SAN LUIS OBISPO, MARCH 22, 1923

VOLUME VIII

SOPH-FROSH GAME

The Senior-Freshman game was staged by the noble Sophs and the experienced Frosh, and was a sort of a hit and run affair for the Frosh. The playing of Welford Harris for the Sophs was the feature of the game. Afterwards the Freshman was in and while the Sophs were charging 2.

This game was a sort of a stimulant to the Freshman as everyone had a dream of a little breathing over him. This game was long in defending them in their great game, that is their over-confidence.

The Sophs were so pleased with their playing that they spent the next few days building up and gave a much better account of themselves to the Sophs.

JUNIOR-SENIOR CLASH

This was one of the closest and hardest fought games of the series and the good luck of the Seniors won the day. The Sophs gave the game an even by Carroll and Hendy saved the Seniors a level of six runs. The Juniors tied their score, however, in the next half inning and for one inning the score remained even.

The Seniors' hard hitting saved them eleven runs in the last inning; a home run with bases full failed to bring the Sophs' score up, so the game ended 11-1 in favor of the Seniors.

ALUMNI TO HELP

In the March 22 issue of the Polygram a call went out to the Alumni to send to the Representative to the Legislature, to help in the budget crisis of the Polytechnic School. The following letter is one of the answers received:

San Francisco, March 14, 1923.

Mr. Houghton:

Dear Mr. Houghton: If I can be of any service to the Alumni Association, I will arrange to leave San Francisco the evening of March 23 and can be in Sacramento the 24th and can be in Sacramento the 23rd and can be in Sacramento the 24th.

The Alumni Association will not have any expenses on my trip, and if advantageous, you can use the money to send another delegate.

I sincerely trust you succeed.

Yours very truly,

G. M. Wilson

CHORUS COMPLETED

The plot is laid in a Japanese teahouse, cherry blossoms are being grown, the lattice work will be arranged for the reception and the Japanese lanterns will be added.

More assemblies of this type are planned and the students were dismissed for the rest of the day.

Class of '23 Leads Always

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kincaid, both former students of Poly, are the proud parents of a six-pound daughter, born March 14, at their home in Avila. The parents, when attending Poly, belonged to the classes of '22 and '23. Certainly this child will follow in her parents footsteps and will be a member of the '25 class.

FACULTY! SENIORS! JUNIORS!

You have until the end of spring vacation to have your pictures taken for the Journal. Be sure to have them ready April 2.

AGS HAVE CHARGE OF

There are

The Argus Association deserves full credit for the charge given March 14 to the student body for the Assembly of March 14th.

The program was opened in a startling fashion by a bandit, bold, yet human—Tejuco. After the regular announcements, William Jobe took charge of an exhibit from Poly. Different audiences included the following collections: five stock representative of the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior—the and Senior classes; the Faculty, the Mechanics Association, and the Student Club. Both donors should receive special mention.

R. Legrand Diefenderfer did proud credit to his worthy organization, the Dumb Club. His costume was more original than rather short fitting. He even danced the New York "quiver" for us.

CLAUS OF "MISS CHERRYBLOSSOM"

"Miss Cherryblossom," our school opera, will be put on the Elkins Theater April 13. The original plot was to put it on April 6, but as this date has been taken by the Forty-nine Camp, the operetta has been postponed a week.

The plot is laid in a Japanese teahouse. Miss Evelyn Barnes, an American girl born in Japan, but whose parents died of a fever, has been brought up as a Japanese maiden. Her father's secretary has used her property for his own ends. When Evelyn, who is Cherryblossom, is almost eighteen, Worthington (Mr. Secretary) returns to Japan on his yacht with a party of American friends. One of them, John Henry Smith, falls in love with Cherry and wishes to marry her, but Kokomo, her cousin, has brought her up as his own daughter, wants her to marry Togo, a rich politician.

The action of the play centers around Jack's effort to outwit Togo and Kokomo. Eventually Cherry learns her true identity, comes into her own property, marries Jack, and all end happily.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Cherryblossom, brought up as the daughter of Kokomo, in reality Evelyn Barnes of New York—Muriel Sellars.

Kokomo, the proprietor of a teahouse in Tokyo—Alex Tomsani.

John Henry Smith, a New Yorker—Knightingford—Frank Rumsom.

Henry Foster Jones, Jack's pal, in a visit to Japan as a guest of Worthington—Frank Rumsom.

