East Side Market

FISH
Vegetables in Season

Supply Hi School with meat and everything when in season

Independent of the Trust.

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We have in Hugh Lawrence, football manager, and Edna White, girls' basketball manager, two individuals who will speedily put an end to the training rule farce.
Soon after their election, they, together with the coaches, declared their intentions of making strict training rules and, what is more effective, enforcing them. In the past, the football boys, especially, have looked upon the training rules as a huge joke. In view of this, there were really only two alternatives for the managers and coaches, either to abolish the rules entirely, an almost unheard of action; or to enforce them stringently. The latter and more sensible course was chosen, so woe betide the player caught smoking a cigarette, or, in the case of the girls, indulging in chocolate creams.

It was decided by this year's staff, to put out a quarterly Olympus, instead of the usual monthly paper. This was not done in order that the staff might have an easier time, but because, financially, we do not seem to be able to support a monthly issue, and make it a creditable one. Also, very little material is forthcoming when the paper is issued once a month. It is planned to have the first number of the Olympus in the hands of the students about the first of November. The second issue will be ready before the Christmas vacations. March is the month in which we plan to have the Spring number come out; and the Commencement number will be ready before the close of school.

And now a word regarding contributions to the paper. Did you ever notice that the individual that "knocks" his high school publication the oftenest, is the one whose name is never seen under an article in said publication? Strange it never occurs to him that, if he and a few of his fellow "knockers" would put forth a little effort in improving the paper, perhaps they would have less time and cause to find fault with it. It rests with the student body to make the paper a success. The staff alone cannot do it, no matter how strenuously it tries.

A school publication is to its school what a store window is to a store. It represents our best "goods" and we are judged more extensively through it than by anything else. This is not excepting athletics, for, while the reputation of our athletic prowess is usually confined to a comparatively small area, our High school paper is exchanged all over the United States and other schools form their opinions of us through the paper.

Olympia High school, although slightly lacking in "brawn" has an excellent reputation for "brain." So let's have the product of some of that reputed "grey matter" in the Olympus occasionally. An "inspiration" in the shape of a live thought, a story, or a good joke, will be very thankfully received by THE EDITOR.

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THE GIRL WITH A VOICE

"IN WHICH AN ACQUAINTANCE IS MADE."

CHAPTER I.

A SMALL delicate looking girl, with large dark eyes and black hair, stepped into a booth at the Seattle telephone office. She appeared to be one of the many overworked and overtired shop girls of that large city. After she had taken down the receiver and central had asked "Number, please?" she had replied in a low musical voice: "Main 2741, please." The conversation that followed was somewhat amusing, especially so to one who had seen the girl.

"Hello, is this Main 2741?" she asked as some one at the other end of the line took down a receiver.

"Yes, this is Main 2741," came the curt reply. "What is that you want, please?"
The girl hesitated a minute, then: "Is Mr. Langdon there?"
"This is Mr. Langdon," the other party answered.
"Can I do something for you?"
"Oh, Jack," she exclaimed, "don't you know me?"
"Can't say as I do," came the answer in a rather pleasant voice—this time. "Won't you tell me whom I have the pleasure of talking to?"
"Oh, you bad boy," said the girl; to forget me so quickly. "Now, Jack, you know I never would treat you like that."
"You wouldn't?" he laughed, and one had only to hear him laugh to like him.
"Do that again, please," she exclaimed. "I do so like to hear you laugh." After that, conversation turned and he asked her who she was.
"Well," said the girl, "I know you are an exceedingly busy man and ought to be at work again, so perhaps I had better be going."
"Oh please, don't go," he pleaded.
"Why not," she laughingly inquired. "You don't know me and can't guess who I am."
"Why don't you tell me who you are," came in the same deep masculine voice. "You surely don't want me to know—by the way you talk."
"Oh, I won't tell you who I am now, but I'll tell you what I look like, and how I am dressed."
"She offered this in a half jesting way.
"All right; that's a go!" he exclaimed, eagerly.
And so she began: "I'm five feet, five inches tall; weigh one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. My shoe measure is three and a half. Now, how do you like that? I have dark hair and brown eyes. My complexion is neither light nor dark. Just now I have on a dark green broadcloth suit, which I got in Paris, and a large black picture hat. My purse gloves and shoes are also black. Can't you just see me?" she asked with a fluttering little laugh.
"Indeed I can," said he, "and now the next thing is your name."
"No name this time, Jack; perhaps I'll tell you some other time," she replied.

