"Look out!" yelled Jack, as Rex came stumbling toward the campfire with an armful of wood. The warning was too late, and Rex went over the back log in a heap, sending the frying pan containing our supper's supply of bacon and potatoes into the fire. We looked upon the tragedy with great dismay. That was the last we had in the line of grub.

"Gosh all hemlock!" whined Ted, "I wish I were back home."

We all wished about the same thing, but since that was an impossibility for the time being, the rest of us kept our mouths shut and sat in gloomy silence while the rain poured down in torrents.

There was no kind of a building, empty or occupied, within eleven miles, so it was up to us to make the best of the situation.

There was certainly a great contrast with the morning before. We had left our homes on a bright, sunny morning, full of hopes for big game. The fellows in town had wished us good luck and said that they would help us carry it in.
We didn’t want to kill much, just enough to eat in camp and a little to bring home. But things didn’t turn up as we expected. It seemed as if the bear and deer around there did not wish to be punctured with lead, so they kept out of our sight. Our supply of grub had run low, and when Rex sent the potatoes and bacon into the fire the prospects of going to bed with empty stomachs seemed quite evident.

We were there meditating when Jack broke the silence with a little of his wit.

"Gee! My slats rattle; I wish I had a big porterhouse in me to hold them apart."

"If you don’t shut up I’ll go bughouse," whimpered Ted.

"I can’t help that," said Jack. "Any kind of a house or shack would do me at present. Those potatoes ought to be about done by this time, hadn’t they?" And he poked the charred remains of our martyred supper.

Rex offered to keep the fire up all night in order to get on the good side of us again, so the rest of us prepared a shelter to crawl into. It was intensely dark and hard to find boughs enough to make a suitable covering. About eleven o’clock the three of us were nestled in the blankets under a pile of cedar boughs. Jack and I soon heard Ted snore and were somewhat relieved because he would not be burdened with the thoughts of home. I soon fell asleep but it was for a short time only. Water was dripping through onto my face. I shifted my position a little, but could not go to sleep again. To me the night seemed endless.

Nothing could be heard but the rain. Every once in a long while I heard Rex stir the fire. Once toward morning I heard Ted mutter in his sleep something about a bowl of mush and milk. That made me laugh outright. Jack awoke then and soon discovered that his feet were floating in several inches of rain water. A little more of his humor came forth when he discovered that, and he said he wouldn’t have to go far to bathe his feet. He stuck his knees into the air and started to sing the song, "I won’t go home till morning." That woke Ted and also Rex, who was dozing by the fire. Ted crawled out immediately and started for a spring nearby with his rifle. The rain had stopped by that time and prospects looked a little better even if our breakfast wasn’t in sight. Ted wasn’t gone long before we heard a shot.

We all seemed to leap into the air at the same time and started for the spring. We met Ted half way and to our dismay his face showed intense anguish. He had something in his fist. Close examination showed it to be the neck and hind leg of a pine squirrel. This melted our spirits like fire would ice. We were actually getting weak, and after a short consultation it was decided that Ted should fry what was left of the squirrel, while the rest of us would roll our blankets for the journey home.

After a taste of squirrel we left our camp and silently wept our way over the trail toward civilization.

When the first farmhouse was reached it was all we could do to stand up. Jack was well acquainted with the farmer, and in half an hour one of the greatest spreads I ever saw was laid on the table.

We made our way into town about sundown that evening, and each took a back yard route to our houses in order to avoid anxious inquiries concerning the big game.

Of course Jack soon let the story out, and for weeks we were joshed about the pine squirrel steak.

F. JENSEN, ’09.
EDITORIAL

SIEZE THE OPPORTUNITY

"If you would not be forgotten after you are gone, you must write things worth reading, or do things worth writing." All the great men we students learn about are remembered because, at some time in their lives, the opportunity came and they showed what was in them. But in thinking of their success we must not emphasize the "opportunity" side and bewail our lack of a "chance." Opportunity is offered to all of us, sooner or later; the main thing is to be able to "make good," and to know that we can do so.

