

THE POLYGRAM

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LIFE, A MAN'S JOB.

A few weeks ago one of my boyhood friends was sent to a sanitarium, a physical wreck from drink.

Some days later another friend of my youth was elected an officer of the Baldwin Locomotive works.

Both had an equal start in life. Both had equal chances. Thus the paths of life diverge as the years roll on.

The man of but average intelligence and ability must pull hard even to stand still and hold his own - so strong is the current in the Stream of Life. Anyone can simply drift with the tide. Anyone can follow the lines of least resistance, that takes no real effort. No effort nor skill is required to go over the falls and down and out.

The longer we live, the broader experience we gain, the more we are forced to realize that "getting on" in life is a full sized man's job. It takes more than ordinary effort even to do no more than hold our own. Investigation shows that only one man in twenty is a moderate success in a material way. Therefore, is a man is doing but a little better than breaking even, he is by no means a failure.

THE SAN MIGUEL MISSION.

One cool, clear morning, we started from the little town of San Miguel to visit its old and historic mission, which is situated about one-half mile south of

town.

As we approached the old building, its rustic beauty impressed itself more upon us than would that of the costly domes and richly ornamented steeples of a modern and recently built cathedral.

We think about how this ancient Indian house of worship was founded in 1797 by the followers of Junipero Serra. We also observe how distinctly it now shows its one hundred and nineteen long years of existence.

The mission is surrounded on three sides by a high adobe wall built by the Indians to protect those on the grounds from their enemies. As we look toward the dilapidated wall on our right, we see a grave yard where many of the natives were buried. Nearly all the graves are unmarked and overgrown with weeds, but a few are distinguished by rude monuments. Suspended in a wooden structure in front of the mission is a large iron ball. This beel is a relic of the old days which modern visitors are obliged to ring so that the guide may know that they are present and wish admittance.

While waiting for the guide, we gaze at the beautifully and artistically arched porch-like entrance, which extends the entire length of the adobe, from the south end to the main part of the mission, where services are held. This part projects forward beyond the arched entrance.

Upon entering the mission we go into an exceptionally large room, vacant except for the few seats at one end where the Catholic people of the town now sit when they attend church. The altar is raised above the floor and extensively decorated with life

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There may be a strange man
amongst us. They call him the
"Inferior Man." Who is he? What
is he? Does anyone know? As the
banker rides past, does he stop or
speak to this man? No, not he. He
does not even see him. Next comes
a lawyer riding in his big auto-
mobile. Does he offer this weary,
discouraged man a ride? Does he
give him a nod of recognition?
No, he looks the other way and
passes on. Strange, is it not
that man treats his brother in
this fashion!

At one time this "Inferior
Man" had hopes and ambitions.
What a hard task it is to contrast
these two entirely opposite pic-
tures. Yet these two pictures are
in the life of the same man. His
youth and ambition have faded and
gone years ago. Will someone offer
him a home, or something to bright-
en his life? It is indeed doubt-
ful. His time is almost up, he

has no pleasures in life anymore,
unless it is to think of the past
when all was cheerful. Let us re-
member this man, and help the next
one of his kind to something better.
Be kind, gentle and forgiving to
them all for some day we will meet
one deserving of our thoughtfulness.

"PEP."

So often we hear the expres-
sion "Lot o' pep", and the like,
but we hardly ever stop to consider
the full meaning of the word, al-
though we know how to use it.

"Pep" is a slang word invented
to convey the idea of those who are
always up and doing, who are full
of "ginger" and who never go to
sleep at the switch. When you are
full of pep you can go a long way
toward doing almost anything.

But, pep runs out! If your
stomach goes back on you because
you do not know how to take care of
it; if you associate with weak-
minded people, taking on the color
of their weak-mindedness, or, if
you burn the candle at both ends,
then your pep runs out. Always be
up and doing, but not to such an
extent that you are overburdened
with it.

Watch your pep!

FOOTBALL.

Forward Pass: Handing notes in class.
Line Buck: Getting through the halls
between classes.
Trick Play: Writing your own excuse
the morning after.
Off Side: Freshmen in Senior Class.
Guards: Teachers in examinations.
Half-back: Standing of most of us.
Tackle: Getting a date.
End. The best place to stop.