"When will you call me up again?" queried Jack.
"Do you want me to call you up again?" she asked in an eager voice.
"Deed I do. Oh say, tell me your number and I'll call you up," offered the man.
"No," she said, "but I'll ring you up at this time tomorrow."
"All right; goodbye till then," he called.
"Goodbye," and she hung up the receiver.
When she came out of the booth her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled as she handed out one of her last nickels in fee for the use of the telephone.
After hanging up his receiver, Jack Langdon, the great playwright, leaned back in his office chair and stretched. This is what he mused: "Who could it have been? Her voice was very sweet, and I'll bet she's a stunnin' looking girl. She evidently has money, too, for she said something about Paris. I wonder who she is."
That night in a small bedroom in a downtown tenement, the girl sat down to a meal of crackers and chipped beef. "Oh, it's great fun," she cried, "and to think he wants me to call him up again. Well, I'll do it. I'll sing to him tomorrow night and maybe he'll ask me about my voice. If I only could 'make good' for a chorus girl in this play. It's something better than five dollars per, any way."

CHAPTER II.

DISCOVERIES ARE MADE.

"This thing's getting on my nerves," cried Jack Langdon, as he sprang into his Winton six touring car, the next evening. "She evidently is a lady of refinement. And her name is Theressa. Very pretty name; odd I didn't think of that before. I'll put it in my next play. It's funny she won't tell me the rest of it, though. Jove! she must have looked swell tonight in that shimmering silver satin dress! And her voice—oh, what a glorious voice! An ideal one for the stage. Look out there, kid," he called as he passed a newsboy, "a little more and you'd have been a goner. I wonder why I can't stop thinking about her."
Now this was a strange statement for Langdon—
the society man—who knew dozens of girls—and was universally classed by them all as somewhat fickle. Truth to tell, he had never known a girl before who was anything besides a society model, and this little excitable, original girl quite carried him off his feet. She had sung for him tonight that dear old song, “Sweet and Low, Sweet and Low, Winds of the Western Sea.” It always made him think of his dear old mother.

“Oh, her voice,” he raved, and downtown in her cold tenement room, a girl sighed and said, “I wonder how he liked my voice. He didn’t really say, but seemed so quiet after I quit singing. Oh, he’s a darling! I wonder if I can’t get some box at the Post Office where he could send such mail as he said he wanted to. He’s a regular dear,” and someone went to bed happy that night.

The next evening after work she went immediately to the Post Office, where she secured a box. She then hurried to the telephone office, where she called up “Main 2471.”

“Hello,” called the party answering.

“Hello, Jack,” cried Theresa, “and how are you tonight?”

“Well,” said Jack, give an account of yourself, young lady. I’ve waited here most an hour for you to call me up. I ’spose you’ll be forgetting to call me up at all soon.”

“Jack, dear, I’m so sorry. A friend dropped in for a chat, and the time just flew. Won’t you please forgive me, just this once if I’ll never, never let it happen again,” she pleaded.

“Yes, you are forgiven, Theresa. You know I’d forgive you even if you kept me waiting all night, didn’t you?” asked an earnest man.

“Now don’t get sentimental,” said she. “And you haven’t asked me to sing to you yet.” She was evidently pouting now.

“You haven’t given me a chance, but I’ll ask now. Won’t you please sing, ‘Tis Awful Lonesome Tonight,’ and think of me when singing? By the way, you didn’t tell me where to send that note. What is your box number at the Post Office?”

“Box 4712” said she. Then, “you’ll have to listen if you expect me to sing.”

And she sang for him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)
a warning to Tracy not to cry out under penalty of death. The party started quietly to leave the house. Just outside the house the party stopped. Tracy, still in the pajamas, was blindfolded and marched down miles of streets (as it seemed to the poor Freshman) until they started to walk in grass. Now the kidnappers stopped again, but Tracy could only guess as to the delay this time. He thought they had gone off and left him, they were so quiet, and when they did finally decide to go on again, Tracy almost fainted from fright. The next and last stop came soon, and this time Tracy was unmasked. A peculiar sight met his gaze. Half of the original gang had disappeared, but in their stead Tracy saw four of the most horrid goblins he had ever set eyes upon. These inhuman creatures were clad in shiny green suits, which were mottled with red and yellow stripes. Over their heads and faces, the goblins had masks representing donkeys. To top out the strange costume, each one had hair of a different hue, one being red, another’s bright yellow, the third had a purple tint, while the last had bluish-white hair. Tracy felt the cold chills creep up his back, partly caused by the air and partly by fright. Everything else around the goblins was natural enough. Tracy noticed they had stopped on the border of a black-looking lake. There was an inky wall of timber on all sides, and above all the moon shone feebly through a heavy network of gray clouds. The fire, however, seemed peculiar, for instead of being of a reddish tint, it was pale green. As Tracy stood watching this strange fire his Satanic hosts began to dance around him. The rest of the party sat down tailor fashion at a distance, but not wholly out of sight. Poor Tracy still wondered what it all meant, but in a minute or two he was startled by the new treatment. This time he was roughly grabbed by the devil-garbed Sophs, and without a warning of any kind, Tracy was thrust head foremost into the fire. He nearly fainted from fright. His hair, however, did not begin to sizzle and his face only became slightly warm, but did not burn. Soon his face felt as if it were cooking, and just as he was trying to yell he was suddenly jerked from the fire and thrown to the ground, just as he had done to the long, lean, lanky Soph in the flag scrap. Then two goblins sat down on his body.