But, amid the throng of varied lines of activity in this world of ours, we cannot be sure at the outset in just what shape our opportunity will present itself—whether in the nature of public speaking, personal persuasion, or catching burglars. That is why we are here—to find our particular ability and to develop it as far as possible. For this reason it is for our best interests to take advantage of all the opportunities that present themselves to us, whether they be in the way of athletics, debating, or domestic science.

We have worked our athletic spirit up to a fair degree of interest, so that our coaches find no trouble in putting out teams for all the usual sports. But probably none of us expects to spend his life in athletics after leaving school, so it is fitting that we pay considerable attention to other lines of progress. Last fall we put up a High School team for the State series of debates, and made a creditable showing. Now we have a fine chance to compete with other High Schools of the State in an oratorical contest, and right now is the time to get ready for it.

Our chance of making a good record is greater now than it was in the debate last fall, for then the contest was scattered all over the State in pairs, while this one takes place all at one time in Seattle.

The personal honor at stake is also much greater, as the credit of winning the debate would be divided among three people, whereas in this case the successful contestant stands before the public as the single best orator in our section. It is none too early now, however, to get ready for the tryout; if you feel that you have the necessary ability you owe it to the school's honor to enter, and if you think you lack the necessary ability you can not afford to miss this opportunity for development.

CLARENCE BUTLER
C. B. '09.

DEDICATED TO PETE.

When Pete came to school on St. Patrick's day
He was decked with green in fine array.
His socks, especially, were a sight to behold,
And the way he displayed them was rather bold.
Some fellows thought they needed more light,
So they took them off in Peterson's sight.
When the work was done and the job complete, Pete went home in sockless feet.
The joke was tough, but nevertheless
'Twas a lesson learned without any guess.
And next time he celebrates the Irish day,
He'll omit green socks in the great display.

—FINCH, '09.
LINES BY AN ABSENT '09ER.

"Lonesome?" Well, yes, I'm lonesome,
When the evening shades fall low,
When the children have left the school house,
And I'm longing myself to go,
When writing examinations
Or marking failures down,
It is then I long to be with you
In the dear old college town.
"Lonesome?" when in the twilight,
After the work of the day,
I pick up my books to study,
Then sigh and fling them away,
Tired, alone and lonely,
Nothing, seemingly, right,
Till faces for distant surround me
As I sit gazing into the night.
Once more I'm happy and care free,
As, gliding adown the long hall,
We dance to forgotten music
At many a bygone ball.
Once more is the campus dotted
With crowds dressed in white.
Once more we are quitting the playroom
For a walk in the clear starlight.
Yes, I'm lonesome, schoolmates,
But 'twill all come right at last.
The sun is shining behind the clouds,
And the clouds will soon roll past.
We will gather again in assembly,
Again in old Miller H.
'Ere our Hi School days are over,
And our life's best days are by.

ATHLETICS

Boys' Basket-Ball

We played a return game with Centralia in our own gymnasium on February 19th.
The game started as though Olympia were going to win. Heintzelman shot the first field goal and followed it with two baskets from the foul line before Centralia scored. The remaining part of the half was about even, ending with the score 8 to 7 in Centralia's favor.

Centralia played much better ball in the second half and won the game by a score of 32 to 17.

On February 26th we played in Chehalis. Olympia demonstrated her class by defeating them, 39 to 12, in a well-played game.

Our victory in Chehalis was too much for us and the next night we allowed Elma to defeat us, 25 to 21.

Girls' Basket-Ball

The Girls' Basket-Ball team has just closed a very successful season, having won four out of the six games played.
February 29th O. H. S. vs. Puget Sound University in Tacoma.

As both teams were evenly matched, the game ended with a score of 10 all. After 12 minutes more of hard playing the girls managed to gain the two points which made them victors.

March 6 — O. H. S. vs. Shelton

The closing game of the season, played with Shelton, was one-sided from the start and ended with a score of 33 to 6 in favor of Olympia.

