

The Polygram

Vol. III

SAN LUIS OBISPO, NOVEMBER 28, 1917

No. 4

POLY DEFEATS 11TH COAST ARTILLERY (Practice Game)

Like a team of veterans at the old game, the C. P. S. eleven fought the weightier soldier aggregation to a 10 to 7 victory on the home grounds, on Saturday, Nov. 17. The game was marked by Poly's surprisingly good offensive, and the strong defensive of both teams. Much praise is due the almost perfect interference of the soldiers. The teams were well matched. Poly had more practice, the soldiers being favored by experience and weight. The soldier team was made up of former high school and college men. Wilcox, a member of the Stanford Varsity team; Marks and Bell, both former U. S. C. men; Patton of the University of Colorado, and a sprinkling of Long Beach H. S. men were among the number. Both Coach Schlosser and Captain Wilcox deserve much credit for the ability they have developed in their teams.

The game consisted mostly of straight football, a few forwards being tried, Poly completing two; Hilliard and McMillan both getting their passes. Lightle, the 11th's right half, nailed one for a 10-yard gain. Erickson, the husky Poly center, was always in the middle of the fight, blocking passes and doing his share of tackling.

First Quarter

The Red, White and Blue boys fumbled the kick at 40 yards, but by end runs made the center of the field before Poly covered the ball. Inch by inch the soldiers were driven back by the aid of passes and long end runs, until we were within 25 yards of their goal. In making another rush, Russell fumbled the ball, which was quickly taken up by McCormick, the 11th's quarter, and carried down the open field to a touchdown. Converted successfully, the first quarter ended 7-0.

Second Quarter

A strong offensive was assumed by the Polyites. Kyneston, left half, playing the game wonderfully. To avoid trouble with the stationary lines, Poly made big gains by end runs, which were regained by McCormick's efforts when the soldiers covered the ball.

Third Quarter

The soldiers kicked to Hodges, on Poly's 30-yard line, and he, well supported by successful interference, got away for a 20-yard run. The C. P. S. eleven buckled on their armor and worked slowly but surely down the field. Finally, on the fourth down, with goal to go, Brown dropped a

goal at 25 yards, ending the third quarter. Score, 7-3.

Fourth Quarter

Poly kicked off, getting the soldiers on their 40-yard line. The quarter was played on the soldiers' soil without big gains on either side, until Captain Hodges, who starred throughout the game, came to the rescue with his line plunges and end runs. By his big gains he decided the game, carrying the pigskin across for a touchdown. Brown converted, adding to the score. Another touchdown was well-nigh completed when the whistle blew, winding up the game with a final score of—

Poly — 10.

Eleventh — 7.

And it was SOME game!

The Line-Up

Poly		Soldiers
	L. E. R.	
Hilliard-Dolch		Patton
	L. T. R.	
Rhoda		Marks
	L. G. R.	
Parsons		Puryear-Conover
	C.	
Erickson		Robert
	R. G. L.	
Chandler-Bachelor		Bell
	R. T. L.	
Chaves		Lawrence
	R. E. L.	
MacMillan		Hank
	Q. B.	
Hodges		McCormick
	R. H. L.	
Brown		Leighton-Holloway
	L. H. R.	
Kenyston		Lightle
	F. B.	
Russel		Wilcox
	SUBS:	
Halstead		Migide
Musser		Huyke
Strobel		Riemeyer
Referee: Prof. Carns.	Umpire: D. W. Schlosser.	

POLY DEFEATS ATASCADERO IN FIRST GAME OF SERIES

The C. P. S. Lightweights were victorious in a

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THE POLYGRAM

THE POLYGRAM.

One dollar per year.	Single copies 10 cents.
Harold Stewart, '19	Editor
Howard Sebastian, '18	Associate Editor
Hugh G. Murdock, '19	School Notes
Elsbeth Meinecke, '20	School Notes, Society
Lee Dolch, '18	Athletics
Rush Taber, '20	Joshes
Mr. W. E. St. John	Critic

SUPPOSE YOUR BOY WERE ONE OF WALKING WOUNDED

(By Bruce Barton, Editor of Every Week)

The school, in common with the town and the whole country, is contributing liberally to the Y. M. C. A. fund. The following clipping, contributed by Rush Taber, is from the Pasadena Star-News:

Yesterday I met a man who had just landed from the western front; and he told me the heart-rending story of the walking wounded.

The wounded who have lost an arm, or an eye, or a part of the face, but are still able to struggle back from the front line trenches alone.

Go with me for a moment to France: I want you to see what he saw. I want you to know the truth.

It is the day before the big push. For weeks the army has known the exact hour and moment when the barrage would lift and the men leap out "over the top."

The enemy has known it, too; his preparations are as great and as careful as ours.

On the day before, the engineers plant a line of painted white posts a few yards apart, leading from the rear straight to the borders of No Man's Land.

Simple painted posts: what are they for?

They are to guide the walking wounded. Eyes blurred with blood and suffering that might lose the road can follow the trail of those painted posts; bodies too weak from shell shock or gas to stand alone can find there a momentary support.

