CHRISTMAS JINX
OF THE CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL

Everyone is to start off the holiday season with a bang at the Christmas jinx at the Dining Hall on Friday. Plans are on foot for an old-fashioned "grab-bag" Christmas. Everyone will be here and everyone will be remembered. Refreshments will be served at the noon hour.

The following committee is working out the plan:

General Chairman—S. A. Anderson.
Program—Miss Lillian Bell, sub-chairman; Miss Pauley, chairman.

Refreshments—C. L. Smucker, sub-chairman; Miss Hoover, Miss Hayasel, "Chief" Walters.

Decoration—Miss Woods, sub-chairman; Mr. Vernon, Mr. Halsey, Dr. and Mrs. Holder, Dr. Eastman.

Gifts—Mr. Agost, sub-chairman; Mr. Fry, Mr. Peteler, Miss Chase, Miss Shipsey, Mrs. Stedman, Miss Higaskar.

COMMERCIAL PLAY IN ASSEMBLY

At our last regular Assembly held before the Christmas holidays, a program of an entirely different type hereafter presented this year was given.

After the regular announcements, the Commercial Club had charge of the program and presented a sketch in two acts entitled "Disghostes Looks For a Secretary." The theme of the play was the gift of the present age.

The curtain rose on Jimmy, the office boy, portrayed by Albert Hancock, in the office of the bank. He was enticed and through a dialogue it is understood that he is looking for a new secretary. In turn the various applicants present themselves, only to be turned out. In the second act the mysterious secretary has been chosen, who turns out to be none other than Jimmy himself, who has meanwhile been attending night school.

The entire cast did credit to themselves and much praise should be given to Mrs. Stedman, who had charge of the rehearsals.

Those in the cast in the order of their appearance were:

Jimmy—Albert Hancock
The Bank—Lloyd Waterman
Miss Corina—Wilma Roqueon
Miss Devine—Alta Mayhall
First Applicant—Ethel Van Niemen
Second Applicant—Fay Roqueon
Third Applicant—Cinda Spalding
Miss Marie—Rae Mayhall

POLYTECHNIC MOURNS
DEATH OF SENATOR E. L. RIGDON

Senator E. L. Rigdon, who has been one of the staunchest supporters of our school, passed away at the Lane Hospital in San Francisco on Wednesday, November 13, at the age of fifty-four years.

He has done more for us in his life time than any other individual, securing many favors and privileges from the Legislature. In the days when our school was small and struggling, it was he who saw that it was given the funds to grow, and it is largely through his efforts that our institution is what it is today.

Not only has he been active for the good of the California Polytechnic School, but he was a strong and ardent supporter of the good roads movement. He has gained a state-wide reputation along this line.

His body arrived from San Francisco last Friday afternoon and was returned to the Kike' Hall by the cadet battalion of Polytechnic and many individual. The regular funeral services were held from the Kike' Hall at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. The body was then taken to Cambria and laid to rest.


SENIORS PLOTTING—STOP! LOOK! LISTEN

Watch the progress of the Seniors of '21. This year's class is ALIVE and is planning a LIVELY program for the evening of February 7. The plans for this are now in full swing and those on the committee who are planning this fairly abound with mystery. But whatever it is it will be worth your while to come.

As far as can be determined, it is to be highly lit such as has never been planned before and will undoubtedly make such a gala display that it can never be forgotten.

Plan now to have an open night on February 2 or you'll surely miss something you'll regret the rest of your days.

ADDITIONS MADE TO SHOPS AND BARS

The auto shop is now equipped with a ten-and-a-half travelling crane. The complete job of installing was done by the students under the supervision of Mr. Strubel. The work was begun three weeks ago and was completed on December 17.

This big crane spans the auto shop from wall to wall and travels the full length of the shop. It is capable of raising three thousand pounds from any part of the shop and placing them where desired on the four thousand square feet of floor space. The maximum load to be carried by the crane is three tons and may easily be operated by one man.

