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OLYMPIA WASHINGTON
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CONTENTS
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER—1917

Dedication ........................................ 4
Foreword ........................................ 5
High School Building and Principal Alien .................................... 7
Faculty ........................................ 8-9
The Class of Nineteen-Seventeen ........................................ 10
Senior Class ..................................... 11-21
Class Day Program ................................ 22
Class Poem ........................................ 23
Class Song ........................................ 24
Class History .................................... 25
Class Will ......................................... 27
Class Prophecy .................................. 28
Senior Class Diary ................................ 29
Senior Class Register ................................ 30
"The Advance and Retreat of Germans in Northern France" ............ 46
"A Wall from Room Six," Poem ........................................ 47
"A True Story," Story ................................ 48
"Wearers of the O" ................................ 49
Editorial Notes .................................. 50
Senior Class Notes ................................ 51
Junior Class Notes ................................ 52
Sophomore Class Notes ................................ 53
Freshman Class Notes ................................ 54
Athletic Notes ..................................... 55
Music ............................................. 56
Commercial ..................................... 57
Debate ............................................. 58
Dramatic Club Notes ................................ 59
Oratorical Contest ................................ 60
German ............................................ 61
Society Notes .................................... 62
Girls' Club Notes ................................ 63
Domestic Science ................................ 64
Alumni ............................................ 65
Exchanges ........................................ 66
Assemblies ....................................... 67
Smiles ............................................ 68

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TO MR. B. R. McCLELLAND

The friend and guide of all the students, but especially of us in the Senior year, we, the Class of Seventeen, dedicate our class number in love and respect.

FOREWORD

IT HAS always been the way of men since the art of writing began to keep a record of their lives. We, the Class of Seventeen, who have spent four years of work and play together and are now about to pass from this happy period into one of greater responsibilities and opportunities, have placed these records of our High School days in this, our class Olympus.

To the classes that shall follow us and to others we hope it will be a memorial of our class. Through it you may learn of our history, our achievements, and our spirit. To us it will always be a memory book of our High School days and shall grow more valuable as the years go by.
The Faculty

"Delightful task! To rear the tender thought.
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

Marie Gregory, English, Faculty Advisor of Olympus Staff. Florence
Clark, English. Ellis G. Rhode, Physics, Chemistry, Athletic Coach.
Frances Sylvester, German, Algebra. E. R. Thoma, Commercial De-
partment.

John G. Gerwick, English, History, Orchestra Director. Helen
Grube, Supervisor, Home Economics. Floyd Beardslee, Assistant
The Class of Nineteen-Seventeen

Motto: "He conquers twice who conquers himself."
Colors: "Pink and Green."
Flower: Pink Carnation.

OFFICERS.
Neal Hudson.......................... President
Lyndle Shaw.......................... Vice-President
Jean Bowman.......................... Girls' Treasurer
Ted Morris............................ Boys' Treasurer
Dorothy Beach........................ Editor

CLASS YELL.
Rip-a-reen, Rip-a-reen,
Seniors, Seniors, Seventeen!

Neal Hudson, "Hud."—"I am no orator, but as you know me all, a plain blunt man." President Senior Class; Football, First Team "O." Senior Team; Basketball, Captain, First Team; Baseball, First Team "O." Senior Team; "John Alden" Operetta; Class Pin Committee.

Dorothy Beach, "Dix."—"A cherub in her face, but a rogue in her heart." President of Girls' Club (second semester); Senior Class Editor, Dramatics Club, Operetta Cast, Announcement Committee.

Ray Mallory, "Skinny."—"I am as constant as the Northern star." Captain Baseball Team, "O."; Class Team; Chairman Class Day Committee; Class Football.

Alma Turner, "Tiny."—"A sweet, attractive kind of grace, continual comfort in her face."

Maynard Duxbury, "Ducks."—"Nowhere so busy a man as he." Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, Business Manager Olympus, Athletic Manager, Operetta Cast.

Evelyn Nelson, "Ev."—"A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself."
Carl Zamberlin, "Shorty."—"O, love, thy kiss would wake the dead." Football, Second Team "O." Class Basketball, Baseball, First Team "O." Class Team; "Captain Higgins" Operetta.

Irene Collier, "Pip."—"She had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute in every deed of mischief." President of Dramatics Club, School Activities Committee (first semester).

Ted Morris, "Fat." "Det."—"But what of this? Are we not all in love?" Class Pianist Committee; Football, First Team "O." Class Team; Class Basketball; Assistant Business Manager Olympus.

Loretta Clark, "Lorrie."—"Oh, the gladness of her gladness when she's glad, and the sadness of her sadness when she's sad, but the gladness of her gladness and the sadness of her sadness, aren't in it with the madness of her madness when she's mad." Music Editor, Orchestra.

Chester Harpel, "Chet."—"His smiling eyes with goodly truth are stored."

Florence Townsend, "Florrie."—"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower?" Dramatic Club.

Muriel Tamblin, "Patty."—"Life is a jest and all things show it, I thought so once and now I know it." Joke Editor.

Lawrence Flagg, "Gus."—"An upright, downright honest man." Class Day Committee.

Katherine Johnson, "Kat."—"With ease she travels wisdom's road, with ease her head with knowledge stowed." Editor Olympus.

Neva Masemore, "Dearie."—"Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever."

Raymond Carr, "Rusty."—"Mislike me not for my complexion, 'tis but the burnished livery of the sun."

Maud Kelley, "Maudie."—"Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out." Dramatic Club.
Helen Scoeby, "Scob."—"I will not budge for no man's pleasure." President of Girls' Club (first semester), Chairman of Dramatic Club, Class Pin Committee.

Bradford Barnes, "Brad," "Count."—"But, oh, he had that merry glance, that seldom lady's heart resists." Athletic Editor; Football, First Team "O," Senior Team; Basketball, First Team "O," Senior Team; Baseball, First Team "O," Senior Team; Operetta Cast; Class Pin Committee.

Thelma Tople, "Topie."—"The rose and the lily fought for supremacy in her face and each won."

Ella Granger, "Marie."—"She that was ever fair and never proud, had a tongue at will and yet was never loud." Dramatic club.

Ralph Haycox, "Coxey."—"A young man who blushes is better than one who turns pale." Second Team "O," Football.

Ada Munro, "Peg."—"I'm modestly personified."

Susan Haley, "Soo."—"But, oh, she dances such a way no sun upon an Easter day is half so fine a sight." Class Day Committee.

Lyndie Shaw, "Bud."—"I look wise? Pray correct that error." Class Day Committee, "Miles Standish" Operetta, Assistant Ad Manager, Vice-President Senior Class.

Glenna Magill, "Toodles."—"Not to be laughed at and scorned because she is little of stature." Exchange Editor, Chairman of Personal Affairs Committee, Class Day Committee.

Doretta Juslen, "Do."—"Those about here from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Lester Moyer, "Blim."—"Aprodigy in learning."

Sybil Juslen, "Bh."—"What e'er else she did was done with so much else, in her alone 'twas natural to please."
George Mottman, "Mottie," "Moxie."—"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

Ethel Van Eaton, "Van."—"She had two eyes, oh, so soft and brown." Personal Affairs Committee (first semester).

Ernest Smith, "Smithy."—"His limbs were cast in manly mould, for handy sports or contest bold." Baseball: First Team "O." Senior Class Team.

Ida Stemmer, "Mike."—"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd, she's a woman and therefore to be won." Alumni Editor, May Queen.

Thomas Blake, "Tom."—"He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man." "Governor Bradford" Operetta.

Ada Myers, "Pat."—"She laughs and smiles, there's nothing in it. Her moods they change most every minute." Secretary Girls' Club (second semester), Captain of Senior Girls' Hiking Club.

Elna Chambers, "Whitie."—"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye, To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."

Shirley Leach, "Leach."—"I dare do all that may become a man." Staff Artist.

Frances Bullock, "Frank."—"Oh, she could sing the savageness out of a bear." "Priscilla" Operetta, Dramatic Club.

Jean Bowman, "Sheanie."—"She's only silent when she eats." Senior Girls' Treasurer, Announcement Committee.

Burney Jones, "BJ."—"A merrier man within the limit of becoming mirth I never spent an hour's talk withal." Orchestra.

Mary Weston, "Mollie."—"That aint no use in gittin' riled."
Louis Pifer, "Louie."—"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."
Nina Cage, "Ninie."—"A creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."
Obed Backlund, "Obie," "Backie."—"A toiling man, intent on worldly gains, one whose heart affection had no root." Class Football; Baseball; Freshman Team "O." Senior Class Team.

Sylvia Bohac, "Slivers."—"I see no objection to stoutness—in moderation." Operetta Cast; Dramatic Club.
Edith Issacson, "Edie."—"On their merits modest maidens are dumb."
Emma Shuck, "Em."—"Much mirth and no madness, all good and no badness; so joyously, so maidenly, so womanly, her demeaning."
Hilda Goodpasture, "Peggy."—"Maiden with the meek brown eyes." Assistant Staff Artist.

Emily Twombly, "Emmy Lou."—"Fond of fun, and fond of dress and change and praise, so mere a woman in her ways."

Mary Troy, "May."—"And lightly was her slender nose, tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." Declamation Contest.

Leonard Levy, "Len."—"I am the very pink of courtesy." President Athletic Association; Yell Leader; Senior Class; Basketball "O," Senior Team; Class Football; Baseball, First Team "O"; Class Baseball.

Mildred Stenger, "Mid," "Colleague."—"Do you not know that I am a woman and must say what I think?" Debate Team, First Prize Winner Declamation Contest.

John Wathen, "Johnny."—"Language is not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon." Debate Team.

Lucile Hord, "Lucy."—"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Debate Team, Debate Editor, "Prudence" Operetta.
Senior Class Day Program

June 5, 1917.

Motto: "He conquers twice who conquers himself."
Colors: Pink and Green.
Flower: Pink Carnation.

Selection: O. H. S. Orchestra
Roll Call: Neal Hudson, President
Vocal Solo: Jean Bowman
Class Poem: Ella Granger
Dorothy Beach.
Vocal Solo: Neal Hudson
Reading: Irene Collier
Selection: O. H. S. Orchestra
Class History: Lyndle Shaw.
Duet: Frances Bullock and Lyndle Shaw
Class Will: Lacie Hord.
Quartette (Senior): Hudson, Zamberlin, Shaw and Barnes
Piano Solo: Florence Townsend
Prophecy: Ted Morris.
Class Song: Muriel Tambaun
Class.
Class Yell: Class.
FINIS.

Class Poem

We've reached the parting of the ways,
For numbered are our high school days,
The hours of youth have swiftly passed,
Our place in the world we'll take at last,
Each to a different fate must go,
Accept his share of joy and woe.

The years seemed long to our Freshman eyes,
Until the Senior ranks we'd rise,
But quickly and pleasantly passed each year
With lessons learned, and the friendships dear,
The years are gone, but in their place
Are memories time can never erase.

Together we have studied and played,
Our joys we shared and triumphs made,
In work or play we've tried to be true
To the standards held in all that we do,
True to ourselves let us bravely meet
What the future holds of care or defeat.

Pleasant have been the friendships here,
None in the future can be as dear,
Grateful are we to the teachers all,
Who guided us onward at wisdom's call.
Ever have they been patient and kind,
Now faculty, schoolmates we leave behind.

Sadly, regretfully do we leave,
At thoughts of parting must we grieve,
But bright in our lives, the memory
Of our happy school days here will be,
And in life's field will soon be seen
The dear old class of Seventeen.

—Ella Granger, '17.
Class Song

(Tune, "When I Dream of Old Erin.")

