigned, but the fellows are showing the spirit and are anxious to start. The two rivals, Arroyo Grande and Santa Maria, are dangerous, but last year's victory shows what can and will be accomplished if opportunity affords.

Girl's Athletics

The first event on the girls' athletic calendar for the year was the field hockey game on Dec. 13. The game was hotly contested from beginning to end, and afforded plenty of thrills for the spectators. It brought out the fact that there is good athletic material in the Freshman class and the upper classmen will have to fight for their laurels, if they expect to hold them.

This is the first season that hockey has been played here, and the games played by the girls shows that they have done good work at practice. We expect great things next year, when we will start the season with some knowledge of the game.

Mention should be made of the good team work by the Seniors, the fast work of Margaret Tognazzi at wing and Mable Weather's heady play as inside. The Golds won by the close score of 1 to 2.

The girls claim that this was the first field hockey game ever played in this section of the state, and one of the few ever played in this state by girls. We note that the girls of the Bay Cities are now following Poly's lead, and introducing hockey.

The lineup was as follows:

Greens
M. V. Tognazzi...L. W.
M. Meischaun...C. F.
K. Smith...R. I.
J. Gnesa...R. W.
T. Tuley...L. H.
M. Jensen...C. H.
D. McConnel...R. H.
T. Giebner...L. B.
K. Shanklin...G.

Gold
M. Haberl
H. True
L. Terrill
A. McCabe
E. Colon
I. Burge
G. Day
C. Bello
H. Lomis
M. Meinecke
P. Figge

A girl having picked up a purse in the street, didn't know what to do with it. So that Sunday she took it to the rector of the church and asked him to announce it to the congregation. Just before the sermon the rector made this announcement: "If any one in my congregation lost a purse go to Helen Hunt for it."
ASSEMBLIES.

The week before vacation an assembly was held for the purpose of awarding the block P's to the football men. Hodges, Hilliard, Brown were awarded stars for second-year service for the school. Parsons, Kynaston, Ruda, MacMillian, Dolch, Russell got the Block P. A star for a second-year's work for Ted Erickson and block P for Chandler were awarded to these men who have entered the service. This assembly was one of the best planned of the year.

Last week Mr. Killian of the Baptist church gave a short talk on personal ambitions and his opinion of what they should be. This talk was interesting in that it was different from the usual thing which we hear.

ATHLETICS.

This year's team was probably equal to any American football squad ever put on the field by the Green and Gold. True, it wasn't the most successful, but when it is considered that this team bucked up against the husky Long Beach football aggregation (11th company) of grown men in the only two games of the season, and made such a showing, it seems probable that they could have defeated most high school teams.

Although the season is barely over the players are looking forward to another year as one of great prospects and possibilities. While many of the old players will not be back, the vacancies caused by their absence will be made up by the two essentials of a Poly team, brains and beef.

Too much cannot be said for Coach Schlosser's work and training. This is true also of the rooting section, which was always present.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The senior girls lost three of their number during vacation much to the regret of their classmates, as well as the whole school. Miss Ethel Colon and Lucile Terrill have entered Heald's College at Santa Cruz, preparing themselves to become stenographers. Isla Burge has gone to San Diego to reside.

Among the Christmas brides was Edythe Van Gorden, who was married to Mr. Wood of the 11th company, Coast Artillery.

Alex Hoffman has just returned from San Bernardino, where he went to take an examination for entrance into the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Miss Frances Smith is going to leave San Luis Obispo this week for Los Angeles, where she will reside in the future.

Eve Russel and Sergeant Gardner were married recently in Los Angeles. Mrs. Gardner was formerly a member of the class of '20 and Mr. Gardner is a sergeant of Company B, once stationed at the Tank Farm.

Billy Begeer, a Poly student of last year, graduated this month from a San Francisco veterinary school and has enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps of the army.

Mrs. Reis, formerly Myrtle Stalnaker, who attended school here, is the mother of a baby girl born last week.

KELVIN CLUB.

The first of a series of strictly social meetings of the Kelvin Club was literally a "screaming" success. The "first period recitation" was presided over by "Prof." Carus, who was surprised and pained because the pupils did not according to program, meekly submit to the wordy castigation prepared for them. In fact, it is suspected that the pupils very nearly captured the worthy professor's "Angora." It is suspected also that "Director" Brown did not support the professor quite as faithfully as the latter had a right to expect, and this may partially account for the fact that the latter's plans went strangely awry.

