IN THE SERVICE

Since the last issue of the Polygram eight more Poly boys have entered the service. They are I. Harvey, R. Jones, D. Lang, A. Muzio, C. Stockton, F. Stockton, Van Ringsen and M. Weyworths, making a total of 110 now in the service.

The name of P. Henry that appeared in a former issue was a mistake. It should have been P. Heiny. Also W. Parlet's name has been dropped, as he has not yet enlisted.

Mr. left for San Pedro last week, having joined the naval reserve.

POLY VS. S. L. H. S.

Last Thursday, April 1, a practice baseball game was played on the Poly field between San Luis High, school and Poly. Either by skill or good fortune, we won by a score of 7 to 4. Nevertheless there is much chance for improvement. First of all we would say that the umpire (Puss) seemed to be rather rusty. But by making constant application of the "law of averages," he "pulled out" without having any rotten eggs or bricks thrown at him.

Poor "Squeaky" seemed to be badly scared the first time he was up, for he struck wildly. But after getting "warmed up" he played ball, all right.

"Pete the Pitcher" posed like a real ball player and took all his time, but his mind must have been on other things than baseball. (His arm acted like it.) However, he was good while he lasted.

Melschum made several attempts to do something, but undoubtedly fright overtook him; for after a couple of attempts at the bat he gave it up. Everybody held his breath when Mae was up (taking Melschum's place), for the way he passed was an indication of a home run. Who ever would have thought it? He found out! But later in the game he improved.

Catcher "Springs" twisted himself around the ball fairly well when Pitcher Pete was pitching, but when "Indian H. H. H." got into the pitcher's box — oh, well, it was all right also. One thing we must admire was his pose while batting. "Indian" didn't make much of a "rap" as a batter, but he showed some of the High Mucky Mucks what a swift ball sounded like.

"Shorty," in spite of not having broken any record at batting, played a fairly good game.

Not much could be said about "Dago Joe's" playing, only that he did "pretty good."

For a freshman, "Fat" Burr played a good game.

Butt deserves praise for his ability to slide over first base, but, alas, almost always too late. But he filled a man's place.

It has been suggested that "Cow" Bussy use most of his energy when striking at the ball, and not in making imaginary motions long before the pitcher ever thought of throwing. The result was that he was too far forward or too far back when the ball passed.

But the score indicates that we did better than High School. One thing we must say is that they should learn to stop a grounder.

RAY FOR THE SOPHS!

The first real baseball of Poly's season was a practice game, pulled off on the athletic field Thursday, March 28th. The tussle was between the Sophs and Freslies, being a regular fight to the finish. The regular class game between these young students is looked forward to with much enthusiasm. The Freslies claim that with Peterson from Santa Barbara again in their midst they will reverse the noise of 13 to 15.

Mr. St. John — What is a singletree?

—Herman Peterson — A tree with one limb on it.
EDITORIAL.

Twenty years—yes, fifty years from today, when this great world-wide struggle shall have ended, little will those who have remained at home to keep the shops and run the farms have to boast of. Not that they did not put forth as much effort as possible toward a just settlement of this War; not that they did not work hard—even harder than some in the trendies, but because they could not engage in actual bloody combat and did not receive medals of honor for their services. The man at home is responsible for the life of the man in the trenches, and in return, the man in the trenches is responsible for the liberty and freedom of the man at home. Undoubtedly it is clear that the one is just as important as the other.

Still imagine to yourself a group of middle aged or old men, some time in the future, speaking of the past at some social gathering. Think of the times that the question, “Where were you during the great war?” will be asked. Then imagine how the blood will run through the veins of those who shall proudly answer, “On the Atlantic; in France.” And think how the others will shun their turn to say: “At home on the farm.”

In general we see the beauty in a painting, but seldom think of the pains the artist went through to produce it. We hear an artist play a beautiful piece but we seldom think of the time and labor put into practice before that piece was played. Thus will the soldier and the farmer be looked to. People will think of the product—the army; but they will seldom think of vast sums spent in training and maintaining it. The man at home will perhaps be classed as a coward—a slacker; while the soldier will be classed as the only brave one—the hero. Still it is obvious that only brave men would take on themselves the burden of providing an army with all its needs. But as we have stated before, this will seldom be thought of.

