SAN LUIS OBISPO, NOVEMBER 23, 1922

POLYG RAM WILL BE PUBLISHED WEEKLY — ISSUED THURSDAYS

At last! Another dream comes true—and that is a weekly Polygram. It has been hoped by many of the students and faculty that the Polygram could be a weekly, and now it is here. This was not possible in the preceding years because of the added expense to publish twice the number of lessons, but it is now possible, thanks to our new print shop, which is now setting up the copy for the Polygram. The Poly can now be received Class day week for less now than heretofore every two weeks.

This will make it a very peppy paper with only last-minute news and many other features, as more advertising can be then secured, more room for jokes, create more interest among the students and a larger circulation to other schools.

It will make it easier to issue special numbers, such as a Christmas number before the holidays vacation; a Lincoln number, a Valentine number; also a "Valentine Blank" number in which you—everybody—will write his thoughts as to what should be done and why, and how you would do it.

Make the Polygram what it is—your paper; and remember it will appear every Thursday noon, unless the John Kohrlick of the farm, on his second edition. A Victory helped.

A GRICULTURAL DEPT.
PUTS ON BARN-DANCE

The Agricultural Department of Poly held a regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving barn dance last Monday night in the Dairy Barn. Overalls and gingham aprons prevailed.

The evening was spent dancing Virginia Reels, waltz and other dances of other days. An enjoyable feature of the evening's entertainment was the "Field Meet.

All the various stunts that make up a field meet were introduced, and some surprising records were hung up by the various contestants. The "Yellow" team, headed by Miss Honaker, after a hotly contested battle, won the hand-painted bottle of milk from the "Green" team, headed by Miss Bell, Norr, 47-17.

The chief feature of the Virginia Reel was the graceful steps introduced by Mr. Peterer.

A novel feature of the evening was the service of the lunch, consisted of sandwiches, salads, pumpkin pie, orange juice, fruit punch, coffee and chocolate. The service of the lunch, which consisted of sandwiches, salads, pumpkin pie, orange juice, fruit punch, coffee and chocolate. The service of the lunch, which consisted of sandwiches, salads, pumpkin pie, orange juice, fruit punch, coffee and chocolate.

Newspaper was dispensed in generous quantities and no little quality by Mr. Wormer, who left us last Friday, was called "that, he was sufficiently well to come to school. But the evening of the game the night in the Dairy Barn, Overalls and gingham aprons prevailed. Miss Bell spent the week-end in Los Angeles, reporting a very pleasant trip.

FOOTBALL BOYS—SPEAKSPIRIT OF POLY ATHLETICS

Mr. Rieciardi was in receipt of a letter after the team returned from Fresno that should interest the student body. The letter is self-explanatory, and it follows with the exception of one paragraph:

"Mr. Rieciardi, Dear Sir: This is to inform you that I went to Fresno to see the football game between the Poly team and the Fresno team. Although outweighed by the Fresno team, the boys put up a very good game.

"I want to say that I met several of the players while on the field and after the game, and I want to say I never saw a team behave in a sporting gentlemanly manner than they did, and I hope that the team will continue to win on comment on their behavior as well as success in their playing."

"Very truly yours, "GEORGE P. ELLIOTT."

One paragraph of Mr. Rieciardi's reply to Mr. Elliott should be quoted: "After all, if football is worth while, it must develop in our boys the clean traits that will win the respect and confidence of those with whom they will come in contact as men in the various vocations they may pursue."

The comment made by Mr. Elliott is one that has been made by mem-

AMAPOLA TO GIVE PLAY IN ASSEMBLY

The Amapola Club has chosen a play as its program for an assembly. This was decided upon after much discussion and the play to be given was "Teddy" fairy style, each couple occupying a stall and served from the food conveyor in the dairy barn. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Vernon composed the entertainment committee and they are of the "know how variety."