The trail of the painted posts is the trail of the walking wounded; the trail of blood and misery and pain.

Just before dawn the men file into the forward trenches. Singing? Not a bit. Talking? Hardly a word. Only the silent, heavy tramp of men who have written their last letters home. Men with faces carved out of stone.

They pass out of camp; they pass the base hospitals; they pass the canteen. And just before they reach the front trench—at the very front, under fire of the big guns themselves—each man pauses for just a second at a dug-out.

It is the front line trench of the Y. M. C. A.

From it a hand reaches out; in the hand a piece of chocolate for each man to be eaten in case he falls wounded in No Man's Land. A hearty Good Luck and God Bless You. It is with this, the voice of the Y. M. C. A. secretary, ringing in their ears that men go "over the top."

An hour passes: two hours. And slowly, painfully, draggingly, they come back. The men who have lost an arm, and the men who have lost an eye, and the men who carry in their shoulders or their abdomens or their legs the enemy's bullets and shell.

Bleeding, staggering men, following the trail of the painted posts.

And they stop at the Y. M. C. A. dugout first. It lies nearest the guns. Nearer than the doctor or hospital. There every man gets a cup of hot tea if he wants it; there two orderlies stand with hypodermics in their hands.

"Do you want it?" they demand of each man who passes through.

And either he thrusts out his arm to receive the soothing potion, or he nods his head and passes on.

On along the way of painted posts to the hospitals and to rest.

Sometimes the dugout is shelled, and a Y. M. C. A. secretary loses his life; two went out together on one day recently.

It is part of the game: they ask for no sympathy: they ask not even for pay: many of them are working for nothing at all.

All they ask is for money to "carry on." To be able to stand just behind the front with chocolate for the men who are going "over the top." To be able to stand there with hot tea and morphine for the men who are staggering back along the way of painted posts.

Thirty-five million dollars—it is a lot of money. But you would not say so if you stood beside the way of painted posts.

You would not say so if you saw the procession of the walking wounded.

It would not be much if one of the walking wounded were your brother or your cousin or your son.

He may be one of them before the war is over: he may be over there even now. Stand with him, asks the Y. M. C. A. Let the hand that the Y. M. C. A. reaches out be your hand. Let the chocolate that it gives be your chocolate, as he goes past the dugout "over the top."

And be there with your cup of hot tea and your soothing portion when he comes back again.

Past the dugout.

With the walking wounded,

Along the way of painted posts.

POLY DEFEAS ATASCADERO IN FIRST GAME OF SERIES

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hard pitched battle of football on Nov. 22. The team-work of both teams showed a big improvement over the practice game. Plays deserving honorable mention are Burr's line buck for a touchdown, Hilliard's completing a pass (making another score) and Mac's ability to hold Atascadero men with a scissors.

Burr started the game by kicking to Atascadero. Mann nabbed the men on their 30 yards. On failure of either side to make the downs, the ball changed hands regularly but edged slowly toward the Atascadero goal. In overcoming their difficulty, Bissel, right end for Atascadero, took a well directed pass for a 25-yard gain. The Green and Gold recovered the ball on their 25-yard line. Russell came to the rescue with a 35-yard gain on two center bucks, Atascadero regaining the ball on Poly's 15-yard line.

On the beginning of the second quarter Atascadero was forced to kick, Cann nabbing the ball for 10 yards.

Several successful end runs were pulled, and the final center drive carried Burr across the line, but he failed to drop the pigskin between the posts for the extra point. Burr intercepted two passes and Hilliard took a pass for a touchdown to make things safe. Burr made another unsuccessful attempt to convert. Russell was taken out, due to a jar in the solar plexus. The remainder of the quarter was played near the center of the field. The first half ended in Poly's favor, 12 to 0.

At the beginning of the second half, the Blue and White boys became a little peeved and showed it by smashing through the lines, Gunnel making a 10-yard center buck, and Lane a 30-yard end run. Once the ball was within three yards of Poly's goal, but failed to go across. The quarter ended on Poly's 20-yard line.

The fourth quarter began with a forced kick by Burr, to the Atascadero boys. They carried the ball back to Poly's 15-yard line. When the opportunity afforded, Blake went across with a forward for a touchdown. Gunnel's attempt to convert was a failure. The remainder of the quarter was played on Atascadero's ground, the game ending on their five-yard line. The final score was 12 to 6, to Polytechnic's credit.

The Line-Up

Poly	Atascadero
Hilliard R. E. L.	Bissel
H. Brown R. T. L.	Floaten-Muhlstein

Parsons R. G. L.	Corberly
Stebbins C.	Emens
Blake L. G. R.	S. McClelland
Bachelor-Hartzell L. T. R.	Donnel-Irwin
MacMillan-Peterston L. E. R.	A. Gunnel
Burr Q. B.	Lane (Captain)
Russell-MacMillan L. H. R.	Berry
Cann F. B.	A. Gunnel
Wilkie R. H. L.	Blake
SUBS:	
Smith W. Erwin	
Broughten C. McClelland	
Referee: Marks - Coast Artillery.	
Umpire: Wilcox - Coast Artillery.	
Head Linesman: T. Erickson.	