Tracy’s fear now was turned to anger, and he began to squirm. He finally got loose and had just started to breaking heads when the other goblins came into the ring. All four now grabbed Tracy and rushed him toward the lake. Here they took hold of his feet and hung his head down into the water. To the Freshman this water tasted like ink and stuck like ink and felt like ink.

What would his parents and the gang say when they saw him black with ink?

Tracy began to feel as if he were drowning, so he started to kick viciously. This sudden move evidently frightened his tormentors, and they dropped him. Down, down, down fell Tracy at a terrific rate of speed. The water disappeared, but now he was falling through a black pit. Then he lost his senses. But before this he began to yell as loud as his lungs would allow.

When he came to himself, Tracy was surprised to hear some one speaking: “For goodness sake, Tracy, stop that shouting. Why, the neighbors will think you are being killed.”

Tracy suddenly awoke. He found himself laying flat on the floor where he had rolled from the chair, and his face felt stiff.

“For the love of Caesar! mother, look at the ink on that kid’s face.” Maybe you women will find out some time that kids are bound to go to sleep studying.” Of course, he couldn’t help knocking the ink over, and look where that light swung to. Probably burnt the poor kid’s head off.” Tracy began to realize what had really happened. His father and mother had come to his rescue, and—well, it was only a dream—but, as Tracy said, “Gosh, I knew Latin would give a feller the creepers, but that was an awful one. Wonder how I’m going to get this ink off my face?”

M. M., ’11
A COMEDY OF TRAGEDIES

Often a small insignificant thing has more to do with shaping events than the combined efforts of fifty lofty brained individuals. Say, for instance, a frost covered sidewalk, which with its long stretch of sparkling whiteness presents a very pleasing picture when our friend Jack Radcliffe steps upon the scene, or rather, the work. He is in a hurry this morning, so cutting across the lawn, he reaches the walk some half a second sooner than if he had come down the path. But nine o'clock is nine o'clock for Senior as well as for Freshman, and midnight hours are no inducement to early rising.

As before stated, he first appeared upon our line of vision when he hastily stepped upon the icy walk, where apparently changing his mind he immediately sat down. Jack was no midget and his dignity was somewhat jolted when his avoidaupois so suddenly descended to the level of the sidewalk, so much so in fact, that when he essayed to speak he could not find words to express his...ahem! pleasure (?) at meeting you.

A fall is one thing, but a fall and a pretty girl two feet away is quite another. And Jack's wrath only increased when he saw a strange girl just a short distance away. She looked mischievous and very much as if she would like to laugh. Strange, too, that the sight of a handsome young man sprawled gracefully on the sidewalk, book here, book somewhere else, and pencil in still another place, should be so mirth provoking. It was too much, and laughing outright, she stopped to pick up a book near the edge of the walk.

"It's rather frosty this morning," she remarked.

"RATHER! The deuce!" exploded Jack, too astonished at the action to get up.

"Oh, no! The morning, I said."

Pardon me. Never mind, I can wait upon myself."

...said Jack, somewhat stiffly, after the manner of the fellow who does not know the girl with whom he is dealing.

"I was only doing what I should be glad to have anyone do for me in similar—"

Frosty sidewalks do not pay. The girl sat down beside Jack. That dear boy suddenly recovered his senses and scrambled to his feet, assisting this vision of pink and white to regain her lost equilibrium. But those eyes that had caused his heart to go "pity Jack" instead of pity pat, also caused him to overlook a pencil that lay on the walk, so he immediately stepped upon it.

And Jack fell down and broke his crown.

And the girl came tumbling after.

You may think they lived happily ever after. Not so, this is real life, but a little too much of it, for the girl who soberly gathered up her belongings and with an extremely polite bow passed on, leaving Jack following in her wake, consoling himself with the fact that it is not everyday a fellow has the pleasure of assisting such a pretty girl into such interesting and hilarious incidents.

Who was she? What a soft voice she had; such nice eyes and red lips; what a trim, neat little figure. Would he ever see her again? What an idiot she must have thought him, and so on.

...A few days later Radcliffe was standing in the hall talking to Bob Randall about a Senior party to given at the home of one of the class members, "each man would please bring a girl, if possible."

"By Jove!" said Bob, "someone must get well enough acquainted with that new girl to take her. She must not be left out, she's too pretty, and anyway, she's a member of the class and all of us must be there. You are not such a bad looking mortal yourself; suppose you make a try at it, Jack."