What are those at home to do? Their honor will never cope with that of those who enlisted. But it can be brought up as near as possible. If they “burn” around, their honor will be nothing; if they farm, their honor will be little; if they farm, join the Red Cross, buy thrift stamps and liberty bonds, their honor will be more. And so it is. The more you help by joining movements for economy, by lending your spare money to the government, or by helping in any other way, the less will be your embarrassment when speaking to the boys when they come home again.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Winfield Andrews has been heard of from the naval training station at Cape May, N. J. He expects to remain at Cape May for about a month longer, then practice on the rifle range for ten days and afterwards to be transferred to a battle cruiser for month’s voyage at sea, after which he will be one of the armed guard aboard one of the merchantmen that are to be used for carrying supplies from the United States to the American forces in Europe.

Lieut. Ruda has written from “somewhere in France.” He says that his men are now digging trenches for their own protection.

Sergeant Erickson writes that he met Olander in New York. He says that Oly has changed very much in character. (Not an unexpected change at all.)

Howard Sebastian and Alfred Brown helped fish the streams of their trout, and from the stories told they surely did some fishing.

Edmund Burr and Roderick Stebbins spent three days over at Morro, where they camped on the beach. Swimming, rowing and hiking helped to make things lively for them. Lee also reports that there are a lot of fish in the ocean, too. We can’t believe it.

Alfred Reyburn spent the week with his folks in Pacific Grove and San Francisco.

Herman Hodges and Fred Hiller took a hike to Los Angeles and vicinity, and report having one
grand time. Herman says that the poultry and other livestock in that region looks fine—and he knows.

Rush Taber went home to Pasadena for the week, and he made things lively around there during his stay. Still he says it feels good to get back to Old "Poly."

Olin Halstead "obeyed that impulse" and went back to the range during the Spring vacation. He says the things look fine down in San Bernardino county.

Herman Peterson and Rufus Smith spent the week in Santa Barbara, their home town.

Lloyd Russell spent his vacation in Santa Barbara, as the guest of Herman Peterson. The town looks good to him, and he says that "Pete" and "Smitty" sure know how to show a fellow a good time.

Bruno Blake spent the week in his home town, Shandon, and tells us that more rain is needed in the region to produce big crops.

Mrs. Rev has us her guest her sister, Mrs. Smith from San Francisco. "Jenny" Crawford was busy during the week, pushing butter around in an attempt to get his hands clean. He believes in "Hooverizing" in soaps.

Major Ray was in San Francisco for a few days during the last part of the vacation. Major tells us that he saw fifteen thousand men drilling at one time at the Presidio.

The school library has received about eighty new books since the first of January. Miss Ramsey has completed checking over the list and they are now ready for use by the students. The list includes popular as well as standard novels, a great many books on engineering and mechanical work, also geography and travel. The girls will be interested to know that there is now in the library a number of books on dress design, sewing and millinery.

Miss Ramsey spent Easter vacation at Morgan Hill, near San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Heald and family visited relatives in Los Angeles last week.

Miss Helen Palmer spent her Easter vacation in this city.

June Taylor has been in San Diego for the past two weeks, visiting her brother Clifton, who is now training at Camp Kearney and expects to leave directly for France.

Mary and Dora Melchau were hostesses one day last vacation to a party of Polytechnic girls. A most enjoyable time was spent at the Melchau ranch near Nipomo. Those who participated in the day's enjoyment were Helen Shipsey, Mable Weathers, Marcella Fitzgerald, Maxine Barneberg and Helen Palmer.

The girls in Miss Williams' applied arts classes plan to spend next week designing and stenciling art work of various kinds, which will be sold and the proceeds given to the Junior Red Cross fund.

Mr. Brown spent the vacation at his home in San Bernardino. While away he also assisted in the detection and arrest of two spy suspects.

Miss Williams spent the vacation with her sister in Pasadena.

Miss Chase drove to Los Angeles and back during the vacation.

Mr. Nichols of Contra Costa, formerly teacher of Horticulture at Poly, says that he has a little assistant born about a month ago.

