

The Polygram

Vol. III

SAN LUIS OBISPO, OCTOBER 31, 1917

No. 2

FORMER POLYITES IN THE SERVICE

Below are two letters—one from John Brown, '18, now in France, and the other from Mart Martinsen, with the Engineers' Corps. These letters are real live communications from real live fellows and we are proud of the opportunity given us to publish them:

In France, Sept. 17, 1917.

Mrs. Joe L. Brown, San Luis Obispo, Cal. Dear folks:

Arrived all O K and expect to be in training here for some time. We crossed the English channel last night.

We were on board the SS. ——— for twenty-five days. Spent twelve days in ———, Canada, awaiting a convoy. Had a couple of days of rough water, but did not get seasick. Outside of that there was nothing to the trip.

I could write you a long letter, but there is so much that I am not allowed to put in a letter.

We have been doing a lot of traveling from train to boat and then march to another train. Another train ride and a march and we expect to be settled.

The trains here are just as you see them in the moving pictures, built in compartments with a seat along each side. Each compartment holds eight men.

We are told that we need not put stamps on letters or cards. All mail is mailed through our company commander, who censors it.

I am seeing lots of sights and having a lot of experiences that money could not buy. If you do not hear from me regularly, do not worry, for I will be too busy at times to write, but will write as often as I can. I did have the pleasure of seeing a submarine sunk by an American torpedo boat destroyer. The submarine was about eight hundred yards from the ship I was on.

Love to all.

J. ———

Camp Meade, Ind., Oct. 16, 1917.

Major Ray, California Polytechnical School, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Dear Sir: I have often thought of writing to you, but have been doing so much traveling the last two weeks that I haven't had time to do much of anything. I arrived here today, and have been detailed to Company ———, ——— Engineers, Captain ———, commanding officer.

We started out about 300 strong from San Francisco last Friday morning, being four days and

three hours on the road. I suppose there will be another carload coming from Frisco within another week or two.

I don't know how long we are going to be stationed here. It may be a week, and it may be two months. I am hoping that we move pretty quick, as I am not very enthusiastic about going through all the drill work I've had the last two years again.

Yours truly,

MARTIN MARTINSEN.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS FAVORABLE

A great deal of talk is heard about the chance Poly has this year. At first it seemed as though the team was at considerable disadvantage due to the lineups being mostly new men. But by careful coaching Poly is developing a strong aggregation.

Several practices will be held for the purpose of picking the first team.

This season will be one of rigid economies. It has been agreed on that in order to avoid unnecessary expense the squad will continue to use last year's suits. The reason for this is the large increase on athletic expenses. The expenses in other forms will be curtailed accordingly.

Monday the two Poly teams, Morro and Edna, clashed for a husky serum practice. The two teams were well matched, scoring 6 to 2 in favor of Morro.

Our captain, Indian Hodges, is back with us after a rather extended vacation. He's just in time to help whip the warriors from Santa Barbara.

REPORT OF THE VIGILANTES

(Partially deleted by censor.)

Two promising members of the dormitory appeared, some time ago, to be suffering from an over-abundance of spirits; yea, they suffered greatly. Rather than let this suffering become a chronic ailment, the Lively 'Leven treated the charming Mr. B ——— and several of his associates to a quantity of ——— "somewhere in San Luis." In fact, these gentlemen were forced to take their Saturday ——— on a Monday. They seem to take to the ——— naturally.

Also Whiskers Beard, because of his abundant show of animal spirits, was treated accordingly. After he was chained to his bed several flattering comments were made as to his remarkable resemblance to our remote ancestors. A noticeable decrease in "freshness" is the natural result of these events.

THE POLYGRAM.

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Rush Taber, '20.....	Joshes
Mr. W. E. St. John.....	Critic

EDITORIAL

A few words of appreciation, addressed to the students as a whole, are surely not out of place here. The response to the call for more support has been answered, in a manner calculated to assure the success of our student affairs for the coming year. Three-fourths of the students enrolled have paid their dues voluntarily, which we are glad to state, is a greater percentage than was expected. And——

Delighted with the way in which our call for monetary support was answered, we waited confidently for the joshes, criticisms, news items and other material to pour in; but——

We waited in vain. There was one, lonely slip of paper reposing in the Josh box. However——

That has not caused us to swerve from our expressed determination to make you sit up and take notice, and eventually come to give the Polygram a measure of real, serious consideration.

Certain individuals have taken it upon themselves to show their class and school spirit in a way which is decidedly unattractive and unnecessary. If these same well-meaning students would advertise their various classes in some more beneficial way their efforts might be up appreciated. It is difficult enough to keep things in a state of repair without having lime and chalk marks placed about the grounds and upon athletic property.