When the years have passed by,
   And we think of the night,
When together we stood,
   At the end of our fight,
There's a feeling comes stealing,
   Which touches the heart.
'Tis the feeling of sorrow,
   Which comes when friends part.

And we think of the time when
   Our school days were through;
And we gave a last cheer
   For the old White and Blue.
And this feeling tonight,
   Down next to our hearts,
Is a feeling of sorrow,
   That comes when friends part.

CHORUS.
When we think of our school days,
   We're thinking of you.
Of the fights that we won
   For the White and the Blue.
And our love for our high school
   Shall ever be true.
When we think of our school days,
   We're thinking of you.

—Muriel Tamblin, '17.

History of the Class of 1917

When the leaves of the forest were turning yellow with age and falling on the light breeze to the ground, groups of intelligent boys and girls were entering the Olympia High School for the first time. No one can mistake the class to which we are referring, for the word intelligent applies to no class other than the class of '17.

Our first class meeting was like all other Freshman class meetings—exceedingly noisy. We finally managed to elect class officers with Ernest Smith president. We lost the cane rush to the more experienced Sophomores, but this was to be expected. Later we took the Sophs by storm and won the tie-up before the astonished gaze of the upper classmen. We also won the Freshman-Sophomore baseball game. On the first of June we ended our Freshman year with the customary picnic.

We returned the next year as dignified Sophomores, no longer to be considered the greenest of the green. We held a class meeting (now being skilled in this art) and elected Fred Sergeant president to pilot us through this most successful year. We had our first encounter with those beneath us in the annual Freshman-Sophomore tie-up. At the end of this contest not a Freshman remained united. The Freshmen supported their class remarkably in the cane rush, the final score being a tie of 6-6. The football season was opened with a victory for us over the Freshmen, with a score of 32-0. This enabled us to meet the Seniors in the final battle for the championship. Much to our delight our sturdy team held them down to a 0-0 score. The football season over, we turned our attention to basketball. In this we won second place, due to the noble efforts of our team. The class of '17 furnished over half of the members of the High School baseball team. The year closed with a picnic at Little Maple.

The next fall we started our Junior year with Earl Wilder as president. We were prominent in athletics again this year. We won second place in basketball—losing only to the unconquerable Seniors. Our thoughts now centered around the Junior Prom. Great expectations filled the hearts of the
Seniors, as the time for this event drew near. Their expectations were realized, everyone admitting it to be the best ever given. We squared our account with the Seniors by again winning the baseball championship. We are proud to mention the fact that two members of the class of '17 won the first and second prizes in the W. C. T. U. contest, the winners being Vivian Johnson and Florence Townsend. After "Much Ado About Nothing" we showed our true class spirit by celebrating the close of school with a big picnic at Little Tykles.

We returned as Seniors, very solemn and dignified, realizing fully our great responsibility. The famous seats by the windows were now given to the girls for the first time in the history of the school. We began our last year by winning the Olympus subscription contest. Again we were successful in athletics, winning the football, the basketball and baseball championships. The most successful debating team that ever represented the Olympia High School was composed of Seniors. Now we have had a few more days of High School life, for on the 7th of June, 1917, sixty-seven Seniors will find their places on the stage at the Ray Theater. Their hearts will be filled with joy at their success, but if one has a very delicate instrument to inspect these joyful hearts, he will find in a little hidden corner, something known by the name of regret, a regret that they are leaving their school, teachers and classmates for the larger school of life.

HELEN SCOBIEY,
ETHEL VAN EATON,
FRED SERGEANT,
FLORENCE TOWNSEND,
MAUD KELLY.

Class Will

We, the Senior class of 1917, far-famed for our numerous virtues and few faults, not wishing our illustrious qualities to die out in the High School, do will, devise and bequeath the following disposition of them:

To the Freshmen, gentlemen perhaps in the far future, we bequeath our dignity, our courtesy and our perfect grades.
(Ask Miss Gregory!)

To the Sophomores, we leave our athletic supremacy, they having shown some signs of encouragement in that line.

To the Juniors, our successors, we leave our never failing humor and our unquestioning obedience to the faculty.

To the High School as a whole, and the girls in particular, we leave the following sound and trusty advice:

First, Never flag other students outside the assembly doors, you might get caught.

Second, Always be punctual in attendance and thus save N. J. Aiken the necessity of painful and sarcastic remarks.

Third, Do not chew gum in Chemistry. Rhode possesses a collection box—all gum to be made over into a brand called "Rhode Special."

Some of our wealthier patrons, not being satisfied with this general disbursement, do leave their surplus wealth as follows:

I. Elna Chambers, known throughout the High School for my rosy complexion, do bequeath one bottle of peroxide and said rosy complexion to Frances Hudson.

We, Rusty Carr and Ada Monroe, do give with all our hearts one bottle of "Dr. Price's Freckle Remover" and "Dark Hair Color" to Mr. Beardsley.

I, Chester Harrell, known among the ladies as an experienced fashion displayer, do leave same and one crochet needle to Walter Mallett.

I, Ted Morris, sometimes improperly called "Fat," do devise, bequeath and bestow one box of pink stationery, many tablets and two English classics, borrowed from the unfortunate around me, to my esteemed friend, Gladys Holcomb.

I, George Mottman, do heartily bequeath one dozen excel-
lent excuses, that have withstood the acid test of sarcasm, to Vie Oulette.

I, Dorothy Beach, do will and bestow my cheerful chuckle to N. J. Aiken, hoping he will improve his eul icle with the same.

I, Katherine Johnson, editor of The Olympus, do hereby will my incessant chatter and the art of talking for hours about nothing to my worthy successor.

I, Brad Barnes, having carefully absorbed all their knowledge, do freely give to my small brother, Ernie, one book entitled, "How To Win the Fair Damsel's Heart," and one pamphlet called "The Art of Fussing."

I, Burney Jones, "The Little Gray Man of Olympia," do leave my great ability in chemistry to one who is sadly in need thereof, Harry Launberry.

I, Mildred Stenger, do leave my far-famed list of possibilities (?) to Alice Jennings.

I, Ole Ramberg, do bestow my great talent in penmanship to one who will keep up the good work, Fletcher Fishback.


We, Jean Bowman and Mary Weston, known as the "Speeders of the O. H. S.," do leave our faithful ingrsels to our friends, Mary Conner and Margaret Cotterill, hoping they may never arrive at school before 8.59 A. M.

I, Lyndle Shaw, do will and bequeath my passport to Taeonna, anticipating no further use of said passport, to anyone whose chief interest should happen to be moved to said town.

I, Obed Bachlund, rivelled only by John G. Gerwick in modern languages, do bequeath said excellence to Harold Kearnay.

I, "Gus" Flagg, the most elevated being running at large in O. H. S., desiring to leave within its halls that length of limb and features that have abided there since the days of Claypool the Short and Dalton the Long, do hereby will said embellishments to Homely Holmes.

I, Maynard Duxbury, do devise, bequeath and bestow my large supply of tatting, together with faculties for producing same, to Ray Johnson.

We, Muriel Tamblin and Helen Scobey, noted for our faculty of drawing down N. J. Aiken's sarcasm by flagging boys around the halls, do bequeath same faculty to Jennie Potter and Irene Wilson.

I, Tom Blake, do hereby bestow as a parting gift upon J. Truman Trullinger my cute little "Charley Chaplin Musn't Touch It."

I, Carl Lokke, do will my dark and splendid mop of hair to Mr. Gwyn.

I, Ella Granger, do leave my eloquent words, expressive poses and poetic ability to Dorothy Canady.

I, Lucile Hord, renowned for my convincing arguments in any and every matter under discussion, do hereby will and bequeath said accomplishment to Katharine Peters, hoping that she will be as good a soap box orator in the future as I have been in the past.

I, Carl Zambelis, noted and renowned for many things, do hereby will and bequeath my mirror, pocket comb and powder puff to Harland Harris.

I, Fritz Sergeant, leave the job of holding down the corner of Tenth and Washington to whomever is tall enough to see her house from said corner.

I, Neva Masemore, do bestow my dignified and precise manner upon Frances Lamborn.

I, Ray Mallory, do hereby will my deep and resonant tone of voice, together with my gushiness of enunciation, to Edward Roberson.

I, Irene Coller, do will my Irish brogue and culinary ability to please men, to Anna Springer.

And lastly we, the Seniors, having to the best of our ability performed our duty, do leave this, the last will and testament of the class of 1917, hoping that all dissension may be avoided and that provisions may be faithfully carried out by John G. Gerwick, administrator.

In witness whereof,

MISS FARNHAM
MR. RHODE

JOHN WALTHEW
RALPH HAYCOX.
Class Prophecy

From the aeroplane, which had just alighted at the street corner, a short, stout, middle-aged woman descended. She began stowing away her numerous parcels in the patch pockets on the front of her skirt. Then she proceeded to a large red brick building which stood nearby, and over whose entrance was inscribed in large letters, "Paradise Hall for Maiden Ladies—Founded in 1926 by Carl Locke." At the door stood a spare woman of medium height, whose light hair was drawn tightly back from a broad and noble brow.

"Well, I thought you'd be here soon. What did you get?"

"Some grand bargains. This copper kettle was marked down to $5.29, so I took it."

"If that isn't just like you, Dorothy! What do we need of a copper kettle?"

"Well, but this is a special kind. You don't understand, Ada. It's Ralph Haycox's latest invention. When you put it on to heat, you put this piece of aluminum on this hook that comes up from the spout, and when the steam comes out it acts on the aluminum, and you can see anything you desire, and if you say 'Hoopergabרופא' it will tell you anything you ask."

"It will be worth the money if it does all you say it can. Come on, let's try it."

"Not until after supper. I have an application for admission from Hazel Smith."

"What references does she give?"

"The references are all right, but I've been inquiring about her character, and find that she smiled once at a man she did not know."

"Well, well! Who would have thought she would stoop so low? We can't accept anyone with that reputation here."

Sadly they turned and entered the building.

That evening after all the old maids had retired, their hair having been put on kid curlers and the lights turned out, the cook and superintendent took out the copper kettle, filled it with water and set it over the gas jet.

"By the way," said Dorothy, as they settled back in their rocking chairs to wait for the kettle to boil, "I saw a poor beggar on the street today. His eyes were bandaged and after I had dropped a nickel in his cup, I asked him how the accident happened. He said that while in Aberdeen he went into Thelma Tepe's barber shop. It seems that she almost cut off his left eye out. He said her methods brought back vivid memories of the guillotine."

"I didn't know she had any artistic ability, did you? I always imagined carving would come more in Shirley Leach's line. He's engraving tombstones—making a specialty of angels and cherubs, so they say."

"Wait! Be quiet! What was that?"

Down on the street they heard a "newsy" crying, "Extra! Extra! Murriel Talmie exiled in Siberia for causing an epidemic of heart failure in Russian ranks! President sends note to St. Petersburg!"

"Boy! Here! Bring me a paper!" Ada leaned excitedly out of the window. After procuring the copy they settled down to digest this bit of information concerning their schoolmate.

"I wonder it doesn't mention Mary Weston. She surely couldn't have been far off," murmured Dorothy.

At that moment, above the piece of aluminum and surrounded by a frame of steam, a moving picture was carried on before their very eyes. Paper forgotten, the two leaned eagerly forward.

A blue-velourled figure leaned out of an engine cab. "All aboard!" she drawled. The conductor waved his arm in an affirmative response, and as the train slowly moved out of the station the scene faded.

"Engineer on the jerkwater train between Plum Station and Temino," muttered Ada.

"And Mary Weston, too. I never thought she'd be reduced to overalls," said the other.

"And did you see the conductor? It was Obed Buchlau, sure as I'm here."

"Really? I thought I noticed a resemblance, too. Something about the hair. I wonder what ever became of Jean. Let's ask the kettle. Hoopergabunicipus!"

