Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun;
In the snows of far off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job
The United States Marines.
As broad-minded men acquire wisdom, they reconsider their hasty, injudicious, obsolete, and superficial notions. It is pig-headed to persist in a partisanship which no longer enlists conviction. To not criticize those courageous enough to avow a frank change of heart, but rather applaud the moral valor which scorns pretense.

It is not reason to renounce a mistaken cause, but a mistake to serve an undeserving one. Advancement demands revisions and reversion.

Time inevitably makes turncoats of us all.

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NOTICE.

This means you.

The Polygram is a paper printed for the students of the California Polytechnic School. On several occasions the students have been requested, yes, even urged to give their criticisms that the Polygram may become more efficient, but we have yet to receive the first paper stating what might be beneficial to the paper. Do not be deceived that we think the paper has not been criticized. Frequently have we heard that the jokes are stale, that the news was known before it was printed, and so on; yet the very persons making these statements have never so much as given us a news item, not to mention an article of general interest.

The most recent criticism reached us this morning and is to the effect that the stories and write-ups are not liked by the students.

Now as stated before this paper is for the students and if the students prefer a four or six page paper with brief school items, we will gladly comply with their wishes for it will make the work much easier for those printing the paper. All signed criticisms will be published.
PUTTING IT OVER.

Not long ago I heard one boy say to another, "What does it matter so long as I put it over?" This "putting it over" seems to have taken a strong hold upon the young people of the present day. They seem to consider it a commendable or "smart" accomplishment if they are able to "put one over" on parents, employer or teacher.

It is the act of a sneak to "put one over" on a parent, or friend in such a way as to hide the truth. It is the act of a thief to "put one over" on your employer with the intention of swindling him, which you do if you waste his time. It is also the act of a liar to "put one over" on other people with the intention of deceiving him, either employer, parent or teacher. But bad as is this "putting it over" on other people, far worse is its effect on the "smart" or "wise" one himself.

Those who start out in life with the idea that all that is necessary to obtain success is to "put things over", are making a sad, previous mistake. By squeezing through by hook, crook, slip, and chance, they not only fail to give the best possible service, but they destroy their ability and capacity for useful work.

The energy employed to "put one over" over poor and indifferent work would, if spent toward gaining greater efficiency, bring a far greater compensation. Let the "smart" one mend his ways, let him aim and try to do things in the best and right way even though the results be poor at first, and he will find that, ultimately, the best way is the easiest way.

R. E. H.

Life is a failure unless it inspires confidence and high ideals in the lives of others.

STUDENT OF JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST.

Seniors with 9 Subs. and 36%
Juniors with 6 Subs. and 25%
Freshmen with 8 Subs. and 18%
Sophomores with 4 Subs. and 9%

Help your class to be at the head of the list for next week.

T. Erickson.

BASEBALL.

Saturday afternoon at Arroyo Grande the first game scheduled for the season of 1917 will be played by the baseball teams representing Poly and Arroyo Grande High School. We have an abundance of promising new material which together with last year's veterans will assure us of an overwhelming victory. Tomazini and Mulo, our invincible battery of the '16 baseball season, are still on deck, and Tax Hartman has developed into an adept juggler with the ball. Saturday's game will be the first victory in a series of games which will bring us the championship of this district.

For the next week the tennis courts have been in use from dawn until nightfall. A number of Freshman girls have become quite expert with the racket and bid fair to develop into worthy rivals of the masculine enthusiasts of the game.

POLY WINNERS AT SANTA MARIA MEET.

Delch took second in the 50 Yd. Dash, and third in the 100 Yd. Dash.
Donnelly took first in the 440 Yard Dash.
Rodriguez took first in the 440 Yard Dash.
Scarlett took first in the Shot Put, Javelin and Pole Vault.
Tornazinni took second in the Javelin.
Tornazinni took second in the 440 Yard Dash.
Poly took first in the Relay.
SCHOOL NEWS.

William Greene is a visitor at the school. All the fellows are glad to see "Bill." He is on his way to San Diego to join the Aviation Corps.

