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A Chapter From Life

"Becky, set the table," said Ma, folding her sewing. "Land, here 'tis five o'clock already. How time does fly. The men folks will be home in half an hour and the potatoes ain't on yet."

Becky, called from her practicing on the old organ, which she disliked immensely, answered in her weak, flat voice and began putting out the knives and forks. She was strangely silent as she went about her work, but her mother, who was keeping up a steady flow of conversation, did not notice anything unusual in her behavior.

"Land," she exclaimed again as she brought wood for the cook stove and put the skillet on, "I just wish, Becky, something exciting would ever happen in this family. Here we've been living in this same old house going on twelve years and only had one change and that was when the boys left home. It was just today," she continued, cutting the bread between times as she watched the coffee on the stove, "Miss Smith was telling me how her cousin's folks were all goin' to California to see the fair. They got a new automobile just on purpose and was all ready to go when their little boy was took with the small-pox, so they all had to stay home e'cept Miss Smith's cousin, who sneaked out and went anyway. It seems to me that's more than enough 'citement for one family."

"You wouldn't want any of us to have the small-pox, would you?" asked Becky as she drew the chairs up to the table.

"Land, no," said Ma hastily. "Nothing like that, of course. Still, a little excitement wouldn't go amiss now and then. I wonder what's Keeping your Pa and Uncle Henry." She went to the back door and peered out in all directions. "Here comes your Pa, Becky. Pour the water, quick."

Pa Snyder entered the kitchen with a smile and a cheery word for both his wife and daughter. He was a short, stout man with a kindly red face and jovial manner. When he smiled his eyes wrinkled up into mere lines. He glanced now
at the supper table as he passed into the other room to remove his coat, and a lazy, complacent smile overspread his face as he saw some favorite dish.

"Where's Uncle Henry?" asked Becky, as her father seated himself.

"He's not coming for supper," he replied with a mysterious twinkle in his eyes, "but he'll be along directly, so sit down, both of you."

Ma broached the subject of the Smith family's cousin's misadventures and as Pa's eyes wrinkled more and more as the story grew, Ma stopped to ejaculate:

"Land sakes, Pa, I do believe you've got something on your mind. I'd advise you to get rid of it. If there's anything I hate worse than another it's to have someone in the house with a secret on their mind."

"Didn't I hear you say you wanted some excitement around here?" queried Pa good-naturedly.

"Yes, but a secret's more than I bargained for, and you know it," Ma hastened to explain. "A secret'll make me mad quicker'n anything."

"Listen to me, then," commanded Becky, so suddenly that Ma was startled into saying "Land sakes" again. "There's going to be a party at our school next week and I'm invited."

"You!" screamed Ma, "Why, Rebecca Shipman Snyder, what do they want you at a party for? Why, you wouldn't know how to act at a party in the first place. You'd hang around and watch everybody else have a good time and be so scared you'd faint if anybody looked at you. Besides, I ain't goin' to have a child of mine be a wall-flower. No, of course, you can't go."

Then, as she saw the tears spring to Becky's eyes, she added inconsistently, "Well, what could you wear?"

"My old white dress, I guess," said Becky, meek and thankful. "I could sort of hold my handkerchief over the big watermelon stain on the side."

"Yes," argued Ma, "and if you should happen to play any games you'd forget all about that spot and besides your dresses have all ben lengthened since you wore that last and it's let down as far as it'll let right now."

Pa, who had remained speechless so far, now interfered with reckless liberality. "Oh, get her a new dress, Ma. I haven't spent any money on Becky for a long time. But don't go too high," he cautioned.

All the time Becky was doing the dishes her mother was so excited over the new dress that she forgot to inquire after Pa's secret. Becky had thought of it, but was either too happy to care or too excited to inquire. As soon as she finished washing the dishes she ran down and got a pattern suitable for the new dress.

It was after 7 o'clock before they gave a thought to Uncle Henry and then it was through no fault of theirs. The clog-chug of a motor car took Ma to the front window, and as she peered out she cried: "Sakes alive, I do hope it ain't the Smith folks coming in to call."

A horn tooted and Pa, throwing down his newspaper, dashed to the door and flung it wide open, while Ma and Becky looked over his shoulders. From out of the darkness came Uncle Henry's voice.

"Come on, folks! It's only a second-hand Ford, but it's ours. I bought it tonight as a surprise."

A wild rush for wraps ensued. Then the family scrambled in and with a grand jolt they were off.

