Miss Catherine Shipsey, a graduate of the class of '14 died at the San Luis Sanitarium last Sunday afternoon. She has been a patient there for the past three weeks suffering from complications that followed influenza.

Miss Shipsey had a brother and sister, William and Marguerite Shipsey, graduates from this school. A sister, Helen Shipsey, expects to graduate this year. Her father is a trustee of this school, having filled that office for some little time. While a student here, she maintained a high standing in her studies. Since leaving here, she has been working in her father's office. Cathleen had established a wide circle of friends in the community and her activities within the Catholic Church will be greatly missed. We all extend our sincere and heartfelt regrets to the Shipsey family.

SANTA BARBARA 4; POLYTECHNIC 3.

Santa Barbara won from Polytechnic in a well played and closely contested game yesterday, at Santa Barbara. Poly put the first run across in the first inning. Smith, second man up got on base and made the circuit, helped by errors of the opposing team. Santa Barbara evened up the score in her half of the inning, but Poly made two more runs in the seventh. On account of a little hard luck and a few costly errors, Santa Barbara made three runs in her half of the eighth. In the first of the ninth Poly's batters failed to even up the count and the score stood 3-4 in favor of Santa Barbara. Arnold's pitching was the outstanding feature of the game.

Our players with their positions were as follows: Burr—catcher; Arnold—pitcher; Brown, first base; Harrison, second base; Peterson, third base; Smith, short stop; Kerr, left field; Rowan, center field; Hodel, right field; Tuley; Barneyberg, and Waterman, substitutes.

Poly was well represented at the game; in fact, it seemed as if half the fans were from here.
THE POLYGRAM

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Elisabeth Meinecke, '20 ............ Assistant Editor
Mr. W. E. St. John ............... Critic
Otto Hodel, '21 .................. School Notes and Military
Marie Meinecke, '20 ............. School Notes
Margaret Baker, '20 ............. Society
B. R. Huston, '19 ................ Athletics
Edmund Burt, '21 ............. Jokes

Bulletin Supplement. Entered at the Post Office at San Luis Obispo, Cal., as Second Class matter.

KELVIN CLUB.
The Kelvin Club held a meeting at the home of Miss Whiting on Tuesday evening April 22nd. Mr. Schlosser was their entertainer of the evening and read a series of humorous short stories; he concluded with his best joke, the Black Book. These were greatly enjoyed and caused a great deal of laughter.

Miss Roberts favored the guests, with two piano solos.

Miss Williams and Mr. Saunders entertained the Club on the evening of April 14 at Miss Williams home on Chorro street. Mr. Ryder read a paper on "Natural Gas" which was greatly appreciated by the members of the Club. An out of door meeting was planned to be held at some future date.

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS.
Miss Helen Shiptsey gave a formal dinner on Tuesday, April 29, in the dining room of the Household Arts building. The room was prettily decorated with ferns and roses. An attractive menu of three courses was served. The guests included the Misses June Taylor, Maxine Barneberg, Leona Tuley, and Celeste Bello.

The students and faculty enjoyed a social evening Friday 23, in the Assembly Hall. The evening began with a grand march, this was followed by several popular songs. Lois Walker and Helen Louis gave two piano duets; these were greatly appreciated. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games, one of which was mental telegraphy; in this game A. More was the "goat."

Pleasant refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

(Continued from Page 1)
schools throughout the county. They report a very pleasant reception by the schools.

Miss Helen Palmer who was a pupil here during 1917, visited friends at this institution several days last week.

Miss Marguerite and Alma Tognazzi went to their home in Los Alamos to spend the Easter vacation.

Elisabeth Marie and Margaret Meinecke spent the vacation of last week visiting relatives in Bakersfield and also on the plains near Lost Hills.

Ethel Van Gorden enjoyed the Easter vacation in Los Angeles.

The Agricultural Club entertained the school recently at a very enjoyable and well arranged assembly. The program was under the direction of Mr. Duxsee and was introduced by an invitation of Major Schlosser's band. A number of illustrated talks on farm animals followed. The assembly closed with some very cleverly worked out cartoons. The boys who participated in the assembly were Marquart, Wright, Burr, Cook, Rayburn, Tuley, Beard, Brown, Hodges and Knight.

Miss Juliet Tognazzi and Mr. Melvin Wilkins, two Polytechnic graduates were married last Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents near Cayucos. Mr. Wilkins is farming near Chatsworth in San Fernando Valley and the newly wedded couple will make their home at that place.

Miss Chase has put the names of the Honor Students for the past month on the two bulletin boards.

Last week at the assembly we were entertained by two films. One was about grease and the other gave a recipe for making cottage cheese. After this we sang two songs, reading the words from the screen. The plan proved to be excellent.

John Brown, who recently returned from France, went to San Francisco to attend Holli's Business College.

Ernest Hodges was unanimously elected yell leader by the assembly as Paul Strangeland, our former yell leader, did not return to school.

A spirited rally was held on the main streets of the town the night before we snatched victory

(Continued on Page 3)
from the Paso Robles bull team. Serpentin ing, yells, music, and announcements characterized the rally.

Many of the faculty and students suffered from the cold for several days a couple of weeks ago, on account of the cleaning of the boilers at the heating plant.

Lynn Broughton’s sister—who was recently operated on for appendicitis—is reported to be doing nicely.

George Wilson, graduate of the class of ’07, is superintendent of the Los Angeles Branch of the International Correspondence Schools. In their official records for the fiscal year of 1918, for the United States, his district had the lead in enrollment per route, and revenue per route, 10th in collection percentage, 9th in Net recovery, and 3rd in independent business. The I. C. S. Messenger for April 5th has a cover page showing a large picture of George Wilson selling James J. Corbett a course in Agriculture.

