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OLYMPUS
Published Quarterly by the Students of the
Olympia High School
OLYMPIA WASHINGTON
Vol. XIV.
No. 2
CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1915

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SQUIGGLES' TURKEY

Squiggles was a boy of the sort to elicit kindness from all women and most men. In the office where he worked the stenographer pitied him and the clerks never kicked him. Even the Boss, who insulted everybody else, let him alone. There was a story that the Boss had actually smiled at him once. In any event, Squiggles had not lost his job, as every other member of the establishment had done sooner or later.

You might have felt a passing interest in Squiggles, but there was no room for curiosity; you knew what he was at first sight. That he had sprung from blighted babyhood to blighted youth amid the tenements, without any joy of life, was plainly traced on his pale, wizened face. Yet, in spite of his uncomely appearance, and his hesitating words, he made himself liked in the office. And his popularity was not altogether due to sympathy. He was one of the most industrious in the office.

In the course of his friendliness, he acquired his nickname. The bookkeeper awarded it for no reason except that it fitted. The office, including the Boss, then called him by his new name. To Squiggles himself nothing mattered, and he did not object to the name.

However, his life in the office had been relatively peaceful until the appearance of Jones. In the annual shifting of the old bookkeeper went, and Jones came to take his place. Because Squiggles was smaller and weaker, he became the special object of Jones' ill humors. Jones bullied. Squiggles endured. Soon the sluggish office began to feel a resentment.

"It's a shame," said the stenographer one day. "You men hadn't ought to let him run over the boy. If I was a man—"

"Yes," interrupted the clerk, "you'd lick Jones and lose your job, and Squiggles'd be no better off."

The girl sniffed contemptuously, but Squiggles' lot was not improved a whit by the girl's appeal to her courageous mas-
culine companions. He received various cuffs on the ear and in
the meantime he pictured to himself the tortures he would like
to put Jones through.

The stenographer was sighing over a mass of notes to be
transcribed. "Squiggles," said she, "Christmas will be here
next Thursday. Don't you wish we could have Christmas every
week?"

"Wot's the use o' Christmas?" queried the boy.

The bookkeeper turned on his stool and leveled at them.
"That's the day we all get turkeys," he said. "Come here, you,"
continued Jones, crooking a finger in the direction of Squiggles,
who glided timidly toward him. "You don't mean to tell me you
haven't heard the news?" the man's voice ran on mockingly con-

"N-no, sir."
"The Boss is going to give us all turkeys on Christmas day
—turkeys to take home with us for our dinners."

Squiggles looked up quickly. Into his dullest eyes came some-
thing like a glint of pleasure.

"To take home with us," he repeated in a monotone.

"Yes, a gift you know," Jones had never before spoken
friendly with Squiggles. "It's a new fancy of the Boss. He's
getting generous in his old age—turkeys for everyone this year."

As the bookkeeper turned to his ledgers, Squiggles stood
transfixed, staring into space. Something in the way of kind-
ness was coming to him, unsolicited. The realization, over-
powering, left him too stunned to question the trustworthi-
ness of his informant, even though that informant was Jones. Squig-
gles smiled a wan, dreamy smile, 'till he was recalled by the
Boss' bell.

All the rest of the day and following days he went about his
work with an alacrity and briskness which attracted attention.
His face had a new light. His hair was combed when he ar-

ved in the morning. He even forgot himself and whistled in
the presence of the Boss.

"What's the matter with you?" the Boss growled.

"Nothin', sir," was the reply in a tone of fear tinged with
reverence.

The day before Christmas came, dragged through, and was
about to close. The employes left the office, one by one.

"Haven't you got your turkey yet?" asked Jones as he was
departing.

The boy shook his head and glanced furtively toward the
Boss' room.

"If it's not waiting for you downstairs, you just wait till
he brings it to you." Laughing, the man left.

Squiggles sat and waited, and at last saw the Boss hurry
out. He watched him go into the street and vanish, in a great
rush. Dazzling thought—he was running to buy turkeys. Jones
had said so. With blind faith he waited.

The lights were turned low. The "help" had gone and
Squiggles sat on the bottom step. The janitor approached
with his broom.

"Wot yer doin', hangin' around here?" he asked.

"Turkey—my turkey," replied Squiggles.

"Turkey?"

"The Boss—he's goin' to give it to me."

"Whee, w-w-f!" he exclaimed and passed on.

Squiggles watched the man drowsily. His head dropped on
his ragged knees. The lights seemed to fade and the roar of
the traffic on the streets sounded farther off until there was
no sound at all.

The Sweeper finished and not remembering the boy and his
turkey, locked the door behind him as he went out into the
night.

Stillness settled upon the factory, and Squiggles slept and
dreamed. Hours meant nothing to the tired boy, and when he
awoke suddenly, at the call of a gruff voice, it was as though
a mere minute had passed.

"Who's that?" said the voice, and Squiggles recognized
the Boss.

