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OLYMPUS
Published Quarterly By Students of the Olympia High School
OLYMPIA WASHINGTON
Vol. XVI. No. 4

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Dedication

This number of The Olympus we dedicate in love and honor to the boys of the Olympia High School under the colors.

IN THE SERVICE

Agnew, Walter
Ayer, John Y.
Ayres, Russell H.
Bailey, William
Ball, Rollyn
Beckwith, Clarence
Billings, Gordon A.
Blake, Willis
Blake, Tom
Bray, Francis
Brewer, Linus
Brewer, Harold
Burrows, Samuel
Butcher, Harold
Butler, Clarence
Cater, Ira
Chadwick, Steve
Chambers, Desmond
Chaplin, Whitmore
Christensen, Hans
Clark, Norman
Clark, Fred
Claypool, Jack
Cline, Gladys
Coulter, Lee
Countryman, John L.
Dalton, Raymond
Dill, Roy B.
Dille, John
Draham, Walter

Dunbar, John
Dunkleberger, Harold
Dunkleberger, Will
Dwyer, Albert
Elberson, John Denton
Erskine, Ralph
Everett, George
Fairchild, Murle
Farrington, Howard
Fishback, Fletcher
Flagg, Lawrence
Forbes, Harold
Frederickson, Martin
Fullerton, Charles
Fullerton, Roscoe
Fullerton, Lynn
Galligan, Dudley
Gaston, William
Guerin, Holt
Hahn, William
Hartson, Thomas
Harpel, Chester
Haskell, Lloyd
Hayner, Norman
Haycox, Arthur
Hazzard, O. P. M.
Hepp, John
Hoke, Herbert
Hoke, Everett
Hopp, Gordon

Harris, Selwyn
Heermans, Jerome
Hudson, Neil
Kelley, Ned
Kelley, Wallace
Johnson, Roy
Lawrence, Hugh
Leach, Alfred
Leach, Shirley
Lemon, Gerry
Leverich, Jesse
Lewis, Lee
Lewis, Ray
Lounsbury, Arthur
Mallory, Ernest
Maynard, Everett
McClelland, Ellis
McCray, Harry
McGenigle, Asa
McCutley, Merritt
McKay, Neil
McKenzie, Clyde
McKenzie, Kenneth
McKinney, Ward
McKinney, Reed
Mend, Wendell
Mead, Roland
Mitchell, Richard
Meacham, Burton
Morford, Heber
Mount, Wallace
Mount, Frank
Mullinger, Leoda
Pierce, John

Pifer, Lewis
Pitman, Naomi
Rowe, John
Russell, Jay
Rollman, Lawrence
Roberts, Arthur
Sapp, Harold
Schiveley, Hugh
Schiveley, Charles
Schiveley, Dixon
Schneider, Worthy
Scull, Hubert
Shaffer, Harold
Smith, Edward
Smith, Albert
Smith, Delta
Smith, Olga
Stevens, Edgar
Strock, Howard
Strock, William
Stoorkey, Carson
Todd, Jean
Todd, Hal
Tucker, Ray R.
Twohy, Will
Van Eaton, Albert
Van Eaton, John
Wilder, Earl
Walker, Elmer E.
Westover, Wilfred
Wilson, Glen
Wilson, John
Winstanley, Edward
Zambrini, Carl
The Faculty

Ruth Gay, Latin; Florence Clarke, English; N. J. Aiken, Principal, United States History and Civics; E. R. Loamis, Study Room and Librarian, Debate Coach; B. R. McClelland, Mathematics; E. R. Thoma, Commercial Department; Marie Gregory, English, Faculty Advisor of Olympus Staff; Ethel I. Benson, English.

The Faculty

Gertrude Nelson, Glee Club and Penmanship; Lilly Grube, Supervisor Home Economics; John G. Gerwick, History and Civics; Ethel Dorrance, Botany, General Science; Margaret Osburn, Home Economics, Coeducation; H. R. Porter, Manual Training; W. T. Meyers, Physics, Chemistry, Athletic Coach; Frances Sylvester, Algebra, German.
In Memoriam

EDITH WELLS
AUGUST 30, 1898  MAY 5, 1918

None who e'er knew her can believe her dead;
Though, should she die they deem it well might be
Her spirit took its everlasting flight
In summer's glory, by the sunset sea,
That onward through the Golden Gate is fled.
Ah, where that bright soul is cannot be night.
—Selected.

Senior Class of Nineteen-Eighteen

Motto: "We finish to begin!"
Colors: Blue and Gold.
Flower: Pink Rose.

Officers.
Creighton Hays.................. President
Merle Junk........................ Boys' Treasurer
Helen Yelverton.................. Girls' Treasurer

Yell.
Gazala, Gazate,
Gazala, Gazate,
Seniors, Seniors,
1–9–1–8.
CREIGHTON HAYS
"Doc"
Class President.
Orchestra.
Prince So-SHi in Operetta Casé.
"Life is not so short but what there is always time for courtesy."

LEOTA OTIS
"Lee"
Class Editor.
Girls' Club President, First Semester.
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

CLARENCE CHRISTENSEN
"Christy"
Asst. Business Manager Olympus.
"My books, they're women's books, And folly's all they've taught me."

IRENE SPRINGER
"Sandy"
Alumni Editor.
"Fickle, fickle girl."

DORSEY CUNNINGHAM
"Dorse"
Editor Olympus.
Captain Baseball, First Team.
Debate.
Track Team.
"What do I care for girls."

MURIEL NEWCOMB
"Snookums"
Orchestra.
Assistant Editor.
Music Editor.
"As sweet as a violet."

AUDIE CUNNINGHAM
"Aud"
Debate.
Business Manager Olympus.
Business Manager O. H. S. A. A.
Track Team.
"With flint-like face, But not so stony, He is steering on to matrimony."

PEARL GINGRICH
"P. G."
"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."
Mildred Kotick
"Mid"
"Modesty is a priceless gem."

Ian Christopher
"Chris"
Orchestra.
"Ambition hath no rest."

Esther Bergh
"Eddie"
"The fairest garden in her books.
And in her mind the wisest books."

Maurice Springer
"Man"
Football, First Team.
High School Basketball.
Editor "Under the Colors" Notes.
"I ain't handsome; I ain't even good lookin', but I'm elegantly educate and beautifully brought up."

Dorothy Garstang
"Dot"
"In every little woman there is a touch of Paradise."

Phillip Royal
"Douglas"
Debate.
"Thoughts are wiser than the hand."

Vera Westover
"Happy"
"I speak in a monstrous little voice."

Nora Taylor
"Teddy"
"She thinks before she speaks—that
is saying a good deal for a woman."
DOROTHY CHRISTENSEN
"Dot"
"A quiet miss and mild in actions."

LOUIS BENSON
"Louie"
High School Basketball.
"Then he would talk, ye gods how he would talk."

IONE SPENCER
"Boney"
Exchange Editor.
"If plugging can get it—it's hers."

LOLA CARY
"Lady"
"She is a most sweet lady."

MARY CONNOR
"Connie"
Princess Chrysanthemum in Operetta Cast.
"Music her soft assuasive voice applies."

PAUL AVERY
"P. A."
Football, Second Team.
"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

HELEN YELVERTON
"Hel"
Girls' Treasurer, Second Semester.
"Her future will be as the present, always shining."

MILDRED MILES
"Miles"
Joke Editor.
Girls' Treasurer, First Semester.
"I would rather be little and mighty, than a big dead one."
ANNA GOODPASTURE  
"Ann"  
"She seems to be too attractive to stay single long."

JOHN H. MURPHY  
"Hank"  
Football, First Team.  
"I am as sober as a judge."

CORA HOLMES  
"Co"  
"Earth sounds thy wisdom and high heaven thy name."

NORA THACKER  
"Thack"  
"Congenial to a fault."

CHARLOTTE SCULLY  
"Scully"  
"She is loved by her friends one and all, for she is ready with fun and jest."

WILMER BRYAN  
"Bill"  
Football, Second Team.  
Baseball.  
"A man's man, not a woman's."

ALICE JENNINGS  
"Al"  
"As merry as the day is long."

BERTHA HACHMANN  
"Bert"  
"I love tranquil solitude."
Laura Myers
"Binks"
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
It ne'er has been my fate to meet."

Clyde Stull
"Dude"
"Majestic silence."

Mildred Renker
"Freckles"
"Her cheek was fair and her form
was slender."

Merle Junk
"Just Junk?"
Class Treasurer.
"Ever see him in a basketball suit?
He's got some form."

Marshall Million
"Eddie"
Football, First Team.
Baseball, First Team.
President Athletic Association.
"Just give him time and by his might,
He will prove that black is white."

Jennie Wickie
"J."
"Of soul sincere, in action faithful,
and in honor clear."

Victor Ocellette
"Vic"
Football, Second Team.
"I'm always in haste, but never in
a hurry."

Charlotte Rogers
"Bunny"
"By diligence she wins her way."
BEULAH JENNE
"B"
"A kind heart she bath.""}

DEWEY MARTIN
"Martin"
Orchestra.
"No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself."

MOLLIE MARTIN
"Mol"
"What can be said about her."

JOHN BOHAC
"Ignatz"
High School Basketball.
Track Team.
"A friend—tis enough."

