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THAT OLD, OLD LEGEND.

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THE POLYGRAM.
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Forward the light brigade!
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered.

Forward Seniors!
Forward Juniors!
We are indeed pleased to
know that, undaunted, you are going
to give us your Junior-Senior play.
And we suggest that every member
of the classes not in the play feel
it his obligation to do everything
in his power to carry the respon-
sibilities which are to fall to
them at this time of year.

Forward Sophomores!
Forward Freshmen!
Well begun is half done; but
remember that the getting well
begun was a hard pull, and that
the other half will be fifty per
cent discount!

Class spirit is a splendid
thing. It has made us work as
units and taught us how to co-op-
erate. But there is a larger
thing called school spirit. It is
this we need especially at this
time. Let us all be ready to sus-
tain our part whatever it may be.

If we know a weak one, let us en-
courage him. If there be un-
daring and un-
brave, be valiant, for rest is near
and the forward on line in our work
was well done."

Make a league, make a league
Make a league, make a league
F. R. York.

EXPRESSING ONE'S SELF.

I will try to explain as best
as possible, why it is necessary
to have the ability to "express
oneself," and to "stand by one
convictions." One of the greatest
assets that a high school educa-
tion can possibly give is power
to express oneself - to reach con-
viction and stand by it. It is
this ability to decide and to have
the courage to make known ~~that~~ a
decision that often distinguishes
the educated man from the uneduca-
ted. To use plainer English, often
the difference between a man with
a back bone and one with a wishbone
is an education, for an education
is certainly a backbone builder.
"Self-expression" that is a
watch word that is on many lips in
the twentieth century but many lips
speak in hypocrisy. Some of the
speakers hate the many evidences
of self-expression bound to be
shown by the right kind of young
people - there are lots of them.
Self-expression often means dis-
agreement with others beliefs; it
many times even means rebellion -
the breaking away from traditions
that have gone before. Self-ex-
pression is just what the word
implies: To give out self. And
that self may be different - may
contradict.

How many persons fear contra-
diction. They lie in wait for it,
and when they find it try to kill
it. When they cannot kill it,
their pride is hurt, for it means
they must respect the opinions that
may have been expressed by one whom
they consider inferior. A person
is inferior mentally if he be young

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EXPRESSING ONE'S SELF.
(Continued from Page 2.)

and immature, and should respect the dignity of their elders. What they say is right - maybe - at least that is what some of them try to imply. "Don't talk back," they tell you. Is not this a command just the opposite of the desirable art of "self-expression?"

The people described can be found everywhere without looking very hard and the chances are that when you find them, they are chanting "self-expression", and if you try to join in the chorus, they will change the tune to, "don't talk back."

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R. E. Herr.

COURT SCHOOL WINS DAY.

The baseball game between Cambria and the local Court School was a very closely contested game, the final score being 8 to 7. It was not till the end of the 12th inning that Court showed its superiority.

TRACK MEET VERY CLOSE.

Court School --52

Nipome Street--49

Santa Margarita--0

Bellview--3

Excelsior--3.

The Court School for the eighth ~~year~~ time won the banner in the annual track meet. The race was between Court and Nipomo, the two local schools, which were very evenly matched. The Court won by a 3 point margin.

The meet was quite an improvement over the first, so the future of the Grammar School Meets promises to be successful.

L. Dolch.

Bott (disgustedly to Beard): "Aw! Gowan! Just because your sister is cashier in a shooting gallery don't think you know all about the war."

THAT OLD, OLD LEGEND.

There is a legend both worn and old,
Of a swimming pool, my child,
'tis told,
Your grand sires when here at old Poly,
Dreamed of this pool, much to their folly.

To bathe within its cooling water,
This thought in their minds they could not alter.
They hoped and prayed, they hoped in vain,
For their only pool was just after a rain.

Think my child, of many a weary head,
So tortured by lessons that it's nearly dead,
Think of the cooling comfort these cooling waters,
Could have bestowed upon your grandpaters.

