BASEBALL
Poly vs. W. O. W.

On May Day Poly defeated the W. O. W. in a game of baseball on the Poly field by a score of 14 to 7. The game, though rather slow, was good. Hodges, Poly’s pitcher, pitched a good game, striking out ten men, and only sending one to base on balls. Other Poly players that played good ball were Burr, Brown and Blake. “Shorty” Blake was the only man capable of getting the pitcher’s goat, while the catcher’s goat — there wasn’t enough of it to divide.

Cramer, the W. O. W. pitcher, also pitched a good game. His coolness and evenness were praiseworthy for he never went “up in the air,” as most pitchers do. He was about the only man in the W. O. W. team that deserves praise for his work.

Of the others — the “catcher” might be praised. “Skinny” Sebastian, Poly’s catcher, had one of his finger nails knocked out by the ball in the middle of the game. This accidental prevented him from playing further, but Burr easily replaced him. This game added one more to Poly’s victories.

Poly vs. Santa Maria.

On May 4th Poly played Santa Maria High on the Santa Maria field. The game was reported as a good fast game from start to finish. Although Poly lost the game by a score of 2 to 0, the Poly players are by no means convinced that Santa Maria can beat them again. They claim that Santa Maria did not “beat” them through better ball but by better luck. Hodges, Poly’s pitcher, pitched a very good game, striking out eleven men; while Peavey, the Santa Maria pitcher, struck out only three. Another disadvantage that Poly ran up against was the wind. They were not used to playing in a sixty-mile wind, saturated with sand.

WITH THE COLORS
Hempsted, N. Y., April 24, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Brown:

I received your most welcome letter today and cannot say how pleased I was to get it. I just got in from a long nine-mile hike this afternoon and the news from school came at just about the right time.

Here one has no time to get lazy. It’s drilling and hiking from morning till night, and the same again the next day, if not fatigue work with pick and shovel. I wish I could be with the Seniors this June to graduate. I surely wouldn’t be lazy because there is too much good “stuff” to learn in the last few months that one shouldn’t miss.

Well, it’s going on five months since I enlisted, and I haven’t had a chance at my trade yet. Nor have any of the aviators of the Signal Corps. They are all getting worried and afraid that they never will get to work at their trade. We sure have a lot of first-class mechanics here. Many quit good jobs, thinking that they’d get mechanical work immediately but got fooled. I really wish myself that I’d waited and tried to get it; but I’m here, so I might as well make the best of it.

At present, I’m up at the Y. M. C. A. Each night they give some sort of program to the boys. What they do for the boys is surely very good of them.

Wednesday night the ladies of Hempsted, our nearby town, gave the boys a little feed after the show. A cup of chocolate and pie and candy. It shows a patriotic spirit in the ladies. In fact, the people here in the East are quite patriotic.
THE POLYGRAM

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EDITORIAL.

We are fast approaching a period that like most other important periods comes only once a year. It is a period of tense excitement, late hours, little sleep (except in the class room), and much work. To many it is the end of a school year and the effect is very little, but to others it is the end of four school years; and on these, the effect is very marked. To these fortunate ones who have succeeded in sticking to their post for the last four years, the coming month seems to be an era that shall end all drudgery and discontent. But nothing can be obtained for nothing. Work that has been neglected for one to four years is coming to light; and it must be done before this era of contentment can be reached. Not only the work neglected in years gone by remains to be done, but also the work not "neglected" but held aside in the last few months until time might be available, must be made up. Say what you will, but the Seniors are not entirely to blame for back work, for the last year of school naturally gets very tiresome. It is comparable to a long journey. The start is good and spirited, but the last few miles seem very long.

Not only have the Seniors work to overcome but also doubts. If one could only read the doubtful thoughts in their minds, he would first laugh and then pity them.

How many times do you suppose many of them have said to themselves, "I wonder if they'll "flunk" me?" It would be difficult to guess, but doubt makes caution and caution makes safety, so the Seniors deserve credit for their "safety first" encouragements. And furthermore, they have a right to be doubtful for it is no joke to go three years and "flunk" the last one. Their caution may partly account for the small percentage of Senior failures compared with under classmen failures.

WITH THE COLORS

(Continued from Page 1)

They sure treat the soldiers swell in New York—almost too well, for some of them get too much booze to be good for themselves or Uncle Sam.

I also understand that there are lots of spies here and most of them women, but I'm not troubled with them.