VIVA JOHNSON
"Vi"
"Stately and tall she walks through the hall."

HAROLD KEARNEY
"Dave"
Advertising Manager Olympus.
Orchestra.
"Tell me, I say, what is there to do but be merry."

MARIE WELLS
"Meg"
"A conscientious worker."

ALTA JEFFERS
"Jeff"
"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."
IRENE WILSON
"Brick"
"She is well 'red'."

HAZLE HILL
"Bill"
"She is a worker and never complains."

HARRY LOUNSBERY
"Louie"
"Silence has its virtues."

JANE MEYER
"Billie"
"Soft peace she brings."

GLADYS HOLCOMB
"Glad"
"She is full of fun."

VICTOR JOHNSON
"Vic"
"Fair and square in work or play."

ROCHELLE BLOOM
"Tommie"
"Yours is the charm of good sense."

ELSIE CHAMBERS
"Els"
"Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in a woman."
Class Poem.

Farewell, Olympia High, to you
We now most fondly say adieu
And leave you, but, before we part,
Oh, take this offering from the heart.

As, full of hope, before the gale
We turn upon the world, our sail,
And steer for seas untracked, unknown,
To sail, and sail, and still sail on.

We bow in homage, true and good
To the dear Faculty, who stood,
Our hands to strengthen, and whose aid
A passport to our future made.

And should success our efforts crown,
Should some of '18 win renown,
'Twill be because you nobly tried
To help, to counsel, and to guide.

Farewell, dear High, when parted from you thus,
Dear scenes will oft' return to us,
Sweet hours, now passed, we feel your spell,
But we must say farewell, farewell.

—Mildred Renker, '18.
Class Song.

To the tune of "Cleopatra."

As Freshmen, first, four years ago, we entered this old school,
And since it has been proven that we are hard to fool.
As Sophs, then Juniors, Seniors now, we leave this dear abode
To carry on our burden along life's winding road.

When years have passed and we've begun to feel the marks of
time,
Our memories of O. H. S. will all be quite sublime.
In all our contests we were square, our games we have played
clean,
So here's a toast, a mighty toast, to the class of NINE-EIGHTEEN!

CHORUS.

Dear old classmates, we have finished with our short siesta here,
And the time has come to leave you, our parting word's a cheer.
We have played and fought you on the field,
And with grace we've won, with honor yielded.
We've a bunch of dandy fellows, our girlish are the best,
But we've one regret, for it's hard, yes it's hard to leave the
rest.
It's hard, yes it's hard to leave our tests.
Our faculty we treasure, they've led us through the pall,
But now our hearts beat joyously,
We are going to leave you all.

—J. Truman Trullinger, '18.

History of the Class of 1918.

Olympia, Washington, June, 1918.

My Dear Margaret:

I suppose you are wondering why I don't write, but if
you, too, are busy, you will understand. It will take but a
few words to explain.

Our Senior Class will be graduated in a few days. I have
been so busy getting ready for the big event that I haven't
had time to write you.

Tonight, as I sit here in our big easy chair, comfortably
propped with pillows, I cannot help reflecting on my four
years in High School. Although I feel proud to have covered
my course and am anxious to enter college, I am not a little
sad to leave surroundings, memories of which I shall always
cherish. Those were the happy days of Irene and Christy, and
Ted and Gladys. Then it was a common thing to see a girl
stealthily tiptoe down the hall to get her coat and then
pecking around the corner to see if the "Deacon" were nigh.

I remember when, about four years ago, dressed in a short,
narrow skirt, and wearing hair ribbons, I came up the High
School walk accompanied by a group of other freshman girls.
In one hand we held our eighth grade diplomas tied with blue
and gold; while, with the other we clutched at each others'
dresses in a vain attempt at "safety first."

During the first few months we were very much afraid of
our reverend "Deacon," but that fear could not compare
with the feelings of rivalry which we held for the Sophs and
of envy for the upper classmen.

Our first class meeting was a turbulent one. The president
of the Senior class, Don Heermans, assisted us in our first
attempt at class organization. It took the great effort of our
sturdy sergeant-at-arms, Desmond Chambers, to keep out the
curious Sophomores, who persisted in watching the gambols
and frolics of the infant class. After pacifying the cries of the
smallest members, Audie Cunningham and Esther Bergh, the
class officers were elected, with Dewey Martin as president.

Considering the fact that the Sophomores usually won
from year to year in the Freshmen-Sophomore contests, we
made a good start by tying them in the cane rush with a
score of 6 to 6. The tie-up did not end successfully for us. Our boys in short trousers were no match for the larger Sophs. The same may be said of the football game.

When the year drew to a close, a picnic was held at Big Maples. It was better than anything ever has been in the past and ever will be in the future. I have distinct visions of three gallons of ice cream.

We ended our Freshman year by proving to the whole High School that we were, as the "Deacon" said, the most headstrong class he had ever dealt with. And as the "Deacon" is good authority, especially in history, I take it to be the truth and record it here.

As Sophomores we thought we ran the school, but this illusion was soon changed when the new Freshmen, the present Juniors, showed us where we stood by winning the tie-up. Perhaps we were over-confident, having won the same rush from them a few weeks before.

Our two presidents for this year were Harold Brewer and Marshall Million.

In the spring a number of our class mates took part in tennis. We won the school championship, with Truman Trullinger in the role of champion.

To prove the fact that the Sophomores were a very intellectual, as well as an athletic class, we had two members on the debating team. As the team is usually entirely composed of Seniors, we considered it a great honor to be represented.

When it came to the Hexathlon track meet, we were "there with the goods." Our Heracles, Bob Forbes, deserved great credit, both for his own skill and for his wise selection of the team.

The swimming meet was held next at the Y. M. C. A. In this we were also victorious. At this time "Johnny" Bohac and "Maw" Springer made names for themselves.

When the baseball season began the boys shouldered their bats and, armed with balls and gloves, they hiked to the park to practice.

The first game was with the Freshies, and that being easily won, they turned their efforts to bigger game. And "bigger" it was, for they lost the victory to the Juniors.

When vacation came we began to feel very much older, for we had earned the title "Juniors." Now we would be upper classmen.

We opened our Junior year by electing Harold Kearney president. He was succeeded by Maurice Springer. A large number of boys won O's for football that year.

Though we had many successes, the Junior Prom was by far the most successful and pleasing event of the year.

With the opening of the next school year, we, the illustrious class of '38, suddenly found ourselves fully grown and wearing the grave countenances of Seniors. Since receiving that title we have been seriously going about our business, and have taken the noble responsibility of running the school, with the kind assistance of Mr. Aiken.

Partly due to his famed brother, Dorsey, the editor of The Olympus, but mostly due to his own remarkable ability for running things, Audie Cunningham was elected president for the first semester. At the second semester election, Creighton Hays took the care of the class in his hands.

As usual, our successes were many, in this, our last year of High. We won the ticket selling contest, the Olympus subscription contest, and the basketball championship. If I had time I would tell you about our football and baseball victories. (?) Since we can not be here next year we will bestow our coveted seats by the windows upon the next Senior class, hoping they will be able to fill them as well as we have and recognize a lucky privilege.

And now at the close of our four years in High School, we trust we have received a foundation for greater things. A review of our past is both a pleasure and an inspiration to us. We are confident that the successes mentioned herein are sign posts along the road of life. May they point to broader and worthier things for us all.

Best wishes to you for a brilliant school career.

Sincerely your friend,

IMA GOODWIN.

—By Leota Otis, and Beulah Jenne.
Class Will.

We, the members of the Class of 1918, having absorbed all the knowledge found within these stern gray walls, now go forth into the world. Being known as most brilliant stars of knowledge and virtue, and having a super-abundance of brains and pep, we leave an example for others to follow. As to such estate as Fate and our own strong hoots and brains have won for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

We give and bequest to dear faculty, who have instructed us in the wisdom of all ages, a peaceful and unbroken succession of restful nights and beautiful dreams. It has been a hard strain on them, as it is said that Seniors are hard to manage. But they have all done their duty, and verily now they shall receive their well-earned reward. We freely give to them all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished from time to time in our various examination papers.

To the students of the lower classes in general we leave the following possessions, traits and faculty advice that they may improve their conduct, work and mental standing.

To our successors we leave our seats in the assembly, representing dignity and honor, hoping that by next year they will be qualified to occupy them.

To the Sophomore class we leave our good (?) standing with the Faculty.

We are sorely puzzled about what to leave the Freshmen. They are young and unable to understand sound advice. We therefore place the burden of caring for them upon the fatherly and motherly members of the Faculty. At the same time we suggest that the members of the faculty believe in that saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

To the Freshman class to be we leave any overlooked ends of gum left by us on the under sides of desks and on the banisters.

The following may seem trifling bequests, but we hope they will be received, not as worthless things, but as valuable assets and a continual reminder of our generosity:

I, Paul Avery, do bequeath my most entrancing smile upon Marjorie Cotterill, hoping that she may not take it too seriously.

I, Louis Benson, being duly convinced that Latin is more popular with girls than boys, do will all that I learned from the girls to Hank Bolender, who may profit thereby.

I, John Bohac, the shortest shorthand speed sark that ever shook a pen, do bestow my inborn gift to Floyd Robbins, who, I hope, will continue to write in the shortest way.