But their hopes and prayers were alike denied,
Their faith was destroyed and then it died,
Yet you my child, must watch and pray,
For that swimming pool the same as they.

R. E. Herr.

FEET.!!--

There are two kinds of feet, the human and the inhuman. The inhuman are twelve inches long and are used for measuring. Human feet are not usually so long as inhuman ones. Feet have different uses. Some people use them as a means of locomotion; some use them to kick with. They are also used by many Knuts for the display of the latest footwear.

That was a truly human tombstone that bore this inscription, "I expected this, but not just yet."

SCHOOL NOTES.

The meeting of the Athletic Council Wednesday, May 23, brought up the question of awarding numerals to members of class teams. After much discussion it was left to a committee to decide on a policy which should govern now as well as later. The Council also agreed to buy and frame every athletic team's picture and hang it where any visitor or student could view it anytime. A stopwatch belonging to the Physics department, lost during a recent meet, was ordered replaced.

H. H. Hodges.

Last Saturday the C. P. S. Pig Contest Club were guests of the Paso Robles Agriculture Club. Mr. Talbot secured the school car and an outside car for the trip. A fine picnic lunch was served by the Paso Robles Club which was greatly enjoyed by our boys.

Immediately following lunch speeches were made by Mr. Youngerman, Mr. Talbot, and Mr. Hagen of University of California. Different boys also made talks, telling of what was being accomplished by various clubs. The two clubs travelled together about the country viewing various contest plots. While at San Miguel, the two clubs joined forces in fighting a grass fire, preventing a large loss of feed.

Twenty-three boys are expected here from Paso Robles next Saturday. They desire to visit the agriculture branch of our school. They will be guests of the Pig Contest Club.

The Senior invitations to commencement exercises have arrived.

The school emblem of graduation is seen clinging to many senior breasts. G. Baldwin.

THE WILD ROSE.

Poly is proud to have the honor of having staged the best amateur affair ever given in San Luis Obispo. The publishers were very much pleased and many requests have come in to have the operetta repeated.

Helene Van Gorden as the Wild Rose carried off the part with more than school girl credit. Had her voice been a little stronger, her part would have been above the average for amateur performers. It was feared the day of the affair that her cold would prevent her singing at all. The reporters might well apply for positions. The Polygram would be happy to give them a start in life. The talker and the suffragette surprised all their friends. It is whispered that a fine voice is to be found in this duet. Mrs. Fussy is a noble and courageous person. It is not often one finds a young woman who is willing to take the ugly woman's part and then to carry that part to such a successful point. The choruses were decidedly well rendered and the 'maids' were a fair lot. Bobby? Well, words are inadequate to express the scream Bobby roused. We are proud to be Polyites for was it not our Poly girls who did all this?

Assembly today was in the care of the Agriculture department. It was especially interesting as it dealt with the big issue of the war—the food situation. Prof. Gilmore of the University of California was the speaker. Many remember having heard him last February's Picnic Day.

The Kelvin Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson last Thursday evening. Mr. Talbot was speaker of the evening and from all reports gave a most interesting paper.

HIGH COST OF LIVING has reached the Dining Hall. No potatoes for breakfast nowadays.

WANTED TO KNOW:

Why Plump Tree Dolch and Plump Tree Otto objected to the party Monday night for the soldiers?

Found in The Dining Hall: A spoon that has been chewed on. Evidently some freshman is cutting his teeth.

Freshman: "I have an idea."

Soph: "Be kind to the little stranger."

"Gee, but it is hot in here."
"Some one hum a little air."

Perry: "Bud seems to be wandering in his mind."

Perry: "Don't worry. He can't stray far."

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

When you've studied all the night,
And your lessons are all right,
Who calls on you to recite?
N O B O D Y ! !

Quarrelsome people ought never go up in a balloon."

"Why not?"

"Because they're sure to have a falling out."

"You just used to dote on me."

"Yes, until I met your mother."