As for visiting New York, I have been around quite a bit. I have seen many of the sights and have also climbed up to the top of the Statue of Liberty. It sure is a great statue. I was also out at Brooklyn Bridge. I enjoy the city very much. There's always something new to see and away of getting there.

Lately I've been going to the big league baseball games. Last Saturday I saw the Giants beat the Boston Braves. Also the Polo grounds, where the world's series are played, is surely a large ball ground.

We were all packed up last week's end and weren't given any passes for three days, waiting orders to move. But then an order came to unpack and the expected trip was called off, much to our sorrow.

We're all crazy to get over the ocean. We are surely tired of lying around here. They are slipping the infantry over now very fast. We have an infantry camp next to ours, and they are leaving every day.

I will say that Uncle Sam hasn't enough airplanes for us to work with, so that's our delay. There are about fifteen of them flying about here every day.

As it is getting late, I must close. With regards to all my old Poly friends, I am,

Your friend,

TED ERICKSON.

POTATO DRIVE.

In accordance with a request of the Director of Home Economics, U. S. Food Administration for California, the Poly has been conducting a potato drive for the last week or ten days.

The object of the drive is to conserve wheat for our army and our allies by eating potatoes, of which we have abundance in California, and which are not suitable for sending abroad.

Several articles on white potatoes have appeared in the Telegram giving the list of the white or Irish pot, the value as food, statistics of its production, and many recipes that will insure a wide variety of serving. Two or three articles will appear soon on the value and use of sweet potatoes and recipes to aid in the serving of them.
LITTLE JOURNEYS

The Adventurous Ones, encouraged by the success of their last Journey, in the pleasant days of spring, resolved to venture far into the uncharted lands of San Luis Obispo county. On a Friday evening they left San Luis, and before dark had reached Pozo, the farthest outpost of civilization. There they camped, and ate large quantities of meat, which The Mighty Hunter had not caught.

On Saturday they traveled on over the Carisa Plains, past the great Dry Lake (which was full of water), and up to La Piedra Pintada. Here they studied long and carefully the Indian writings and made nothing of them.

Returning through the Plains, one of the chariots became stuck in some soft earth, but the mighty Hunter, with ease and many grunts, lifted it.

We had with us a native of the region, who had been reaclimed from savagery, and also a man who had never slept outdoors. On Saturday evening about a huge campfire, our native told us many a tale of the ancient savage inhabitants of those parts, so that the hair of the m. w. h. n. s. o. would have stood upright, had he had any.

On Sunday we returned homely to our homes, with some sore spots (due to the stones rubbing on the ground at night), one cold and one case of poison oak. Selah.

Faculty Picnic.

There was a very enjoyable picnic held on the new Poly land near Steenier Creek on Saturday p. m., May 4th. The affair was unique, being the first of its kind perpetrated beside that purloined tad-pole breast stream on the new land. The picnic was given by Major and Mrs. Ray in honor of their guest, Mrs. Hampton Smith.

Major Ray officiated as the chief barbarian butcher.

Miss Ramsey produced a worthy saw from nowhere, being a juggler, and displayed incomprehensible athletics as a woodman.

Mrs. Bland ate sparingly (?) of the bounteous spast so generously provided by Major and Mrs. Ray.

Mrs. Smith unconsciously forgot for the time that she was an invalid.

Colonel Ryder arrived late and had to eat all the leftovers. After a regrettably short social, all returned to take up their stern duties.

Kelvin Club.

The Kelvin Club met on May 1 with Mr. Schlosser in charge of the evening's entertainment. The members of the club were requested to meet first at the assembly, where Mr. Schlosser presented a very interesting talk on "Modern Instrumentation of a Full Orchestra." Upon a board he had the names of the three divisions or groups of instruments, with the names of instruments of each class. He also showed placards with the pictures of the various instruments. He illustrated his talk as far as was possible with piano, violin, flute, cornet, clarinet, cello and drums. After the entertainment, the members of the club journeyed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doxsee for the social part of the evening and refreshments.

Last Friday night the younger set of the Poly faculty enjoyed the week end camping. The journey to the Painted Rock, where they camped, was made in the Misses Hartzell's and Chase's cars.

They started Friday evening and returned Sunday, camping near Santa Margarita the first night and at the Painted Rock the next night. The group was fortunate enough to have a lady, Mrs. Latimer, in their company who was at one time intimately connected with the Rock. She told many interesting stories concerning its history. Every one reported an exceptionally good time.