HAND BACK YOUR POLYGRAM

The following suggestion was contributed by a student not on the staff, and is an excellent thought to aid you in "doing your bit." Helpful ideas and constructive criticism are what we desire from individual students, and the following paragraph shows that the writer has a real, live interest in Poly and her activities.

What do you do with your Polygram when you have finished reading it? Would you mind handing it back to the editor or one of his assistants, if you have no further use for it? This request has come from some of the boys who are corresponding with the former Poly boys now in the service. In order to give our Poly soldiers more news from home, a copy of each issue of the Polygram is sent to them. As there are so many Poly boys serving under the colors, you can readily see that it takes a number of Polygrams to go around. Therefore, if you want to help our Poly soldiers a bit, just write on the first page of your Polygram, "Donated by (sign your name)." hand it back to the Editor, and we will do the rest.

At a recent meeting the Board of Trustees voted \$70 toward the Polygram fund. By the generosity of the board, the present financial difficulties of our bi-weekly are practically done away with. The students and those outsiders interested in our publication wish to thank the members of the board for their action in this matter.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Senior girls, accompanied by Miss Hoover, spent Saturday afternoon at Atascadero. The purpose of the trip was to study the plans of the new homes now being erected in the colony. The girls enjoyed the afternoon and received many suggestions in house building, which they will employ in the plans they are now drawing in their household art class.

Miss Ellen Rhoda underwent an operation for appendicitis last Wednesday, and at last reports was very low. Students and faculty join in wishing for a speedy recovery.

Miss Whiting has secured from the Red Cross yarn which the girls will make into sweaters, scarfs and wristlets for the soldiers. The work has already begun; so from now on yarn and knitting needles will be more conspicuous than ever before on the school campus.

Wedding bells rang very merrily last Wednesday when Giglia Giimini and Olimpio Birra were married. Mr. Birra is a prosperous farmer from south of town, and Mrs. Birra graduated last year from Polytechnic. All the school joins in wishing the newlyweds a very happy future.

Miss Bertha Haberl spent the week end at the home of friends near Santa Margarita.

Several weeks ago, Alice Rhyne and Mr. Bettencourt were married. Mrs. Bettencourt was a graduate and popular member of the class of 1917.

Monday was circus day, so with the directors' permission, we closed school and went to see the elephant.

KELVIN CLUB

The Kelvin Club held its regular meeting Nov. 13, at the home of Misses Whiting and Hoover on Mill street. Miss Whiting read Mary Raymond Shipman Andrew's "The Three Things," one of the most popular war stories of the day. Mr. Greenamyer told what the Home Guard of San Luis is doing. The note of patriotism was further carried out when it was discovered that each person was to receive a Red, White and Blue emblem. In addition to the members of the faculty there were present Mesdames Figge, Schlosser, Heald, Ray, King, St. John and Misses Talbot and Winona King.

STUDENT BODY CONVENTION-

The 1917 Student Body President's Convention of California met Thursday and Friday, November 15 and 16, at Bakersfield. Valuable ideas were brought from all corners of the state, over forty schools sending one or more representatives.

MYSTERY — 98.

ADMINISTRATION NOTES

The Administration is glad to announce that arrangements have been made by which it is possible to give "The Polygram" a wider circulation than it had formerly. The sum of seventy dollars has been voted by the trustees and approved by the Board of Control for the purpose of supplying our school paper to the schools of the state.

If "The Polygram" reflects the life of the school, the Administration believes it will be one of the best advertisements this school can have. To reflect it justly it should be above petty personalities and class or group prejudices; it should represent the activities of the students, both in work and in play, it WILL represent the life of a student body, on the whole, clean, honest and generous.

It is a pleasure to announce that Capt. Swaffield of the 11th Artillery company will address the Assembly on Wednesday. Capt. Swaffield, a lawyer until the war broke out, has the reputation of being a very forceful and entertaining speaker.

The old proverb, "Deeds speak louder than words" has by no means lost its force. The good American is not necessarily the man who waves the flag and cheers most uproariously for his country, but rather the man who shoulders cheerfully the burden she lays upon him. The loyal student is not necessarily the one whose voice rises loudest in the school yells, but rather the one who, for the sake of the institution of which he is a member, will exercise some real self-denial. Have the readers of "The Polygram" noticed the good spirit with which the football men have agreed to absent themselves from the family group and the famous family dinner on Thanksgiving day in order to fight the school's battles on the gridiron? That a squad of raw men, most of whom had had no previous football experience, have been able to develop two strong teams speaks great things for the ability and perseverance of the men and their coach. That for the sake of Polytechnic fame the men in these teams should be willing to give up their holiday and play on Thanksgiving day speaks more loudly than cheers could do for their loyalty and fine school spirit.

In the last issue of "The Polygram" there appeared an article which reflected upon the hospitality of the authorities in charge of the dormitory. It is only fair to state that the reason for not inviting the ladies from Atascadero into the dormitory was not a lack of cordiality, but the necessity for enforcing a long-standing rule of the school. The fact that there is no suitably arranged reception room unfortunately makes this regulation necessary.