"Land o' goodness," soliloquized Ma as she snuggled down beside Becky on the back seat, "if this ain't been a day, though. And my dearest wish come true, too. I don't believe in spooks nor fairies, nor hobgoblins, but you can't say me if you set your mind on a thing hard 'nough and wish with all your might, it won't come true."

—V. J. '77.
Dude's Thanksgiving

Dude, a little, ragged urchin of nine years, was selling papers on a street in New York one cold, drizzly day a short time before Thanksgiving. He had earned 10 cents that day, which would go into his little bank. He was thinking of the good things to eat that all these well-dressed boys and girls would have on the day of Thanksgiving.

“Oh, well!” he sighed, “it’s much better to have my bank filled by Christmas so I can get Gran’ma a present than to have a big dinner, and it takes all of Gran’ma’s pension to feed ourselves as it is.” He paused long enough to sell another paper, then continued: “The rent is due next Wednesday and we need more wood, and—Oh, it takes SO much money to live on and I make only 25 cents at best, but I’ll soon be a business man and can earn lots more! Gran’ma will live in a bigger room with a nice stove and wear good clothes and ride to work instead of walking sixteen blocks.” He continued building his air castles, picturing himself a prosperous young man with a vest and many coins to jingle in his pocket.

“Well, little man,” a jovial voice sounded beside him, “What is the news today?” He reached for a paper after dropping a dime into Dude’s hand.

“Nothin’ new, sir,” said the boy frankly. “Here is your change.”

“That’s all right, sonny; keep your change, I expect you’ll want it for Thanksgiving. Where does your mother live?” and he added: “My name is Kerrigan, Mr. E. G. Kerrigan.”

“Mine is Thad Perkins, Dude’ for short,” said Dude. “I have no mother, but Gran’ma and I live up on the fifth floor, room 38, of Roe’s building.”

Yes, Kerrigan knew that place well, with its dirty back yards and stuffy, dark interiors where the sunbeams seldom entered. He tossed a 50-cent piece to Dude as he started away. “Here, laddie, get you a lot of candy and have a good time.”

Dude was too pleased for words, but his expression told Kerrigan his thoughts. As soon as Kerrigan had left Dude turned his papers over to another “newscie” and ran to the Roe building. Panting, he climbed the stairs to Room thirty-three and dashed into it.

“Gran’ma!” he shouted, “a nice man gave me 10 cents for a paper and 50 cents for me and you can have it.”

“My!” exclaimed Gran’ma, surprised, “what a piece of luck! Keep it, dear, you do anything you wish with it.”

“I’d rather save it,” said Dude, “you will get a fine Christmas present, I am sure.”

The next day saw him on his corner with a pack of papers and a sunny smile for all who passed. While things were going well with Dude in the street, other things were going well at home with Gran’ma and the man that had introduced himself to Dude the day before as Kerrigan.

“Yes,” Gran’ma was saying, “He was always as honest as ‘Abe’ himself.”

“Well,” Kerrigan always used “Well” as an introduction to his words, “Well, that’s the kind of a boy I want for my office boy.”

“The boy would be delighted,” said Gran’ma. “He has sold papers nearly all his life, and as for his education, I teach him at home while there is light enough. He has learned to read and write well and spelling and arithmetic come easy for him.”

“Well, just tell him to call at the office of General Manager Kerrigan, of the Imperial Lumber Company, West Forty-eighth and Buss streets, tomorrow at 9 o’clock. He will receive four dollars a week to start,” and bowing, he left Gran’ma in tears of joy.

When Dude heard the news he was nearly insane with joy. “And I’ll have a new suit and, Gran’ma, it’s a week before Thanksgiving an’ if I get four dollars we can get some pork chops, which you know I like, and we can have a—a Thanksgiving.” He looked at his grandmother and added: “An’ it will be a really, truly Thanksgiving, won’t it?”

“Yes, dear,” she answered, understanding more than he what the word “Thanksgiving” really meant. —T. R., ’19.
Thanksgiving in the North

I have often heard my father tell of a Thanksgiving he spent in the northern part of Alaska and I shall repeat it as nearly as I can remember:

"Thanksgiving morning the Eskimo men and women began preparing the two meals for the day. The men uncovered caches and dug up piles of frozen meat and blubber. This has the flavor of Limburger cheese and in a way intoxicates the natives. They are very fond of it and serve it raw and partly frozen. They seem to enjoy it as much as I would have enjoyed a part of the turkey which was being served in my faraway home.