"Me, sir," he answered, yawning.

The Boss stood there, scowling. "Ten o'clock," he said
bruskyly; "good thing I had to come back. Got locked in, did you?"

Squiggles smiled faintly. It was good to know the Boss had taken all this trouble for him.

"Queer little buzzard," muttered the man. Then aloud,
"Were you camped here for the night?"
"I—I wanted my turkey."
"What?"
"Yes, sir."
"Wake up! What's the matter with you, anyway?" The Boss looked at him impatiently. "Talk up!"
"Yes, sir," the boy stammered. "I was waiting for the turkey for Christmas."

The Boss discerned that some strange fancy lay in the boy's mind. "So you were waiting for a turkey?"

Squiggles nodded affirmatively.
"Some one—or—promised you," the Boss began experimentally.
"Yes, sir. Mr. Jones."
"Ah, Mr. Jones was to bring a turkey here for you?"
Squiggles gazed at him curiously for a moment, then with an effort he laughed a weak laugh.
"You was doin' the givin', Boss," he said.
"I!" the man gasped, but recovered quickly; then he threw back his head and the room echoed with his laughter. "Well, well," he roared, "to be sure I was. Now, that's a great joke, isn't it? Just you wait here a minute."

"Left some papers on my desk," he remarked affably when he returned, "because I knew I'd be back to attend to this turkey matter."

With the Boss leading, they passed out and walked east. Squiggles had to hurry to keep pace. Once he looked up sideways and caught the Boss' eye, and both of them smiled. The streets were crowded with Christmas shoppers and Squiggles dodged here and there to prevent a collision.

"Here," said the Boss at last, "here we are."

They entered a large meat shop where there were plenty of turkeys. The Boss laid his hands on the very largest and later placed it in the arms of Squiggles, together with a bill hurriedly pressed into his hand. The Boss paid for the turkey and said, "Trot along home now. Good night."

It was payday in the office. Christmas was a memory forty-eight hours old. The buzzer on Jones' desk called him to the office and he slid from his stool. As he entered the inner office the Boss said:

"I've been especially pleased with your services this week, Mr. Jones."

"Oh, thank you, sir." Jones smirked and bowed. "I appreciate—"

"Yes," interrupted the Boss. "You've made things pleasant for me." His voice grew soft. "But I don't want all the fun," he added quickly, "so I'm going to deduct the price of Squiggles' Christmas turkey from your pay check. And, by the way, Jones, if I hear of you nagging Squiggles again, you lose your job. See?"

—E. B., '18.

A PROPOSITION IN GEOMETRY.

Theorem: If you love your girl she loves you.
Given: You love your girl.
To prove: She loves you.

Proof.
1. If you love your girl you are her lover.—Evidence.
2. All the world loves a lover.—Shakespeare.
3. Your girl is all the world to you.—Evidence.
4. Then your girl loves you. (Things equal to the same or equal things are equal to each other.)
5. Therefore she loves you.

Conclusion: If you love your girl she loves you.
Preying on the author's mind?
BARBARA ALLEN'S CHRISTMAS GIVING

"Oh, it's dreadful to be poor," wailed pretty Barbara Allen to her brother, "specially at Christmas. I have just exactly three dollars, counting Christmas money and all, and after I pay up all my dues to all the organizations I belong to I won't have a single cent left, not one." Her usually happy face was clouded and Roger, thinking he saw signs of an approaching storm, hastily grabbed his cap and, muttering something about meeting the fellows, beat a rapid retreat.

"Humph! He didn't need to think I was going to bawl over Christmas presents—or rather no Christmas presents. Of course I can't ask Mother or Dad for any more money when they are both trying so hard to pay off her sickness debt. Oh, well, I'll manage some way. It's quit raining; guess I'll go down to the library and read awhile before dinner."

After the dinner dishes had been put away, Barbara again brought up the subject of Christmas giving.

"Roger, I read the dandiest story at the library. It was about a girl who didn't have any money, so she went around to all her friends and helped them with the things they had such a time getting done just before Christmas. I thought it was quite a scheme and that maybe I could try it."

"Sure," grinned Roger, "I getcha. Go over and ask Mrs. Mullen if you can't clean house for her, free gratis for nothin', and to please accept it as a Christmas present. And ask Mary Rosehop if you can't keep her hair in order the last week before Christmas so it won't look like a bull pup's been sleepin' in it and so some guy will ask her to the Christmas dance, in token of which favor will she please accept it as a Christmas present. Huh?"

"You ridiculous boy! Nothing of the sort. Still, those are the two things I'd like best to do."

For the rest of the evening Barbara was lost in thought. The result was that she called on Mrs. Mullen the following evening after school.

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Mullen. "Is that you, Barbara Allen? I hasn't seen ya fer an age. Mary Jane Anastasius Mullen, get down off'n her this minute, with yer dirty hands an' muddy feet, an' come here an' let me blow yer nose. How's yer Maw, Barb'ra? Goodness knows, I don't never git time to do no visitin' at all with these kids a keepin' me busy every minute. But, law, they're with it. If 'wan't fer them I'd git so down-hearted sometime I believe I'd hang m'self on the closeline."