Sergeant Harold Browe, a member of the class of ’21, left school recently. He intends to leave for Missouri soon, to visit relatives.

The harrow, which is being constructed in the forge shop, is practically finished. Three sections have been in use for some time and have done excellent work. The other three sections are now completed and the six will make a good load for the tractor.

The military department had charge of assembly last Wednesday. The battalion had guard mount. The band was out in full force.

There have been a number of promotions recently in the battalion. The boys are eagerly awaiting target practice.

Students will be horror-stricken to learn that their old comrade, Twenty Three, is at the brink of death. Although he is making a brave fight, little hope is held out for his recovery. The exact nature of the malady is not known, but old Doc Music says that he is suffering from nervous prostration, probably caused by being overworked. With careful nursing he may pull through. Meanwhile the whole school will follow the progress of the illness with trepidation and anxiety.

Twenty Three came among us from Oklahoma three or four years ago and has been a constant companion ever since. He has been one of the first to greet the new student and teacher and he has never been known to leave a friend. He is usually a harmonious likeable chap, yet he is not entirely without spirit. He has been known, upon a few occasions, to resent the mistreatment of tactless students in no gentle tones. When his wail floated down the corridors and over the transoms, everyone would remark, “Poor Twenty Three! Those horrid boys are trying to murder him again.” We shall grieve inexpressibly if Twenty Three shall be called to go west but if so—shall say, “The judgments of the Lord are righteous altogether. Oh Lord, Thou knowest best. Thy will be done.”

Herman H. Hodges, who graduated in the class of ’18, at the California Polytechnic School, was in town on the School Saturday. He was accompanied by his father, mother, and wife. Hodges was married to Miss Joey Davis, April 30th, at 8 P. M. at the Christian Church of Whittier. The party were on a wedding trip, coming as far north as San Luis Obispo and returning by way of Atascadero. Hodges will be at home at Van Nuys, California. He is owner of a garage in that village.

Lawrence Hilliard, a former Polyite, visited here Saturday. Hilliard is living on a ranch near Visalia.

**WHO PAYS THE BILL?**

The longish individual who presides over the mathematical destinies of the student-body ran head on into adventure recently. He got to fooling with the Polytechnic Lizzie the other evening and that four-tired equipage “done kicked.” It was the intention of the i. w. p. o. t. m. d. to introduce our Liz into the barn in an orderly manner, but this was but another of those good intentions with which we are told, some localities construct their pavements.

At my rate Liz refused to “whoa” when her driver brought her to the door. Instead she pursued her way, she persisted, she persevered; she hit the barn door, she struck it, battered it, mauled it, fractured it, spoiled it, twisted it, broke it, in short, ruined it.

And while Lizie was damaging that barn door she damaged herself and in damaging herself she damaged forever the reputation of the i. w. p. o. t. m. d. as a pilot. That reputation is now extensively wheneo, it is extremely gone. The i. w. etc., will never have a chance to drive anything more substantial than a carpet-sweeper around here again.

Mr. Hudspith in carpentry—Sandercock, were you talking?

Waterman (piping up.)—No Sir, he wasn’t talking; I heard him.

Smith (to Flagger, who is to fall back of the front rank in drill)—Step up a little.

Flagger—How do you measure your forty inches anyhow!—with your feet?
THE POLYGRAM

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The Polygram is printing below a list of the advertisers in this year's Journal. Students, teachers, and friends of the school, make it your business to show the business men of San Luis Obispo that advertising in a Polytechnic paper is a paying proposition. Show them that we appreciate their support of a school enterprise. Whenever you buy anything or transact any business, patronize one of our advertisers and tell him why you are doing so.

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PUBLIC SAIL—FARMING DEPT.

Tuesday, May 13.

2 head cows, broke to work! Ford rumble-hop with harness, 2 Plymouth Rock derricks, with forks by side; 42 head Rhode Island Waggons, 1 Flying Dutchman riding garnet new; Holstein 2 1-2 H. P. gas engine, fresh; 1-2 year cow with ice cream attachment, 2 tons bailed alfalfa turkeys, just fresh! 1 short horn cow with piano; 23 bushels of pigs in perfect working order.

G. WATTA RUBE, Esq.

Arnold—What did you say to her?
Dogo—I asked to see her home and she said she would send a picture of it.

Seniors—These freshmen resemble real estate.
Soph.—In what way?
Senior—They're a vacant lot.

Mac—I want to sell tickets at the rest of the games.
Hodges—Why is that?
Mac—Because I said hello to Dorothy Cook and she said hello to me.

Burr—Ambidextrous means that you can use one hand equally as well as the other. Did that come natural to you?
Reyburn—No, my father is responsible for that.
Burr—How is that?
Reyburn—Why when I was a boy my father always said to me, Alfred learn to manicure your nails with your left hand, some day you might lose your right.

SAMMY'S PIG TALE.

The boys fell in for Wednesday drill—But where was Sam to toot a thrill? The drill was just about half done when Sammy came up on the run—"Why are you late?" the Major said as Sam looked cheap and scratched his head. Sam stammered forth in accents wild: (while many grinned and winked and smiled)—"I helped to kill a piggy fat, but was excused for doing that. We struck him twice quite near the throat, but not enough to get his goat. No piggy simply wouldn't die—just made a dash with frightened cry. We got an axe and made a dot of blood with poor piggies knot. But piggie, still, refused to die, So I came here right on the fly." But Sam was told to kill hogs still, For hogs don't mix with Wednesday drill.