

# THE POLYGRAM



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## THE SURVEYING TRIP.

The Senior surveying class spent last week in surveying a ranch leased by Mr. Mankins. The class started on the 17th of May for the ranch, which is located about five miles from Pozo. The week was spent in making several surveys of the property.

A Topographical survey was made of the surrounding hills and a map will be made showing the different elevations of the surrounding country.

It was necessary to run a line several miles in length to locate a spring in regards to the boundary lines. In order to get the correct magnetic bearing for the boundary line it was necessary that the class make a polar observation on the stars.

Another job was to determine the acreage in grain on the ranch.

The above constitutes the principal surveying done on the trip. Such jobs were considered a snap as compared with other difficulties that arose. The boys had to do all of their own cooking.

Leland Cook was the first up and got along fairly well until he tried to open the eggs with a can opener and became very peeved because he could not keep the yolk from bursting.

Martinsen made some biscuits and we ate them. Men will take awful chances when alone and lonesome.

Boysen spent most of his time trying to learn to play poker. He showed himself a good sport—he didn't have to pay for the beans he lost anyway.

Mr. Bendel spent all of his spare time running between the ranch and Pozo. He declared that the women of Pozo were there a million.

A rattlesnake was encountered on the way in from surveying one day.

The boys nearly stepped on it before it was discovered and then Pete Boysen immediately gave them a fine exhibition of a snake dance, trying to hit the reptile with a six-foot pole. Pete wasn't a bit scared, especially after the snake was dead.

Leland Cook got the whole class and about six gallons of water to capture one poor little tarantula.

Mankins took us all over to his private swimming hole for a cool little plunge. It was a good hole. We had to lie down to get our neck wet and by kicking enough we got wet all over.

Mankins, Brown and Boysen, out shooting nothing in particular, were coming home a little after dusk when Mankins spied a dark object crouching about twenty feet ahead and moving toward them. Mankins pronounced the object to be a mountain lion and as a 22-calibre rifle has not usually the desired effect on mountain lions the three were feeling rather queer and stationary like. Just about the time that something had to happen the wind carried a whiff in the right direction and the boys fired once and came near tearing the trees down in getting around a herd of skunks.

The house on the ranch was an old adobe structure but the comforts of home (all but the cook) were there. The surveying crew lived high. Chicken for all meals, biscuits and spuds and loads of beans. We had beans for all meals and beans for the card games.

Everyone pronounced the trip a success and a wonderful time. Much valuable surveying practice was gained, the boys putting in from seven to eight hours a day at work. Our only regret is that it is the last good time of its kind that we will have together.

## MISS PREWITT'S DINNER.

Wednesday evening, May 16th, was enjoyed by a number of Polytechnic teachers and Santa Margarita school teachers at a delightful dinner served in the dining room of the H. A. building by the Junior cooking class. Miss Dorothy Prewitt acted as hostess.

The room was artistically decorated in varied artistic colored sweet peas and green ferns. This is the last dinner of the season for the cooking class, each member of the class having been hostess once, waitress once, while at the other dinners each served as cook. On the whole, the series of dinners has proved very enjoyable to those who have had the pleasure of attending, and instructive to the girls who have had the opportunity of being members of the Junior Cooking Class.

## THE WIENIE BAKE.

Wienies and buns, wienies and buns, This is the way my story now runs.

On Thursday evening, May 17, the four classes and faculty of the Polytechnic School were entertained at a wienie bake up the Polytechnic canyon by the Amapola Club.

Immediately after four o'clock everyone left the school and their worries behind him and went for a picnic up the pretty canyon which lies back of the campus. Upon arriving at the picnic grounds, large fires were built and soon a very pleasant hour was spent in roasting wienies and marsh mallows under the spreading oak trees. After supper everyone sat by the fire and listened to stories told by members of the faculty.

This was the first wienie bake of the season but we hope it will not be the last, for the evening was thoroughly enjoyed and the "eats" were delicious.

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**"THUS ENDETH."**

"Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes.

My peace with these, my love with those."

With this issue of the Polygram the present staff lay down their pens. We do so with a sense of relief; for, while the task has been a pleasant one, it has been beset with more difficulties than usually have attended the publication of The Polygram.