"Mrs. Mullen," said Barbara, breaking in on the garrulous lady's monologue and coming to her point at once, "if I came, say three times a week and either took the children out or stayed with them, wouldn't it help you any with your Christmas work?"

"Law, child, do you mean it?" cried Mrs. Mullen, her face aglow. "Why then I could take that extra work from th' factory an' we could afford to have some real bought-from-the-store ornaments fer th' tree."

"Sure I mean it, and I'll be here tomorrow evening after school to do it."

When Barbara escaped from Mrs. Mullen's embrace she went down the street a ways farther.

"I fancy Mary will be hardier," she murmured as she turned in at a pretty white cottage.

When she emerged an hour later, the street lights and stars were making the early darkness light. As she walked rapidly towards home, Barbara began talking to herself, a childish habit which she had not outgrown. "She's just as pleasant and witty as she can be. She's just dull at school because she's shy and lonely. The only thing the matter with her is her hair, and she has such a mop of it, no wonder it's hard to put up neatly. If Roger don't take her to the Christmas dance himself, I miss my guess." And she chuckled silently as she opened her own door.
The next week was a busy one, but what spare time Barbara had she spent in wondering what on earth she was going to give her two chums, who were daughters of wealthy families. But she had more spare time than she anticipated, for on Friday night on her way home from Mrs. Mullen's she slipped on the icy pavement and broke her ankle.

“Well, I guess your Christmas vacation begins a little early,” said the doctor as he left after setting the ankle.

“It does kind of look that way,” Barbara admitted, smiling. But after Dad and Mother had tucked her in for the night and had gone down stairs to discuss ways and means, as the girl well knew, the smile faded and she lay there dumbly wondering how she could stand it. A dark figure loomed in the doorway and presently a hoarse whisper near her ear asked: “Are you awake, Sis?”

“Yes, of course, Roger.”

“Well, don’t you worry about yer doctor bill. I’ve got a swell job for three drug stores delivering Christmas stuff and I’ll make enough to pay most of it.

The figure departed as quietly as it had come, leaving the girl resting easily, both in mind and body.

The next morning Marie Kentworth, the older of her chums, called. She had had to quit school the year before because of a nervous breakdown. Now there was nothing the matter with her except a total indifference to everybody and everything.

“Marie, will you do something for me? It’s a job nobody but you can or has time to do.”

“Well, take this address and this letter and don’t act surprised or upset at anything or anybody you see there. Now, I think I can rest in peace and get well in a hurry if you will do that.”

And in a few moments Marie was on her way to the Mullen household.

In the afternoon her other chum, Betty Hunter, dropped in.

“Oh dear, oh dear,” she waited, “I don’t know what on earth we’ll do now. We can’t find a soul to take your part as leading lady in the Christmas play and my reputation is at stake because, as president of the Dramatic club, I must make it go off with a zip!”

“Listen, will you take whoever I suggest, and not kick, because I know what I’m doing. There’s only one girl in school that can take that part and make your play a success and that girl is Mary Rosehop.”

Half an hour later, still protesting vigorously, Betty left for the Rosehop residence.

Three days before Christmas Barbara was worrying again because for three whole weeks she had not heard a word from Marie. Was she offended? Had she spoiled Mrs. Mullen’s dream of a Christmas tree? And only a telephone message from Betty had told her of the progress of the play.

The day before Christmas a merry-faced girl with red cheeks and dancing eyes came running upstairs.

“Why, Marie! How well you look! What have you been doing?” gasped Barbara.

“It was your Christmas present. Roger just told me. And I never knew I could have such a good time before in all my life. I’m going to have the happiest Christmas ever this year. I came to thank you for the most valuable Christmas gift I ever received. I’m on my way to the Mullens’s now and I’ve got to hurry.” With a kiss and a hug, things heretofore alien to Marie, she was gone, but in half an hour Betty came flying in.

“Oh, I s’pose you heard about the play last night. They all say it was the most successful we’ve ever given. Isn’t Mary the sweetest thing? She told me to tell you she was coming up tomorrow to thank you for the most precious time she ever had. Maybe you know what she means, I don’t! But you certainly gave me the best Christmas gift I ever got. I’m never going to judge people by their hair again. Well, I’ve got to go, so Merry Christmas, honey, and good bye. Oh, say, I s’pose Roger told you he was going to take Mary to the dance.”

—D. B., '17.
Christmas Customs in Foreign Lands

Christmas, the day, as we all know, upon which we celebrate the birth of Christ, is observed differently in various countries.

In England on Christmas eve they play games and burn the Yule log. On Christmas day the children sing carols in the morning and later in the day the whole family goes to church. At night come the most important festivities. It is then that they serve the boar's head with a lemon in its mouth and with bows of ribbon on its ears.