"What girl?" inquired Jack. "If there's a pretty girl in the question, let me get away."

"Since when?"

"Whom do you take?" asked Jack, ignoring Bob's intended sarcasm.

At this point in the conversation, some of the Senior men and girls came up behind them and Bob's reply was,
getting pretty familiar with your questions, aren't you?"

As Jack turned away, he carelessly answered, "I say, Bob, you get the introduction for me and I'll get the girl." A bright idea had lodged itself in Jack's brain and it was by no means a lonesome one.

"It's a go. Take you at your word," said Bob, turning to talk with the crowd, while Jack, giving them just one glance, flushed hotly and walked swiftly away without speaking.

"What's up?" asked one of the men.

"Oh! nothing," said Randall, not noticing Jack's confusion.

"Color, apparently," said a girl, in a voice intended for Jack's benefit.

"Guess there is nothing wrong from the manner in which he is hurrying away," said Duval, the man who spoke first.

Randall looked after the swiftly retiring form of his friend with astonishment that increased as Duval, turning to the girl, said, "Miss Halleck, allow me to present to you our, ahem—most beloved comrade and friend, Bob."

The girl acknowledged the introduction, pleasantly asking the while if that was the only name by which he was known. When told that it was, she said she "supposed they knew that her name was Joy, at least, the girls did" and then the conversation became general.

Jack in glancing at the crowd had looked straight into HER eyes. So he had guessed rightly. Had she heard their talk? How much of it? Had it been his imagination that made him think that he had seen a flash of indignation in those eyes? What a presumptions fool he was anyway! Now she would do all in her power to baffle him, "just like a girl. Don't never do the right thing at the right time in a case like that," he growled.

Jack was right; the party was to be a week from then and during that time the combined efforts of Randall and Radcliffe were unavailable. The girl calmly eluded all chances of an introduction. Bob was treated very nicely, but let Jack suddenly appear and Miss Halleck would just as suddenly disappear. Both men realized that she was working against them.

At length the night of the party came, and Jack, crestfallen and sullen, was almost tempted to remain at home. But Bob had said that all of the class must be there and had hinted that he knew "Joy would not be far away." How could he face that crowd after such a complete failure, and all on account of a girl, too. The fun had been too good for Randall to keep and some of the other fellows knew the secret, among them Duval. But SHE would be there anyway. So picking up his hat and his courage at the same time, he proceeded to the home of "Kitten" Fields.

Kitten had arranged things beautifully, pennants and autumn leaves being the main decoration, while a few ferns added a pleasing touch.

Most of the class were there when Radcliffe arrived. He was no small favorite, and soon many had gathered around him. Determined to make the best of it all, he passed over the few sly remarks made and soon had his audience delighted with his talk. That was all it was. He did not say anything in particular, just kept them amused, all the while looking around for Joy and Kitten, who had disappeared. At length they appeared and two of the girls tried to tell them at the same time of the crazy things Jack had been talking about.

"Nothing unusual," said Jack. "I'm rather crazy anyway."

"Second the motion," shouted Duval and Randall in concert.

Jack flushed and Joy laughed softly. "Joy, this is our lion, Radcliffe, my cousin Joy Halleck, Jack," said Kitten.

"Oh! mother," said Bob behind Jack's back. Jack stepped upon his toes and that gentleman subsided.

Joy was very nice during the evening, at refreshments descending to be Jack's partner.

"This partner proposition is pretty fine in my opinion," said Jack, comfortably seating himself.

"Too fine to be seen without straining the eyes," replied Joy, steadily meeting his gaze.

Later in the evening while "most" of the crowd were around the piano singing, Radcliffe and Joy slipped away
to the conservatory. There he tried to convince her that she had treated him very badly during the week.

"You know I wanted to bring you here tonight," he was saying.

"Oh! see that network of moonbeams, where the moon shines through this fern, isn't it pretty?"

"And you know that you deliberately——"

"Say, did you see that star fall?"

"I tried to show me that I should not do so."

"Had we not better return, the music has stopped and they will be wondering where we are," and she started to.

"Let the other fellow go hang, let me see you home, ward the door.

"I say, Joy, wait," said Radcliffe, desperately, catching her hand as she passed him.

Then he forgot etiquette and convention.

will you Joy?"

"I did not come here with anyone," said Joy, "and any time you wish to see me home, you may do so. Kitten and I seldom go out in the evening and Kitten likes company."

"Do you mean to say that you live here?"

"For the present, yes?"

"And you knew all the time that you would meet me here tonight?"

"Yes,"

"What made you——"

"Because," interrupted Joy, "when a fellow gets so sure of a girl he needs his eyes opened a little to keep him from getting too——"

"How about that morning on the walk," demanded Jack.