Judge Goodcell, the collector of Inland revenues, honored us by speaking—William Jude.

Miss Vanderpool, Worthington's niece—Dorothy Lebo.

James Young, Worthington's private secretary—Vernon Easton.

Togo, a Japanese politician of high rank—Palmer Powell.

The geisha girls will be Dorothy Huxley, Mary Hughes, Fay Rougeot, Margaret Word, Margaret Ditmas, Mildred Gibson, Bernice Brussow, Wilma Hoogus, Dorothy Miller, Jeanette Handler, Josephine Avila, Edna Betinecourt, Yvonne Black, Elaine Tercis, Winifred Sommer, Helene Johe, Dorothy Pannell, Mildred Van Tomsani, Dorothy Lebo.

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The American girls will be Elaine Tercis, Alta Mayhall, Margaret Ditmas, Mildred Gibson, Bernice Brussow, Wilma Hoogus, Dorothy Miller, Jeanette Handler, Josephine Avila, Edna Betinecourt, Yvonne Black, Elaine Tercis, Winifred Sommer, Helene Johe, Dorothy Pannell, Rae Hayfley.

The American boys will be Forrest Creeper, Curt Harris, Clarence Haas, R. Legrand Diefenderfer, Jack Piper, Peter Stensen, Vernon Harpster, Harry Thoma, Neil Perry, William Corbin, Ethel Mallagh, George Crowell, Frank Cummings.

The costumes of "Miss Cherryblossom" are being made in the sewing rooms. Bright colors have been chosen and the bi-
Razzing the Polygram Staff

Have you ever stopped the daily grind to wonder how that nonsense gets to you through the Polygram; who is responsible for it and the rest of the trash involved in and around this paper?

No doubt you have seen the names of the staff on the editorial page; well, that’s the bunch that has the lot of making you unhappy.

As a close observer of this wrecking crew I will give you some idea of how they do it.

Take the News Editor, Ethel. She has a pen that slides along the paper like a soaped eel on slippery lee—but she has high ideals and a wonderful imagination. She would rather lie on the lawn near the physics lab and dream that she was lost in the sand dunes of Pismo and some handsome man from a large city—Edna, for instance—would come along and rescue her and be her share and have until the staff meeting was over or until the editor was out of sight.

Funny, I happened to think of Dick Wilson just at this moment. It might have been in the atmosphere; no doubt after Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs movies, bobbed hair, etc. Anyway he makes the Polygram a financial failure by bringing in a surplus of advertising when we have no space for it. He would convince President Harding to put a warning in the Polygram that “all dogs found on the White House lawn will be arrested and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.”

The expense of sending him to Washington, however, would be too great, so at present we figure that his chief value to the Polygram is that he promises one of our advertisers—the occultist.

How, yes! Margaret Dittmas, the sweetest of all Poly girls (ask Bud), is one of the department editors. She gets to see all of the high officials and gets their line on trifles about our institution. A funny thing just occurred to me the other day: Is there anything that tests the authorship of a daily paper more than editorial quotations?

When the first Staff meeting was called it was found that there was an extra chair full and upon investigation it was found that each and every one of the staff met in a state of equilibrium and peace in the family, also to give training to “Bud” as business manager of the Standard Oil Company or Canary Club, he was made business manager of the Polygram. His big business now is to make sure that everybody gets to see 

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REFRESHMENTS

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Day by day, in every way, the lawn is greener and greener as the weeks go by. Between classes, especially the Senior girls, would kindly keep off of it.

It is commonly believed that the Senior girls are the only human things who possess the ability to gossip, but it may be true that we do not know what goes on in faculty meetings.

It is further noted that evolutionists would have fewer doubts to prove that humans were descended from animals if students would learn how to dispose of their refuse after they have completed their noon meal.

Judging from all appearances, it will be necessary to remove the potratal on which once stood the animal, in order to make it safe for Miss Bells Ford cage.

A stranger on Poly's boulevard says he was attacked by a cloud of rats and hares and, quite accompanied by loud shooting; the initiated know it was only the passing of Bailey's motorcycle.

According to the theory advanced by the Ags, all Mechanics are duffers—but how about the Ags' prismatic pig?

The author of this point-point column regrets that he can not say more, but his pen-point is about worn out.

Far off across the campus we see a cloud of dust; as it comes closer, a black streak can be observed, probably with bats and tufts and smiling faces.