"Another important delicacy which they made was native ice cream. The American maid would not relish this, but to the Eskimo maiden it possesses all the lure of ice cream soda or sherbet. The making of this ice cream is quite a task. The native woman must have a mixture of oils from the seal, walrus, and norwhal. The walrus and seal blubber are frozen in strips, pounded and placed in stone pots to melt. The bellow from the reindeer is secured, cut into blocks and given by the housewife to her daughters, who sit in the igloo and industriously chew it until it is soft. This is placed in the stone pot with the oil. The mixture is then flavored with moss, grass and flowers, secured from the stomach of the reindeer. Cold water is then stirred into it and all is frozen. This ice cream has the flavor of cod liver oil and a similar odor.

"We Americans prepared our own dinner, which consisted of corn bread, Alaskan salmon, reindeer steak, dried vegetables and coffee. After dinner we sat around the fire and smoked to keep warm, while some of the old pioneers told stories of races over the snow and ice and the hunts after bear, walrus and seal. Finally everyone lapsed into silence. Probably they were thinking of home, as I was, and wondering how soon they would reach the civilized world again. So we spent our Thanksgiving in the Far North."

—H. P., '19.

U. S. History

I ain't, nor don't, pretend to be
Much posted on this History,
But when a Senior I become
I take U. S. History just for fun.
I know my lesson every day—
How Columbus gave the plan away
When Washington in the Civil War,
An English ship (or man-of-war)
Wanted to capture and seize the tea
Shipped here from some country—
In Europe or Asia (I don't know where)
To trade to the Indians through William Penn
For beer and tobacco and Indian corn
To feed to French captives each Sunday morn:
How Abraham Lincoln in the Revolution,
Killed ten million Spaniards with a strong solution
Of Ammonium Hydroxide and H Cl,
Both set loose in a very deep well
In the middle of the field at Old Bull Run,
Where the Spaniards had come with about a ton
Of ammunition, to blow up the French
Who were helping Americans by building a trench.
How Mr. Aiken in the fall of '15,
Killed all the class of 1916,
By trying to teach them all this stuff
Through which no Senior could ever bluff.

—M. S., '16.
Why I Toil

It's just one block from Main street,
In a building grey and cold
Where I spend my time a-learnin'
So I'll know lots when I'm old.

Just to be a wise old lady,
That's the reason why I slave,
That's the reason, little children,
Why I'll seek a lonely grave.

Now, don't think that I'm sarcastic,
For it's worth my while I know,
But it's tough luck, let me tell you,
Not to have time for a beau.

So I'll just sit and study
All my sweet young life away,
For the simple sake of showing
"Mother dear" a "double A."

—R. S., '19.

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George Mottman ............................  '17
Marshall Million ............................  '18
Evelyn Chambers ...........................  '19
Yes, here it is! The result of our efforts to get out a good High School paper. We, the editors, have done our best to make the first issue a good one. So now, High School, do your part and enjoy it.

It is the aim of each member of the staff to make The OLYMPUS a paper of which we may well be proud. We want to live up to, or raise if possible, the standard set by our predecessors. But, remember, that this is a student's paper, and this being the case, each member of the O. H. S. should do something toward making it one of the best papers in the state.

There are several new faculty members this year and we take this rather late opportunity to extend our welcome to them.

Now, High School, take notice! Here is something new. Perhaps you wonder why some of the stories and poems of this issue are written by members of the Freshmen class. Well, here is the idea: The Freshmen get first chance, the Sophomores next issue and so on up. Now, Sophomores, if you don't wish the Freshmen to get ahead of you, begin cudgeling your brains for some good story material for next issue. Don't let the youngsters beat you out in every line. A good story will, however, always be accepted, regardless of what class it comes from, the object of the new arrangement being that certain classes should specialize on certain issues.

Financially, we think The OLYMPUS will be a success this year. With the extra 25 cents on the subscription price and a good lot of ads to pull back on, we hope to come out even, which will be an improvement over previous years.

Great credit is due to those who solicited subscriptions this year. They worked under difficulties and yet were fairly successful. The Freshmen especially deserve praise, being outclassed by the Seniors only. Which is certainly quite an achievement.

Unusual interest is being manifested in debate this year. There are eight people taking the work and from them a team of three will be selected to represent the school in interschool debates. The tryout will be held in the near future.

The question this year is, "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine Should Be Discontinued." There is a great wealth of material to be had on both sides of this question and considerable work has already been done by those turning out.

Mr. Loomis will coach the team this year as usual and we are sure he will secure the best possible results.

There will be at least two debates with other schools here this year. We hope to have good crowds turn out to witness these.
Our football season opened, as was predicted last year, with a strong and winning team. Never in the history of the school have we had such an exceptionally bright future in football to look forward to, from the standpoint of a successful team and a prosperous financial season.