The record for the season stands as follows:
- S. H. S. 9, O. H. S. 8.
- U. P. S. 8, O. H. S. 11.
- U. P. S. 10, O. H. S. 12.
- S. H. S. 6, O. H. S. 33.

Baseball

Baseball practice has started, with a turnout of about 18 men. The prospects for a fast team are excellent.

The baseball schedule at present is as follows:
- April 3 — Olympia and Lincoln Hi, in Seattle.
- April 10 — Olympia and Puyallup, in Olympia.
- April 17 — Olympia and Tacoma, in Olympia.
- April 24 — Olympia and Lincoln Hi, in Olympia.
- May 1 — Olympia and Puyallup, in Puyallup.
- May 7 — Olympia and State Business College of Tacoma, in Tacoma.
- May 8 — Olympia and Tacoma Hi, in Tacoma.
- May 15 — Open date.
- May 22 — Olympia and Hoquiam, in Olympia.

Attempts are being made to secure games with Chehalis and St. Martin's College.

Track

Track work started March 12th.
Mr. Pratt, of the Y. M. C. A., who has consented to coach the track team, believes that a good team can be turned out this year.

FLUNKED?

When down to the office you're summoned,
Not knowing or thinking why,
You come suddenly up against it,
And think you might as well die;
For now Mr. Kreager is asking,
Oh, where are your credits today.
The ones you had long forgotten
Flunked out when a Freshman gay.
And you ponder, and finally discover
That you'll have just one-half and fifteen,
But after much hunting and counting,
You may find just an even sixteen.

—M. M., '09
There has been a mysterious air of excitement hovering over the Senior class for two or three weeks past. This has deepened perceptibly in the last day or two. The cause, you may say, is "Class Play." You are right, but the uncertainty is at last over. A play has been decided upon but nothing definite can be learned about it, although Seniors are beginning practice in earnest. Juniors!!! Sophomores!!! Freshmen! solve the mystery. Watch for dates and learn the facts.

When the girls' basket-ball team is chosen for next year there will be two old members absent. Lovina Wilson and Mabel McKay have completed their career of glory on the basket-ball field and next year will have departed, taking their well-earned "O's" with them.

The Seniors have elected the following officers for the second semester: President, Russel Callow; Vice-President, George Scott; Secretary, Iza Baker; Treasurer, May Burr; Yealmaster, Clyde Peterson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Schultz; Class Reporter, Edna McKenzie.

If there are any members of the Senior class who have not received a personal invitation in the last few days to

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Senior Notes

There has been a mysterious air of excitement hovering over the Senior class for two or three weeks past. This has deepened perceptibly in the last day or two. The cause, you may say, is "Class Play." You are right, but the uncertainty is at last over. A play has been decided upon but nothing definite can be learned about it, although Seniors are beginning practice in earnest. Juniors!!! Sophomores!!! Freshmen! solve the mystery. Watch for dates and learn the facts.

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The Seniors have elected the following officers for the second semester: President, Russel Callow; Vice-President, George Scott; Secretary, Iza Baker; Treasurer, May Burr; Yellmaster, Clyde Petterson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Schultz; Class Reporter, Edna McKenzie.

If there are any members of the Senior class who have not received a personal invitation in the last few days to call on Mr. Kreager, please remember that he is "at home" five days of the week to discuss "credits" with you.

Mr. Loomis' advice to the Seniors: "Better be a big toad in a little puddle, than a little toad in a big one."

Barbara Massy: "Well, the poets of this age cared more for meter than anything else."

Mr. Helm: "Some of us care more to meet her than anything else."

Mr. Loomis: "Well, don't you think the queen was handing her subjects a little taffy?"

Mr. L: "If there is a bright star in the heavens, at the time of the birth of a child, it is a sign of a brilliant future."

Jim Davis: "Gee, there must have been a bright star when I was born."
JUNIOR NOTES

The time is almost here for the annual Junior and Senior reception.

All previous ones have been a success, but we desire to give the Seniors a reception this year that will not be forgotten. Say, Juniors, if anyone thinks of some good idea in connection with this reception, don't keep it to yourself. Anything you think of that will be helpful, talk it over with your classmates. Now, everyone keep this going. Think of it as a politician does election day!