Slowly a cracked voice came from the kettle's spout.

"Jean Bowman, the second Molha, has forsaken grand opera,
and is now singing for the movie companies in silent recital, under the direction of Prof. Chester Harpell.

"Hoopergaberonius!" shouted Ada excitedly, "Where is Glenn Magill?"

Still slowly the voice went on, "Lyndle Shaw and Glenn Magill are making noodles in the chop suey house at Mud Bay."

"Where is Lucy Hord?"

Immediately another picture formed in the steam. The scene was at congress. A tall, powerful-looking woman was standing before the speaker. Shaking her fist under his nose, she cried, "Mister Speaker, I demand the floor!"

The speaker, whom they recognized as John Walthew, seemed to shrink in his chair as he answered, "Yes, yes, Miss Hord, yes indeed; go ahead, go ahead."

When the scene began to fade, Ada said, "I bought a volume of John Walthew's poems last week. They're written in the new metre he invented."

"What is the metre?"

"The gas metre."

"Hoopergaberonius! Where is Susan Haley?"

With measured ascent this answer came from the kettle: "She is running the Casino at Newport. Recently the house was raided, but all the police found were some stale dates in the pantry."

"Can you beat it!" ejaculated Dorothy when the kettle had ceased to speak. "I wonder what Tom Blake is doing?"

Another picture arose from the aluminum. This time the scene was laid in Olympia, in front of the High School. Tom was speaking to the boys from his aeroplane. In his hand he held a large bottle. Assuming a characteristic attitude, he began, "I presume you'd like to have a bottle of this wonderful tonic, young gentlemen. It is guaranteed to grow a moustache over night. Only $2.00 a bottle, sirs. Don't miss this wonderful bargain!"

"How odd! What has become of Ray Mallory? Hoopergaberonius!"

Again the ghost-like voice of the kettle issued from its spout. "Ray Mallory entered into a business partnership with Elly Chambers in a huge diamond project in Kimberly, South Africa. He spends his vacations, however, in his chosen profession and pitches hay in Eastern Washington."
"Burney Jones has a state job, crushing rocks in Walla Walla.

"Lester Moyer and Irene Collier, two daring aviators, have established ajitney service between Buffalo and China. They say they will soon be millionaires.

"Brad Barnes is still a member of the Home Guard, and has won a great many medals for bravery, having killed more time than any other member of the guard.

"George Mottman has taken over his father's store and has successfully carried it into the hands of the receiver.

"Ella Granger is recognized as one of the greatest Shakespearean actresses on the stage. Her best work is done as Lady Macbeth. Elva Carr is also a member of her company. He plays the part of the porter in the drunken porter scene and also rings the bell that summons Macbeth to the murder.

"Katherine Johnson has at last realized her life ambition to become a famous journalist and is connected with one of the largest newspapers in captivity. She arranges the classified ads and hands out the papers to the newsboys.

"Evelyn Nelson, the talented musician, has joined the Red Cross, where she plays rags on the sewing machine.

"Maynard Duxbury, manager of the "Tea Dancing Chicks," of which Edith Insenson, Helen MacDowell and Frances Bullock are members, has just returned from Shelton, where the company met with great success.

"Sylvia Bohac has a class in typewriting which rivals Mr. Thoma's. She teaches the "Hunt and Poki System," which is very simple. You first poke one key and then hunt for the next.

"Ernest Smith is a great boxer. He packs as many as four boxes of Appleju a day.

"Maude Kelley is a traffic cop in Seattle. She is Hi Gill's right hand man, and he consults her on all occasions about how to run the city.

"Get-Rich-Quick Rumburg is perfecting a canning machine, having purchased Mr. Aiken's patent.

"Sybil and Doretta Juelson, commonly known as the 'Gold Dust Twins,' have just returned from Monte Carlo, where they cleaned up everything in sight.

"Helen Seobey is leading the Salvation Army to Steilacoom.

"Emma Shuck and Hildah Goodpasture have accepted positions teaching shorthand in the school for the Blind and Feeble Minded.

"Alma Turner is stockholder in the Merchants' Delivery in Olympia.

"Hazel Hinchecliffe and Ethel Van Eaton are raising porksies to sell in the city of Union Mills.

"At this point the kettle seemed to be wearing out, for it began to talk in a slow, jerking tone.

""I have some wonderful news—to—tell—you—about Lawrence Flagg—and—Ida Stom-n-er!"

"Then with a great crash the kettle fell to the floor. Dorothy and Ada were nearly overcome, but with steady movements they picked up the pieces of kettle, thankful that they had secured what information they did before the fatal crash.

Thus ended the wonderful prophecy of the $5.29 kettle.

ADA MYERS,
DOROTHY BEACH,
MURIEL TAMBLIN.

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Senior Class Diary

Feb. 5—The survivors are back! Great rejoicing among the Seniors today—no History.
Feb. 6—Reconstruction period.
Feb. 7—Still Reconstructing.
Feb. 8—The Reconstruction Period is over, and—wonder of wonders—most of us are still here.
Feb. 9—Debate assembly today to arouse our ire against Montesano.
Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday. Why can't they stretch it to free us for a day? We won the debate. The team seems to think they own the earth.
Feb. 13—The basketball championship is ours! The "Deac" told a new joke in History.
Feb. 14—Dollar Day today. And more srepping over a class play. We have just found out that we, the Senior class, are the original boneheads.
Feb. 15—Fritz has a new girl.
Feb. 16—English test today. Our fate is chronicled in the books of the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth
not. It begins to look as if the school board won't need to expend much money on diplomas this year.

Feb. 20, or is it the 19th?—The date is of little moment. The big idea is that Neva Mason has exhibited "a man" today.

Feb. 20—We can't see Tom Blake these days. He's hidden behind "the bushes."

Feb. 21—Another assembly today. Seniors got the basketball cup.

Feb. 23—Vacation yesterday and annihilation in History Monday. Nothin' much today except that tomorrow is Saturday.

Feb. 26—Blue Monday.

Feb. 27—George Mottman has just discovered that Hazle, Hinchcliffe and Alma Turner are wearing diamonds.

Feb. 28—Blankety-blank!

Feb. 29—e'er, I mean Mar. 1—Seniors came off victorious in the Hexathlon. Some class! That's not slung. I mean the Seniors.

March 2—Olympus notes must be in today. No time to write.

March 5—Nothing doing.

March 6—See March 5.

March 7—We lost a basketball game. I've almost resolved not to buy another sundae at Prigmore & Sears.

March 8—The Girls' Hiking Club signed up today.

March 14—The six weeks' tests have shown up again. Woe unto him that hath done no outside reading.

March 16—This is supposed to be written in red ink. TWO assemblies in ONE day. No need of an explanation. No one will ever forget it.

March 19—All four contestants in the essay-oral debate contest made such a hit with the judges that they had to split the prizes and give them all some. Mid Stenger hit them the hardest: Mary Troy and Carl Lokke and Philip Royal got what was left. Please notice that three out of the four were Seniors.

March 21—Operetta practice is still with us. Nothing more.

March 26—New girl in school. She's a Soph. That's all the information available at the present time.

March 27—Her name is Josephine Estey. She came from Denver. For further information see Ernie Bynes.

April 2—The Operetta came off Friday. Frances and Neal have gained international reputations.

April 3—Vacation day after tomorrow.

April 4—I am absent.

April 9—Patriotic assembly. Cause, declaration of war. Results, more memory work in English.

April 10—Miss Gregory says we're running a recruiting station instead of a High School.

April 11—Several have gone. Brad is still conspicuous (?) by his presence.

April 12—Miss Sylvester wore a diamond ring to school!

April 13—Friday, the thirteenth! The unfortunate lot fell to the Senior English classes—test on Macbeth.

April 16—The time for the will and prophecy has come.

I'm surprised that we can be trusted to write those important documents.

April 17—The day has likewise dawned when we are to curl our brains and imaginations—chiefly imaginations—for thesis material.

April 18—Girls' Club rally!

April 19—Girls' Club swimming meet. Sophs won!

April 20—This is a P. S. to April 18. Glenn and Susan are proclaimed innocent of the detective charge.

April 23—Most of the Seniors look like moving picture galleries.

April 24—The likenesses mentioned above have not yet brought down any caustic comments upon the unlucky Seniors' heads. But rap on wood. It may come any minute.

April 25—It has not yet come.

April 26—Said caustic comments are still missing. Something must be wrong.

April 27—"Bite an' fare." The biting sarcasm previously referred to is conspicuous by its absence. Friday afternoon—grand weather! Mary Conner is absent. Where, oh where? Echo answers, "Where."

April 30—Lohengrin assembly—mostly "grin."

May 1—Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth: The boys have been called out. Be it understood, however, that the weeping and wailing was not done by the boys.

Nomination of the May Queen. Ida Stonner and Helen Seaboy made it.

"Katt," says I must choke myself off. These notes must go to press.

—Torn from Dorothy B.'s notebook.
### Senior Class Register

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Favorite Expression</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Intends to Be</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Beach</td>
<td>&quot;How lovely&quot;</td>
<td>Introducing people</td>
<td>Prima donna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jean Bowman</td>
<td>&quot;Say, yuh poor wop&quot;</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
<td>Married</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvia Bohac</td>
<td>&quot;Well, I don't care&quot;</td>
<td>Typewriting</td>
<td>An office girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nina Cage</td>
<td>&quot;Oh, Kid&quot;</td>
<td>Dolling up</td>
<td>Beauty doctor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elma Chambers</td>
<td>&quot;Well!&quot;</td>
<td>Being good</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Obed Backlund</td>
<td>&quot;Say, that's rare&quot;</td>
<td>Riding</td>
<td>Street car conductor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyndle Shaw</td>
<td>&quot;Aw, go on&quot;</td>
<td>Shaking dice</td>
<td>Wall street broker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burney Jones</td>
<td>&quot;Quit yer kiddin'&quot;</td>
<td>Experimenting</td>
<td>An inventor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mildred Stenger</td>
<td>&quot;Do tell&quot;</td>
<td>Arguing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen McDowell</td>
<td>&quot;Rhub&quot;</td>
<td>Cursing</td>
<td>A lady of leisure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Weston</td>
<td>&quot;That's what I said&quot;</td>
<td>Blushing</td>
<td>Faithful wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Mottman</td>
<td>&quot;Got in? don't&quot;</td>
<td>Speeding</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murriel Tamblin</td>
<td>&quot;Didn't I tell you&quot;</td>
<td>Red Cross nurse</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muriel Sceat</td>
<td>&quot;That's what I said&quot;</td>
<td>Arguing</td>
<td>An electrician</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Sergeant</td>
<td>&quot;Aw Say!&quot;</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>A great pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray Mallory</td>
<td>&quot;Listen here&quot;</td>
<td>Prancing</td>
<td>A missionary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Zambran</td>
<td>&quot;Aw, Dumb!&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td>A man of the people</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susan Haley</td>
<td>&quot;How funny&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonard Levy</td>
<td>&quot;Per gee sakes&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neal Dintch</td>
<td>&quot;By the way&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Blake</td>
<td>&quot;I just thought of it&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Carr</td>
<td>&quot;The best thing&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Coijer</td>
<td>&quot;Gee&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td>A chorus girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ada Munro</td>
<td>&quot;I can't wait!&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frances Bullock</td>
<td>&quot;I should say so&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Walkbey</td>
<td>&quot;For Pete's sake&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lester Moyer</td>
<td>&quot;Oh! how dreadful&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazel Smith</td>
<td>&quot;For goodness sake's&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alma Turner</td>
<td>&quot;I don't care, so there&quot;</td>
<td>Engaging himself</td>
<td>A good housekeeper</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mary Troy: "Oh my"  Uncertain  Waitress