OUR BOYS IN THE LEAD!

It is extremely gratifying to hear that John Bello, who enlisted in the Medical Corps, has been appointed a Sergeant. Major Ray informs us that his chances for advancement are great, and his appointment to a second-class steward is practically assured.

The class of '20 may well be proud of this former class-mate.

The face and form of Eddie Smith will not soon

be forgotten. His enlistment in the hospital corps preceded his departure for Hawaii. With the aid of charming Hula maidens, Eddie is no doubt performing his arduous duties in a creditable manner.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Kelvin Club had their meeting around a camp fire in Poly canyon on Wednesday evening. An elaborate supper of Spanish cooking was served. The following officers were elected: Miss Chase, President; Mr. Greenamyer, Vice President; Mr. Brown, Secretary.

Parents Entertained.

The teachers and parents of Polytechnic students enjoyed an informal evening together at Guild hall on October 19th. The social was given that the faculty and parents might become better acquainted. During the evening Mr. Ryder gave a talk, Mrs. Carus played a piano solo and Mrs. Thorne played a selection on the violin. The hall was tastefully decorated with palms and pepper branches.

Wienie Bake.

Wednesday evening the Anapola Club girls, accompanied by several lady teachers, hiked to the end of Poly canyon, where every one prepared for herself a fine supper of buns, wienies and mustard.

After the wienie bake the entire crowd spent the remainder of the time playing games, singing, and telling stories.

The Anapola Club at a meeting held on October 14 elected the following officers:

Maxine Barneberg, President; Bertha Haberl Vice President; Karo Smith, Secretary; Catherine Shanklin, Treasurer; Phyllis Figge, Sergeant-at-Arms.

At its second meeting October 18 the club selected, for discussion during the year the following subjects: Grand Opera, Foreign Dress and Woman's Work in the War.

Many of our Polytechnic students were entertained last Friday evening by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church at a social given in Hersman Hall. After an evening enjoyably spent in playing games, ice cream and cake were served.

WANTED TO KNOW.

1. Where Maxine Barneberg got the fancy diamond ring which she is now wearing?
2. Where McMillan got his artistic ability?
3. Why Bussey objects to the creek?
4. What makes Puss blue and down-hearted, lately?

FRESHMEN THRASH SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores were beaten in a hard fought game with the Freshmen by a score of 24 to 0, the first game won by the Freshmen in five years.

Professor Carue kicked off for the Freshmen, who grabbed their man immediately after he obtained the ball.

The first quarter was played pretty close to the Soph's goal. In the second quarter the Sophomores gained ground by end runs made by Russel and Hillar, the ball being nearly across at the end of the first half, when the score stood 0 to 0.

Neither side had much preparatory practice, so that both sides, not trusting to forward passes, made their gains in end runs and center bucks.

The two most conspicuous men on the line were Stebbins, the Soph center, and Rhoda, a Freshman guard. Both were on hand when it came to tackling.

At the beginning of the second half both sides were going for blood. At first the Sophs held well but finally were driven back until Kingston, with a wide end run, carried the pigskin across for a touchdown, but failed in the kick.

The Sophs made another stand and started to go down the field with Taber's end runs and Hillar's center bucks. Again Kynaston came to the rescue and turned the tide. Working slowly down the track and with a final center buck he went across for another touch-down.

In the beginning of the fourth quarter Russel and MacMillian made some big gains. In one of these attempts Russel sprained his ankle and was taken out. The changing of the Sophomore line up was not so effective, the men of '21 making easier gains and scoring two touchdowns, both end runs, the first by Wilkie, and the final by Bachelder.

Each time the kicking was unsuccessful.

Officials: Referee, Schlosser; umpire, Hodges.

POLY. VS. ATASCADERO.

Poly lightweights will mix with Atascadero high football team on Poly field Wednesday afternoon. Come and see the fight.

WORLD FAMOUS EVENTS

Oct. 20.—Every one appears to have an immense time. Skinny and Pete make 65c.

Oct. 21.—Hodge reappears. Bott and Stewart find themselves in a peculiar situation.

Oct. 22.—Morro defeats Edna in a wonderful pitched battle. Morro Rock is a second Gibraltar.

The "Dorm. guys" get in some pretty good work. "Follow the leader" is a failure; not so the "Fearless Fish-horns."

Oct. 23.—"Brudder Noah" becomes a regular member of the dormitory.

Oct. 24.—An unusual quietness prevails in the Dorm. All is well.