Mr. E. Einer, better known as "Dutch Einer," graduate of '14, spent a few days in San Luis during the Easter vacation. He is surveying on the highway between this city and Bakersfield.

Herman Hodges is back in the dorm again. He has been taking a vacation to regain his strength after having undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. L. Bagwill, a graduate of the class of 1914, was here Monday visiting Poly and renewing acquaintances. He was then on his way to Mare Island having enlisted in the hospital corps.

This year the Junior girls of the Domestic Science class gave the entire number of dinners in three weeks instead of carrying it through the term as has formerly been the custom. The girls must be given credit for their splendid work. Those sampling the cooking have recommended the cooks in every case.

Cheer up, this is not the only school that is in such an unsettled condition. Look at Stanford for instance. About eighty per cent of the boys have enlisted in the army and those remaining are taking the so called "intensive military training" course. This course provides for eight hours of drill every day. If the boys sign up for this work they are given their hours with the grades that they have at the time and are no longer held responsible for class work. As a consequence the classes are now made up mostly of girls and Japs.

Mr. Einer spent Sunday at his home in Paso Robles.

War is on and Uncle Sam is preparing. Preparing what—war munitions and armies? Yes, he is doing that but he is also preparing something far more vital to the cause than United States arms and armies: United States food.

Before a man can fight, he must live, to live he must eat, to eat he must have food and this food must come from the farms and ranches. Lloyd George was right when he said victory will go to the side which can continue longest to properly feed its men.

President Wilson realizes the situation and is endeavoring in every possible way to stimulate and aid the agriculturist. On Monday Mr. Davis, State Supervisor of pig clubs, visited Poly. He gave a most interesting talk to the members of the Ag. Club. With Mr. Davis was Dr. Cady who talked on hog cholera giving an illustrated lecture. Hog cholera kills enough hogs to give every family in the United States forty pounds of pork each year. Dr. Cady is sent out by the United States Government to do every thing possible to suppress hog cholera that the millions of dollars worth of pork destroyed each year may be delivered into useful channels for feeding soldiers. Thus Uncle Sam has men in every corner of the country conserving food and aiding the agriculturist.

IN ENGLISH CLASS.

V. Rossi: "How do you spell B-a-d?"

Mr. Brooks: "Bad."
SOCIETY.

Preparedness again. Here is another instance. Last Saturday a party of ambitious hikers went by train to Atascadero from which place they took a sixteen mile hike to the mouth of the Morro Creek. Upon reaching their destination they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. York, Mrs. Johnston and Mr. Talbot. The weary "soldiers" then camped over night and returned home the following day. They report a delightful trip and we only wish that all soldiers could report such a pleasant camp.

The meeting held last Friday night under the auspices of the Agriculture Club proved very interesting to those who attended. Mr. St. Aunton of Atascadero, Mr. Christenson, the county horticulturist, Mr. Rodstone of Sec Canyon and Prof. Nelson of Poly, were the speakers of the evening. The cornet solo by Evelyn Schlosser was especially good and enjoyed by all.

The Kelvin Club met Thursday night at the home of the president, Mr. and Mrs. Binns, on Toro St. Mr. York gave a very interesting talk on the "Greatest of the Pyramids." Major Ray then gave information that he had gleaned from personal experiences. A good time was reported by those in attendance.

DOING THINGS.

The more you do the more you are capable of doing. The reason that most people don't accomplish more is because they do not attempt more.

Those who are prepared to prove that things "can't be done" are continually being interrupted by somebody who has done them.

Not what you do but how you do it is the test of your capacity.

There is no such a thing as luck; it is a fancy name for being always at our duty.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are going.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

(Continued from Last Week.)

"I don't know. I've been at the Krobs' too, and stayed late. Jack," she looked at him.

"Oh, no. He's likely about town somewhere and has forgotten it's dinner-time. Don't worry Evelyn. I'll telephone - let me think where." But telephoning to many places failed to bring information.