Down at the barns we also have some improvements. The new horse-barn is now finished and will soon be put in use. New bull pens are being built near the present ones. The floors of these are of concrete. There will also be roosts over these in order to protect the cattle from the storms.

FORMER POLYTECHNITES MARRIED SUNDAY

Last Sunday morning at ten o'clock Laura Miller became the bride of Carl Gill. They were married at the home of the bride's parents on High Street in this city. Following a short honeymoon in the southern part of the state they will spend Christmas with the bride's parents and then will return to Porterville, where they will make their home in the future.

Mrs. Gill is a graduate of Poly, having graduated last June. While here she was quite active in the school life, both the social and practical. Last year she was editor of the Polygram, and for a time previous to that she was on the staff.

Mr. Gill also attended Poly the year before last and during the past year he has been to visit us many times. While enrolled here he was the captain of the Barnstall Battalion.

The bride wore a gown of blue taffeta during the ceremony and changed to a brown travelling costume. When they started south in Carl's car it was highly decorated, by the way! They were accompanied as far as Santa Maria by some of the individuals around the town.

It was noticed by some of these individuals that Laura is bound to make a good wife as she has already started giving orders.
Christmas greetings and our best wishes for your prosperity in the New Year.

The White House
"Home of Quality"

Christmas greetings and our best wishes for your prosperity in the New Year.
Odeyssey of the Pigskin

The season of twenty-two is over;
May we bear it long in mind?
Our first year of college football,
And, though a darned hard grind,
We were defeated, you, often and badly,
But, we offer no alibis;
We did the very best we could,
According to our two eyes.
Our defeats were just scoreboard, And not within our hearts,
For they are written as victories.
To help when the next season starts.

Now there is our Captain, Potter,
He has a reputation here and in Taft,
Even our old hero, Wilhelmina Johe,
"Mall, but nevertheless it makes the.
Our defeat was just a hard grind.
Our strategy year of college football,
According to our two eyes.
And it has been a darned hard grind.
And not within our hearts.
But we offer no alibis;
We were defeated, yea, often and
May we bear it long in mind?

Though he's built to be a detective,
He showed Loyola and Fresno
At center your old friend Lumley
Upon the line of scrimmage.
A big tall farmer boy—
As cute as cute could be.
And out on the old gridiron,
Marty was always there.

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Down through all ages, from time
immemorial, man's supreme struggle
has been a struggle for happiness—
contentment. This struggle has mani-
fested itself in a myriad of ways; usually—in a lust for wealth and
power. It has taken directly or indi-
rually, to all human strife and suf-
fereing and, strangely enough, to all
success. It has given us all our
great discoveries and inventions; all
that's best in literature and art; all
that we accept as law and order; all
that we cherish as civilization. Today

IN MEMORIAM

The late Senator Elmer S. Rigdon will be gratefully
remembered as a real friend of the California Polytechnic
School.

On several occasions he hinted that he wanted to see the
California Polytechnic School become what may be termed the
"People's College." He believed wholeheartedly in the type
of training the Polytechnic is giving. He himself empha-
sized the effectiveness of vocational training in his own
life.

He believed not only in technical training, but in charac-
ter training as well. In fact, he thoroughly appreciated that
the "real key to success is Character."

During the forty-four years of his fruitful life he put his
best efforts into his work. He endeavored constantly to win
the confidence of those with whom he came in contact.

The highest compliment paid him by one who knew him
intimately may be summed up in these words:

"He was a common man with uncommon virtues."

It governs man's actions absolutely.
We do what we do because we want
to be happy.
When a young man sows his wild
oats, he is but pursuing that elusive
thing—happiness.
Authors, writers, teachers, preachers pro-
claim the pursuit of happiness.

The pursuit of happiness leads us out
of every-day life, then this world
is the happiest of all possessions. When
another, the Golden Rule is new cru
—E. P.

THE MELODY SEXTETTE
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Phone 214
San Luis Obispo

DR. H. A. GOWMAN
OPTOMETRIST

THE POLYGRAM

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Visit the Annex—See air-decorated mode.

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MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS
—E. P.