Music was dispensed in generous quantities and no little quality by Mr. Wormer, who left us last Friday, was called "that, he was sufficiently well to come to school. But the evening of the game the night in the Dairy Barn, Overalls and gingham aprons prevailed. Miss Bell spent the week-end in Los Angeles, reporting a very pleasant trip.

NEWS OF DRAMATICS

Rehearsals have already begun and will be revised into a tearoom. Every noon students can keep in better touch with outside interests, By this means the school furirs and meetings of their particular interests.

STUDENT LEAVING US

We are very sorry to hear that one of our students, Herrick Berryhill, who left us last Friday, was called home. During his stay here he has made many friends and many will miss him every day at his former place of abode, the famous Haggard Inn, i.e., the sub-dorm.

Sick List For Last Week

It seems that an epidemic of colds has been going around during the last week that forced many of Poly's members to remain at home for either the entire week or just for a few days. Some of those who made up the list are: Mrs. Wilt, our Spanish teacher; Miss Huvers, who has charge of household arts department; Hugh Rutherford, Ethel Van Wormer, Sadie Bayles, Ted. De Rose and I. Millard Gibson. Many others have had colds, too, but have been attending school regularly.

If you have a cold, we hope you recover quickly.

C. P. POTTER, OLL

Boston, our football captain, president of our class and president of the Mechanics' Association, is now in the hospital as a result of a neck injury. After that game he came down with a very severe cold. Being in bed for a week or so with the flu he was sufficiently well to come to school. But the evening of the game the night in the Dairy Barn, Overalls and gingham aprons prevailed. Miss Bell spent the week-end in Los Angeles, reporting a very pleasant trip.

ATTEND CALIFORNIA DIARY MEET, FRESNO

Dr. Charles Eastman and Mr. Herspring left San Luis Obispo Thursday morning with two carloads of students to represent the California Polytechnic School in the annual meeting of the Care of California Dairy Council held in Fresno Thursday, November 18.

It has been the policy of the Agricultural Department to have the instructors and students of every member school attend the diary fairs and meetings of their particular interests. By this means the school realizes the importance of dairy interests and parallel commercial conditions more clearly.

This meeting in Fresno had special interest to the dairy department. At the close of the year, the specific test of the "Scrub Bull" is only following the lead of many other leading dairy counties of the state and if San Luis Obispo County is going to progress as a dairy county, many "Scrub Bulls" will have to be inspected.

DISCOVERED: A NEW LUNCH ROOM

During the rainy days of last week a brand new lunch room was discovered by some of the faculty members. Not that the lunch room itself was something entirely new, but its use as an actual lunch room was rather startling.

Every rainy day many member of the faculty participated in something and the cooking room was revised into a tearoom. Every noon when they had a pleasant party. Lucky Faculty!

Loses to Physics Class

As usual, the physics class at the beginning of the year was one of the largest classes in the school. But it is always remarkable how the class gradually dwindles down to a more moderate sized class. This year approximately half a dozen students have "left the fold," in the words of our physics shark; Warren Stevens, gone long ago; Ted De Rose, whom Mr. Agosti says has had a cold but not the desire to conquer the subject, and the four who left a long time ago that at present their names can't be recalled.

It always amuses us to see these students let such an easy course go by without even a serious attempt to get a credit in it.

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AT LAST

Did you notice the joyful grins that wreathed the faces of all our football hussies on the afternoon of the same day, the fifteenth? It was a day of heartfelt rejoicing among them. The reason? Why, the football field was being plowed. After the first shock off its windbreak was safely weathered, they often let their enraptured gazes wander over the broken sod and in almost every face of the many people that they had watched on the old field, "cut in alabaster," as Shakespeare would say, and reminiscently think of the many who have worn a spittoon for the forge shop or a plug hat for the Chief. Nothing has been decided upon as yet, but we may all be certain that the team will practice with more gusto tended by the old blacksmith than they did on the hard ground.

WHY NOT?

The editor has gone forth that no one who has gone out for football is eligible to play on the class teams. The main argument in support of said editor is that all football men by their constant practice have come exceedingly tough that it would be murder to put them against their softer enemists.