"I had to do something to keep from laughing in your face," she explained. "It was all so funny." Here she began laughing.

"What next?" thought Jack. Then recalling their acrobatic performances upon the frosty sidewalk, he too, laughed.

"So Kitten likes company, does she?" he asked. "How about Joy?"

"It depends. The company is all right, if the name is Jack." And she sped past him into the house.

M. C. E.
until now there are two teams out every night. The first

team line-up follows: Claypool, center; Melville and
Bailey, guards; Schively and Lawrence, tackles; Craig
and Smith, ends; Mitchell, quarter; E. Agnew and Sapp,
halves; Northcraft and Todd, full, and Wilson, Cleese,
Schlaffler, subs.

O. H. S., 5; S. M. C., 0.

Our first game was with St. Martin's College. They
have a fast team this year and came to town confident of
victory. They were also strengthened by having Vance
and Gresl of Olympia's last year team with them. The
High School beat them much worse than the score can
show, since the majority of the playing was in their terri-


Billiken

Laugh and the world laughs with you.—

German teacher (taking the attendance in class)—
“I see a good many here vot are absent.”

“She giggled when he talked to her,
She giggled when he stopped—
She giggled when he kissed her,
She giggled when he 'popped.'—
She giggled when the day was set;
She giggled when they wed. And now he often wonders, if—
She'll giggle when he's dead.”

Hugh says that if the O. H. S. will gain consent of
the right girl, and buy the wedding ring, he will get

married.

Said the shoe to the stocking,
"I'll wear a hole in you."
Said the stocking to the shoe,
"I'll be 'darned!' if you do."

Noyes (translating Virgil)—"Three times I strove to
cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got,
Miss Dudley.”

Miss Dudley—"Well, Noyes, I think that was far
enough."

Wasn't 'Hans' kind to let Berenice take a trip "to
New Ork to visit mit mine bruder-mit-law?"
In fly language—"I 'spec so."

Warning to the Freshmen—
There was once a man in Pawtucket,
Went around with a babe and a bucket.
The neighbors asked why?
and he made this reply:
"When the kid misbehaves, I just ducket.”
Tiglath Pileser
Was a wise old giezer,
But he froze off his feet
In an ice-cream freezer.
(Old fable revised.)

Teacher—"Can you tell me how iron was discovered, James?"

James—"I dunno; I heard pa say they smelt it."

A pony—"that which knoweth all things."

Elsie Doragh—"Goodness gracious."

Ernest Mallory—"Gracious goodness."

Freshman class yell:
   Ra, ra, ra!
   Pa, pa, pa!
   Ma, ma, Ma!
   Help!

Edwin Wilson (translating Virgil)—"The men stand with pricked up ears."

Principal Aiken (stopping a Freshman in the hall)—"Here, are you a Freshman?"

Frightened Freshie—"No, I—I'm a Norwegian, sir."

"Old Caesar now is dead and gone,
And so is Cicero,
And where these two old gents have gone,
I wish their works would go."

Teacher (in Freshman roll room, holding up the picture of a zebra)—"Now, children, what is this?"

Bright Freshman—"Aw—looks like a hoss wid a bathin' suit on."

For the correct answers in the following list of O. H. S. pupils' surnames, a free copy of the next issue of The Olympus will be given:

Can you tell who is—
One who cooks?  
Part of the atmosphere?  
Girls' favorite fruit?  
Both masculine and feminine?  
Name of a city in Western Washington?  
Frogs' movements?

Oh, you chicken?  
Thoroughfares?  
A bird?  
Shed from the sun?  
Favorite college song?  
Something on four wheels?  
County in Washington?  
Pile of Hay?  
Room in a house?  
Place for defense?  
An island?  
Not a bud?  
No place like it?  
Good for cows?  
Geographical name?  
Always on the go?  
Name of a prairie?  
Lake in Thurston County?  
Articles of personal apparel?  
A taker of life?  
Melted rock?  
Asked for goods?  
What we do for the O. H. S.?  
Clergyman in the army?  
Head of a monastery?  
King of animals?  
Next to the ocean?  
Freshmen's favorite stew?  
One who makes beer?  
Juniors' favorite color?  
Pain, caused from overstudy?  

Received at the editor's desk:
Editor "Olympus": Enclosed please find money order for 25 cents for which please bail me out in the next "Olympus."

Your truly,

PERRY LAWRENCE.

All right, Perry.