The team playing this year is practically the same as wound up last year's victorious season. It is fortunate for us that more interest is being taken, and a larger number of boys are turning out for football, as this all tends to add to the strength of our next team.

In addition to our first team, the following boys have turned out to uphold Olympia's reputation: Bennett, Smith, A. Lounsberry, Hudson, Brazel, Hopp, Zambrin, Barnes, I. Dana, A. Dana, Johnson, Gray, Fishback, Forbes, Brewer, Van Eaton, Chambers and Bray.

Those fortunate enough to secure a position on the first team are: Coulter, left end; Woods, left tackle; H. Lounsberry, left guard; Lemon, right tackle; Leghorn, right guard; Heinzelman, right end; Morford (captain), quarterback; Wilder, left half; Sergeant, fullback; Ouellette, right half; Mason, center.

This year's games up to date are as follows:
Olympia 49, Chehalis 7.

We opened our schedule October 9, with Chehalis. Owing to our superior tackling qualities and team work our fellows had no trouble running up six touchdowns. Although hopelessly beaten from the start, Chehalis fought every yard gained, and made one touchdown in the last quarter of the game, after many second team men had been sent in.

Olympia 7, Hoquiam 9.

Unable to cross our goal line, Hoquiam won the game from us by scoring three drop kicks. Olympia played the most consistent and hardest fought game ever seen in Olympia. Determining to secure one touchdown before the contest ended, our team pushed the ball over the line in the last few minutes of play.

Hoquiam showed their poor sportsmanship throughout the game, by circulating stories of unfairness on the part of Olympia. But if any team was unfair, it was Hoquiam, as it developed later one of their men who played here was declared ineligible by the State Athletic Association on question raised by Aberdeen.

Olympia Second Team 29, Shelton 12.

In a well-played game the Seconds won from the Shelton High. If properly coached, Shelton would have had a team that would have proved a match for the first team. Considering that this is the first game the Seconds have played they deserve more praise on the part of the High School. The lineup of the Seconds was as follows: Forbes, left end; A. Lounsberry, left tackle; Johnson, left guard; Hopp, center; Fishback, right guard; Bennett (captain), right tackle; Barnes, right end; Brazel, quarter; Smith, left half; Dana, full back; Hudson, right half.

TENNIS.

The High School has shown much interest in tennis this year and the court has been used continually whenever the weather permitted. Unusual interest was taken in the annual final tournament which was held on the High School court with the following results: Girls' singles championship, Mildred Mumby, '19. Boys' singles, J. Truman Trullinger, '18.
The savages enrolled in the O. H. S. have been soothed and lulled into slumber by the musicians of our glorious institution.

With the advent of the new year and a new teacher, an orchestra has been organized under the leadership of Mr. Gerwick which bids fair to rival the harmonies of the band. Both organizations are doing splendid work under Mr. McClelland and Mr. Gerwick and gave us a good demonstration of their ability at the High School reception.

The band gave us a concert assembly which was enjoyed by everyone. Those playing in the band this year are: Walter Crombie, solo cornet; Herndon Dalton, solo cornet; Newton Temple, first cornet; Mendel Borthwick, second cornet; Lyndel Shaw, first alto; Percy Raymond, first alto; Harold McNamara, bass; Creighton Hayes, flute; Albert Stenger, drums; Ian Christopher, piccolo; Hazel Kiser, mellophone.

Those in the orchestra are: Alys Houghton, piano; Dewey Martin, Virgil Otis, first violins; Mildred Mundy, Buelah Christianson, Lawrence Rollman, Burney Jones, second violins; Herndon Dalton, Newton Temple, cornets; Ted Driver, Creighton Hayes, Ian Christopher, flutes; Mr. McClelland, baritone; Percy Raymond, traps.

The brevity of these notes is due to the fact that the social activities of the school have not fully begun. The annual reception for the teachers was given the second week following the opening of school. The High School Band opened the program for the evening, and was followed by other musical numbers. A vocal solo was rendered by Mary Connor, a piano solo by Florence Townsend, and a reading by Dorothy Allen. When the musical program was concluded the various classes delightfully entertained the audience by short but interesting "stunts." The Freshmen presented the styles from 1820 and also displayed the vogue for 1920. The Sophomores entertained the audience by a mock wedding. The Juniors cleverly formed the rules and regulations through a mock legislature by which the students and teachers are to be governed for the ensuing year. The Seniors portrayed to perfection the teachers of the High School. After the program was completed the pupils repaired to the different (games) rooms, where games were played. Light refreshments were then served, which concluded the evening.
Mrs. Carl recently gave the students a splendid and influential talk on the much-discussed question of “Temperance.” She also favored them with several well-rendered recitations. Several assemblies have been held in regard to The Olympus, the selling of football tickets, rallies, etc.