This argument, in the mails, is very good, but a small group of players that it does not take into consideration. These are the second string men who have not been able to go on any of the trips that the team has taken. They have been able to practice regularly, but, because of their lightness or for some other reason, have not been able to make the first team. They have worked faithfully and all the reward that they have so far received is a black eye or a wrinkled shoulder obtained while bucking the first team. With all their practice, we do not feel that they have been crystallized into such an exceedingly hardened body that they could not be bodied down by some of the less fortunate players on the opposing team. Why not be sports and let them play?

BLOCK "P" CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEET OF YEAR

At—Physics laboratory.
Time—Four o'clock p.m.
Reason—Read it below.

All right—let's go! The first meeting this of the pepified organization below, we shall rare—well—we'll say the Dead Sea, was held down in the favorite study abroad. Now last Thursday evening for the purpose of organizing this year's membership and bringing up any old or new business. At the close of last year a banquet was given by the old members at the Commercial Hotel, in honor of the several new members who were ushered in as the old term was ushered out. Speeches were delivered, after the big feed (the big feed, by the way, made talking almost impossible for some of the new ones), and then officers were elected for this year as follows: Stewart Patchett, president; C. C. Potter, vice president, and Kenneth Depew, secretary and treasurer. All this was something that they had long been clamoring for and is greatly appreciated by them. In fact, they touched that they recommended buying a collar for "Brownie" to celebrate this of the peppiest organization in the school and its ideals to the end, and they'll live up to it too. Well, anyway, at the meeting last week it was decided to carry on the work in the same old way as before, but, you know, anything with a kick in it "improves with age," so we'll run with this.

As Kenneth Depew did not return to Poly this term, Stewart Patchett was unanimously elected secretary and treasurer for the year.

There is to be a meeting of the "P" Club on Thursday, November 23, for purposes that you will hear about.

—By

NEW HORSE BARN TO BE OCCUPIED SOON

Finishing touches to the new horse barn have recently been completed and it is now ready for occupancy. This barn is one of the finest in the state and will house in all twenty-six horses, including six broken-stallion stalls. The barn is so arranged that visitors coming through will have no difficulty in seeing them on display. The blacksmith shop in the rear is being fitted up with an arbor, forge and vise and it is planned that Mr. Pigge will conduct some of his classes in blacksmithing and horseshoeing in the new shop.

QUEEN MARY GIVES BIRTH TO DAUGHTER

Queen Mary, one of the prize Percheron mares, has recently presented the school with a fine mare colt. This colt is the first product of the imported Percheron stallion, "Mutt," and should develop into a future prizewinner.

Mr. Vernon, our farm foreman, is wearing a big smile these days, following the heavy rain and clear weather. It looks like a big year for the farm, with plenty of early grass and ideal weather for early plowing.

OVERHAULING THE FIELD

Wednesday one of the Federal men plowed up the football field with the tractor and will dig it and get it in shape in case we play on our own grounds Thanksgivinig.

Berrylhill of the Sub-Dorm now holds the record for sleeping. He has slept eighteen hours a day for the last few days.

Thanksgiving is coming and most of the fellows are planning to either go home or have a big food here.

Hugos, Miller and Harris were chosen of the representatives for the C. R. at Atascadero last week end.

A Palace For Mr. Williams

On the west side of the S. P. track across from the football field is Mr. Williams', our math instructor, future home while he remains at Poly. He says that it was first pledged that he would have a big bungalow with plenty of room for three or four persons.

By taking this place he will have room for his one dozen fines here that he has to arrive from the east. He thinks he will enjoy his new domicile immensely and is now seeking a name for it. So far no name suggested has been appropriate.

After football Donald Ew Ritchie will be with Mr. Williams, and they expect more company when mid-term begins in January. Mr. Williams hopes that all the Poly boys will find time to visit him in his new palace—they are always welcome.