I, Wilmer Bryan, known to all as "Bill," do leave my ability in English to one "Jimmie" Bazel with the desire that he will not mar my record in the same.

I, Clarence Christensen, do bestow my ability to skip classes and always have a different excuse to Pete Otis as "Variety is the spice of life."

I, Ian Christopher, possessing a serious and dignified appearance, accompanied by a graveyard smile, do bequeath same to Fat Loyd, who has run me a close race in said appearance this year.

I, Andie Cunningham, having an over-supply of length, but being stately, do will said proportions to my tall colleague, Bud Lamborn.

I, Dorsey Cunningham, leave my art of getting along with the girls without falling in love with them (more than once) to John Koenig that he may yield not to temptation.

I, Creighton Hays, do bestow my style of locomotion, that pump-handle, elevator gait—going up, going down—upon Harold Troy so as to give the boy a change.

I, Victor Johnson, having taken in all the sights and scenes of the O. L. & P.'s single-tracker, do leave the same along with one sore back to "Newt" Grimm.

I, Merle Junk, the proud possessor of one A. do leave the same to George Calvert to cherish and display on occasion.

I, Harold Kennery, do bestow my original horse laugh and my traits of a panther (screaming) to Ted Naden, as I specialize in reform.

I, Dewey Martin, do bequeath my ability to beat the tardy bell by two seconds and my regularity in doing so, to Gordon Bennett.

I, Marshall Million, do intrust the care of Fanny White to Levy Johnson, that she may be heavily protected.

I, John Murphy, renowned football player, having a great ability to hold on, will said ability to Pete Overton, that he may not lose Elizabeth. My book on "How to Raise Whiskers Without Irrigation," I leave to Lewis George.

I, Philip Royal, having a good command of by-words, such as "Land a' Goshen," "Holy smoke," "Holy Pete," etc., will
I, Irene Wilson, do leave one good supply of hair of a right warm shade to Mildred Negal.

I, Irene Springer, do bestow my most puzzled look upon Fred Neelyba.

I, Marie Wells, do give and bequeath to Levy Johnson a bottle of my "Nature's Hair Tonic," guaranteed to grow hair anywhere.

I, Helen Velverton, wish to get rid of my bold voice and so bequeath it to Issa Brown.

Having given said properties, we hereby appoint Miss Ruth Gay as our administratrix.

This, our last will and testament (all other wills being void) is made this sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred eighteen, duly witnessed by our trusty advisors.

(Seal)

CLASS OF 1918.

In witness whereof:

E. R. LOOMIS, A. E. C
B. R. McCLELLAND, H. K.
Class Prophecy.

The passenger machine in which I was flying developed engine trouble. Looking through my telescope for a suitable place to land, I perceived in the distance a wide, open space. Due to some small boys engaged in baseball, the machine had some difficulty in landing. The coach, who was a sober, middle-aged man, came up and inquired what the trouble was. My mechanic, Victor Ouellette, stated our difficulty and inquired where we were. We were both surprised to find that we had landed in the old baseball park in Olympia. And, wonder of wonders, we found our friend the coach to be a friend indeed, for he was no other than Dorsey Cunningham. Besides being the athletic director for the Freshman class of the O. H. S., Dorsey is the sporting editor of the Washington Standard.

A loud yell from Vic informed me that the engine was temporarily fixed. After accepting an invitation from Dorsey to eat dinner with him that night, we proceeded to the aerodrome at the corner of Main and Fourth, where the old Mottman Mercantile establishment used to stand. Having left our flying machine there, we walked up Fourth Street. There we saw a large crowd gathered around a soap box upon which stood a rather stout, military figure. Just then the breeze carried these cries, “Votes for Women,” “Down with Hays, Cunningham and their gang.” I might have known that Charlotte Seully was up to some of her old tricks. Immediately I got under cover. When the meeting was about to break up, the Hon. Charlotte announced that Citizen Lola Cary would pass the suffrage pledges.

There were many changes in old Olympia as I soon perceived. A large new building attracted my eye and I read on a banner that hung over the door, “Victor Johnson’s Gymnasium for Women. All the Latest Gymnastics Taught Here.”

On the next street I passed J. Truman Trullinger’s dancing academy. I thought to myself that Trolley must be rich now as he is the originator of the popular dances, the “Chinese Wiggle” and the “African Squirt.” When business is dull Trolley has a job cleaning streets.

At 6 o’clock I arrived at Dorsey’s beautiful home on the hill. I was met at the door by a charming little French lady whom I at first mistook for the maid, but was later very agreeably surprised to find that she was Dorsey’s wife. After a good meal, we indulged in the national drink, Birch Beer, which is made by the Rogers & Renker Corporation.

I was curious to find out something about my old classmates in High School. I learned from Dorsey that Clarence Christensen is the editor of the monthly newspaper of the thriving and prosperous city of Boston Harbor. It has a large circulation among the female population, due chiefly to the talent of his assistant, Audie Cunningham. Audie writes love stories from practical experience.

Merle Junk has joined the navy and has become a noted marksman. He can hit a fly ten feet away. (He chews Winchester brand.)

Irene Wilson and Leota Otis have started a guinea pig farm out at Dupont. Irene has just finished her latest thesis, “Pigs Is Pigs.” Leota delivers the pigs, daily, in a wheelbarrow to Camp Lewis.

Paul Avery has become a hermit, after being jilted by Marjorie. He devotes his spare time to writing a book, with which he hopes to reform society. It is called “The Arts and Wiles of the Fickle Sex.”

Dorothy Garstang is a horticulturist. She raises currants for the Tuunwater Light & Power Company.

Dorothy Christensen teaches Latin in the High School at Bordeaux.

John Murphy is a mechanic in the barber shop of Wickie and Westover at Camp Lewis. He sharpens the razors.

Pearl Gingrich is hiking from New York to Salt Lake City. She sells shoe strings to defray expenses.

Muriel Newcomb has a position tickling the ivories in a fashionable cabaret in New Orleans. Irene Springer, having developed quite a voice, accompanies her—except when she’s not in the kitchen preparing her famous “Olympia Oyster Pan Roasts.”

Ian Christopher is a popular ragtime composer. His latest is entitled “Hand Me a Napkin; I’ve Got Egg on My Chin.”

Bill Bryan is widely known as a mining expert. He takes the miners up and down the shaft.

Alta Jeffers, Hazel Hill, Mildred Kotick, Beaurea Jemme and Rochelle Bloom have won medals from President Wilson, for their patriotic services. They made helmets out of discarded tomato cans.

Philip Royal has become known the country over as “Race
Track Royal, the Old Speed Demon." He has already lost one ear and a leg, but is still going strong.

Mary Conner is "head spooner" in a summer resort in the Arabian desert. She cleans the silverware.

Helen Yelverton plays second fiddle in the same line.

Johnnie Bohne served with distinction in the army during the war. He received a medal for bravery in rescuing a fellow patriot from the anger of a French lassie. He married her himself.

Louise Benson is in Utah trying to resuscitate polygamy. She owes his vast knowledge along this line to the experience he gained in ruling his old Vergil class, single handed.

Mildred Miles takes up the collection at Billy Sunday's revival meetings. It is said that many a dime slips into her shoe.

Esther Bergh is an artist's model in the studio of the celebrated Marshall Million.

Clyde Stull is getting quite an education. As soon as he finishes reading the remainder of the books in the state library he will study further, making a specialty of dead languages, astronomy and grunting. He will marry the first girl that asks him.

While Dorsey and Mrs. Cunningham were washing the dishes, I picked up the evening paper. There in glaring red head lines were these startling words: "Alice Jennings, the notorious train robber captured. Awaiting trial. Her record rivals that of her famous uncle, Al Jennings."

"Say," said Dorsey suddenly, "let's take in the carnival tonight." I jumped at the chance.

As we neared the circus grounds I heard the music of the merry-go-round and the cries of ticket sellers. As we entered a brazen voice commenced to howl: "Right this way to see Mabel, the most wonderful woman ever put on earth. Captured in the black swamps of Florida. Head of a woman, body of a spider. Chance of a lifetime. All for a dime. Right this way." There in front of the many-colored tent stood our old friend, Dave Kearney, with his famous grin. We passed on inside and there stood Mabel, alias Marie Wells. She told us if business was not so rushing she would visit us.

We stepped outside and just then a cute little fellow in a white apron and cap ran towards us yelling, "Come and get a biscuit, half a hog, a loaf of bread and a half a cow—all for a dirty old rusty tin dime."
Something Real.

"Here's the very fellow I want," Khak turned as a hand grasped his shoulder, and looked into the face of the editor of the Kingston High school paper.

"Khak, old top, I want you to write a story for the 'King' tonight. I've just got to have another one, and it has to be in by tomorrow, so I'm depending on you. Will you do it?"

A slight lifting of the eyebrows revealed Khak's surprise, but it passed quickly away as he noted the seriousness of the editor's voice.

"We've got a couple of stories already, but it'll take another one to finish up. Something real, you know. This impossible stuff's all right, but we've got to have something different, something that really happens. You can do it, Khak, if you try, and you're my last hope. Will you do it?"

Khak grew an inch taller.

"Believe me, old top, I'll do my best. You can rely on me."