A farmer strode into the postoffice and asked: “Have you got a letter for Mike Howe?”
“Who?” asked the postmaster, shortly.
“Mike Howe,” repeated the farmer.
“No, I haven’t;” snorted the postmaster. “I haven’t got a letter for your cow or any other person’s cow.”—Ex.

(The success of this department will depend entirely on how you patronize the Joke Box.)

We had a little pony,
Which was a dapple gray,
But how much help this pony was,
’Tis mighty hard to say.

We hoped upon this little trot
Thru Vergil to be safely brot.
But since misfortune had her way,
This pony died one fateful day.

And now o’er Latin we must pore
With glances back at times before,
When Vergil seemed to be a snap
And ’stead of studying we could nap.

Miss H. (passing papers)—I wish I had some faster way of passing out these papers.
Bright Freshie—Let Gordon Hopp around with them.
Miss B. (in Vergil class)—How did you translate 'coniugia'?

Pupil—Wife.

Miss B.—Well where did you think I got that husband that I was just talking about?

Senior (to Freshie)—You just had a hair cut, didn’t you?

Freshie—Yes, sir.

Senior—Which one?

Freshman—Do you know May?

Senior—No, May who?

Fresh.—Mayonnaise.

Senior—No, I couldn’t see her; she was dressing.

Mr. A. in U. S. History: “Walter, bound the New England colonies.”

W. K.—(Looks of blank amazement.)

Mr. A.: “Well, Walter, where is your mind?”

W. K.: “In another world, I guess.”

Mr. A.: “Next time take your carcass along with it.”

WHAT THE EVENING WORE.

Gladys was telling Stella a story. “Well, the evening wore on—”

“Wore?” interrupted Stella. “Did it? What did it wear?”

“Well,” said G. “If you must know it was the close of a summer day.”

Said Mr. Rhodes: “Well, well! We will now make some Hcl.”

But these words were his last:

There was a terrific blast,

And he and his tubes fell to—Mr. Thoma’s typewriting room. —Ignatz.

A Freshman once to Hades went
To see what he could learn.
They sent him back to earth again,
He was too green to burn.

Mr. L.: “What makes the grass grow?”

Student: “The grass has blades and with these its cuts its way through the ground.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep,”
A little boy once said.
“If I should die before I wake
How will I know I’m dead?”

Miss Gregory: “What is the English lesson, Mendel?”

Mendel: “You ought to know, you assigned it.”

Soph.: “Do you know where you’re going when you die?”

Fresh.: “No; where?”

Sop.: “You’re going to heaven.”

Fresh.: “How do you figure?”

Sop.: “You can’t go to the other place, because I own it.”

Fresh.: “How’s that?”

Sop.: “Dad gave it to me this morning.”

“Define vacuum,” the teacher asked.
The doubtful Junior said:
“I can’t think of it just now,
But I know it’s in my head.”

A German took a seat in a cafe, and as the waiter approached, said: “Wie gehts?”

“Wheat cakes,” called the waiter.

“Nein! nein!” said the German.

“Nineteen? You’ll be lucky if you get three,” said the waiter.
An Irishman, passing through a graveyard, saw these words written on a tombstone: "I still live."
Fat stared a moment and then said: "Be jabbers, if I was dead I'd own up to it."

Shelton coach, talking over 'phone to Mr. Rhode: "Yes, we'll surely bring our football team over Saturday. I'll let you know for certain this evening."

A MODERN FAMILY AT DINNER.
Daughter: "Shoot the juice."
Father: "Nix on the slang."
Mother: "That's a peach of a way to correct the kid."
Father: "I only want to put her wise that such talk will queer her."
Daughter: "Isch ga bibble."—Ex.

Teacher: "Fools often ask questions that wise men can't answer."
Student: "That's why I flunked."—Ex.

He: "Did you see those autos skid?"
Fair One: "How dare you, sir?"—Ex.

Mr. Aiken, in U. S. History, was telling about the Elizabethen Era, when suddenly turning to one of the young men who seemed to be in a dream, he said: "And how old was Elizabeth, Herndon?"
"Eighteen last birthday," came the instant reply.

"And how did you enjoy your trip?" said a friend to Mr. Brush, who had returned from a trip through Germany.
"I enjoyed it very much, but there was one drawback."
"What was that?"
"I couldn't get used to being called 'hairbrush.'" (Herr Brush.)