Right here, good folk, in the padded cell,
Is the man who invented the college yell.
A pitiful sight, as you all can see,
And a doleful wreck of a man is he.
He tears his hair with a "Rah! rah! rah!"
And he rends the air with a "Zip, boom, bah!"
He mumbles and jumbles and screams and cries—
See the swelling throat and the bloodshot eyes,
All day he yells and at night he howls,
And from his throat come fearful growls,
As though he remembered the campus where
His college yells first rent the air.
He glaring at you with a vacant eye
And thinks you're a brother of Pi Chi Si.
He makes a sign that the brothers know
And waits to see if it's really so.
Then he thinks you are,
And his mouth swings wide,
And a rush of sound from the far inside
Of his mighty chest burst on the ear
And your heart stands still with a dreadful fear:
But you need not run from the dreadful noise,
For he's only one of our Rah, rah! boys.

EVADING THE RULE.

One of the professors had a big Newfoundland dog
who followed him about and finally fell into the habit of
 going with him into the class-room, lying under the table
and snoring loudly. One day a Senior brought his bulldog
to class. The two dogs got into a fight, and as a conse-
quence the following day this notice was posted upon the
door: "Hereafter No Dogs Allowed in This Class-room."
The next time the class met, each student entered gravely
leading a cat by a string.—Lippincott's.

KEEPING IT QUIET.

Small Caroline's home was unfortunately located in
a very gossipy neighborhood, and being an observant child,
she had drawn her own conclusions. After an unusually
naughty prank, her mother sent her upstairs to confess
her sins in prayer.

"Did you tell God all about it?" she was asked on
coming down again.

Caroline shook her head decisively: "Deed I didn't;"
she declared. "Why, it would have been all over Heaven
in no time!"

As yet we have received only a few exchanges on our
table, but hope that before long they will be coming in
as rapidly as they did last year.

Without a doubt no department is as beneficial to the
school as the exchange department, not only because we
are able to see our paper as others see us, but, through the
department, our school is heralded and advertised through-
out the land. Last year we sent and received papers as
far South as Mexico; as far North as Alaska; as far East
as New York, and as far West as China and Japan. So it
can be seen that this department, instead of being a very
insignificant one, becomes of paramount importance to the
school.

Our aim this year will be to profit by the criticisms we
received last year, and turn out a paper to the best of our
abilities.

Of the papers received thus far, the one that shows the
greatest improvement is the H. M. Aerolith. With good
cuts, and plenty of them, a good joke column, and printed
in a readable script, you are "way above" last year.

Ripples, you deserve a medal for your promptness. You
were the first paper we received last year and the first
one this year. Good work! This shows a good business
management and an active staff.

A new exchange is The Franklin Mirror. You could be
improved by the addition of a few cuts and jokes. Where
is your exchange department?
EXCHANGE JOKES.

"Is Mike Howe on this train?" asked a man, approaching the conductor.
"I don't know anything about your cow," said the conductor, "this is a passenger train."—Ex.

Girl:—"But I love him; he is the light of my life."  
Mother:—"That's all right, but we put out the lights at ten o'clock."—Ex.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue!  
He erat was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobiles.  
And smoked his caurteem;  
He wore a diamond staudibus,  
An delegant cravatun;  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum;  
He loved the luscious hic, haec, hoc,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times, he won at others, tho,  
He got it in the negui;  
He winked quo usque tandem  
At puellas on the Forum;  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum.—Ex.

"Say, grandpa; make a noise like a frog."
"What for, my boy?"
"Why, papa says that when you croak, we'll get $5,000."

Wife—"What do you think of my new hat, dear?"
Husband—"Fine; how much was it an acre?"

The High School social season was opened with the annual teachers' reception, given by the members of the High School to the faculty.

The rooms of the Women's Club, where the reception was held, were appropriately decorated with autumn leaves, ferns and High School and class pennants.

The following program was given by pupils of the school:  
Address of welcome, Harold Henderson; piano solo, Neta Perring; recitation, Elva Woodard; vocal solo, Carroll Reinhart; recitation, Berenice Baker; violin and mandolin duet, Eldon and John Dille; recitation, Mildred Haskell; piano duet, Bonnie Van Eaton and Agnes Piles; vocal solo, Katherine Claypool. After the program, all adjourned to the ball room, where they played games until refreshments were served. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

A great deal of praise is due the committees appointed from the classes who had the affair in charge. They were:  
Entertainment committee, Mable Springer, Lucille McKinney, Elva Woodard and Neta Perring; refreshments committee, Lizzie Kegley, Carroll Reinhart, Dick Mitchell and Blanche Bethel; decoration committee, Martha Bustrack, Jean Toed, Ruth Fitzgerald and Fred Morton.
Alumni

Ernest Mallory, Alumni Editor, has failed to make any contributions for his department in this number of this Olympus. Failure at this time portends a contribution of absorbing interest for the next number.