Chester Harpwell: "Oh, you're joking" Clerking  Floor walker

Bradford Barnes: "If I had it" Stepping out  A regular go-get 'em

Maud Kelly: "Not if I know it" Grinning  Jileneer

Ole Ramberg: "Yes, uh, huh" Fooling around  Heart breaker

Glenna Magill: "I'm sure I don't know" Hunting up work  Librarian

Ethel Van Eaton: "Heaven's" Skipping  Soft drink artist

Louis Pifer: "Hev, there" Fooling around  Heart breaker

Emma Shuck: "Hello, girlie" Being agreeable  Telephone operator

Maynard Tuckey: "I've come to collect!" Number people  Collector

Edith Isaacson: "I don't know!" Dreaming  Championship typist

Ted Morris: "Eats! Wow! Eats!" Sleeping  Mayor of Tenino

Lucille Ford: "Well! Believe me!" Causing excitement  Emotional actress

Hilda Goodpasture: "Gawsh" Painting  Cartoonist

Ralph Haycox: "Aw, shucks!" Lounging  Bootblack

Hazel Huishell: "Listen, kid!" Also enrolled  First-class cook

Carl Lokke: "Well, I just wanted to say" Grafting  President of Alaska

Ernest Smith: "Sure thing!" Acrobats  Milliner

Emily Twoby: "Gee! No!" Gigling  Artist's model

Evelyn Nelson: "Well!" Blushing  Artist's model

Sybil Juson: "Oh, my!" Making dough  Very rich

Doretta Juson: "Graecious" Keeping quiet  Lady Sleuth

Loretta Clark: "Reilly!" Playing the piano  Great musician

Ida Stomper: "Oh! say!" Walking  Cashier in a cafe

Ada Myers: "Oh! Johnny!" Ditto  Parishioner modiste

Neva Massemore: "Yes, ma'am!" Domestic science expert  Pure food inspector

Katherine Johnson: "Oh, Jiminy!" Editor of The Olympia  Editor of Recorder

Florence Townsend: "Yeem'm" Book worm  College dean

Ella Granger: "Why, the very idea!" Writing poetry  A poetess

Shirley Leach: "Ho, hum!" Drawing  A teetaner

Lawrence Flagg: "Yes indeed" Keeping time  A clockmaker
The Advance and Retreat of the Germans in Northern France

Little groups of people here and there, gathered about a doorway, speaking in sad, subdued tones, were the only evidences of life in the almost deserted village. The once bustling, active street, with their peaceful, harmonious clump, clump of wooden shoes on the cobbled pavements were gone, and only the occasional step of the sentry, and the low, indistinct murmur of voices broke the quietness of the evening. The sun was sinking in the west, casting a warm red glow over the whole village, and reflecting in the clean, neatly curtained windows of the houses that edged up to the street, after the custom of the villages of Northern France.

Only a few months before, the brave and loyal Frenchmen had marched away to join in the vast movement against the intruder. There was little weeping and almost no great bursts of sorrow; only a resigned, calm sort of hopelessness settled over the patient, care-worn faces of the peasants, who gladly gave of their best to their country.

There was an exception to this general rule, however, for in one home a beautiful Southern girl wept passionately and entreated her young husband not to leave her alone and un cared for. He smiled kindly, but sadly, and told her to be brave and patient and he would return.

"You will never return, I know. They will starve you or you will die in those miserable trenches."

"Take care of father, keep the garden weeded, Senville, and watch for me, for I am sure to come back in the spring."

And then he was gone. She stood by the window watching him until he disappeared in the gray mist of the early dawn—tall, strong, splendid specimen of noble manhood that he was. She clenched her fists, her dark eyes flashed, her bosom heaved, as she thought of the injustice of it all. What right had they to take her Peronne from her to be shot down as though his life were worth nothing.

"Daughter, aren't you going to give the old man something to eat?"

She turned with a heavy sigh, and prepared the simple breakfast for the old, white-haired man, smoking quietly in his corner by the chimney. It was an attractive room, with its low-beamed ceiling, open fireplace at one end, and long table at the other. Its windows, with their short white muslin curtains looped back, revealed a wealth of flowers in boxes and pots. A very lovely setting indeed for the beautiful mistress of the home. She was a proud, vivacious French girl from warm Southern France, entirely the opposite of the quiet, undemonstrative northern women.

On this peaceful, quiet evening in early April, Senville was sitting on the doorstep knitting, and reflecting on the morning of her husband's departure. She smiled a little wistfully as she said, "Father, do you think the men will come home this spring?"

"Yes, daughter, Peronne has said so."

She flashed a beautiful smile at the old man for his comforting words of faith.

"Ah! father, I am glad you think so. What is it?"

She rose quickly, her knitting falling unheeded at her feet. A boy came racing through the street on horseback, crying wildly, "The Germans are coming!"

Senville covered her face with her hands, trying to shut out the awful sound of those words, "The Germans are coming!"

People crowded into the streets, rushing wildly here and there, talking excitedly, noisily. In less than five minutes the street was half filled with excited women and children and decrepit old men. Senville did not know them, but she
clutched frantically at a woman’s arm, her face white, her eyes dilated with fear.

“What will they do? Where shall we go?”

For an answer the woman merely shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. Senville turned back to her own home, too stunned and bewildered to realize just where she was.

Her father-in-law sat undisturbed by the excitement of the others—merely smoking his pipe and saying nothing, his inertly uninterested. Senville crouched down beside him, leaning her dark head against his knee, as though he alone could protect her. They sat in silence for some time, watching the day merge into twilight. The people went back to their homes, and quietness reigned again. Suddenly there came the distant, far-away sound of a bugle, and the marching of many feet. Senville shivered, endeavoring to steady her throbbing nerves. The sounds grew louder and more distinct. They could now see the dark moving mass in the distance becoming more and more definite as the invaders drew nearer.

Now they struck the cobble-paved pavement, and the thud of heavy boots, and the clang of horses’ hoofs seemed to ring out the knell of doom to the terror-stricken villagers.

It was no immense army, only a large detachment of troops on their way to Namur, below Givet. The soldiers, unimpeded by the helpless villagers, formed their camp and pitched their tents for the night in a half circle about the northern end of the town.

Not a villager stirred from his hearth that night, and not a man, woman or child closed an eye in sleep, little knowing what the morrow would bring forth. About half past nine everything had quieted down, with only the steady clump of the sentries, and an occasional command issued in a loud voice by a German officer breaking the stillness of the night air.

The next morning as the sun was creeping over the hills, anxious faces peeped out of windows in an endeavor to catch a glimpse of the enemy.

Thin columns of smoke began to curl upwards from the chimneys, and a bustling noise issued from the encampment. All during the morning the villagers remained silent and unseen, anxiously awaiting their fate.

About noon a messenger came dashing through the street, this time from the south. He was a German, evidently sent out as a scout for this particular portion of the army.

He rode into the German camp and dismounted. Senville, from her attic window could watch him delivering his message. It seemed to cause great excitement among the officers.

“Father, father, I do believe ‘The Men’ are coming. See! See! How they move hastily about.”

Senville was almost beside herself with tense excitement. Her idea seemed to prove true, for the enemy began hurried preparations as if for an attack. About the middle of the afternoon a loud knock sounded at the door. Senville ran to open it, and was confronted by a German soldier. He held out a large, white card, printed in French. She read it and clutched the door for support. The soldier grinned maliciously and moved on to the next door.

“One hour to evacuate.” For a moment she stood stunned, irresolute, and then with a quick determination she turned and fell to packing a few of the things they would most need. The old man had glanced over her shoulder at the card, but said nothing as he helped place a little food and clothing in a basket. They worked swiftly and in about half an hour had completed their task.

“Oh! father, we have to leave our pleasant home; where shall we go; oh, what will become of us?”

“Never fear, my daughter, we must trust to the Good Father to protect us.”

Senville glanced around at the dear, familiar objects of the house that meant so much to her. Her eyes filled with tears. In only a little while it would be shattered, and they would either be taken captive or die of cold and hunger. Her father interrupted her thoughts with the reminder that they must move on.

“Come, come, Senville; only a few minutes left.”

They went out, closing and locking the door after them. The street was filled with frightened, sobbing, hysterical women, crying children and sullen men. Confusion was everywhere.

The old man guided the poor, frightened girl through the crowd into a long deserted road, concealed by a long line of trees, until they were well beyond the outskirts of the
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The old man guided the poor, frightened girl through the crowd into a long discarded road, concealed by a long line of trees, until they were well beyond the outskirts of the
town. A steep hill rose to their left, and this they climbed as
fast as their heavy load and his feeble limbs would permit.

"Look, father, oh look!"

The merciless cannon of the enemy had opened fire on the
homes of the fleeing French. A terrible roar of shrieking
voices, falling buildings and booming cannon followed. Smoke
arose from the buildings that had caught fire.

"Merciful heaven, what a sight," groaned the old man.

Senville held her ears and buried her face in the grass.
The work of destruction went on, and not until night did the
artillery cease its deadly fire and awful roar. Senville and
the old man, from their place on the hill, could watch every-
thing that went on below them.

It was a night of terror, and one long remembered by
the villagers who had been fortunate enough to escape to
the hills.

The next morning, before the new day was well begun,
the Germans had broken camp and started a retreat in the
direction from which they had come so short a time before.
They took what plunder and provisions they could manage,
and by noon had disappeared from sight beyond the hills.

Gradually the villagers began to show themselves in the
debris and ruin of the streets. A heavy rain had put out the
fire, but nothing remained of the lovely little village except
ashes, fallen walls and dead bodies.

Senville and the old man slowly descended the hill and
worked their way through the street to the remains of their
home.

"Oh, my daughter, they have destroyed only a small part
of our home."

"Heaven be praised, there is yet a roof and walls."

They entered and found the furniture untouched, the win-
dows shattered, the flowers ruined, and most of the dishes
broken.

With willing hands and thankful hearts they set about to
make what reparation they could. The survivors lived on for
weeks with the food supply becoming more and more reduced.
The women's faces had become ghastly from the terrible expe-
rience of the night of terror and their cheeks sunken for
want of food. The children were white and thin, their cheek

homes standing out pitifully, their eyes large and hollow.
They could hold out only a few days longer.

One morning Senville, weak and sick, was gazing listlessly
out of the window. Suddenly she raised her head and listened.

"I hear something coming."

They hurried to the door and looked out, fearing a return
of the Germans. But instead they saw against the distant
horizon the approach of an army—"The Men" they knew.

"My daughter, it is they, it is they; we are saved."

With tears of joy they watched and waited. A great fear
tugged at the girl's heart. Would Peronne come home with
"The Men?"

She strained her eyes in the direction of the advancing
forces. Before long they had entered the village. Senville
looked and looked, but could see no Peronne. Her heart died
within her. Suddenly she screamed with joy.

"Peronne, Peronne, here we are."

A tall figure turned quickly, stared in astonishment, and
then made a rush for the gaunt, pathetic little figure in the
doorway.

"Senville. I had given you up. Father, father."

The brawny soldier held his dear ones as though they were
unreal and would fly away any moment.

"And you, Peronne, are safe and unhurt?"

He laughed her fears away, and she only smiled, too happy
to do more.

The troops brought enough food to supply the village
until re-enforcements could reach them. And so ended the
advance, devastation and retreat of the German forces in
Northern France.