In Norway and Sweden they eat lutefisk every day for a week for breakfast and hoist a sheaf of grain on a pole for the birds.

In certain parts of Holland the children put out their wooden shoes instead of hanging up their stockings.

Christmas in Austria and Hungary is a very elaborate affair. The grandmother of the family makes three wax candles which must stand on the Christmas table. Then a log is procured from the woods, which, after being sprinkled with wine, is burned. On this fire two large loaves are baked, to represent the Old and New Testaments. At Christmas dinner, which is held on Christmas eve the first of the candles is lighted. Then the father, standing up, blows out the candle and dips it into a cup containing wheat, barley and oats. Whatever kind of grain sticks to the candle will, he believes, yield the best crop the coming year. The second of the tapers is burned on Christmas day, and the third on New Year's, which ends the Christmas festivities.

In many parts of Germany it is customary on the morning of the day before Christmas to let the figure of the Christ-child wave past the window of the room where the little ones sleep. Only half awake in the gray of the morning, they see this little figure go flitting daintily past, and go to sleep again in the happy knowledge that the Christ-child has not forgotten them and that they will have an abundance of presents around His tree in the evening.

-J. C. '18.

THAT PRECIOUS GEM OF VERSE

"JACK AND JILL"

(As different poets would have sung it.)

As Vergil would have drooned it:

Jack and the pail, I sing, who, forced by fate,
Stepped on a treacherous pebble and fell down.
Tired and hot, he climbed the high, steep hill,
Bound for the spring, accompanied by Jill;
O muse, the sad tale and the end relate.

How Jack (Ah me!) revolving heels o'er head,
Rolled down the hill, feeling a pain acute,
While many stars out from his head did shoot.

In the word of Shakespeare:

"To mind or not to mind," thus quoth Jack to Jill,
"Whether 'tis better to go get the water
And give up all hope of going fishing,
Or drop the pail and skip. To swim
No more, and by a rib to try to 'scape
The licking that's well-deserved and sure to come.
Ay, there's the rub. On second thought, we'll climb;
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The pail well-filled, adown the hill they go,
Alack, good resolutions e'en stumble,
Jack and Jill adown the hill now tumble.

By the ancient Chaucer:

Of Jakke and Jille, with payle of wattere fulle,
I syngye and rite alle merrillie:
Who, herdisge not the hylle did cumme frum skulde,
Ande walked alonge alle thotlesslie.
Ynough they folk ande tumbled hastlicly.

—Selected.
A NOTE TO SANTY

December 20, 1915.

Dear Mister Santy Klaws:—We tak this opportunitie of informing u what a feu of us want u to leve in are stockins this Xmas. If yu hapen to pass thru the Milky way with your reaindear pleased lev an order for the Freshies.

Ruth W. wants a shetlan pony to use in History klass. Walter K and Loren C. each want a patent electrik kurling iron to keep their hair in kurl, its two much bother to use kid kurlers all the time. Norman C. would like a nur supply of loud sox. If it won't be to much trouble, bring Squint sum gum and a gol watch that keeps ree Time. Helen S. asks for a late edition of esusses that are guaranteed to work. L. Whitney wants to know the corekt way to cultivate a strictly proper pompadoor. Mildred S. desires a nur & complete set of 15 cent-tury jewelry to replace that which she is now wearing because it is begining to look green.

Irma Brown would like sum big stones, turkeys preferred kaus she is gettin tired of Little Rocks. Percy wants a bow and arrow so he kan pertend he is kupid. Geo. Meeth is longin for a pair of white kid gloves to wear on spechial okasions.

The joke editors have been praying for a fresh joke book.

With love from your hopeful friends of O. H. S.

—G. C., '16.

SOME OF OUR SENIOR FRIENDS

NAME.               CALLED.          RANDOM RAUNDS.

STELLA MCARDLE.    Comes without    "Oh, I just love to dance with that man."  Her laugh.

HAROLD MCMANUS.    "Mutt."            "Oh, I wonder if he'd shave."  His spelling.

GLADYS CLINE.      "Gladly."          "I wonder now."  Her size.

CORR DAVIS.        "Bear."            "Ha! Ha! That was a fat one!"  His silence.

PERCY RAYMOND.     "Peep."            "Oh! I'm just dying about it."  Her speed.

HELEN SHAW.        "Honeee."          "Well, I guess you all know about the big game."  Small feet.

GEORGE MEATH.      "Boob."            "Got 10 in Latin today—I didn't recite."  Small feet.

MALCOLM DEEGBORN. "Fat!"             "Get 10 in Latin today—I didn't recite."  Small feet.
Christmas! The very word brings to our minds visions of holidays and good times. Let us hope that it will bring with it weather favorable to skating and coasting, those rare sports so highly prized by young people of our climate, and without which the Christmas season is never quite complete.