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1137 CHORRO STREET

November 22, 1871

Dr. Roy M. Cox
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

San Luis Obispo

1137 CHORRO STREET
most popular games in America. The first division is the amateur division, composed of grammar school boys who play in the small lot, next door. Kicking the ball back and forth, they are having football.

The next division is the high school division, composed of these same boys when they reach high school. The average winning high school team is composed of players who have had three years experience at the regular game and two years in the back lot.

The last division is the high school division in the third or fourth year of college. With nine years of football experience behind them, they do wonder and it's no wonder.

Compare our own players with these divisions and say where we belong. There are a few who would take the high school division; they are the oldest men on the team and would lose this year. The rest would vote the high school lot or with grammar schools. Try to imagine Eddie Fickle playing against Nicholas Bizzel's, Jr; yet from the standpoint of experience, that is where he belongs.

Yet the season of 1922 found us playing against the members of the last division men who are our superiors by eight years in experience and almost in every instance many pounds heavier and some inches taller. We battled with these teams and in almost all the defeats the score was 20-0 in our opponents' favor; yet they should have beaten us fifty or seventy to nothing in a ratio of experience.

Why didn't they? Simply because they weren't experienced. Every time we played against Stanford second varsity, in which for three long quarters we held them scoreless, and did a big share of the playing in their territory. It was in this game that Troup, Potter, Lumley, and Amin starred in the defense and also in the offense. The whole team played well and played together.

In the last quarter Stanford ran in nine fresh players, Poly didn't do the same because they didn't have any other line players. Another disadvantage.

Poly played Loyola with a half a team and then in the first quarter Fickle was taken out with a sprained ankle, leaving no one to kick. It was the first football game for many of the players and the last for John Curat, as he was injured and could play no more this season.

We played Fresno, which was winner of the conference and the heaviest team in the conference, and held them to a small margin. Poly should receive credit for their playing as it was by far the hardest fought game of the season. Many penalties and some queer refereeing played a big part in breaking the spirit of the hard-fighting Polyites.

Our game at home was our first game and against the weakest team in the conference. We defeated Santa Barbara 13-7 in a hard-fought game. It was the first appearance of our rooting section and they proved almost in every instance many pounds heavier and some inches taller.

In a recent article written by Ted Jones, the famous Yale coach, he pointed out these three divisions of the most popular games in America. The

HARRY ROWAN

Xmas Cigars

Hoefler's Candy

Holiday Greetings

To All

C. H. REED CO

A Merry Christmas!

Everything in Hardware Line

Phone 41 900 Monterey St.

DORM DOINGS

Several of the boys attended the Skulls' dance Thursday evening. All of us are planning on our trip home for Christmas vacation. Most of the gang have started to pack up their personal and non-personal belongings.

Ellsworth Hall has gone to Los Angeles to spend his Christmas vacation. Coach Hogue is going to stay at the Dorms—at least part of the time. We hope he does not have the opportunity to engage a preacher while we are gone. Imagine what we would miss!

The radio artists are busy now. The outfit in Gammon's room heard Denver, Colo., the other evening. We hope to hear Mars or some long departed spirit soon.

Two more join our happy crowd: Lewis from Idaho and Lettlers from Siskiyou.

Wilson gave a party the other night. He had three apples for ten of us, but we got even with him by breaking three of his combs in parting his hair.

Pet Songs Among Pel Holyites

Alta Mayhall: "Oh, Bring Back My Marty To Me."

George Troup: "It's Those Wild, Wild Women."

Helen Rutherford: "Oh, Brother!"

What a Feeling"

Margaret Ditmas: "Love Me."

Hank: "Teach Me."

Marty: "Almost."

Barbara Trumble: "Nobody Cared When They Said I Cried About You."

Forrest Coyer: "Oh, They're Wild, Simply Wild About Me."

Marty Sullens: "I Might Be Your Once-In-A-While."

Dick Wilson: "Saturday Night."

Ethel Van Wormer: "I'm All Alone."

Neil Perry: "Sleepy Head."