For any Junior overburdened with surplus coin, the Treasurer can fill out a prescription that will give you instant relief.

Under the management of the Junior class, the Grant Lyceum Trio gave an entertainment in the Auditorium Friday, March 12th. The proceeds were turned over for the benefit of the Physics Laboratory apparatus.

Hardly enough can be said of the entertainment. Each and every one was an artist of exceptional ability.

Juniors, do you realize the honor which the Junior basketball girls have won? They captured the High School championship last year and hold it for this year. Five Juniors made places on the High School team. The girls winning O's this year from our class are Alice Gottfeld, forward; Laura Swan and Fay Rogers, guards; Gertrude Knox, center; Mabel Hallman, sub side center.

By the way, did you ever stop and think whether or not you had paid your class dues? "Time and tide wait for no man," but the Treasurer has to wait for the class dues.


SOPHOMORE NOTES

The members of the Sophomore class heartily thank Miss Bigelow for the interest shown in training the girls in the choruses and the characters in the cast for the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," to be given Friday, March 19th. The cast of characters is as follows: Antonio, Harold Henderson; Bassanio, Noyse Taleott; Shylock, Stephen Chadwick; Gratiano, Edwin Wilson; Salarenca, Homer Dana; Duke of Venice, Selwyn Harris; clerk of the court, Perry Lawrence; Portia, Mildred Lemon; Nerissa, Bernice Baker. Besides the cast there will be songs by the girls of the Sophomore chorus, a piano solo by Katherine Goodro, and vocal solos by Clara Phripps and Margaret Rankin.

The Sophomores lately held a meeting at which the following officers were elected: Mildred Lemon, President; Harold Henderson, Vice President; Stephen Chadwick, Secretary; Mable Springer, Treasurer; Gertrude Smith, Class Editor.

Some of the Sophomores' favorite songs:
Marion—"Won't You Be My Teddy B."
Merle—"I Wish I Had a Girl."
Clyde—"My Wife Won't Let Me."
Peggy—"The Best of Friends Must Part."
Edna—"I'm Tired of Living Alone."
Carrie—"Meet Me in St. Louis."
Clara: "Can't I open my mouth without saying something?"
The week after Institute two Sophomore girls, Agnes and Rose, respectively, passed into the assembly rather late one morning; when Agnes was heard to exclaim rather excitedly, "Oh, there must have been a fire." "Why?" innocently inquired Rose. Agnes: "Oh, don't you see all the Senior boys have on new suits?"

We are proud of the fact that one of our classmates, Edna White, has won her "O" by playing three games on the High School basketball team.

---

On February 24, 1909, the Freshmen met at Mallory's hall to spend the evening. In the midst of the merry-making a bunch of Juniors and Seniors appeared and forced the back door. They were driven back down the stairs and the door closed. Then water was brought into use and several of them were thoroughly drenched. They then hid themselves in some nearby house, where they secured some eggs and tried to hit the windows. They broke the eggs on the outside walls and, as the windows were closed, no harm was done.—By one who was present.

The rules which the Athletic Association made for theFreshmen class were not appreciated by them. Although a great deal of time and trouble was taken to draw up these rules they could not be enforced.

Miss B. (to Everett): "What does 'cose wood' mean?"

E. H.: "The last time we ran across that it meant a clump of woods."

Miss Ishman (at Freshman party): "I feel like an oyster!"

Mr. Helm: "Gee! I just love oysters."

R. J. (with a bright look): "Fish live in water."

Mr. L.: "Oh, is that so? I had an idea they lived on dry land."

Miss B. (to Ralph L.): "What does falcon mean?"

R. L. (perplexed): "O, I thought that was a proper name so I thought it wasn't in the dictionary."

R. J.: "Is a toad a cold-blooded animal?"

Mr. L.: "I guess so; they always seem cold when you step on them."
DOMESTIC SCIENCE NOTES

During the legislative session the Advanced Domestic Science girls gave two stag dinners to some of the legislators. The first was a "Daffodil" dinner, and all of the arrangements were tastefully carried out in daffodil design. The dinner consisted of six courses. The guests were Messrs. Paulhamus, Polson, Meigs, Faulkner, Meyers, Cox, Jackson, Hubble and McGreager. These gentlemen presented the class with a beautiful cut glass vase.