We note with pleasure the remarkable success of the past football season. We have good reason to be proud of our eleven this year. They have met with defeat but once and then they lost to probably the strongest team in the state. On the other hand the manager reports the finances to be in fine shape. Now, High School, this all goes to prove one fact: You get behind a thing and give it your undivided support and it is bound to go, it can’t help it. You’ve probably heard this before, this appeal for High School Spirit, but nevertheless its value has never been overestimated.

The committees in charge of Assemblies certainly deserve to be congratulated on the results they have secured this year. Our weekly assemblies have been very instructive and entertaining and the fact that they are almost entirely managed by the students adds greatly to the interest taken in them.

By the way, we are not quite satisfied with the number of stories and poems that have been turned in. There are a certain faithful few who can generally be depended on to furnish a good story, but we would like to see some of the rest of you wake up and come through with a contribution once in a while.

Look through our ads and then patronize our advertisers and let them know that you noticed their ad in The Olympus. This will contribute toward the welfare of our paper.
We of the staff extend to you our most hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

---

We hope that you'll like our stories, That our jokes will make you roar, And our notes will bring back memories When you are young no more.

And so with our very best wishes For pleasant holidays, We give you the best of our labors To brighten a few of your days.

---

"I want to see something green and fresh," said a man to the proprietor of a village store.

"Yes, sir," said the storekeeper. Then he called out loudly: "Freshman class step forward and wait on this gentleman."

A Freshie heard his elders speaking of just the two gears on a Ford.

"Oh," said he, "the Ford has only two gaits, huh?"

"Yes," said the Senior, "a walk and a trot."

"Where is your new flat?"

"On Whitney street."

"But won't the trolley cars bother you?"

"The landlord says they won't bother us after the first few nights, and you know we can spend the first few nights at Mother's."

---

By defeating Castle Rock, Thanksgiving, the Olympia High School football team ended a successful football season, establishing new records never before made in the athletic career of the High School. Five games were played, Olympia winning four and losing one to Hoquiam, the hardest game of the season. A total of 135 points were scored against the opponents, 16 points were scored against us. The fact that Hoquiam, the state champion of Washington, was unable to cross Olympia's goal line gives sufficient evidence of the strength of the team.

At the Thanksgiving game, seven of the strong men of the team played their last game for the Olympia High School. Captain Morford, who has led the team by his skill and cool-headed judgment, will graduate next spring, leaving a vacancy in the team that will be hard to fill. Leghorn and Lemon, the veteran guard and tackle, will leave. Mason, the star center and goal kicker; Woods, Onellette and Coulter, who ably held their positions on the team, will also all graduate.

What is thought to be the high school record and also the
record of the state in goal kicking was made by a member of the Olympia team this year. Mason kicked 19 goals out of 19 tries, notwithstanding the fact that many times the ball was heavy and slippery and that some had to be kicked from bad angles.

**Olympia 56, Centralia 0.**

When Olympia defeated Centralia, by a score of 56 to 0, they won their first game away from home. Four of the touchdowns were made before Centralia woke up to find that they had a real team to buck. Centralia put up a scrappy game all the way through, but was unable to stand Olympia's terrific line plunges.

**Olympia 7, Chehalis 0.**

In a sea of mud Olympia won from Chehalis by one touchdown, made by Morford on a 55-yard run through a broken field, after receiving the ball on a forward pass. At no time was the outcome sure, and the game was not won till the referee's whistle blew at the end of the game. Costly fumbles were made by both teams owing to the slippery condition of the field.

**Olympia 16, Castle Rock 0.**

The Castle Rock game was one of the hardest-fought contests so far seen on the local gridiron. It seemed as if Olympia would fail to score on their opponents, till the last quarter of the game, when the Olympia boys, with a fierce determination of scoring, piled up 16 points, one in the last few minutes of play.

Basketball has now taken the place of football in the athletic activities of the High School. If interest shown is any indication of a good team, we had ought to have a winning one. Twenty boys responded to the call for basketball turn outs, including five old men who have played together on previous teams, Meath, Morford, Coulter, Ouellette and Lemon. The team will be strengthened by an addition of two other players who recently enrolled, Neil Hudson, who has played on the Bellingham team, and William Trumbo, of Roseburg, Ore., who has also played on the Roseburg team.

The team chosen to represent the High School in the newly-organized commercial league will be captained by George Meath. Games will be played every Wednesday and Friday nights at the Y. M. C. A. between teams representing the Olympia National bank, Elks, Y. M. C. A. and the High School.

---

"The difference betwixt the optimist
And the pessimist is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist the hole."

Mr. G. in Ancient History—"Give the characteristics of General."

Maurice—"He had strong wings and a weak center."

Miss G. in Junior English—"Ted, you may describe Dolly."

Ted—"Well, she was a little baby."

"Why does a man who owns a Ford always ride with the top up?"

"So the sun won't melt his celluloid collar."—Ex.

Experiment—Apparatus: Watch with second hand. P. R.—"Mr. Rhode, will you loan me your watch?"