The Juniors! Yes, those Juniors. They have to battle against the noteworthy Seniors.

Now the battle is over, and as they vanish farther and farther away, we notice by their long-drawn faces and downcast heads that they must have lost; then as they vanish still farther away, one can see a streak of yellow.

It may be well to go into detail and explain every step that was taken to bravely get rid of the Seniors. The Juniors did admit this, but why should they look up to Sophomores and Faculty in baseball? One can just imagine their feelings.

OH, YOU JUNIORS!

We all realize what school spirit is; but again, don't you think that one should be as loyal to his class as he is to his school? Helen, where were you? All of you are down. Nothing but the last, when your Junior baseball team was going down to defeat. A week before, you were home primping up for those evening teas you have been going on with that friend of yours.

And Dick, we see where you have purchased one of those four-cylinder cars that are generally known as Ferda. Did you do this because you couldn't cut out the mustard any more with one of our Senior girls, or was it because of the owner of the new faculty range refused your company? That's all right, Dick; you just keep right on working for the Associated Oil Company and you'll get along in this world. More power to your, Dick, next time.

Then again we have Truscend, the surveyor. It has been told that, according to your last map, water will run uphill. As a surveyor you would make a good fashion plate. "Roll up your pants, Sir, your knees are wetts.

Along all the members of all the classes, there is one generally known as the most handsome. It has been observed amongst your class by Helen that Hagen began byadorning the news. Next we have Lima, the Arroyo Grande Special. In all Junior baseball games, he was all over the bases, but
The Champs

Behold the Champs

As the sun appears over yonder horizon after the dust had cleared away, the hand-headed Seniors just as they had enticed the championship belt into their midst. Well, they ought to do as they look at the line-up you wonder how there could have been any question to the outcome. With two of the seniors boys, namely Charles and Bud who are such dums they think the Standard Oil Co. is heaven; and every service station is an angel, on the team it would be a shame to send them out into the wicked world thinking they were not pretty good. Take Charles or "Little General Perahing," for instance he made such a darling little boy on Senior ditch day that he deserves some credit. And "Bud" Holy Smoke" The surprise of a lifetime would ever have supposed that he showed up as being a ball player after being a hay rake with the best of the bunchCalifornia Polytechnic. So hard-headed that his only thing that saves him from being made up to him on the way they do the rest of the features. He caught behind the bat. Can you imagine A.K. brother of the famous "Cushball" getting up near enough to stand behind the bat? It was a surprise. Now, can you wonder that an organization like this should capture a feature like this? They did, and now, fellows, Polytechnics, we can be thankful for one thing, that their feet did not swell up with their head and that they caught about twenty activities for seven months. Of course, the fact that he rushed to the sidelines after such a gaffe with both arms outstretched is no wonder considering he was away for a whole five innings.

Then we have the short stop—Franky, Armanda who is so tough he could ride a porcupine without getting stung out getting a stinger. He must have been an inspiration to the pitcher (when he was at his plate) standing out there with the same pose that Bismarck had. His brother was as tough as he was, also on the team. Well, he's a nice boy and we all enjoyed getting to know the idea that as we look at him we should get the same reaction as if we were going on a trip full of young owls or the status of some similar thing. That fairly bubbles with knowledge, but it is not Strewart's fault; the girls made him such. He took off and went following the complete upheaval of TNT Gay, the Mexican Tornado, who on his last trip to the state left a trail of destruction and two barrels of spikes for making love to some spastic on his way to get his train. To these gentlemen we wish to extend a most rousing wish as a ball player, but we will see how he responds to the possibilities as an ice cream vender.

Palmer, Fiwally, the Hayward kid, an third base, proved that everyone is good for something, but until this season Peter was left out. He had a telling effect on the pitcher because his practice at bunting, such as "Give me a cigarette," "Give me a match," "Light it for me," came as handy when he wanted the ball. But among all the shining lights on the senior team, the Gnollles Dutchman sure took the prize. He not only played a magnificent game, but at the same time almost vamped Bud's women opponents. But as for the home run, it had its effects; he has quit smoking and drinking and now, Margaret, if you can just let him go to stop breathing he will be all right. Out in the field we have Williams, Jake, who was so used to catching bugs that a baseball had no better chance of getting through him. He plays a stellar game and having no skirted encouragement on the sidelines.