IT CAN BE DONE.

Somebody said that "it couldn't be done" -

But he, with a chuckle, replied - That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so 'till he tried.

So he buckled right in, with a bit of a grin,

On his face - if he worried he hid it;

He started to sing, as he tackled the thing,

That couldn't be done - and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that,

At least no one ever has done it. And he took off his coat and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we know he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or quit it. He started to sing, as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it!

There are thousands to tell you "it cannot be done,"

There are thousands to prophesy failure,

There are thousands to point out one by one

The dangers that wait to assail you.

But you just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,

Then take off your coat and go to it -

Just start into sing as you tackle the thing

That cannot be done, and you'll do it!

PLAY THE GAME.

Living is a game! What are you in that game? Captain, regular scrub - or are you just looking on? That doesn't matter. What are you going to be? That's what you ought to think about while you are young.

OVERHEARD IN DINING HALL.

Scotty: Do not make fun of the butter, Freshie. You may be old yourself someday.

DR. KESPEAR AGAIN.

M is for Mabel
"With the laughing brown eyes,
She can't catch a fellow
But she sure can catch flies.

NEW BOOKS.

"Future of Woman's Suffrage."
"Winly" Greaves.
"Why I Prefer Quarries."
Rush Tabor.
How to Mix 'Em and Keep Going."
Author Unknown but Suspected.

Jenny singing "Never knew what kisses would do."

Tax: You never had one.

Jenny: I know it.

A NEW ACCESSORY.

Chaffeur: "Mrs. Non Speederly, the car wont run. It ~~must~~ have a hoodoo on it!

Mrs. Non Speederly: Dear me! I thought I had every attachment possible. But I'll get one.

THE BAKERSFIELD GAME.
(Continued from Page 5.)

But this kind of a game cannot be played without pep and lots of practice. It's speed more than weight that plays a game of this sort. No team was ever known to be hampered in a game from over-practice. Yet not fifty percent of the regular players have shown up for practice this week. Are they too good for practice? A score of 18 to 0 against Santa Barbara is nothing to be proud of, it should have been 38 to 0. With such a score as that you could begin to think yourself good. Some of the fellows are hurt and excused. Do the rest of you consider yourselves loyal to your school when you stay from practice? Remember that a victory is worth months of practice, so think it over.

Come out and wake up if you don't want Bakersfield to give you a good beating.

JOLLY TIME SUNDAY.

There was a party at Helen Gray's Sunday night. A whole bunch was there. They had quite a time getting weinies, but finally succeeded in finding some that were not used at the Sunday school supper the night before. They had a jolly time, too, and possibly, it is said, not a few were a little tipsy.

GOOD LUCK TO GOOD BOYS.

There was an even victory night by the football club of the Union Church at the home of ... the most successful

ful. A large crowd gathered and enjoyed the "Weinies", Spanish beans, coffee, ice-cream and cake.

Two of our good Poly cooks, Max, and Billy, cooked the weinies and Marie did more than his share by washing the dishes for the fair waitresses.

One of the features of the evening was Baldy's auctioning off of the cakes. The games which had been played were interrupted by the sudden showers.

Among the girls who served were eight Poly freshmen; the Misses K. Smith, June Taylor, Frances Vincent, Label Weathers, Helma Gibner, Elsbeth and Marie Heinicke, Maxine Barneberg and Helen Palmer.

ALUMNI.

Word has been received from Lorenz Perner, a graduate of the class of '14 of this school, saying that his work this year is very interesting, although it requires much patience and tact. Upon further investigation we learned that Mr. Perner spends a large portion of each day working in the dentistry laboratory. This laboratory is used for practical application of dentistry work, and we realize that the students must use tact, but naturally it is to be supposed that it is no effort whatever to be patient.

Stanton Brown is also attending the University of California at Los Angeles, and his boys are in their second year.

"Skinny" worked off his dental by the light of the "flamingo."

THE SAN MIGUEL MISSION.