Mr. R.—"What's the matter with your own?"

P. R.—"But it asks for a second hand watch."
As a result of the tryout which took place some time ago the following three were selected for this year's debating team: Malcolm Leghorn, '16; John Walthev, '18, and Harold Brewer, '18. Mr. Loomis reports bright prospects and we are hoping great things for our team this year.

On December 17, our team will uphold the affirmative against Centralia High School at Centralia. Here's hoping that they will succeed in convincing the judges and the rest of their audience that "The Monroe Doctrine Should Be Discontinued."

More interest should be taken by the High School in the work of our debating team. Why should not this form of school activity be as well supported as football or baseball for instance? Wouldn't the team work harder if they felt that the spirit of the school was behind them? Think it over.

SOPHOMORE'S AD.

If you want to leave the school,  
Come to us.  
If you want to crack a rule,  
Come to us.  
If you want to have a time,  
Which is interestingly sublime,  
If a Freshman's fame you'd climb,  
Come to us.

Mr. A.—"Where was Alexander Hamilton the strongest?"  
Shrewd History Student—"In the Armys."

Englishman—"Now don't ye know we bally Hinglishmen could start in at Floridy and march west and capture the whole continent, we are so strong."  
American—"Yaws, you might if the police didn't stop you."

If Catherine is Peters is Mary Jane Sams?
THE JUNIOR'S RATIONAL HYMN.

My cheek-bone 'tis of thee,
Sud mark of penury,
To thee I cling;
Figures I fain had lied,
Figures that brought no pride,
Yet is that girl supplied;
So let us sing.

CHEER UP.

A short man looking up sees farther than a tall man looking down.

Pessimist—"Hot cakes sure make the butter fly."
Optimist—"So do caterpillars."

The lily is fair.
Is Helen Farar (fairer)?

Caesar Pupil—"Romani in muros saxa conicerunt; Galli fugerunt." (The Romans hung their socks on the wall; the Gauls fled.)

G. M.—"What would you do if this building should catch fire?"
M. L.—"I'd take off my hose and use my pumps."

Mr. R.—"What is castor oil?"
Pupil—"Castor oil is a by-product of cast iron."

Since our last issue we have been favored with some splendid talks by men of some prominence. Dr. Gullick, who has been spending some time in the largest cities of the West and who is an authority on Japan, favored us recently with an instructive talk on that country. Dr. Gullick has only recently returned from Japan and his first-hand information was most profitable. He explained Japan's "closed door" policy and accounted for her later change to a policy of friendliness toward the United States.

H. C. Sampson of Spokan gave us a practical talk on the absolute necessity of 100 per cent efficiency. He believes one's success depends upon "one hundred per cent" of physical, mental, and moral efficiency.

Charles Bushnell, president of the Pacific university, has also spoken to the students.

Somewhat varied from these talks was the musical treat given us by Mrs. Kevin, one of the best vocalists of the city. She was accompanied by Mrs. A. C. Baker. Mrs. Kevin gave a cycle of six songs taken from an Indian love story.
At a student assembly, which was enjoyed by all (except the participants) Muriel Newcomb of the Sophomore class gave us a piano solo. Frances Lamborn of the Freshman class read one of Paul Lawrence Dunbar’s poems. Virgil Otis, also of the Freshman class, gave us a violin solo. He was accompanied by his sister, Leota Otis. Villa Cole of the Senior class gave us a vocal solo and was accompanied by Alya Houghton.

FACULTY MOTTO.

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
We'll give you something that's mere surmise,
Where indolence is bliss, 'tis folly to arise.

Tommy came home from school very morose.
"Well, my son," observed his father cheerfully, "how did you get along in school today?"

Tommy stated that he had been whipped and kept in. "It was because," he added, "you told me the wrong answer last night. I asked you how much a million dollars was and you said it was 'shellofaloit!' That ain't the right answer."

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of spring,
Said she: "I can't be all of those;
So you must Li-lac everything."
Many class meetings have been held recently to discuss that important subject to Seniors—the class pin. After much trouble a pin has been decided upon, which we expect to be very proudly displaying soon after the holidays.

The Senior boys receiving “O’s” for their work on the football team are Morford, Lemon, Leghorn, Mason, Coulter, Ouellette, Woods and Bennett. George Mason has distinguished himself by kicking 19 goals out of 19 trials, thus making a state record. Seniors certainly know how to play ball, don’t they?

We are glad one of our number, Malcolm Leghorn, has made the debating team. Of course, we were in hopes the team would be all Seniors, but we feel well represented as it is. Malcolm, we expect big things of you.