It was five miles to Pontiac; not much of a trip for a hardy boy with skating-shoes. But the snow would have made the skating hard. There might have been holes hidden by the snow - Evelyn Barron pounded her hand fiercely on a table. Holes in the ice - holes! Her yellow headed Roger - her little boy, for all of his six feet three. She looked at her husband, standing by his untouched dinner. He had been standing there, frowning, biting his lip, for three minutes now.

Then, "Don't be frightened," he said. "It's probably all right. But we can't take risks. I'm going to call out the regiment and ask for volunteers for a search-party." He took down the telephone and gave a number.

(Continued on Next Page.)
Captain Barker?" he asked. In a few words he explained the situation. "Have the bugler sound the assembly," he said. "The men will come to the riding hall." "We'll bring back the young devil safe and sound from some wild-goose chase," he assured his wife. "And if you don't thrash him, I will."

But his face was grave as he hurried across the parade-ground to the riding hall. The bugle-call of the assembly still rang in the old air; soldiers were pouring by. Within an incredibly short time six hundred men, all of the regiment, stood in silent ranks.

"Men," spoke the colonel, "I called you together to ask for volunteers for a searching party. A boy has been lost. When last seen he was skating on the lake. It's probable that he has missed his direction in the storm, and is so he is in danger of freezing to death. The boy is my stepson. Those who are willing to join a search-party will take one pace forward."

There was silence for the space of two long breaths, and then with an even swing the whole regiment advanced a pace. Something caught in the colonel's throat.

There was rapid consultation then, and the order was given to fall out, to meet again at the landing in ten minutes, with torches, of which there happened to be a supply in town from a late political festival. That was the quick thought of Sergeant Wilkins. In less than half an hour a strange and gorgeous spectacle was forming out across the steely lake, through the ever-coming, all-conquering snow.

Meanwhile, up the lake a boy had been fighting for his life for hours. In spite of warnings he had started back, unaconsciously at five o'clock. It was fairly light until six-thirty, and he had no doubt of reaching port in spite of a snow-storm. Also, the wind was with him; the sails would take him along "ripplingly." Then, a mile from Pontiac, a sail broke and it took time to patch it; in another half mile it broke again. The snow was steady now; it was growing colder; twilight was coming on. A fellow's fingers were stiff; the strings were poorly tied this time; so shortly the apparatus came to pieces again, and with that the lad decided that it was safer to take to plain skating.

Already snow lay thick on the ice, and skating was impaired yet there was nothing else for it. Falling once or twice, for it was impossible to tell good from bad going, he pushed ahead. At once he was aware of a shock that he did not know which way to go.

The boy whistled. "My painted Sam! What a bore!" he adjured the situation aloud, and then pulled his fur-cap farther down over his ears and buttoned up his coat.

He peered through the white-falling clouds, soft, unhurried, pitiless. "I'm hanged if I know," he whispered, yet realized that whatever happened, he must move. Not to go was to be frozen.

He skated ahead; and time went, and slowly the cold was conquering, despite efforts and young blood—yet he did not consider being afraid. There was indeed something horrible which came near to his mind and gripped at it, now and again, but he grunted aloud at that something; a fellow might, of course, have to curl up and die, but it was necessary for a fellow to do it without whining.

At or about the time of that argument he became conscious of a slight dizziness. He had been going, though he did not know it, as lost men mostly do, in a narrowing circle. Shortly after, a tired foot tripped.
"Never mind—don't bother—just want to think—to thi-to—"

His voice aroused him. "Golly! This was no game, to go to sleep on the lake; one must get home. But his muscles were slow to answer, and then his left ankle talked! Something broken or sprained. That settled it; he rather preferred it this way; he would lie down and think for awhile, think—His eyes were closing.

Then a curious business occurred. He was roused suddenly. I had an idea that he was in church, and that it was Christmas. There were all sorts of lights—a choir carrying lights, nobly. What a gorgeous spectacle! Millions and millions of lights coming up the aisle—all over the cathedral. Golly! This was the right sort of service, both, while, this was. His mind sliped onward—end of the world, must be good—good old world, tales of the Lord. Words that he had heard all his life surged above consciousness, took form as if running through blackness, like lights there.