"How did you find the steak?" asked the fat waiter, in anticipation of a liberal tip.
"I really don't know," said the customer, gazing at his plate. "I just happened to move that little piece of potato and there the steak was under it!"

"Gentle dog for sale: will eat anything; very fond of children."
Perhaps these jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf.
But if you can do any better,
Just send in a few yourself.—Ex.

Freshman, standing before the statue of Venus de Milo and reading the sign "Hands Off."
"The poor nuts. Do they think a fellow could look at that statue and not know the hands were off?"—Ex.

Two Seniors into the Assembly went,
Both of them on mischief bent.
"I've got a hunch,
And if all goes well we'll fool 'em a bunch.
We'll climb out the window and onto that shelf,
And then can we defy the Deacon himself?"
"You're on, it's a go,
But believe me, boy, we'll have to lie low."

Now just when they thought that all was well,
The teacher spied them, and sorry to tell,
Sent for the Deacon to come up quick,
To investigate this queer little trick.
The Deacon arrived, and sad to relate,
Closed the window, leaving the pair to their fate.
At last they escaped and we all hope
That they enjoyed their fine little joke.
SENIOR
CLASS NOTES

When the bell rang Tuesday morning, September 7, sixty-four bright, intelligent Seniors took possession of the seats nearest the windows, the ones we had worked so hard for three years to attain. We miss Amelia Stenz, Eddie Fitzgerald, Lydia Klein, Mary Roles, Villa Scott, Paul Copeland, John Countryman, George White and Jesse Gray, who have left us since last year. We are glad to welcome into our class from other schools Villa Cole, Jessie Cottle, Erna Brown, Faith Huggett, Lillian Spinner, Phoebe Workman, Arco McKee and Walter Kaiser.

A class meeting was held the first week of school, at which time members of the Olympus staff and class officers were elected. The class officers are as follows: President, Walter Crombie; Vice-President, Herndon Dalton; Treasurer, Harold McNamara; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Mason; Yell Master, Harvey Woods; Class Editor, Marie Strock.

At a class meeting held recently Harold McNamara and Ardia Ball were appointed to select class pins. Soon we expect to be the proud possessors of beautiful class emblems.

Most of the football team are Seniors. Those who are on the first team are Merle Morford, Harry Coulter, Harvey Wood, George Mason, Gerry Lemon, Malcolm Legborn, Pierre Ouellette and Alex Dana. We are very proud of these boys and appreciate all they have done in helping Olympia win.

Oh, yes! Don’t forget the contest we have won. For did we not win the pennant for the best “stunt” at the High School reception, by giving a “Teachers’ Meeting” which made the Freshies rub their eyes, to make sure they were awake, and the teachers pinch themselves to make certain they were not dreaming and that they were not on the platform? Next we carried off the banner given by the Athletic association to the class selling the most season football tickets. Of course we won The Olympus contest. We always have. With a committee composed of Elizabeth Chadwick and George Meath to obtain subscriptions we succeeded in leading the contest with a paid-up subscription list of sixty-three.
Junior Class Notes

In the prehistoric ages
The class of '17
Elected some class officers
Who proved extremely green.

Now Earl Wilder is the president,
And Mallory is vice.
Glenna is girls' treasurer;
To pay early would be nice.

Just Sergeant tells the story
Of Freddie's duties done.
While boys turn over hard-earned cash
To Ted, the judge's son.

And when it comes to football,
You'll find some Juniors there,
Though in The Olympus contest,
We turned out only fair.

The Freshies, they are many,
The Sophs think they are some,
The Seniors are important;
But the Juniors outshine the sun.

—D. B., '17.

Ah! After two long, dreary years of toil and hardships
we have, by our tireless, persevering efforts attained the semi-
lofty position of Juniors. Our success is due largely, no doubt,
to our superior intellect. We have, as is our duty, assumed the
task of fatherly affection toward the greener element of the
school, and by means of our fatherly advice and direction, en-
abled them to win the tie-up and football game from the Sophs.
We take great pleasure in saying that the Freshies won the
annual Freshman-Sophomore football game. Much credit is
due our little Fritz for his extraordinary ability in coaching
the team.

We regret the loss of a few of our former classmates, but
are glad to welcome to our class the following: Rudolph Grey,
Eugene, Ore.: Hazel Smith, Little Rock; Neal Hudson, Bell-
ingham.