Did you notice that class dues were mentioned in all the class notes except the Seniors’ in the last edition of The Olympus? You probably thought it queer that we had nothing to say on the subject, especially since we have the whole, enormous sum of seventeen (17) cents in the bank. Would you like to know why we did not ask the Seniors to pay their class dues immediately as the other classes are doing? Well, here is the reason: Mr. Thoma informed us not long ago that it would be necessary to purchase a new safe and to induce more pupils to take banking (it was overworking the banking clerks to handle all money turned in by the Senior class) unless we deposited it in smaller amounts and less frequently. Now, being a very considerate class, not wishing to cause Mr. Thoma any more trouble than was necessary, taking pity upon our poor, overworked treasurer, and feeling that the school board can not afford to purchase another safe for the sole use of our class, we instructed our treasurer to ask the Seniors not to pay their dues so promptly. It is necessary that we go slow in this matter until the Commercial Department has taken proper care of the vast amount already in their hands as a result of such haste on our part in paying dues.

May all the Seniors have a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year thinking of the week of “Reviews” which will appear upon the scene of action shortly after our vacation.

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo,
“I never have time to feel blue.
If it bores me, you know,
To walk to and fro,
I reverse it and walk fro and to.”

Freshie—“Yes, ma’am.”
Soph.—“Yes’um.”
Junior—“Yes.”
Senior—“Yeah.”

Earl—“The camel can go eight days without water.”
Fritz—“So could I if Ma would let me.”
Junior Class Notes

Basketball season is nearing and the Juniors hope to turn out a winning team. The boys met and elected Leonard Levy captain of the team. Captain Levy has not definitely decided as to the lineup, but the following men will probably secure positions: Barnes, Hudson, Sargeant and Gray.

Trouble is brewing in our ranks at last. The source of all our discomfort is in room eight. Miss Gregory has decided, after deep consideration, that our class must give the star production of the year. Only "A" students are allowed to participate, which no doubt accounts for the large cast. We are sure our play will be a grand success, but trust that the school board, with great wisdom, will soon abolish class plays, as they are a source of constant annoyance and ceaseless agony for all parties concerned.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

It is no amazing fact that two members of the debating team are Sophomores. John Walthew and Harold Brewer, the Sophomore members of the team, will wrangle for the honor of the school.

Fletcher Fishback was the only Sophomore who played in the Castle Rock game.

Maurice Springer was elected captain of the Sophomore basketball team. He was the unanimous choice because of his good work and steady playing during the last season.

The Sophomore class is represented in the orchestra by Ian Christopher, Creighton Hays, Dewey Martin and Lawrence Rollman.

On December 8, John Walthew mustered up his courage and wore his first pair of long trousers to school.
Freshmen Notes...

There has been a large turnout of Freshmen for basketball this season. The team has not yet been picked, but, judging from the turnout, we will have a fine team. William Trumbo was elected captain of the team and Walter Bruzel manager.

The Freshmen are proud of the fact that we have as large a showing in the orchestra as the Senior class. The names of the musicians are as follows: Virgil Otis, Mildred Mumbly, Beulah Christensen, violinists, and Newton Temple, cornetist.

Two members of the Freshman class took part in the program given by the High School pupils at the last assembly. Frances Lamborn gave a reading, "In the Morning." We are glad to have at least one member of our class sufficiently talented to have made a name for herself in the hall of fame. Virgil Otis gave a violin solo, "Humoresque." Among our numerous Freshman celebrities there are none in whom we feel a greater pride than in our first violinist.

The old saying, "Better late than never," is true in our case. Although the Sophomores, in the first issue of "The Olympus" boasted of a tennis champion, the Freshmen do not follow far behind, for they have to announce in the second number, that Mildred Mumbly won the tennis championship from Mildred Miles, a Sophomore.

The time-worn subject of dues is still to be rehearsed. "In time of peace prepare for war." Christmas is now here and spring is coming soon, and our thoughts will be dwelling upon picnics, etc. As things look now, the Freshman picnic will be made up mainly of boys. Freshmen, wake up and PAY YOUR DUES!

AN APOLOGY.

The editor found in her book
A few lines written there by a crook,
   It said, "We do hope
     There's a little more dope
Written up 'bout your class in our book."

Well, this is as bad as the first,
As you see I'm not very well versed;
And if I don't improve
'Tis you 'twill behoove
That it don't turn from bad into worse.

When Eve held forth in Paradise,
   She found much pleasure in it.
   For when she did her Monday wash
      It only took a minute.

Senior—"Want to hear something great?"
Fresh.—"Sure."
Senior—"Rub two bricks together."
Home Economics

On November 8 the third year girls served a luncheon at one o'clock. The color scheme was beautifully carried out in yellow and white. The table was decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. Those present at the luncheon were Mr. Bench, Mr. and Mrs. Stocking, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher and Mr. and Mrs. Aiken. After the luncheon the guests visited the kitchen.

An exhibit of the sewing done so far this year by the first, second and third year girls was held in room three on December 8. There was a good display of the wash skirts made by the second year girls and also of the garments made by the first year girls. We were glad to see the wool dresses made by the third year girls. We were sorry that it was such a bad day because only a few outside people got to visit the exhibit.