The hostess, Miss Hoover, completed the enjoyment of the evening by serving generous dishes of ice cream to the overworked pupils andcrestfallen "professor."

On December 18, Miss Hartzell entertained the club at the home of Miss Chase. The paper of the evening was given by Mr. St. John. The subject was "The Short Story as a Literary Form."

December 21 about half of the club members went to Pismo Beach for a jolly evening about the camp fire. All report a splendid time.

ADMINISTRATION NOTES.

The administration wishes to extend to all members of the school, teachers and students alike, its best wishes for a very successful new year. These are sobering days in which we live. Flaws in individuals and in nation are being exposed by the hard tests of war. But war not only tests; it also stimulates. We feel an increased sense of responsibility not only for time and for material, but also for the utmost development of every ability we possess, whether personal, corporate or national. We need now the "long pull, the strong pull, the all pull together." It will carry us "over the top" and make 1918 the best possible year for us an individuals and as a school.

Pete—Is this a second-hand store?
Shop-keeper—It is.

Pete—Well, I want one for my watch.
JOSHERS

Jenny—Halstead is wise. He comes down in the basement to fix his shoes, so he won't knock all the plaster down like Dago Joe.

Halstead—Yes, and I wouldn't have been so wise if Major hadn't told me to.

The Dangerous Six.

Thelma is so jolly,
Maxime is so grave
June is so timid,
Marcella is so brave,
Mabel is so witty,
Helen is such a pet,
That take them all together
They'll kill us all off yet.

Prof. Carus (in history)—How was Alexander III of Russia killed?
Davis—By a bomb.
Prof. Carus—How do you account for it?
Davis—It exploded.

Mr. Saunders (teaching Freshman class in poultry)—How do you tell when an egg is fresh?
Burr—Why you put it in water; if it is good it will float or sink. I've forgotten right now, which.

Prof. Carus (in history)—What kind of stoves did prehistoric men use?
Davis—Mountain ranges.

Dago Joe—My watch is getting rusty; guess it is the moisture in the air.
Hans—Perhaps one of the springs leaks.

A small city boy was visiting his uncle in the country for a week. When he got back to the city he was busy telling the wonders he had seen. "Oh, father," he added, "you ought ot have seen the lazy cows lying in the shade chewing gum."

There was a new postmaster in a small country town. He was not having a very pleasant time. The farmers were in the habit of calling for their letters. One day a crowd of farmers was in the postoffice demanding letters. One stepped forward and asked, "Have you any letters for Mike Howe?"

"For who?" asked the postmaster. "Mike Howe, I said," bawled the farmer; "can't you understand English or don't you know your business? Have you any letters for Mike Howe?"

"No, I have not," snapped the postmaster; "no, not for your cow, or any one else's."

Mr. Redman (getting his first glimpse of the Atascadero Lightweights)—No wonder they wouldn't play when their Ford turned over.

Stebbins—Why? No one was seriously hurt.
Mr. Redman—More than likely, they couldn't find them all.

In English.

Mr. St. John—Wilke, will you put your outline on the board?
Wilke stands at the board for five minutes.
Mr. St. John—Well, Wilke, is your mind as blank as that blackboard?

Hiller (in study hall)—Mr. Brown, may I go into the library and look up the biology of Napoleon's life?

Gene from Sophomore English:
The machine was in a very trite condition.
The old engine was very trite.
It was a trite old book.
The coal was trite.
The trite machine was cast aside.

Note: Webster defines "trite" as "worn out," "common."

Stebbins—I don't see how you can talk about raising money.
Cook—That's easy; they raise it in the mint.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.

"The Explanation"—a one-act farce by Hans.
Time—6 p.m., December, 1917. Scene—The Chow house.

Cast of Characters.

Jack Loman—The Cook.
Hush Tabor—the Indignant One.
Various Dormitory men, who seem to enjoy the affair immensely.

The curtain rises, revealing a line of hungry "Dohmtry" men waiting to be served, while the Indignant One argues with the cook.

Indignant One—Say, Cook, how are you going to explain the fact that there's hair in the honey, hair in the ice cream, and yes, by George, there's even hair in the apple sauce.

The Cook—that's easy enough. The hair in the honey probably came off the comb.
Indignant One—And the ice cream?
Cook (weedy)—Well, you see, the co'ian shaved the ice.

1. O. (Cleaver stuff). But how about the apple sauce?

Cook (scratching his head thoughtfully)—Well now, I can't see myself just how that might have happened. You see, when I bought that lot of apples, they told me— they were Baldwins.

Curtain.