"Horrible as an army with banners," he muttered, staring. And
Light to them—in darkness—
shadow of death's shadow. And
Guide our feet"—the words
shook for the dim, submerged mind, it was hard to tell which were lights and which were words.

The mystic array drew nearer, to the black lake, blurred by stormy snow circles or orange, yards at a yard's across; an endless light shone, an army, a dream. People have come out of an anaesthetic, though the reeling mid-ocean where all human consciousness tosses and struggles toward its own little creek, know where the boy's pain stood at this moment.

Lights were close now; on the edge of consciousness he knew

(Continued on Page 8.)
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.  
(Continued from Page 7.)

ing caught him. They had saved him, these men in khaki— he belonged to them. What better thing was more than to be one of them, to be American? His head fell back.

"We'll get him home as fast as possible, sergeant," the colonel said. "He's fainted again."

There was grave question for a long time whether the boy would live. The broken ankle was a small thing, but pneumonia developed the next day, and for weeks he lay between two worlds. And all the time in his delirium he talked. His inmost, shy boy heart, and the colonel, standing by his bed, turned away often with wet eyes.

"I didn't know I was a renegade, mummy," the boy babbled. "I meant it square, I thought I had a right to be an Englishman. It's ripping old England— old history— fighting men." Then he would lie quite staring at the ceiling: "Wishing men— oh, yes— not mine. It's not my country; I see that, sir. I suppose I'm a renegade."

Then slowly, in a carrying, crazy whisper: "A man called George Dewey, who stormed down Manila Bay one Sunday morning—a few middle-sized war-ships." And then: "Washington at Valley Forge—poor old chaps; no shoes, frozen. It's beastly to be frozen, I know." Then crushing his mother's hand in his, "Why did you tell me I was a fool, mummy?" "A fellow ought to keep to his own flag."

And with that he would fall asleep— to wake up in half an hour going over and over the same trouble.

"If the boy's mind isn't relieved in some way it will be brain fever, too," the doctor said; and with that the colonel had an inspiration.

Sergeant Walkins crept up the stairs, creaking small thunderclaps in a laborious effort to be quiet. The tossing skeleton on the bed lay still for a moment as the door opened, and then Mrs. Barron was startled, for a hoarse, weak shout rang out. The cavernous eyes flamed at the sergeant.

"Oh, bully!" cried Roger. "I want him, I want to apologize."

The colonel's arms came round his wife and closed the door softly from outside. "Let them fight it out, he whispered. "I've an idea the sergeant will prove a good doctor."

From that time on, the boy got well.

"I want you to go to parade this afternoon," the colonel said to his wife one bright May day. "The general is here, you know, and there's to be a short review and drill. There are lots of visitors and it's a fine day, and everybody's coming, so it will be a function. You've been tied to that bag of bones long enough. "Yes, mummy, you must go. I am all right. In fact, I don't want you about, I want to sleep in peace."

Through the crowd ran in inquiring look and Mrs. Barron turned to see the cause. What everybody was looking at to the neglect of the regiment, was a very tall boy—abnormally tall in his lank thinness. His last summer's white flannel clothes hung on his bones in folds; the fur cap of the perilous expedition was on his head. He made his way slowly, swaying a little for he was weak— till he had wandered down into the field itself, close to the stakes which marked it off and well forward of the general and his staff.

Then the soldiers by the great flagpost were seen to be pulling down the star and stripes of America, began to pull down. The band struck sharply into the "Star Spangled Banner." The crowd hands gave themselves to the bold air; the ending triumphantly: "The Star Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The general's aide was coming in. Every one was standing; every man's hat was off, and there was a moment of hushed silence, of reverence for the descending colors.

Roger, alone far in front of every one, a scarlet line across his hallowed forehead, the fur cap lifted high above his head, with burning eyes fixed on the flag, his flag: his flag, with a look of worship. "Mummy," said the boy, as he came up to his mother, "mummy," said Roger Shelby, "I'M AN AMERICAN."
JOSH DEPARTMENT.