Those who were present enjoyed the lecture given my Miss Mary F. Rausch of the Home Economics Department of the University of Washington on the subject of "Thrift in the Homes" given in the assembly December 8. We were disappointed that more, especially the housewives of Olympia, did not attend. We are hoping, however, that Miss Rausch will hold a short course class here in the spring.

Preparations are being made for the annual candy sale to be held December 22. The first and second year girls will make the candy.

A second luncheon was served on December 10. The Christmas colors were used in the decorations. The table was gay with the wreath of holly tied with red ribbon and the red candles added another Christmas effect. Miss Grube and Mr. Beach acted as hostess and host and the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, Mr. Dodds and Mr. Whiting.

Many a time a girl has said, "I wish I were a boy." Well, some day the wishes may come true, as look in the manual training shop window on a Tuesday afternoon from 4 o'clock on. The girls are down there sweating their heads off trying to imitate us boys. They are really becoming quite proficient. Ask them what they are doing, and they stare at you in a kind of guilty manner and say "workin," and then they will proceed with their toil silently. It is quite laughable to watch the "greenies" planing the end grain of a piece of wood and chipping off a piece. They will look at the wood in disgust and next at the plane with wonder and then they will lift their heads to see if Mr. Gwynn is looking. It is a free exhibit and all are welcome.

The work in the shop is progressing rapidly. The Freshies are advancing with their small pieces of furniture, while the Sophs are shaping up their wonderful, huge structures which promise to make a good showing at the end of the year.

The third year worthies are finishing their forged wrenches and are getting some A-1 pieces. Their next problem will be to forge an artistic lamp, which will be one over the last year's work.

In mechanical drawing many fine plates have been completed and a good number of ink tracings have been made, ready for
the on-coming blue printing, which is looked forward to as an interesting feature of the year's work.

On account of Thanksgiving and on-coming Christmas, stocks and bonds (grades and markings) dropped a few notches this last six weeks. This will have to be looked into.

Mr. R. (in Chemistry)—“What is an oxide?”
Stella (brightly)—“Leather.”

“Hello, Dick,” called Harry, “is George in the house?”
“Course he is. Don’t you see his shirt on the line?”

In seventh period class: H. M. found he was crowded for space at the board and startled the entire class by yelling loudly, “Ich habe keine Zimmer?”

Mr. A. (in U. S. History)—“What public experience did Monroe have before he became president?”
Eva—“He was sent to Paris as a foreign missionary.”

ALUMNI NOTES

Rollyn Ball, ’15, is employed in the office of the city engineer.
Sidney Mason, ’14, is working in the office of a tree surgeon in Palo Alto, Calif.
Mable Springer, ’11, who graduated in 1915 from Oaksmere, N. Y., is now employed by the building and loan association.
Heber Morford, ’14, is working for the state fish hatchery at Granite Falls, Wash.
Georgia Springer, ’10, is teaching in the primary department of the Bordeaux grammar school.
Steve Chadwick, ’11, is practicing law in the office of Hughes, McMicken, Doval and Ramsey, Seattle, Wash.
The marriage of Verne Lawrence and Alvia Bohac recently took place. Both were graduates of the class of 1911.
Harold Edmonds, ’11, who graduated last year from Whitman, is principal of a school in Waitsburg, Wash.
Raymond Wolfe, ’05, has been appointed successor to John Dille as secretary to Superintendent Mitchell at the Chehalis Training School.
Edward Winstanley, ’15, is working on a state survey in the Cascade Mountains.
Elva Uhler, ’12, is attending the Bellingham Normal school.
Fannie McArdle, ’13, is employed in the insurance commissioners’ office.
John Ayer, ’15, is working for the State Travelling Library.
Helen Leghorn, ’12, is attending the Bellingham Normal School.
Lee Lewis, ’10, has been recently elected Senior yell master at the Pullman State College.
Boyce Heintzelman, ’07, is superintendent of the Seattle gas plant.
Inez Clausen, '09, is teaching school at Butler's Cove.
Miss Mary Martensen, '10, was married to Mr. Arthur
Keller on July 10, 1915. She is now stenographer in the
city hall.

Clarence Springer, '15, is working for the Olympia Door
company.

Faith Yantis, '13, is employed in the office of the prosecute-
ing attorney, George F. Yantis.

EXCHANGES

We received an exchange called the "Totem,"
And the stories—well, show us who wrote 'em;
For they're always just fine,
To the very last line,
And we'll give three cheers for the "Totem."

Another school paper, the "Daleville Leader,"
Sometimes bores us when we have to read her;
For the stories are few,
And the jokes are not new,
But we hope they will get up some pep and speed her.

When we receive the "Troubadour,"
We hope and pray we'll get some more;
With stories fine,
And the rest in line,
It makes us wish for an encore.

Other exchanges received this month are the "Martian,"
from St. Martin's College, Lacey; "Hesperian," from Hoquiam;
the "Wigwam," North Yakima, and the "High School Re-
view," from Vancouver, Wash.
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