Commercial

The Commercial Course is one of the most important courses in the High school this year, there being about seventy students taking this course, six of whom are post graduates. The Success system of shorthand is taught. This system is recommended by court and legislative reporters generally, being the system which the majority of them use, and is the system written by Clyde H. Marshall, who demonstrated in Denver, in August, 1910, at a national contest, his ability to write shorthand faster and more accurately than any other person living, reaching a speed of 268 words a minute on hard, unfamiliar court testimony. It is impossible to write any other than a Pitmanic system so rapidly.

The Merchants’ Exchange Bank of Olympia is a new feature which has been added to the department this year. The system of banking is patterned after that used in the Capital National Bank of this city. Three students are employed in the bank at one time, filling the positions of cashier, teller and bookkeeper. All the students will be given an opportunity to work in the bank at some time during the year. The bank receives and takes care of the students’ money, issues drafts, makes loans, discounts notes, and performs all the duties of a real bank, and the students’ dealings with the bank are held up to the same standard, and conducted just as in actual business.

The typewriting room is another improved feature of the department this year. A corner of the commercial room has been partitioned off with glass windows, for that purpose, and in this way Mr. Thoma can supervise all the work done in the department during the day.

It is the wish of the editor that the young people of Olympia who desire to get a business education would investigate the course offered here, for it is true that a better course cannot be obtained in any High school on the Sound. The only expense incurred by our students is for the necessary books.
Domestic Science

Domestic science has been started once more. Both teacher, Miss Ivanilla Caskey, and assistant, Miss Ethel Coulter, one of our graduates, are new. The work this year promises to be more interesting than last year's work, since the work of the advanced class is to consist chiefly in giving luncheons.

A mock luncheon was given by the advanced class on October 3rd, with six members of the class as guests. This luncheon was given as a test to see what the girls really could do.

The first real luncheon of the year was given Wednesday, October 5th, with Misses Ethel Coulter, Margaret Biglow, Ruth Knox and Supt. C. E. Beach, Mr. McClure, and Mr. Loomis as guests. Ruth Fitzgerald and Olga Arlitt as waitress served the four-course menu, and the guests were well pleased.

Manual Training

Professor Lyons, formerly the principal of the Garfield school, has accepted the position of instructor of Manual Training in the High school. The boys, as yet, have not finished much work, but are planning to make many and varied pieces of furniture in the future. The most important piece of work done this semester is the new bank just installed in the Commercial Department, which stands as an excellent testimonial of their skill along this line.

The bank is not the only product of the Manual Training workshop to be seen in the school. Every room in the building is beautified by their handicraft in more ways than one. The class rooms have solid little book cases, and several pictures framed by the boys. In the assembly room may be seen about a dozen pictures framed in this manner, and a handsome clock in the mission style. The drawing boards and stands in the drawing room, the tables in the sewing room and commercial department, the furnishings of the domestic science dining room and kitchen, and the installation of the gas plant all come from the same source.
S E N I O R

We are very glad to welcome Howard Cleese into our class, and hope he may appreciate us as much as we appreciate him, for our boys, though few, are precious, and "every little bit added to what you've got, makes just a little bit more."

Mr. B. (In Algebra)—Miss Rankine, please step to the board and point out each step as you go, with your pencil.

The class officers which were elected for the first half of our Senior year, are as follows: President, Hugh Lawrence; Vice-President, Hans Christenson; Secretary, Katherine Goodro; Treasurer, Noyes Talcott; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harold Henderson; Yell-Master, Russell Salter; Class Editor, Mildred Lemon.

The officers on the Olympus staff from the Senior class are: Editor-in-Chief, Blanche Billings; Business Manager, Noyes Talcott; Exchange Editor, Selwyn Harris; Joke Editor, Edna White; Athletic Editor, Stephen Chadwick.

Mr. Loomis (In Senior English, after a half hour’s lecture on the absurdity of saying “Let me see,” etc., before reciting)—“Now-let-me-see, where did we leave off?”

Mr. Cleese (In German, translating)—“The angle winked at him.”

Mr. Britt (in History)—Columbus sailed across the ocean in 1492 in a steamer.

It gives us much pleasure to notice the poetical genius which has lately appeared in one of our class. His “breath of thought and depth of feeling” are strikingly manifest in his latest original translation from the German language:

There on the silent hillside
The air is very mild
The branches all hang downward
There under sits the child.

In the thyme she is sitting
She sits in pure perfume
The blue flies all are humming
And shine as does the moon.

The woods, they are so silent,
They make her appear so wise,
Around her brown locks shining,
Comes the sun shine from the skies.

The cuckoo calls from the distance,
It passes through my mind—
That she has the golden eyes and manner
Of the fairy-queen of the wind.

R. S. ’11.

We are very sorry to lose Clyde McKinzie this year and wish he could have come back to graduate with us in the spring.

A Senior’s Warning to a Freshman.

You may think English is dreadful
And Ancient History a perfect nightmare
You may think Latin is awful
To which naught else can compare.