"Well, why not after meeting her?"

"She proved an anti-dote."

"What causes the flight of time?" asked Mabel.

"It must be the ~~fixxxx~~ spur of the moment," said Scooby.

Money is the root of all evils, and most of us are rooters.

Some professors are so cold-blooded it gives you pneumonia to attend their classes."

Why do so many hotels remind us of hades? They have no fire escapes.

Josephine T.: "She has such a large mouth."

Lucille T.: "Yes, it's almost large enough to sing duets with."

Boaty: "Do you think men should smoke?"

John: "Not in this life."

M. Andrews: "I met a fellow last week who wanted the earth?"

Ben Top: "How big that?"

M. Andrews: "He was taking his first trip to sea."

It is reported that Mr. Brown lost two hundred dollars the other night in Los Angeles - he walked in his sleep.

AUTO EPITAPHS..

Oscar Wise sleeps
Beneath this green.
He hunted with matches,
Leaky gasoline.

'Twere vain that
Little John were born.
He did not hear
The honk, honk horn.

A negro exhorter shouted to his audience, "Come up and jine de army ob de Lord."

"I'se done jined," replied one man.

"Whar'd yo' jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Church."

"Why, ohile," said the exhorter,

"yo' ain't in de army ob de Lord;

yo's in de navy."

JOSH DEPARTMENT.

'Twas Ever Thus.

A freshman tiptoed across the hall
To ask if he might speak.
The teacher answered, "Surely not."
Back he went subdued to his seat.

A sophomore next came plodding up
To make the same request
To him the surly teacher said:
"I do not think it best."

And then a jaunty junior lad
Strode quickly up and said,
"I'd like to speak." Came the re-
ply,
"If necessary, go ahead."

At last a graceful senior came,
And in a loving way,
Made her request, he answered her,
"Why certainly you may."

Capt. Ray: "What's that terrible
smell of rubber up stairs?"
Benny Schlocker: "Oh, that's just
a couple of sophs scorching some
frishie's neck."

Eva Russell: "What would you wear
if you had my complexion?"
Dago Joe: "A mask or a veil."

Sarah: "Could you inform me how to
make the women dress decently?"
Ellen: "Kill off, all the men."

All boys love their sisters
But I so good have grown
That I love other boys' sisters,
Far better than my own.

"Who was the strongest man?"
asked the Sunday School teacher.
One boy said "Samson, cause he
choked a lion to death." "Naw," said
another boy, "g'wan, it wasn't
Samson. It was Jonah, 'cause a
whale couldn't keep him down."

NOT JOINING THE ARMY.

A muscular Irishman strolled
into the U. S. Army recruiting of-
fice where candidates for the army
are put to a physical test.

"Strip," ordered the surgeon.
"What's that?" demanded the
unintended.

"Get your clothes off, and be
quick about it, too," said the
doctor.

The Irishman disrobed, and per-
mitted the doctor to measure his chest
and legs and to pound his back.

"Hop over this bar," ordered
the doctor.

The man did his best, landing
on his back.

"Now double up your knees and
touch the floor with your hands."

He sprawled face downward, on
the floor. He was indignant but
silent.

"Jump under this cold shower,"
next ordered the physician.

"Suxe, that's funny!" muttered
the applicant.

"Let run around the room ten
times to test your heart and wind,"
directed the doctor.

The candidate rebelled. "I'll
not. I'll stay single."

"Single?", asked the astonished
doctor.

"Sure," said the Irishman,
"what's all this fussing for to do
with a marriage license?"

He had strayed into the wrong
office.

Mr. Greenamyer: "I am Maria Red-
ríguez and Miss Anoda spend more
of their time talking to each other
than they do to the work on hand."

Stewart: "Been to see the doctor?"
Hodges: "Sure thing."
Stewart: "Did he treat you?"
Hodges: "Well, I guess not. It was
my treat. I paid \$10.00 for it."

WANTED: A new voice. H. Van Gorden.