All the way home from school Khak's head was bent in deep thought. He was trying to think of something real that he could write about. Many times during the school year little incidents of everyday life had suggested the topic of a clever story, but now he could not seem to think of one that suited. One after another came to his mind, but he passed them by. Well, he would wait till after supper, and then maybe one would come to him.

As soon as he got home, he changed his clothes and went out to the garage. It was only a Ford, but he took a great deal of interest in keeping it in running order. As the time went by, he became so absorbed in the mechanism of the engine that he forgot even the unwritten story, and it was
not until his mother called him to supper that he remembered
his task.

Immediately after supper Khak tackled his Latin composition. He didn't want any unfinished lessons haunting his mind when he wrote that story. It was his last chance this year, and it had to be a good one; besides, this Latin wouldn't take long. But it took longer than he had anticipated, and it was 9 o'clock when he had finished.

He laid his books aside and took up his note book. Now for the story. But again he experienced the same difficulty that had presented itself before. The right story refused to come.

"How would an Indian story be?" he asked himself.

"Let's see, how's this: 'A woman comes flying into a book editor's office leading her small son by the ear, and brings her umbrella down with a crash over the head of the astonished editor,' or 'Is this the place where the brave boy springs to the back of his trusty mustang and, dashing up the canyon, speeds a bullet to the heart of the dusky red—'"

"Aw, shucks!" Khak threw his pencil down in despair.

"I guess Buddy will be disappointed this time," he thought. "But no, I'll write that story, or something is going to happen."

With new determination he picked up his pencil, but after a fruitless twenty minutes his paper was as blank as before. The right story simply would not come. His brother came whistling shrilly into the room, but stopped suddenly at Khak's furious outburst.

"My goodness," chided his sister, "Khak's a regular 'Dickens' tonight."

And he sure felt it. Every little sound seemed to make itself doubly audible. The conversation of the others attracted his attention, and the incessant ticking of that horrid clock beat upon his brain like a triphammer.

Finally Khak went into the other room and stared disconsolately out of the window at the street light. Would the street light suggest anything? Something that it had seen in the midnight silence when all folks were asleep? But no. His brain refused to work, and just when it was most needed. Yes, Buddy would be disappointed, but he could not help it. He had done his best, and that was all.

And then his sister—Khak always had thought that sisters were useless—stuck her head through the doorway and called softly:

"O, Khak, write about the boy that tried to write a story
and couldn't."

Khak stared. And then a big, audible sigh escaped his lips. That, if any, was the right story. What a numbskull he had been not to think of it.

Long after the others went to bed, Khak still wrote on the story you have just read, and as he undressed for bed, he knew Buddy would not be disappointed. —O. K., '29.

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A RECIPE FOR KISSES.

To 1 piece of dark piazza add a little moonlight—take for granted 2 people—add a slight flavoring of cigar smoke, press in 2 strong ones a small soft hand; sift lightly 2 oz. of attraction to 1 of romance, add a measure of folly; stir in a floating ruffle, 1 or 2 whispers. Dissolve 1-2 dozen glances in a well of silence, add a small quantity of hesitation, 1 oz. of resistance, place the kisses on a flushed cheek or 2 lips, flavor with a light scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate if directions are followed.
Discord in a Flat.

"What's the matter, Sis—you've off your feed, aren't you? First time I ever knew you to turn the cold shoulder and the glassy eye on hot muffins. Been working too hard mending my socks? I'll admit there's a pile, but when your illustrious brother is so active in school affairs he naturally wears out a good many pair walking around to stir up enthusiasm."

"No, not socks, not anything like that," Cecile smiled ruefully. "I guess it's too much lonesomeness. Honestly, I'd give nearly all I possess if someone would drop in with a plate of cookies and the latest gossip catalogued neatly in her mind."

"Well, get acquainted—plenty of people—nothing like an apartment house for near neighbors. Pass the muffins, please."

"Yes, get acquainted," replied Cecile with bitter sarcasm. "They won't acquaint. I know everyone by sight and reputation, thanks to the junior's wife. The people next are Clydes, and she is a semi-invalid, or thinks she is; then next to them are Willys and they have two high school age boys; then there are the Rosenbergs, as Jewish as their name; upstairs is Miss Grant, High School Senator, then—""

"Enough," cried Jack. "The only one I'm interested in is Miss Grant. Saw her on the stairs tonight. Of course a trifle young for a college sophomore, but still some Jane."

"Well, I wish you would devote a little serious thought to the problem," Cecile said, a trifle impatiently. "It is your night to wash the dishes, I believe."

A little later Cecile sat sewing by the window listening to the cheerful clatter of dishes and the whistling in the kitchen. Suddenly there was a "yelp" of pure joy and a moment later Jack bounded into the room, a grotesque figure in a white apron, brandishing a potato masher.

"Ray! Ray! I have an idea. A perfect whisk! We'll get acquainted so fast it'll make your head spin. Kit! Yi!" Jack executed an exaggeration and combination of the Conmanche war dance, the Hula and the obsolete coon shuffle across the dining room, the grand finale consisting of an elaborate and precarious pirouette in front of his sister.

"Well, if it involves anything remotely similar to this noisy hilarity, I refuse even to listen."

"Very well, then, if you don't care to listen." Jack was retreating with all possible dignity towards the kitchen, but turned back eagerly at the sound of Cecile's giggle.

For the next ten minutes any listener outside the door might have obtained ample material for a treatise on tone expression. First the boy's voice, eager, enthusiastic; the girl's promptly and sternly demure, a hint of impatience on the boy's part, some sarcastic questions from the girl, a flow of orotund questions from the boy, a slight concession, more pleading, more orotund, more impatience and finally a troubled yielding.

***

Three nights later, about 9 o'clock, the whole apartment house was startled by a blood-chilling shriek that rose and died and left a quavering, tremulous, horror-producing echo reverberating down the silent corridors. A few seconds later every room in every apartment was ablaze with light, and after a few tense moments of waiting for the recurrence of the scream, people began to gather timorously in the upper hall. The noise had issued from an apartment on the first floor and consequently no one would remain downstairs.

Miss Grant had been the first to the hell, armed with an evil-looking little Colt, and she instantly quelled the first wild demands for the "police."

"Nonsense, don't call the police until it is necessary," said Miss Grant. "It has been my experience that they always bungle hopelessly. Now—"

Again the shriek, loud and terrible. The Rosenthal children broke into loud and simultaneous wails of terror. The Willys twins told one another in chattering whispers that this had "Daredrill Dan skinned a mile." Mrs. Clyde clung to her husband with a wailing fear, which might have been pitiful had it not been so ludicrous.

"Well, I'm going down," said Miss Grant firmly. There was a general exodus towards the stairway, with the Willys boys well in the lead, Mrs. Clyde making vain attempts to gain the center of the throng.

With heavy breathing, slow footsteps, cautious glances to right and left, those terrified people made their way down the stairs and slowly down the corridor to apartment No. 1.

Miss Grant placed a firm hand on the door knob. It turned. She stepped inside, closely followed, and switched on the light. At first glance nothing untoward was revealed,
then Miss Grant stepped forward with a little cry, and stooping, observed closely a dark red stain on the floor. Thirty-five pairs of eyes followed hers and thirty-five voices uttered small, horrified cries.

But there was no hesitation on the part of Miss Grant. With revolver held firmly she advanced into the dining room. Nothing here. On into the kitchenette, where the linoleum was sprinkled with blood. Nothing in the first bed room and—they had come to the last room. Without a hint of faltering Miss Grant opened the door and flooding the room with light. Here on the counterpane of the bed were splatters of red stain. There were signs of a struggle evinced in the tumbled bed clothing, the overturned chair, the disarranged articles on the toilet table.

"The brute dragged her through the house—she's in that closet," stage-whispered an excited woman in a voice warranted to carry to the next building.

As Miss Grant stepped toward the closet door there was a general movement in the direction of the exit. The Willy twins armed themselves with an ivory comb and brush apiece and retreated modestly behind the bed.

Miss Grant seized the door knob, levelled her gun, gave a pull, and there, inside the door stood a laughing boy and a nervous girl in the April stage of hysterics.

There was complete silence in the room for a full minute, then the boy spoke.

"How-do-you-do?" he said easily, calmly. "I am Jack Howards, this is my sister, Miss Cecile Howards. I believe I know you all by sight, so it will not be necessary to go through the usual formalities of introduction. I would, Miss Grant, be greatly obliged if you would point the gun, for a pleasant change, at the picture of the Angelus, or better yet, be seated. I know you have been under a considerable nervous strain. Lay your gun on the bed. Thank you. I would ask: all you good people to be seated were there chairs enough here, but as it is you will have to listen to my confession standing. I promise, however, to be brief.

"Well, y'know, my sister is a friendly, hospitable little body and this continued unneighborliness has gotten on her nerves. We could think of no possible way of getting acquainted, or even of getting you inside our humble home, though we felt that having once breathed the home-like atmosphere within and having enjoyed the display of colloquial

ability on the part of its inmates, you would consider it an honor to be friends. So finally I conceived this plan—that is working up a fake murder—the petrifying, blood-jellying shriek, the chicken blood scattered promiscuously about, the mystery, the excitement, everybody more afraid to stay alone than to walk into danger. It worked like a charm—couldn't have gone off better. I want to thank you all for your cooperation. Now, if you'll just step into the living room we'll have food. It's all ready and waiting on the pantry shelves. So step on in, make yourselves at home."