Marvin Andrews, '17, recently wrote a very interesting letter to Major Rey describing his work with the Consuelo Sugar Company of the Dominican Republic. He reports that he had a very pleasant trip and finds his work agreeable. Large cane fires have been raging since he arrived, over fifty thousand tons of cane having been destroyed.

SOCIETY.

KELVIN CLUB.

The Kelvin Club met Tuesday before vacation at the home of Miss Whiting and Miss Hoover, with Mr. Brown as host. During the evening Major Ray gave a very interesting talk on "The Cause of the War and the Possible Result." He made the talk more interesting by citing personal experiences that he had had during his long service in the army and in the Civil War. After that dainty refreshments were served all too soon for the guests, because all enjoyed Major Ray's talk so much that they did not wish him to stop.

The Amapola Club enjoyed a wiene bake up the school canyon Tuesday before vacation. Every one seemed to have a very enjoyable time even to the ones that helped fix the punctured tire after the bake.

On last Tuesday evening Miss Grace Harrison entertained a number of her Poly friends. The evening was very enjoyably spent in music and playing games. Late in the evening Mrs. Harrison appeared with refreshments, after which the guests departed, every one saying that they had had a very delightful time.

A number of Poly students enjoyed the house warming party tendered the Boysen family, who have just moved to the Davis ranch. The evening was pleasantly spent at dancing.

Maxine—Why don't these troops display more ginger?

Wilke—Well, you see they were so lately mustered.
AS THE ARMY COOKS SEE IT.

(Taken from the "Stars and Stripes.")

We never were made to be seen on parade,
When sweethearts and such line the streets,
When the band starts to blare—look for us—we ain't there,
We're mussing around with the eats.
It's fun to step out to the echoing shout
Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,
While we're soiling our duds hacking eyes out of spuds—
You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to any
For the boys who are standing in line;
When the boys get a square then the sergeant is there
With your death warrant ready to sign.
If you're long on the grub, then you're damned for a dub;
If you're short, you're a miser instead.
But however you feel, you must get the next meal;
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat,
In the heat of the fight, why the cook's out of sight,
With plenty of room to retreat.
But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell,
When the roof scatters over your head.
You crawl on your knees to pick up the K. P's—
You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends;
In the army we've nary a one—
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle,
And then when the story is done,
We'll say when they ask, "Now what was your task,
And what in the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive—well, we kept them alive!
You know what Napoleon said."

RED CROSS.

The old Red Cross Committee that had been appointed for the purpose of raising the money required for our entrance in the Junior Red Cross has been dismissed and a new committee has been appointed for the purpose of carrying on the Red Cross work. The members on this committee are: Lee Dolch, senior; E. M. Bovee, Junior; O. Halsted, Sophomore; H. Brown, freshman; E. Andrews, Agriculture; E. Holman, Mechanic; H. True, Household Arts; and Miss Whiting, Mr.

JOKES

Lieut. Bovee—Is that right face?
Pete—I haven't any other, sir.

Wright—I found a button in my salad.
Dining Hall Cook—Oh, that's only part of the dressing.

Hodges (speaking of velocity of shells)—Ninety miles in three minutes isn't very fast.
Mick—It isn't! How would you like to travel that fast?
Hodges—I guess it would be one time that I'd smoke and no one would care.

Wonder who crushed that chair the other day in H. A.?

Bossey—Peter, lend me a dollar.
Peter—You ought to ask for manners, not money.

Bossey—I asked for what I thought you had the most of.

In Washington Lieutenant de Tessan was approached by a pretty American girl, who said:
"And did you kill a German soldier?"
"Yes," he replied.
"With what hand did you do it?" she asked.
"With this right hand," he answered.
Then the girl seized his right hand and kissed it. Colo. Fabry, who stood near, strolled over and said: "Heavens, man, why didn't you tell her you hit him to death?"

Mr. Carus—What is the meaning of "alter ego?"
Halstead—it means the other I!
Mr. Carus—Give me a sentence containing the phrase.
Halstead—He winked his "alter ego."

Satan—There is that old sign, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." I ought to have something more up to date. Ah, I have it." The next day the following sign swung over the door: "Made in Germany."

Todd and Mr. Saunders, faculty.

The girls in Miss Whiting's class are now working on our Red Cross flag.