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sized statues and paintings from old Spain. On the right of the altar are the graves of the two first Franciscan priests who came to San Miguel, founders of the mission. The marble on which their life history is printed, was relaid a few years ago to replace the old Indian work of their original tombs. A spiral stairway leads from the rear end of the room to a now insecure balcony in which the Spanish and Indian choirs used to sing. A door on our right opens into another small church room, which is now almost vacant, a rude altar being its only contents. It is in this room that early morning mass was held.

We next pass through a door into a large court, the Indians' former play ground and place of entertainment. We leave the court and are in the open again. As we depart we feel that we can imagine and almost know the life of those who inhabited and worshiped at the mission in its old and prosperous days.

E.M. '20.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Nearly fifteen of the Poly boys were posted at the various precincts election day to boost for Rigdon for Senator.

Miss Georgie Word received word Saturday that her father was seriously ill. She left Sunday morning for Paso Robles. It is

hoped that Miss Word's father will soon recover and that she may return to school before vacation.

Miss Stanley and Miss Ellen Still of Annette visited last week with Grace Still, a freshman of the Poly. They visited the school grounds on Friday after-noon, and were especially interested in the first year cooking class. Miss Stanley who is a teacher of Annette left for her home Sunday, Miss Still remaining another day with her sister.

Perry and "Mort" had a joyous little trip to Santa Maria Sunday in a "fliver", the owner of which we cannot persuade them to disclose.

Major Beaty spent Sunday with his parents in Paso Robles.

Freshman Adams spent the weekend in Atascadero visiting his folks.

THE BAKERSFIELD GAME.

How about this game fellows? Is Poly going to win that game? Why certainly! But how are we going to beat them? Will we beat them with straight football and line bucks the way we handled Sahat Barbara? But what is their line can hold us? There will have to be another way. The people on the sidelines will witness an altogether different game, a game of fast end runs, trick plays and forward passes.

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UNLITTED TO LNO

Why Maxine hurried to school last Wednesday morning?

When Georgie Ford is going to Stockton?

Who the artists were that hastily abandoned their work Hallowe'en?

Why Skinny, Tex and Stewart don't make very good windbreaks?

Why Ellen could hardly breathe?

Where Tex is going to spend Thanksgiving?

What Martinsen would say if he knew Leonard spent Saturday at Edna?

Where Bennie earned the name of 'Bicycle Rider'?

Where Miss Rothermel and Mr. Brooks were Tuesday evening?

Tommy, (as girls were passing by his seat to leave assembly): "Gee! this is fierce, a fellow gets a whiff of nearly every kind of powder manufactured."

Sarah: "How big a house are you planning?"

Helene: "One just big enough for two."

Sarah: "Who is going to live in it?"

Helene: "O, just mamma and I."

HEARD IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

If there should ever be a flood Back to this book I'd fly;

For if the whole world be submerged

This book would still be dry.

OLD FORD.

"Sissy" Smith: "Miss Holden, would you like to ride?"

Miss Holden: "No thanks, I'm in hurry."

A little word from Our Friend, Benny Schlocker.

.. little dab of powder,
.. little dash of paint,
.. makes the O. S. girls;
.. Slightly what they ain't.

Little beams of moonshine;
.. little hugs and kisses,
.. makes a little maiden,
.. Change her name to Mrs.

S stands for Stewart,
.. also for spoon,
.. Why does he like study-hall
.. Friday just before noon?

What Did Charlotte mean?

Charlotte: "Where did you go last evening, after I left you?"

Thelma: "Oh, I just stepped out on the porch for a second."

Charlotte: "Yes, and I'm sure I heard a third and fourth."

Chandler: "Say, Perry, you forgot to shave this morning."

Perry: "Why, haven't I shaved?"

Chandler: "No, you haven't."

Perry: "Well, you see, there was a dozen of us using the same mirror and I must have shaved some other fellow."

"You don't make much music with the instrument," said a visitor at the game.

"No," admitted Josephine, "I know I don't; but I drown a lot of bad music."

T is for Thelma
.. Who is very, very vain.
.. She wouldn't be so pretty,
.. If it started into rain.