The silence that followed was ominous. Mr. Willy broke it.

"If this is your idea of a joke," he said slowly and deliberately, "it is not mine, believe me. Here my two boys won't sleep tonight with undue excitement, my wife will be ill, the Rosenthal young ones will wait until 3 o'clock, Mrs. Clyde will have another nervous breakdown, we'll all shake for a week. To my mind you ought to have a little of that blanked nonsense shaken out of you."

"Oh, please," cried Cecile, stepping forward, her face flushed, a hint of tears in her eyes as well as her voice. I knew it wasn't right, but I was so lonesome and I did so long for someone to talk to, and it really seemed the only way. I know how dreadful of us it was, but I can't tell you how lonesome and homesick—and—her voice quavered tremulously, then broke.

Miss Grant rose promptly and put her arms about her.

"You can go back if you want to," she said defiantly. "I am going to stay. I know how she feels, I've been lonesome, too. Don't feel called upon to stay unless you wish to—I intend to."

"Well," said Mr. Rosenthal, "it was you that would've saved my lives and day needed saving, so I guess we do vat you say."

The laughter that followed was simultaneous and hearty, partly from relief, partly caused by that sudden descent from the dramatic to the ridiculous that leaves us always shaken and hysterical.

Jack, taking advantage of the momentary good nature, ushered them into the living room. The Willy boys abandoned their formidable weapons and went forth, empty handed, to receive the cake. The Rosenthal children were promptly hustled to bed, but not before their mother had reproachfully permitted Cecile to give them a sandwich apiece.

However, Mr. Rosenthal remained with the men, who all
sat about and smoked with Jack while the women talked to Cecile. Even Mrs. Clyde unbent so far as to describe her last attack of "nerves" and, at Cecile's expressions of sympathy, promised to call soon, saying ecstatically that she had at last found a "kindred spirit."

At 11 o'clock that night when the last guest had departed, Jack stood before the dying embers of the fireplace with his arm around Cecile.

"D'y know," he said, "Willy apologized to me."

"Oh, that's nice," said Cecile. "Don't you like Miss Grant?"

"Sport!" stated Jack briefly and emphatically, "No danger of her pushing the daisies up from enemie. She's got no crushy snap either, putting herself through school. But no grumbling mind you."

"I wish you wouldn't flavor your remarks quite so extensively with extracts from Eshow," said Cecile sleepily, "Let's go to bed."

Half an hour later there was a knock at Cecile's door.

"Asleep, Sis?" inquired Jack's voice.

"No," fibbed Cecile, sitting up. "What's up?"

"I am," replied Jack. "I just got to thinking. If you hadn't butted in with the old stuff we would be as far back, if not further, than we were yesterday."

"Well, for goodness sake, go to bed," said Cecile, and turned over. — N. W., '19.

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**Life's School.**

*An Alumni Poem.*

(Always apologizing to Poe.)

Once, upon an evening dreary,
I was wrestling, weak and weary,
With some geometric problems
I had never seen before;
Problems that all toil resisted,
Though I groaningly insisted,
And all mental powers enlisted,
As I never had of yore;
But the problems, all unravelled,
Lay there calmly, as before—
Only this, and nothing more!

Quite distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And I was a humble member
Of the Senior Class of yore;
Eagerly I wished the morrow
Demonstrations from a classmate
Who had helped me out before;
Who had loaned me his assistance
When in swampy paths before;
"Yes," I whispered, "just once more!"

As I sat, some rule repeating,
All my brain in madness beating,
While my heart and throat were meeting,
And my wan eyes scanned the floor,
While I wearily sat napping,
Suddenly I heard a tapping,
And I knew someone was rapping,
Rapping gently at the door;
"Oh!" I cried, "if some assistance
Brings this stranger to my door,
He is welcome, evermore!"
In he came, on invitation;
"Here," I thought, "is my salvation;
He will have the demonstration,
As he always has, in store!"
For 'twas he whose kind assistance
Helped me often in the distance,
Though I half feared more resistance
to my plea than heretofore;
And I shrank from it on seeing
What a troubled brow he bore,
And the wearied eyes he wore!

But at last my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Friend," said I to him, "most truly
Your forgiveness I implore,
But it is my one salvation
That I make this application,
So—have you the demonstration?"
Here he bent his head and swore,
"No, I came to get assistance
On those problems, too," he swore,
"Only this and nothing more!"

Now that every plank is failing,
The tomorrow looked appalling,
And I sadly sat recalling—
How old vials of wrath did pour;
Could I face an angry teacher
With a calm and unmoved feature
With those unsolved problems staring
In my face for evermore?
Staring wickedly and wildly
In my face for evermore,
In the manner I deplore!

Long I sat there, meditating,
All my soul within me burning,
Longing, thinking things no student
Ever dared to think before;
"O, be gone all demonstration!
How I wish my education,
And the hour of graduation
Were a memory of the yore!
How I long to look back, thinking
They will bother me no more—
Free from care for evermore!"

But the years in their rotation
Finished high school education,
And the longed-for graduation
Is a thing to come no more,
But I find I now am vexing
Over problems as perplexing
As the ones I on that evening
Fought, of geometric lore;
Just as stubborn and unyielding
As of geometric lore,
Trouble me for evermore!

Thus, when school life is completed,
When all lessons are repeated,
And we are no longer seated
In the class-room as before,
Still, life's school is just before us,
And its rule is quickly o'er us,
And we look for graduation,
But 'tis not till life is o'er;
And our spirit from its burdens,
And its lessons, as of yore,
Shall be lifted, nevermore!

—Selected.
EDITORIAL

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CLASS EDITORS.


To many of us this issue marks the close of our work on The Olympus. The task has been both a pleasant and a profitable one. Our one regret is that we can no longer take the part we were wont to.

Although this year has been the busiest of the busy for everybody, the paper has not been neglected. Several have found time to contribute and thus help to make it worth while. This individual interest is what counts. If the whole school, to a man, would back the paper, it is reasonable to suppose that the paper would show it. If you think that it has in some degree shown such results, feel that it was because you did your part.

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We wish to here express our appreciation to one, who, each year, has worked to make The Olympus of the high
standard it should be. To Miss Gregory, as faculty advisor, we address our thanks for her time and efforts spent in this work.

Each year for twelve years a class has left the O. H. S. All have felt a pang at parting from the old familiar scenes, made dear by four years of daily association. And now the class of '18 is the last one to ever pass through its portals in graduation. May we ever cherish the memory of the old O. H. S., and when time has sped on, look back on these days with feelings which echo Burns' thoughts of Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!
Under the Colors

The High School's quota to the nation's service is steadily growing, and it may be expected that during the summer vacation a great many more boys will enlist or be drafted. In April and May, Hubert Seally, Carl Zanderin, Neil Hudson and Harold Forbes enlisted in the naval radio service.

"Bud" Forbes has already been sent to California, and the others are at the University of Washington training school.

Ted Morris, a graduate of last year, enlisted in the signal corps of the army.

Mr. Gerwick received a very interesting letter from Lawrence Rollman, who has been in France since the first of the year and who would have graduated this year had he remained in school. The letter is here reproduced.

Somewhere in France, March 30, 1918.

Dear Mr. Gerwick:

It seems like good old school days to hear from you and all the Olympia news. I received your letter two days ago and it takes quite a while for my letters to get there. School will be about over when you get this letter.

That is a fine record for the lil to have so many boys in the service. I was the first one to enlist though, so I beat them all to it. When I get back (if God permits) I will be wishing I was going to school in the new building.

There certainly must have been a mild winter in Washington. Wish we had some of the warm weather here. We have quite a lot of rain here, due, I believe, to the heavy gun firing.

It is surprising how small an atom one human being is in this big system of men. Everything is worked out so one human being working by himself cannot accomplish much, but by this system the little atoms working together can accomplish great things.

France is not what it is crackdown to be. The country is not developed as the United States and the people are more backward and ignorant. The cities have small dingy stores and a rank odor. The streets are crooked and have no sidewalks. About every five miles is a little town called a parish where the farmers live and from there walk to their land or field and at night back again.

The other Sunday Russell Ayers and I took a walk to an old castle, a relic of medieval ages. This old castle, built in 1178, is a mere mass of ruins. The high wall which surrounds it is crumbled, but still has a hedge where the arches used to stand. It shows traces of tar which they used to throw on the enemy while boiling hot. As a family lived in the main building we were unable to explore the interior, which would have been very interesting. We could see slits in the stone where they would shoot when driven into the main building.

This country is full of history, but cannot tell you some of the best as that is too well known and it would be telling where I am.

You asked me if I ever heard good music here. Well, I certainly do. You just ought to hear our famous "jazz band." It plays at the Y. M. C. A. quite frequently and shows how ingenuity can accomplish great things. This famous band consists of seven pieces. Two rattle bones, two snare drums, at one time perfectly good water buckets, a bass drum, formerly used for washing our mess kits, and a mouth harp. The band is really good and our officers were agreeably surprised to hear it playing all the popular pieces.

Your old pupil,

PVT. L. ROLLMAN.