Margaret Ditmas: "Love Me."

Marty: "Almost."

Trade with Polygram advertisers!
STOCKINGS
White Santa Claus is rated Happy—for Stirrupless Feet.
And he may be as stated.
An artist in his line,
With skill no talent at matching:
He cannot find his shelf
Fill up a woman's stocking
Like she can do herself.

ADVICE
When a man kisses you, struggle fiercely at first and then appear to be overcome by his superior strength.
Close your eyes and hold yourself rigid, relaxing a little if the kiss endures.
Take your breath in little gasps.
Let a variety of expressions adorn your face—anger, sorrow, despair; joy—it is important that all these be registered.
Struggle occasionally as if of your own volition.
Scratch and bite if opportunity presents itself, but don't dig too deep.
As he is about to cease you, faint if possible.

If you will observe these instructions carefully, he will most probably kiss you again.—Ex.

Paul Jackson (rising with dignity, in Hisfury)—Well, I am not exactly prepared for a speech.

Mrs. Theisen—Do not let that worry you, Paul; the rest of us are.

Mrs. Stedman—Claude, please report to me after roll call.

Claude—Why me?

Mrs. Stedman—Do you want me to bail you out now?

Gertrude T.—Mr. Peters, has Miss Chase seen you yet?

Perry—Yes; she has looked at him several times since school started.

First Special Student—You ought to go to Heaven.

Second S. E.—Why?

First S. E.—Because you are good on earth.

21.—What are your ideas about the new Instructors' Union?

22.—Absolutely grant them shorter hours at once.

Alta—What's wrong with this car?

It squeaks awfully.

Krause—Only natural; they use pig iron in the axles.

Khal—My friend's birthday is next Saturday and I want to give him a surprise.

K. Riley—Why not tell him your right age?

Pat Hodges—There is! I lost my notebook.

R. Hugue—Lost all you knew, huh?

Pat.—No, lost all my teacher's know.

Doc—If Germany doesn't pay, France should march in and crush her as Bismarck did in 1870.

Mrs. Theisen—But two wrongs do not make a right.

Doc—Oh, yes; two minus signs make a plus in algebra.

Mrs. Theisen—Not when you add them.

WHAT THE POLY GIRLS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS
My Dear Santa Claus:

We have been good girls nearly all year, except on week-ends. We have taken good care of our dollars and have not cried very much when our mammas wash our stars and get soap in our eyes, so will you please send us the coming things that we want most of all. Thank you.

Ethel: Send me a little book on "How to be a Nice Lady," by S. A. Anderson, and a toy snake.

Helen: Oh, Santa, old dear, please send dol. So send to my house a once a little buckskin hobby horns, a sugar whip, and I would like a little Shopper's too; I wouldn't ask for so much only that I am so lonesome since "Everybody" want to take away my horse for two months.

Margaret D.: Please, dearest Santa, send a brown-haired baby that has been good to some people nearly all year, a little park bench to sit on at moonlight hours.

Marius: I want most of all a little car that will run and some all-day suckers.

Alta: Send at once a book "On How To Win and Hold a Boy," by E. Van Wormer, and you can also throw in a hard sugar club for good measure, as I might need it some day.

Bill K.: I want a cartoon of cigarettes and a box of powder as I am all out.

Bell T.: Anything will do, but I would like a calendar having less school days and more Friday nights.

Dorothy H.: I have been a very, very good girl for a year, and most desire a pair of wings and a box of rouge.


Your loving little children,

THE POLY GIRLS

Margaret W.: Please send me a book on "How to Be Bad," and a little pocket flask full of something.

Dorothy M.: The only thing that I ask is that you make the moon more hours and then I want a little red kidde car so that we can go skating to Murray all by ourselves.

Elaine: I am a man-hater so please send me a little boy doll that looks like Doc Jackson and I will be contented.

Ray R.: I truly confess, dear Santa, that I have been quite naughty all year, but won't you please send this blue-eyed baby a little green and gold romper suit and I won't get them dirty before putting them on.