Oct. 25.—A scummy "21" appears near the tennis courts, but not for long. Soph Stebbins is on the job.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

(Till we meet again.)

Note: It is charged that the Germans are using dead soldiers in great reduction plants for the purpose of making various commodities.

Maid of Georgia, e'er we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
After while it will, I hope,
Reach you in a cake of soap.

Maid of Georgia, fond and true,
Will you love a chunk of glue?
Will you shed a tear for me
When I'm "made in Germany?"

I'll return as this and that,
When I'm melted in a vat.
Buttons, tallow, gelatine,
Leather goods and glycerine.

Lots of lives I have to give,
For my fragments still can live,
On your bureau, bottled dream,
Part of me may be cold cream.

As imitation ivory,
Combs and brushes I will be;
Oh, to think that your umbrella
May be knobbed by my patella!

Poets pine to be the air
Toying with their sweethearts' hair,
Or a honey-bee, to sip
Nectar from her rose-red lip;

Wasteful such a wish, and rash;
Better far to be canned hash,
In this new, efficient day,
There's a much more thrifty way.

Let me go to fight the Kaiser,
And be used for fertilizer.
All that damps my ardent zeal
Is the fear they'll waste my squeal!

A CONSCRIPT.

Wilke—I always pay as I go.
Maxine—Then why tarry? You don't owe me anything.

A WIDOW AND DAUGHTER IN BLUE.

An old man gazed on a document,
 Given him by an undertaker,
 His nephew then asked him the reason why
 He cried all over the paper.
 "Come, listen," he said, "and I'll tell you, lad,
 A story that's strange but true;"
 My father and I at a picnic one day
 Met a widow and daughter in blue.

I married that widow in blue, lad;
 Believe me, now, what I have said.
 My father got mad, said he: "Now, my lad,
 Your daughter in blue I will wed"
 And my step daughter in blue lad,
 Who took my father's name
 Became my mother, I married her mother
 Now, who in this world's to blame?

My father is now my step son,
 My father's my son-in-law,
 For he married my daughter, though he hadn't
 Order.

She was his grand daughter-in-law.
 My wife is my father's mother-in-law.
 My wife is my father's wife's mother.
 If that is the case, what an awful disgrace,
 For I married my own grandmother.

My father is now my son-in-law;
 Believe me, now, am I not right?
 For I married the mother of the daughter
 That married my father that night.
 My daughter is my father's wife,
 My father's the son of his son,
 Now I'm in a fix, for I'm terribly mixed,
 If I ain't I'm a son of a gun!

JOSHES.

Chaves stayed at a hotel while in San Francisco.
 He had a room with a bath. When he looked at
 the bath tub he said, "Gee, I wish this was Satur-
 day."

Dolch—I am indebted to you for all I know.
 Mr. Saunders—Oh, don't mention such a trifle.
 —Irv. Ott.

Puss—I feel as blue as indigo.
 Sweetheart—I know where there is a job for
 you.

Puss—Where?
 Sweetheart—In a laundry.
 —Irv. Ott.

Johnny Talbot (aged four)—Papa, what are
 you waiting for?
 Mr. Talbot—To see Mr. Ryder.

Johnny—Why didn't you look at him when he
 went by on his motorcycle?

Stebbins—I bet you never rode in an automo-
 bile.

Dago Joe—No, but one knocked my brother
 down once.
 —Irv. Ott.

Halstead—Why do men get bald-headed and
 women not?

Brown—I don't know why!

Halstead—'Cause they don't wear their hair so
 long.

Bott—Say, Hanselman, who died in your fam-
 ily?

Hans—No one, why?

Bott—Your trousers are at half-mast.

Hodges—You know the women aren't like they
 used to be.

Dolch—How is that?

Hodges—They used to be girls.

Prof. Brown—Did you ever time yourself in
 your Maxwell?

Mr. Levers—Oh, yes, it took me an even hour
 to start it yesterday.

Porky—I'll bet you never rode in an auto.

Dago Joe—No, but one knocked my brother
 down once.

While making gases from sawdust in the Chem-
 istry laboratory—

Alberti—I don't see how this stuff smells.

Kyneston—Which side won the first ball game?

Russell—I don't know. The surgeons haven't
 decided yet.

LITTLE YELLS FROM HERE AND THERE

Heard near the Dorm.

George,

Ray, Ray, Ray.

George, George, George,

Ray!!

The Ag. Club contributes this:

M-o-o-o-o-o.

Bossie, cow-cow,

Honey bee-bee,

Oleomargerine,

Oleobutterine;

Alfalfa hay!