D Company, 161st Infantry, A. E. F.
ATHLETICS

A long rumbling, a loud thump, thump, a babel of voices and loud cheering. Yes, the Hexathlon was on. The rumbling was caused by fleet Seniors whose speed put even the winds to shame; the thump, thump was the sound of the shot striking the farther wall of the Y. M. C. A. as Orville Kisor began to practice easily.

Unusual “pep” was shown in the Hexathlon by the three rival classes. The Juniors did not compete. New records were made in the high jump by Audie Cunningham, and in the fence vault by Dorsey Cunningham. Audie cleared the bar at 5 feet 2½ inches, and Dorsey vaulted 6 feet 2 inches. The winners of the other events were as follows: Broad jump, Dorsey Cunningham; spring board high, Johnnie Be- hae; shot put, Orville Kisor. All of these men will be entered in the big track meet with the Y. M. C. A. If we win the big shield this year it is ours to keep.

Bats began to crack, balls to soar high in the air, and players to make a wild dash for a perfectly innocent little sphere—the baseball season had begun. An unusually large number turned out for the team this year. From this material we have been able to mold a good team. The team is as follows: Mark Aspinwall, c.; Charlie Lyman, p.; Lester Bode, 1b.; Marshall Million, 2b.; Ralph Liney, ss.; Dorsey Cunningham, 3b.; Channing Aspinwall, lf.; John Koenig, cf.; Wilmer Bryan, rf.; with Ottmar Kock and George Calvert on the bench.

Games were hard to schedule this year. Sumner, Chehalis and Centralia had no teams; Grand Mound would play, but they wanted the game on Friday. Finally two games were secured with Puyallup.

Puyallup 6, Olympia 2.

"Batter up!" When the umpire called this to a Puyallup warrior, he straightway lost all interest in being a warrior. "What's the fun of being a hero anyway. If he could only get a tiny, weak little hit he would be satisfied." And it's no wonder he reasoned this way when Charlie Lyman, our "twirler," struck out seventeen men and allowed but two hits. But for a few errors toward the end of the contest we would have won the game.
Manual Training

Buzz, buzz, goes the saw. Bang, bang, goes the hammer. Night and day the uproar in the Manual Training room of the O. H. S. reigns supreme. From 9 o'clock in the morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, from 7 in the evening till 10 at night. And through it all goes Mr. Porter, the Manual Training teacher, advising here, helping there, and rushing the work in general at top-notch speed. The object of the big rush is to finish the pieces of furniture in time for the exhibition, which is to be held in the Y. M. C. A. from May 22 to May 24. Library tables, writing desks, dressing tables, typewriting desks, davenports, Morris chairs, rocking chairs, foot stools, book racks, window seats, cedar chests, piano benches, hand mirrors, reading lamps and plant stands, all these are the results of a term's work in the Manual Training shop.

But not only for their own benefit have the boys been working. Uncle Sam has received seventy Red Cross boxes which are used for foreign shipment to France. In addition to this, four hundred coat hangers have been made for the soldiers.

A special feature of the year's work is the inlaying. This consists of setting strips of imported wood with artistic designs in the solid wood. The fact that it requires considerable skill and patience advertises the skill and patience of the boys.

Another special feature is the veneering. This consists of gluing very thin strips of wood veneer on the solid wood. Veneer, having very beautiful grain, vastly improves the appearance of the furniture, and, together with inlaying, offers a broader school of knowledge in the art of wood working.

The last week or so of the school term will probably be given entirely to mechanical drawing. On account of the time taken up by Red Cross work, no drawing has been done for the last few weeks before the exhibition, and at present, all available time is needed to finish the year's work.

The capital of the state of Washington has been honored by two sheep pens built by the boys in the Manual Training shop of the O. H. S. and at present, they are located on the grass plot in the park. Not only is the capital of the state honored, but the occupants of the pens as well. No doubt they will show their appreciation by growing long, fine wool for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Assembly

Mr. T. E. Skaggs gave the High school pupils a great treat when he consented to speak before the school on the subject of "Food Production." In his talk he traced through history the fact that lack of food was the cause of the fall of many mighty armies. In order that this misfortune may not befall our army, he urged the students to plant gardens and to participate in any plan that will be of help in the great problem of conserving the food supply of our nation.

Walter Brazel, of the Junior Class, introduced the speaker. The assembly closed with the Flag Salute and the "Star Spangled Banner."

The musical assembly was one of the most enjoyable of the season. The High school is very pleased with the orchestra. We feel sure that Mr. Gerwick deserves much praise. The program opened with the "Star Spangled Banner" by the orchestra. Then Loretta Clarke gave us a short interpretation of the themes of the following selections: "Caliph of Bagdad," "Hungarian Dance No. 5," "Minuet in G," "Sadi" Dance of the East, "Spanish Dance No. 1," "La Paloma," "Sextette from Lucia," "Cavatina."
The last debate for this year was staged April 29 in the Auditorium before a large audience. Mr. McClelland, Miss Benson and Mr. Myers rendered a decision in favor of open shop, the affirmative side of the discussion.

The losing team has extended its sincere appreciation of a team composed of two speakers with time privileges, who defeated the High school debate team on a universally discussed topic. Various comments gathered from the audience established the statement that they appreciated not only the skill of the affirmative, but the spirit in which the whole debate was given.

The debate department will lose three good debaters this year, Audie Cunningham, Philip Royal the winning team, and Dorsey Cunningham, one of the cheerful losers.

As the end of the term draws near the class wishes to thank the Faculty, the student body and the public for their support and interest in this work.

The class also wishes to express its appreciation of their coach, E. R. Loomis. His enthusiasm has been unflagging. He has been patient, impartial and ready to serve each and every one.
Home Economics

The classes in Home Economics, with the aid of other girls of the High school, have made two dozen dresses for French relief and are still sewing on Tuesdays and Thursdays after school.

The course in both cooking and sewing has been changed on account of war conditions, but nevertheless a great amount of enthusiasm has been shown for the work during the school year.

The department recently donated two dozen glasses of jellies and jams made at school to the base hospital ward that is being looked after by the City Council of Defense.

The annual dress contest is to be held in the near future as most of the dresses are nearing completion. The dresses are of washable material and the entire cost of each dress must not exceed $2. The dresses are graded as to workmanship, selection of materials, and suitability to the person.

One interesting phase of food conservation being taken up by the girls with enthusiasm is that of substitution of potatoes for wheat. Last week (potato week) the Freshman girls assisted Miss Boone at the Chamber of Commerce in a demonstration in which bread, cake, pudding, biscuits and cookies were made with potatoes as a wheat substitute.

Extensive plans for the annual exhibit are being made. It is planned to have food demonstrations at this time, some of which will be given by food experts.

It is hoped that the first year girls will continue their work next year and complete their course. If the war lasts it bids fair to be interesting for, without doubt, we will be practicing the substitution of sawdust and dead leaves for the extravagant potato and the high-priced corn.
It is not without a little pang of regret that we, who are Seniors, sit down to write these, our last notes, for the old Olympus. For it really was a privilege after all, the writing of those notes, though we did make a deal of fuss because the poor, overworked editor insisted that they be in by a certain date. But you, the editors of next year's Olympus, do your bit willingly and promptly, and save your editor many hours of anxiety.

**ORCHESTRA.**

One of the most enjoyable assemblies of the entire year was that given by the Orchestra on April 24, before the student body as well as the members of the school board and many other visitors. On the following Friday evening they again gave a short concert, preceding the debate in the High School Auditorium. At present they are working diligently on the selections which will be used at Commencement.

**GLEE CLUB.**

While little has been heard of the Glee Club since its appearance in the Operetta, this organization is not, by any means, extinct. On the contrary its members are thoroughly preparing to surprise us on that all-important occasion, namely, Commencement. We are also looking forward to hearing
both the Glee Club and the Orchestra at the annual school exhibit, which will be held at the Y. M. C. A. in the near future. We feel that the success of the Orchestra and the Glee Club this year justifies such organizations. We earnestly hope that many students who are qualified will do their best to make the Music Department even more worth while in the years to come.

**Girls' Club Notes**

Two very interesting musical programs have been given by the Girls' Club lately. On March 3 Mrs. Kevin sang for us. Mrs. Welty accompanied her. On March 10 Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Baker favored us with several musical selections.

One of the most interesting meetings of the year was held March 24, when Mr. Charting, of the Camp Lewis Y. M. C. A., talked to us on "How to Give Service." Marjorie Holcomb also gave several selections on the piano. Miss Genevrie Rabeek had charge of the meeting.

On April 8 the vocational committee gave a program. The program was as follows: Piano solo, Genevrie Rabeek; Belgian Refugee Dance, Mary Jane Sanus and Katherine Peters; "The Bee Song," Donna Webb, Margaret Goodpasture, Alice Clary and Florence Bateson.

A meeting was held on April 30 to decide about a May Fete. It was decided that the girls had too many duties outside of school to find time for a May Fete. A committee was then appointed to think of some entertainment requiring less preparation than a May Fete.

The report of the committee was given at a later meeting. The committee decided to have a May Fete about May 20. Two Maypole dances will be given, one by the Freshmen and Juniors, the other by the Seniors and Sophomores. The Orchestra will also give a concert which will be followed by a community sing.