Dorothy L.: I have been a real good girl for a long, long time, except that I have been saxy, wouldn't mind my mammas or teachers and have got a whipping every day before breakfast for a year, so please reward me by sending me a little tricycle (for a three-year-old) and some pink and blue half-sacks.

S. B.: I want a little red-bathing-suit and a pair of roller skates.

Gertrude: I most desire a little nurse doll to dress in botany periods.

Ceda: Send me a rush order of sour pickles and a little horseradish.

Anna C.: I have been a very, very good girl for a year, so please reward me by giving me a little can of sour pickles and a little bicycle.

Winfred: Some blond ear rats so they will keep up my hair and a string of candy beads.

Mildred: I want a little hope chest for a year, but won't you please send this towel for my toys, please, Doc.

Fay R.: I truly confess, dear Santy, that I have been quite naughty all year, but won't you please send this wicked my mammas or teachers and have got a whipping every day before breakfast for a year, so please reward me by sending me a little tricycle (for a three-year-old) and some pink and blue half-sacks.

Dorothy P.: I always want a seat in Study Hall next to Pfeiffer and a little car for two.

Alma L.: I have been such a little rascal all year that I want most of all a pair of horns and a bottle of perfume.

K. Pedestrians will be held responsible for all damages to automobiles or their occupants by collision.
Dear Mommy:

Isn't it just grand! I'm so excited

that the school is on vacation. Yesterday in California Polygon, Dickie and I

would close on the following Tuesday to celebrate the birth of our Lord, and as one thousand eight hundred forty-five. Everyone was so surprised.

Just think of it, THREE WHOLE

five. Everyone was so surprised.

I'm awfully sorry, but I will simply

have to have some more money to get

things I had to get.

With love,

Connie

— CHRISTINE

Christine, confident that mother would send the check, went on with her packing and plans.

Three days later she received two letters. One she expected to contain a nice fat check. The other she said (her nickname) "Your mother told me she was going to Europe this

summer and she is the only one that gave me a clue as to the empty room."

"The girls took several cooking les-

sons from Priscilla that week and en-

trusted to her the care of the kitchen.

When the teachers returned the

only thing she said was that she was

going to change her course and that

she entirely approved of the House-

hold Arts course." — R. M.

We Extend to All a Merry Christmas and a

Happy New Year

BANK OF ITALY

To the "Pol" Students—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

To You All

SCHULZE BROS.

Jaseon's Greetings

A. SAUER & CO.

XMAS GREETINGS

P. HUGHES

TILTOR
Some Letters to Santa Claus

Dorm Boys’ Letter
Poly Dorm, Dec. 18, 1922.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am sure you would like a few suggestions as to what the boys in the Dorm want for Christmas. I know it is too hard for you to think of enough things to give each and everyone so I will tell you what each wants.

Pfeifer, a cigar that won’t make him sick.

Haas, a fashion catalog.

Harris, a pair of B.V.D.’s.

Copner, another can of shoe polish.

Hedges, a bottle of Tanalac.

Grapel, a box of spaghetti.

Rock, a new hat.

Potter, something to make his knees grow.

Martinsson, a ticket to “The Sheik.”

Pickle, another herd of Camels.

Winston, a tire for his bicycle.

Collins, a padded cell.

Diefenderfer, a permanent date.

Wood, a bottle of hair dye.

Moraga, a rattle.

Bulh, a new B.B.

Lomley, another Ford ride.

De Rose, a book on exercise.

Yereeland, an automatic trombone.

Sommer, a new pair of cords.

Annis, a jug, and a cave.

Aranda, an alarm clock.

Marmeister, another credit.

P. H. Hume, a book on English Cetements, a new motorcycle.

Kroft, something to do.

Greenvald, pair of shoes, size 22.

Gay, more time to study history.

Coach Hogue, a ring for his girl.

Held, something to say.

Hammond, a new dog.

McKahon, a hair-cut.

Perry, a commission in Poly’s army.

Powell, a new appendix.

Urequi, a box of face powder.