—Lucile Hord, '17.
A Wail From Room Six

(With due apologies to "Bobbie B.")
Oh Algebra, my dear, my lasting wail,
Of whom my warmest prayers to heav'n are sent
Long may the Freshmen sweat and daily toil,
And never know a bit of sweet content.
For I have suffered long and worried much
O'er factors, factoring, square roots and such,
As I have suffered so must others too,
And I my very level best will do
To keep the Algebra a Freshman bore,
That is, when I have passed without the door
Of recitation room for all and aye,
And this is all my daily, hourly cry,
Oh that I might now also swiftly die,
And fill my teacher then with sad remorse
To think that he with almost brutal force,
Drove me to study my young life away,
Until within the coffin cold I lay,
The sleepless nights and worried days e'er now
That I've passed through, have brought to my smooth brow
Deep wrinkles, and marked furrows round my eyes;
Why often I at five o'clock do rise
To work a problem; Ah, now can I say
I wish that from this grind I'd pass away
Alas—Alas—
Good heavens! Only five short minutes more
And out of twenty problems I've got four.
—A Sufferer, '19.

A True Story

It was at a funeral in Cologne, Germany. One pole of the bier broke, allowing a part of the coffin to touch the ground before anything could be done.

A superstitious old woman, shuffling along just behind the bereaved children, began to moan and wail, "Oh, oh, oh, there will soon be another death in that family! Oh, dearie me, I just know there will be someone die soon!" And so she carried on.

Big, handsome Henry E—son of the dead man, gathered his weeping and terror-stricken brothers and sisters into his arms and soothed them as best he could.

"There, don't fret and cry so, she doesn't know—no, she doesn't know at all. What she says isn't true."

A few weeks later a grand celebration was being carried on in Cologne—the kaiser was to be crowned that evening! Truly it was a gala day, meant only for festivity and mirth and rejoicing. Mrs. E—Henry and the little ones were now living in the city. Henry gave money to each of the younger children and, telling them to have a good time, and above all, keep together, he sent them off to enjoy the afternoon's festivities.

For some cause Annie remained at home, so was there when Henry, a soldier, as are all young German citizens, prepared to go witness the coronation. She heard him bid his mother good-by, intending to return early in the evening. Some unaccountable presentiment—or was it only a sense of loneliness—led Mrs. E—to protest against his going. Gently reassuring her, however, he started briskly away.

The afternoon and evening wore slowly away, the children returned, and with their mother, impatiently waited for the idolized brother's return.

When midnight chimed out from the town hall, and still no sign or word of Henry reached the E—home, a thorough search was organized, but to no avail.

A week dragged by, then eight days, and at last on the ninth day, the body of a fair-haired young boy was found floating on the surface of the River Rhine.

—L. L. C., '17.
The Wearers of the “O.”

Written by Ray Lewis.
Senior Essay, Olympia High School, June 5, 1916.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Football.

1901.
Abram Courtright, captain, ’03, 1.h.; Harold Agnew, ’02, r.h.; Ted Callow, ’03, c.; Albert Emerson, ’03, r.t.; Ivan Kinney, ’03, r.e.; Will Manier, ’03, l.t.; Will Yeager, ’04, f.b.; Benjamin Morrow, “Ben,” r.g.; Arno Glidden, l. g.; Edwin Henderson, l.e.; George Willy, “Juice,” q.b.; Claude Flesher, “Nig,” r.e.

1902.
Ted Callow, captain, ’03, c.; Abram Courtright, ’03, r.e.; Albert Emerson, “Alphonse,” ’03, 1.h.; Will Manier, ’03, l.t.; Will Yeager, “Dad,” ’04, f.b.; Ted Pierce, ’04, l.h.; Earl McIntosh, ’06, q.b.; Benjamin Hartsuck, “Ben,” ’06, r.g.; Edwin Henderson, r.g.; Robert Callow, r.t.; Charles Henry, l.e.; Royal Weir, “Bugs,” l.g.

1903.
No records found.

1904.

1905.

1906.

1907.

1908.

1909.
Fred Rogers, captain, “Rusty,” ’10, l.t.; Verne Parthow, ’10, l.e., q.b.; Harry Knox, ’10, e.; Lloyd Haskell, ’10, r.g., f.b.;

1910.
Charles Schively, captain, "Charlie," '12, r.t., r.g.; Edwin Wilson, '11, r.e.; Phillip Northraft, "Northie," '12, e., r.b.; Will Bailey, "Bill," '12, l.g.; Jean Todd, "Porkie," '12, l.t.; Verne Lawrence, '12, r.g.; John Claypool, "Jack," '13, e.; Richard Mitchell, "Dick," '13, q.b.; Harold Sapp, l.h.; Louis Schauffler, l.g.; Edward Smith, r.e.; Clifford Agnew, "Dobie," r.h.; Harry Craig, f.b., l.e.; Walter Munroe, l.g.

1911.
Southwestern Washington Champions.

1912.

1913.

1914.

1915.

1916.

Football Seconds.
1905.
Frank Vaughan, captain, '09, f.b.; Earl Crisman, '06, l.h.; Ray Overhulse, '07, r.t.; John Dunbar, '07, e., l.e.; Albert Stuth, '08, l.g., r.b.; Ellis McClelland, '08, q.b.; Floyd Heintzelman, '08, r.e.; Roy Heintzelman, "Little Heintz," '09, e., l.e.; Frank Stocking, "Soy," '09, r.g.; George Scott, "Scottie," '09, l.g.; Herbert Hoke, '09, r.g.; Claude Kirkendall, "Slab," l.t.; Louis Utterback, "Pretty," r.e.
1906-1914.

No records found.

1914.


1915.


1916.


Boys' Basketball.

1906.

Earl McIntosh, '06, f.; Will Hitt, '06, c.; Harold Goddard, '06; Carl Crisman, captain, '06; Leo Coulter, "Ding," '08, g.; Charles Henry, "Charlie," '07.

1907.

No records found.

1908.

Leo Coulter, captain, "Ding," '08, f.; George Scott, "Scotty," '09, c.; Hubert Mann, "Boob," '10, g.; Will Gaston, "Bill," '10, f., g.; Dickson Schively, "Dick," '10, g.; Louis Utterback, f., g.; Alfred Algier, g.

1909.


1910.

Hubert Mann, captain, "Boob," '10, r.g.; Verne Partlow, '10, l.f.; Harold Seofield, "Sco," '10, r.g.; Dickson Schively, "Dick," '10, e.; Verne Lawrence, '12, l.g.; Forest Kelley, "Keg," l.g.; Harold Sapp, l.g.

1911.


1912-1916.

No records found.

1916.


1917.


Girls' Basketball.

1902.

Savidge, captain, '04, f.; Queen Knox, '04, f.; Ida Yeager, '05, g.; Zona Sopp, f.; Rice, g.

1903-1908.

No records found.

1908.

Lovina Wilson, captain, '09, f.; Katharine Hadley, "Kathie," '08, e.; Louise Richardson, '08, sub g.; Alice Gottfeld, '10, f.; Mabel McKay, '09, s.c.; Fay Rogers, '10, g.; Laura Swan, g.

1909.

Alice Gottfeld, captain, '10, f.; Lovina Wilson, '09, r.f.; Mabel McKay, '09, s.c.; Gertrude Knox, "Trude," '10, c.; Fay Rogers, '10, g.; Edna White, '11, c.; Laura Swan, g.

1910.

Fay Rogers, captain, '10, l.g.; Alice Gottfeld, '10, f.; Sarah Grover, '10, g.; Gertrude Knox, "Trude," '10, c.; Lorraine
Boys' Basketball Seconds.

1908.

Girls' Basketball Seconds.

1911.
Blanch Billings, '11, c.; Ruth Fitzgerald, '11, g.; Blanch Bethel, g.; Eve Dube, e.; Mabel Robertson, f.

Baseball.

1902.

1903.

1904.

1911.
Edna White, '11, f.; Maggie Hall, '11, f.; Dora Whitman, '12, f.; Elsie Fredericksen, '12, c.; Maud Roberson, '12, c.; Esther Boardman, '12, g.; Lenora Richardson, '12, g.

1905.
Baseball Seconds.

1915.


1916.


Track.

1906.

Earl McIntosh, captain, '06, hurdles, broad; Will Hitt, '06, high, discus; Leo Coulter, "Ding," '08, weights; Ellis McClelland, '08, 440, 220; Harold Goddard, '06, pole.

1907.

Ellis McClelland, captain, '08; Leo Coulter, "Ding," '06, weights; John Dunbar, "Dunnie," '07, hurdles.

1908.

Ellis McClelland, captain, '08, 50, 100, 220; Frank Stocking, "Sax," '09, hurdles; Guy Satterthwaite, 440, 880, mile; Louis Utterback, distance.

1909.

Frank Stocking, captain, "Sax," '09, hurdles; James Davis, '09, sprints, 440; Will Gaston, "Bill," '10, sprints; Lee Lewis, '10, 880, mile; Fane Vance, weights.

1910.


1911.

Phillip Northeraft, "Nothie," '12, high hurdles.
1912.

1913.

1914.
Norman Hayner, '14, 440, 880, broad; Will Munson, "Pinkie," '14, 50, 220, broad; Ronald Fishback, "Fishy," '14, 100, shot, high hurdles; Harry McCray, "Mae," '15, shot, discus.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

A London periodical offered a prize for the best list or collection of unintentionally amusing advertisements. Here is part of one list:

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"Wanted—A room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentleman with folding doors."

"Lost—A Collie dog by a man on Saturday, answering to Jim, with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, wishes to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."

"Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Lost—Near Highgate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

OLYMPUS STAFF.

Editor........................................Katherine Johnson
Assistant Editor..............................Carl Lokke
Business Manager............................Maynard Duxbury
Assistant Business Manager................Ted Morris
Ad Manager..................................Carl Zumberlin
Assistant Ad Manager........................Lyndle Shaw
Athletics.....................................Brad Barnes
Society.......................................Mary Conner
Music.........................................Loretta Clark
Alumni........................................Ida Stommer
Exchanges....................................Glenna Magill
Domestic Science............................Viva Johnson
Debate........................................Lucile Ford
Jokes..........................................Muriel Tamblin
Staff Artist..................................Shirley Leach
Assistant Staff Artist......................Hilda Goodpasture
Girls' Club..................................Esther Bergh

CLASS EDITORS.

Seniors.......................................Dorothy Beach
Juniors......................................Esther Bergh
Sophomores..................................Ted Randall
Freshmen.....................................Frederick Johnson
THE CLASS OF SEVENTEEN.

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Although this verse was written about a mere brook, it applies so perfectly to our High School—to any high school in June, that the poet must have been thinking about one when he wrote it. Every year a class comes in and one goes out, but the school stays on year after year, running as smoothly as ever.

It is just at this time of the year that the Senior class, having reached its goal, holds the center of the stage of High School life. Its affairs, pictures, programs, commencement exercises, class number and all are the absorbing topics of the day, eclipsing everything else. For one brief moment the Seniors are the envied, the admired, and the respected of all. But next year after the Class of Seventeen is gone, Olympia High will run along in its regular way without them (incredible though it may seem now). A new class will take our place and new Seniors will fill the places left vacant by us. But the best thing about it is that our class has helped make the High School what it is. The High School represents a growth and development to which each individual class that has graduated from it has contributed its share.

The title of Senior is given to one class for only a year and then belongs to another, but in that year it can help make the school bigger in every sense of the word. We, the class of 17, are now giving up the title of Senior, but during the year that we have held it, and during the four years of our High School career, we have done our best for our school. In baseball, basketball, on the football field, in debate and declamation contests, in the classroom and in every phase of the school life we have endeavored to uphold the standards of the school and keep its honor high. And though we leave with regret that the happy days we have spent here are over, it is also with eagerness to learn more of the greater responsibilities of life and to accomplish bigger things in the world.

We are glad that the school WILL grow and prosper after we are gone and we are glad that the long cherished dream of a new school building will soon be realized and so it is with best wishes for the future of our High School that we bid farewell to it.
AN APPRECIATION.