She: "Yes, both my mother and my father died and left me an orphan."

He: "Deceitfully careless of them, wasn't it? Bah! Jove! What did you do with it?"

Marcella looking intently at a piece of paper.

Stewart: "Is that a love letter?"

Marcella: "No, love letters are not written on this kind of paper."

Stewart: "They are too."

Marcella: "I know better."

Mr. Heald (In Mechanics I) "What is an internal combustion engine?"

Roddy: "An engine in an automobile that - "

Lewis: "You mean a Ford, don't you Roddy?"

Francis: "Why the tears?"

Willet: "These are not regular tears."

Francis: "What are they?"

Willet: "Volunteers."

First Tramp: "Where did you get that bread?"

Second Tramp: "From the bread line."

First Tramp: "Well, where did you get those clothes?"

Second Tramp: "From the clothesline."

At The Insane Asylum.

Nur: "Do you see that man over there?"

Visitor: "Yes, what about him?"

Nur: "He thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte."

Visitor: "Why but he is not."

Nur: "Of course he isn't, I am."

She: "I noticed that you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car."

He: "Ever since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

Mr. Heald: "What oils can be made from petroleum?"

Holman: "Gasoline, kerosene and coal-oil."

WANTED TO KNOW.

Where Mabel Rhoda was Saturday night?
Why Mabel Leib didn't play tennis Friday after-noon?
Why Mr. Figge doesn't keep welding compound?
When Porki is going to join the navy?
Where Scotty gets his ideas?
Who drank the milk from Miss Williams' porth?
Why Katherine wanted to go home Sunday after-noon?
Who broke the 'bike?"
Why Dago Joe doesn't have his picture taken?

Mabel, Mabel, why look so blue,
You know that Doloh still loveth you.

Don't look so sad,
It's not so bad.
We all get mad. - Why worry?

Lieb: "They say that Tennyson worked a whole after-noon on one line."

Ruda: "That's nothing, I know a man that worked eight years on a single sentence."

Iky: "Vy is a flap jack like de sun?"

Jacob: "I don't know, Iky, vy iss it?"

Iky: "Cause it rises from do yeast and sets behind de vest."

Caution.

A country convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer-meeting remarks offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."
Helene, do you recognize George?

Mabel Lieb: "Lee, why does love make the world go round?"
Polch: "Because every lover is a crank, my dear."

Ewart: "Would it be - er - proper if I placed a kiss upon your hand?"
Ellen: "I think it would be entirely out of place."

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.

Rollo: "Say, Mart, how old is that lamp you have there?"
Martin: "About three years."
Rollo: "Well, turn it down; it's too young to smoke."

Dorm Rule No. 9: No bellboy service after twelve o'clock.

It is too bad, Bett, that your folks would not let you join the army, but cheer up old man, Helen is tickled to death.

He was seated in the parlor, And he said unto the light, Either you or I, old fellow, Will be turned down to-night.

Mr. York experimenting with gunpowder in Chem. class. "Do you smell the odor?"
Bud: "No. The smoke went too high."
Donnelly: "Did it go up on account of the war?"

Howard Harris: "Did the doctor treat you?"
Herman: "No, he charged me about one hundred dollars."

Private Adams: "Is this gun working now?"
Lieut. Muzio: "No, sir; its discharge.

We like to hear our teacher talk Of men with lives sublime, And by asking foolish questions To take up History time.

Freshman-
A smell of ivory and shoe polish: an atmosphere of guilelessness and angelic sweetness tinged with curiosity.

Sophomore-
The violet odor of talcum and bandoline: atmosphere of moonlight picnics and a general wandering of spirits.

Juniors-
Halos and a heavenly choir; an atmosphere of Faculty love enveloping all. Peace!

Seniors-
An acrid odor of midnight oil, and an unkempt, haggard look. Expression: wistful, after the battle, what? STUNG.