**ALUMNI NOTES**

Alice Grimm, '16, has a position with the Civil Service Commission in Washington, D. C.


Harry Coulter, '16, is attending the State College at Pullman.

Fritz Sargeant is working in the Olympia ship yards.

Many former graduates are now in the Commercial Department. Among them are Loretta Clarke, Ethel Van Eaton, Helen Scobey, Helen McDowell, Ada Myers, Mary Troy, Maude Kelley and Thelma Tope, all of the class of '17; also Alys Houghton and Marie Strook of the class of '16.

Berylle Martel, '15, has a position with Prigmore & Sears.

Delight Conner, '15, is in a Portland hospital training to become a nurse.

Helena Kuhn, '15, is a stenographer in the Sloan Ship yards.

Ruth Van Eaton, '11, is secretary to the county superintendent, Mr. Goss.

Merle Morford, '16, is employed by the Standard Paper Company.

Bertha Collier, '15, is a stenographer for a realty company in Seattle.

Dorothy Bailey, '13, has accepted a Civil Service position in Tacoma.

Lucille Johnston, '16, is teaching school at South Bay.

Ruth Johnston, '16, is teaching school at Yelm.
EXCHANGES

One more school year is ready to join the past and give way to another which, we hope, will be filled with just as many happy memories as this momentous year of the world's history holds, and will hold, for us. Hand in hand with the bright and joyous events have come troubles, worries, and difficulties to be overcome. Another term and each class will move forward into the vacated places before them and will perform just as faithfully, these same duties and pleasures. "Goodbyes" will be said and the Senior will go forth, after saying that "Goodbye" into the world to mold himself into a true, noble citizen.

During the year we have had many exchanges and have welcomed every one—we know how many helpful hints and suggestions are obtained in this way—let us hope others may have benefited, to some extent at least, from reading our magazine.

"North Central News," North Central High school, Spokane, Wash. We admire your style—a little bit of this, a pinch of something else—that's what makes variety, and "variety is the spice of life."

"The Weekly Messenger," Washington State Normal School, Bellingham. In your "Literary" department you have a good assortment of poems. A new and appropriate feature is your "war cooking" section of "war recipes."

"Students Opinion," Washington State Normal School, Ellensburg. It's down to facts with them! They always have, as a special feature of the front sheet, an article on some interesting subject such as, "No Scarcity of Teachers in Alaska," or "Survey of Present Day Worth-While Men."

"Willamette Collegian," Willamette University, Salem, Oregon. They've been busy—paper after paper, have we received, each full of "pep," dash, spirit, fun, and last but not least—each has had genuine stability for background.

CLASS NOTES

SENIORS

"Spring with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair;
Spring with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again."—Tharod.

We feel it in the air; it is in the class room, everywhere. It penetrates our darkest halls, illuminating them with dancing sunbeams. School work becomes hard when, on looking from the class room windows, we see the bright-colored flowers nodding their heads, and feel the warm breeze coming up from the bay. Of course, we are anticipating our vacation, but when the time actually comes it will be with sincere regret that we must leave.

Good weather calls out baseball with its fans. Here are the Seniors on the team: Dorsey Cunningham (captain), "Eddie" Mihlon and Wilmer Brynn. Creighton Hays is on the second team.

On the service flag presented a short time ago are stars for these former members of our class: Desmond Chambers, Denton Elberson, Harold Brewer and Fletcher Fishback. "Dennie" Chambers is in the Hawaiian Islands (at the Beach of Waikiki), while Harold Brewer is on a sub-chaser sinking (!) U-boats.

Have you heard any conversation of this sort lately, "I'll trade you," or "Save one for me?" We have had our physiognomies taken and are prospecting for a collection of them.

JUNIOR NOTES

Since the last report of the Junior Class was submitted to the stern eye of the public, many events have taken place. Under the superintendence of our smiling president we have held several class meetings and successfully disposed of numerous and important affairs.

On the evening of May 3, one more delightful Junior Prom came and went, and for four hours the gloom and
despair that hovers over the school for days after the issuing of report cards, disappeared. Our sober Seniors forgot their theses and other burdens of life, and everyone admitted that the Prom proved to the world in general the remarkable excellence and ability of the class of '19.

Judging by the number of Juniors who decorate the Assembly Hall these hot afternoons, the class is decidedly smaller than it was a month or so ago. As the thermometer creeps upward the attendance goes downward, but this is a perfectly natural state of affairs and foreshadows the approach of summer. We would suggest to the worried faculty that they send a scouting expedition down the bay on all warm afternoons, for if they follow this good advice we feel sure that the mystery will be satisfactorily explained.

Speaking of the "ole swimmin' hole" reminds us that vacation is near and that we, as well as the Faculty, will soon be taking a much-needed rest. Soon the shouts of the jolly Juniors will be conspicuously absent from all parts of the school except the tennis court, where, perhaps, the few who will patronize their home town during the summer months, will congregate and review old times. So here's hoping that everyone will have a grand, glorious vacation, and returnnext September with the same spirit and enthusiasm that has made this year one of the most successful in the history of the school.

He told her that she was a bird,
Here eyes with anger glowed,
She thought she was unkindly shunned,
For she was pigeon toed.
Having scored first in the Hexathlon we received the shield with pleasure. Our class doesn’t win trophies very often, so when we managed to get one it was a pleasant surprise. The Hexathlon team was composed of Waldo Stentz, Orville Kisor, Bruce Girth, Newton Grimm, Lester Darling, Ottner Kotick and Bob Shaw.

The baseball men for the class team were as follows: Pitcher, Orville Kisor; catcher, Bruce Girth; first base, Pete Otis; second base, Harold Weston; third base, Arthur Marshall; shortstop, Lavery; right field, Newton Grimm; center field, Stentz and Holmes; left field, Reuben Ames. The national game is on the decline when Freshies take to winning games. As Juniors let’s see if we can’t put a little more “pop” into our games.

Kotick couldn’t play in the Puyallup game on account of an accident. He was the only Sophomore on the first team.

We’re going to have a new and better High school next year, so let’s all come back to give it a trial. As it is, our class is too small, and we must have material for athletics. Besides that, a complete High school education is very valuable in a time like this, as our teachers have pointed out to us.

In an assembly not long ago, Johnny Lyman, our president, gave a little talk concerning baseball. Johnny believes in “laugh and the world laughs with you.”
The Freshman-Sophomore ball game was ours from start to finish. In a one-sided slugging match, we won, and earned our right to play the Juniors for the school championship. The result of this final game was in doubt until the last moment of play. We showed our “Never say die” spirit by overcoming a comfortable lead and winning the game in the last inning, 5 to 4.

The large number of Freshmen having first and second team baseball suits is worthy of notice. With four men on the first team and five on the second, our showing in the last and best sport of the season has been more than good.

Looking back over our athletic record for the year, we might well be proud. Four events taken from our natural antagonists, and the High school championship in one event is a record which has never before been attained by a Freshman class.

One hundred per cent. in the Thrift Stamp drive sounds fine, boys! Now, girls, it’s up to you.
JOKES

Same old story—
Same old wail—
My gosh, kiddo!
These jokes are stale.

Charlotte Seully—Did you hear about the accident downtown today?
Doris Pearse—No, what happened?
C. S.—Fourth Street ran into Main.

Johnny Lyman (in English Class)—Useless Budgell, having lost 20,000 pounds, drowned himself in the South Sea Bubble. (Some man, is all I can say!)

Junior—If I knock the L out of Merle, what would he be?
Sop—Idi—dummo.
Junior—Mere Junk.

Mistress—Did that fisherman who called this morning have frog legs?
Servant—Sure, mum, I don’t know. He wore pants.

Mr. Myers—Why are diamonds more precious than other stones?
M. N.—Because there’s such a demand for them at present.

Cars For Hire

Let Us Take You On That Mountain Trip
You Have Been Planning For.

If You Are Going to Camp Lewis
Let Us Take You.

We Will Give You First Class Service
At the Best Price.

Capital Taxicab Co.
PHONE 9.

If I had the kaiser on my knee,
In a minute or two I’d make him see,
The Stars and Bars and a whole lot more
That he had never seen before.
I’d fan his pants, with a great big hand,
’Till he’d be so sore he couldn’t stand.
And then I’d say, “Oh, Kaiser Bill,
Do you think that you have had your fill?”

Freshman: “I beg your pardon, sir, I didn’t hear you.”
Sophomore: “I didn’t hear the question.”
Junior: “What?”
Senior: “Huh.”

Nick Jacobson
NEWS DEALER.
Come to Me For the Best Papers.
I Carry the Popular Editions.
Office, Olympia. Phone, “Hey, Nick!”
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BRAND

Milk and Cream

DEALERS IN BUTTERMILK AND COTTAGE CHEESE. SEPARATORS.

316 WATER STREET. PHONE 10.

WHERE TO SPEND THE SUMMER.

Egotists should go to Me.
Catholics should go to Mass.
Readers should go to Conn.
Suitors should go to Pa.
Debtors should go to O.
Physicians should go to Ill.
Arithmeticians should go to Tenn.
Young men should go to Miss.
Miners should go to Ore.
Farmers should go to Mo.
Laundresses should go to Wash.