V. Wimmer, a private telephone line.

B. Wimmer, a girl.

A. Young, a book on etiquette.

Jiminez, an English girl.

Crawford, a gallon of gas.

Wilson, a Ford coupe.

Mori, a subscription to the Country Gentleman.

Miller, a little red wagon.

Morrison, a job in the dining hall.

Olinger, an army blouse.

Glemons, a radio outfit.

Robinson, a new skull cap.

Parker, something he can’t sell.

Langenschub, a shirt—size 18.

Bailey, a license to drive an auto.

Fischel, anything that makes a noise.

Kvetleh, ten wives.

This is all, Santa Claus. I hope you are on time, as we are all expecting you.

IMA DUMBELL.

FACULTY VACATIONS

All are looking forward to the coming vacation as a sort of a pleasant pause in the relay of our school year, and the members of the faculty are no exceptions either. This is the way in which some of them are going to spend their Christmas vacation:

Miss Chase is going to remain in San Luis as a hostess during the holidays.

Miss Woods and her mother are going north to join her sister.

Mr. Agosti says he simply can’t stay away from King City and so, if it doesn’t rain on the morning of Friday, December 22, he is going to ride up there in his Ford for the holidays.

From Company B

Company B, Dec. 18, 1922.

Dear Santa Claus:

In order that you will not make a mistake and not give us what we want, this letter from the town boys of the Poly will be sent to you via Polygram.

The gifts we respectfully request are:

A. Patchett, an electric curling-iron.

Troup, a sword, so I may be a real soldier.

Grow, something or somebody to play with.

Elliott, something I haven’t got.

Perrin, another trip to Los Angeles.

Lima, a sash to wear with my ballet- boots.

McKern, two of a kind.

Muff, somebody’s stake.

Patchett, a playmate.

Davis, a special appearance-for the rest of the year.

E. Patchett, a home for two; what’s the use of seeing the world?

Hankerson, a book on farm life, to further my knowledge in my chosen occupation.

Jackson, a book on church history.

Carroll, a jingle in my pockets instead of on-the-road.

Tomasso, a schedule allowing me to go to school every other week.

McChesney, a square meal and a different order once more.

Riley, a kind of tobacco for my friends.

McNish, a pile of junk.

Curzin, a cornet muffler.

M. Bundy, “the family car locked in the garage”—well, now, I wouldn’t mind having it.

Beckwell, a brewery.

Knight, another Labor Day.

Something to give the big stuff a lift.

Jensen, a formula for being hard-boiled.

Wants, a can of sleeping powder.

Presley, Mr. Peteler’s shoes; also another cow.

True aside, a bottle of Higgins.

Call, a package of growing-up powder.

Louchou, an automatic Noley Melody Reutter.

Lewis, a bag of marbles.

Stevens, a tin rattle.

Brady, the completion of a summer raised.

Maxson, the gift to be wiser than my fellow men.

Lemmon, a sachet to empty my pockets of the lead I now carry.

Tubbs, a book on things I don’t know.

R. Perry, a sheep to get the other fellow’s goat.

Until December 28, yours,

ONE OF THEM.

but if it is raining he is going just the same, only he will have to take the train.

Mr. and Mrs. Peteler will spend their vacation in Carmel-by-the-Sea and Pasadena. While in Pasadena Mr. Peteler will visit the nurseries, parks, and various horticulture establishments to help him in his future work here at school.

Miss Bell will journey to Los Angeles.

Miss Pedley and her mother will visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Deuel will remain in San Luis.

Mr. and Mrs. Deuel will remain in San Luis.

Mr. Grossman will spend her vacation in Los Angeles if possible.

Who?
THE SENIORS

When?
FEBRUARY 2, 5:30 to 11:00

Where?
THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS BUILDING

What?
COME AND FIND OUT

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
We Thank You For Your Patronage

HENRY J. BOWERS

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
STAG Barber Shop

HART, SCHAPPNER & HARR CLOTHES
We Can Lessen Your Christmas Worries

Wickenden & Wickenden
Open Evenings Until Christmas