At a class meeting recently held the following officers were
elected for the coming term: President, Earl Wilder; Vice-
President, Ray Mallory; Treasurer, Ed Morris; Assistant
Treasurer, Glenna Magill; Sergeant-at-Arms, Fred Sargant;
Yell Leader, Ole Ramberg. The members elected for The Olym-
pius staff were Frank Scott, Manual Training Editor; Mary
Weston, Society Editor; Dorothy Beach, Music Editor; Neva
Masemore, Domestic Editor, and George Mottman, Class
Editor.

Many of the Junior boys are turning out for football.
Wilder, Sargant and Hudson are first team men.

Although we did not receive first prize at the teachers' re-
ception, we made a favorable showing. Our "stunt" was a
"Third House."

At a class meeting recently held it was decided to make the
dues for the year one dollar. A few of the boys saw that it
would not be enough to meet the expenses of the oncoming year,
but remonstrated in vain. The class saw fit to make dues for
the whole year just one dollar. The class treasurer reports
that we have about one-sixth of the money we will need this
present year. Most of the live wires have paid up and the class
treasurer is waiting ever so patiently on the "dead heads" to do
the same. We hope the slow ones will "come through" at once,
thereby relieving Doc. Morris of much anxiety and sleeplessness.
SOPHOMORE

Now that we are Sophomores, the class of 1918 takes upon itself the difficult duty of imparting to the humble Freshmen the deep learning which we accumulated while in that degree of attaining knowledge. Feeling that for the present they are unable to comply with our sound advice we will leave them to their fate and hope that by next year they will be dignified enough to bear the name of Sophomores.

In the first class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Harold Brewer; Vice-President, Dorothy Allen; Treasurer, Harold Kearney; Sergeant-at-Arms, Desmond Chambers; Yell Leader, Fletcher Fishback.

In the canerush the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen, 8-5.

The large number of Freshmen accounts for the Sophomore defeat in the tie-up.

Fletcher Fishback's Sophomore football team played a 0-0 game against the Freshmen in the first class game. In the next game the Sophomores scored two points in the last quarter. The over-confidence of the Sophomores lost them the game when the Freshmen scored a touchdown.

The Sophomore class can now boast of a tennis champion. Truman Trullinger defeated Leonard Levy and claims the High School championship. Three cheers for Truman.

The Sophomore class welcomes many new members this year. They are: Jeanette Hudson, Zona Jarvis, Mildred Koetic, Margaret Whidden, Lawrence Rollman, Howard Bryan, Frank Creviston, Ira Cater, Harold Brewer and Harry Williams.

Freshmen Notes . . .

On September 9, the Freshmen held their first class meeting for the purpose of electing class officers for the coming semester. The elected are as follows: President, Walter Brazel; Vice-President, Arthur Loousberry; Secretary, Raymond Johnson; Girls' Treasurer, Ethel Peters; Boys' Treasurer, Harold Borthwick; Sergeant-at-Arms, Muriel Taylor; Editor, Evelyn Chambers. Walter Brazel was also elected captain of the Freshman football team, and Robert Swanton, Yell Master.

OBITUARY:--The Freshmen were defeated by the Sophomores in the canerush, the score being 8 to 5.

Although the Freshmen lost the canerush, they were not discouraged, and won in the tie-up, the score, 15 to 5, resulting. The Freshmen tied the Sophomores in the first football game and won in the second. This score was 6 to 2.

The subject we have not yet touched upon is the matter of dues. The class has been responding very poorly to the earnest pleadings of the treasurers.
There is quite an increase in the number of students taking manual training this year. This is due partly to the large Freshman class and partly because more interest is being taken in it.

A great deal of improvement has been made in the shop equipment since last year. Ten new double benches of the best and most convenient type have been installed. Many new tools have been purchased, both for the wood and metal work.

A new feature in mechanical drawing this year will be blue printing; it will be taken up by all the classes and it promises to be a big success. Because of this increase in equipment and the extra time given it tin smithing will be taken up.

The Freshman classes are taking the usual course in wood working and mechanical drawing. They show greater ability than the Freshies of previous years; this, no doubt, is due to their special training in the grade schools, both in woodwork and mechanical drawing. In fact, many of them are beginning to think they know more than their honorable betters, the upper classmen.

The Sophomore boys are working at advanced woodwork and mechanical drawing, and later in the year they will take lathe work and sheet metal work. Many large pieces of furniture are getting under way in this class, which promise to make a good showing at the end of the year.