**SUMMER DAYS ARE HERE**

THE WEATHER FOR PICNICS HAS COME.

NOTHING IS BETTER THAN A PLEASANT OUTING DOWN THE BAY.

FOR BOATS OR CANOES THAT ARE THE BEST SEE

JAS. DOFFLEMEYER

---

**WE SELL SHOES OF THE BEST QUALITY AT THE CHEAPEST PRICE.**

Our Aim Is to Please.
WASHINGTON SHOE STORE.
327 Main Street.

"Cook got the children interested in a war game this morning. She suggested they should play they were in a battle and shell their enemies."

"Who were their enemies?"

"The peas."

If every girl was as good-looking as you, 
Oh, what would all the poor young fellows do? 
They'd certainly go crazy, 
They'd get quite lazy, 
Their brains would get hazy, 
Just looking at you.

**Appropriate Gifts For Graduation and Commencement**

**FOR THE BOY—**
You can choose from Kodaks, Fountain Pens, Military Brushes, Shaving Sets, Safety Razors, Flash Lights and Bill Folds.

**FOR THE GIRL—**
Appropriate gifts would be Manicure Sets, Kodaks, Stationery, Toilet Water, Ivory Toilet Articles.

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OLYMPIA, WASH.
C. J. ROBERTS
MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.
QUALITY WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Telephone 200. 709 Main Street, Olympia, Wash.

Trolley had been waiting at the barber shop for three-quarters of an hour, and his patience was almost exhausted. Finally he jumped out of his chair and striding over to the barber, exclaimed: "Say, how long do you think I'll have to wait for a shave?"

The barber, smiling, rubbed his hand slowly over Trolley's cheek and then said soberly, "About three years, my boy."

Mid. M.: "Oh, but these flowers are beautiful. They are so fresh, there's still a little dew on them."

Pete Otis: "A little! Ye Gods, girl, there's a whole lot due on them."

Important!

Buy "War Savings" and "Thrift" Stamps. They are guaranteed by the United States Government and pay four per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Their cost is within reach of all.

Here is a way you can help to win the war and have a first-class investment as well. Put all your small change into these little "kaiser killers" and help to make the world a decent place to live in.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE.

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SOUNDS TO EVERY AMERICAN.

To some it means the shouldering of arms; to those of us at home it means service by saving.

A Savings Account with this Institution is an effective weapon in the hands of man, woman or child.

It safeguards against surprise attacks of misfortune; it opens the road to opportunity; it holds out promise of a peaceful future.

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The Bank of Service and Courtesy.

RAMENT OF EARNIE BARNES.

Rain is wet,
Dust is dry,
Life is short
And so am I.

Pete O.: "Are you sure your mother knows I'm coming over for dinner tonight?"

E. Mc.: "Knows? Well, rather! I argued with her about it this morning for about half an hour."

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As Charlie was going out one eve,
His father asked him, "Whither?"
And Charlie, not wishing to deceive,
With blushes answered, "With her!"

Son: "Pa, what holds up the moon?"
Pa: "The beams, I suppose."—Deep, deeper, deepest!

STATIONERY, MAGAZINES, ETC.

—At—

The Smokehouse

In the battles of coffee competition, Golden West easily maintains for itself a most eminent place

Golden West Coffee is "Just Right"

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THE HOME OF BLUE RIBBON BREAD.
Phones 45, 49. Cor. Fourth and Columbia Sts.

Said a Freshie to a Soph,
"You're a hoob."
Said a Soph to a Freshie,
"You're a rube."

Mills & Cowles
SPALDING
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GOODS

When a genius is found,
They make a great noise.
When a fool is found,
They say, "Give him some toys."

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City Dye Works
Cleaning, Pressing and Dyeing of Ladies' and Gents' Clothing. Repairing Done by Expert Union Tailoress.
301 WEST FOURTH STREET.
PHONE 684.

A flea and a fly in a fly,
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
Said the flea, "Let us fly."
So they flew up a flow in a fly.—Ex.

If Bettman's On the Label You're Safe.

BETTMAN'S
Everything to Wear for Men and Boys.
OLYMPIA, WASH.

Ruth rode in my new cycle car,
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five
And drove on ruthlessly.

MEET ME AT
CONVER'S
FIFTEEN-CENT STORE.
OLYMPIA.

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Fine, Perfect Diamonds.
Newest Styles in Jewelry.

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Sing a song of politics,
Of pockets full of dough;
A hundred men are crowding
Upon the public's toe.

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ICE CREAM

NEILSEN'S

Employer: "What? You want me to raise your salary?
Well, give me at least two good reasons for this inopportune request."
Employer (meekly): "Twins."

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Clothing, Furnishings,
Shoes for Men and Boys.

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"AND THEY DO."
Agents for GOODRICH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES.
Corner Franklin and Second Streets.

A maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant
when the census taker asked how old she was.
"Did you see the girls next door," she said, "the Hill twins?"
"Certainly," replied the census man.
"And did they tell you their age?"
"Yes."
"Well," she snapped, "I'm just as old as they are!"
"Oh, very well," said the census man, and he wrote in
his book: "Sarah Stokes, as old as the Hills."

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Everything that is most desired for each season of the year will find at your disposal.

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Harris

"There goes a man who made a fortune out of other people’s mistakes."
"That so?"
"Yes; he invented rubber tips for lead pencils."

Marj.: "Oh, Paul! It’s 1 o’clock and I promised Mama I’d make you go at 12."
Pau: "Oh, fine! We’ve got eleven hours yet."

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Good Pictures, Courtesy and Efficiency Our Motto.

Teacher: "How many sexes are there?"
Boy: "Three."
Teacher: "Three? What are they?"
Boy: "The male sex, the female sex and the insects."

Young man (in jewelry store): "I—ah—er—um—"
Jeweler (to assistant): "Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Harry."—Ex.

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That can’t be beat—
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Electric Coffee Percolator
Makes ideal coffee; operates at the dining table, serving coffee fresh and hot when wanted; operates without attention.

Electric Grill, With Ovenette
Bakes, broils, toasts, fries quickly and economically.

Olympia Light & Power Co.

A good definition of an optimist would be a cross-eyed man who thanks God he isn't bow-legged.

"I have a good pair of patent leather shoes, but can not wear them now."
"How is that?"
"The patent has expired."

OPTOMETRY means real eye service. The art of testing eyes and fitting glasses means something to those in need of eye service. Don't let a jack of all trades make any attempt to give you an eye examination. Your eye sight is too precious to be trifled with. See

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18 Years' Practice. Graduate Two Optical Schools.
105 Fourth Street. Olympia, Wash.
You High School Pupils!

Should make it a rule to patronize the business concerns that advertise in your High School paper, thus enabling you to keep it going.

"One hand washes another." This motto applies to all of us alike throughout life and we can profit by practicing it in many ways.

With our big stock of up-to-date merchandise we ought to be able to serve you well.

Mottman Mercantile Co.

"Mike."
"Phwat!"
"Oi was just thinkin'. After we get out of the trenches an back home again how nice an' peaceful that old boiler factory will sound to us."

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BARBER SHOP
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Olympia Baths
Wm. Klaumbush, Prop.

FRESH, CURED AND SMOKED MEATS
At—
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SHOES OF ALL KINDS.
Moderate Prices.
EKREM SHOE COMPANY
423 MAIN STREET.

General—What news?
Private—I just saw the enemy and they wanted to borrow some cannon balls.
General—Did you lend them any?
Private—Sure; They said they'd send them back in the morning.

TROY & STURDEVANT
Attorneys-at-Law

OLYMPIA, WASH.

Miss Osborne, in cooking class—What's the best way to tell a bad egg?
Miss Grube—I don't know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently.

SPORTING GOODS
OF QUALITY
Van Arsdale Hardware Co.
Breathe there a Latin pupil with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,"
Whose frozen heart has not within him burned,
As Latin-ward his footsteps he has turned
From quiet sleeping during study hour.
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him, no joy, the final bell,
For him, tens only, the teachers mark,
For he, indeed, is the Latin shark.

Do Your Part!

If there is no star in the service flag for you, you can
still help win the war.

Every healthy American can be a producer and waste
neither time, money nor food.

It is for the protection of the youth of the land this
war of defense is being waged.

Be sure to work this summer and to save your earn-
ings. The producer helps win the war—the idler hinders.
Be a helper.

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Senior—What date is tomorrow?
Fresh.—The twelfth.
Senior—You want to keep your eyes open tomorrow.
Fresh.—Why?
Senior—So you can see.

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CARS FOR HIRE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

317 MAIN STREET.

Miss Gregory—Why, Mildred, you usually have your les-
son; what's the trouble?
Mid—Oh, Vergil takes up so much of my time.

Any fool can find fault; the wise man discovers vir-
tues.—Ex.
Olympia Door Co.
SECOND AND JEFFERSON STREETS.
PHONE 78.

Lumber and Mill Work. Get Our Prices.

Mill Wood—Green & Seasoned

Soph.: "Why is sausage on ice like a kiss?"
Fresh.: "Because it's dog-gone nice."—Ex.

"Ma'am, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you."
"What is it, Bridget?"
"It's a fish, ma'am, and it's marked C. O. D."
"Then make the man take it back to the dealer. I ordered trout."—Ex.

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