Thursday, March 11th, at 12 o'clock, the Advanced Class served a delicious second dinner in honor of Messrs. McMaster, Fishback, Cameron, Miller, Slayden, Stephenson, Edge and Todd. The table was decorated with red carnations. The six courses were served very nicely by Misses Taylor and Bustrack.

On Monday, March 13th, a very pleasant surprise party was given in honor of Miss Boyles at the home of Miss Ethel Coulter by the Advanced Domestic Science Class. Delicious refreshments were served. To show their appreciation of Miss Boyles the class presented her with a string of gold beads and a gold hatpin.

Questioner: "Why can't you teach a cat to do tricks?"

Mr. L.: "An animal of one life can be taught, but a cat has nine lives and it is impossible to teach their nine lives."
On March 1st we were privileged to listen to a very interesting and helpful address on State Institutions, delivered by H. F. Jones, a member of the State Board of Control.

March 12th the Grant Lyceum Trio appeared before a large and enthusiastic audience in the Auditorium.

Friday afternoon, March 18th, the Sophomore class, under the direction of Miss Bigelow, gave one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given before the Assembly.

A part of the members of the class gave the Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice," a classic which they studied the latter part of the first semester. The cast showed thorough training and a clear understanding of Shakespeare.

This was followed by a number of musical selections, both vocal and instrumental.

The scene opens with a Harvard student pleading his cause to the feet of a beautiful maiden, imploringly saying, "Won't you accept me? Is there no hope? Can't I secure a key to unlock the door of your heart?"

"No," she said, coquettishly shaking her head, "it has a Yale lock."—Ex.

Lorraine (mistaking Charles Wages for a girl): "Does my rat show; poke it in please."

Edna (translating German): "There hangs my Helm and staff."

Pearl (translating Cicero): "I am influenced by all these tears by which you see I am surrounded."

Mr. K. (to Butler): "Say, were you ever in love?"

Butler (embarrassed): "Oh—no—er I—I don't think so; I hardly know; I don't think so."

Kreger: "Well, you'd better muster up a love affair before this play comes off."

Stephen (reading Clara's paper): "Miss Bigelow, is this all right: 'He crossed the ocean in disgrace'?"

Miss B.: "Yes."

Stephen: "I think I should have crossed in a ship."

"QUIZ"

How high can Wallace Mount?
Why is Miles Grey and Alta White?
What class does Margaret Rankin?
Who does Sylvester Chase?
What made Marjorie Free?
Why does Vern Partlow his hair?
They were making hay in Ed's Oldfield.
What size is Frank's Stocking?
Where is Katharine's Claypool?
What are Charles' Wages?
Gertrude Knox them all down in basketball.
Why is Paul Hardier than the rest?
Miss Myrtle Boyles the cocoa.
Is Martin Frederickson?
Loyd Haskell what?
Mr. Helm (ancient history): "What happened to the prisoners taken at the battle Lucretia?"

Elsie Davis: "Most of them were killed and the rest were crucified."

The following report comes from Eugene High School: "Two of our alumni are on the varsity debating team. These are the first of any High School alumni who have gained a position at the U."

The Indian Training School at Chenawa is celebrating its twenty-ninth anniversary.

The edition of the "Pacific Daily Wave," in imitation of "The London Mail," was a very interesting number.

The last issue of the "Caerulea" was devoted to athletics. The girls' basketball team has won the championship of Southern California, and are going to play for that of the State.

For the first time in its history, the entire High School, Waitsburg, Wash., was represented in a play called "The Union Depot."

The faculty of Whitman College recently gave a play which was very much enjoyed.

The Olympus regrets that some of its best exchanges have not been received for the last two months. Our exchange list is none too large and we hope to see some of our former exchange papers coming back.

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