This number of The Olympus represents not only the work of the staff and of the Senior class, but of others who have unselfishly helped us in its preparation. We wish especially to thank Miss Gregory, who has so willingly co-operated with the editors and the Senior class to make The Olympus worth while. Perhaps more than anyone else she has helped to keep the literary standard of our magazine high and we are very grateful to her. We also wish to extend our appreciation to Overton Ellis, of the Junior class, who drew the cover design for this number.

For the last time we, the Senior members of the staff, are working for The Olympus, and when we realize that in a few short weeks we shall leave the High School forever, it is indeed a solemn moment. Some have worked for The Olympus during all their High School course and now feel justly proud; but those of us who have not done so feel a certain regret and resolve to do better elsewhere. It is only by continual effort and perseverance that The Olympus has reached its present standard and we hope the succeeding staffs will take a pride in maintaining and even raising this standard. This they can and certainly will do with the assistance of the student body.

O-O-O

SUPERSTITIOUS DON'TS.

Don't look at a mirror until it breaks.
Don't walk under a falling safe.
Don't throw soup over your left shoulder.
Don't put your shirt on upside down.
Don't look at the old moon over your right foot.
Don't get out of bed at the wrong hour.
Don't turn your umbrella inside out.
Don't lose thirty dollars at bridge.
Don't get married on Friday.
Don't lead a funeral procession.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

The Senior class, approaching the termination of their brilliant career, have characterized their last days by winning the High School baseball championship, which was undoubtedly due to the unusual cheering from the grandstand. It might also be mentioned that we have never lost a game.

Lately it has been noticed, especially by the teachers, that now and then a Senior appears, arrayed in his (or her) Sunday best and wearing his choicest smile. After this symptom has been detected, the same victim soon emerges with a dainty red envelope containing interesting squares of paper. In other words, the Seniors have had their "map's shot" and they all agree with the sentiment expressed in Poe's poem, "Quoth the raven, nevermore."

Several of the Senior boys have answered their country's call and have enlisted. Shirley Lence has already gone and Neil Hudson expects to be called at any time. Burney Jones, Lawrence Flagg, Brad Barnes, Maynard Duxbury, Ernest Smith, Lyndle Shaw, Ted Morris, Carl Zanberlin, Leonard Levy and Lester Moyer have joined the Olympia Volunteers. Our class certainly has reason to be proud of these boys.
A couple of Junior class meetings have been held to talk over matters such as dues and the prom.

The Juniors haven’t fared very well in baseball this year. Our first game was with the Seniors. The score was decidedly in their favor, 19 to 1. The Juniors, nevertheless, put up a hard fight.

Maurice Springer received his "O" for basketball this year.

The Junior Prom, held at the Woman’s Club house April 21, was a complete success. Nothing was left undone by our industrious committees. The entertainment committee consisted of Dewey Martin, Leota Otis, Mildred Graham and Truman Trullinger. Those on the refreshment committee were Mary Connor, Mildred Miles, Dan Helser and Marshall Million. Those who assisted in decorating were Maurice Springer, Gladys Holecomb and Irene Springer.

The Junior class is very proud of Fletcher Fishback, who has enlisted in the Coast Artillery. He hasn’t been called out yet.
During the past month or so the greater part of the class has been suffering with spring fever, which is common at this time of the year. Nevertheless, we are glad to announce that, on April 9, Marion Potter plucked up courage enough to come to school in his first long trousers. Herman Hoefer donned his some time ago.

We opened our baseball career by dubbing the Innocents, 8 to 6, but in the championship game, we are sad to relate, we lost to the Seniors.

On April 23, we held a class meeting to secure a new motto and yell. The yell was not fully decided upon, but the motto, "Summa summorum," which, translated, means "The Height of Everything," is quite appropriate.

Our flower, the Cecil Brunner rose, and our colors, black and gold, were chosen at another meeting sometime ago.

The class is very proud of the fact that Jimmie Heintzelman was elected captain of next year's football team.

The Sophomores are glad to welcome a new member, Josephine Estey, who came here from Denver.
In a short lapse of time the Freshmen, excepting those who flunk, will be Sophomores with all the dignity and wisdom that the second year in High School brings. No longer will we be ridiculed when we enter the assembly after all others are seated or when we give our class yell. Through the long months of school we have gained knowledge and wisdom in the ways and customs of the High School student, and though we are eager to show the next class of Freshies what we have learned, the prospect of vacation is very encouraging indeed.

In baseball we made a very good showing. The Sophomores only defeated us by one point, the score being 6 to 7. The players for the Freshmen were Bob Melane, Dennis Hurley, George Mallory, Bill McGuire, Harland Harris, Harold Weston, Lester Walker, Arthur Marshall and Waldo Stenz. Besides being on the Freshman team Mallory, McGuire, Hurley and Weston are on the High School second team.

Harold Medbury played in the game between O. H. S. and Roy and those who saw it say that he played an excellent game, making some very timely hits.

In the ticket contest we sold forty tickets, thus gaining third place in the match.

Chauncey Johnson and Robert Shaw represented the Freshmen in the High School Operetta. They were both soldiers.

We are proud to state that Harold Butcher, one of the Freshman boys, has joined the United States navy. Not many High School Freshmen are “jackies.”
After a delayed start the baseball season is now well advanced. The first game, a ten-inning affair, was played on the home grounds with Roy. It was a mixture of misses, bobbles and startling plays. Heavy hitting by Olympia figured in the scoring. The real climax was reached in the last of the tenth. Mallory and Zumberlin had singled and had advanced to third and second bases, respectively, on Cunningham’s sacrifice, after Hudson had whipped the ozone. Then “Lanky” Medbury, the wizard Fresh first sacker, poled out the winning poke, which scored Mallory and thereby ended a thrilling game. The final score was as follows: Olympia 8, Roy 7.

The next game, with Grand Mound, wasn’t as exciting, especially for Olympia. The score was 5 to 1 in favor of Grand Mound. Mallory struck out fourteen men, allowed no bases on balls and did not give the Grand Mound batmen any mercy, allowing them but one hit. Errors and slow fielding undoubtedly were the main causes for our defeat. The Grand Mound diamond is a rolling prairie and in no condition for good baseball.

The class games of baseball were characterized by unusually large scores. The Senior class won the cup, thus completing a perfect record. During the whole four years of their course they have captured the silver cup every year. Some honor, men, some honor!

The class game scores are as follows: Freshman-Sophomore, 6-7; Junior-Senior, 1-19; Sophomore-Senior, 0-16.
ORCHESTRA.

Word of the actual accomplishments of the Orchestra for this time must necessarily be rather limited, because it has performed but once, namely, Friday, April 13, at the Bird House contest in the Martin building. Only three more times will the High School members be permitted to hear this Orchestra. The three engagements are the May Fete, to be given on the campus; the School Exhibit and, finally, graduation night. Owing to the kindness of Allan Gunstone, the Orchestra has some highly interesting new pieces.

GLEE CLUB.

While the Glee Club has had no public performance since the Easter Olympus, the High School need not think it is dead or disabled. Far from it! Never before has the Glee Club been practicing so hard, and at its next public appearance the results of their work will be displayed. Especially on graduation night will the club program be worth hearing, for Miss Nelson is saving the best selections for that night.

UKULELE CLUB.

In the several times that the Ukulele Club has appeared on different programs it has far surpassed our expectations of its success. On April 13 they assisted in the program at the Bird
THE OPERETTA.

On Friday, March 30, the High School presented a musical playlet entitled "Priscilla"; or "The Pilgrim's Proxy."

The story followed quite closely the familiar plot of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." Frances Bulloek made a very charming Priscilla and Neal Hudson was an equally pleasing John Alden, who tried to speak for his friend, but ended in "speaking for himself." Lyndle Shaw portrayed the part of Miles Standish exceptionally well and Frances Hudson as Resignation, with Carl Zamberlin as Capt. Hatebad Higgins, scored one of the "hits" of the evening. Among the best scenes, and perhaps most cleverly acted, was the one in which Captain Higgins amused us and the Puritan maidens with a whole story. However, for beauty, I think we would all vote on the spinning wheel scene. Here the light played prettily over Priscilla and her work as she sang for us a very touching solo.

Operettas and plays like this one are good for a school
now and then, for we never know what talent may be in our midst, until an occasion of this sort brings it out. The great success of this operetta was made possible by the tireless work of Miss Nelson, assisted by Mr. Gerwick, and four members of the Orchestra.

THE CAST.

Miles Standish (the doughty captain) ................ Lyndle Shaw
John Alden (the friend in need) .................. Neal Hudson
William Bradford (governor of Plymouth) ....... Tom Blake
Hattiebald Higgins (captain of the Mayflower) .. Carl Zumberlin
Priscilla ........................................ Frances Bullock
Resignation (spinster) ................................ Frances Hudson
Barbara ................................................ Gladys Holcomb
Faith .................................................. Phyllis Fitz Henry
Prudence ............................................. Lucile Hord
Three Mayflower Buds ................................

Chorus of Pilgrims—Fanny White, Fanny Hershey, Gladys Everett, Mary Jane Sams, Nora Hollingsworth, Grace Watson, Helen Seedley, Dorothy Beach, Gladys Bateman, Corn Bullock, Ethel Graham, Beulah Jemne, Sylvia Bohac, Birdie Churchill, Paul Avery, Ray Lewis, Desmond Chambers, Maynard Duxbury, Bradford Barnes, Chauncey Johnson, Robert Shaw, Philip Royal.

Director—Miss Gertrude Nelson, supervisor of music.
Orchestral Obligato—J. G. Gerwick, director. First violin, Mildred Munby, Dewey Martin, Burney Jones; 'cello, Don Heermans; cornet, Walter Crombie; piano, Mr. Gerwick.

MY HISTORY TEACHER.

Mr. Akin is my teacher. I want to pass. He maketh me to stand before the whole class. I lose all I know. He laugheth and springeth jokes at all my mistakes. Yeas, when I have my lessons, I reciteth not, but when I have not, he surely troubleth me. He preparbeth a hard test for me in the presence of himself. He calleth me to the office. I am shaking all over. Surely gloom and sorrow shall go with me all the days and nights of my life; and I shall not dwell in the History class forever.—O. B., '77.
Commercial Notes

The Commercial course trains students for the business world, and this training is without question the most practical course offered in the High school. Efficiency is the crying demand of the business man, and, more and more, students realize the necessity of efficiency if they would succeed. In no other line of work is accuracy, speed and dependability so essential.

The aim of the Commercial department is to afford practical knowledge and skill, sufficient to enable the student to do his work well and thoroughly. To turn the student must work diligently and enthusiastically, always alert and willing, if the quality of his work is to be high and the results entirely satisfactory. In the Commercial department of the Olympia High School, high standards are set and all work is directed toward an established goal.

This year’s work in the Commercial department shows up very creditably. All day long the hum of busy typewriters is heard throughout the school, and the operators are industriously working for the coveted 40-word certificate and the gold medal. Sylvia Bohac was the first to obtain a medal this year, and closely following her, Marjorie Cotterill. Many other enthusiastic workers are in the lineup for the gold medal and will undoubtedly succeed before the close of school. About eighty students are taking typewriting this year and a majority of that number have, at date of going to press, won certificates of proficiency for writing 25 and 40 words a minute. The rules governing the awards this year are much more exacting than those of previous years. Two years ago, on test material, writing for ten consecutive minutes, 15 mistakes were permissible; a year ago, ten mistakes, and this year the limit is set at five mistakes. The standard being so much higher, it might seem that fewer awards would be won, but the ability of the students and the effort put forth are quite equal to the standard and the results this year are just as high as usual.