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THANKSGIVING—OUR BIG GAME

On Thanksgiving the varsity meets the San Jose State Teachers' College on the field at the Exposition Park. It is not a league game, but it is our big game in many respects. It is to be played at San Jose, all of you can see your team work and boost them to victory. The San Jose team is a college team equal in weight to the Stanford second varsity. The success of the football season depends on this game and the success of this game depends upon you. It means that six hundred tickets will have to be sold. Can you do it? Yes. Will you do it?—Time will tell.

Future teams and athletics of this year depend on this game. This will be the last big game to be played this season, so do your stuff. Be loyal to your team and to your school, a loyal Polyite through and through.

Boost the rally for Tuesday night and be present when the whistle blows at 2:30 on Thursday.

POLY VERSUS HIGH SCHOOL

Last Wednesday night the San Luis High School football team came out after school for a practice game with Poly. Owing to the late arrival of the high school team a whole game was impossible but, we had forty minutes of good practice.

Poly's regular string did not play in their regular positions but were transferred to all parts of the team. Lumley, regular center, and Troup, right guard, played in the line, while Young and Patchett held down their regular positions in the back line.

Poly succeeded in scoring thirty points against two for the high school. When we reached the central portion of this Volstead country, Mr. Keen's car, which was leading the parade, playfully waited in an unoffending pebble beside the way. The left rear wheel was quite badly damaged.

An oldtimor, weighing about sixty pounds, dropped on a chicken and forced him to look over the back of a car. Mr. Keen had a walk and lunch with some of the high schools around the city and slowly moved on.

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THAT TRIP TO FRESNO

Amidst the audible silences of early morning (7:30 a.m.) our caravan pulled out for Fresno, the birthplace of bullfight panties, Sun Maid Iron ore and bunt sports. We slipped gently over Cuesta grade, through Paso Robles and out into the Great American Sahara.

We halted for a moment at Shandon, so Mr. Agosti in his powerful "Lincoln 4" sport model to overtake us. While waiting there we disembarked and ran through a few signals. The whole city turned out to view us. The mayor presented Mr. Knott with the key to the city and told us to make ourselves at home. Bro. Anfin thought it was a key to the mayor's cellar, so he commenced to get excited right away. It took ten minutes of high pressure explaining before we set him right on this point.

Lumley, while attempting to escape the charge of an infuriated bovine at Shandon mishandled the height of a signature blanket and was forced to look over an overcoat. Just at this moment an oldtimor and his gang came roaring in, so we all piled into our machines and resumed our journey.

To anyone who has not the proper appreciation of the great open spaces of our glorious west we recommend this trip to Wasco. The landscape made us sad, and Annin thirfty. Captain Potter informed us that all jackrabbits hereabout carried latches and all stink bugs cantastans.

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We slept well that night, that is to say, we went to sleep but we didn't wake up. In the morning (7:30 a.m.) our enravan of bullfight panties, Sun Maid iron ore and bunt sports gently over Cuesta grade, through Paso Robles and out into the Great American Sahara.

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We went rooms at Hotel Hughes and retired early. After we had hunted and the two windies, quizzed, we went to sleep. About midnight we awoke and of course, got his back broken while playing back to the hotel and put him to bed.

We started out our evening with Hodges and Dampsey serving luscious soups, buttered bread, and fresh rolls. We ordered an oldtimor to get out and run down the hall, and that he, Johe, was hot on the trail. He did not find it in our room and so he left. We heard the next morning that he had finally caught it climbing down the fire escape and had returned it to its rightful owner.

More power to Johe, the house detective!

Friday we whiled away the time as we could.

Saturday we played football. After the game we had a fine dinner, with Hodges and Dampsey serving luscious soups, buttered bread, and fresh rolls. We ordered an oldtimor to get out and run down the hall, and that he, Johe, was hot on the trail. He did not find it in our room and so he left. We heard the next morning that he had finally caught it climbing down the fire escape and had returned it to its rightful owner.

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