In the first place we undertook to furnish fifty per cent more reading matter than last year, although we were told that last year's staff sometimes found it difficult to fill the columns. Next, we found it necessary to put out 400 copies instead of 300. And finally, owing to increased cost of paper and labor, we had to pay \$17.75 an issue instead of \$11.00, as last year. Well, we have done it. And not only have we done it, but we have left last year's balance untouched, and have even added substantially to it.

Nothing succeeds like failure—that is, if you profit by your failures. If we had it to do again we could do better. Some important features of a school paper we have neglected. Every issue ought to contain a story, an essay, or a poem

by one of the students. Perhaps, too, we ought to have made more of the social life on the campus and dormitory. A keen sense of humor would have found delightful material in some of the incidents and situations of the noon hour and evening hour. Then too, the paper can be much improved in appearance, arrangement and headings.

We hope that the staff next year will profit by our experience and get out the best paper Poly has ever had.

A. K. J.

**"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."**

June Taylor.

Jean Neilson, only daughter of William J. Neilson, a wealthy New York banker, sat all alone half hidden among soft pillows on a large davenport in her father's mansion at Long Island, New York. She was sobbing bitterly. She was going to leave home that very night as soon as the family was asleep.

Her father had actually refused that night to let her have her own way—something that had never happened before. The nerve of him!

Yes, Jean was going to run away from home. She didn't like to put it in just those words; something about it made her shudder all over. She didn't intend to stay away always but just for a few days. She would make her father sorry for being so unkind to her.

"I guess he could postpone that meeting if he wanted to," she choked, "at least he didn't need to have it here. I don't think it is near as important as he made it out to be."

Nevertheless, Mr. Neilson had insisted that she must postpone her party for Saturday evening. Arguing, on Jean's part this time, had been of no avail.

"When he finds me gone in the morning, he will regret and see his mistake," she declared. "When he gets me back he will know how to appreciate me."

She hid her pretty face in a great blue satin pillow, her golden locks falling upon it like sunbeams against a blue sky. Suddenly, she sat upright and wiped her eyes. It was then almost two o'clock. She jumped up, switched off the light and crept noiselessly upstairs to her room; she took her silver mesh bag

from the bureau drawer, and emptied it upon the bed.

"Twenty-five dollars," she mused; "then there's my rings and the diamond lavalier mother gave me, but I couldn't pawn that. The silver bag will make up for that anyway.

She tied the collection up in a large silk muffler and placed it in her hand bag.

A few moments later found Jean carefully opening the garage where her own little roadster was kept. Soon she was speeding down the wide boulevard. She knew of a little country inn where she could stop. It was off the main road and no one would ever go there to look for her. She left the boulevard and took the lonely road that led to the Inn. She would spend the night there and then early in the morning she would start out alone, to be her own boss and do as she pleased. How perfectly lovely!

Just then the car sputtered and the engine stopped running. Poor Jean discovered to her dismay that there wasn't a drop of gasoline in the tank. She glanced despairingly about her. The tall trees and bushes growing on each side of the road cast ghostly shadows about. The dead silence was broken only by the hoot of an owl some distance away.

What an ideal place for robbers or wild animals. It was fully five miles to the Inn. Would she dare attempt to walk it? She looked up at the great trees; they looked hostilely down upon her.

Oh, if someone would only come along and help her. She looked hopelessly up and down the road; she was quite certain that no one would come at this hour of the night, especially to this out-of-the-way place. Just around the turn, about one hundred yards from where she stood, a man had been murdered just a year before. She was afraid to stay. What was she going to do? She sat down on the running board and wept. If she had only stayed home.

She had just decided that she would sleep in the car, when she heard a rustle of leaves of leaves in the bushes as if something were creeping upon her. Her heart actually stopped beating and her breath left her. She really saw a dark object moving toward her. She snatched up her handbag and ran. She ran until she dropped at the side of the road, overcome with fright.

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She heard the whir of an engine and looked up to see a large enclosed car stopping beside her. Her heart leaped with joy. Could it be her father, who had come to hunt her? She was horrified upon seeing a masked man step from the car with a gun pointed directly at her. He grabbed the bag from her hand and started to get back into the automobile when a woman's voice from within said: "Bring her too; if she is old Neilson's daughter, she ought to be good for a considerable ransom."

"Fine idea," he exclaimed as he picked up the screaming Jean and forced her into the machine.