As the custom has been for the past two years, a typewriting contest will be held at the Y. M. C. A. just before the close
of school. The High School typists challenge the typists of the
city to a contest and usually the results show evidence of
splendid work. The contest also arouses interest in all com-
mercial work. At the first contest of this nature, Nettie Bethel
won the first prize, while last year the prize went to Leola
Mullenger, both High School students.

Forty students are enrolled for first-year and twelve for
second-year bookkeeping this year and the classes are doing
splendid work. Penmanship is also enjoying a lasting popular-
ity and our great mass of future citizens will undoubtedly be
better penmen. Last year the Olympia High School ranked
fifth in the United States in winning American Penman cer-
tificates, which indicated that this school is doing its share.

The shorthand class is a thirsty, well organized body of
students. As in typewriting, certain standards are set and
certificate requirements must be met. Some of the students
starting with the class have already accepted positions in
various offices and cities and are making good in their work.
The picture in this issue represents the shorthand class, of
whom fourteen are Seniors, four special students and seven
post-graduates. The post-graduates, who will receive special
amanuensis certificates, are Donald Heermans, Clara Avery,
Ethel Brazel, Irma Brown, Thelma Buhmester, Gertrude Uhler
and Lillian Uhler.

Those who desire a practical business education which will
start them on the road to success in the business world should
make it a point to enroll next fall in the Commercial de-
partment.

—M. S., '17.

FAVORITE QUOTATIONS.

"Honest."
"Have you gum in your mouth?"
"I didn't get to read that far."
"Yes'm, that's what I said.
"I forgot to look it up."
"I didn't have time."
"That wasn't in my book."
We went into the fight "armed to the teeth," and won our first victory. However, we were soon plunged from the sublime heights of attainment to the depths of despair and incidentally weak knees.

The first trip away from home made our hearts thump hard, and our brains whirl. Mr. Loomis alone remained calm, and as usual preserved the equilibrium of the party. We will always remember our Elma opponents for their courtesy and splendid good sportsmanship.

Again we were called upon to defend the home ground, and the Montesano team, without a doubt the finest we have met this year, gave us a race for the decision.

Our trip to Kelsa was delightful. Though we lost the decision, we feel that we gained other things far more valuable. Early the next morning we said good bye to our coach, and sailed down the Cowlitz River across the Columbia and into the Willamette. Our stay in Portland, though brief, afforded us much pleasure and added the finishing touch to a profitable trip.

The Southwest championship went to Raymond, Olympia remaining third on the list.

We can wish nothing better for next year's team than that they receive as much benefit and pleasure from the pursuit of this study as we have received this year.

—L. G. H., '17.

"Horse No. 59 is missing and can't get any track of him. Incidents relating to loss as follows: When horse was found her tail was paralyzed also its back bone was hurt. I ordered the teamster to kill him as he was worthless. The man delayed killing her as he did not have time to bury it. In the meantime it improved some and when he left he asked me what he should do with him. I told him to turn her out in the pasture as it was not worth feeding. Later when the flies got bad he ran off and he was unable to catch her. It may turn up later."

(N. B. This wonderful specimen of composition was taken from a real letter written by a man.)

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The Dramatic Club Notes

The Dramatic Club, after the marked success of "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," is hard at work at its greatest effort, "Undine," which will be presented at the May Fete. The characters are as follows:

Undine, water sprite..............................Irene Collier
Sir Huldebrand, a knight........................I. Mullinger
Lady Bertalda...................................Ella Granger
Karleborn, Undine's uncle.....................Leota Otis
Huldah, fisherman's wife.......................Hazel White
Pudlieh, fisherman.........................Bertha Hackman
Father Hyramon, a priest......................Hazel Hinchcliffe
Page........................................Dorothy Rose

We are sure it will be a great success.

The Oratorical Contest

On the evening of March 16, an oratorical contest, under the auspices of the local chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, was held in the High School auditorium. Three Seniors and one Junior contested for the three prizes, and the judges announced their decision as follows: First prize of $15 to Mildred Stenger, second prize of $10 to Mildred Stenger, and third prize of $5 to Philip Royal.

This contest was the first of its kind held in Olympia, but it is planned to make it an annual event, and to have the first prize winners from the various cities throughout the state meet at Seattle to contest for the state prize. Owing to the present condition of affairs in our country, it is especially fitting that we should turn our minds and thoughts to patriotic subjects. We hope that a great number of students will enter the contest next year, with a desire not only to win the prizes, but to freshen their minds with the gallant deeds of our great forefathers.
GERMAN

Quotations from "Wilhelm Tell."

"Der brave Mann denkt an sich selbst zuletzt."
"Der kluge Mann baut vor."
"Ein furchtbar wunde Schrecken ist der Krieg; di Hærde schlägt er und den Hirten."
"Ertragen muss man, was der Himmel sendet; Unbilliges ertraget kein edles Herz."
"Die Unschuld hat im Himmel einen Freund."
"Was Haende bauten, koennen Haende stuerzen."
"Das schwere Herz wird nicht durch Worte leicht."
"Die Schlange stieht nicht ungereizt."
"Verbunden werden auch die Schwachen mächzig. Der Storke ist am mächtigsten allein."

"O, eine edle Himmelsgabe ist
Das Licht des Augest—Alle Wesen leben
Vom Lichte, jedes glückliche Geschopf
Die Pflanzes selbst kehrig freundig sich zum Lichte."

"Ihr sei der Maenner, wisset eure Axt
Zu fuchern, und dem Mutigen hilft Gott."

Burney J.: "Say, my sister is some artist. She painted some roses the other day and three fellows tried to smell them."

L. Shaw: "That's nothing. My sister painted a picture of a hen and it was so real that when we threw it in the waste paper basket it layed there."

The annual reception given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors was held at the Women's Club house April 21. The members of the school board and the faculty, as well as the Seniors were guests of the Juniors. Refreshments were served during the first part of the evening. The room was prettily decorated in pink and green to carry out the Senior class colors. Those who assisted in serving were Helen Yalevort, Desmond Chambers, Fletcher Fishback and Elsie Chambers. During the serving of refreshments a short program was given which consisted of a piano solo by Muriel Newcomb, a vocal solo by Mary Conner and a few selections by the Ukulele Trio, consisting of Mildred Graham, Rochelle Bloom and Gladys Bateman. A toast to the Senior class was given by Marshall Million and responded to by Noel Hudson, president of the Senior class. Mr. Gwynn, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Beach gave short, interesting talks. After the refreshments all who cared to dance went upstairs and enjoyed a pleasant evening of dancing, while for those who didn't dance games were provided downstairs. The decorations in the dance hall were in blue and gold, representing the Juniors, and a large '18 was suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room.

Teacher: "How many zones are there and name two."
Pupil: "There are two zones, Masculine and Feminine. The Masculine is temperate and intemperate, the Feminine is frigid and horrid."
Girls' Club Notes

The Girls' Club has been progressing rapidly this last semester. During the past semester we have had a number of musical programs which were very good. They have consisted chiefly of solos and piano selections by the girls from the different classes.

One of the most enjoyable meetings of the club was held on March 9, when the Dramatic Club presented a play entitled "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone." It was well played and kept us laughing from start to finish. During the year we have listened to several talks by some of the prominent women of Olympia. One of the most interesting as well as most beneficial of these was given by Mrs. Diven at one of our last meetings. She advised us that if we wished to get the most out of life we should be cheerful, unselfish, enthusiastic along many lines, grateful for what we have around about us and also have a due sense of proportion and self-control.

Another thing the club has taken up is the organization of various smaller clubs, such as hiking, swimming and tennis clubs.

In the hiking club each class has a team. The team that walks the greatest number of miles will be treated by the three losing teams. Also each girl (on any team) who walks 100 miles will receive a letter "O." These "O's" will be presented to the girls at the last meeting of the club.

At the last club meeting we were favored by several pleasing selections from the Ukulele Club. The plans for having a May Festival were also talked over. A May Festival will be something entirely new for the Olympia High School, and if it is successful, the Festival will be made an annual event. The Festival, which is to consist of a Maypole dance, several folk dances by the girls of the club and the play "Undine" by the Dramatic club, will be given on the school lawn some time the last of May. A May queen will be chosen from the Senior girls.

The Girls' Club has taken advantage of a valuable hint found in our Exchange department. A question box will be placed in the lower hall. All the girls are urged to put questions in it about school problems, vocations or anything that they would care to have brought up and discussed at the club meetings. In this way we hope to make our programs even more helpful and instructive than they have been before. Other Girls' Clubs are quite enthusiastic about the question box.

High School, According to Shakespeare.

Freshmen—"Comedy of Errors."
Sophomores—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Junior—"As You Like It."
Senior—"All's Well That Ends Well."

A green little Freshie,
In a green little way,
Ate emere de menthe
Six times a day.

Now the green little grasses
Tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshie's
Green little grave.
The second year girls have all finished their $2.00 dresses. A prize will be awarded for the best dress, judged on selection of design and material, workmanship and becomingness to wearers. The girls are now working on lingerie dresses which they hope to have finished for exhibit.

On account of the school year being shortened by the quarantine, the second year girls will study the theory of laundering, but will do little practice work.

In "Textiles", the second year girls are studying silk. From the many varieties of silk material the girls will collect samples of the principle materials.

Last year "Invalid Cookery" was given in the third year class. But this year it will be given in Freshmen classes as only the two classes of Home Economics are given.

The first year girls will plan and serve class breakfasts and the second year girls will plan and serve luncheons. At each luncheon one-half the girls of a class will be the guests, while the other half serves. The members of the faculty will also be entertained at luncheons by the Sophomore girls.

Many girls who have studied Home Economics are writing their Senior theses on subjects from this department. Some of them are as follows: "Dietary for High School Girls," by Sibyl Jolson; "Preservation of Food," by Hazel Smith; "Olympia Knitting Mills," by Thelma Tope.

Instead of writing essays Elma Chambers and Neva Masemore are making a lingerie dress, which will be a part of a permanent school exhibit. The material for the dress is furnished by the school.

Mildred Stenger and Irene Collier will serve a luncheon to the school board and their wives May 9. The guests to be present are Mr. and Mrs. Stocking, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher, Mr. Beach and Miss Grube.

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**ALUMNI NOTES**

Walter Drahman, '15, is a member of the Mounted Scouts, Second Washington Infantry.

Lucile Johnston, '16, is attending the Bellingham Normal this year.

The O. H. S. feels very proud that two of its graduates, Charles Fullerton and Winthrop Chaplin, both members of the class of '14, have enlisted in the officers' reserve corps and have successfully passed the examinations. They are both second lieutenants and are awaiting orders to go to the camp at Presidio, California.

Raymond Dalton, '14, is in the employ of the Public Service Commission.

Esther Twohy, '14, is stenographer at the Olympia Shipyards.

Ethel Brazel, '15, is taking work in the Commercial department of the High school.

Alma Forbes, '15; Avis Brainard, '15, and Ola Turner, '14, have all been married recently.

Arthur Haycox, '14, is traveling salesman for the Buckeye Extract Company.

Heber Morford, '14, has joined the Coast Artillery.

Lee C. Lewis, '10, is second lieutenant in the United States Regulars. He will go to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, soon to drill.

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After a brief two weeks' acquaintance he invited her to go to the bull game with him.

"There's Jarvis! He's a good one. He's a pitcher for your life, and that's Johnson, over there. He's going to be our best man in a few weeks."

"Oh, Walter! He'll do, all right," she lisped hurriedly, "but it is so sudden, dear."
EXCHANGES

This being the last issue of The Olympus for this school term, we, the Seniors of '17, wish to bid farewell to our ever-welcome visitors and friends, the exchanges. Although we shall not be here next year to meet you and enjoy your stories, cartoons and jokes we are sure you will be welcomed just as heartily by your remaining friends of the O. H. S.