You may think Algebra is easy
If your marks weren’t so frightfully low
But wait till you’re under a teacher, whose
“Aiken” to find what you don’t know. You see?
JUNIOR

The year has started out fine for the Juniors. Almost all the old members are back and hard at work; the boys have turned out well for football; Charles Schiveley is captain of the team; and the following have a chance to make the first team: C. Agnew, H. Sapp, P. Northcraft, P. Lawrence, J. Todd, E. Melville, H. Farrington, E. Smith.

The Junior Class extends a hearty welcome to Miss Blendine Hays and Mr. Jerome Hermans, and regrets very much the loss of Elma Wilder, who has left town; Theo. Johnston, Fane Vance and George Gresl, who entered other schools this fall.

At the first class meeting, the following officers were elected for this term: President, Vern Lawrence; vice-president, Esther Boardman; secretary, Dena Whitteman; treasurers, Betty Streets and John Wilson; yell master, Charles Schiveley; class editor, Bess Crombú.

Well, Sophomores, once more we are assembled under the protecting folds of the Blue and White, with a class enrollment of fifty-five.

The Cane Rush was pulled off in the first week of school and, as usual, we proved our supremacy over the Freshmen with a score of ten to five.

Two of our fellows have won position on the football team, "Jack" Claypool, center, and Dick Mitchell, quarter, and Shaffer and McKinney as subs.

Once more the expected has happened. Witness the score in that baseball game.

Miss Bigelow—"Conjugate 'think' in the past tense."

G. E.—"I thank you, you thank, he thank—"

Further conjugation suspended.

L. McK.—"The empire which was revised by Otto I. was the Holy Roller Empire."

Miss K.—"The Tower of Pisa leaned, that is to say, it was—a—it leaned."

Since we have been taking English II, we have the "tablets of our memories" pretty well inscribed upon.

We would like to know by what right a certain member of the faculty decreed, against all precedent, that we should hold the banner fight within the second week of
school. The fact that we lost out in the pennant scrap was partly due to the above edict and partly to the fact that a goodly number of our huskies were unable to be on hand.

SAD CASE.
There once lived a Freshman named Dille. Who studied so hard he went silly.
The door stood ajar—
How sad such things are. He left for the country that's hilly.

There was once a worthy called Schneider who lived on sauerkraut and hard cider.
Der Dr. asked vy,
Und he made dot reply:
"I aintend to try oudt for a glider!"

OH, THOSE FRESHMEN!
Quite recently one of the "innocents" (he was just recovering from an attack of infantile baldness, and several eye-witnesses later stated that the last vestige of wings were apparent) wandered aimlessly into a recitation room. He seemed to be laboring under the delusion that he belonged there, and it was several minutes before his weak mind could comprehend that he did not; but at length, after gazing mildly around the room and inspecting the teacher's watch, he backed out of the door, still wondering.

"I love my Cane Rush, but oh you Pennant Fight!"
Teacher—"What are the children of a Czar called?"
Freshman—"Czardines."
"What is space?" asked the teacher. "I can't just think," said the truthful Soph, "but I've got it in my head."

Miss K.—"Have you a note-book, Everett?"
Everett M.—"My head is my note-book."
Miss K.—"Oh, that's a blank-book."

Domestic science teacher explaining cross-section drawings—"Dorothy, what is a cross-section?"
Dorothy—"A cut on the bias."

Freshman, after cane-rush—"Say, where did you get your blackeye?"
Soph—"Why, a—I ran into a Saturday Evening Post."
The first class meeting was held September 14. The following officers were elected: George Boardman, president; Harry Craig, vice-president; Reed McKinney, secretary; Dorothy Lang, treasurer; Martin Erskine, sergeant at arms; Harold Stack, yell master; Patty Harris, class editor.

Some people who were crowing and cackling around the school about their victory in the can-rush received a decided “knock-out blow” in the pennant fight. We lost the can-rush because our boys were outclassed in number, strength and position on the field. We won the pennant fight because we were not as green as some people we know.

The Freshmen Class this year is composed of forty-eight girls and thirty-nine boys, making a total enrollment of eighty-seven. As there are so many of us, we are divided into three sections, each section having different rollrooms. Although we are new to High School, we have already begun to do our part in making the school one of the best in the state. The fact that we have the right spirit is shown by the number of our boys that are trying out for football and debate, while quite a number of our girls have declared their intentions of turning out for basketball.

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Heard in Classes: Captain, translating German—“The grass is green, feminine gender.”

Miss S.—“It doesn’t necessarily have feminine gender because it is green.”

In advanced algebra class: Mr. B. to Miss C.—“Miss Coulter, put that problem on the board, and I want the class to watch every step she takes.”

W. B., in German—“A hen sings.”
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