The worthy Juniors are making a good showing in the "hot place," as will be seen through the end window. The instruction is in the drawing out, bending, twisting, and welding of iron. Many delicate little watch chains and charms are under construction at the present time. They are continuing the mechanical drawing, which deals with practical problems, such as parts of machinery, tools, and other mechanical appliances. Later in the year sheet copper work will be taken up along with sheet steel work. The boys are taking great interest in the new work and are putting forth all their efforts so that they may outclass the work done by the last year's class.

The outsiders may be curious to know from what source the appetizing aroma comes, as they look in at the screened open window, when Mr. Gwinn is out. But that is our secret and they can try and guess from whence it "oozes."
Home Economics

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.
A first year student learns to boil an egg.

Do you realize that ninety-six girls are studying Home Economics? You know that is about half of the girls of the O. H. S. Sounds well for the Home Economics department.

The first year girls are very busy learning and applying the first principles of cooking and sewing. No doubt the "fumes" of cabbage and other strong vegetables have readily reached you on the third floor. The first year girls are also noted for sewing straight seams. Don't worry, they will be successful after three years of hard work.

The second year girls think they know how to cook by this time, but they are very thankful to receive help from Miss Grizzle when it comes to canning fruits and making jellies. Probably you know they made "grape fudge" and "pickelled peaches." In sewing they are making wash skirts and they think the full skirts "terrible" things.

The third year girls are studying hard an Dieteties. Although it requires some hard work they are receiving a knowledge of diets which they will never part with for anything. Of course they are learning how to get fat if thin, and to get thin if fat. In sewing they are applying many of the things about textiles that they learned in the second year work. They are also learning of many other things they never dreamed of before.

ALUMNI NOTES

Those attending the Ellensburg Normal from the O. H. S. are Helen Schenhard, '13; Bertha Henstone, '13, and Olive Dille, '15.

Anna Mumbly, '15, is taking a medical course at Whitman. Ruth Johnson, '13, is also attending Whitman.

Helen Stocking, '15; Ethel Brazel, '15; Harry McCray, '15, and Linus Brewer, '12, are attending the State College at Pullman.

John Dille, '14, who has been secretary to Superintendent Mitchell of the Chehalis Training School, has recently received the appointment of secretary to the chief engineer in the engineering department at Washington, D. C. He left for Washington early in October. It is a very advantageous position, for he receives a good salary and at the same time attends the Washington University. Mr. Dille took the civil service examination in March, 1915. The results are not usually announced
until the end of the year. Mr. Dille, however, received orders to report for duty October 18. He is one of the youngest men to receive an appointment of this nature.

Those attending the University of Washington are Delight Conner, '15; Donald Flagg, '15; Don Heermans, '15; Harold Schaffer, '15; Walter Drahman, '15; Ronald Kegley, '15; Ray Dalton, '14; Clara Avery, '15; Florence Clark, '15, and Jack Heermans, '12.

Rudolph Myer, '07, is teaching mathematics in the Auburn High School.

Charles Fullerton, '14, is attending the Oregon Agricultural College.

Ward McKinney, '13, is attending the Eugene Agricultural College, Oregon.

Margaret Roberts, '14, is spending her second year at Mt. Holyoke, Massachusetts.

John Van Elton, '13, is attending Reed College, Portland, Oregon.

Edith Lemon, '10, is attending Columbia University, New York.

Mildred Lemon, '11, is attending school at Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Grace Lewis, '11; Letha Fulk, '14; Elizabeth Mottman, '12; Irene Fall, '15, Anna Kreider, '15; Bertha Kuhn, '13, and Dorothy Waithe, '15, are attending the Bellingham Normal School.

Inez McKenzie, '13, is attending St. Mary's College, Minnesota.

Marie Rowe, '14, is taking her second year of journalism at the University of Washington.

The engagement of Miss Blendine Hayes, '13, to W. S. Edris of Seattle, has been announced. The wedding will take place in February, 1916.

John Ayer, '15, is working for the state traveling library.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Partlow are now at home in Spokane. Mrs. Partlow was formerly Miss Elizabeth Streets of the class of 1912. Mr. Partlow was also a graduate of the class of 1912.

EXCHANGES

As this is only the second months of school, few exchanges have been received, but the following are well worth commenting upon:

"Totem," Lincoln High, Seattle, Wash.:—You have an excellent literary department and your cover designs are very original.

"Kinnikinick," Cheney, Wash.:—Your editorials are good, also your joke department, but what is a school paper without stories? Give us some stories.


"Oh read some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."

"Olympus," Olympia, Wash.:—Your exchange department is well written. A domestic science department is something new. But where are your jokes? Certainly you can get some jokes somewhere.—"Totem," Seattle, Wash.
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