We are very pleased to note the interest shown by the students of O. H. S. in the exchanges during the past three months, in spite of the fact that there has been no proper arrangement made for their distribution.

We have received only six exchanges since the last publication of The Olympus, but we have been able to derive a great deal of benefit and enjoyment from them, for they have been excellent numbers. Those faithful friends of the exchange family who have visited us during the last three months are The Tahoma, The Lens, The Black and Gold, The Hesperian, The Martian and The Spectrum.

The hundred-page Spring fiction number of The Tahoma is one of which to be proud. Its size is not the most remarkable feature of it. The stories, “Efficiency in Love,” “How It Was Done in Days of Old” and “At Home” are surely worthy of comment.

As usual, the March number of The Lens was up to its same high standard. We believe it entirely unnecessary to make further comment upon the unusual qualities of The Lens after reading the criticisms in “Sidelights on The Lens.”

We again take pleasure in welcoming our new acquaintance, The Black and Gold, of Honolulu. The magazine shows a great deal of life and the careful work of the students of the McKinley High School. The snapshots add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine. We especially enjoyed the stories, “A Soldier’s Farewell,” “A Prophecy That Failed,” and “An Hawaiian Legend.”

The April number of The Martian shows the usual care in preparation. The standard of its literature is far above that of the average magazine. We think “The Sunbeam” adds much life to the magazine.

Again we welcome our old friend, The Spectrum, with its attractive cover design and clever suggestive designs with which its departments are headed. The essays and school notes are also worthy of mention. “Conundrums of Names” is certainly a very entertaining piece of work.

Assemblies

We High School students are always interested in colleges and universities, especially those of our own state, so we were very glad to have Dr. Holland of the State College talk to us. Dr. Holland’s short talk was filled with advice and encouragement. The keynote of it was, “Be a plugger, not a piker.”

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting and “live” assemblies of this year was when Mr. C. C. Robinson, national traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., talked to us. Although Mr. Robinson claimed to a “boy specialist” only, having worked for years with the boys of the Y. M. C. A. all over the country, he seemed to understand girls equally as well and every High School student was helped by his talk. Mr. Robinson said that the boy or girls who would succeed must first choose a work that will be of value to other people, secondly one that he is fitted for and then he must push ahead. We can not soon forget his message, “It’s not the fact that you’re dead that counts, but only how did you die.”

Several patriotic assemblies have been held this year. It is a very good thing for the students, especially at this time in our history, to meet quite often to give the flag salute and sing the national anthems. At one of these assemblies Mr. Beach gave a short talk on “Patriotism.” At another of these assemblies two business men of Olympia, Mr. Kenney and Mr. Wilson impressed upon us the part that we can play in the great farming movement that has gone over the country since the war began.
A NATURAL LAW APPLIED TO LOVE.
"The lower the gas, the higher the pressure."

Little boy (sleepily saying his prayers): "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep—"
"If," prompted his mother.
Little boy: "If he hollers let him go, eeny, meeny, miny, mo."

Mr. McClelland: "Miss Lamborn, who originated the first geometry problems?"
Frances L.: "Noah."
Mr. Me.: "How's that?"
Frances L.: "Didn't he construct the first ark in B.C.?"

He: "You are the breath of life to me."
She: "Suppose you hold your breath for a while."

Student: "I got a zero in English this morning."
Other Student: "That's nothing."
Student: "What's nothing?"
Other Student: "A zero."

Ada Munro (quoting Macbeth): "We have scorched the snake, not killed it."

A goat ate all our other jokes,
And then began to run,
"I simply cannot stop," he said,
"I am so full of fun."

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."

L. Levy: "Do you think I could ever be an officer in the army?"
H. Kearney: "Yes, you'd be a colonel after the first battle."
L. Levy: "What makes you think that?"
H. Kearney: "That's what you get after you shell a nut."

Miss Farnham: "George, is love an adverb or an adjective?"
George: "Neither; it's nonsense."

Miss Gregory: "Irene, I'm sorry to fail you. Do you know why I had to do it?"
Irene S.: "I haven't an idea."
Miss Gregory: "That's exactly why."

Optimist: "Pleasant weather overhead, eh?"
Pessimist: "Y-a-as; trouble is, so few people going that way."

"To fail is human, to bluff divine."

Sun: "Wilt thou?"
The Collar: "I will."

Mr. Aiken (in Civics): "Well, I think you have covered the ground all right."
Louis Pifer (looking at his feet): "Well, I guess you're right about it."

Neal H.: "I'm going to the front after all."
Anna S.: "Oh, I'm so glad. It's so much more interesting reading the lists of killed and wounded when you know someone at the front."
POPULAR SONGS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

"Peg o' My Heart"—Carl Zambœuf.
"Wrap Me In a Bundle"—Johnnie Lyman.
"Take Me Back to Babylon; Don’t Let Me Grow"—Gus
sie Flagg.
"I Wonder Where My Lovin’ Man Has Gone"—Pinkie
McGrath.
"Over the Hill to Mary’s"—Dewey Martin.
"On the Five-Fifteen"—Obed Backlund.
"Rock Me In the Cradle of Love"—Ted Morris.
"I’ll Take You Home Again Kathleen"—George Mottman.
"There’s a Little Bit of Bad In Every Good Little Girl"—
Frances Bullock.
"God Gave the Wise Men Their Wisdom"—The Faculty.
"Sing Me to Sleep"—Victor Ouellette.
"I Hear You Calling Me"—Ray Mallory.
"Yankieanna"—Neil Hudson.
"Madly I Love Her"—Hubert Overton.
"Save Your Kisses 'Till the Boys Come Home"—All the
Girls.
"It’s Never Late 'Till Morning, and It’s Early After
That"—Muriel Tamblin.
"They Didn’t Believe Me"—Mary Weston.
"In My Little Birch Canoe"—Jean Bowman.

"If a German’s name were Tonie, would we say Herr
Tonic?"

"Make hash while the meat’s fresh."

Neal H.: "Oh, I say, Lyndle, were you upset by the bank
failure?"

Lyndle S.: "Yep, I was so upset that I lost my balance."

Sunday School Teacher: "Walter, what kind of boys
go to heaven?"

Jimmie B. (who has been asleep): "Why, only dead ones."

Gladys H.: "Have you ever seen a house fly?"

Willie C.: "No, I thought that no part of a house, except
the chimney flue."

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

This is a mean old world, at that,
When troubles do begin.
Why is it when a man gets fat
His hair has to get thin?

One of the popular occupations of graduating evening is
estimating the value of the gifts received and sent.

She: "Cook has spoiled the dinner. Will you be satisfied
with a kiss?"

He: "Yes, call her in."

B. B.: "You are one girl in a hundred."
I. S.: "Who are the other ninety-nine?"
Mr. Rhode (in Chemistry): "Name a smokeless powder."
M. T.: "Face powder."

Father: "Does your school turn out gentlemen?"
Mr. Aiken: "Oh, no; we allow them to go right on and
graduate."—Ex.

"Waiter: "You know, we do all our cooking with elec
tricity."

Customer: "Well, then, take this egg out and give it
another shock."

He: "Will you go to the dance with me?"

She: "I’m sorry, I can’t, but I’ll introduce you to a very
handsome and clever girl whom you can take."

He: "I don’t want a handsome and clever girl. I want
you."

Mr. Rhode: "Some of you people sure have brains."

George M.: "Well, what are you looking at me for?"

Mr. Rhode: "Oh, never mind. You’re not one of them."

Mother: "Do you know what time your sister’s young
man left last night?"

Emma: "I think it was about 1 o’clock, because when he
was going I heard him say, ‘Just one, only one.’"
Gladys: “Did you write to papa, Ted?”
Ted: “Asking for your hand?”
Gladys: “Of course.”
Ted: “Yes, I wrote.”
Gladys: “That’s strange. I supposed papa would be terribly angry. You know he doesn’t like you.”
Ted: “Yes, I know. But I fixed that all right. I—I didn’t sign the letter.”

“What is so rare as a day in June?”
The poet sadly whispers.
A voice rang out quite loud and said,
“A Chinaman with whiskers.”—Ex.

Peggy Lamborn, quite a speeder,
Left her dust all over town.
One fine day her front tire bursted.
“Dust to dust,” said Peeper Brown.

Mr. McLeod (in Plane Geometry): “The girls may put their figures on the board this morning.”

Miss Gregory (to Harold Kearney, scanning poetry at the board): “Now, Harold, draw your feet.”

Wanted—A man to handle dynamite in a match factory.
A splendid chance to rise.
Teacher: “Who knows how to get a square foot?”
Pupil: “Get behind a mule and pull his tail.”

Mr. Thoma: “Maynard, I want you to box typewriters tonight.”
M. D.: “How many?”
Mr. T.: “Ten.”
M. D.: “I’m sorry, but I’m only good for five rounds.”

Gleena M.: “I can tell you something that will turn your head.”
Susan H.: “Oh! What is it?”
Gleena M.: “Your neck.”—Ex.

I stood in the hall at midnight,
And the clock was striking the hour.
And her Pa slid down the balustrade
And kicked with all his power.

Oh, little I recked her parent’s boots
Were filled so full of feet!
I went on the “spur” of the moment
And landed in the street.

Tramp (to kind old lady): “Would you be kind enough to do a little sewing for me?”
Kind Old Lady: “Yes, my good man; what is it?”
Tramp: “Here’s a button, sew a pair of pants to it.”

Maurice S.: “I say, Fish, where have all the gibbering fools of the company gone?”
Fletcher: “I’m sure I don’t know. Looks like we’re the only ones left.”

Miss Grube: “Jennie, why is that bucket hanging on the gas bracket?”
Jennie: “Why, Miss Grube, you told me that the gas was leaking, so I hung it up to catch the drops.”

Mr. Thoma: “A medium of exchange is what we call a liquid exchange.”
Marie Lee: “I suppose that’s why my money always runs.”

Jean: “Gee, I bit my own tongue.”
Mary: “Didn’t suppose someone else would, do you?”

Johnny: “Pa, I know the most warlike nation.”
Pa: “Well, my son, what is it?”
Johnny: “Vacci, pa.”
Pa: “Well, my son, that’s no nation.”
Johnny: “Why, sure, it’s vaccination. Didn’t you ever hear about it? It’s nearly always in arms, isn’t it?”

Don’t run down the stairs. Nobody likes a knocker.
Willa: "What became of the anti-slang society that you took so much interest in a few months ago?"
Helen: "Oh, it's in the conscience. The president got nutty and imaged she was the only one in the pan, so we gave her the willies and the dinky duick association shot the chutes."

Susan H.: "Why did they make the Statue of Liberty's arm over twelve inches long?"
Glenne: "I don't know; why?"
Susan H.: "Because if they made it twelve inches long it would be a foot."

Missionary: "Why are you looking at me?"
Cannibal: "I'm the food inspector."

Laurence F.: "Did Mary tell you the truth when you asked her age?"
L. S.: "Yes."
L. F.: "What did she say?"
L. S.: "She said it was none of my business."

Teacher (to class): "Give a sentence with defeat in it."
Tommy: "Soup and water are good for de feet."

M. S.: "Have you ever seen an elephant's shin?"
L. H.: "Yes."
M. S.: "Where?"
L. H.: "On an elephant."

Carl Z.: "What would you give for a voice like mine?"
Ted M.: "Chloroform."

Among a number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence of the children was the following:
"Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on the way to school. By doing the same you will oblige Her Mother."

Tom B.: "Say Brad, where are you in Sunday school?"
Brad B.: "Oh, we are in the middle of original sin."
Tom B.: "That ain't much; we are past redemption."
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