Those that composed the party were Mrs. Latimer, Miss Chase, Miss Hartzell, Miss Hoover, Miss Whiting, Miss Talbott, Mr. Greenamyer and Mr. Brown.

MECHANICS TRIP.

Last Saturday, May 11, the Mechanics' Association took a trip to Avila. On account of target practice, they were unable to leave before 11:30, but that made it all the better, as their appetites were that much keener at 1:30, when "hot dogs" were served. As most of the mechanics are bachelors, they had no objection to the "help yourself" method by which the food was distributed. Furthermore, there was not a single man that could complain of too much war saving; so liberal was the supply.

While the food was being prepared these young engineers discovered a superb swimming hole, but being too hungry to swim, they put it off until after dinner. After dinner, much to their disappointment, they were in no condition to swim, so they "fooled around" on the sand for a while and then visited the refinery.

After having gone through this and still being in no condition to take that swim, they came home; all being satisfied that they had an enjoyable time.

They are now planning for another big day at Morro next Saturday. This time it's going to be a real barbecue, too.

Dago Joe—Was Job a doctor?
Wilke—Not that I know of.
Dago Joe—Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job.
SCHOOL NOTES

Saturday, May 4th, the C. P. S. Battalion met for the first time at the new target range. Each cadet shot from five to ten rounds and some made fairly good records for beginners. The target practice is to continue every Saturday.

The boys from the Arroyo Grande High are soon coming out to Poly for drill and target practice.

Mr. Todd is making a ukulele in the "carp." shop. Nobody knows but that he might start an orchestra and compete against Mr. Schlosser.

Ernest Steiner, who was "laid up" for a couple of weeks on account on infection in his arm, is back among us.

We were all very pleased to have Isla Burge visit school last week. She is now living in San Diego.

Polytechnic people have bought up to date $3100.00 worth of Liberty Bonds and $1345.50 worth of war savings and thrift stamps. We think it is a very good record for a school of this size.

The Junior Red Cross Committee have been working very hard lately and have been quite successful. The money on hand has been considerably increased. Last Saturday the salvage committee gathered up two automobile loads of salable clothing and next Saturday they expect to do better.

Chautauqua was enjoyed last week by many of our teachers and pupils. Every performance was well worth seeing and it is hoped that the students earned enough to pay for the lessons which they did not learn.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE

Mary Chaves—Somebody to answer all my crazy questions.

Pete Peterson—A girl who would give me a prompt and good answer.

Gertrude Day—A little kitten.

Marcella—A good ear for music and a good voice for singing.

Hazel True—A little more nerve.

Leila Davis—A new dictionary which will contain a complete slang vocabulary.

Maxine Barneberg—Some one to explain the symptoms of love.

Lee Dolch—Some information as to how to conduct business at meetings in Mr. Brown's room.

Matilda Jensen—A tonic which will insure rapid growth.

Harold Stewart—A change in my daily diet.

Aileen McCabe—More time to do what I don't do.

Bott—More courage at the noise of the alarm clock.

AS OUR BOYS IN FRANCE THINK

(Taken from the "Stars and Stripes")

Standing up here on the fire-step,

Lookin' ahead in the mist,

With a tin hat over your ivory

And a rifle clutched in your fist;

Waitin' and watchin' and wonderin'—

If the Hun's comin' over tonight—

Say, aren't the things you think of

Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of

For a couple months or more;

Things that'll set you laughin',

Things that'll make you sore;

Things that you saw in the movies,

Things that you saw on the street,

Things that your're really proud of,

Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin';

Stories you heard and forget,

Ball games and birthday parties,

Hours of drill in the wet;

Headlines, recruitin' posters,

Sunsets 'way out at sea,

Thinking of pay days—golly—

It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homburg,

Voices of women folk,

Verses you learnt in school days,

Pop up in the midst of smoke,

As you stand there, grinnin' that rifle,

A-starin', and chilled to the bone,

Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin'

Just thinkin' there all alone.

When will the war be over?

When will the gang break through?

What will the U. S. look like?

What will there be to do?

Where will the Boche be then?

Who will have married Nell?

When's the relief a-comin'?

Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

Thelma—Some good literature.

Karo Smith—My age 2 years.

Last Monday, May 13, the boys from Arroyo High motored to Poly for the purpose of receiving instruction with firearms in military drill.

The dairy class collected $1.10 from ice cream sales for the Red Cross.