He said something in low tones to the chauffeur and in a few moments they were speeding along over the same road that Jean had just come. Little did she think then, that she would soon be sailing back over the same ground with an entirely changed attitude. She glanced out the window just in time to see her own home standing so sedately there among the trees. She made a desperate dive for the door and then a leap. She opened her eyes and gazed about only to find herself on the floor by the davenport in her father's own house. She stared in wonderment for a moment, then heaved a great sigh of relief. Was it all a dream? What a dream? What a blessed place home was after all. It seemed like heaven to Jean just then.

She went to bed that night with a light heart and slept undisturbed until the next morning, when she was awakened by a tap on the door.

"Oh, Jean, I have good news for you," it was her father's voice. "The meeting will be held this afternoon, so you can give your party tonight."

"Oh, that's all right, I would just as soon postpone it," she replied.

"Home is a pretty good place after all," she murmured to herself.

The regular meeting of the Agricultural Association was held Thursday, May 13th. Mr. Watson talked to the club about pigs, their feed and care. He spoke of the necessity of keeping neat, accurate records, not only in the pig club but also in every other line of work; especially that of the farmer.

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NEXT YEAR.

Some of the members of the graduating class intend to go to college and continue the courses they started here, while others intend to work in positions the school has fitted them for.

John Brown intends to go to work as a machinist or electrician any place but San Luis Obispo.

Ferry Martinsen is going to be a machinist or an electrician, or both, and anywhere he can get a position.

June Taylor is still very undecided as to where she will be next year.

Floyd Mankins is going to Stanford, if he is as energetic when Stanford starts next year as he is now.

Pete Boysen is going to the University of California—maybe.

Maxine isn't going to do anything next year, as far as she knows now.

Edward Marquart is going to work anywhere and at anything.

George Smith is going to quit work and start to the University of California in the fall.

Leland Cook is as yet undecided as to what he is going to do.

Marguerite Tognazzi is going to stay home next year and practice the things learned in Household Arts.

Paul Leishman is going to Pasadena High School.

Margaret Baker is thinking of training for a nurse, either in San Luis or San Francisco.

Claude Arnold is going to try to enter U. C. once more, and he hopes to succeed this time.

Marie Meinecke intends to go on

School Notes

Several meetings of the Junior class were held this week. They are making plans for the Junior-Senior banquet to be given in the near future. Several committees have been appointed to make arrangements for the dinner.

Among the newest Federal Board men are: P. Arcia, S. Bartolome, O. Bravin, H. B. Groves, M. D. Herceg, C. E. Isom, I. E. Jones, T. A. Jones, A. S. Kirby, R. E. Krafft, M. P. Lynch, R. Major and B. S. Maniac.

Poly was defeated by the Santa Barbara Junior College by a score of 1-0. It is said to have been a very good game and hard fought. Unfortunately, as the Polygram goes to press, we are unable to get a detailed account of this game, nor of the one with Santa Maria, which was played on the way down to Santa Barbara. Our boys were also defeated in the Santa Maria game by a score of 5-4. The boys say that they got chilled through on the ride and were unable to get warmed up enough to play well.

to school and train to be a school teacher.

Winthrop Leishman is going to Pasadena High School for a time.

Elsbeth Meinecke is going along with Marie to prepare for school teaching.

THE KELVIN CLUB.

The Kelvin Club was entertained on Tuesday, May 25, by Mr. Ryder and Miss Chase at a barbecue given at Mr. Ryder's home. The "eats" were delicious, consisting of barbecue, buns, salad, ice cream, cake and coffee.

Mr. Bendel read a very interesting paper on Relativity, which proved to be the source of a great deal of argument on the part of the faculty. Mr. Bendel's paper discussed the principle of Relativity as developed by Einstein. Certain irregularities in rays of light coming from distant stars could only be accounted for by theories which seemed to differ from the usually accepted ideas of things. A moving body, for example, is shorter than one at rest, but movement and rest themselves depend upon their relation to some other body.

This principle of relativity touches upon the idea of the fourth dimension, since the relativists affirm that time itself is the fourth dimension. Time also is a relative affair, so that an event that is going to happen so far as one man is concerned, may already have happened as far as another man is concerned, if each party happens to be moving with respect to the other. Thus it is possible for one man's "future" to be another man's "past."

The principle also explains the phenomena of life and being. Accordingly, your life is only an undulatory motion; your individuality, a flux; your body a vibrating system of rotating vortices; and your personal self is nothing but a differential coefficient.

